The Musk.

Let lovers have heart-rending sighs, 
And talk love and ladies' eyes, 
They may be favored yet; 
I have, a fairer love by far. 
They please 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, 
When I've my bright-eyed love.

When her soft lips to mine are pressed, 
Where is the man that I more blessed? 
Where greater earthly blame? 
Her sweet breath mingling with the air. 
That I recover from the damaging effects of the 
Natural course of events falls into your hands,

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 
spendidly equipped vessels of the present to 
the tiny crafts of the past.

Among the ancient navigators, by far the most important were the Phoenicians. 
In their little vessels they sailed from Tyre to the 
Pillars of Hercules, nor were they hindered by the 
supercilious tales about the spectres of the 
Atlantic from visiting the Canaries and 
England. For long before Caesar'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 word, 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 ago. 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.

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 latitude, and will only be discovered after a long series of observations, and, if found at all it will likely 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."

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. Eds.
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 eclat? 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. Because those whose nominations 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 year. The prospect of his doing so is not forbidden to pass on, the writer concludes what 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 year.

Thus the arguments advanced for the abrogation of the term "promotion" 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 proxyl old Analysis,—
We shall not know what tongue to speak
Before we reach Anasabas.

MIDDLE:
In Science grim of Government,
That guides our honored nation,—
The route that valiant Cæsar went,
From Rome to Britain's station,—
And on the steams of Thar and Thriz,
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
Where brave Clearchus toils;
But unknown pow'rs, and roots and squares,
Trip many a hero unawares.

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

SOPHOMORE:
Still striving against the wrath of Zeus,
And old Presidian'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 num comm. du alter besem."

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 vell of beauty
Over philosophic seas,
And, constrained by pleasant duty,
Walk we still with Socrates;
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.

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.

Personal:
Jeff. Adair is drumming in Baltimore.
Tim Bivens, having listened to the lectures of Prof. P. on Agriculture, has decided to follow that profession.
C. O. Biting, Jr., is in Baltimore, and promises a letter soon.
Rev. C. T. Banks, 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 Greensville 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.
Jeff. Milliner is keeping store at Forks of Buffalo Ambrose curve. Tom, you won't send us enough candy to pay for a subscription.
Rev. John W. Martin is teaching school at Sandages, Amherst county, Va. Thank you, Johnnie, for your subscription. May the MUSINGS send to lighten your cares.
Mr. Rives writes us from Edgerton Courthouse, B. 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?
Mr. Thomas writes us from Edgerton Courthouse, B. 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 some little time. Great anxiety is felt on this account. It is now thought that he has fallen victim to some of his old college mates, who seems to be dodging about among the denominations to much to suit our tastes. —Sun.

Very Hard to Please.

There is a gentleman in this town 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 peaches, 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 seller.

"Five cents a piece."

"Can I pick my melon?"

"Take the biggest you like to find."

"Let me pick 'em and find a ripe one?"

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

"Don't you throw in a banana?"

"Always." "Wow! 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 back, and give you ninety days to pay for the melon."

"Then I pay in B chromo?"

"Why, you ought to be able to throw in B chromo, if you mean bankruptcy. 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.

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THE CENTENIAL 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 Rudolphus 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. The 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 width, the length, and the two-hundredth of an inch in a square inch, that is, the fiftieth 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,
To vain you often try;
But here an epigram within a point
You plumply may decy.

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 spark-like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining, in proper position the habilities 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 the golden sun, eclipsed by the western hills and forest. The closing of evening has fallen and shrouded the world in darkness. The mechanic closes his dusty shop and seeks comfort and rest at his fireside. All nature seems to be at rest, Darkness reigns supreme, except here and there seen the flickering light of the bookworm. Silence is unbroken, except by the dip of the pen and the sound of the wheels as we labor to supply the printer with copy. Quiet, did I say. Hark! what means that shrill whistle at our door? Police! Stealing! Manslaughter? In a fright we rush to the door and recognize, not a policeman, not a highwayman, but only the clock exasperating 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,
Don't disturb me any more."

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

"The Senior's Soliloquy."

Degree, or no degree, there's the question.
Whether 'tis no fault for our peace of mind to grind,
Evolving from the sooting brain a plan
And power to cast off all the base conditions of our

Or to take refuge in our high prerogatives,
And, with a haughty indifference, keep cutting to the end.
To lounge, to laze, and by protracted expreis induce
The headache, and the thousand natural shocks
The stomach's heir to, To smoke, to yawn, to roll with-

The stately cigarette, and slumbering lengthen out the open

Gaze adown the yard. To toil, to grind, consumate the

Midnight oil,
With head in moisturized towel enwrapped.
To trot, perchance to crib,—aye there's the rub:
For at that erring procrastinators may come,
Who thence without the hidden toll,
And nab us as 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.
Mental Discipline.

Rien has declared that, "By the mind of man we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills." And the grandest among Schottish 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 dearest 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. - Forssooth, 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, never the mind, of Adam.

Punishment followed the exposure of guilt. It was conformed, 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, yet 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 liberately 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 then 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 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 weakness of our minds have been overcome.

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 of 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 't 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.

Letters

**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 are 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 is consumed. Last year we 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 are 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.

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 handled 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 hours after hours before a mirror, gently stroking his fair, but false mustache.

***We are fond of music. We don't yet think ourselves fit for "trenors or strageters," 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 would not 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 dispensing 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 past which we will thus obtain will be pleasant from his recitation with...

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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 handled 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 hours after hours before a mirror, gently stroking his fair, but false mustache.

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 makes the customary bay-run, Mr. M., jumping from the seat and seizing a towel exclams, "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 Rix in the chair.

Messrs. Davies, Riggan, Curry, Noland and Boldt 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:

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 awoke 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 remonstration, 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 patient and regained his composure.

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

The Censor of the Mu Sigma Rho Society has adopted the novel plan of writing his report in the form of a letter of congratulation to the President of the Association. The letter she wrote. Of course he saw nothing but lioney in the whole thing—he could not taste a bit of gull. 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:"

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 Intercollegiate Contest.

The Intercollegiate Contest, after the Centennial, was opened with a capital joke. Our student who went aloft his lamp, books, and various other moveables.

When (quasi occasionale) 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."

Old Grimes est mortuus.
That antroplus old agathos
Nun quam videmus cum plus.

Mr. R. B. Lee, of Richmond, an old student of this college, was married November 5th to Miss Mary Joe Day, of Bacon, Ga. We return our thanks for a card and felicitations.

Of course we are happy, but if Richard, you will bring your charming bride to Richmond.

Prof. J. Willoughby Reads, 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 powers of facial expression, 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 etiquette? Their selection of the young men read, they would take action at once.

Enough can not be said in favor of Dr. Steel for establishing the Reader's Medal; and although that auspicious event and the qualifications of some of our candidates,—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. At the appointed hour they assembled, and although the telegraphic reports seemed to threaten the very object of the supper, yet the boys determined not to be depressed. Mrs. Lee prepared a casserole, which was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. After supper an horn was opened in lively conversation and sallies of wit, and then the boys went to their rooms, fully satisfied with their night's entertainment.
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 fashions, of which, indeed, he knows not where to turn.

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

By Our Own Cyan.—Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

What species of love is that which is never reciprocated?—A neuritic 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 kiss up 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 opaqued. The other denied the allegation. He was not O'Paque. His name was O'Brien.

"Doff thine Leonian crown," elegantly says Bayard Taylor, in his Centennial ode: "Shoo the hat?" says the bad boy in the streets. 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 ant in Smiley's Crossing, down in Texas. The 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 ratherrapid precipitites, 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 plausiveness, and I will pray for you 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 descendant 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."

Prof. B.—S. 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."

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. In Bayard's words, "It's a wonder if an oyster in that chap would create on a free lunch counter, or what is the stuffing out of him.

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 FRENY.—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 be'll earn—we'll terrify spurn—jungles—whips—India—Ind—dia—di—da—da,' 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.

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