The Dying Hebrew’s Prayer.

A Hebra Hebrew in the dying light,
His eye was dim and old;
The hair on his brow was silver-white,
And his blood was thin and cold.
He lifted his head to its utmost
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done;
And as he saw God’s shadow there,
And his spirit of truth and fame
“I come unto death’s second birth,
Beneath a stormy night;
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were;
I sought and longed to be forgiven,
And to find the father land;
I weary on a far, dim strand,
I know not if the Christian’s heaven,
And what is broken heal,
And what is dark reveal,
Myst I, the whirlwind reap, because
All beauty while It spoke of thee
I dreamt thee In the shadow,
I Iea.r.d thee in the thunder peal,
I have loved thee in the voice of birds,
I have not breathed the widow’s tears
Holy as that which long ago,
And always when I felt thee
The songs of Zion in mine ear,
Alone be waiting there for
Though I was now there,
And on his daughter’s stainless breast,
The Dying Hebrew sought his rest.

Literary.

Monuments.

From the remotest antiquity and among all peoples, monuments to commemorate some event, triumph, or individual heroism have arisen from that of a few rude stones at Bethel to the Pyramids of Egypt, as if to transmit to successive generations examples worthy of imitation. They have often been the prolific source of information to the patient philologist who would write the history of those races long since extinct.

It would seem of some importance to the people of Virginia and the entire South, that monuments should be erected of such a character as will best preserve the virtues and the hallowed memorials that cluster around the sacred soil of this Commonwealth. The page of history does not present grander achievements, greater heroism, or nobler sacrifices of all the ties of the human heart than are to be found in the records of the glorious deeds, chivalrous valor, and daring bravery of our “boys in gray.”

Leontius, at Thermopylae, the gallant charge of the immortal six hundred, the victories of Cressy and Agincourt, Blenheim and Minden, Trafalgar and Waterloo, have been sung by the lyricists of every clime, and exalted by the historians of every age; but as yet the unsurpassed bravery and glorious victories of our armies at Shiloh of the West, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Kernstown, Gaine’s Mill, Sharpshells, Manassas, and Kelly’s Ford have not been sung by the bards of our day, nor has the patriotism of the Nelson, the Gerard, and the manly spirit of our officers, to the great manufacturing centres, are unfavorable to the preservation of those recollections. It is impossible then that such events can be engraven on the hearts of a nation unless there be some external form—something visible that embodies the spirit that animated those who have struggled so manfully and successfully on the field of battle. Who can pass the threshold of St. Croce, at Florence, and see the tombs of Galileo, Machiavelli, and Aliferi resting under the same roof, and not feel

Princeton, Brandywine and Bunker hill; but it would be ignoring the valor and achievements of our own people, did not the South commemorate in a suitable manner the triumphs of its own armies. It would be a cause of reproach to us that the country in which no record of their gallantry and daring is found is the land that gave them birth. The foreigner who has been able to call from scenes of his battles and victories of our ancestors so much distinguished.

There are two sections in this republic. They differ widely in their views on constitutional law; but there was a period when there was no “Mason and Dixon’s line,” but shoulder to shoulder they fought against a common enemy. Who does not feel his heart swell and beat faster with the recollections of ancient valor as he gazes at that illustrious group on our square—men, whose virtues and genius led the country to declare her independence, and who freed her from the tyranny of British oppression? Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and a host of others are the nation’s; but in the late war has been developed character, heroism and genius, all our own; and it is but proper, though the South was the rival of the North, that we should remember the peculiar glories that exalted to such a degree our own people, and that extorted from foreign lands such beautiful eulogiums as tributes to their martial virtues.

During the early ages, the martial daring, and military prowess of a people were embodied in romantic ballads, and sung by wandering minstrels under the window of many a “Highland Mary.” This served to keep alive the martial spirit of a people for decades; but in the present state of society, shaped in a great degree by commercial interests, the necessity that draws together great masses of the people—far away from the scenes of battle that thrilled with enthusiasm on the field of battle; who has not felt awed and elevated as tourists have passed bravery and glorious victories of our events can be engraven on the hearts of a generation. It is impossible then that such events can be engraven on the hearts of a nation unless there be some external form—something visible that embodies the spirit that animated those who have struggled so manfully and successfully on the field of battle. Who can pass the threshold of St. Croce, at Florence, and see the tombs of Galileo, Machiavelli, and Aliferi resting under the same roof, and not feel
Richmond College Museum.

We fully agree with Dr. Holmes, of the University, that Richmond College has the finest situation of any seat of learning in the Commonwealth; yea, it is in one of the greatest States in the Union, in the largest and most influential city in that State, and has the best means of the students. They have a faculty that can compete with Colleges in the Old Dominion which will antedate ours, and there are Universities which have a greater reputation, but we think that Richmond College will cope with any, and that her standard is high enough to meet the wants of that section of the Commonwealth.

This is only the beginning of what we think will be one of Richmond's greatest attractions.

The Museum evidently owes its timely birth to the indefatigable energy of Mr. R. B. Lee, who is now the corresponding secretary of the Museum committee for the Philological Society,

made to found one until September, 1874, when six students, W. M. Turpin, H. C. Smith, R. B. Lee, J. A. Freach, J. C. Hobson, and H. Currier, Jr., members of the Philosophical Society, met in Richmond, and issued a circular to their brother Philologists, and through them to the public, soliciting contributions.

The circulars worked like magic, and when the students assembled in October it was found that a very respectable collection had been made, which greatly encouraged the young labors.

Later in the session the faculty appointed a committee to receive contributions, and the Philological Society turned over all its collection to them as the representatives of the College. The Mu Sigma Rho Society in the interim had not been inactive. They manually put their shoulders to the wheel and pushed the great work onward. This society also turned its collection over to the College.

The Museum has received valuable contributions from Dr. Bitting, consisting in part of coral from the Bay of Naples, fragments of marble from the Tower of Pisa, fragments of pavement from the City of Pompeii, marble from the Colisseum, stucca from a Column of Trajan, pieces of the Statue of Bronze, the Statue of Venus, pieces of rock from Mt. Blanc, lava from Vesuvius, marble from the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, Augonant from the Bay of Naples, Hippocampus from Lake Averns, fragments of marble from the Cathedral and statues of Nuns, etc.,

Mr. Carlton McCarty has kindly given us Yankee breast-plate taken at Malvern Hill, hilt of a sword from Crater at Petersburg, vertebra of a large animal, rifle shot, stalagmites from Wye's cave, Virginia. The Museum has received valuable contributions from Mr. Ros. P. Ferrill, of Hanover County, Va., has sent us four relics of the ancient "Mound builders," or, as they are some times called the Aztecs. One specimen is round with rude carving, and may have been used as a badge of honor.

Dr. Tupper has given us an impress of the seal of Martin Luther. There has been presented a painting representing the Chinese idea of punishment in eternity.

Many of the students have contributed Indian relics such as hatchets and arrowheads, specimens of lead, iron, and copper ores.

Mr. Ros. P. Ferrill, of Hanover County, Va., has sent us four relics of the ancient "Mound builders," or, as they are some times called the Aztecs. One specimen is round with rude carving, and may have been used as a badge of honor.

As Dick Lee I have not forgotten our Museum which owes so much to his thoughtful and laborious enterprise. I hope to add mummy papyrus, sphinx, autographs, coins, and a number of antiques.

This is only the beginning of what we think will be one of Richmond's greatest attractions.

The Museum evidently owes its timely birth to the indefatigable energy of Mr. R. B. Lee, who is now the corresponding secretary of the Museum committee for the Philological Society,
and is ever ready to receive contributions. Address 315 Main street. Time will reveal how faithfully he has discharged his duties.

A museum may truly be described as a spot where enterprise has brought from every country something to attract the eye and fill the mind; where the rudest indications of barbicide skill and the highest manifestations of civilized ingenuity are alike preserved; and for which nature itself has surrendered its store, art contributed its fairest creations, discovery yielded its richest treasures, and antiquity displayed its choicest relics, to bring the triumph of the past into startling contrast with the glories of the present; that the Museum of Richmond College may be such, is our earnest desire.

ERNST.

Institute Notes.

BY NELLA.

Quite an Excitement.

Tuesday about 14 o'clock, while a good many of the young ladies were in an examination, an alarm was given that the Institute was on fire. Those examination papers flew, and the young ladies did likewise. In five minutes the hall was vacant. The whole Institute was out in the street with their dearest possessions clutched tightly in their arms, and every one's cheeks and hats except their own. A young lady, more literary than the rest, seized all the books she could lay hands on, deposited them on the front steps and stood gazing on them with dewy eyes. The boarders dragged their trunks into the passage and began to pack up. One who seemed interested in the root of all evil fled into the street with two pocket-books, but when they were opened they contained only 10 cents. We are glad to know that a few of the students displayed some bravery. Several ran up stairs and rang the alarm bell, three flew to the front steps and stood gazing on them with dewy eyes. 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The two Literary Societies connected with this Institution have recently been considering the question of electing an orator to address them at the final celebration. They have decided that it is not expedient to elect such an orator this session, and those who expected to hear an oration similar to the eloquent ones which they heard in the past will be disappointed. The action of the societies suggests the question, would it be better to have a final orator or not? We are very decidedly of the opinion that it would be much better for the College, the students, and the audiences who attend the commencement exercises, if the best men who could be found were elected to the position.

The college would be brought into notice, and its interest would be advanced, if a scholar eminent for his attainments were to deliver an eloquent address at its commencement. The attention of persons living at a distance would be drawn to it, and some who had never heard of it would be led to investigate its claims to patronage. This last assumption, that there are persons so benighted, may shock some of our readers; but we are forced reluctantly to confess that, in our opinion, there are persons in the United States whose ears have never heard the mention of Richmond College, and who have never been made happy by reading a copy of the Monthly Musings.

The students would be materially benefited by an oration carefully prepared with special reference to their peculiar needs. After the daily routine of the session’s work, they feel the want of ideas new and fresh. In the lecture room, and in the society halls, they have become familiar with the thoughts of their professors and fellow-students, and an address that lifts them out of the beaten channels of thought, and gives them something else to think of besides Greek roots and parabolic curves, is as welcome as the pleasant shade at noon.

A scholarly address would not be lost on the audiences which assemble in the commencement hall. They would enjoy a twofold pleasure. The oration itself would interest them, and they would be pleased by the fact that the societies, after inviting their attendance, had tried to give them as much enjoyment as possible. We would not be understood as reflecting on the society orators. We would give all honor to those who have acquainted themselves so handsomely in the past, and we predict a brilliant success for those who will represent the societies this session; but an orator at large would take nothing from them, and would materially add to the success of the celebrations.

The trustees of the Richmond College have adopted strong resolutions against the University Bill in its present form. Their action has been endorsed by every other College in the State, but one, and that has not been heard from. Its concurrence may safely be assumed.

In a series of able articles contributed to the Dispatch, Prof. B. Puryear sets forth the grounds of opposition to the bill as follows: The bill is simply an attempt to underbid the Colleges, since it proposes to give for nothing, what the Colleges charge about seventy-five dollars for, and proposes to charge tuition-fees for those subjects which are not taught by the Colleges; the Colleges will inevitably withdraw their friendship and support from the University, and it will promptly and sadly feel their loss. The people will grow restive under a tuition-fees bartered away, and its best friends alienated--its condition will be most precarious.

If the bill passes, either the University must be opened to both races or a negro University must be founded: The probability of the withdrawal of the annuity by a succeeding legislature is exceedingly strong; the condition of the University will then be worse than it is now; its tuition-fees bartered away, and its best friends alienated--its condition will be most perilous.

The State is not in a condition to pay the annuity; it is defaulting to the tune of $600,000 per annum in the payment of interest, and any additional burden will be unbearable.

In our last issue some reference was made to the use of slang which was becoming very prevalent among the students. We are glad to say that the practice has been abandoned to a great degree, and we once more hear good and pure English instead of the catchwords, pet phrases, and descriptive epithets which assailed our ears a few weeks ago. We hope the practice will be altogether abandoned in time, but we expect some little delay, for there is no habit more easily acquired, and, at the same time, harder to shake off than this habit of using slang. One hears an expression which strikes him as being witty, and he immediately appropriates it as his own, he then manufactures phrases by analogy, and in a short time his whole vocabulary is made up of slang. To many, this seems to be a small matter, but it is far otherwise. It is not a small matter to discard the expressive and beautiful words which are found in our language, nor is it unimportant to degrade and corrupt that language by the introduction of words and phrases formed sometimes by a false analogy, but oftener by no analogy at all.

It has been well said that the use of slang is wrong according to morals, and intellectually, is murder. No one addicted to it can think clearly, for the words which he uses express no thought, and the clearness and precision of one’s thoughts are materially influenced by the clearness and precision of one’s language.

It has been charged upon Americans as a people, that they are peculiarly addicted to the use of slang, and the term “Americanism” has a well-defined meaning among scholars. The charge may be rather sweeping, and many of the so-called Americanisms have been traced to an English origin; but this should be no ground for their use. If an expression is of a doubtful character it should not be used.

There are well-established forms of speech which one may use to express his thoughts, without incurring the charge of using slang, and how much better it is to co-operate with those who are trying to keep our mother tongue pure from all defilement than to aid those who are doing all in their power to corrupt it into a loose and ill-constructed dialect.

The Southern Collegian proposes that competitive examinations in Latin Greek, Mathematics, &c., shall be held in connection with the proposed oratorical contest. The idea is a good one, and should by all means form a part of the plan. In the mean time let us have the convention. It can determine when the contest shall take place, and can also determine the nature of the exercises. We approve the suggestion that the convention be held at Lynchburg, and we see no objection to holding it in April. The final examinations will not be interfered with, and the delegates to the convention will have time for reviewing after their return.

We have received several kind and encouraging notices from our exchanges, for which we return our thanks. We shall try in the future to merit their good opinion.
Locals.

The admirers of the beautiful snow have had a splendid opportunity for enjoying the beautiful slush.

A Prep. Latin called at the book-store for a "pony" to aid him in reading the Latin primer; the clerk informed him that they did not have "ponies" so young.

At the regular meeting of the Philologian Society February 11, Messrs. T. H. Fitzgerald, of Buckingham, and J. W. Tucker, of Prince George, Va., were elected final orators; also, W. T. Smith, of Maryland, monthly orator.

A student after hearing a lecture in Chemistry explaining how a person by remaining perfectly quiet could live for a long time without food, thinks that now he can believe the story of Rip Van Winkle.

One of the "new" College students came suddenly on an old student a few Sunday evenings past, and inquired of him if he had been to the First Baptist Church, and if the venerable Dr. — had a large audience? No, was the prompt reply. We had the "Corporal's guard," O! said the young "Verdant," why, the guard, was there a fight?

The Sunny South says that Miss Braddon, the noted English authoress, is residing near Richmond, Va., at an elegant Elizabethan Villa. It evidently does not know that there are two Richmonds in the field. One of them is in England, and so is Miss Braddon.

We have received several lists of personal visits from our friends, to whom we are much obliged, for their assistance. Some of them, though, have forgotten to send their lists, and more of them have neglected to send their subscriptions.

The examinations are still progressing. Most of the juniors have been examined, and several of the senior classes have had their turn. The last intermediate examination will not be held before the first week in March. The final examination will begin sometime in May, and we advise the aspirants for degrees and promotions to begin at once to prepare for them.

The interest which is taken in the Literary Societies this session is equal to that of any previous session. The new members have been quick to see the advantages offered them, and are working manfully for the improvement and other medals.

The Philologian Society has made no important changes this session. It has 64 members, and is thoroughly united and organized.

The Mu Sigma Kappa Society has again offered a declaimer's medal, and has also changed its badge. The new badge is very neat and meets with general approval. Its members number 60, and are working finely.

Slippery Times.

It was a cold, rainy, sleety day. My wife had been quarreling with me all the morning for being too lazy. She had just said these words: "I like to see one move quickly and promptly," when she stepped on the back of my slipper and lost her balance. I heard a slight scream and a succession of reverberating sounds. After a little, my wife came in looking somewhat flustered. I ventured to suggest that there was such a thing as being too "quick and prompt," and that it was rather an uncourteous way to go down the steps. Falling down ten steps had not improved her temper, and she made it so warm for me that I soon felt like leaving. Walking down the street, I came up behind two men whom I judged from their talk to be lawyers, and who were picking their way carefully along. They talked of deeds, decrees, writs, and a great many other things. All at once, suddenly, forthwith, and a good deal faster, one of them came down. His legs assumed the position of a circus-rider's when he pedaled six horses at once. As I walked past him he asked me, "What is the time?" I thought he overtook a pea-nut and apple-man; he was thinking of the probability of his stock in hand going up during the bad weather. But, O! "This world is but a fleeting show for man's delusion given." His feet went up and his apples went down, and his basket, as well as his calculations, was upset. Two College boys were walking along in front of me. One of them was talking of his hopes and plans for the future. Said he, with an energy that would have done credit to the heroes of history: "I intend to make my way through this world." Down he came in the shape of a capital Y. I told him that if he intended to do it that way he would have to come down harder than that, and I also advised him to select some other point for the place of his departure, for if he went through his life, he would come out either among the Heathen Chinee or the ocean. He suggested the propriety of my proceeding to a place where there was no alet. I had serious objection to such a sudden change of climate, and so declined his proposition.

But the saddest part of my story is yet to come. I had not gone far when I saw a lady, a pretty young lady, tripping along gaily and cheerfully. And now language fails me. Let it suffice for me to say that she came down silently but quickly. I ran to her assistance, and told her that in this cold, deceiving, slippery world she would better get somebody to lean on. I did not stop to hear her reply; but if I had had no previous engagements, I should have offered my services, if she wished to take my advice.

The accidents set me to moralizing. Ice is a great leveller, equal to Old Father Time himself. Water seeks its level, but frozen water seems to affect everything else to that level. High and low, rich and poor, prince and beggar, the belle and the street-sweep are all brought, on a sleety day, to the same level. What a forcible lesson should this teach us! How easy it is to —

Marcus.
a chronological table, that all orthodox historians have so meekly followed? Well, Archbishop Usher was this modern Solomon. He took his slate and pencil, figured away awhile, and then confidently asserted that Adam was born exactly 4004 B.C. If he had had fifteen minutes longer for the problem’s solution, he would probably have told us the very day of Adam’s creation, and we could have celebrated it as we do Washington’s birthday, but so wise a man as the Archbishop was, of course, pushed for time, and we must be satisfied that he told us as definitely as he did.

Mr. Baldwin rejects this assertion of Archbishop Usher, as unwarranted and dogmatic. He observes that it is much more probable that Bunsen was right, who, in his work upon Egypt, maintained that five times 4004 years was the interval between the beginning of the human race and the Christian era. Our author then proceeds to give his reasons: Of course we are restrained from even enumerating his arguments. He first sets forth in clear light the difficulties assailing the commonly received system. Then he pictures the forcible revelations of geology and the statements of the ancient writers. At great length he proceeds to trace the development of Cushite civilization, and then to argue that centuries were required to consummate this development. He further strengthens his positions by arguments drawn from the new science of linguistics, by the study of the most ancient records, by the revelations of coins, monuments and tablets, and by a critical examination of the older traditions and mythologies.

But at best, brief summaries can only give faint ideas of the work’s scope. To read it is not sufficient—conscientious study is demanded. At the journey’s end we may not be prepared to endorse fully our author’s position, but we can, at least, venture to understand him with the great Humboldt, “What we usually term the beginning of history is only the period when the later generations awoke to self-consciousness.”

**Objections to Public Schools Considered.** Remarks at the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund. By Barnes Sears, D. D.

In this pamphlet an old friend makes a second visitation to this world of sin and sorrow. It is the first appearance of Scrutator since he fled the field in terror-stricken consternation before Civis’ overwhelming columns of rhetoric and argument. What has induced the vanquished knight to return to the scenes of his former defeat we are puzzled to determine, unless impelled by the same indomitable supernatural unceasingness that leads the ghost to haunt the spot of his death.

And yet to judge from the opening notes of the pamphlet, Scrutator was the victor in the former encounter, and is merely returning to the battle-field to collect plunder and relics. But if triumphant, why did not this dauntless conqueror encamp on the field, instead of quietly withdrawing for several months until his wounds healed, and then taking his silent flight to New York, where before brethren of like persuasion he related his marvellous deeds, how he had “smote the Philistines from Geba until thou come to Gazer?”

Hear him as he modestly asserts after drawing a pathetic picture of the desperate and combined assault of the enemies of popular education, “The defence by the State superintendents and others has been equally earnest, and much more rational and convincing.” We claim this is modesty, because, although Scrutator is not, we believe, State superintendent of anything in particular, he deserves a high seat under the more general title of “others.” And so he tells us his defence has been “much more rational and convincing.” At first glance it would appear better for some one else besides Scrutator to make this statement, but when we consider that there was no one else quite prepared to venture the assertion, we pardon Scrutator for no longer hesitating to dispense the news.

But why did this “more rational and convincing” man devote thirty pages to an attack upon the first positions of Civis, and not even allude to the concluding articles of his antagonist in which those first positions are more fully explained, more stoutly maintained, and only changed in so far that Civis moves his batteries nearer, and at closer range pours shot and shell upon the foe?

In concluding we have but to remark, that if Scrutator desired to fairly meet the great objections urged against public schools, he should have honestly represented the full strength and impregnableness of Civis’ position, but if he merely aimed to deliver a few pleasant remarks before the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, remarks which should put them in jovial frame, make them well satisfied with their previously absorbed doctrines, and give them a good appetite for their annual dinner, why, Scrutator did exactly the wise thing in not wading too deeply into the matter.

“There is a certain dignity becoming an editor which we should all try to cultivate.”—Wooster University Review.

So we have always thought, and we are pleased that the author of the above innocent outburst is beginning to think so. It speaks well for the future; we shall expect a marked improvement in his department for the next month. “Westward the Star of Empire takes its course.” It has almost reached Wooster.
The Mississippi University Magazine published its first No. in January, and promises to be reliable.

The Emory Banner has for its motto, "Per Augusta ad Augusta." We judge that its editors indulge in "Maiden musings" and "reminiscences" when they are so occupied.

The Lafayette College Journal presents a fine typographical appearance, and is filled with well-written matter. A little untimely comparison of the Latin and English classics, in which both writers discuss Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Charles II, &c., &c.

The College Herald chronicles our appearances upon the literary arena in a very graceful manner, and gives us some very pleasant reading. We hope that the "Bloody climax," and we will co-operate with it in trying to build a bridge.

The College Journal for February is nothing if not philosophical. Its opening article is on "Mystery, Dreams, and Mysteries," and a notice of Carlyle's and Philosophy follow in quick succession. The editors are conducting their paper very ably, and we are glad to see it.

Among our exchanges the University Review, published at Wooster, O., deserves special mention. It is a large eight-page number, of the typographical appearance, and well filled by brief, pointed articles and spicy import. It will always be a welcome visitor to our column.

The Gray Jacket for December has an enthusiastic article on the "New College," in which the author goes to great length to prove that the article was so much pleased with the "elegant building," and the "scientific management," and the "mystery" that we shouldn't wonder if those who read it would think of a nice little cell and a suit of fine cut Virginia broadcloth, which is worn in the institution.

The Jewett Review is sent to us with the compliments of the publishers of the Missouri Oratorical Contest in December. What a booth those articles were to the editors, coming as they do during the dull months of January! We are, without time, trouble, thought, and almost all other things to the occurrence of the International, but we would suggest that one at a time would have been better both for the editors and for the readers.

The College Sibyl, published by the students of Elmira Female College, comes to us with a request to exchange, of course, with the publishers of the Journal. We must, however, refuse even if we wanted to, for we are of the opinion it would have been better for both the editors and for the readers.

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