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Monthly Musings

Richmond College.

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY, 1876.

VOL. 1.
NO. 1.

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The Muse.

Vincit Qui Patitur.

Hopeless the task to baffle care,
Or break through sorrow's thrall!
To shake thy yoke thou may'st not dare:
It would more keenly gall.
Through life's dark maze a sunnier way
This tranquil thought insures—
To know, let Fate do what she may,
He conquers who endures!

Vengeance for any cruel wrong
Bringeth a dark renown.
But fudeless wreathes to him belong
Who calmly lives it down;
Who, scornful every mean redress,
Each recreant art abjures,
Safe in the noble consciousness,
He conquers who endures!

Who quells a nation's wayward will
May lord it on a throne;
But he's a mightier monarch still
Who vanquisheth his own.
No frown of Fortune lays him low,
No treacherous smile allures;
King of himself, through weal or woe,
He conquers who endures!

Mark the lone rock that grandly studs
The melancholy main—
The raving winds, the foaming floods,
Burst over it in vain!
In age majestic as in youth,
It stands unchanged, secure;
Symbol immortal of the truth—
They conquer who endure!

Literary.

The Elizabethan Era.

The English race will ever cherish with pride and revert with emotions of commingled awe and admiration to that marvelous outburst of intellectual activity and genius which has so distinctly marked the reign of England's greatest queen—Elizabeth. The galaxy, of which Shakespeare was the centre and around which revolved such a brilliant host, is the most sublime picture in history. The brightest stars of heaven when viewed through the telescope disclose themselves to be an infinite number gathered around some great star as their common centre and which are obscured by the radiance and brilliancy of this central star. But the beams of all are constituent parts in that effulgence of light which streams as from one common source. The harmony of the grand system is not impaired because of the superiority of one of its elementary parts. And it is thus, that this brilliant epoch of which Shakespeare and Bacon were the central and moving spirits is enriched and adorned with a great number of lesser names, which are "darkened by the excess of light," and which have been obscured by the unfading glory of those two immortal names. While the symmetry and unity of the picture in its entirety is still retained.

In point of splendor, fecundity, intense originality and universality of scope this era has never been equalled in English annals.—Neither the age of Pericles in ancient nor that of Louis XIV. in modern times can be compared with it. It was characterized by a sudden emancipation of thought, by a high and widely diffused cultivation and by a revolution and complete regeneration of all the conditions of society, the relations of life and the methods of philosophical research and enquiry. It united the consummate grace and delicacy of the Corinthian with the solid strength and massive grandeur of the Ionic.

There were various causes which conspired to render the period so fruitful in beneficial results and so productive of a vast number of writers of a high intellectual character and of superior excellence in their respective departments. The language had just arrived at a condition in which it could aptly express the opinions and views of a literary and philosophical people. It was just sufficiently developed to convey the thoughts with accuracy and precision and to suitably impress the feelings of the writer on the heart of the reader. The introduction of several tongues into its composition united to render it the richest and most musical, the most pliant and flexible of all languages. It abstracted the beauties and rejected the faults of each. The philosophical and learned Latin, with the smooth and melodious French had combined with the rugged and harsh Germanic tongue, and all conspired to make the new language equally suitable to express the burning enthusiasm of the impassioned orator, the fiery conceptions and imaginative creations of the poet and the keen sarcasm and biting invective of the satirist. In the Elizabethan Era the language had been sufficiently long in use to have divested itself by attrition of all unnecessary forms and to have selected and retained only such parts of speech as were necessary for the embodiment of thought in a succinct and concise manner. To this may be ascribed the majesty and dignity of the Elizabethan prose and the swelling cadences and flowing versification of the Elizabethan poetry. It united the freshness of youth with the vigour and majesty of manhood. Classical history had just been thrown open and invited the curious and the learned, the enquirer and the lover of the beautiful to a research of its contents. It gave an opportunity for the exercise of the mind in a channel alike interesting and valuable. And as a consequence, the writings of this period abound with imagery and figures which had not yet been divested of their charms and rendered common-place by frequent use.

Those beautiful illustrations drawn from ancient history and literature had not yet been robbed of their attractiveness and expressiveness by polluting contact with vulgar minds.

The introduction and the practical use of the printing press was the crowning event in that long series of circumstances which combined to render English literature and English civilization so strikingly original and peculiarly grand that it occupies a position of unparalleled and unapproachable sublimity. The printing press had been sufficiently tested to prove its practical value as a medium for the dissemination of knowledge and for its transmission to succeeding generations. Through its agency general education had been diffused through all conditions of people and had imbued the nation with the spirit of progress and advancement. Popular education was a theme which interested alike the statesman and the philanthropist. A desire of enquiry and investigation into all the realms of science had been awakened. The mind of man had long been fettered by prejudice and restrained from the exercise of its proper functions by the barriers imposed by superstition and ignorance. The reason and the judgment, now for the first time, asserted their claim to supremacy and assumed the prerogative of directing and controlling all decisions of the intellect. And as the consequence, this era was characterized by a sudden emancipation of thought and by a declaration of the principles of liberty and freedom. The clouds of bigotry and fanaticism which had shrouded the world in unbroken darkness for ages, now vanished and were replaced by the rain-bow of hope and the sun of truth. In this epoch were first promulgated those eternal principles which have revolutionized science, regenerated society and remodelled nearly all the governments of the civilized globe. The progress of English literature inaugurated in so splendid a manner by the genius of Chaucer was for a long time comparatively slow. Intestine commotions, the War of the Roses, the fierce conflict between the two rival political parties for supremacy, and the mighty transformation resulting from the Reformation, claimed the attention of the people as subjects which more immediately affected their interests and prevented them from engaging in peaceful and literary pursuits. And thus it appears as if every circumstance had conspired to retard mental and political advancement, and to harbor the nation's energies for that burst of intellectual activity and genius which will ever constitute England's greatest glory.

HOPE.

The New Year.

Readers, one and all, we tender you "the compliments of the season," and sincerely greet you all with "A Happy New Year." "Aye, a happy New Year! How much material for sober reflection is enveloped in the warm folds of that wish, "a happy New Year." Before us, life and all its momentous concerns are spread out like a map, but visible only to the eye of the All-Wise. We are too short-sighted to behold even a moment beyond the present, and every step we take onward is the step of the totally blind, so far as *certainty* is concerned. And yet our intellect, like a lamp dimly but steadily burning, half illumines some of the events of the future, and reveals faint reflections of images of the past. A past cause and a future cause of like nature, produce like effects; and reason endowed with this knowledge can trace with some distinctness the events of the future, particularly those events which appertain to human actions. A certain line of human conduct will produce a certain amount of human happiness or misery; and guided by this knowledge and this rule, we may observe for ourselves phases of the future, and determine whether it shall or shall not be, a "happy year." True, sickness and death, bereavements and trials, which none can foresee, may come upon us like dark clouds, and shut out, for a time, the sunshine of joy, yet if conscience rebukes not, and love towards God and submission to his chastisements predominates in our hearts, neither sickness nor bereavements can totally extinguish all light and happiness around us, for our lamp within will never go out, so long as we fill it with oil drawn from the proper place and keep it trimmed. Let us all, then, at the commencement of another year, sit down thoughtfully and prayerfully, and write out good resolutions, respecting our course during the next twelve months. Let us canvass the various duties which we owe to God and to our fellow men, arrange them in proper order, and then firmly resolve to perform them. Thus may we, under Providence, make this a happy year.

As a people, we begin the new year with every element of happiness apparently in our power. We are at peace with all the world. Our temple of Janus is closed—may Heaven grant its permanent ensealment,—the nations of the earth extend to us the hand of friendship. Jealous rivals in commerce respect us; the weak and struggling communities of the old world envy us and emulate our example. We are placed among the nations as a "city upon a hill" that cannot be hid, and "all eyes wait upon" us. From us, as from a great centre, light is radiating—in our midst the great altar of universal freedom is reared, unto which the nations shall come to worship. In a word, the high-road of honor and prosperity before us, is all the most devout patriot can wish. Let us "not be high-minded, but fear."

We have just passed through the scathing and scarring scenes of a campaign. The political caldron has become quiet, the incantations around it have ceased, and the wizards have folded their arms with quiet satisfaction. The banners of conflicting parties are being hung up in one common *valhalla* for preservation, and with all the elements of prosperity

actively and healthily engaged, we confidently anticipate for our nation, a "happy year." The same attention to righteous conduct on the part of rulers and legislators, that is required in individuals, may secure a corresponding degree of national happiness; and we do sincerely believe, that out of the revolution and confusion of the political parties of our country within the past year, a new order of things will be evolved, and that these convulsions, like a summer storm, will purify our political atmosphere, and render it more fitting to give strength and vitality to a free people.

ERNST.

Original.

The New Year.

Out in the moonlight, out in the snow,
Under the icicle—trees bent low;
Out on the frosted, snowy ground,
There a dear little one I found
Wrapped in a robe of bright evergreen,
Sprinkled with wild red buds between;
Out from the depth peeped two eyes of blue,
Like sapphires washed in morning dew;
Snowflakes fell on her golden hair,
And lightly touched the cheek so fair.
"Who can she be? She will surely die,
As the air is pierced with the infant's cry."
"Tis the happy New Year," the low winds said,
"She brings the sad news that the Old Year is dead."
His crown was too heavy his white head to bear,
His aged form bent with long weary care.
His smile had grown fainter, he gave sigh for sigh,
And leaving this little one, lay down to die.
His last kiss is burning upon her cheek now,
His last tear is falling upon her fair brow;
But morning's bright sun will banish that tear,
And smile on our darling, the "Happy New Year."

Kennington, Ct.

LILLIAN VIRLA.

Virginia.

At the head of the grand old South, great in resources despite recent exhaustion, rising gradually but proudly out of her ashes, stands Virginia. Her position is peculiarly gratifying to every one of her true-born sons. Among the first to throw down the gauntlet in each of the political convulsions that have torn our fair country during the last century, she has been among the first to reap the benefits of successful resistance to tyranny in the one, and to extricate herself surely and firmly from overwhelming disaster in the other. Never failing in her unswerving fidelity to her causes, when they triumphed she was elated, and in reverses she clung to them, not with a timid, half-d despairing clutch, but with the fearlessness of a champion and the resolution of a martyr. Sanguine as long as any hope remained, not despondent when the darkest days came, her devotion has been an object of admiration; and her heroic sons, the upholders of her liberties, the defenders of her rights, are justly loved and revered. Virginia's great! Their names are so interwoven with the history of one of earth's greatest nations, that while it exists they cannot die. When we view the thank-offering of that nation's hundredth year, the debt of gratitude and reverence due to Virginians, can never be forgotten, and when the North, South, East and West, each kneeling at a common altar, bring their tributes of reconciled peace to the martyrs and priests of American liberty, with what an exulting throb of proud remembrance will the heart of Virginia rejoice in her Washington, her Jefferson, her Henry and her Lees! Their memories

will harmonize discord, cause wrong suffering and insult to be forgotten, prove a bond against dissension, and enhance the sacredness of the tie that binds her to a common sisterhood.

The story of their deeds is a precious, hallowed record, a chapter which mankind never wearies of reading. To be forgotten, the common doom of humanity, is not theirs, and in the immortality of their fame, we can see the foreshadowing of eternity. Memory delights to perpetuate their virtues, while Time contents himself with obliterating their faults.

But Virginia cannot content herself with past greatness. That unfading wreath of glory and heroism already hers, cannot satisfy her proud desires. She has suffered but her spirit is unsubdued. She comes forth from the fire purified and refined. Her natural wealth, the inborn talent of her noble sons, are still here, resolution and effort are all that are needed to raise her to her proper place, the pride of the Republic and the joy of the South. Let her young men go forward. Triumphs await in every department of learning, literature, art, science and law. "What man has done man can do" and the examples of their illustrious predecessors cannot be ignored by Virginians. Never has a period so rich in opportunity blessed us, and the spirit that "no danger daunts and no foe withstands" will secure our own glory in promoting Virginia's interests, an aim dear to her lovers. We have the incentive, now we want action. Duty to self and to country demands it. The unequalled brilliancy of a glorious past cries out against allowing the stain of neglect to blot the fair escutcheon so long untarnished, and unites with the glowing prospects of a successful future in inviting Virginia to keep pure a reputation so deservedly enviable.

PHI.

Personals.

C. E. Nicol is practising Law at Brentsville, Va. Of course he is doing well,

J. Henry Miller, A. M. '74, is teaching school in California.

Prof. Lewis T. Gwathmey, A. M., of '70, having spent two years in Europe, is teaching successfully in the Richmond Female Institute.

Rev. J. E. L. Holmes is Pastor of the Baptist Church in Danville. His winning manners and sterling worth have made him deservedly popular.

W. M. Turpin, A. M., '75, has charge of a school in Hampton, Va. He has 150 students to look after, and is training them in the way they should go.

We were glad to see Rev. J. A. Wolf in our sanctum a few days ago. The sight of him recalled pleasant recollections of other days.

Rev. W. W. Wood is preaching very acceptably in Middlesex Co. Va. He dined with the "mess" a few days since and did full justice to the excellent dinner which had been provided.

Rev. C. V. Waugh paid us a flying visit a few days ago. "Bellum" is preaching in Modest Town, Va. and although he partakes of the nature of the place, yet he is succeeding very well.

Science and Art.

Early Christian Art.

BY EDWARD V. VALENTINE.

From time immemorial it has been the effort of man to give expression to his ideas by means of Art, and to form images of what to his mind are objects of veneration and love. These efforts of human skill have at times produced only the misshapen idol of the Chinese or New Zealander, the ten-headed god of the Hindoo, the half-man, half-beast of the Assyrian or Egyptian; but then again, climate, peculiar political institutions, national customs and religion combined, have brought forth works which will in ages to come interest, instruct and elevate mankind.

Not so ancient as some others, yet standing foremost among the monuments of a high state of art, culture, are the admirable productions of that Greek nation which had so short, yet so glorious a life. These people seem to have been the peculiar favourites of the muses, for on them did they shower their choicest gifts. The art feeling among them seemed to spring up as if by magic. Their civilization came into life, and disappeared more suddenly than that of any other nation which arose before or has arisen since. But it cannot be said that the creations of Greek art are dead; far from it! They still live and bloom in all of their youthful strength and grace, and will continue to exist when these statues—their marble interpreters—will have perished. Their influence is felt by all nations that have come in contact with them, and although the moderns refuse to bend the knee, or bow to such divinities as Jupiter or Venus, yet they are accepted by them as models of form and grace. Among the works known to us may be mentioned the Parthenon, in which stood the marble king-god Jove; the graceful, yet manly Apollo Belvedere; and the chaste Venus de Milo, which, although mutilated, is still the noblest female form in the world. Although the Antique world has such models, it is, however, not necessary to confine one's self to what it has produced, in order to find monuments of a sublime style in art; for Gothic architecture bloomed in a later age, and still rises in grandeur and grace—its every tower and spire symbolical. We will then come down even nearer to our time, and contemplate with a feeling akin to awe the glowing works of painting in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries: "The Last Judgment;" "The Madonna di San Sisto;" and "The Immaculate Conception."

The grandest works yet formed by the brain and hand of man have been religious subjects, and we must concede, therefore, that the practice of High Art in all ages is nothing less than an effort in man to reach perfection; and in this endeavor he looks for images—for ideals—higher than those which surround him. He, by the God-like power with which he is endowed, brings together those forms which are not only the most beautiful, but the most appropriate for his purpose, combines them, and the product of his labor is an ideal creation. He employs the real in order to produce the ideal.

The art-spirit, like the religious feeling of man, is always active—it cannot be suppressed. Though at times it seems almost dead, and its production unworthy of the name of High Art, yet unconsciously the seed is sown at such times, and in such soil, as cause it to bud and blossom and yield an inexhaustible harvest. The philosophy of this progress and decadence is a never ending and deeply interesting study to the Art historian. Many truths have become clear to him, but much will ever remain a secret and a mystery. Just as surely as certain epochs in the world's history are more fruitful than others in producing leaders of men in the field and forum, so in a corresponding manner does the Ruler of the Universe send forth workers in a no less noble profession to adorn the world and elevate humanity. Then the thoughtful mind inquires: "What is the artist's province in the world?" "What his mission?" In many particulars these questions must ever remain unanswered. The world is composed of so many elements that it would be a vain task to attempt so to isolate the influence of Art, as to decide how great a proportion of benefit it confers on mankind. Suffice it to say, that the productions of true Art tend to elevate the moral tone, calm the passions, refine the taste, offer endless diversion, as well as point the soul to a higher sphere, where the only true ideal is to be found. But the strongest argument that can be used in favor of the encouragement and prosecution of Art is, that the talent which has been lent man must not re-

main undeveloped—unused. The artist worthy of the name, he who rightly estimates his high calling, is an interpreter sent to point out and explain the countless wonders and beauties of this marvelous Universe. He it is who has been trained by study, observation and work, to look at nature, so as to be able to translate it into a language, that makes it, by cultivation, clear and beautiful to all. His work should be the mirror in which one may see reflected the graces and mysteries which are to be found so abundantly in nature. That cultivation is necessary in order to enjoy his interpretations, it is needless to say. Many objects become enjoyable when approached with the intention of profiting by them. The profounder the preparation, the more intense the enjoyment. If one derives no instruction and joy from art, where then does the fault lie?

We linger with pleasure in the Museums containing the masterpieces, as well as other works showing the progress of Art among different nations of the past, and if we can view with interest the grotesque sculpture from Nineveh and Persepolis, look with wonder on the musical statue of Memnon in the British Museum, and in the same collection gaze in admiration on the Elgin Marbles, the only known works of Phidias now in existence, with what a different and peculiar interest must we contemplate the few remaining monuments of the early Christians, for to them we are bound by the strongest ties of tradition and religion. Their faith was our faith, their hope our hope, their God our God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prof. R. A. Proctor, an English Astronomer and author of several popular works on Astronomy, is now lecturing with much success in this country. His latest volume is "Science By-ways."

M. C. Decharme finds that the phenomena of sounding flames may be produced by allowing a current of air to impinge on the top of a jet of common illuminating gas. A Bunsen burner with the holes closed will answer for the experiment.

Prof. Tyndale is advertised among a host of lecturers for the winter, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. His subject is Experimental Electricity, six lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory. He will do well, what few could undertake with much chance of success, namely he will make plain and intelligible to children, the abstrusities of Science.

It is stated that the preliminary steps have been taken and a company has been formed for making a railway tunnel under the English Channel so as to connect England and France. Twenty miles of travel under the sea would certainly be cheaply secured at the estimated cost of twenty millions of dollars, but we cannot yet bring ourselves to see the feasibility of the scheme.

Prof. Reiss, a German electrician, has also recently published in "Poggendorff's Annalen, an account of some experiments on what he seems to regard as a "new form" of electric sparks. He calls them "weak sparks" and appears to obtain them from the Holtz machine. We have not seen the account, but surmise that these weak sparks may be only those which we have often gotten from the Holtz after the small Leyden jars have been removed.

M. Jamin has repeated the experiment of De Haldat showing that filings of soft iron or iron reduced by hydrogen when strongly compressed can be magnetized with a coercive force equal to steel. The discontinuity of the fragments of iron made contiguous by pressure is clearly the cause of this remarkable difference between the compressed filings and a solid rod of iron. The interesting observation must throw light upon the nature of magnetism.

Mr. T. A. Edison of Newark, N. J., an electrician of some note, claims to have discovered a new kind of electricity. It seems to differ considerably from ordinary galvanic electricity, and to resemble only slightly the static variety. Its production seems to be connected with a vibrating rod attached to an electro-magnet and it manifests its presence by sparks, but it is reported to be wholly indifferent to earth connection or galvanometers, and to exert no mechanical or physiological action whatever. The discoverer proposes to call it "Ethereic Force." Our opinion on the subject is—reserved.

President Morton of the Stevens Institute of Technology, N. J., deserves the thanks of all Physicists, not only for his higher researches but for his ingenuity in devising skilful appliances and helps for illustration and lecture demonstrations; and above all for his friendly unreserve and generosity in making them public. He has recently given us these through the columns of the Scientific American: "A non-retreating Bunsen burner," which seems to be both excellent and simple, and "A new form of Chromatope," which would do most effective service in a lecture on Light and Colors.

Casket of Gems.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

LIVED IT DOWN.—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied. "No; I will go to my forge, and there in six months I shall have worked out such a character, such a name as all the judges, law courts and lawyers in the world could never give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offense, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our honesty and respectability.

Hope is the most priceless boon to mortals given. Were it not for its influence many would be plunged in the gulf of dark despair that now tread the ways of honor and glory. The past has been but a scene of bitter disappointments and blighted hopes to many of us. The present is the daily witness of the wreck of all life's sweetest joys; but still hope shines like a star, and sheds its brilliant rays over the gloom, and pictures fair visions to be disclosed in the impenetrable future. Without its influence life would be a desert deprived of every oasis.

MY MOTHER.—How many sweet and holy recollections do these few words recall to those who have been blessed with the never ending affection of a mother! No change of fortune, no loss of influence, not even the loss of character itself can destroy a mother's love. Her love can soothe the pangs of sickness, and turn aside the arrows of misfortune. The name of mother is among the first words that fall from a child's tongue; the first idea that dawns upon the mind; the first and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor vice destroy a mother's kindness.

FRANKNESS IN LOVE.—One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank—true to themselves and truthful to each other. How many uneasy, troubled and anxious minds, how many breaking and how many broken hearts there are to-day in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme but for want of frankness! Repentance inevitably comes for all these things, but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced is incurable. In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth. Then always be frank. Avoid misunderstandings; give no reason or occasion for them. They are more easily shunned than cured; they leave scars upon the heart. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never deceive others. Frankness is like the light of a clear day in which everything may be plainly perceived.

MONTHLY MUSINGS,

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

EDITORS. { B. T. DAVIES,
J. H. GORE,
J. W. SNYDER.

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

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

Vol. I. JANUARY, 1876. No. 1.

The students of Richmond College have long felt the need of a paper devoted to their interests and serving as a medium of communication between them and the outside world. Efforts have been made from time to time to establish such a paper, but they have always been abandoned as impracticable. The Literary Societies took the matter into consideration during the past session and inquired into the expediency of issuing a monthly journal in the place of their weekly manuscript papers. This scheme like its predecessors was abandoned, and the whole subject was dropped. At the beginning of the present session one of the students procured a small hand press and issued a little sheet which he called the *College Mercury*. It met with so much favor that he conceived the idea of forming a company to publish a larger journal. The idea was speedily carried into execution, the company was formed, officers and editors were elected, and as the result of our labor, we present to our readers the first number of the MONTHLY MUSINGS.

It is our purpose to make this paper a medium of communication between the students and friends of the College, among which latter we count the alumni and all other old students, and all who are interested in the welfare of the young men now attending the Institution.

We feel assured that an appeal for aid in our enterprise is unnecessary. The old students will rejoice to renew the cherished associations of College life, and will gladly keep alive the memory of their *Alma Mater*. We offer them a place in our columns and we hope that they will be represented in every issue. The parents who have sent their boys here will naturally be interested in everything that pertains to College life. In our columns they will see what the boys are doing and how they are doing it. We are sure they will aid us by sending in their subscriptions immediately. To all other friends of the Institution and to the public generally we will simply say

that we hope to make the MONTHLY MUSINGS worthy of their support, and we confidently look to them for aid.

In assuming the Editorial Chair the Editor feels that a few words personal in their nature will not be inappropriate. He accepted the position with a keen appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and with a deep sense of its weighty responsibilities. He enters upon the performance of his duties with a diffidence born of inexperience, but with a firm determination to exert himself to the utmost to make the paper worthy of the College which it represents, and of the friends who have so generously lent it their support. By energy and zeal, he hopes in some measure to atone for his deficiencies and to deserve the reward of all faithful, even though they be unsuccessful, workers—He hath done what he could.

We return our thanks to the friends who have favored us with their contributions. We regret that we cannot publish in this issue all the articles which we have received. Most of them will appear next month. Meanwhile we hope that all our friends, whether students or not, will continue to write for us.

Let them give us their thoughts in brief and concise language, remembering that every body reads a short article, while very few read a long one. We cannot resist the temptation to insert the following verses which our readers will do well to remember, whether they write for us or not:

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you may have to say, my friend,
Whether witty or grave or gay.
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs
Or of matters and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much you see.
That the bread looks plainly through.
So, when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words.
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished and you suppose
It is done exactly brown.
Just look it over again and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you want a little renown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

The MONTHLY MUSINGS wishes a "Happy New Year" to all its friends and patrons.

It enters their homes for the first time, a stranger; to many it goes unbidden, but in this season of re-union, when the hearts of all are open and joyous, it looks for a hearty welcome and a cordial invitation to come again.

We are anxious to obtain information concerning the whereabouts and the welfare of all students who have attended the sessions of this Institution since its re-organization in 1866. Any one possessing such information will confer a favor by sending it to us at once.

The first regular meeting of the Stockholders of the MONTHLY MUSINGS Publishing Company was held in No. 1 Cottage A, on the 10th November, 1875. There were present the following gentlemen: Messrs. Hugh C. Smith, J. H. Gore, H. H. George, Jr., W. W. Brown, S. W. Price, T. I. Gaut, Sol. Cutchins, R. H. Pitt, W. G. Hix, B. T. Davies, R. B. Lee, H. M. Whaling and J. T. E. Thornhill; absent, Messrs. J. W. Snyder and James Lyons, Jr. The following officers were elected: Sol. Cutchins, President; S. W. Price, Secretary and Treasurer; Hugh C. Smith, Business Manager; B. T. Davies, Senior Editor; J. H. Gore, Local Editor; J. W. Snyder, Reviewer; R. B. Lee, J. T. E. Thornhill, T. I. Gaut, R. H. Pitt and W. W. Brown were elected Directors of the Company. At a subsequent meeting of the Company Messrs. T. C. Whaling, O. C. Peyton, Tim. Rives, M. B. Curry, T. R. Gary, A. G. McManaway, L. H. Cooke, Geo. J. Hooper, Jas. Thomas, Jr., and Prof. H. H. Harris were added to the number of Stockholders.

The Company has every prospect of success. Its members are thoroughly in earnest and are determined to establish their paper on a firm basis. In order to do this, they must have the hearty co-operation of their friends in every part of the country. Let every old student consider himself a special agent, and not only subscribe himself but induce others to do so.

Three things to love.—Courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to admire.—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate.—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in.—Beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for.—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to pray for.—Faith, peace and purity of heart.

Three things to like.—Cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness.

Three things to avoid.—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate.—Good books, good friends and good humor.

Three things to contend for.—Honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern.—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about.—Life, death and eternity.

Punch says it is natural for a man to feel girlish when he makes his maiden speech.

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care, none knows how dearly she paid for her hair.

An old cynic says: With many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

A book entitled "Lectures to Married Men" has appeared. Heaven save the mark! haven't they enough already?

Woman ought to do all she can to make this earth a paradise for man, as it was all her fault he lost the other.

Locals.

In this department will be found College News, General Success of the various classes, names of the Students matriculating after January 1st., Witty Jokes, Pleasant repartees, a Careful Statement of the Students' health, Election of Society Officers, a concise report of all Society Meetings and all other items of interest to both patrons and old students.

A REAL GEM.—The Committee to whom was intrusted the procuring of the new *Classic Gem*, the literary paper of the Philologist Society, have well performed *their part*; the *other part*, i. e., the making of the book,—by far the most difficult,—was handsomely executed by Mr. Geo. W. Gary, Steam Book & Job Printer, No. 3 Governor St., Richmond.

The fine quality of the paper, the delicate impression of the printing, the substantial, elegant binding, and indeed the general appearance of the book, reflect credit on the house and will be a "standing advertisement" for Mr. Gary and his assistants.

The musical association taught by Professor Minor is progressing finely; a conclusive proof of the musical spirit where-with his pupils are imbued is that we hear the melancholly chorus *do me sol do* from daylight until dark. We hope his instruction will result in giving the occupants of room 4. (Cottage) control over their voices at night, as at present they make night hideous.

Parties desiring satisfaction for any false statement made in this department are advised to call upon the Business Manager as he is a weaker man than "ye local."

A gymnasium is being constructed for the use of the students and it is thought that it will be ready for use in a very short time.

We have the unenviable honor of having a worthy rival of the "Seven Sleepers" next door to us. We would be grateful to any one who would suggest some mode of waking this indulger in pleasant dreams, without making known to the whole cottage the fact that he is just emerging from a state of know-nothing-ism under the boisterous appeals of his determined room-mate.

The Lecture to be delivered in a few days by Professor Puryear before the Mu Sigma Rho Society is looked forward to with great pleasure. The old students and all who know the Professor will envy us the rare treat we have in store.

When the compositors arranged our supply of type they were for a while puzzled at finding such a large number of *quotation marks*, but with sorrow they remembered our Reviewer's propensities and were inclined to thank the type founder for his efforts to satisfy their needs in that direction.

The Lectures on Electricity just delivered by the Professor of Chemistry were exceedingly successful and interesting.

RICHMOND COLLEGE,
DEC. 22nd. 1875.

Eds. Monthly Musings: As your Paper makes its first appearance, it will be interesting to your readers to see in its columns, an account of the wonderful revival of religion with which the College has recently been blessed. Rather more than six weeks previous to the date of this article, Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, parlor of the Grace Street Baptist church, began a series of prayer meetings in his church. The meeting gradually grew in numbers and interest until a most gracious revival followed. From the very beginning of the meeting both Pastor and Church were anxious that the influence of the meeting should reach the college, and not unfrequently was there special prayer offered for the young men at Richmond College.

Week before last three of the young men professed religion while attending the meeting. On Saturday night of that week, we held a meeting at the college, which was conducted by Dr. Hatcher. He gave us a *talk* about "Why the young men should be Christians." His words were accompanied by divine power and it was evident that they aroused feelings of deep concern in the souls of many of the unconverted. The Faculty then so arranged the schedule of recitations as to give time for daily meetings an hour in length, which were conducted by Dr. Hatcher. Notwithstanding his enormous duties at his own church, he came, and the power of God came with him.

The meeting at the college lasted a week and two days. When it began, there were twenty eight young men residing at the college, who were not professors of religion, and some there were, who had gone far back into sin. Now, there are only five who have not been converted, and two of these are asking the way of life.

I wish, Messrs. Editors, many of the details of the meeting could be published, but I find this article is already becoming too long.

Last Saturday night the meeting began at 7 o'clock, and after an hour or two, Dr. Hatcher dismissed the meeting, but it would not break up. The young men lingered together for some time, and then as if by spontaneous impulse, adjourned to a very large private room, and there they sang, talked and prayed together until nearly midnight. O, how sweet and awful was the place! How delightful to hear several of the young converts leading in prayer, and also asking prayer for their comrades.

Reader, I cannot tell you all about this wonderful meeting now. I cannot take you to the different homes where it has carried unspeakable joy. In the sweet bye and bye, when the lovers of Jesus shall gather around Him to "Crown him Lord of all," then you may see the blessed results of the revival in Richmond College, in 1875.

Dr. Hatcher's meeting at Grace Street is still going on with unabated interest. Last Lord's day he gave the hand of church fellowship to ninety seven new members. Many have been converted who have not joined his church. Still the work goes on.

To God be all the glory! R. T. H.

List of Students who have Matriculated during the Current Session.

Adair, Jeff., Accomac.
Ainslie, C. H., Essex.
Alvey, Edward, Richmond.
Alvey, R. T., "
Anderson, T. E., "
Barglebaugh, C. E., Rockingham.
Barrett, J. Pressley, Isle of Wight.
Bartenstein, E. H., Fauquier.
Bell, W. J., Sussex.
Bitting, W. C., Richmond.
Bitting, C. C., Jr., "
Booker, J. N., Richmond Co.
Boyd, J. W., Botetourt.
Boldridge, J. H., Culpeper.
Brown, W. W., Peytonsburg.
Brown, J. A., Montgomery.
Brown, T. P., Madison.
Buckwalter, F. T., Richmond.
Burgess, G. F., "
Cabell, H. C., "
Cary, T. A., "
Carney, R. E., Liberty.
Chalkley, E. H., Richmond.
Chalkley, C. H., "
Catlett, L. C., Gloucester.
Christian, W., Richmond.
Cocke, L. H., Roanoke.
Coleman, C. F., Hanover.
Currie, C. M., Richmond.
Curry, M. B., "
Cutchins, Sol., Nansemond.
Davies, B. T., King and Queen.
Davis, F. T., Clarke.
Derieux, W. T., Essex.
Dickinson, J. T., Richmond.
Ellyson, Wm., "
Field, W. W., Culpeper.
Fitzgerald, T. H., Buckingham.
Forbes, W. G., Richmond.
Foreacre, W. W., Alexandria.
Gary, T. R., Ocala, Fla.
Gay, B. S., Northampton, N. C.
Garnett, J. M., Jr., King and Queen.
Gaut, T. I., Cleaveland, Tenn.
George, H. H., Jr., Caroline.
Glover, R. E., Richmond.
Gore, J. Howard, Frederick.
Hanks, R. T., Pickinsville, Ala.
Harris, W. F., New Kent.
Harris, A. M., Culpeper.
Haynes, T. W., Jr., King William.
Heneberger, J. F., Harrisonburg.
Hix, Wm. G., Prince Edward.
Hiter, Malcolm, Louisa.
Higginbotham, S. T. B., Henrico.
Hooker, W. B., Richmond.
Holland, E. E., Isle of Wight.
Hooper, G. J., Jr., Richmond.
Hudgins, W. T., Harrison, Texas.
Hughes, J. W., Loudoun.
Hutchins, W. T., Danville.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.—Students are earnestly requested to patronize those who advertise in our paper, as they are all reliable men, and will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

A young lady at an evening party some time ago, found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following. "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune east on the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

Reviews.

Our Work.

We trust we do not underrate the duties which have been assigned us. To critically yet fairly review the publications of the day, we feel to be a task, alike delicate, difficult and important. If "Reviewer" means half as much as Webster claims it does, we at once realize our inability to fill the engagement. But we do not propose to easily surrender, we much prefer to think Webster is wrong.

Rufus Choate was once selected to deliver an oration before Dartmouth College. Being unable to accept the honor, Oliver Wendell Holmes of "Breakfast-Table" renown was appointed to the duty. As he was riding in the car toward the college, he heard a gentleman inquire, who was to fill Choate's place. At once the little doctor sprang to his feet and exclaimed "No one is going to fill his place, but I will try for a little while to rattle around in it." And so we feel, as we sink into the Reviewer's chair, and discover what a fine opportunity there is to move around; we doubt if we shall ever fill it. But doubts have never won a single victory, and so dismissing them we shall speak of our hopes.

We hope to make the Reviewer's Column, amid all its imperfections, worthy the reader's attention. To accomplish this, we know we must work hard and faithfully; never should we forget that patient research alone can unfold to us the true merits of a work, and give value to our criticisms. The excellencies and faults of a production which lie upon the surface, exposed to the view of the most superficial observer, prove oftentimes false criterions, neither indicating the depth of the work, nor the undercurrent of the thought. To pierce the outer crust and reach the heart of the subject, alone insures just criticism. We make no assertions that this task we shall always accomplish. We doubt if the *Edinburgh Review*, with all its wonderful discernment and brilliancy can lay claim to infallible wisdom; and we question if the *British Quarterly* boasting though it may, overwhelming ponderosity, never fails to correctly interpret its data: for ourselves therefore we can only say we shall labor to be "just as just" as the greatest literary nabob who ever leaned back in his chair, and wondered how the world had flourished so long without him.

It has been remarked of Jeffrey, that during his brilliant career as reviewer, he completely held in his grasp the destinies of authors. His smile of approval brought fame, his sarcasm invoked contempt. And now as we are about to make our debut in the same role,

and ergo—this will be certain to clinch the syllogism, if there is any syllogism very near—wield his power, we would attempt at the outset to quiet the fears which we feel the announcement will bring to the ambitious authors of the land. We shall strive to deal most gently with their productions. In our sternest moods we shall aim to give our "heart" an equal voice with our "head" in forming decisions, and if so,—“all other things being equal” to employ the phraseology of Chemistry and its devotees,—our heart is very apt to obtain the mastery. And so we would bid timid authors take courage. Do not let our advent upon the literary arena cause you to forsake the lyre, or dubiously ask.

"And I not sing, lest, haply, cruel reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?"

The Reviews Reviewed.

We are not the first reviewers, the *Edinburgh Review* was established as early as 1802. To prevent any mistake which might arise we felt we should incidentally mention that they got the start of us by a trifle less than seventy-four years.

The birth of the *Edinburgh Review* imparted a new impulse to English literature. How great was the need it supplied, how varied and brilliant the ability of its founder, the great, instant, constant, success of the enterprise clearly proves. Sidney Smith with a humor characteristic of his pen, relates the early history of this famous journal. One day he chanced to meet Jeffreys, Broughman and others, in the high elevation afforded by the eighth or ninth story of the Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh. Smith proposed to start a Review, and all heartily endorsed the scheme. Now in those days it was very important that everything should have a motto. I suppose the apple and pea-nut stands of Edinburgh boasted of some Greek or Latin inscription, and as near as I can learn from Smith's account, they decided on their motto before they saw where they were going to get the money to run the Journal. Smith proposed that they march forth to battle with this upon their standard, "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*," which, stripped of its classic subterfuges, means, "We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." But this was too near the real fact of the case to prove acceptable to sensitive minds. It embodied too much truth, and when men are reading Latin they do not care much for the truth. And so these views about the nourishing power of oat-meal were laid aside in favor of a motto, since become world-famous, one which has caused the hearts of many timid authors to beat fast and wild, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*."

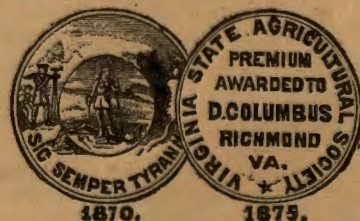
The history of the Review is given by its adopted sentiment, it permits no-one to escape whom it deems guilty.

The *Quarterly Review* was established in 1809. Whilst generally considered inferior to the *Edinburgh Review* in its treatment of subjects requiring mere cold reasoning, it ranks it in its tone of sentiment and morality. It is more orthodox and conservative. Its first editor William Gifford wielded the most sarcastic pen of his day, and the spirit thus early implanted within it, has ever been retained. Its unjust attacks upon Lady Morgan, Keats, Shelly and Stephens have marred its history, but a fairer and gentler spirit of criticism now characterizes its pages.

In the establishment of these reviews, we may read the history of modern criticism, for they have controlled its direction and tendencies. Every reviewer and critic seeks to imitate the spirit and style of those contributing to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and in proportion as he approaches these august literary judges, does he think himself drawing nigh to the standard of perfection. Famous Reviews have sprung up on every hand, but by implicitly following the footsteps of these two most famous ones, have increased rather than diminished the power and influence of their leaders.

We do not now proceed to affirm that we for one—we should at least say "we for two."—purpose not to follow in this beaten path but to strike out anew for ourselves; we do not maintain that the philosophy underlying much of the criticism of these great, savage reviewers is hollow, cruel and selfish; but we do stoutly affirm that since during the past seventy-four years the world has advanced with marvellous strides in art, science, literature, civilization and christianity, it would be bombastic nonsense for the *Edinburgh Review* to deny that we possess by all odds a better prospect of success than ever dazzled their firmament.

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Locals.

THE MESSING SYSTEM.—At the close of the war, there were many young men scattered all over the country who were anxious to attend college, but who were entirely unable to pay the high rates which were charged for board, &c., at any institution of respectable standing. To meet their wants the Messing System was devised. It has been in successful operation at Richmond College for several years, and gives entire satisfaction. By it, the expenses of a student are reduced to a minimum and many a young man has been enabled to complete his education who would otherwise have been compelled to give up all thought of improving his mind.

The system is simply this. At the opening of the session, the Chairman of the Faculty appoints two students to act as commissaries of the mess. It is their duty to buy provisions and to furnish whatever is necessary for the Mess. This they are able to do with little or no loss of time from their studies. A dining-room and kitchen are furnished by the Faculty. A lady is employed as house-keeper, who takes charge of the table and cooking arrangements. She presides in the dining-hall and with the aid of the commissaries sees that order is preserved and the servants do their duty.

Each member of the mess is required to pay into the common fund ten dollars per month, and at the end of each month a strict account is rendered and a settlement made by the commissaries according as the average has exceeded or fallen short of ten dollars. The main feature of the system is that board is furnished at actual cost, and no one makes a percentage.

The Messing Club now numbers between fifty and sixty students. Thus far the board has averaged \$8.82 per month, this amount includes all expenses, matron's salary, provisions, &c.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, complaint was made of the low average cost of the board, on the ground that suitable fare could not be furnished for that price, but the Professor of Chemistry stated that the fare was fully as good as good as his, and all objections were at once silenced, as it is well known that he makes a practical application of his science to the affairs of every-day life.

The success of the Messing System during the current session is largely due to the good management of the matron, Mrs. Woolfolk. Her efforts to promote the comfort and welfare of the students are highly appreciated, and as an evidence of the fact, she was presented on New Year's day with a handsome set of furs by the members of the Mess.

The commissaries for the present session are Messrs. Thornhill and Simms. Much credit is also due to them for the business-like and energetic manner in which they are performing their duties.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the article on "Early Christian Art" by Mr. Edward V. Valentine. It will richly repay perusal; and those who have not read it should turn to the Art Column and read it at once.

As Mr. von Pusch was returning to the College from the city on the night of the 29th. of Dec. he came upon a party of boys near Shafer's corner, who were celebrating the holidays by firing pistols and popcrackers. As he passed the crowd a pistol ball grazed his left leg just above the knee. He supposed it to be a stray shot and took no notice of it. After reaching College, he remembered that several of the students were in town, and as the firing still continued, he became very uneasy about them, and having procured a pistol, he returned to the corner, and told the boys that they had shot him, and requested them to disperse. They promised to do so, and thanked him for his warning. As he turned off, he was shot by one of the party in the right leg, some six inches above the knee. He fell to the ground and drawing his pistol fired several times with no other effect than to drive off his assailants who were advancing upon him. He succeeded in reaching the College with great difficulty, where he was cared for by the students. The wound, though exceedingly painful at first, has healed rapidly, and we hope that Mr. Pusch will soon be able to appear on the campus and in the lecture room.

The type with which this paper is printed was made by Messrs. H. L. Pelouze & Co., Richmond, Va. For beauty and finish it cannot be surpassed, and we advise any one in want of type to call on these gentlemen, who will supply everything which is necessary to furnish a first class printing office, on reasonable terms.

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\$118. Good board in messing clubs costs \$10 per month;
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needed on matriculation; \$35 the 1st February, and the
remainder at intervals through the session

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much needed improvement of building and grounds. The
Trustees have conducted their work so prudently and
wisely that Richmond College, unlike most Institutions
of a similar character, has never become involved in
debt. This policy they will adhere to, still, public opin-
ion and the highest interests of the Institution demand
that we shall go forward. Half-finished work is a re-
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