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Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

RICHMOND, VA., MARCH, 1876.

VOL. 1. }
NO. 3. }

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The Muse.

The Dying Hebrew's Prayer.

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old.
He lifted his look to his latest sun,
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done,
And as he saw God's shadow there,
His spirit poured itself in prayer:
"I come unto death's second birth,
Beneath a stranger air,
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were!
And men have stamped me with a curse,
I feel it is not thine,
Thy mercy—like yon sun—was made
On me—as them—to shine;
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,
Through that—to thee—before I die!
In this great temple, built by thee,
Whose altars are divine,
Beneath yon lamps, that ceaselessly,
Light up this own true shrine,
O! take my latest sacrifice,
Look down and make this rod
Holy as that where, long ago,
The Hebrew met his God!
I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye,
I have not stained the Virgin's tears,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;
The songs of Zion in mine ear,
Have ever been most sweet,
And always when I felt thee near,
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet'!
I have known thee in the whirlwind,
I have known thee on the hill,
I have loved thee in the voice of birds,
Or the music of the rill!
I dreamt thee in the shadow,
I saw thee in the light,
I heard thee in the thunder peal,
And worshipped in the night!
All beauty while it spoke of thee
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear thy still small voice!
I have not felt myself a thing
Far from thy presence driven,
By flaming sword or warring wing,
Shut out from thee and heaven!
Must I, the whirlwind reap, because
My fathers sowed the storm,
Or shrink—because another sinned—
Beneath thy red right arm?
O! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown—
But I will not take my curse from man,
I turn to thee alone!
O! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, O! forgive,
And what is broken heal,
And cleanse my nature from above,
In the deep Jordan of thy love!
I know not if the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine,
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to thine!
I weary on a far, dim strand,
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father land,
Where there are many homes!
O! grant of all yon starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love thee from afar!
When all earth's myriads shall meet
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harp-of-old—so sweet—
Alone be wanting there?
Yet place me in thy lowest seat,
Though I—as now—be there,
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest;
But let me see and hear
From some dim mansion in the sky
Thy bright ones and their melody!"
The sun goes down with sudden gleam,
And beautiful as a lovely dream,

And silently as air;
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,
With long and raven hair,
Glides in as guardian spirits glide—
And, lo! is kneeling by his side;
As if her sudden presence there
Were sent in answer to his prayer!
O! say they not that angels tread
Around the good man's dying bed!
His child! his sweet and sinless child!
And as he gazed on her
He knew his God was reconciled,
And this the messenger—
As sure as God had hung on high,
The promise bow before his eye!
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,
To point his heavenward faith,
And life's most holy feeling sung,
To sing him into death!
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 an example 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 become 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 memories 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 grey."

Leonidas, 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 lyrists 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, Sharpsburg, Manassas, and Kelly's Ford have not been sung by the bards of our day, nor has the patriot goddess Clio yet crowned the historian who shall recount and transmit to posterity the triumphs of our fathers.

As Washington is the great metropolis of the nation, it is there that the monuments of National glory should be collected—the trophies of its common triumphs. There should be preserved the recollections of Trenton,

Princeton, Brandywine and Bunkerhill; 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 seen the flag of our commonwealth hailed with enthusiasm on the field of battle would lament to find it forgotten only in this State where the bravery of our ancestors was 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 merit.

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 heroic recollections—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 in the forum and on the field of battle. Who has not felt awed and elevated as tourists have told us of the sublime impressions of the interior of Westminster Abbey, where the poets, philosophers, and statesmen "Sleep with her Kings and dignify the scene"? Who could pass the threshold of St. Croce, at Florence, and see the tombs of Galileo, Machiavelli, and Alfieri resting under the same roof, and not feel

his heart throb with the recollections of ancient glory? Who has not dwelt with rapture on the unrivalled beauties of the Acropolis where every pedestal and niche reminded of the life and animation that actuated the ancient republic?

The Athenians valued monuments, and the influence of animating recollections on the development of everything that is generous and noble, and that would test the redness of Athenian blood. They did not spare any cost upon the works that were like the tombs and tripods of their heroes, to be the monuments of the nation to distant ages, and to transmit the proof "that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend." When Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the statue of Minerva, it was for that reason they preferred ivory.

For a time, and especially during the lifetime of those who have become illustrious, it is not expected that they will be forgotten. Can the surviving veterans of the army of Northern Virginia forget the immortal names of Lee and Jackson? Never! But when new generations shall have taken the place of those now leaving the stage—different events, cares, and occupations will consume the attention of the nation, and the great benefits of those triumphs on the masses, however indelibly impressed on the page of history, will be comparatively lost unless there be monuments to recall the glorious deeds of the "Illustrious of ancient days." What would the pages of Robertson, Hume, Macaulay, Allison, or the future historians of America be to the masses of England, Scotland, Ireland or America, if there were not monuments to commemorate their struggles during their civil, foreign, and sectional wars? What would be the effect on the generous youth of the victories of Vittoria, Trafalgar, Waterloo, Marengo, Richmond, Cold Harbor, Wilderness and Gettysburg, if they were only engraven on the historical page? Their names would be familiar to every ear, but the heart-stirring spirit, which they should awaken, would no longer be felt. When the statesmen of Athens would arouse the drooping energies of their countrymen to heroic action, they pointed them to the Acropolis, crowned with the monuments of their valor. Demosthenes would invoke the shades of those who fell at Marathon and Platea to sanctify their cause.

History tells us that the Swiss peasants for five hundred years assembled on the fields of Margarten and Laupen to spread garlands on the graves of their fallen warriors. So long as Manlius remained in sight of the Capitol it was impossible for his enemies to convict him. When Scipio Africanus was assaulted by a faction, and would have been murdered, instead of replying to his accusers, he invited them to the Temple of Jupiter, and offered sacrifices for the defeat of the Carthaginians.

Such was the effect of local associations on that warlike hero-worshiping people. It is but natural for the human mind to embody in some form those ideas and principles, the recollections of which in their abstract fills it with such profound admiration.

It may be in the lapse of time that both sections of this republic will be called on to unite their energies against a common enemy.

It may be that another Alexander, another Julius Cæsar, another Hengist or Horsa, another Danish Canute, or another Norman Conqueror will come forth across the Atlantic to change our laws, our institutions, and our social system—then should we feel and know the power of monuments that had, by keeping alive the recollections of ancient glory, rekindled the spark of martial valor. Then would our united armies go forth, like the Douglas and Percy, invoking the spirit of their ancestors, "Confident against the world in arms." Monuments in the capital of this nation would not serve to keep alive the martial spirit of our people, for not one hundredth part of our population would ever see them, nor would one tenth ever know that such existed.

Let us, young men, resolve to leave such a pile—an Acropolis or a Parthenon—so that when the noble youth of our country and of foreign lands in this or coming ages shall pause in our city, they can be pointed to it, as commemorative of the glorious deeds and unsurpassed excellencies of our ancestors.

How strong must be the cords that bind the great heart of the South together, and as her sons and daughters tread the soil of Virginia, consecrated by the blood and honored as the sepulchre of the bravest, noblest, and most generous of our Southland, they indeed will exclaim:

"Such shrines as these are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no creed or code confined,
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

And when we shall have erected such monuments as their heroic deeds demand, like the traveller now who neglects the partially barren wastes of France and Germany to visit the tombs of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Tasso, they will delight to dwell in a land and city where everything reminds them of human greatness, fortitude, and the perfection of human character.

It is but right that this State, the "Mother of States and statesmen," should take the lead in preserving the remembrance of our distinct origin, and look upon the unrivalled glory of our own people. If not, the travellers to our State in after ages will repair to our now classical and heroic scenes, as they do to Venice and Ferrara, only to lament the decay of human genius.

ETNA.

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 site in our Capital. It is true that there are 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 the most ambitious.

As this is a growing world, and one of its leading features is to furnish something to attract the eye and interest the mind, the friends of the College, desiring to keep pace with the times, felt the need of a Museum. Although it was greatly desired, no effort was

made to found one until September, 1874, when six students, W. M. Turpin, H. C. Smith, R. B. Lee, J. A. French, J. C. Hobson, and H. A. Tupper, Jr., members of the Philologian 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 laborers.

Later in the session the faculty appointed a committee to receive contributions, and the Philologian 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 manfully 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 Coliseum, stucca from a Column of Pompeii, sulphur scoria from the Crater of Vesuvius, 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 Avernus, fragments of marble from the Cathedral and statues of Nulan.

Mr. Carlton McCarthy has kindly given us a Yankee breast-plate taken at Malvern Hill, hilt of a sword from Crater at Petersburg, vertebra of a large animal, rifle shot, stalagmite from Wyer's cave, Virginia.

Judge R. L. Montague has contributed a copper hat used in the war of 1812 by Count de Grassis, Marines at Yorktown, as a boarding hat, to protect them from sabre cuts.

Many friends of the College have contributed Indian relics such as hatchets and arrow-heads, specimens of lead, iron, and copper ores.

Mr. Jos. 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 liberally, and we desire to return our sincere thanks to the friends who have aided this new enterprise.

Dr. Curry writes to a friend from Naples: "Tell 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 Philologian Society,

and is ever ready to receive contributions. Address 915 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 interest the mind; where the rudest indications of barbaric skill and the highest manifestations of civilized ingenuity are alike preserved; and for which nature itself has surrendered its stores, art contributed its fairest creations, discovery yielded its richest treasures, and antiquity displayed its choicest relics, to bring the triumphs 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 1½ 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 cloaks and hats except their own on. 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 rung the alarm bell, three flew to the engine-house, one waving her false curls in her hands as she ran. Dire was the confusion. The screams of the frightened damsels attracted a number of fire-engines and people. Indeed, nearly the whole city turned out to see if they were not being roasted alive. I am told that the children in the regions below (Preparatory Department) wept with such force that their teacher departed to realms unknown. After most of the excitement was over, a damsel possessing more than the usual amount of nerves, wrung her hands, burst into tears and wailed, "We shall be baked!" On being assured that water was being put on the smoke she cried but the harder, and exclaimed, "I'd rather bake than be drowned!" After many fruitless attempts, quiet was restored, and the young ladies returned to their examinations with beating hearts and trembling hands. The principal displayed, during the whole time, a fortitude unequalled in the annals of history.

One of the questions in Nat. Philosophy examination was, "What does Catoptrics treat of?" A candidate for graduation wrote, "cats."

Why is a verb in the third conjugation like an old maid was the question asked in the Latin class the other day? One of the young ladies answered, "Because there is no *do* in the future."

Science and Art.

With four weights, weighing respectively 1, 3, 9 and 27 pounds can be weighed any number of pounds, from 1 to 40.

The ocean was discovered with a thin coat of ice, for about one hundred yards out, at Atlantic City, the other day.

The statue of Napoleon just placed on the Vendôme Column is of bronze, twelve feet high, and represents the great Napoleon in the dress and laurels of a Roman Emperor. The cost of the entire work is estimated at 18,000 francs.

The Royal College of Surgeons, England, have discovered that women are "persons," and as such have a right to be candidates for their diploma. In deference to the progress of knowledge in this age of discovery, the Surgeons yield the point.

The muscular tissues of a wild boar lately shot in the forests of Saxony, showed, by microscopic examination, to be full of trichinae. This is the first case in which this parasite has been found in the wild boar, it having been the general belief that only domesticated swine were affected.

A new battery is announced. It resembles the Leclanche, and has nearly the same reactions, but the sesquioxide of iron takes the place of the oxide of manganese. Ammonium chloride is the existing fluid, and free ammonia is given off. There is no action while the circuit is open.

A Berlin newspaper says: The historian of William the First and of Frederick the Great, Thomas Carlyle, received on the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, among other congratulations, a complimentary autograph letter from Prince Bismark. Mr. Carlyle has returned his thanks and expressed his high admiration for the statesmanship displayed on all occasions by the Imperial Chancellor.

The celebrated nickel mines of Lancaster county, which have had almost a monopoly of the business of supplying nickel, are to have a revival, a vein of nickel having been discovered in New Caledonia, extending across the entire island, from east to west. There are also in New Caledonia copper mines of great richness. The gold mines, of which much was expected a few years ago, have so far yielded insignificant results.

There will be opened next April, in London, a Universal Exposition of Scientific Instruments. It will continue for six months. Its object is to bring together as large a number as possible of scientific instruments possessing a historic interest; for instance, Tycho Brahe's astrolabes, Galileo's telescopes, Tavoisier's balances, Franklin's lightning-rods, the remnants of Charles' balloons, Giffard's injector, Foucault's pendulum and gyroscope, etc. An invitation has been sent to every civilized nation to take a part in the exhibition.

The Junior Physics Class has just completed the most delightful and attractive portion of their course—namely, light and colors. They have enjoyed this year an advantage over previous classes in the use of the new Optical room, which is admirably situated in respect to the sunlight. The Professor's new porte-lumiere has made this easily available for a full series of experiments with the solar lantern, the solar microscope, the spectroscope, the polariscope, and other instruments.

Professor Newcombe, of the United States Naval Observatory, has been doing good work with the grand 26-inch refracting telescope (perhaps the best instrument of the kind in the world) which was mounted in Washington in 1873. He has given attention mainly to the Satellites of Uranus and Neptune, with a view to the determination of the masses of those far-distant planets. As to the number of the Satellites, he inclines to the opinion that Neptune has but one and Uranus only four.

Tyndall is stated to have "put the finishing stroke to the hypothesis of spontaneous generation," by showing that solutions confined in "optically pure" air—that is, air rendered by cotton-wool or otherwise, so free from floating particles that light would pass through it invisible—remain unaltered for months, while portions of the same solutions when exposed to the atmosphere swarm with bacteria and other minute forms of life in a few days. The abiogenists will, of course, dissent; but we are glad Tyndall, with his materialistic tendencies, is right on the doctrine of "No life without previous life."

A leaf or similar object may be simply photographed as follows: Make a saturated solution of Bichromate of Potash, which you can obtain cheaply at any drug-store. Float on it a piece of common writing-paper, and then let it become nearly dry in a dark room. It should now be of a bright yellow color. On this put the leaf, and under it lay a piece of black cloth and some thicknesses of newspaper. Put all between two pieces of glass, and fasten together with a spring clothes-pin. Expose to the perpendicular rays of a bright sun. After a time, say an hour, the exposed part of the paper will have become quite dark. Take from the frame and wash in clear water till the figure of the leaf becomes entirely white, and your picture will be finished.

Personals.

Frank Gilmer is at the University.

John Cox is farming near Norfolk, Va.

J. Caskie is practicing law in Richmond.

G. S. Thomas is doing well at the University.

C. V. Meredith is practicing law in Richmond.

G. W. Carter is reading medicine at Front Royal.

W. H. Christian, Jr., is in the State Bank of Virginia.

A. B. Gunter is attending the University of Virginia.

"John Alexander" Strachan is farming on James River.

F. B. Beale is preaching in Westmoreland County, Va.

Thomas J. Counts, Jr., is raising cotton in South Carolina.

George M. Bayne is living in New York, and is reading law.

P. S. Jeter has just graduated with honor at the Richmond Medical College.

Jesse Abrahams is a clerk in one of the departments in Washington.

A. G. Loving, alias "Singing Master," has been ordained to the Baptist ministry.

W. O. Thomas has a printing office at No. 935 Federal street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ralph Dickinson has a good school in Louisa. Nothing green about it, except the name.

R. R. Acree is teaching school very successfully near Middleburg, Loudon County, Va.

William Caskie has graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, and is now in Henderson, Ky.

A. F. Robinson is living in Danville. He paid us a visit not long since, and is looking well and happy.

P. W. Corr paid us a visit a few days ago. He says he is coming back and finish his course in a year or two.

E. D. Meredith is practicing law in Richmond. He has lately taken a better half, is lieutenant in the First Regiment, &c.

R. R. Gwathmey is in the State Bank of Virginia. He is one of the most active Sunday-school workers in the city.

Livius Lankford is studying medicine in New York. He paid us a visit the other day, and gave fine accounts of himself.

J. W. Gore has taken the degree of C. M. E. at the University of Virginia, and is prepared to teach Maths., or do anything else that requires a knowledge of figures.

R. R. Witt, session 69, 70, 71 and 72, has been on a tour through the Western States and Territories, and is now farming successfully in Rockbridge county. "Bobbie" holds on to the "Calico" ticket.

JAMES T. GATEWOOD,

GROCER,

SECOND & GRACE STREETS, NO. 291.

RICHMOND, VA.

MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

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

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Business communications should be addressed to
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Richmond College,
Richmond, Va.

Vol. I.

MARCH, 1876.

No. 3.

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 benefitted 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 acquitted 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 tax which is not intended to support the Professors in the discharge of their duties; but which is intended to support several hundred young men at the University who are able to pay their own way:

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. F. Smith, of Maryland, monthly orator.

A student after hearing a lecture on 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 personals 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 Ro 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.

After Awhile.

After awhile; a busy brain
Shall rest from all its care and pain!

After awhile; earth's rush will cease,
A weary heart find sweet release!

After awhile; a vanished face,
An empty seat, a vacant place!

After awhile; a name forgot,
A crumbled head-stone, an unknown spot!

T. W. N.

A student who ate thirty-three horse-cakes one evening, suffered very much that night from the night-mare.

When the Professor explained the ringing of the chime of bells by electricity, he said that it reminded one of a sleigh-ride, whereupon a student remarked, especially the spark.

At the regular meeting of the Philologian Society on the 11th of February, Mr. C. A. G. Thomas presented the Society with a gavel made of a portion of the Confederate ram Merrimac. Mr. Sol Cutchins presented it with an appropriate speech.

As some of our lady friends have had trouble in preserving the MONTHLY MUSINGS, we take pleasure in recommending the following receipt: Take the first copy received, wrap it around a large cake, and send it, with any other convenient delicacies to the editors, for which you will receive by next mail a copy of the MUSINGS, with our compliments, which you will find no trouble in keeping.

The following students, J. P. B., J. A. L., A. G. M., and C. J. R. are away from College so much that they are designated as the "Board of Visitors." We understand that the chairman, Mr. B., expects to pay us a longer visit than usual, perhaps as long as a week. We will do all that is in our power to make his stay pleasant, and hope that in the future his visits may be more frequent, and his stay longer.

The beautiful weather which we have had lately has revived most of the usual out-door sports. Two base-ball clubs have been organized, and every evening the nines meet on the campus and try their skill. There are several fine players on each club. We expect to see some good playing when they play their match game. The name of one of the clubs is "Oceola." We respectfully request the other to choose a name that we can publish.

We feel that an apology is due our readers for the typographical errors which disfigured our paper last month and the month before, and warned by our past experience we wish to beg indulgence for those which may escape our notice in the present issue. No pains are spared by the editors and the business manager in correcting the proof; but it is impossible for one who has never practiced the art of proof-reading to detect all the errors in an article, especially when he knows that examinations are coming on, and that every moment spent away from his studies puts his graduation in jeopardy.

Slippery Times.

It was a cold, rainy, sleety day. My wife had been quarreling with me all the morning for being so lazy. She had just said these words: "I like to see one move quickly and promptly," when she stepped out of the back door. As the door closed, 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 unceremonious 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 had to leave. 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 rides six horses at once. As I walked past him he was moving for a new trial. I then 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 then, 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 sleet. 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 leveler, equal to Old Father Time himself. Water seeks its level, but frozen water seeks to bring 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 —. I did not finish my thought, for the presence of the seven stars and several other constellations in the heavens, occasioned by the sudden contact of my head with the paving-stones, interrupted me. I got up and went into the middle of the street for fear of another accident.

MARCUS.

Reviews.

PRE-HISTORIC NATIONS. By John D. Baldwin, A. M. Harper & Brothers.

In this work Mr. Baldwin stoutly defends what may be fitly termed the grand doctrine of modern historical innovators. The doctrine which insists that the period of six thousand years, usually assigned as the time since man's advent upon earth, is by far too limited to satisfactorily explain the facts of history, or the deductions of historical investigations.

In Mr. Baldwin's view the difficulties arising from this system of chronology are so great as to warrant him in asserting, "It is impossible to think correctly of the past, or to comprehend the testimony of its monuments, where these views are received as infallible oracles and allowed to regulate investigation."

We immediately recognize upon opening this book that Mr. Baldwin is a daring innovator, that in demanding "more time" to mark man's past history, he is riding his favorite hobby, yet still it must be admitted that cogent argument fortifies many of his most advanced positions.

He squarely tells us that if we are to write "Born 4004 B. C." upon Adam's tombstone, we cannot correctly view the past, that "14,000 B. C." would rather be the appropriate inscription; but does not Rollin, one of our most orthodox historians, the guide and delight of our childhood days, mildly confess that this "four thousand years" notation puzzled him also? We are sure many of our readers remember Rollin's glowing descriptions of the power and regal splendor of Ninus and Semiramis, but do they not likewise remember the author's modest confession. "I must own that I am somewhat puzzled by a difficulty that may be raised against the extraordinary things related of Ninus and Semiramis, as they do not seem to agree with times so near the deluge; I mean such immense armies, such a numerous cavalry, and such vast treasures of gold and silver, all of which seems to be of later date."

Here we behold the good Rollin tenaciously following dogmatic chronological systems, although too honest to conceal his troubles. View his difficulties; he writes that the Assyrian empire was established 2204 B. C., or about 115 years after the deluge. But this was 235 years before Noah's death. And so good Rollin must admit that Noah outlived the founders of the empire, and for more than two centuries witnessed its grandeur and strength. Rollin does not give this conclusion, but from the premises he lays down, it is the only conclusion.

Our subject leads us naturally to inquire, who was thus blessed with wisdom as to write

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 understandingly assert 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 discomfiture before Civis' onrushing 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 undefinable supernatural uneasiness 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.

Exchanges.

The Mississippi University Magazine published its first No. in January, and promises to be readable.

The Emory Banner has for its motto, "Per Angusta ad Augusta." We judge that its editors indulge in "Maiden meditations," but we doubt if they are "Fancy free."

The Lafayette College Journal presents a fine typographical appearance, and is filled with well-written matter. A little unbending of the editorial dignity would be pleasant, and the staid and solemn style of the articles scarcely suits a College paper.

The University Magazine for February is filled with interesting matter. "Rednep," whose nome de plume spelt backwards shows that linguistics is not his only study, compares the Latin and English languages, while other writers discuss Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Charles II, &c., &c., &c.

The College Herald chronicles our appearance upon the literary arena in a very graceful manner, and gives us some very pleasant words of welcome. We heartily clasp the hand which it extends across the "Bloody chasm," 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 Mesmerism, Dreams and Mysteries, and a notice of Carlyle's school of 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 journal, of fine typographical appearance, and well filled by brief, pointed articles of various and spicy import. It will always be a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

The Gray Jacket for December has an enthusiastic article on the Virginia State Penitentiary. The writer of the article was so much pleased with the "elegant buildings," and the "beautiful situation," and the "splendid management," and the "superb fare" that we shouldn't wonder if we heard that he had applied to Col. Strother for a nice little cell and a suit of the fine cut Virginia broadcloth, which is worn in the institution.

The Jewel for January was made up of the orations delivered at the Missouri Oratorical Contest in December. What a boon those orations were to the editors, coming as they did during the Christmas holidays, thereby saving time, trouble, thought, and several other things to the occupants of the sanctum. 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 we will, with pleasure. We would not dare to refuse even if we wanted to, for woe to him who refuses a lady's offer during leap year. We can't possibly resist such talented ladies as the editresses of the Sibyl evidently are, and we welcome their paper to our exchange list. We are very much pleased with the tone of the paper, and with its typographical appearance. The article on the "Great American Literary Association" is well written, and gives an indignant and well-merited rebuke to this precious humbug, which offers to furnish exercises of all kinds to students who desire them. We endorse the opinion that the existence of this association is a disgrace to the American people.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN PORTER.—Although our young Philosophers were in the midst of Porter's Treatise on the Laws of Association, Memory, and Sense Perception, they willingly abandoned the philosophic plain and accepted the liberal invitation of Mr. R. B. Lee to partake of a repast which had been prepared for them by this friend of the College and lover of science. It was very encouraging to see the philosophic way in which the young men satisfied their appetites, leaving nothing untouched, not a "stone unturned."

The Philosophy class and the representative of the MUSINGS will ever remember the pleasant evening thus spent, and return their thanks to Mr. Lee for assisting them in cultivating their sense of Perception and the Laws of Association.

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