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Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. 2. }
NO. 1. }

RICHMOND, VA., OCTOBER, 1876.

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The Muse.

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

REPLY TO BOURDILLON'S POEM.

The sun hath set,—
Yet o'er the land still blooms that wondrous glow,
Still shine the topmost peaks and down below
The vale is full of light
And gloomy night
Cometh not yet.

And, dear, we part;
Yet while thine image holds its constant sway,
Kindling my inmost soul, still shines Love's day;
Stronger than death is Love,—
From Heaven above.
Heart answers heart.

Tausend Augen hat die Nacht,
Eins nur gelbt dem Tage Lichts;
Doch erlischt der Welten Pracht,
Wenn der Sonne Glanz gebriecht.

Tausend Augen hat der Geist
Eins nur hat das Herz dabel;
Doch ein ganzes Leben reisst,
Mit der Liebe, Tod entzwei.

Literary.

Is it Genius, or, Is it Industry?

BY WINSLOW.

In seeking the secret of life's success, there can be no question more searching than this,—Is it Genius, or, Is it Industry? Which forms the corner stone of grand futures? To answer is to solve the problem of life, since it is to assert whether most safely can be trusted the guidance of Genius or the hand of Industry.

Our question introduces us to debatable ground, long the scene of contest. Upon one hand are arrayed antagonists whose eyes have been blinded by the glory of those who seemingly through the possession of ethereal, undefinable gifts, have soared aloft to the highest eminences. Opposed to these stand those, who as earnestly announce that to strive is to do, to work is to succeed, that no royal road leads to fame. And so the battle is waged, and with ten-fold fury, since so very, very many fail to realize what Genius is. They are certain it is a heavenly, airy something, and are therefore as certain of their inability to grasp it. And so we repeat, the battle is waged, for there can be no peace until men know the source of discord, there can be no

solution of a problem until the force of each symbol and sign is appreciated, there can be no answer to our question, "Is it Genius, or, Is it Industry," until we determine what Genius is.

Where shall we turn to seek our information? To a critical analysis of Genius itself? Can it be resolved into parts, or can it be abstractly considered? Let us be warned by others' failures. I have somewhere read of one of the most brilliant sons of the great Southwest standing in the halls of Yale, and delivering an eulogy upon Genius, so thoughtful in its tone and stirring in its eloquence, as to cause a storm of applause to greet the effort, and make the day worthy his "Commencement" in active life. But upon no line of that glowing oration can the logician place his finger and say, "Here Genius is defined." Seemingly the author in blind admiration of the Goddess has fail to realize her personality, and with his showers of praises has covered her from sight.

To my mind it is clear that if we seek what Genius is, we should ask those, whom the world has pleased to term the "Sons of Genius." Surely they are the chosen few, competent to define, since they possess, able to know, what they realize to be part of their existence, coursing through their veins, tingling each nerve, firing brain and heart. To these judges we have then determined to submit the question, and abide by their definition of Genius. In breathless expectancy we wait, confident that in glowing eulogy and high strains that definition will be embalmed; since, forsooth, the sons of Genius are to render the verdict. Surely what dazzles men at a distance by its brilliancy, must seem still more glorious to those who treasure it within their breasts, and they cannot lose this opportunity to exalt it yet higher before the world, that all men may bow lower at its shrine. But, hark! the verdict is already being rendered, what wonderful unanimity must prevade in their councils. First, it is the voice of Buffon—"Genius is Patience." Then Napoleon asserts, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His opponent, Wellington, renders his experience, "No general ever stumbled into a great victory." Goethe declares, "Energy will do anything that can be done in this world." Reynolds joins the chorus, "If you have Genius, Industry will improve it, if you have not, Industry will take its place."

We recoil in astonishment. Is this Genius? Where the glowing eulogy, the lofty strains, the labored definition? Can the ethereal substance be resolved into patience, determina-

tion, foresight, energy, industry? Can the divine afflatus be hedged and hampered by such common-place terms that the merest child grasps their meaning? So these judges have spoken. But there must be some mistake, we will repeat the question, we will put it to Napoleon. Surely if ever lived one who fashioned his own destiny, who might lay claim to Genius in its most ethereal and heavenly sense, who shone in the firmament of history with a meteoric splendor dazzling lesser lights, and causing very heroes to cringe in obscurity and fear, it was the great captain. But no, he has no new observations to make, it is the same simple explanation of the secret of his successes, "If I appear always ready to reply to every question, to face all things, it is because before undertaking anything, I have long thought of it, and have long foreseen what may come. There is no genius who recalls to me all at once what I have to say or do under circumstances unexpected by others; it is done by reflection and by meditation."

We are still unsatisfied, the verdict is so different from what we expected. We are prone to form ideals of what even lies furthest beyond our view, and our ideal of Genius was so magnificent a one. She was clad in rich robes, if so airy a goddess might wear robes, she sat upon a throne high above ordinary mortal or vulgar touch, her possession, we felt conscious, was not the reward of individual merit, but the gift of Providence or blind fortune. And are we to have our ideal rudely destroyed? To be told that Genius is merely to do, to dare, to persevere? We cannot thus be satisfied, we must interrogate another of the judges. We must seek a profounder explanation of so profound a mystery, we must demand a grander description of so grand a being. Napoleon's sensibilities had been blunted by the shock of battle, his finer sentiment drowned in the gore of carnage. We will seek Goethe. Assuredly the scholar and poet will render a verdict more in accordance with our lofty ideal. In worthier strains he will sing the praise of the Goddess, and banish those common-place expressions, which grate so harshly upon the ear. Goethe speaks, "Without energy, no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man." What! the poet speaks in blunter terms than the soldier, with ruder hand tears away the romance we had associated with Genius. Is man powerless without energy? Does he, after all, fashion his own destiny? Can we be mistaken in our ideal of Genius, or are the sons of Genius ignorant of what the world says lives within

them? Finding no consolation in their words, we turn to their lives.

There once lived a Grecian youth who essayed to appear before an Athenian audience. His abashed manners and stammering tongue caused him to be driven from the rostrum by a storm of hisses worthy of that democratic populace. Jeers of ridicule greeted his puerile efforts to govern that turbulent mob, barely held in check by the greatest orators of the age. The first scene in the youth's life closes in failure and disgrace; if inborn, heavenly Genius possessed his soul, where shines the tokens of its power? Another view in the same youth's career is presented us. We find him in a cavern by the sea, striving by most laborious and painful efforts to acquire the perfection which alone can satisfy. With pebbles in his mouth, and a naked sword suspended above his shoulders, how he agonizes to force words of power from stammering notes, to mould gestures of grace from awkward motions. And watch him, as with the most pains-taking patience he rewrites again and again the works of Thucydides, until seven repetitions have imbued his mind with the glowing diction of the historian.—And again the scene changes. Months and years of training have elapsed, working a metamorphosis more wonderful than that caused by the witch's magic wand in the fairy tale of Cinderella. It is Demosthenes, the orator, who now ascends the rostrum and faces his former audience. But no longer do jeers of ridicule rise to the lips, there is something in the orator's eye that checks such greeting, and as with impassioned and increasing eloquence he reminds them of their forefathers' glorious deeds and of the threatenings of Philip's ambition, they first fall to admiring the man's grand powers, then attention is centered to their own peril, but again all is forgotten in the frenzy of patriotism, finding vent in the cry, "Lead us against Philip." The orator is tested by the effect of his words, and from his day to ours Demosthenes brooks no rival. What is the lesson his life teaches? Did Demosthenes possess Genius? If so, was it outward graces or inward gifts? Was it in the stammering tongue or the uncouth manner? Rather was it not in that determination which refused to consider the first defeat as the final verdict of life's success, and persevered in that determination through years of painful culture and patient labor. Without determination, energy, patience and industry, Demosthenes the stammerer never would have become Demosthenes the orator.

There once attended the public schools of England, a pale, timid lad, whose only characteristic was the tenacity with which he clung to the foot of the class, and whose only distinction was his title of "Dunce." He became the common butt of wit and ridicule, one whom the bright boys of the school would have scorned to regard as a rival. But these jeers and this ridicule were having their effect, were causing the timid lad to shake off his lethargy, were starting his blood to leap through his veins with the passionate resolve, that one day his name as a scholar should stand foremost in the pinnacle of learning. See him in the retirement of his study, ago-

nizing in his efforts to master the stores of knowledge, and attain perfection in mind concentration. Who may enumerate the hours of toilsome labor? But when he again appears, no longer do men behold the stubborn dunce, but it is Isaac Newton, the profoundest mathematician the world can boast, disdaining the problems that baffled ordinary mortals, daring to unravel the riddles of the very heavens, and in the wantonness of his powers creating a new science. Was it inborn Genius that accomplished this, or was it the determination that resolved, and the patient industry that made that resolution good?

We began our investigation with a dearly cherished ideal, blinding our minds. We have been loath to have that ideal rudely shattered. We have made the very sons of Genius our judges. Even their testimony has been rejected, and in turn have they been personally interrogated. This again has been swept away, and their lives made to bear testimony. But at the close we are forced to submit to the directness and oneness of the evidence, each manner of proof has but strengthened the preceeding, and upon every hand we have been told that Genius is determination, it is patience, it is energy, it is industry.

We have then arrived at our definition of Genius, and are prepared to discuss our subject, "Is it Genius, or, Is it Industry." But Genius is Industry, Industry is Genius, both are one and the same, and no longer does a question exist. The secret of life's success is suggested by the words of Napoleon and Goethe, it is exemplified by the lives of Demosthenes and Newton. The only remaining question is the personal one, "Shall the lesson teach us our duties and our possibilities?"

THE MONTHLY MUSINGS' office has been removed from Room 15 College to Room 8 Cottage A. The change is good in as much as the aristocracy dwell in Cottage A. Yes,

By the advice of the Sages,
We make room for the Pages.

Some of our boys are anxious to know where to have their types taken. Well, we could tell, but to prevent artists from getting mad we will let them speak for themselves.

As the delegates to the Portsmouth Baptist Association were leaving Petersburg, on 18th ult., a melancholy young man, who had just placed his sweetheart on the cars, was heard bewailing his loneliness in the following lines, as he paced to and fro on the platform:

And be she true, and am her gone?
And are I left here all alone?
Oh, cruel fate, thou art unkind
To take she fore and leave I hind.

As the object of his affections partook of the characteristics of all Petersburg ladies we must believe that he was in earnest; and so deeply did we sympathize with him that we watched closely lest harm should befall her.

Professor, when one recites, be fair,
And mark in the presence of the sufferair.
A dot in one corner for the rushair,
A dot in the other for the flunkair,
A dot in the middle for the fizzleair.
Oh, mark, Professor, mark with care,
But mark in the presence of the sufferair.

Since Our Last

three months have elapsed, and during that time some important events have occurred.

One of the first is the admission of the thirty-eighth State into the Union. There seems to be a general disposition to give a Centennial hurrah over the addition of another star to the national flag, through the admission of Colorado into the Union on "an equal footing with the other States." But after the hurrah is over it may happen that some one will ask, "What is it all about and what is the effect of it?" And here is where the other side begins to show. Colorado is a very interesting country. It has mines of the precious metals and of coal. On the prairies, some of it is a good grazing country, and if there was more water a great deal of it might become good farm land. It has tall mountain peaks, two of them (Pike's and Long's) being over 14,000 feet above the water, and as high nearly as the highest of the Alps. It has a very flourishing little city, Denver, and other promising town settlements, Greeley, Evans, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and others. But the growth of the territory in population has been slow. The new State has now, probably, about as many inhabitants as two or three out of the thirty-one wards in Philadelphia. For that population it will have two senators in the Senate of the United States, which will give them a voting power in the Senate equal to that cast by the four millions of Pennsylvanians or the nearly five millions of New Yorkers. Colorado will cast three votes for President of the United States, for her small number of inhabitants are now invested with the power of choosing that many Presidential Electors. Such is the practical political working of the improvident process of adding new stars to the flag by admitting new States with insufficient population. There was a time when this concession of such vastly unequal voting power was essential in order to establish the Union, as in the instances of Rhode Island and Delaware in the Revolutionary days; but that necessity is past, and the perpetuation of the inequality by continuing to give 100,000 people in the sparsely settled territory as large a voting power in the Senate as four or five millions of people possess in the great States is a rather grave subject for reflection, and calculated to abate the energy of the hurrah over the proceeding among those who think.

Then we have read with no little interest of the news by cable, connected with the wars of the Servians, Herzegovinians and Montenegrins against the Turks. The battle-fields, for the most part, are along the valley of the Danube, and the affluents of that great river, which for the greater part of four hundred years have been the scenes of conflicts between the Turks and the adjacent Christian nationalities. The conflict that is now going forward in the Danubian territories is but the continuation of the struggle that has raged for the greater part of the time since the close of the fourteenth century; and all the diplomacy of the great powers will not be able to stop it until the Mohammedans break up their long camp in Europe. Their wretched and ruinous misrule is a disgrace to the age and to the great powers allied in the Protectorate.

Since our last, Gen. Henry A. Wise, who once filled a large space in the political and public affairs of this country, has died. For many years he was one of the most conspicuous men of the House of Representatives of the United States; was American Minister to Brazil under Tyler's administration; and Governor of Virginia four years. Gen. Wise was an extraordinary man in all respects; a born politician, he was yet of such strong and independent turn of mind, and so individual in his views, that he could not work in harness for any length of time with any party. His intellectual vigor was very great, and his mind prolific of ideas; and while the one quality, together with his abundant natural gifts as a public speaker, made him a famous orator, the other made him profuse and sometimes tedious by the length and frequency of his argumentations. Forty years ago his name was daily on the tongues of men throughout the United States; latterly he has lived a rather secluded life. He died September 12, aged 70 years. He was rational to the end, and his last words were: "My life has been devoted to virtue and integrity. I can say that I never robbed a poor man, and what is more and what is easier, I never robbed a rich man."

Subscriptions to the MONTHLY MUSINGS \$1 per year, invariably in advance.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Memorial Hall.

Memorial Hall, built at a cost of \$1,500,000 by the State of Pennsylvania and city of Philadelphia, was placed at the disposal of the Centennial Commission, to be used during the Exhibition as an Art Gallery, after which it will be the receptacle of an Industrial Art Museum, similar to the South Kensington Museum, London.

The architectural design is modern renaissance, and the structure is fire proof. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and is 365 feet long, 210 wide, and 59 high, with a dome rising from the centre to the height of 150 feet from the ground. The dome is built of glass and iron, and terminates in a colossal ball, from which rises the figure of Columbia. A figure of immense proportion stands at each corner of the base of the dome, typifying Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

The main front of the building faces southward, displaying a main entrance in the centre 70 feet wide, consisting of three arched doorways, a pavilion on each end and two arcades for the display of statuary, garden plants and flowers, connecting the pavilions with the centre. Thirteen broad steps rise to the three entrance doors, opening into the grand hall.

The arcades, in the old Roman villa style, are novel in this country, and are designed to screen the long walls of the gallery. The arcades form promenades looking outward over the grounds. A stairway from the arcades reaches another promenade, with a balustrade the entire length, which is to be ultimately ornamented with statues between the vases already upon it.

On the avenue leading across from the Main Building to the Art Gallery, stands the immense granite statue of the Union soldier, 21 feet high, weighing 20 tons, which is to be placed on the battle field of Antietam after the Exposition. A few steps further on stands the two bronze Pegasuses, and over to the right, on a commanding elevation of the plateau, stands the group in bronze of the Dying Lioness, by Wolf, of Berlin. This is a copy of the original, which is owned by the Emperor of Germany, and adorns the garden of his palace at the present time, his majesty permitting a copy to be made for the Exposition, in token of his friendship for the United States.

Entering the main hall (Italy) the first object to strike the eye is a gigantic bust of Washington, with the symbolic eagle beside him. This was modeled by Sig. Guerniero Pietro, of Milan, who has contributed a great number of very fine works in marble. He is one of the few sculptors represented who figure in ideal or classical statuary, the great bulk of which

at the Exposition are works of a more familiar and less imaginative character than might have been expected for an international exposition.

Sculptors, now-a-days, those of Italy and the United States at least, seem to have struck out into what is known as the "modern" or "genre" school. They have discovered that it is not impossible, though it was so taught by the old authorities, to throw as much expression and eloquence into the cold marble as a painter can invest his canvass with. We see this clearly illustrated in such work as the Forced Prayer, the Soap Bubble, the Little Cain and Abel, and the Girl Catching the Bee. What could be more forcible, and appeal more directly to the popular eye and senses than these sprightly little gems. The heroic figures of mythology may do for mentors to the student, but the practical tastes of to-day demand something less conventional, and with a little more of the quality which might be called *poetic simplicity*.

After the spectator has walked all around the pedestal upon which the *pater patriæ* is seated, he will come back to the marble statue of the Daughter of Zion lamenting over the ruins of Jerusalem, by Sig. Salovini, of Milan. Close by is a classic work by the classic sculptor, Pietro, from the *Æneid* of Virgil, entitled Arunte, the Warrior, with bow and arrow, shooting the virgil Camilla.

Passing on to the next hall, the first, and decidedly the best statue is Thetis, thinking how she may regain the birthright of her boy Achilles, whom she has taken up into her lap.

Under the dome another colossal group is seen. It is an allegory, representing Columbia meeting the onward course of the United States. The group consists of figures of graceful women guiding a buffalo which is speeding furiously onward, which is meant to represent the United States in its impetuous career of progress.

On the corner of the avenue leading from the centre hall to the United States section is a small but one of the choicest works of sculpture in the building, entitled "St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar." St. Martin, on a fiery, rampant steed, is in the act of cutting his garment with his sword, while the beggar, lying on the ground at the horse's feet, clings to its flowing folds with grateful countenance.

A few feet from St. Martin is the "Nydia," by Ran. Rogers, an American sculptor at Rome. The beautiful face and form, the graceful attitude and the natural and delicate proportions of this exquisite creation, are the influences which allure the constant crowd that surround it.

Turning into the British gallery, we find the pictures which have been loaned by the Queen and the Royal Academy. One of the chief attractions, especially to ladies,—who seem to be drawn toward it on account of the photographic exactness with which the artist has painted the velvety costumes of the ladies of the court,—is the marriage of the Prince of Wales, painted by W. P. Frith, R. A. The picture is elaborate and concise in all its details, but the subject being an ungracious one to an imaginative artist, his originality is absorbed in the task like delineation of the facts.

The Banquet of Macbeth, by Dan'l Maclise, R. A., is one of the subjects wherein the imagination of the artist has had large freedom in the expression of his own as well as the great poet's fancies. The work shows the ability of a master hand and mind, and has the power to rivet and fascinate the beholder. The shadowy form of Banquo in the centre of the picture is a marvel of transparency.

Leaving the Royal collection, we enter the United States gallery, where we find the paintings of Stuart, Allston, Copley and Morse; Eastman Johnson's figure painting; and Cropsey and Kensett's landscapes. Perry's Franklin at his Press, attracts notice, as in the face of the youth can be traced the philosophic lineaments of the mature sage.

Cape Ann Rocks is by Weisman, who is the acknowledged pioneer of an original style. His rocks and foaming waves have a wet, sparkling quality with which the brush of Hamilton can be easily brought into comparison.

In the southwest pavilion Miss Edmonia Lewis has her greatest achievement—The Death of Cleopatra. It is a large and impressive work, and the Egyptian chair of state, embossed with hieroglyphics and other designs, on which the great queen is just expiring, with the asp still clutched in her right hand, and the scarlet canopy above, render it the most conspicuous object in the room.

"A fresh breeze off the coast of Norway" is a fine picture from that country. The water is composed of more colors than were ever employed by a single artist on one picture; yet they are laid on in such a manner as to produce a wonderful amount of electric scintillation. Another notable picture shows the midnight sunset, as seen only in Norway. The weird lights, reflecting the ghostly shadows of water-fowls, roosting on the peaked hilltops, are its chief attraction.

The Landing of Columbus, by Puebla, and Landing of Pilgrims, by Geshirt, are two best specimens of Spanish art.

First on the French list to deserve a careful examination is Rizpah defending her sons from the birds of prey, by Geo. Becker. The absorbing character of the painting and the dramatic force contained in it keep up a constant succession of interested spectators. It is a picture that the least expert in matters of technical merit can appreciate and feel that they are looking at a wonderful production. [For the story of Rizpah we refer you to II Sa. XXI.]

In the Austrian section the great painting of John Markart is the leading and most attractive specimen. The subject of this fine work is Venice doing homage to Catharine Cornaro, Queen of Jacobi II., of Cyprus. On the death of her husband she abdicated and made a gift of her realm to the Republic of Venice. The picture represents the reception she received from the people of Venice, who appear to be overwhelming her with expressions of gratitude and admiration. As a work of art, merely, it has never been equalled; as a masterpiece of drawing it is wonderful; and as a piece of artistic composition, where nearly fifty life-sized figures are grouped without conflicting in attitudes or interrupting the general effect, it may be said to be perfect. ERNST.

MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

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HUGH C. SMITH,
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We congratulate our fellow students, who appear among us for the first time, upon the happy fortune which has brought them to Richmond College. They will find here opportunities and privileges which cannot be surpassed, and the facilities which are offered here for gaining a thorough education are not excelled by those of any other institution in the State.

A student entering college for the first time is apt to be bewildered by the novelty of his situation and is liable to make mistakes which may seriously affect his whole college career. These mistakes may be remedied after some experience has been gained, before they have had any bad effect, but there is always a possibility that they will not be corrected, and even if they are, much valuable time will be lost, and nothing will be gained by falling into them. It is always better to start right, for it is easier to keep in the right way than it is to leave the wrong way after it has once been chosen. The matter of associates is one of the first importance to all students and particularly to new ones. It is said that a man is always known by the company he keeps, and no where does the proverb find fuller exemplification than within the walls of a college. The little world within a college is a pure democracy. There no pride of birth holds sway. The possession of wealth gives no title to respect or to preeminence of any kind whatever, but every one is judged according to his own intrinsic merits, be his position in the outside world what it may. There are therefore all grades of society (we use the word for want of a better) from the class composed of the "ne'er do wells" up through successive gradations to the class composing the refined and gentlemanly students, who give tone to the college and who will make their mark in the world. Happy will it be for the

new student if he finds admittance into this latter class. No special distinction in study or extraordinary power of mind is required to enter it; but every one who comes with an earnest purpose to do his duty, and to make the most of his privilege will be welcome, whether he begins in the preparatory department or enters the higher collegiate classes. Many a young man has started wrong in choosing his companions, and his college career has been an utter failure in consequence. His parents and friends cast all the blame upon the "demoralizing influences" of the college, and blacken its fair fame in one sweeping condemnation. The college suffers unjustly in every such instance. To the young man two ways were open, every inducement was offered him to choose the right, but in spite of warnings and entreaties, he chose the bad, and there is no one to blame but himself.

In striving to avail himself of all the privileges by which he is surrounded, there is danger that the student will reap the full benefit from none. To the ambitious and aspiring young man, the literary societies and the literary clubs of various kinds offer inviting fields, and unless great care is taken they will seriously conflict with the regular studies of the college. A student cannot afford to neglect his studies for anything. It is his business at college to attend to them, and everything else should be subordinated to them. In after years, proficiency in reading and speaking will be a great accomplishment, and one may even look back with pleasure upon his record as an amateur actor, or as a skillful base ball player, but his success in life will depend in great measure upon the knowledge which he gains from his text books, especially if he proposes to follow a profession.

There are some things that no student can afford to neglect. Every one should join one of the literary societies. The training in debating, in writing, and in speaking which they give to their members is invaluable, and we hope that every one of the new students will join one or the other as soon as he can get his name proposed.

Then the gymnasium should have a place in his affections. The mind cannot work unless the body has exercise, and next to a five mile walk we don't know anything better than a half hour's exercise on the flying trapeze, or a swing on the ropes. With this caution, there is a time for all things, and the time for gymnastic performances is *not* during study hours.

Of course no one is going to neglect morning prayer and the Thursday night prayer meeting. The time lost is generally the excuse of those who stay away, but their ideas of gain and loss are very peculiar, and seem to us to be transposed. They have time for

other things, but are terribly busy, when the prayer meeting is mentioned. There are many other things that we want to say, but we forbear to tax the patience of our readers further. If they will only remember what we have already written we will not say anything more on the subject.

"The Great American Literary Association of Yellow Springs, Ohio," has come to grief. For several years it has been flooding the colleges of the land with circulars offering to furnish "essays, orations, exercises, sermons and speeches," all carefully prepared by graduates who have "been through the mill and know just what is wanted" to any one who would send his address, accompanied with a "consideration," varying in amount with the grade of the production desired; for the Association did not propose to furnish first-class productions to all indiscriminately. Its patrons could be accommodated with second-rate articles if they desired them,—a thoughtful provision surely for those youths of slender means and slenderer intellects, who did not wish to appear before an audience with an address which they themselves could not understand, and for which they could ill afford to pay a first-class price.

The New York Tribune is satisfied that the majority of pastors write their own sermons. Did the minority patronize "The Great American, &c., &c.?" If so what will they do now for "moving sermons" and "melting appeals," gotten up to order, "without fear of detection," all for the reasonable sum of ten dollars?

For as we said before—"The Great American" has come to grief. The faculty of Antioch College took it into their heads to resolve themselves into a committee of investigation, and as the result of their labors they announce the fact that the "Association" is one Wm. M. Hafner, *alias* H. H. Hay, *alias* Ferdinand Otto, *alias* Mrs. McRoy. His sole claim to literary ability is the fact that he was once a student in the preparatory department of Antioch College. He has been convicted of plagiarism, &c., &c., and now he is respectfully invited to step down and out.

Fancy, if you please, the feelings of those who patronized the distinguished gentleman, for patrons he must have had. Were they seniors just leaving the classic shades of their Alma Mater? Were they juniors just struggling into notice as smart debaters and flowery declaimers? Were they 4th of July orators delighting their wondering audiences with borrowed thunder? Were they ministers of the Gospel seeking to turn men from evil ways, and to lead them into right paths, with the cheap emotion and the purchased pathos furnished by the gentleman with many aliases, whose local habitation was at Yellow Springs? What must be their feelings when they discover that their productions which were so much praised and which gave them so much fame were either bold plagiarisms or were stolen bodily from their authors! And then the bitterest pill of all to swallow, they were gulled—hopelessly gulled—by a "Prep.," not a senior, nor a junior, not even a sophomore, but a "prep." Let us draw the curtain, and leave them to their reflections.

Locals.

Samuel W. Price.

of Petersburg, Va., and formerly of Raleigh, N. C., died in Baltimore, Md., on 4th September, 1876, in his twenty-third year.

He entered Richmond College, October '71, and united himself with the Philologist Society.

Very few of us thought, when we assembled for commencement exercises last June, that before the beginning of another session we should be called upon to chronicle the death and mourn the loss of one of our number.

To know Samuel Price was to love him. Stamped with all that goes to make up the man, possessing an affable style and genial disposition, he drew to himself all who became associated with him.

He was a faithful, persistent student, and few had brighter prospects for future usefulness. Duty was inscribed upon his banner, and that banner was ever unfurled.

We, who were his associates, deeply feel his loss in our circle, but how poor, feeble, and little must be our sorrow compared with the woe and lamentation felt by those who knew him in that nearer and dearer relation of the home circle, as a beloved son; as an affectionate brother. While we mourn for him, let us remember in sympathy the kind family whose circle has been so signally broken by this bereavement. But we and they can be comforted by the assurance that our friend, although dead, still lives. If a life devoted to the true, the beautiful, and the good can hope for a reward in the world to come, he has received his. Those who imitate his example can hope for re-union.

The MUSINGS was well represented at the Centennial. The witty Reviewer, and the indefatigable Local, and the cautious Business Editor went to Philadelphia a short time after the close of the session. We heard from the Local just as he was about to leave the city of Brotherly Love, and he expressed himself as being well satisfied with all that he heard and saw. The other editors have not rendered their reports at the time of this present writing, but no doubt they have copious notes of everything that took place, and will write them up for the benefit of the readers of the MUSINGS, who, like the present writer, don't propose to "Centennialize" until next time.

During the senior Latin examination at the close of last session, one of the students remarked that he had ridden a pony pretty well for some time, but had been thrown at last. Another said that he hadn't tried a pony, but that a "mullum" was about to pitch him over its head. It was discovered that he was trying to translate "mullum sex millibus emit."

During the last session of the college there was a student in here who rejoiced in the initials C. A. G. T. Being asked what name the G. stood for, he replied that it was not a part of his true name, but was inserted by himself in order to prevent his initials from spelling Cat. He now goes by the name of Keg.

There was a room on the third floor last session whose occupants were so musical that they won for themselves the names of "Moody and Sankey." Now Moody almost always did the speaking for the firm, and invariably began his speeches with an announcement of the fact that he knew a "man in Portsmouth." He begun to be called the gentleman who knew a "man in Portsmouth," and the mere pronunciation of his new sobriquet was enough to silence him for an hour or two. Some of his neighbors wished that somebody would stand at his door and call out his name whenever he was at home.

A very respectable gymnasium was erected last session on the campus, and we hope that the committee who have matter in hand will see to it that the work does not stop, but will continue to perform their duties until the gymnasium is thoroughly furnished. A health lift would be a great addition, and could be purchased for a very moderate sum. From all that we have heard of it, we are inclined to think that the money now in hand could not be more suitably expended.

A word to the ladies whose "friends" are at this institution. If you do not receive a copy of the MUSINGS regularly, by all means break with your "friend." He is not worthy of your esteem, and doesn't deserve your friendship.

We beg leave to remind our subscribers that their subscriptions expired with the June number of this paper. We presented them with a copy of the July number, containing an account of the celebrations and other commencement exercises of the college, and we send to each of them a copy of the present number. We urge upon them the importance of renewing their subscriptions at once, if they wish to receive the visits of the MUSINGS during the present session. Its name will probably be changed for one equally appropriate and not quite so effeminate, and other improvements will be made.

Will not our friends assist us in getting subscribers? To any one sending us the names of five subscribers, with the money, we will give a copy of the paper for the current session.

Some of our friends are still in arrears, and for the second or third time we respectfully request them to send the amount of their subscriptions to the Business Editor. This is the last time that the writer of this modest request will have the opportunity of writing a notice of this kind, and he hopes that it will reach the eyes and the pockets of those for whom it is intended. He does not wish to transmit to his successor the unprofitable labor of dunning delinquent subscribers—and he hopes that when the books are turned over to the new corps the names of those who have not paid will be so few and far between that it will not pay to look for them.

In the programme of the commencement exercises of the college the names of the students distinguished and promoted in junior and intermediate classes are published, and are publicly read by the Chairman of the Faculty. Now, it is always announced that one promotion is tantamount to two distinctions, and the chairman takes pains to explain that the students, who successfully pass one examination during the session, are entitled to distinctions, while those who pass both the intermediate and final examinations are entitled to promotions. Of course every one works for a promotion, and is very much disappointed when he receives only a distinction. When he goes home to his friends, however, his sorrow is turned into joy, for in spite of the announcement printed in large letters on the programme, and notwithstanding the lucid explanation of the chairman, and in utter disregard of the efforts of the MONTHLY MUSINGS to place the matter in a proper light, people will cling to the idea that distinguished means distinguished, and when they read that Solomon Simpson is distinguished on Latin, they persist in thinking that he has outstripped all the members of his class, and has covered himself with glory. If there happens to be a paper published in his native village, we will read an item something like this, "It affords us the very highest happiness and the most peculiar pleasure to announce that our talented and brilliant young townsman, Solomon Simpson, Esq., was distinguished in the study of Ancient Languages during the last session of the celebrated institution which he has been attending for the last several years. We predict for our young friend an illustrious career." If the editor has time and space enough he gives a biographical sketch of the "talented young townsman," whose head is completely turned for the rest of the summer. In strong contrast, is the fate of those who are simply promoted. Their friends "are glad to hear of their success, but looked in vain for their names among the distinguished." Thus some win honors never intended for them, while others are cheated of honors which they have won by hard work, and which are rightfully their due. This confusion can be remedied by the Faculty, and we hope that they will take prompt action. The college honors are hard to gain, and when they are gained they ought to be given in such a way that there can be no mistake about them. They will lose their value if the man who does half the work wins more honor than the man who performs his whole duty faithfully and well. Then these names are misnomers. As before intimated, distinguished does not mean distinguished, and promoted does not mean promoted. A distinction is the lowest honor given in the college, and a promotion does not confer the right upon its recipient to pass on to the next higher class. If one's papers are valued at one-half, he is allowed to enter the class next above him, while his papers must be valued at four-fifths in order to entitle him to a certificate of promotion.

We did not intend to discourse at such length on this subject, but if the nomenclature of these honors is changed, we shall be well satisfied with the expenditure of time and space, if it is not, we shall have the satisfaction of having said our say, and that is a comfort to any reasonable man.

Of our present colleges, only eleven were existing at the time of the Declaration of Independence: Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Brown University, Dartmouth, Rutgers, Hampden Sidney College, and Washington and Lee University. Of schools of theology, there was not one, the oldest bearing the date of 1791. The first law school established was at Harvard in 1807.

The periodicals and newspapers printed in the United States very nearly equal those of all the rest of the educated world. In 1870 it was estimated that 7,642 were published in Europe, Asia and Africa, and in our own country, 8,371. Since that time its publications have increased, it is supposed, nearly to an equality with those of all the world besides. It is estimated that the number of copies of newspapers and periodicals printed in Great Britain in 1870, was 350,000,000, and an equal number in France. The census returns show that in the same year, 1,600,000,000 copies were printed in the United States.

Tender-handed, stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it's soft as silk remains.

With this number of the MONTHLY MUSINGS the term of the present corps of editors expires, and they cheerfully resign the paper into the hands of their successors. They cannot sever their connection with the paper, however, without saying a few words to their readers and friends, by way of farewell. They have many pleasant recollections to take with them into the shades of retirement, which they trust will be peaceful and long. Their term of office was much longer than they at first anticipated, as they were re-elected at the expiration of the first term, and at the expiration of the second term were requested to serve until their successors should be elected. They appreciate the honors thus bestowed upon them, and regret that they have been forced by circumstances beyond their control to perform their duties in a very unsatisfactory manner. Every member of the corps was fully occupied with his studies, and could give to the paper only the remnants of time which remained after his recitations had been prepared for the ensuing day. Many and grievous errors crept into the paper, in spite of the care which was taken to keep them out. Some of them were the result of ignorance, but most of them were chargeable to the haste in which the editors were obliged to work, and not a few of them was due to the oversight of the compositors. Pardon was asked for them so often and so humbly that if it hasn't been granted already it will be of no avail to ask for it again, so we pass on to say a word in behalf of our successors. They will need indulgence. Their studies demand all their time, and they will perform their editorial duties under difficulties. They will be called on for copy at the most inopportune moments. They will be waylaid by the "Devil" on the way to their classes with the request, "Please read this proof right now," and that proof will have to be corrected then and there. They will be aroused from dreams of Maths., originals and visions of Latin exercises and sweet fancies about the Greek verb, with the bewildering request, "Let's have that editorial now, will you?" and then the tired brain of the weary student must be taxed to the utmost to think of something worth your attention. O, gentle and appreciative reader of the MUSINGS! what wonder if there be mistakes in orthography and errors in punctuation, and adjectives engaged in a hopeless search for the nouns to which they belong, and nominatives mourning the absence of verbs which are not, and adverbs vainly looking for some part of speech to which they may attach themselves, and verbs creating a terrible row in the sentence for want of the subjects which ought to be there to govern them.

All this and more pardon to them for they are students. We welcome them to the chair-editorial and wish for them much success in the discharge of their difficult labors. May their readers be as kindly indulgent and as appreciative as ours have been. May their subscribers be as prompt in sending in their names as ours were, and much more prompt in sending in their money, and when their career is ended may they leave the paper in as good hands as we have done, and be as well satisfied to retire into humble obscurity as are the editors for 1875-6.

Agents undergo no trouble. Oh, no; neither are they ever disappointed. In reply to the written question, will you subscribe to our paper? we received the following in a large envelope, which we were certain contained no small amount of subscription money. We hope that the writer, who has been "rowing to a goal clouded by futurity," may land safely in as much as Hell Gate has been successfully busted:

"The circular has been scanned, but our college life, with its pleasures, has passed to the historical account of "Long Ago." The stern, unyielding demands of real practical and earnest voyage over the high and rolling ocean of life is now our only alternative. Over those mighty waves we are rowing, to a goal clouded by futurity, hence we must direct our attention to that which is to come, and leave the rising generation to revel in their college pastimes."

Why is a screw in tight like a screw in loose?—Because it is in-secure.

Who smoked the first pipe?—Prometheus, when he stole the fire from heaven to light his clay.

An Indiana farmer has purchased the "Cardiff Giant" for a gate-post.

A kangaroo is a curious chap: when it's wide awake it's leaping.

CRAMPED.—A druggist recently received the following prescription, with a request to put it up: "Fur Kramps—Tinct kamfire, won ounce; tinct lodenum, a little; tinct kyan pepper, two pen'orth; klouform, a little, but not much, as it is dangerous medicine. Dose, half-teaspoonful when the kramps come on."

One of our own corps has written an article "Since our Last." We would like to add that since our last Hell Gate has "busted," the current has been changed, and all flows smoothly. We visited Hell Gate recently and peeped around the corner; but not desiring to be "taken in" we quietly withdrew.

Crozer Theological Seminary opened with thirty students, and eight, or over one-fourth, were from Virginia. Why is this thus.

Maiden Meditations.

A young woman's conundrum: Who is our favorite Roman hero? Marius.

Some women use paint as fiddlers do rosin, to aid in drawing a beau.

The woman who rejects an offer of marriage practices slight of hand.

When the spider left the ark, did he walk or take a fly?

The voices of the night—Those blessed babies.

Strange bed clothes—Three sheets in the wind.

Children of the blind school—Lovers.

In Spain, says a lady correspondent, "women may frequently be seen tilling the fields."

Ah, indeed, we thought they were more partial to mantillers!

"Your colors are beautiful," said a highly-rouged young lady to a portrait painter.

"Yes," said he, "your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial.

"I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply; "bachelorism is certainly a luxury."

Wanted, at this office, about four bushels of poems on "Fall." Our office boy who sells the waste-paper, wants to raise money to go to the Centennial.

Shakespeare says, "There's a tide in the affairs of men," but it appears to be pretty much all "tied-back" in the affairs of women.

When she struck him over the head with a tiff dipper for trying to kiss her, he called it "the tintinnabulation of the belle."

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

The daughter of a lightning-rod man in Connecticut has eloped. Her companion was probably an electric spark.

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

It is safe, now, to dub anything "Centennial" except—old maids.

The chief result of having the street lamps lighted these summer evenings is that most of our young men who hang over other people's front gates nights are getting cross-eyed, as they are obliged to keep one eye on the light to see who passes, and attend to business with the other.

Fastidious young lady (who has just had the entire stores of the dress goods department displayed): I'll call again next week, and look through all your new spring goods.

In a young lady's book of travel we find Cologne called "the sentimental city."

QUERY.—Is not a beau the proper adjunct for the matrimonial tie?

A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied:

"To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"Ma, dear," said an intelligent pet, "what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? is it to wake us up?"

Fancies Free.

High words indicate low manners.

The Bakers' strike—A strike of flour.

When do two and two make more than four?—When they make twenty-two.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

Mr. Joshua Billings has well remarked, "Joking is risky business; just for the sake of a second-class joke many a man has lost a first-class friend."

Who first encouraged Mr. Stanley in his search for Livingstone?—Sir Walter Scott. He said, "On, Stanley, on!" and Stanley went on.

Give the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of getting on the world?—Get on; get honor; get honest!

QUESTION IN GRAMMAR.—A tailor uses a large smoothing iron called a "goose." Now, if a dealer in hardware wishes to send for a half dozen of these smoothing irons, shall he write "geeses" or "geese?"

Forty-two thousand sermons are a great many; but it is said that John Wesley preached that number during his life. We fancy he couldn't have taken many summer vacations.

Now is the time when the college graduate comes into the newspaper office to know if he can't get a job as a dramatic critic, correspondent at the Centennial or in Europe, city editor, managing editor, or, if nothing else is vacant, he would take the proprietorship.

Here's another choice epitaph, from Biddeford churchyard:

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided,
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened and he died.

A negro about dying was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feeling. "Yes, sah," he replied, "If I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gets well, dat nigga must take care!"

"On one occasion," says Dr. Charles Hodge, "I went into the room of my old classmate, Bishop Johns, of Virginia, and picking up one of his vestments, threw it over my shoulders, and asked, 'John, is there any grace in these clothes!'" "Not now, Charlie," retorted the Bishop.

It is wisely suggested that there should be one woman in every firm of architects. What for? Why, to see that there are in dwelling-houses pantries and closets and shelves and hooks enough, to be sure. What man could understand the necessity of having plenty of convenient places in which to tuck away things?

A well known member of the Established Kirk in a small Scotch village lately put a shilling into the plate, and coolly helped himself to eleven-pence-halfpenny, remarking to the attending elder, "I forgot to get change yestreen, Maister Broon; sae I'll just put in a shillin' an' tak' out the eleven-pence-halfpenny. Ye'll be gayen glad to get rid o' the coppers, nae doot."

There is a little lesson in the following clipping from an exchange:

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side.

"Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop.

"Oh no; I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply."

STATISTICS.—A contemporary observes that on as close a calculation as possible "there are five thousand confirmed opium eaters in New York city." There are a great many more opium eaters than that in China, but then they are not confirmed. At the same time we are free to confess that we have not the faintest notion of the connection between the religious rite and the pernicious habit in question. It is true, there is a story afloat that a certain bishop detected an old lady getting confirmed more frequently than is usual; and was told by her that she did it because it was said to be good for the rheumatics. But this story wants quite as much confirmation as the old lady did.

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