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Article 1

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## Monthly Musings, Vol. 1, No. 4

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# Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

RICHMOND, VA., APRIL, 1876.

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VOL. 1. }  
NO. 4. }

## The Muse.

### Nobleness in Work.

True worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in the dreaming,  
Of great things to do by and by,  
For whatever men say in blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—  
We can do no wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure.  
For injustice avenges each sight,  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow,  
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing which it gets,  
For good lieth not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage is abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait,  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth,  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortune or birth.

## Literary.

### King Arthur.

There is one period of Great Britain's history to which we owe, to a great extent, some of the most valuable productions of English literature.

It is a period whose events were not transcribed with the dry minuteness of the chronologist, nor have the accounts of its revolutions much of the scrupulous exactness that belongs to the careful historian. Historical record, growing more shadowy and uncertain as it reaches farther back into the past, mingles inseparably with the poetical legends, whose figures, though grand and symmetrical, were unreal.

It can at least be determined that this was a time of action, that of all convulsions that have rocked the little Isle, the one that established the Saxons as its possessors was most important both in influence and result. The opportunities for great characters were abundant. Indeed, ambition, patriotism, and the martial spirit of the times demanded heroes; and admiration for those heroes found vent not in the calm account of the historian, but in the most natural garb in which the mind of

man in its simpler state paints the field of battle, a garb common alike to the times of Homer and of Beowulph, that of poetry.

The wandering minstrel inspired by nature's self sung to his rude lyre the praise of many a champion, whose great exploits had won for him a title to immortality; and among all, there was none whose title was surer than that of Arthur, when we take into consideration the fact that his name will have a charm about it as long as the English language maintains its place, and as long as the flow of Tennyson's verse delights the world. He has become to us in the present a thoroughly mythical character. All the obscurity which romance and poetry throw around their heroes, as historical personages envelops him. His very existence has been doubted by learned men. The circumstances of his birth, as handed down to us by Geoffrey, of Monmouth, the earliest chronicler of whom we have any account who reduced his story to writing, and enlarged on by the poet, smack somewhat of ancient mythology. Launcelot, Guinivere and Merlin, if summoned to the bar of the historian, would soon be dismissed by him as cheats, or have their place refused on his pages for want of authentic evidence. But Arthur, if denied admittance into the real world of the past, has a station to be envied in the imaginary. If he is enshrouded in a mist of doubt and mistrust to the eye of the prosy chronologist, he is encircled with a halo of glory and honor in the gaze of the imaginative reader. When the pride of his lances, his peerless queen, and his mighty sage are dragged from their lofty position by the determined advocate of fact, they are received in royal triumph by the reader of fiction. To him the Round Table lives in all its pristine glory. To him the blameless King is, and will ever be, the privileged representative of all that was brave and praiseworthy in chivalry. To him the shock of the tourney, the devotion of the knights, the beauty of the ladies, the bravery and daring of history's most brilliant age, are things of the present. He lives among them and sees the victories of mighty Excalibur; sees Launcelot move resistlessly through the field of battle; sees the beauty and faithlessness of Guinivere; drinks in the glories of Arthur's contests, and shares Sir Belvidere's lament at his death and the dissolution of that goodly fellowship of knights. To the literary student Arthur is of great interest. His name will be found connected with a great number of the prose and poetical romances belonging to the earlier ages of the English language. He seems to have been the common property of many authors, whose writings

form no insignificant part of the earlier English literature, valuable both as reflecting the change of the language and for their intrinsic worth. But if this character has been productive of a literature known now principally to the student, through means of Manuals, in the works of later and greater worth it has reached its culminating point of literary value. On the pages of Tennyson, and in the works of Bulwer he lives—a source of perpetual pleasure and instruction, a testimony of the authors' imaginative, creative, and descriptive power, and of the harmony, beauty, and flexibility of the English language. If we owe him nothing else, we are at least disposed to grant his influence in the production of noble works in our literature, to acknowledge that he and his times have furnished most ample material for poetic contemplation, and to know that his name inwrought, as it were, with the very gems of our poetry must have a co-equal immortality.

PHI.

### Dying Words.

There is no stronger proof of the vanity and emptiness of earthly things than the fact that, as the "dread hour" approaches, the thoughts and feelings turn with repugnance from them. Then, if ever, the soul must deal earnestly with eternal things. Earth's deceptive offerings have all been enjoyed, and now the soul must seek its higher and better interests.

The words let fall from the lips of the dying oftentimes furnish lessons for the living. The lesson is the same, no matter whether it be in the dying words of the deeply devout or of the worldly. The one, though mingling daily with earth's alloy, has not had the heart tainted and now can look backward, upon a life well spent, and forward, to a blissful home—the other recalls a dark and evil life, and cherishes no fond hope for the future. Both examples fitly teach that the only true consolation for the final hour is in a wisely spent and beneficent life. Some are looking back over their lives, they see where they have come far short of the true end of life; they realize just where they have made mistakes; many doors of usefulness have been passed by in their frantic pursuit of earthly pleasures. Such reflections bring no peace to the soul, and they die, after uttering, perhaps, only two or three words, in which the thoughtful mind may find much for careful study.

Everything that fame, riches, valor, or prowess can bring has been enjoyed. Every drop has been drained from the cup of worldly happiness. They prepared for the life they chose to lead—its trophies are won. Now they are



to leave these scenes which have failed to satisfy their longings for real happiness. Another world is opening before them. In the dying words of such characters, we may read volumes of sad regrets. Mirabeau, the greatest of French orators and statesmen, closed his life with the simple, but full-of-meaning sentence: "Words are but vain things." His talents and influence had been devoted to the good of his country. All in his power had been done to advance her interests. Born in a very humble sphere, he rose by his own exertions step by step until the highest honors in the gift of the people were won. But with all his brilliant talents and lofty attainments he failed to find the true aim of life. His dying words evidenced a total dissatisfaction with his whole life.

Byron died with the utterance on his lips, "I am going to sleep—do not disturb me." There is more of calmness of soul evidenced in these words than our knowledge of the man convinces us he could legitimately have possessed.

Rabelais died saying, "I am going to sleep in the dark—draw the curtain, the farce is over." He felt his life to have been a trifling play. The assembled world will witness its final result.

Oliver Cromwell, after his life, so full of evil, says: "My desire is to make what haste I can to be gone." Where? we reverently ask.

But, while the last words of some have disclosed the fact that they were leaving this world with no ray of hope for the next, those of others have cheered friends left behind, and have revealed the hopes of the dying one for a bright and happy future.

The Great Nelson, who never flinched from known duty, said: "I thank God that I have done my duty." Reader, would this be your prayer were you to die this hour? No greater encomium can be passed upon us than to have it said that we have done our duty.

William, surnamed Prince of Orange, lisped the prayer: "God save my country." A prayer on his lips for those whom in life he had striven to rule with justice.

Douglas Jerrold said: "I am waiting, and am waited for." How deeply do these and the last words of our beloved Jackson: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," impress upon our minds our fixed ideas of the "River of Life;" friends awaiting our arrival; we're waiting on hither shore some angel's hand to bear us over; beautiful scenes beyond inviting the soul to its eternal rest.

Reader, do you recall the dying words of a fond mother? May they be to you a bulwark against all the temptations of life and never cease to beckon you heavenward.

What will be our last words?—this, we cannot know. There is something that cannot be understood in the passing away from earth—in the hour when "the shroud, and pall, and breathless darkness make us shudder and grow sick at heart." This much is certain: conscience will not "make cowards of us," if we act our part well now. ATTICA.

Superficial knowledge is like oil upon water—it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.

### Art and Nature.

When man was driven from the sacred garden, he found himself in the midst of a vast wilderness without food, raiment or covering. All was dark and desolate. Thorns strewed the pathway where only flowers had grown. No glorious future showed itself; no bright star of hope beamed forth to cheer the lonely wanderer on his way. The sun shed a sickly glare, compared with the light of God, in whose glory he had hitherto dwelt.

But when hope had almost departed, when ruin and despair stared him in the face, an angel left its place above to cross the wanderers lonely path.

"'Twas art, sweet art, new radiance broke,  
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground."

By her aid, from material at hand, man procured food, and a habitation to shield him from the peltings of the merciless storm. His food was at first mere herbs. Art incited him to action, and he improved the life-giving property and flavor of the plants by cultivation. Art has raised us from a position, such as the Hottentots now occupy, to our present state of enlightened civilization.

There is no better example of the power exerted by art upon our progress than music. Our first attempts at music were only discordant sounds, but after years of study and practice we have invented instruments, and learned the use of them. How often have we looked with admiration at the vast proportions of an organ. A hand sweeps over the keys of the mighty instrument, and the listening ear catches the swell of the deep notes of triumph, while the glad notes of rejoicing and the bitter sobs of woe make no discord, called forth by the master hand. He imitates with equal ease the loud bellowing of the thunder and the soft notes of the flute.

See how art takes the shapeless clay, and moulds it into new and beautiful shapes. From the hard marble it draws forth images, which mock us with their life-like appearance, 'tis said that while standing before the world-renowned statue of the dying Gladiator, the spectator finds himself unconsciously asking "Must he die?" Art takes the dying spark of life and fans it into a glowing flame by means of its knowledge of human anatomy.

The forest yields to man's relentless stroke. The wheat bows to the summer breeze where the towering pine withstood the tempest's blast. Art stretches forth its strong arms from Holland's shores and snatches an empire from the ocean's breast. It traces the course of the winds and the currents of the deep. Reads a nation's history by the words they used, and tells the direction the wind blew, a thousand years ago, by the prints of rain-drops on a stone.

But our high art is apt to make us forget God. Man proud of his mind has boastfully said that the works of nature were equalled, if not excelled, by the works of art, that the Pyramids, the magnetic telegraph, the utilization of the expansive power of vapor had no equal in the natural world. See what science has done! She has chained the fiery lightning, marked the tracks of the planets, dissected and analyzed the rays of the sun, and proved the comet, formerly dreaded as a foreboding of evil, to be a idle whiff of the wind.

And yet, with all the art and science of the

world, which of you taking thought can add a cubit to your measure? God has given man power to do everything but make matter, he can expand and improve, he may limit and defeat, but to create is the divine prerogative alone. Man can originate nothing, not even a thought. There is nothing new under the sun. As fire is air in motion, so art and science are the activity of the mind. The mind never moves into any channel unless led into it by something similar. The skeleton of the water fowl suggested the form of boats. The shadow on the wall led to photography. Strange garments cast upon the shore gave indication of another hemisphere. The falling apple caused Newton to discover the law of gravity. The Indian is certain of his prey from foot-prints on the grass, guessing at the hint, he follows the trail; but the trail must be there, the hint must be given, or the sharpest sight is blindness.

Art is the tool of man, nature is the instrument of God.

Art takes a marsh rank with noxious vegetation, by drainage and cultivation it is made to procure food for man. Nature takes the barren reef left bare by the earthquake, a lichen clings to it, and finding no sustenance dies, but in dying digs its own grave. Frost and rain crumble the surface. Birds roost upon it, the snail adds his slime, the sea casts up her dead shrouded in weeds. Nature arranges the disordered and disunited atoms, soon the cold stone is covered by warm and feathery grass. A bird flying over drops a seed. The wind drops a plant which it has torn up in its fury, after a number of years the barren surface is rank with vegetation. Then, and then alone, can art take hold of it. Art may plant the seed and fertilize the soil, but nature gives the refreshing, rain the genial warmth and life.

Art may take the dying spark and fan it into a glowing flame, but let the spark once go out and all the powers of earth cannot replace it. The smallest insect may destroy life, nature alone can give it.

What is there in art which can compare with the atmosphere? As soft as the down of the thistle, as impalpable as the gossamer, immutable as the unchanging hills, and yet "the respirations of the babe in the cradle, breathing in response to the angelic choir, disturb it to its utmost periphery."

And yet man has dared to say that the works of art excel the works of nature! How can one, who has looked upon a beautiful landscape, with its undulating plains, gurgling brooks and shady groves, or stood in the mountain forest while a fierce storm is raging, the frightened animals seeking safety, trees bowing and crashing, lowering clouds darting forth their forked tongues, the thunder shaking the earth—Who is it that has seen all these wonders and can say that the puny works of man can compare with the handiwork of God?

The law of nature, like a golden thread, runs through all creation, and in the last syllable of recorded time 'twill command its own destruction. RUCRY.

At the marriage of an Alabama widower one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridal to de new one or not"



## Science and Art.

A monument to the German artist, Rietschl, by Prof. Jean Schilling, was dedicated at Dresden, recently.

The statue of Lord Rosse, by the late Mr. Foley, has been cast in bronze and placed in Parson's Town, King's County, Ireland.

Mr. Warrington Wood is executing a colossal statue of Michael Angelo at his studio in Rome, for the Walker Fine Art Gallery at Liverpool.

The monument to John and Charles Wesley has been placed in Westminster Abbey, but it has not yet been unveiled. It stands near the monument to Isaac Watts.

A statue to Spinoza is to be erected at the Hague, in front of the house in which he died. The ceremony will take place on February 21, 1877, the two-hundredth anniversary of his death.

"Cuttle Fish Dodge" is the felicitous name given to the expedient, very popular with some quasi-scientific writers, of getting out of a difficulty by bewildering their readers with a cloud of inky verbiage squirted into their faces.

The partial eclipse of the sun last week was only observed by a representative of the Musings, supported by a large volunteer corps, armed with smoked glass, and decorated with blackened noses. It was pronounced "all right," whereupon the exhibition closed prematurely.

Prof. John T. Weir, of the Yale Art School, has selected five of his paintings to be placed on exhibition at the Centennial. The subjects of the works are: "The Column of St. Mark, Venice," "The Gun Foundry," "The Confessional," "Portrait," and "Lago Maggiore, Italy."

In a late review of the American Naturalist, Nature (of London) remarks that "there seems to be considerable difficulty in the production of a science journal in America, and we think there is still room for improvement." Is it possible that Nature has not yet seen the science column of the MUSINGS?

The death of the well-known French engineer, M. Thome de Gamond, is just announced. He is best known, as the originator, a number of years ago, of the project of making a tunnel under the English channel. "It was a singular fact that he died the very day on which the commissioners took the first steps for the completion of that great work."

M. Bloch has devised an ingenious method of measuring the velocity of sensation. He finds it to be, in the nerves, 132 metres, or just one mile per second.

Mr. Proctor's long-armed boy, who was accidentally to thrust one of his fingers in the sun, would, therefore, find out that he was burnt, more rapidly than Mr. P. supposed; in fact, he would begin to feel it in about three years.

A recent scientific work (by a lady, by the way) vouchsafes the information that "772 foot-pounds of force equals one degree Fahrenheit of heat." Whereupon an ungallant reviewer wants to know the height of a certain steeple in acres, and the number of troy ounces of time in a day. We know some members of a certain class that would make nothing of a cubic kilogramme of such questions.

Prof. Max Muller has consented "to continue to honor Oxford by remaining connected with that University" as Professor of Sanskrit. He is to be relieved from the obligation to lecture, and is to devote himself to the long-cherished work of editing and translating the Rigveda and other sacred books of India. He proposes to issue some twenty-four volumes. Of course, the demand for these, as "light summer reading," will be immense.

Prof. Tyndall publishes in Nature a letter from Pasteur the celebrated French physicist, congratulating him upon the results reached in his recently published investigations on Gems. Pasteur unites with Tyndall in belaboring Dr. Bastian, the special advocate of spontaneous generation, and concludes his letter as follows:

"Elle est inattaquable, cette conclusion que j'ai déjà formulée: dans l'état actuel de la science, l'hypothèse de la génération spontanée est une chimère."

So say we.

Mr. Sorby, President of the Royal Microscopical Society, took as the theme of his Anniversary Address, "The relation between the limit of the powers of the microscope and the size of the ultimate molecules of matter." He proceeds carefully, and reaches some striking conclusions. Referring to the known lengths of the waves of light, he states the inference from both theory and observation, "that the normal limit of distinct visibility, with the most perfect microscope, is one-half of the wave length of the light. If so, we must conclude that even with the very best lenses, light itself is of too coarse a nature to enable

us to define objects less than one-hundred thousandth of an inch apart. We must also conclude, as far as this question is concerned, our microscopes have already reached this limit."

He next takes up and examines the best estimates as to the size of the ultimate molecules of matter. Taking water as an example, he puts the number of molecules that would lie end to end in the above-mentioned smallest space visible by a perfect microscope at about 2,000. We are then as far from seeing the ultimate molecules, say of water, with the best possible microscope as one would be from reading these printed notes with the naked eye at the distance of one third of a mile. Nature's secrets are safe then; no prying human eye will ever peer into the movements, affinities, shapes, and aggregations of these ultimate elements of matter, nor be able to "explain" protoplasm, cells, gemmules, crystals, and other wondrous exhibitions of the "potentialities" of matter.

Mr. Sorby's conclusion is candid and sound. "I have made no endeavor," says he, "to conceal our present ignorance of many very important questions connected with my subject." "But, perhaps, there is no more fruitful source of knowledge than to see and feel how little is actually known, and how much remained to be learned."

## Letter from Rome.

ROME, ITALY, JANUARY, 1876.

R. B. LEE, ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I arrived in Liverpool on the 29th November, well and without accident, having had a very pleasant voyage—considering. I remained there only a few hours, leaving the same afternoon en route for London, going by way of Bristol, in order to see the Orphanage of Mr. Muller. I remained in London about twenty days, and in Paris ten days, and coming direct from the latter city I reached Rome one week ago. I have hurried on in order to visit Palestine and Egypt in March and April. As it is most natural for us to write of that which is freshest in our minds, I will only give a passing notice of London and Paris, and write you a little of what I have seen in Rome. Notwithstanding, London is a foggy place, I enjoyed my sojourn there very much, visiting among other interesting sights those places of which you so vividly wrote—the Abbey and the Tower. The Abbey is actually crowded with monuments, tablets, &c., which would impress you even more than they would me; and I hope it may be your pleasure soon to walk through the aisles and chapels of that sombre-looking old building, and behold with your own eyes these monuments to past greatness.

After my brief stay in London, where everything looked dingy and smoky, I was fully prepared to appreciate the lovely city of Paris, which, with its clear sky and freshness, looked like a Paradise as compared to London. This city is beautiful beyond conception. The buildings are nearly all made of a light-colored sandstone and are of regular height; the streets are laid off with regard to beauty and effect, and are almost as clean as floors; all along which, regular rows of trees can be seen for miles; while squares and gardens, ornamented with fountains and statues, greet the eye everywhere. On a gently rising hill stands the grand Arch de Triomphe in the centre of a very large open circular space, surrounded by beautiful buildings. From this circle radiate twelve regular streets down the sloping plain, the principal of which is the Champ Elysees. At the extremity of the Champ Elysees is the garden of the Tuilleries, beyond which still is the palace of the same name, both of which can be seen from the Arch. At night the view from this point is still more beautiful, because down each street can be seen a double-headed row of gas-lights, all taken together, forming a twelve-pointed star.

Rome has as much impressed me for its grandeur as Paris for its beauty.

I have not had a thrill to pass over me in looking on these wonderful ruins, but that I have wished for your presence, whether it be standing in the Forum, on the Palatine Hill, or surrounded by the imposing ruins of the coliseum. I repeat I have longed for you that we might enjoy together beholding the remains of ancient greatness and glory. What Rome was in its palmy days can be somewhat imagined from the remnants of the immense Temples, Palaces, &c., which are now being excavated. The Forum was in a very small valley, inclosed by three of the hills of Rome, to any one of which a person standing in the centre of the Forum, could throw a stone. Just imagine fifteen or more imposing Temples, Basilicas, &c., built within this small space, all made of the finest marble, supported by columns of the various orders of architecture. The Temple of Cæsar, Vestal Virgins, Julia are in the bottom, at the northern end on the Capitoline Hill; first, on the left Temple of Saturn, of the twelve gods, of Vespasian, of Peace, back of which is the Tabularium, a little further around is the Temple of Janus, between all these, and the first mentioned, as being on the flat surface, is the Comitium, the Rostrum from which Mark Antony addressed the crowd. Going around, the east side is likewise build up with Basilicas, and last on that side is the Temple of Antoninas and Faustulae. Just on the Palatine Hill, overlooking the Forum, are the Palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian, Septimus Severus, Nerva and Constantine—that is, their ruins.

Imagine how delighted I was to meet Dr. Curry and his party. They have just returned from a delightful trip to Egypt and Palestine. To-day I have had a delightful time. I visited the Catacombs and the place where it is supposed Paul was executed. The Roman Catholic tradition is that his head, after it was severed from his body, leaped three times, and at each spot where the head fell there sprang up water, so that the place is now called the "Three Fountains."

I have not forgotten our Museum, and it may be I can find something to add to its interest. Yours sincerely,  
A. C. BRISCOE.

[We give place to the following communication, as its author thinks that injustice was done to his Society by the article to which he alludes. We are assured by our correspondent, Ernst, that the sole object of his article was to draw the attention of the public to the Museum, and if injustice was done to any one, it was unintentional. The matter under discussion is not one of general interest, and we regard it as unsuitable for our columns. Therefore, with this article, we close the discussion.]

Messrs. Editors:

An article appeared in your last issue relative to the Museum, signed Ernst. For the purpose of correcting some of the errors which may arise from it, I submit the following facts:

During the summer of 1874 an effort was made by members of the Philologian Society avowedly for the establishment of a College Museum. In the beginning of the session of 1874-'75 the matter was brought to the attention of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and a resolution introduced warmly commending the action of the Philologians, and offering to co-operate most heartily with them. To this resolution answer was gravely returned (in the form of a committee report now on file) that they knew of no such thing as a College Museum, but held their contributions as the property of the Philologian Society, to be turned over to the College Museum when it should be founded, and due notice given them thereof. Neither desiring nor intending to make contributions to a Philologian Museum, the Mu Sigma Rho Society requested the appointment of a committee from the Faculty to receive contributions for a College Museum.

They were informed that Dr. Curry and Prof. Winston were appointed, and their collection was accordingly turned over. We do not propose by this to claim the merit of originating the Museum, but simply to set forth the whole history of the matter. As we understand it the Museum is a College affair, and as such deserves our sympathy and support.

In conclusion let me call attention to the fact that the Mu Sigma Rho Society has a committee, composed of Messrs. Thornhill, Bitting and Pitt, of which Mr. W. C. Bitting is the receiving agent. This fact seems very singularly to have escaped the notice of your correspondent.

JUVENIS.

## Personals.

Dr. Bowdoin has lately received his diploma from the Baltimore College of Surgery, and expects to go to Bellevue in the fall.

W. D. Groton is teaching at Pungoteague, Accomac County, Va. "Hez" Jordan has lately paid him a visit, and they have had a fine time boating, &c.

Rev. W. O. Petty has been ordained to the pastoral care of the Germantown Baptist Church, Montgomery County, Md. He received a severe pounding soon after his ordination and, strange to say, he enjoyed it, and would not be sorry to get another of the same sort. We wish him success in his labors, and predict for him a career of great usefulness.



## MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

## EDITORS:

BARTLETT T. DAVIES, Va., Senior Editor.  
 J. HOWARD GORE, Va., } Local Editors.  
 L. H. COCKE, Va., }  
 JOHN W. SNYDER, Va., Reviewer.  
 HUGH C. SMITH, Va., Business Editor.

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

✎ For Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

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

Vol. 1. APRIL, 1876. No. 4.

THE following petition has been presented to the Board of Trustees by the students of the College. It has been signed by many of the students, among whom are four candidates for the degree of A. M., who expect to make the law their profession:

REV. DR. J. B. JETER, President of the Trustees of Richmond College:

The undersigned students of Richmond College, and other young men, desirous of an opportunity to study law, do hereby petition the trustees to re-establish their law-school.

They would respectfully represent that the Capitol of Virginia is undoubtedly the best location for such a school in the South; that a well-organized law-school would, if not at first, yet certainly in a few years, command a large attendance; that students of the College who prepare for this influential profession here will be much more attached to their Alma Mater than if required to go elsewhere to finish their studies, and that through the influence of the increased number of young men who will go out from its walls into different parts of the country, all the interests of the College will be greatly subserved.

We hope the trustees will grant the petition, for a law-school is a great need of the College. Many good students are annually turned away from its walls, because it does not furnish instruction in law. It cannot afford to lose them, and it ought not to do so. There is every reason for the belief that, if established, the school would be well sustained. The attempt was made, about six years ago, to establish a law-school here, but it was abandoned, after two or three years of successful operation, for good and sufficient reasons—lack of patronage, however, was not among them.

The facilities offered by the city of Richmond to the law student are unsurpassed. The sessions of the Legislature, and of the various courts, State and Federal, offer him opportunities of observing the forms in which business is conducted, and of becoming acquainted with the practical working of his profession, which can be obtained no where else. The Literary Societies of the College furnish excellent facilities for the cultivation of that readiness in debate, which is so necessary to a lawyer, and

the mental training which their discussions afford is invaluable.

The College Library is large and well chosen. It is increasing constantly, and we hope to see it one of our greatest attractions. With the fine libraries of the societies it invites to the acquisition of general knowledge, and of wide reaching information, which every member of the legal profession should possess. The success of the law-school as long as it existed, furnishes a strong argument in favor of its re-organization. Its graduates are practicing their profession with success in many different parts of the country. Some of them are already in the front rank of their profession, and are reflecting credit on their Alma Mater.

For these reasons we add our voice to that of the petition, and ask for the re-establishment of the Richmond College Law School.

THE Literary Societies of Washington and Lee Universities have called a convention to meet in Lynchburg, on the 5th of April, for the purpose of organizing the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of Virginia. The Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies have appointed delegates to represent them, and from all indications, we think they will take an active part in forming and sustaining the association.

There are many questions of importance to come before the convention. The time and place of the annual meetings, and the nature of the exercises to be observed will probably excite much discussion. It will be hard to please everybody, and the convention will doubtless find much opposition to its recommendations, however honestly and faithfully it may discharge its duties. As regard the time at which the annual meetings shall be held, the month of November seems to meet with the most favor. The contestants for the prizes can be chosen by their respective societies during the session previous to the contest, and will be able to prepare their orations during vacation without infringing on their College duties. In November, the Colleges are fairly underway, and a few days can readily be spared by the contestants since they have arranged their classes and have no examinations near at hand.

The place of meeting will be a more difficult matter to decide. Whether the contest shall take place at the different Colleges in the order of seniority, or whether it shall be left to each annual meeting to determine where the next shall be held, are questions which we leave to the convention, but it would, perhaps, be better for some definite rule to be made, so that all might take an equal part, and bear an equal share of the burden.

The order of exercises will, of course, consist in part of orations and essays. The fea-

ture of competitive examinations has worked very successfully at the North, and it merits the consideration of the convention. Prizes might be offered for the best examination-papers in different studies, and we believe that the results would be beneficial. The recent triumph of a lady in the examination of the Northern Intercollegiate contest, suggests the question whether it would not be well to invite the female schools to send representatives to compete for honors in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c. We are inclined to think, however, that although a very high grade of scholarship is to be found in them, and their systems of education are very thorough, they are not yet prepared to break down the walls of partition which divide them from the male Colleges, and they would very properly beg to be excused. We should cast our vote for excusing them, and should hold ourselves in readiness to explain our vote and to give reasons therefor. As two members of our editorial corps will attend the convention, we expect to give a full account of the proceedings in our next issue.

AT the last meeting of the MONTHLY MUSINGS Publishing Company, the Editors, whose term had just expired, were re-elected, and Mr. L. H. Cocke was added to the Local Department. We congratulate the company upon their happy selection of a local Editor, and we welcome him to our staff.

The Editors are grateful for the honor conferred upon them, and will endeavor to show their appreciation by making the paper more readable than it has ever been.

During their first term they were the recipients of many acts of kindness for which they return their hearty thanks; and at the beginning of their new term, they would remind their friends that it is always in order to send in contributions to the LITERARY AND LOCAL DEPARTMENTS.

Have we no poets with us? Only one original poem has been contributed to our columns this session. Surely there must be some spark of the poetic fire in College. We hav'n't found it yet, but we are living in hope. The editors have been meditating an epic, but they have been advised to confine themselves to prose. They now turn for aid to their fellow-students, and implore their assistance. Write us a poem, we ask only that it be original.

WE see that most of our exchanges have discovered that a paper cannot be sustained without money. Our Business Editor has made the same discovery, and he requests us to notify the subscribers to the MUSINGS, who have not yet paid up, that he would be greatly pleased to hear from them and to receive their subscriptions. We hope all our friends will respond to his request at once, and relieve his mind.



## Locals.

Four Smiths at the College, and not one is named John. How remarkable!

Gennet's is the place to have your watches fixed, get engagement rings, badges, &c.

A Junior II man had just finished drawing, to his entire satisfaction, a horridly executed prism. Then he began naming it to the Professor, who remarked as he finished, "Yes, that is suggestive of one."

The B. B. C., whose name the MUSINGS forgot to mention, say, that they will come out in their regular uniform, as soon as the weather will permit. We are glad to hear that they have decided to call themselves the Athletics.

Why are the members of the Richmond College Glee Club like the following characters:

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Answer in next.

Two of our young men called on a young lady a few evening since; only one was acquainted with her, and the one who was not, got a letter of introduction for fear that his bashful friend could not introduce him as gracefully as he desired.

One of our boys sang, "Come birdie, come, and live with me" to his lady-love so often that she gave him a canary—saying, she hoped he would be satisfied. His neighbors say, that if that bird continues to disturb their rest, there is danger of the cats catching it.

One of the sentimental boys has had a piece of wedding cake under his pillow for two weeks, he says he has dreamed about all the boys that he ever knew, and not one dream of a lady. He is now carrying it in his pocket, as he can control his thoughts better when awake than asleep.

A student has spent several thoughtful hours in trying to devise some honorable way of getting rid of a supply of butter, which has been on the table some time.

Any one seeing him eat, would conclude that he has adopted a very natural and legitimate way, and he does not act like a martyr either.

A Southern student seems to have a very vague idea of the form and color of crystalized water. He was walking up Franklin street, the other evening, and a dray chanced to pass containing a piece of sandstone, weighing several tons. The Southern youth very modestly suggested, that if the driver did not take care his ice would melt.

The fourth floor of the College has a canary which it will place against any bird in Christendom for its singing propensities. It was presented to drive away dull care, and we suppose, sweet sleep. It accomplishes its latter purpose to perfection. Indeed it has worked a complete revolution in the habits of the floor, which may be better noticed by a visit to morning prayers. It is a blessing in disguise. Contributions may be sent to room —.

We see from an exchange that the Georgia ladies, finding it expensive these hard times to assume their leap-year rights, have unanimously passed the following:

"1. *Resolved.* That we have always been opposed to the young gentlemen hiring carriages to take us to places of amusement, simply because it rained.

2. *Resolved.* With a view of setting an example and precedent, we obligate ourselves to ignore carriages, and provide ourselves with an umbrella, a water-proof and a pair of overshoes, and we shall ask these gentlemen whom we are to escort to be provided likewise."

We are able to appreciate the step taken, as one of the first. College rules prohibits a student from hiring or riding in "any barouche, brett, berlin, break, britzska, buggy, cabriolet, calash, chaise, charioete, coach, clarence, coupe, gladstone, stanhope, landau, victoria, wagonette, rockaway, sleigh, sulky, gig, jump-seat, cart, kibritska, dog-cart, balloon, wheel-barrow or velocipede," thus depriving him of a pleasure, which Richmonders take such a pride in, and a recreation which students can enjoy to the full extent. Ladies, if your student-beau does not take you up the Grove Road in a "one horse shay," remember the ordinance quoted above, and permit him to court you at home. We hope the ladies of Richmond will adopt similar resolutions, and relieve themselves—as it is leap year—and the students of some embarrassment.

One of the young men from our College was visiting the other evening the object of his affections, and was pleading with great ardor his cause, and urging with love-like zeal his claims. The young lady, as was natural, modestly and blushingly hung her head, and it so happened that the young man was seated with his back to the door. When matters had just reached a climax, and both were alike forgetful of all the world save themselves, the fair maiden's brother, possessed of the spirit of mischief, slipped with cat-like tread into the room, and suspended directly in the face of the student, a huge bug attached to a string, the student becoming suddenly aware of its presence, jumped from his seat and bellowed with great gusto. In the meantime the youth had retired unobserved, the young lady was utterly speechless from bewilderment and amaze, and the student having recovered from his alarm, bethought himself of how disgracefully and shamefully his action would appear in the eyes of her, whose good opinion he valued so highly. In great mortification and shame, he abruptly and precipitately withdrew, leaving the young lady entirely ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct, and especially was the mystery increased, when she considered how eloquently and pathetically just a few moments before he had talked of that subject, which so nearly affected their future lives. That student has never since been seen to smile. It is rumored that the young lady having discovered the cause of the mischief, the urchin has been compelled to have his head bandaged for several days, and to be very cautious of the manner in which he mentions bugs.

We hope we will be busy during the next two weeks sending receipts to delinquent subscribers. Will you not remit at once?

Fifty-nine ladies have visited the College tower this month. Photographs of each party can be had by calling at room 15 Cottage; the senior resident of this room has succeeded in procuring good negatives, (sometimes he gets negatives that he doesn't want,) and in case he cannot meet the demands, he has a large number of his sweethearts' pictures, which can be substituted, if agreeable.

We notice from the report of the College librarian, that quite a large donation has been made to our library by C. K. Francis, Esq., of New York. The whole donation from this gentleman now amounts to 162 volumes. Among them are some rare, and many useful, volumes, and all bound most excellently. Also, "Recreations of a Southern Barrister," by Rev. A. H. Sands, presented by Randolph & English. Volumes from the Smithsonian Institute and U. S. Naval Observatory have been recently received.

Mr. M., when devising a suitable form for addressing his ideal, was heard to say: "If she says no, I will give vent to my suppressed feelings of love, and in a most eloquent burst of enthusiasm tell her of the wrong she has done me, and that I will madly rush to the river and there end a life which would be burdensome to me.

But, if she says yes, what shall I say—before he could think of a reply, an unobserved student called out—say, "Give us ye hand on that, sister."

## Exchanges.

We find quite a number of our best exchanges on our table this month, but we miss some familiar faces. The Lafayette College Journal and The Jewel have not put in an appearance.

We are always glad to see the Rocky Mount Mail. It is well edited, and deserves a large patronage.

The College Journal is wide awake, and we always read it with pleasure. Its College news is good, and its editorials are spicy.

The Albany Law-School Journal has quite a legal air, but it is sprightly and entertaining. Its moot court reports are interesting—to lawyers.

The College Herald is always on time, and the present number is up to its usual standard of excellence. We are especially pleased with the article on Culture.

The College Mirror is one of the best of our exchanges. Its articles are well written, but isn't "Transubstantiation" rather a singular subject for an editorial in a College paper?

The Mississippi University Magazine is printed in pamphlet form, and contains many pages of good reading matter. We notice a decided improvement in the present number, and it bids fair to be a success.

We had something to say to the Virginia University Magazine about the Oratorical Contest, but a friend borrowed it and didn't return it in time. It is well worth reading, and our friend showed good taste in taking it away.

The College Record shakes hands very pleasantly and says a kind word to us. Although it has "a yelliver," it has nothing sensational about it. Its College jokes are few but good, and its editors manage the "scissors" well.

The Roanoke Collegian has an editorial on the Oratorical Contest. It thinks the Colleges, and not the Societies, should be represented. We differ with it, but the Convention will arrange all that. We like the tone of the paper, and give it a hearty welcome.

The Utah Educational Journal comes to us from Salt Lake City. It discusses important educational questions, and has a department devoted to the temperance cause. We wish it success in its mission, and give it a place on our exchange list with much pleasure.

The Gray Jacket is bright, but it should exercise a little more care in selecting its jokes. We notice several which are not in good taste, and the paper would be improved, if they were left out. Its "compositions" are certainly original, but we don't see the fun in some of them.

The Queen's College Journal is a neat little paper from Canada. It has been criticized for its dignity by one of our exchanges, but the present number is not too dignified to crack a joke, and the whole paper has quite a genial air. This is the first time it has visited our sanctum, and we have enjoyed its visit. We hope it will call regularly. It will always find us at home.



## Reviews.

LONGER ENGLISH POEMS. Edited by J. W. Hales, M. A.

This is a recent work from the press of McMillan & Co., but if it had even emanated from an American house, we would have known Mr. Hales to be an Englishman. The fastidious accuracy with which he parades his titles indicates the true blood of a Briton. He assures an interested public that he is M. A., Late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge; Barrister-at-Law of Lincoln's Inn; Lecturer in English Literature and Classical Composition at King's College School, London; co-editor of Bishop Percy's MS. Folio, &c. "What, the "&c." means he has not deigned to inform us, but we think the public is satisfied. It may be the symbol of the "You know, you know," of the English cockneys; possibly it is an abbreviated certificate of "Having honorably served a three-year's term in the penitentiary;" or again, it may be Mr. Hales in his younger days essayed the role of novelist, and "&c." stands for the list of his works. You perceive that in so dignified a connection, "&c." would appear much better than the bald statement, "Edited by J. W. Hales, M. A., author of One-Eyed Sol; or, the Land-Speculator's Bride."

We find no special fault with Mr. Hales' earnest effort to tell the world just what he is, and yet to our mind it seems rather puerile and snobbish. We would recommend to him the philosophy of a certain venerable divine, who, when asked by a proud colored father to christen young ebony, "George Washington Jefferson Madison Monroe," said, "O! call him Pomp, that will do as well." Or to put the point stronger, what would he think if one of our honorable professors should sign himself "A. M., Professor of Natural Science, Lecturer upon English Literature, Author of the Virginia and North Carolina Almanac, &c.?"

Our titled author reluctantly resigns the title-page, and favors us with a brief preface. Towards the close of this, he gives free rein to his rhetoric, and really approaches the poetical, probably with the hope of sharpening his critical acumen for the work of elegantly considering the "Longer English Poems." In his higher strains, he personifies the book, or rather anamalizes it, as he observes. "It may be that your ears may be made those of a dog."

This was evidently intended by Mr. Hales for a joke, but it is still more evident that Providence never intended that Mr. Hales should be a joker. Let him stick to his titles of "Late Fellow, &c." He concludes his preface with the hope that the book may be

"spoken of with some affection, deemed a sort of blessing." Excuse us, Mr. Hales, but "a sort of blessing" is sorter bad.

But when our author comes to enunciate his great doctrine, to demand for the study of English a higher place in our Colleges and Universities, we forgive his little affectations, and endorse his sensible and bold beliefs. Why should we not study with the greatest care and detail our own language and literature? The course can be made as thorough as the greatest disciplinarian of the mind might desire. We need not lower the standard of Greek and Latin scholarship, and yet find time to master the history of our own language, and to foster a taste for the beauties of Milton and Wordsworth. Or to employ Mr. Hales' words, "There is room for Shakespeare and for Homer too. There is no fatal incompatibility between these two supreme spirits. We do not love Homer less, but Shakespeare more."

Our author now proceeds to prove how much of wit, wisdom, and philosophy may be contained in a simple English ballad. He selects a specimen of Scott's handiwork, and bids the student faithfully study the poem in all its bearings. He is first to take a general view of the plot and its development, then to follow the natural succession of incidents and ideas, then to master historical and geographical references, then to learn the etymology of the words employed, then to parse the most involved sentences, then to —, well, you might give the boy a rest here, and ask him if he does not think the study of English can be made both thorough and profitable.

Mr. Hales' having thus given his views and suggestions, fills the greater portion of the work with selections from England's greatest poets, and to assist the student in the study of these master-pieces kindly furnishes copious, philological and explanatory notes. In selecting, editing and explaining, he has displayed good taste and wide scholarship, and we believe him to fully merit the additional title of "Author of an Excellent Treatise upon English Poetry."

CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.  
Edited by William & Robert Chambers.

This popular Encyclopædia is published in two large volumes, and herein are treated all important topics in Nature, Art and Science. Its title is most appropriate; we have never seen a work where "Information for the People" was laid before them in a more conscientious manner or readable form.

Works of this nature are the outgrowth of that spirit recently awakened throughout Great Britain, which aims to furnish all orders of people, useful and entertaining knowledge. Such men as Lord Brougham, Charles Knight, and

Robert Chambers, long and earnestly labored in this field, thereby conferring inestimable good upon their native land. "Knowledge is power." It is more, it strengthens soul, mind and body; and these men, in their efforts to make its diffusion general, have brought greater blessing and glory to England than a succession of conquerors and kings.

There is no limit to the work that intelligence and knowledge performs. What a difference between the ignorant miner and the intelligent one, between the one who cannot read and the one who can; between the one who knows not even the cause why the safety-lamp in his hands protects his life from the fire-damp, and the one who has read in his Penny Magazine or Popular Cyclopædia the life of Humphrey Davy, his experiments and discoveries.

We repeat, what a difference between these two men, and how much more thoughtfully and thoroughly the latter may do his work than the former!

And so we might continue our parallel between ignorance and intelligence *ad infinitum*; but whether we sought examples in the lower or in the higher grades of society, whether we studied the lives of tradesmen, mechanics or soldiers, we would find knowledge proving a benefit and a blessing; strengthening the mind, ennobling the ambition and purifying the heart.

If this be the work of knowledge, how great then the honors which belong to the men who place knowledge within the reach of all? Have we ventured too much in asserting that they have conferred greater glory upon their country than conquerors and kings?

Among this higher order of nobility sit William and Robert Chambers. We believe they merit the foremost position. For not merely have they edited the work before us; in addition, there have emanated from their teaming press, "The Cyclopædia of English Literature," "Instructive and Entertaining Library of Tracts," "Educational Course," and "A Cyclopædia for the People." The very titles of these great works tell the story, for it indicates their solid worth, and the class of readers they were designed to reach. These brothers likewise established Chambers' Journal, and demonstrated by its success that a cheap miscellany of original literature was a possibility.

We have scarcely spoken of the work before us, knowing our readers were already well acquainted with its character and worth. As a favorable opportunity was offered, we preferred to devote the space to our views upon the blessings of the general diffusing of knowledge, and to pay our humble tribute to the men who were pioneers in the movement.

We are favorably impressed with the "Pictorial History of the United States," published by J. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, and regret that want of space prevents further notice.



## Locals.

Found a fan; now we desire to find the owner.

E. B. Spence & Sons is the place to procure nice spring suits. Give them a call.

B. Florshiem has a good supply of clothing which is well worth an examination.

MacMurdo & Redford have a fine new stock of hats. Several of the boys have invested.

The Evening Journal has changed its name, it now calls itself "The State." Newsboys approve the change.

The Board of Visitors at their last meeting elected our Greek Professor an honorary member of the Board.

A very interesting meeting is being conducted at Clay Street Chapel by Rev. R. T. Hanks, and results are quite encouraging.

The first nine of the Osceolas have been challenged to play a match game of base-ball with a picked nine of Randolph Macon College.

The custom of calling the 1st of April "All Fools Day" has an authentic and ancient origin, a clear idea of which can be obtained from Ruth 5th, chap. 11, 13 verses.

**ECONOMICAL SENTIMENT.**—A lady was censured for wearing pin-backs. She replied that her mother said that times were tight, and she must dress accordingly.

The matron of the College dining-room is anxious for some druggist to advertise some cough-medicine better than butter and sugar, as the boys carry off all her cups, &c.

O! the cake, the beautiful cake,  
Sent to us for our Manager's sake,  
'Twas so large, so nice, and deliciously sweet,  
That in Richmond city it could not be beat.

Young men visiting are advised to leave their keys at home, as we have known several embarrassing circumstances to happen from exchanging their's with their lady friends.

One of our neighbors is studying book-keeping, because, he says that he cannot remember all the matches, wood, &c., that the boys borrowed of him, and he thought he could keep a more accurate account of these loans by understanding book-keeping. We agree with this economical youth, but since he has been borrowing he has forgotten all about his knowledge of this study.

The members of the Junior English Class complain that they do not see the point in our remark about the lightness of their heads and the heaviness of their heels. Any one happening to pass near their lecture-room about the hour of 9 A. M., would appreciate the force of the remark, and would be able to form some estimate of the weight of their heels. We dare not hint what we would probably think of their heads.

Write, students! Write with care!  
Write in the presence of the Professair!  
A German test for the Dutch teachair.  
A Latin test for the black doctair,  
An easy test for the prep tutair.  
Write all on the best of white papair!

CHORUS.

Write, students! write write with care!  
Write in the presence of the Professair!

A. F. Robertson has recently entered the State of double blessedness. He paid us a visit a few weeks ago, in order to bid farewell to the scenes where so many of his batchelor days had been passed. We congratulate him, and wish for him and his bride a safe voyage over the sea of life.

THE GOOD AND THE GREAT OF OUR COUNTRY speak as follows of the "LEE GALLERY":  
THE PICTURES are admirably and tastefully arranged.  
REV. J. B. JETER,  
ONE of the best PHOTOGRAPH GALLERIES in the United States.

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BEAUTIFUL, ARTISTIC, and ACCUARTE LIKENESSES.  
REV. C. C. BITTING.

THEY have never been surpassed, so far as my observation goes, in this style of ART.  
REV. J. L. BURROWS.

## SPRING AND SUMMER.

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For the LATEST STYLES in HATS, CAPS, STRAW *Hats.* GOODS at Low PRICES. They have the LARGEST VARIETY in the City.

## WANTED

All persons to know that we can furnish at short notice, any and all kinds of ELORAL DECORATIONS; such as BOUQUETS, BASKETS, and other Designs, for Parties, Weddings, &c., at

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Special attention given to Packing and Shipping.

**Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods.**

A very superior line of WATCHES for ladies and gentlemen of grades and at prices to suit every size purse.  
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OPERA-CHAINS, CROSSES,  
SILVER JEWELRY.

**Silver-Plated Goods.**

A very superior and beautiful line of fine  
**PLATED TABLE-WARE, TEA SETS,  
BUTTER-DISHES, CAKE- AND  
FRUIT-STANDS, PICKLE-  
STANDS, JEWELRY-  
CASKETS, VEG-  
ETABLE-DISHES, WATER-PITCHERS  
ICE-BOWLS, &c.**

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1001 Main Street, corner Tenth.

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### OVERCOATS,

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Merchant Tailors,

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Try the

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### MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

In the City, call on

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MOUNTCASTLE & COFER,  
**PLUMBERS, TINNERS, GAS-FITTER,**  
AND DEALERS IN  
Stoves, Tinware, and House-Furnishing Goods.  
J. E. MOUNTCASTLE, JR. N. P. COFER.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES, and MINERAL WATERS,  
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Call and examine my stock.

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**CIGARS,**  
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**PIPES, and**  
**SMOKERS' ARTICLES,**  
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If you wish to get your Hair cut in the Latest and most approved Style, and your Whiskers changed to a most beautiful black or brown color, we would advise you to call at the  
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**HOBSON & SCOTT.**

P. S.—Single Bath 25 cents, or Five Tickets for \$1.

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Eight and Main streets.—Forest Pine (original growth,) for kindling and cooking; best Soft Coke, for grates and stoves; Anthracite, Clover Hill, and Splint Coal; Oak and Pine Wood—long, sawed, and kindling.

All kinds of Wood, Coal, and Coke.

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Importer and Dealer in  
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*Cheapest House this side of the Potomac.*

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