

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 2
Number 2 *Monthly Musings*, Vol. 2, No. 2

Article 1

11-1876

Monthly Musings, Vol. 2, No. 2

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1876) "Monthly Musings, Vol. 2, No. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 2 : No. 2 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol2/iss2/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

CHAS. A. G. THOMAS,
Pastor Baptist Church

Richmond College.

VOL. II. }
NO. 2. }

RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER, 1876.

Terms. { ONE YEAR, 60 cts.
SINGLE COPY, 10 cts.

The Muse.

My Cigar Love.

Let lovers heave heart-rending sighs,
And talk love and ladies' eyes,
They may be favored yet;
I have a fairer love by far
Than these poor swains; her name's Cigar,
A bright-eyed, sweet brunette.

Oh! she's a bonny little sprite,
And often of a moonlight night,
Do we together rove,
And dream the flying hours away;
What care we for the grave or gay,
Whed I've my bright-eyed love.

When her soft lips to mine are pressed,
Where is the man than I more blessed?
Where greater earthly bliss?
Her sweet breath mingling with the air,
She melts away her being fair,
Dissolving in a kiss.

She ne'er is cold, nor frowns on me;
She's in no coquette, nor vaing is she,
Like some fair damsels prove;
True as the needle to the star,
When first I saw her, I declare,
That I grew sick with love.

She soothes my pain, and when I mourn
She comforts me, and in return
Asks of me but a smile;
I should indeed ungenerous be,
To grumble when she puts on me,
A burden that is so light.

Then lovers sigh, and vow and swear,
And serenade, and tear your hair;
You may be favored yet,
I have a brighter love, by far,
She goes before me like a star,
A bright-eyed, sweet brunette.

—University Magazine.

Navigation.

The return of the English Arctic Expedition, after a long and perilous voyage in the Northern Ocean, naturally turns our thoughts to navigation, and leads us to compare our splendidly equipped vessels of the present to the tiny crafts of the past.

Among the ancient navigators, by far the most important were the Phœnicians. In their little vessels they sailed from Tyre to the Pillars of Hercules, nor were they hindered by the superstitious tales about the spectres of the Atlantic from visiting the Canaries and England. For long before Cæsar's visit to the latter, they had been trading with the Britons. They founded many colonies, the most important of which were Cadiz in Spain, Utica and Carthage in Africa, besides the early settlements of Greece.

Carthage soon gained a fame in the commercial world, equal if not superior to that of her mother country. She also founded colonies in Spain and in the islands of the Mediterranean. After her comes Italy.

For contributions to nautical science, such as improvements on instruments, charts, &c., Italy outstripped all the maritime nations. Venice, Genoa, Pisa and Amalfi were the nurseries of skilful seamen, who were noted for their bold exploits. When nautical science was turned, in the fifteenth century, to the discovery of a passage to India by water, these cities furnished many daring navigators who attempted to find the passage.

From time immemorial the nations of Europe, Asia and Africa, bordering on the Mediterranean, had been trading with India under many difficulties. The produce had to be carried to the Isthmus of Suez, then transported to the Red Sea, and again shipped by water to India. To discover this passage was then of the utmost importance.

Columbus, the most important of the Italian navigators, was the first to carry out the idea of sailing westward and reaching India. This idea, however, was not original with him, it had been suggested by Aristotle and Strabo, almost 2,000 years before. Columbus had many difficulties to contend with. He was poor, had few friends and many rivals. Besides these, the greatest obstacles were the superstitions concerning the Atlantic. When he did start it was in three small, poorly equipped and miserably manned vessels, not larger than the pleasure yachts of this day. His crew was composed of culprits and debtors, who had been promised freedom and a discharge of debts. We cannot help wondering and admiring his tact in keeping his men under control. The birds, the sea weeds, the carved stick and the fiery meteor were all used to encourage his men and incite them to action. But I will not attempt to discuss a subject which has already been so ably treated. I will leave it, stating that Columbus thought that he had reached India, and never found out his mistake.

Americus Vesputius was another Italian navigator, of whom it is useless to speak, as his name is a household word.

Portugal also furnished some daring seamen. The most important was Vasco da Gama, who was the first to reach India by water. Cabral, another Portuguese, accidentally discovered Brazil three years later (1499.)

The Norwegians claim to have discovered America in 1001 A. D. They were bold seamen.

England and America have also attained a high place in the maritime world. The Cabots, Drake, Cook, Raleigh, and others are too well known to history to need a word of comment.

So perfect have we made the science of navigation, that the seaman can not only tell the direction he is going, but can tell exactly where he is and in what direction the current runs. To America we owe the discovery and mapping out of the ocean currents. What attracts the attention of explorers most now, is the discovery of the North Pole(?). There have been many expeditions fitted out for this voyage. None, however, have been successful in finding the Polar Sea. The object of these expeditions is "to see what they can see," and not to discover the North Pole, as some people absurdly suppose. The North Pole is simply a mathematical point where the sun's declination is equal to its altitude, and will only be discovered after a long series of observations, and if found at all it will likely as not be in the midst of an icy sea, thus blasting our hopes of ever standing on it.

Compare the outfit of the last Arctic expedition with that of Columbus and we will see what progress we have made. Even the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope has proved too long, and we have made Africa an island. The circumnavigation of the earth is nothing extraordinary, for by visiting Philadelphia we can learn, besides other things of interest in the nautical line, how to go "around the world in eighty days."

his
BILL X STUMPS,
mark.

Messrs. Editors: The following article was handed to me after the publication of the October number of the *Musings*, and by the natural course of events falls into your hands. If I recover from the damaging effects of the writer's solid shot before the issue of your December number, I shall crave permission to rejoin through your columns. In the meantime I hope your readers will not be overwhelmed by the oceanic arguments of the gentleman, but will suspend judgment until a drier but equally weighty side of the question is presented to them.—Ex. Ed.:

Messrs. Editors: Doubtless we owe to the "witty Reviewer," the "indefatigable Local," the gallant Assistant, or the able Senior, the essay on the nomenclature of College honors on the fifth page of your October issue. The Editorial Critic thinks that "promotion," as the higher honor, and "distinction," as the

lower, are so named as to invert the truth in the minds of the public. The term "distinction," not being unusual nor confined to this college, might be left to his tender mercies. The arguments advanced for the abrogation of the term "promotion" are two. The first is that the honor so named is lost to sight as a superior one in the false glory attaching to the "distinction." To this we may reply that "graduation" must be equally overshadowed by the "distinction." This first argument is, indeed, only one for a change in the name of the latter. Will the writer give us a better word? Would it be unreasonable to expect even the rural editor, whom he quotes, to ponder a moment on the question whether "distinction" in a class is not necessarily an honor inferior to "promotion" from that class into a higher one? If the aforesaid rural editor announces "Sol. Simpson distinguished in the study of Ancient Languages," is the college, or the editor, or the editor's informant, responsible for the suppression of truth, which gives that announcement all its false *clat*? Again, in military matters, would that editor, or any one else, think the soldier published as distinguished for gallantry in action, honored above him who, for the same cause, is promoted on the field?

The second argument is that a "promotion" does not mean a promotion, because it "does not confer the right to pass on to the next higher class." Yet, that is precisely what it does confer. Because those whose examinations place them in the "second class" are not forbidden to pass on, the writer concludes that promotion is a barren honor. Is there not some confusion here over the word *right*? What is not forbidden, is not necessarily of right. A man is not forbidden to attack a Bengal tiger with a bare bodkin, but he has no right to try it. The system of the college is made, in all points, as free as possible, and under it no student is forbidden to make up in any year the deficiencies of the preceding if the prospect of his doing so is in the *least degree* reasonable. This fact, urges our critic, eviscerates the "promotion" of all its meaning. In his view, to move forward oneself with honor, to earn a ticket of entrance bearing the *imprimatur* of the college prophetic of greater success, to cause the gates of the higher class to be opened with waving of banners and blaze of trumpets to one's triumphant career, is the same as to *ask* to be moved forward, to print an invitation for oneself (under the motto, "Hopeful of better"), and to pass in by a back door which has no higher office than that of a safety-valve.

Let us add that it is a striking commentary upon the inaccuracy of human language and the uncertainty of human knowledge, that the word "promotion" should fail to communicate to the rustic mind in this country an adequate idea of the honor intended, whilst in Germany it would, from university usage, express it in rather too exalted a sense, as equivalent to our "graduation." To get an average, shall we run out a pontoon-bridge and plant the college in the middle of the Atlantic? Alas! the aforesaid rural editor might then never hear of us, and the distinguished, the promoted, the graduates, and the degree men might all go down, "in one red burial blent."

R. S. V. P.

N. B.—We came within less than an ace of forgetting the *medalists*. In the suggested Neptunian compromise, what would become of them? They could be saved from the indiscriminate overthrow and obscurity, only by engaging to deliver the medals a colossal orator, who, with one foot on the hither shore and one on the threshold of the tower, should, with a fog-horn as a speaking-trumpet, and with one eye on that rural editor and the other on the suffering medalist, discourse his notes into the listening ears of a startled but delighted world.

Songs of Seven.

PREPARATORY—JUNIOR:

Latin Grammar, English, Greek,
And prosy old Analysis,—
We shall not know what tongue to speak
Before we reach Anabasis.

MIDDLE:

In Science grim of Government,
That guides our honored nation,—
The route that valant Caesar went,
From Rome to Britain's station,—
And on the stems of *Thar* and *Thrix*,
We win each day (perchance) a six.

SENIOR:

We swell our lore
From Virgil's store,
And fight o'er Trojan's spoils;
And fling afar
The flag of war,
Where brave Clearchus toils;
But unknown pow'rs, and roots and squares,
Trip many a hero unawares.

COLLEGE—FRESHMAN.

With Hannibal we scale the snows
Of many an Alpine height,
And search where Wisdom's words disclose
Socratic gleams of light.
X=10! Ho boys, hurra!
This is the end of Algebra!

SOPHOMOE:

Still striving against the wrath of *Zeus*,
And old Proseidon's angry sea,
Again we greet brave *Odysseus*,
In search of fair Penelope;
We skip from tales of Tacitus,
To Tuscan's Disputation,—
And, victors, leave cold Calculus
For "*un nun comm'. du alter besen.*"

JUNIOR:

Lo, to-day we laugh o'er Plautus,
Or Juvenal's effusions,
And seek to draw each lesson taught us
To logical conclusions;
We turn from stars that gleam on high
To stars more nearly human,
And heave, perchance, a secret sigh,
While conning Schiller's German.

SENIOR:

Porter flings a veil of beauty
Over philosophic seas,
And, constrained by pleasant duty,
Walk we still with Socrates;

A *Logos* on the flame divine,
We daily throng to hear,
Or watch the treasures of the mine
'Neath blow-pipes disappear.
Grand Chorus.
Flourish of Trumpets.
Finale.

—Oberlin Review.

Personals.

Jeff. Adair is drumming in Baltimore.

Tim Rives, having listened to the lectures of Prof. P. on Agriculture, has decided to follow that profession.

C. C. Bitting, Jr., is in Baltimore, and promises a letter occasionally. We all are anxious to hear from you.

Jimmie Tucker is in Baltimore studying dental surgery. His address is 224 Saratoga street.

Rev. R. T. Hanks, late of this State, has taken charge of the Baptist Church at Dalton, Ga.

Wm. Ellyson, A. M., of '76, is studying law in this city. He visits the Mu Sigma Rho Society quite frequently.

H. Allen Tupper is at Greenville Theological Seminary. He shows his love for his Alma Mater by subscribing to the *MUSINGS*.

J. Wesley Jones is studying medicine at the Richmond Medical College. He is as lovely as ever and visits us sometimes.

Jessie Millner is keeping store at Forks of Buffalo Amherst county, Va. Can't you send us enough candy to pay for a subscription.

John W. Martin is teaching school at Sandages, Amherst county, Va. Thank you, Johnnie, for your subscription. May the *MUSINGS* tend to lighten your cares.

Tom Gary writes us from Edgefield Court-house, S. C. We are sorry to report that he will not be back, but believe that he will always remember his chums. Tom, how's the medal getting on?

The Chairman of the Board of Visitors, Mr. J. P. B., has not been to see us for time. Great anxiety is felt on his account. It is now thought that he has fallen victim to the snares of some country belle.

Rev. J. T. Whitley, a former student, has assumed the editorship of the "Christian Sun." While we regret very much the resignation of Dr. Wellons, and the sickness which caused it, we predict for the "Sun" a bright future under the management of Mr. Whitley.

Rev. Edward Lewis, a young Polish Jew, who professed Christianity, was disowned by his parents, and afterwards educated at Richmond College and admitted to the Baptist ministry. has joined the Episcopal Church in St. Louis. Such is the news we get of an old college mate of ours, who seems to be dodging about among the denominations too much to suit our taste.—"Sun."

Very Hard to Please.

There is a gentleman in this city who has acquired the habit of going to a fruit stand, and after pricing the melons, etc., and eating up about five cents worth of peanuts, objects to the price, and does not buy.

Yesterday the fruit man made up his mind to sell him something, anyhow.

"How much are these melons?" inquired the peanut fiend.

"Five cents a piece."

"Can I pick my melon?"

"Take the biggest you can find."

"Let me plug 'em to find a ripe one?"

"Here's a knife; split 'em wide open."

"Don't you throw in a banana?"

"Always."

"Whew! If I had any way to get the melon home, I believe I'd invest."

"Just say the word, and I'll send you both home in a new hack, and give you ninety days to pay for the melon."

"Melons are going to be cheaper after a while, but if the chromo suits, I'll take the melon. No colic in it, is there? Let me see the chromo."

"What chromo?"

"Why, you ought to be able to throw in a chromo, if you mean business. I always get a chromo for cash transactions like that. Sorry can't trade." And he picked up a handful of peanuts and sauntered out.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Glass—The Process of Cutting and Engraving.

Among the special exhibits on the Centennial Exhibition grounds, there were few more complete or interesting to visitors of all ages than the Glass Factory, with its varied departments. There is probably no material invented by man which has been more useful in the sciences, particularly Chemistry and Astronomy, and in common life. It has been in use for probably five thousand years, and the art of making ornaments of it was brought to great perfection by the Egyptians long before the Christian era. It was one of the earliest manufactures into the United States, having been established in Virginia and Massachusetts more than two centuries ago.

About the melting furnace, the "glory hole," the annealing process, the materials used, and the articles made, we will say nothing; but will notice the process of engraving, etching, and fancy glass blowing. We will leave the practical and deal with the ornamental; "encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself."

The art of engraving glass is supposed to date from about 1609, at which time Caspar Lehmann, then in the employ of the Emperor Rodolphus II., as a cutter of iron and steel, obtained from the Emperor the exclusive right to cut or engrave glass. Prior to that time engraving on glass consisted of a few scratches made with a diamond; and for works of this description the Venetians of the sixteenth century enjoyed a high reputation throughout Europe. Nuremberg, the city of arts, excelled in glass engraving during the middle ages, and great taste and ingenuity are often displayed by the artists of the present day in the form and embellishment of the various articles of this description that come from their hands.

The Engraving Department, which was in the Machinery Annex, was, from its novelty and completeness, one of the most attractive exhibits on the ground. The cutting is done entirely with emory and oil, pressed against the glass by the edge of a rapidly revolving disc. These discs are of all diameters, the smaller revolving more rapidly, and cutting a finer and deeper mark. The operator carries the pattern in his hand, and does not outline it upon the glass, but depends entirely upon his eye and hand. Although the looker-on could see but little of the engraving process, the mere sight of the rapidly revolving copper disc with which the cutting is done, and of the beautiful forms,—flowers, birds, leaves, fruits, names, initials,—traced on the glass under the guiding hand of the workman, suffice to give pleasure by surprising the mind. An educated eye and a trained hand are required for this delicate work at the outset and to be an engraver worthy of the name, the workman must also be an artist.

Ornamental figures placed on articles of glass ware are produced by compressing a portion of glass in a mould, and then attaching them to the article. These designs are usually raised, and they have an advantage over engraving by retaining a polish, but the edges are not so clear and sharp as when cut by the wheel; and there is another objection—figures

on glass ought to be treated in intaglio, and not in relief.

Another method of engraving is to employ acid to bite away a portion of the surface of the glass, leaving the figure in intaglio. For this purpose the whole surface, with the exception of that taken up by the design, is carved with a varnish, either a solution of isinglass, or turpentine varnish mixed with a small proportion of white lead, and the acid is then applied to the exposed parts, which it gradually eats away till the acquired depth is obtained. If the figure is to be left in relief, then the design is traced with the varnish, and the rest of the vessel's surface is subjected to the action of the acid. By this means the figures are left in relief with their original polish.

Articles of a purely ornamental character are made by the use of the blow-pipe. These are produced from small and large tubes and rods of colored glass, brought to a welding heat by directing a flame upon one point. Among the ornaments on exhibition, was a large steam engine, entirely of glass, which has a boiler, condenser, cylinder and fly wheel, and runs by steam. There is also a high-pressure, horizontal engine, a locomotive and other engines. These all run at about five pound steam pressure. Glass was spun into filaments not thicker than a spider's thread, and bundles of these are plaited, and with other varieties of glass form a lady's bonnet.

In the six hundred and twenty-fifth part of an inch the following words have been engraved upon glass, "Lowell and Senter, watch-makers, 60 Exchange street, Portland. Written by Freniont, at Paris, 1852." This is equal to forty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five words in the circle of an inch in diameter. The most powerful magnifying glass reveals only a few apparent scratches, but with a microscope of great power the inscription can be plainly read. The body of an ordinary pin placed between the inscription and the microscope, completely covered the inscription; the circle in which it is inscribed being smaller than the head of a common pin.

But even this has been surpassed, the Lord's Prayer having been engraved within the same compass; and within the one-hundredth part of a square inch, that is, the fiftieth of an inch in length, and the two-hundredth of an inch in width, the following lines have been engraved:

"A point within an epigram to find,
In vain you often try;
But here an epigram within a point
You plainly may descry."

ERNST.

A very modest young lady who wanted a pair of garters addressed the shopman thus: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances, that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race" so much talked of is coming off.

At the Centennial is a beautiful medalion of a girl's head, life-size, done in pure, yellow butter. The Arkansas lady artist, who made butter and all, keeps watch over it, supplying ice under its dish, to keep all firm, and looking out for flies, dust, and the profane touch of the beholder. Whereon one remark as follows:

O, cream born! cradled in a churn,
Resting on icy pillow,
Her rippling ringlets softly burn,
Like sunbeams on a billow.

How stamped is Jersey lineage
On every golden feature!
Like Israel to the calf, we pledge
Our wonder to the creature.

O, were this dairy nymph unspread,
One's longing lips might utter,
But mine, I'd give up half my bread,
And wish no other but her.

The golden sun is eclipsed by the western hills and forest. The curtain of evening has fallen and shrouded the world the world in darkness. The mechanic closes his dusty shop and seeks comfort and rest at his fire-side. All nature seems to be at rest, Darkness reigns supreme, except here and there is seen the flickering light of the bookworm. The silence is unbroken, except by the dip of the pen and the gnawing of the staff, as we labor to supply the printer with copy. Quiet, did I say. Hark! what means that shrill whistle at our door? Police! Stealing! Man-slaughter? In a fright we rush to the door and recognize, not a policeman, not a highwayman, but only Massie, experimenting on his whistle. This it is and nothing more. I rebuked him and returned to my task, but only to be disturbed by the whistling boy. Forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

"Massie," cried I, "or thing of evil,
Whistler, screech owl, ass, or devil,
Get thee out of my room door;
Get thee into thy room door,
Don't disturb me any more."

And had he not absconded you, dear reader, would not have had this brilliant article.

"The Senior's Soliloquy."

Degree, or no degree, that is the question:
Whether 'tis best for our peace of mind to grind,
Evolving from the seething brain a plan
And power to cast off all the base conditions of our
course,
Or to take refuge in our high prerogative,
And, with a haughty indolence, keep cutting to the end.
To lounge, to laze, and by protracted sprees induce
The headache, and the thousand natural shocks
The stomach's heir to. To smoke, to yawn, to roll with
idle fingers
The slender cigarette, and aimless leaning out the open
window
Gaze down the yard. To toil, to grind, consume the
midnight oil,
With head in moistened towel enwrapped,
To trot, perchance to crib,—aye there's the rub:
For at that cribbing proctors fierce may come,
When we have shuffled off our hidden toll,
And nab us in the act!

He lives in Rhinebeck now, one hundred and eight years of age, threads a needle at arm's length, slept with Noah when a boy, played marbles with Pharaoh, and turned a grindstone for G. W. to sharpen his little cherry-cutter.

MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

EDITORS:

JOHN W. SNYDER, Richmond, Va., Senior Editor.
G. W. RIGGAN, Isle of Wight Co., Va., Local Editor.
J. WM. BOYD, Botetourt Co., Va., Associate Editor.
HUGH C. SMITH, Petersburg, Va., Business Editor.

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

For Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

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

Vol. II. DECEMBER, 1876. No. 3.

Mental Discipline.

REID has declared that, "By the mind of man we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills." And the grandest among Scotch philosophers and professors, Sir William Hamilton, holds similar language, "What we mean by mind is simply that which perceives, thinks, feels, wills and desires."

In the study of mind, metaphysicians hope not to grasp or define the "it," they are content with considering its functions. How powerful are its powers! It thinks, remembers, reasons, wills, perceives, feels, desires. To know what these words imply, is to likewise know that mind is the highest, the divinest characteristic of man. "God created man in his own image." But the resemblance was not in the outward form; it was in the soul, which was immortal; it was in the mind, which could think. And to marvel at the creating brain of Shakespeare, or the mental powers of Newton, is to forget the supreme excellence of the model after which all men are fashioned.

No, rather would it seem matter for wonderment, that man has fallen thus low. We may well believe that Adam was clothed with all those glorious attributes and powers, ascribed to him by Milton,—Forsooth, the Miltonic Hypothesis still lives, Prof. Huxley to the contrary notwithstanding.—And we can believe Adam as great in mental as in spiritual gifts, as wise as he was pure. 'Tis true our first parents fell into temptation; but we have naught to say against the mental calibre of either. Since the sophistry of Satan was required to blind the judgment of Eve, and she reached the heart, nerer the mind, of Adam.

Punishment followed the exposure of guilt. It was commanded, That man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. But need we

limit our interpretation of these words to the mere letters of the words? Can they not likewise mean that man's mental powers had been so narrowed, that only by labor, by discipline, by study, he could hope in part to attain his former greatness? And if this be so, how necessary that mental discipline? It was to reach this point, that we entered the bowers of Eden.

All rules have exceptions, some grammatical ones consist of exceptions. But this formula seems most positive and general, that the human mind admits of culture. Whether our *Adamic* Hypothesis be correct or false, we stand by our belief in brain training. That belief may be reached by logic, and is supported by facts. But it would be needless to prove, what none deny. Realizing then the importance and the duty of developing our deviner faculties, and confident that this is possible, we may well pause to further consider the subject, "How best may this be accomplished?"

It would be idle to maintain that all minds merit the same culture. With certain physicians—one kind of medicine is their sole stock in trade, and they ever prescribe this "balm of Gilead" alike for the mumps and the yellow-fever, but it is held by the most learned of the medical faculty, that different diseases require different remedies. And so in the world of mind; here we find weaknesses, ills and failings, of the most varied types, and therefore,—in fact we will say *ergo*,—different manners of mental training are demanded.

If you would learn differences in minds enter the college class-room. Note how this student answers quickly, that one with hesitation, this one nervously, that one with deliberation, this one with certainty, that one with doubting look. They may all have studied the lesson with equal care, may all answer the question correctly, yea we will suppose they employ the same words, but notwithstanding these characteristics of mind are displayed. If we are pardoned the phrase, it arises from a *disposition of intellect*, as we use "disposition" in saying this man is selfish, and that one generous. And just as dispositions need culture, and just as certainly as the selfish man must specially guard against his selfish nature, so is mental culture demanded, and so must the untutored mind guard against its intellectual failings.

The besetting sin of a man is not necessarily a sin he commits. It is the attending sin, the sin he is *proved* to commit; but he may by specially guarding against it escape the guilt of its performance. And so in the mental world one has besetting sins against which he must wage bitter warfare. If his mind is

quick to answer he must yet not lose certainty and deliberate thought; if one answers with hesitation let him cultivate clearness and rapidity of thought; if he answers nervously he *must* learn to have coolness, if he answers deliberately it is well, but he should not totally sacrifice fire and brilliancy to coldness,

But we hasten. There are a score of ills the mind is heir to. You have your mental failings, we have ours. Both must struggle with painful earnestness to reach the highest goal, to be masters of clear, active, brilliant minds. If we hope to lay aside the mental failing which doth so easily beset us, we must be prepared to crush out weaknesses which seem part of our very selves. To harbor such weaknesses is to ordain our own overthrow. We may correct and conceal them, but in the hour of peril they in their ingratitude will turn upon us and rend us. True wisdom indicates that the main aim of education should be to root out these weaknesses, and to cultivate specially our most dormant and least developed faculties. To accomplish this, we should lead up our minds to those very points, at which they are most apt to flinch; in time they will learn to face the music. It seems cruel discipline to rush into certain failures, and to forsake the fields where we may hope to achieve victories. But it is better to win new powers than to continually gloat over old possessions. Certainly in selecting our professions let inclinations guide us, but what grander results can our intuitive mental powers accomplish, when the weakness of our minds have been overcome.

We have said that different mental ailments demand different remedies. But we do not deny that the college course provides all these needed remedies, we only mean that one student should guard with special zeal that point in his "mental works," that another need watch this, just where your mind is weakest, expect the enemy. He never attacks the strongholds. What shall be the motto? Eternal vigilance. What is a practical rule for guidance? To pursue with greatest zeal the most uncongenial studies, and become enthusiastic over what you detest.

We should know ourselves, and educate ourselves.

Our latest election returns are from Pennsylvania. We hesitate to discuss political subjects since in these tumultuous days we know not what a hour may bring forth. But we must cite and duly consider this bit of news. Another small mining district is heard from. As before remarked, it concerns politics. It is a bet. A bet on the Presidential election. Two lovers have made a wager on this

grand issue. The wager is worthy of the issues. If Tilden is elected the young man is to kiss the dear girl, and in case Hayes is declared President the young lady is to kiss the dear young man. Both were in high hopes. It seemed hardly possible disappointment should rudely destroy the dreams of either of these trusting young souls; and it was wonderful to mark how indifferent this couple were concerning the result, the grand result, little caring whether it was Tilden and Reform or Hayes and Hard-money. But alas for foresight in the field of politics! and alas for the hopes of lovers! The worst of results chanced. Neither Tilden nor Hayes were elected. And now a wailing goes up from that small mining district in Pennsylvania. Tilden and Hayes are calm, but these lovers are not.

Our latest telegraphic dispatches from the scene of dismay are more encouraging. As the Presidential issue is still in doubt, these lovers, in the generosity of their souls, have determined upon alternate evenings to give each other the benefit of the doubt. So Monday night it is presumed that Tilden is elected, upon Tuesday Hayes' election is certain, whilst Sunday counts two days in the calendar. They have become reconciled to the situation, and now want neither "sure enough" elected.

In our last issue we promised to consider this month the subject of Chemistry, the Chemistry of 1875-'76. But we desired to treat so important a topic with some fullness, and our long leader in this issue prevents it. Our only excuse for that lengthy editorial is that we were considering what we believe the most important subject possible for a college paper to consider. In future we shall try to avoid such ponderous leaders.

Circumstances permitting, "Chemistry" will be presented next week.

OUR corps of editors are a solid unit in their determination to make the MONTHLY MUSINGS vigorous, cheerful and brilliant. To do this, we sweep the varied plains of Philosophy, Love, Chemistry and College Life. But whilst we wish to make each and every issue so interesting that its publication shall create an excitement still we in nowise desire to give to any person the least possible cause for offense. But like other mortals, we occasionally fail to fully carry out our intentions. In our last issue our muse struck upon his lyre a discordant note. Our excuse is (1.) we intended no offense, and (2.) the writer of these lines was not our regular poet. Our friend "Pine Knot" would have better imitated the spirit of Poe.

Locals.

RICHMOND COLLEGE MUSEUM—The trustees of Richmond College have exhibited becoming zeal in the establishment of a College Museum. Knowing that a good Museum would add an attraction to the College and to the city, they have been working with the Faculty and the Literary Societies and have collected quite a number of interesting specimens. Lately, at the request of the Trustees, Prof. C. H. Winston visited the Centennial just as the Exhibition was closing, in order to procure specimens that had been exhibited. The Professor returned last week well pleased with his trip and satisfied with his success. He procured specimens from ten or twelve States, and also some from Mexico. The supply of minerals is quite large and varied, and will doubtless add much to the interest of the study of Geology. We have not space to mention any of the specimens; the most of them are as yet unpacked. In addition to those procured by Prof. Winston, there have been a large number of private contributors, chief among these are Rev. Drs. Curry and Bitting, both of whom collected many interesting specimens while travelling on the Continent and in the Holy Land. Dr. Curry has presented an excellent mummy which will be of unusual interest to those who did not see it at the Centennial. The Dr. promised to give us a lecture on a subject suggested by the mummy, and doubtless the glimpses into the past which we will thus obtain will be pleasant and profitable.

The work of establishing a Museum is one that requires time. With the lapse of years and the earnest co-operations of the friends of Richmond College, we will be able to have a Museum worthy of our city and our College. Now is the most appropriate time to collect relics of our late war. They will grow more valuable as time elapses. In a hundred years from now, a bullet picked up on the field of Manassas will encourage and stimulate the inquiring mind to an examination of the sad but momentous events that were crowded into those four years. History receives a new attraction from these links which bind us to the past. Hence a well selected Museum is almost necessary to a College. We hope that the movement in behalf of this College which has commenced so auspiciously, will be carried on with unabated zeal.

A CERTAIN young man who resides in Cottage "A," having striven long and earnestly, but all in vain, to raise "a crop" on his upper lip, was seen not long since to enter, in a mysterious manner, the store of a hair-dealer. Beautiful and divine were the smiles which lit up his face, as the fairy fingers of a maiden fair handed him the several varieties of mustaches from which to make his choice. After a careful survey of the whole stock he at last found one which suited: and now he may be seen sitting for hour after hour before a mirror, gently stroking his fair, but false mustache.

WE are fond of music. We don't yet think ourselves fit for "treasons or stratagems," but we must respectfully request the occupants of the third floor to desist from their attempts at harmony. Though led by one of singing-school notoriety yet the efforts of the third floor sextette have produced nothing worthy of mention except a hideous-din. They do not waste their "sweetness on the desert air." We wish they did. We wouldn't care if they would set up opposition to Pandemonium, if we were out of hearing distance. We have shut our windows and locked our doors and hammered on the steam-pipe in vain, and now an appeal to the Chairman or to the dampening influence of water is all that is left to us. If our remarks make any one less *Loving* we are sorry for it.

WE take the pleasure in correcting a mistake in our last issue. It was the occupant of Room 9 cottage and not of Room 11, who had the pants for sale. We are too modest to praise ourselves but judging from the number of calls Mr. B. had after our notice, we are bound to conclude that the MUSINGS is a good advertising medium. In spite of the numbers of those who came to examine the pants would not go till the Chairman Board Visitors came along and paid a dollar for them. Mr. B. the former owner is happy, and now any one who wants a pair of pants can get them by calling at Room 5, and paying for this notice.

A JUN. II. Latin man was seen to come from his recitation with a very dejected countenance. Being inquired as to the cause, he broke forth into the following mournful strain: "Night and day have I toiled in vain. When the last foot-fall of the belated lover has died away, when tired nature has stood in need of sweet restoring! I have pondered the mysteries of Bingham and Gildersleeve but not yet do I understand the use of the Future Subjunctive Participle." He doesn't know why the questioner burst into a hearty laugh.

MR. L., in his speech on compulsory education, asks very pathetically, "What is going to become of the children of those who care nothing for educational advantages?" Mr. M., his opponent, suggests that the Orphan Asylum will take care of them.

ONE of the students has bruised his shins, knocked out some of his teeth and sprained his ankle in playing football, and at present he wants to see the man that first thought foot-ball was healthy.

MR. M. goes to a barber shop for the first time. After shaving the barber applies the customary bay-rum, Mr. M., jumping from the seat and seizing a towel exclaims, "Look here now what do you mean? I don't want any pepper sauce put on my face you understand."

ONE of the cottage boys writes home so seldom that the other day his father telegraphed to one of the professors asking if his son was dead.

Locals.

The MONTHLY MUSINGS Publishing Company met October 20th, with President Hix in the chair.

Messrs. Davies, Riggan, Curry, Noland and Boyd were appointed as Executive Committee, and they offered the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

President—B. T. Davies, King and Queen county, Va.

Secretary and Treasurer—Hugh C. Smith, Petersburg, Va.

Senior Editor—Jno. W. Snyder, Richmond, Va.

Local Editor—G. W. Riggan, Isle of Wight county, Va.

Associate Editor—J. Wm. Boyd, Botetourt county, Va.

Business Editor—Hugh C. Smith, Petersburg, Va.

The rates of subscription were reduced from \$1 to 60 cents, a sum so small that every alumni and old student of the college ought to subscribe at once.

An occupant of Room No. 27 is responsible for the following:

"Some weeks ago, when the rather unique and unfamiliar arrangement for heating the College was first started, I happened to be in an adjacent room, occupied in part by a new student. A slight hissing sound, proceeding from the valve of the radiator was heard, and the new student aforesaid started suddenly from his seat, looked frantically around, uttered a shriek of terror, and started out, bearing aloft his lamp, books, and various other moveables. After remonstrance, I succeeded in inducing him to return, and very much to his relief convinced him that the danger of explosion was very slight. He sat down, patiently resigned. Soon after leaving, I heard an unusual stir in the hall, and going out found a number of the new boys moving out, strongly impressed with the idea that the whole thing was about to blow up, and that their only chance of safety lay in a hasty exit, which was accordingly made. Then came a knock at the door of the Faculty Room, and a woe-begone, sorrowful individual entered and said: Professor, I would like for you to come up to my room a little while. 'Wy Refrigerator isn't working well.' He was mistaken. As a Refrigerator it was working finely."

If any one desires to purchase a pair of pants he will find it to his advantage to call on Mr. B., Room No. 11, Cottage, who has on hand a new pair of second-hand pantaloons, which he will dispose of at "half-price." His anxiety to sell arises from the uncomfortable fact that when he put them on he sticks as far out one end as the other. Time and friction have done their duty on the rear portion of these pants, but still they are "as good as new," and will do good service for any one who wears a Prince Albert. All are cordially invited to come, and examine them; and also Mr. B.'s stock of jewelry, of which he makes a specialty. He desires us to say that he also has a fine gold watch, which he will sell for \$3, or trade it.

Our Four Cardinal Points.

Richmond College is admirably situated. We were on the tower recently with some young ladies and made the following observations: "With our face to the north, our back to the south, right hand to the east and left hand to the west," we had Holywood on the left, the Penitentiary in the rear, Alms-house to the right and Lunatic Asylum in front.

Come along, young men, if we can't accommodate you, you can find a home near us.

He was a new student, and his face was lit up with a smile, as he approached us. "Say, Mr. Local, I have got a nice new joke for the MUSINGS," "A fellow being asked why he did not go to the Centennial, excused himself by saying he was going to the next one, any way." And the smile grew more extensive and more complacent. "My friend," said we, "that is a capital joke." We have laughed about it two hundred and forty-five times, and it gets funnier every time we read it. We are afraid the compositor would not be able to compose himself enough to get it in print. And then he departed.

One of our Professors, while returning from the Centennial, encountered a storm on the Bay. They say that he held three prayer meetings before he reached shore. He is not particularly fond of "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

The Censor of the Mu Sigma Rho Society has adopted the novel plan of writing his report in poetry. The boys says the fines don't go half as hard when they are put in rolling hexameter.

When (*quum occasione*) you see a fellow rushing down stairs inquiring if the mail has come, you may know that one of Eve's daughters has got her flowery chains about him, or that he expects some money from the "Governor."

The Intercollegiate Contest.

The Virginia Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest took place at Holcombe Hall, Lynchburg, Va., November 8th, in the presence of a large audience.

Messrs. T. S. Bocock, R. G. H. Kean, and S. T. Graham acted as judges. Only four of the colleges were represented, the chosen orators of two others (Washington and Lee and William and Mary) being unavoidably prevented from performing the duty assigned. All the gentlemen seemed to have acquitted themselves with signal credit, but the judges awarded the honor to Mr. Cave, of Hamden Sidney, and the gold medal was presented to him on the stage by the President of the Association.

The "Virginian" says that the occasion was a very interesting one, and was keenly enjoyed by those present.

The next contest will take place in Richmond, on the 8th of November, 1877.

We extend a cordial invitation to the colleges of the Old Dominion to meet in the metropolis, and feel sorry that the spirit of the constitution so conflicts with the opinions of the students of this college that we cannot engage in the contest.

At the request of the Board of Trustees, Prof. Winston left for Philadelphia, in order to collect specimens for the College Museum. We wish him a pleasant and successful trip, and "no storms."

Old Grimes est mortuous,
That anthropos old agathos
Nun quam videmus cum plus.

Mr. R. B. Lee, of Richmond, an old student of this college, was married November 2, to Miss Mary Joe Day, of Macon, Ga. We return our thanks for a card and felicitate the happy couple. Of course, Richard, you will bring your charming bride to Richmond.

Prof. J. Willoughby Reade, of England, favored us with two of his entertainments recently. His selections were good, as he is an artist of the first order, with admirable dramatic powers and facial expressions, he thoroughly electrified his audience.

Would it not be a good idea for the Trustees of this college to get some one to deliver lectures on elocution? Were they to hear some of the young men read, they would take action at once.

Enough can not be said in honor of Dr. Steel for establishing the Reader's Medal; and although that arouses the ambition of some,—the good readers,—yet it does not reach the many,—the indifferent readers.

When the news came from the elections, so flattering to Mr. Tilden's prospects, a number of the students resolved to give vent to the exuberance of their joy by having an oyster supper at the College Hotel. At the appointed hour they assembled, and although the telegraphic reports seemed to threaten the very object of the supper, yet the boys were determined not to be depressed. Mrs. Eanes had prepared a nice supper, which was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. After supper an hour was spent in lively conversation and sallies of wit, and then the boys went to their rooms, fully satisfied with their night's entertainment.

Hoodwinking.

Although the following may have been in print long ago, still it is no less the cute for that. The letter is said to have been written by a newly married lady to her friend and confidant. Her husband was a jealous old curmudgeon and insisted upon her showing him every letter she wrote. Of course he saw nothing but honey in the whole thing—he could not taste a bit of gall. Although deception is always wrong, yet we cannot have the heart to blame the poor thing much; for, as far as our observation goes, wives are generally "more sinned against, than sinning:

"I cannot be satisfied my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell, with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear, husband is the most amiable of men, I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent of the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining, to secure a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a, bosom friend and confidant, and not as a plaything or menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us. She is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood round, generous and charitable to the poor. I am convinced my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than a glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and I wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband; my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am, un, happy!

KEY.—After reading it through, read alternate lines.

subscriptions to the MONTHLY MUSINGS reduced to 60 cts.

Maiden Meditations.

"Musical Piracy—Stealing a march.

A Seamstress' Exclamation—"A-hem!"

The Dream of a Fair Woman—A brave man.

"'Tis false!" as the girl said when her fond lover told her that she had beautiful hair.

A traveler notices that Rome has several new museums, but everything in them is old and out of style.

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

BY OUR OWN CYNIC.—Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

What species of love is that which is never reciprocated?—A neuralgic affection.

AWKWARD ORNAMENT.—A well-moulded arm is prettier without bracelets; besides they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear.

KISSES.—Thackeray once described a kiss of etiquette as a "kiss which is like the contact of oysters." But a kiss not of etiquette is like a rip in a yard of calico; you can't tell where it begins or ends.

NOT O'PAQUE BUT O'BRIEN.—At a theatre, the other evening, a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque? The other denied the allegation. He was not O'Paque. His name was O'Brien.

"Doff thine Æonian crown," elegantly says Bayard Taylor, in his Centennial ode. "Shoot the hat?" says the bad boy in the street. Thus education softens and weakens expression.

A New Orleans belle has eloped with a barber. Her mamma cries, "Och, hone?" Her friends raze'er name from their visiting lists, and her father says he'll lather the fellow who carried her off.

IN THE LETTER.—"I find that there are six young partridges in the letter," said a gentleman to a servant, by whom a lot of game had been sent to him. The servant replied: "Sir, I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they all flew out of the basket."

A Western paper says, "Talk about the wind blowing the grasshoppers away. One of them faced Monday's gale for an hour, and then yanked a shingle off a house for a fan, saying it was awfully sultry."

An exchange asks: "What are street lamps for?" The man who doesn't know what street lamps are for is hardly fit to sit in an editorial chair and mould public opinion. Street lamps are for weary young men to recline against at midnight, when they have lost their bearings or forgotten their way home.

A brass band in Virginia City, Nevada, has been earnestly requested to practice exclusively in the isolated passage of a mine six hundred feet under the ground. It is thought that the people of Virginia City haven't good ears for music.

The last person to throw a stone at a can of nitro-glycerin lived in Livingston county, N. Y. In the entire absence of his body, the coroner's jury sat around on the edge of the hole in the earth where the explosion took place.

A lady who had married an inveterate smoker was once asked if she had no prejudice against tobacco, to which she replied that she had undergone the smoking process so long that her prejudice had been perfectly "cured."

A Cleveland youth, of rather rapid proclivities, fell in love with a parson's daughter, and, as a clincher to his claims, said to the reverend gentleman: "I go my bottom dollar on piousness, and I will pray you for stamps on the spot."

A man in Westchester county, N. Y., set a steel trap to see what became of his chickens. He found his mother-in-law in the trap one morning afterwards, and since then the demand for steel traps has been something unprecedented in that neighborhood.

There was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned, and he died at Savannah the other day, at the age of 112. The deep botheration of his taking off was due to the excessive use of tobacco during the entire period of his last century.

Prof.: "Who was Virgil?" Pupil (who had never had the pleasure of pressing Mr. Virgil's digits.) "Virgil was a lineal descendent of Adam. He ran a second-hand clothing warehouse in the city of Troy, and after capturing Dido, he lit out. That's as far as the lesson goes. It is safe to presume that the apt scholar went just a little further.—Ex.

Prof. B—r.—Suppose, Mr. B—n, you, with feelings positively excited, were to attempt to kiss a girl, negatively charged by her mother, would she be likely to take the spark, or would there be a sudden repulsion?"

Mr. B—n pleads inexperience, but is perfectly willing to try the experiment.—Ex.

They have discovered the remains of a giant in Smiley's Crossing, down in Texas. The skeleton is fifteen feet in length and one of the teeth is eleven inches long and six inches wide. Only think what an awful famine that chap would create on a free lunch counter, or at a hotel table. What a deadhead he would have made—he and his wife—for the audience behind to yell "Down in front" at—eh?

Such things are not to be contemplated without a shudder.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Seminary Proprietress (to young lady who wants to go driving.)—"You know the reputation of this institution, Miss Jones. Is he your father?"

Pupil—"No."

Proprietress—"Is he your brother?"

Pupil—"No."

Proprietress—"Are you engaged to him?"

Pupil—"No, but I expect to be, before I get back."

DIVINE FRENZY.—An American contemporary makes merry over the Poet-Laureate. It says: "Tennyson has been ordered to write an ode to the Prince of Wales, and it is amusing to behold England's Poet-Laureate walk fretfully up and down his garden, and hear him mumbling, 'The Prince of Wales—favoring gales—spreading sails—tigers' tails—the people yearn—his return—our bosoms burn—our love he'll earn—we'll tyrants spurn—jungles—bungles—India—Ind—dia—dia,' and then snap out, 'Oh, hang the ode!'"

A man in Hartford carelessly threw some yeast cakes out into his back yard, and his rooster ate them. They exploded and blew the stuffing out of him.

Exchanges.

Want of time and space prevents us from giving more than a cursory notice of our exchanges. Among them we notice the following: The Virginia University Magazine, The Gray Jacket, The Roanoke Collegian, The Mississippi University Magazine, The College Herald, The Lafayette College Journal, The Golden Sheaf, The Georgetown College Journal, Home Journal, The Campus Educational Journal, Jewel and The Suffolk Gem. All of which are well and ably edited. We welcome them to our office, and read their contents with a high degree of pleasure.

WANTED.

A young lady desires a position as TEACHER. She is a FULL GRADUATE of one of our best colleges, and is, consequently, able to teach Mathematics, Latin, English, French, Philosophy and Music.

BELLES-LETTRES a specialty.

Address, at once,

no

"H. C. S.,"

Care of Monthly Musings.

CHARLES LUMSDEN,

DEALER IN

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, Trimbles, Gold Pens, &c.,

No. 825 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Manufacturer of PLAIN GOLD RINGS and BADGES. REPAIRING carefully done. no-3m

JAMES T. GATEWOOD,

GROCER,

SECOND AND GRACE STREETS, NO. 201,

RICHLAND, VA.

oc-9m

1846,

Thirty-first Year.

1876.

The Home Journal,

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

"The Best Literary and Society Paper in America."

Its leading departments comprise Editorials on topics of fresh interest; Brilliant Romances and Portraits of American Life; Editorial Reviews of new events in the world of Belles-Lettres, Painting, Sculpture, Science, Music, and the Drama; Original Essays; Ample Excerpts from the best European Writers; Spicy Letters from Correspondents in all the great Capitals of the World; The First Look at New Books; and racy accounts of sayings happenings and doing in the Beau Monde; embracing the very freshest matters of interest in this country and in Europe—the whole completely mirroring the wit and wisdom, the humor and pathos, the news and sparkling gossip of the times.

SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscribers will receive THE HOME JOURNAL FREE OF POSTAGE.

THE HOME JOURNAL, alone, one copy, one year...\$3. Three copies, one year...\$6. SIX

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

THE HOME JOURNAL and any \$4 periodical (either Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, The Galaxy, Lippincott's Magazine, Appleton's Journal, Frank Leslie's Ladies Journal, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Blackwood's Magazine, Westminster Review, or any of the English Quarterlies republished here) will be sent for \$5 25, the full price being \$7. St. Nicholas for \$4 00; full rates \$6. Littell's Living Age for \$8 75; full price, \$11. MONTHLY MUSINGS for \$3 00; full price \$4.

Subscriptions will take date immediately, or at any time subscribers prefer. Address the proprietors and publishers,

Morris Phillips & Co.,

NO. 3 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK

NEW CLOTHING HOUSE.

ENTIRE NEW STOCK.

D. H. Simpson & Co.,

1009 MAIN STREET,

(IN FRONT OF POST-OFFICE.)

HAVE JUST OPENED A LARGE AND ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF

MEN'S YOUTHS' AND BOYS'

CLOTHING.

Also a full line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

all of which will be sold for CASH at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

oc-6m

J. H. SIMPSON & CO.

WANTED.

A young lady desires a position as TEACHER. She is a FULL GRADUATE of one of our best colleges, and is, consequently, able to teach Mathematics, Latin, English, French, Philosophy and Music.

BELLES-LETTRES a specialty.

Address, at once,
no"H. C. S.,"
Care of Monthly Musings.**THE DRUG STORE NEAREST TO RICHMOND COLLEGE is****THE "WEST END PHARMACY,"**

726 WEST MARSHALL STREET.

Choice brands TOBACCO AND CIGARS, STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES, &c.

no-tf

GEO. W. LATIMER & CO.,
Apothecaries.**CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!!**

I desire to inform my friends and patrons that, having returned from the North with an entire new stock of

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

embracing everything needed for

MEN'S YOUTHS' AND BOYS' WEAR,

I am prepared to offer as fine a stock in

Styles, Quality and Make,

as can be found in the city or State, and at

VERY SATISFACTORY PRICES.

Students and others in want of nice goods will find it to their advantage to give my stock

AN EXAMINATION.

no-6m

WM. IRA SMITH,
1100 Main street.**ATTENTION! ATTENTION!!**

I AM NOW FULLY PREPARED TO OFFER TO MY friends and the public a large and carefully selected stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

CONSISTING OF

FINE DIAGONAL PRINCE ALBERT COATS AND VESTS;

FINE DIAGONAL CUTAWAY COATS & VESTS; BLACK CLOTH SUITS;

BUSINESS SUITS, all grades.

A RARE SELECTION OF

YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING,**Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.**

Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere, as I will sell

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

B. FLORSHEIM.

328 Broad Street, cor. Fourth Street.
Great inducement to Students. oc-9m**JAMES T. GATEWOOD,****GROCEER,**

SECOND AND GRACE STREETS, NO. 201,

RICHMOND, VA.

oc-9m

COAL, WOOD AND COKE

AT

PILCHER'S, 823 EAST MAIN.

Forest Pine (original growth,) for kindling and cooking; best Soft Coke, for grates and stoves; Anthracite, Clover Hill and Splint Coal; Oak and Pine Wood—long, sawed and kindling. All kinds of Wood, Coal and Coke. oc-1m

RICHMOND COLLEGE,

Richmond, Virginia.

The Institution embraces eight independent schools, under the following

FACULTY:

EDMUND HARRISON, A. M., Professor of Latin.

H. H. HARRIS, M. A., Professor of Greek.

RODES MASSIE, A. M., Prof. of Modern Languages.

J. L. M. CUREY, D. D., LL. D., Professor of English and Acting Professor of Philosophy.

E. B. SMITH, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.

C. H. WINSTON, M. A., Professor of Physics.

B. PURYEAR, A. M., Professor of Chemistry.

Expenses per session of nine months, embracing matriculation and tuition fees, fuel, lights and washing, \$118. Good board in messing clubs costs \$10 per month; at the College boarding houses, \$13. About \$90 will be needed on matriculation; \$35 the 1st February, and the remainder at intervals through the session.

The expenses of a day student per session are \$67.50. Students can enter advantageously 1st January, or at the beginning of the second half of the current session, 6th February. Suitable reduction in charges are made.

The College Buildings, situated in the most beautiful and healthful portion of the city, just within the corporate limits, with thirteen acres of land attached, are ample for the accommodation of at least two hundred and fifty students.

The Institution offers to the student every facility necessary to his comfort, convenience and success, and is thoroughly equipped in all respects for dispensing liberal education, on terms unusually moderate.

For Catalogues, giving full information in regard to all the departments of the College, address

B. PURYEAR,
Chairman of the Faculty.**THE OLD CORNER STORE**

STILL AHEAD!

E. B. SPENCE & SON,

1300 MAIN STREET.

Look at the following prices for clothing:

Cassimere Suits at \$12.

Cassimere Suits at \$14.

Cassimere Suits at \$16.

Diagonal Worsted Coats at \$12.

Prince Albert Coats at \$15.

Cassimere Pants, \$4.

Cassimere Pants, \$5.

Cassimere Suits made to order at \$30, \$33, \$35

Cassimere Pants made to order at \$8, \$9, and \$10, and all other goods at very low prices.

We guarantee our prices to be as low as any house in the city. All we ask is an inspection of our stock. Call at 1300 Main Street.

E. B. SPENCE & SON.**BOOKS! PIANOS! ORGANS!**

If you want anything in the BOOK OR STATIONARY LINE, or a NO. 1 PIANO OR ORGAN, at the lowest market rates, call on

STARKE & RYLAND,

913 Main Street,
Richmond, Va.

The usual discount to ministerial students. oc-9m

MONTHLY MUSINGS,

THE ORGAN OF THE STUDENTS OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL DIFFUSION OF PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Will contain College News, Correspondence, Discussion of Literary Topics, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Reminiscences of College Life, Personals, Full Reports of all Public Exercises, Items from other Schools and Colleges, Literary Gossip, Reviews, Anecdotes, &c., &c.

Reader, would you like to travel with us for the next ten months? We hope we will be able to make ourselves companionable, our conversation entertaining and instructive, excite in your hearts a fresh aspiration to become wiser and better, lighten the trials of a passing hour upon your journey, or expand the sphere of your knowledge and affections. If you desire our company, please enter your name upon our "way-bill" at once, and ask all your friends to go along. We have room enough and to spare. The road is a pleasant one, the goal a useful one. Those who pay their fare promptly at the starting point, will find the journey the pleasantest, for a clear conscience is a glorious talisman in discovering the hiding places of happiness.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	9 months.	6 months.	3 months.	1 month.
One Column,	\$40.00	\$35.00	\$20.00	\$10.00
One-half "	25.00	20.00	12.00	6.00
One Inch	10.00	7.00	4.00	2.00

The MONTHLY MUSINGS will be published the first of every month at the fair price of

SIXTY CENTS per Year, Postage Prepaid.

All Subscriptions are due on receipt of first number of the paper.

Business Communications should be addressed to

Hugh C. Smith,Richmond College,
Richmond, Va.