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The Music.

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
When 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. Bourillon.

REPLY TO BOURILLON'S POEM.

The sun hath set,
Yet o'er the land still blooms that wondrous glow,
Still shine the loveliest peaks and downs below
The vale is full of light
And gloomy night.

Cometh not yet.

And, dear, we part;
Yet while these images hold in conscious 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 hat das Herz dabei;
Doch ein ganzes Leben reis, mit der Liebe, Tod entwe.

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 and they cannot lose this opportunity to exalt genius.

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. We may somewhere read of one of the most brilliant sons of the great Southwest standing in the halls of Yale, and delivering an oration above 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 "Convention" 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 failed 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 are 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 oration and high strains that definition will be enunciated; since, forsooth, the sons of Genius are to render the verdict. Surely what dazzles men at a distance by its brilliance, must seem 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 prevails 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." "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 oratory, the lofty strains, the labored definition? Can the ethereal substance be resolved into patience, determination, foresight, energy, industry? Can the divine afflatus be hedged and hampered by such common-place terms that the meekest 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 every 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 problem 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, "With energy, no secret; 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
There once lived a Grecian youth who es­
scaled to sooth his other than 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 pu­
erile 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
ended in failure, the disgrace and labor
heavenly Genius possessed his soul, on
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 ago­
zizes 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 revives
again and again the works of Thucydides, un­
til seven repetitions have imbed his mind
with the glowing diction of the historian.
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 some­
ting in the orator's eye that checks such
greeting, and as with impassioned and in­
creasing eloquence he reminds them of their
forefathers' glorious deeds and of the threat­
enings of Philip's ambition, they first fall to
admirin the man's grand powers, then atten­
tion 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 Demos­
thenes brooks no rival. What is the lesson
his life teaches? Did Demosthenes possess Genius? If so, was it outward graces or in­
ward gifts? Was it in the stammering tongue
or the uncouth visage? Rather was it in
that determination which refused to con­
sider the first defeat as the final verdict of
life's success, and persevered in that determi­
nation through years of painful culture and
patient labor. Without determination, ener­
gy, patience and industry, Demosthenes the
stammerer never would have become Demos­
thenes the orator.

There once attended the public schools of
England, a pale, timid lad, whose only char­
acteristic was the tenacity with which he clung
to the foot of the class, and whose only dis­
inction was his title of "Dunce." He be­
came the common butt of wit and ridicule, one
whom the bright boys of the school
would have scorned to regard as a rival.
But showed and this ridicule were having their
effect, were causing the timid lad to shed
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 con­
centration. Who may enumerate the hours of
toluidine labor? Who can again appear no
longer do men behold the stubborn dunce,
but it is Isaac Newton, the profoundest mathe­
matician 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. We have then read with no little Interest of the news
by cable, with the wars of the Servians, Her­
egovinians and Montenegrins against the Turks. The
more, the most part, are along the valley of
the Danube, and the affluence of that great river, which
for the greater part of four hundred years has been the
scene of conflicts between the Turks and the adjacent
Christian nations. The conflict that is now going
forward in the Danubian territories is but the contin­
uation of the struggle that has raged for the greater part
of a century, for close of business; and that
diplomacy of the great powers will not be able to
stop it until the Mohammedans break up their long camp
in Europe. Their wrinkled and ruminesque mien is a dis­
agreeable picture to the great powers allied in the
Protectorate.

Since our last, Gen. Henry A. Wise, who once filled
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 Representa­
tives 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,
with any party. His Intellectual vigor was very great,
and his mind prolific of ideas; and while the one quality,
with any party. His Intellectual vigor was very great,
**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. Guercino Pietro, of Milan, who has contributed a great number of very fine works in marble. He is one of the few sculptors 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 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 Girl 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 patrictiae 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 a Frenchman, there is just one of the group of Virgil, entitled Arunte, the Warrior, with bow and arrow, shooting the virtuous Camilla.

Passing on to the next hall, the first, and decidedly the best statue is Thetis, thinking of the marriage of the hero Achilles, whom she has taken up into her lap. Under the dome another colossal group is seen. This 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 clemence.

A few feet from St. Martin is the "Nydia," by Run. 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 is attracted to St. Martin, 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.

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 Markert is the leading and most attractive picture. The subject of this fine work is Venice, doing homage to the Cross of St. George, as 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 received her with expressions of gratitude and adoration. As a work of art, however, it has never been equalled; as a master-piece 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. 

Eraser.
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 skilful 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 majority of professors do the same? "The Great American Literary Association can, &c., &c.?" If so what will they do now for "moving sermons" and "melting appears," 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. Roy. 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 flowerly declaimers? Were they 4th of July orators delighting their wondering audiences with borson and wonder? Were they ministers of the Gospel seeking to turn every man from evil ways and to lead them into right paths, with the cheap emotion and the purchased pithos 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.
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 address of thanks by mentioning the fact that he knew a “man in Portsmouth.” He began 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 gymnasia 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 gymnasia 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 enrolled 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 of the committee who selects the students that shall pass fully pass one examination during the session, are entitled to distinctions, while those who pass both the intermediate and final examinations are entitled to promotion. Of course every one works for a promotion, and some are very disappointed when he receives only a distinction. When he goes home to his friends, however, and reports into what is announced printed in large letters on the programme, and notwithstanding the lucid explanation of the chairman, and in utter disregard of the efforts of the Moravians, the mere mention of the right, proper, and he 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 estates, 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 the very highest happiness and the most peculiar pleasure to announce that our talented and brilliant young tinsel, Solomon Simpson, Esq., was distinguished in the study of Ancient Languages during the last session of the college, in 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” student and then the paper turns its attention to 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 wise honors never intended for them, while others are cheated of honors which they have won by hard work, and which they may naturally claim. Their failure 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 the 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 place him in a 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 the time. If it is not, let it be made more easy for 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 Indepedence: 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 Harvard University. The periodicals and newspapers printed in the United States are very nearly equal those of all the rest of the state. It was never an event that a newspaper was published in Europe, Asia and Africa, and in our own country. 3,571. 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 1780, was 600,000,000, 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-handled, stroke a nettie. And it stings you for your pains. Grab it like a man of mettle, And it's soft as silk remains.

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 Philologian 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 pain of him who loved and lamented the name of the one 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, lives. If life be devoted to the true, the beautiful, and the good can hope, although dead, still lives.

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, lives. If life be devoted to the true, the beautiful, and the good can hope, although dead, still lives.

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 had 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 he could “mullum sex millibus emitt.”

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 inscribed by himself in order to prevent his initials from spelling Cat. He now goes by the name of Key.
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 "Cardiff Giant" for a gate-post.

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: "For Krampes—Tinct kumflure, won ounce; tinct lodenum, a little; tinct kyan pepper, two pen’orth; kloform, 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.
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The Bakers' strike—A strike of flour.

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

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

Mr. Joshua Billings has well remonstrated, "Joking is risky business; but 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 honesty.

QUESTION IN GRAMMAR.—A tailor uses a large smoothing iron called a "goose." Now, if a dressmaker is hardware wishing to send for a half dozen of those smoothing irons, shall he write "gooses" or "goose?"

Forty-two thousand sermons are a great many; but it is said that John Wesley preached that number during his life. We fancy he could have taken many more 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, or, if nothing else is vacant, he would take the proprietorship.

Here's another choice epithet, from Biddeford churchyard:

"The wedding day appointed was, the tailor adding 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 feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "If I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I goes well, dat nigga must take care!"

"On one occasion," says Dr. Charles Hodge, "I went into the room of my old classmate, Bishop John, of Virginia, and picking up one of his vestments, threw it over my shoulders, and asked, "John, is there any grace at all 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, so that there are in dwelling-houses pantries and closets and shelves and hooks enough, to be sure. What man could understand so well as one half of having plenty of convenient places in which to tack away things?

A well known member of the Established Kirk in a small Scotch village lately put a shining into the plate, and coolly helped himself to eleven-pence-halfpenny, remarking to the assistant elder, "I forgot to get change yesterday. Mister Brown; see I'll just put in a shillin' an' tak' out the eleven-pence-half-penny. Ye'll be gane glad to get rid o' the coppers, ma' clout.

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 cannot hear your conversation," was the stingy 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 are 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 for the sake of a second-class job, but then they are not confirmed. At the same time we are free to confess that we are 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 for the sake of a second-class job, but then they are not confirmed. At the same time we are free to confess that we are not the faintest notion of the connection between the religious rite and the pernicious habit in question.

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