of generally held in regard to success, the acme of every man's ambition no matter what department in life is to be the arena of his actions, the purpose of this article will be to consider briefly the elements of genuine success.

As the light of the sun refracted through a prism is reflected upon the screen and separated into the three primary colors, so do we have the white light of success decomposed into its three essential parts as exhibited in the character of the man who is eminently successful in life. These three essentials are: integrity, energy, a well-considered plan. A plan, as something to accomplish; energy, to drive or force ourselves to that accomplishment; integrity, to hold that force in the right direction not deviating from the path of right.

Of these integrity must claim pre-eminence; for while the others serve as the basis, integrity, like the capstone of the monument which completes the design of the originator and points to a better, a purer sphere, shape and moulds the man for higher and better ends; it serves the pilgrim as a compass which will guide him to the Mecca of his journey where he bows down and worships at the shrine of the true, the noble, and the good.

Integrity includes not only honesty in the general acceptance of the term, but takes in scope morality both social and religious; it ennobles the moral nature, and carries to the highest point the powers with which the Creator has endowed his noblest work, and makes him

"A combination and a form, indeed, Where every god does seem to set his seal To give the world assurance of a man."

It is incompatible, and impossible for virtue and vice to be elements of the same quality, so it is equally impossible, inconsistent and contrary to all experience to find integrity where morality does not exist, and vice versa; indeed integrity is the great conservatice element that regulates justice and morality, the corner-stone of true greatness, the foundation of virtue, the main requisite of genuine success.

Morals and philosophers have written treatises inveighing against the evils that exist in society, and expounding theories setting forth methods by which they might be counteracted and abated, but their library of volumes can establish no other rule than that integrity is the only formula necessary to solve the weighty, important problem, the only key that can forever close this Pandora's box.

Says Buckminster: "The moral grandeur of independent integrity is the sublimest thing in nature, before which the pomps of eastern magnificence, and the splendor of conquest are odious as well as perishable."

The second essential is energy—a characteristic subordinate in a great degree to integrity, but taking a prominent place among the requisites to success. By it is meant not simply industry, because one may be industrious, yet never energetic—but, the strength or force of producing an effect, and in doing that there must be present the perseverance which holds the mind to the performance of any action, and that act involves the idea of patience.

"Tis an old and well-known maxim, "Quies-cence suse fortole fdeber," but no man has ever carved out for himself a great name as a heritage to future generations, who was lacking in the characteristic of energy. 'Twas energy that permeated and fired the soul of a Chatham which made the noble Earl, in the grandeur of his genius turn the tables upon his influential and powerful antagonists, the minions of ambition who toil away their whole faction and in their stead becoming the pilot and guiding spirit of the nation, the jewel of the Kingdom; 'twas energy that made a Demosthenes overcome innate physical difficulties, which drew down upon him the jeers, and ridicule of the populace, and finally sealed in the Athenian agora a polished, finished Writ; and his brothers have gained unending praise from the wisest most learned men that the world has ever seen; 'twas energy that made a Newton unfold the mysterious laws of nature, and establish for the benefit of posterity his grand laws as the results of his assiduous labors; and what was it but energy that made Napoleon superior to the crowned heads of Europe? If obstacles are met with, energy will surmount them. Difficulties overcome give strength and stamina to the character, and force one into action those powers which lie concealed. It is adversity sometimes that helps to make the man. Everything is to be gained by labor, nothing by idleness, and the duty imposed upon man by his Creator, by self-respect, by his fellow-men, demanded that there should be an energetic, useful employment of the fleeting moments of time as well as the natural abilities, the God-given powers.

The third essential, a well-considered plan, is an important feature or element of true success. In nature we see nothing that has not plus imprinted throughout upon it, and what greater argument can there be to prove that plan is necessary to a well developed scheme than this which is so universal.

Thus a definite object should be one's aim, and purpose; for when the powers of the
mind are divided between two widely-opposed objects, neither is sufficiently well accomplished. In a well-considered plan, the idea of unity is implied, oneness of purpose. Why is it, we hear, that certain men succeed in life? Because they are what may be termed men of one idea, not narrow-minded and close in their views and feelings, but of broad views and generous principles, yet have one object at which they aim—in other words a plan well-considered, and having unity.

Thus we have the grand elements, integrity, energy, a well-considered plan, which are the requisites of a successful man. "these three in one," "but the greatest of these three" is integrity. These give a success not such as has rewarded the efforts of a Bacon, and others who were corrupt in life, such as has crowned the labors of a "holy George Herbert," a Newton, an Addison, a Locke, and others who are assembled in one grand galaxy that emits by its effulgent light that leads the footstep of erring posterity along the path of right.

The Indian Princess.

There stands, within the limits of the city of Petersburg, on the north bank of the Appomattox, at the foot of Pocahontas bridge, a large dark gray stone of a conical form. On the side which looks to the east, there is an oval excavation about twelve inches across, and half as much in depth. The stone is solitary; and lifts itself conscientiously above the level of the earth. It is called the Basin of Pocahontas, or more commonly Pocahontas' wash-bowl, and except in very dry weather is seldom without water. How often, as my fancy warmed with reminiscences, of our colonial history, have I figured to myself the form of this beauteous princess, meditating; the protection of the white man, from the wiles of her ferocious countrymen, and the vengeance of her father, advancing to her abductions, and perhaps lifting up her orisons to the Great Spirit for the welfare of the white man, as standing by this stone, she looked towards the orient, radiant with the pencilled rays of the morning.

I know not why it is, but I can never contemplate any of the evidences of the former greatness or present desolation of that doomed race, who, when this continent was one vast wilderness of nature, uncultivated and unfrequented, trod amid its solitude rejoicing in their illegible sway, that my mind does not instantly revert to the virtues and the sufferings of this amiable child of nature, the Princess Pocahontas, who can stand among the ruins of Jamestown, and linger among the broken fragments of red stone tablets upon the graves of the early colonists, without being oppressed with melancholy feelings, when looking upon the dark green vine festooned over the ruins of the church and thinking of the fate of this Indian girl, and of her perilous services to the white man?

How often do the incidents of ordinary life transcend the wildest sections of romance? Who gave to this dark daughter of the red man, nurtured in the wigwam of the savage, and familiar with blood, those gentle emo-

Fancies Free.

TO CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Oh come where the cranberries silently flow,
Anonymous.

While abelosulphide is thrown above the page below;
Where the rays of pumice steal white on the hill,
And the song of the silene never is still.

"Come, Oh! come,

Perricid of soda, and ammonium.

While alcoholosulphide at thirty degrees,
And no chemical change can effect magnesium,
While alkali flourishes, and acids are free.
My heart shall be constant sweet science to thee!

Yes to thee!

Fiddledum deo.

Zier, borax and blenheim and H. O. plus C. + H.

How dances are chosen: By ballot.

What time of the day was Adam born? A little before Eve.

Mogg was a good writer; but he can't be considered beside of Bacon.

Advice to pantomimes in warm weather: "Indeligently with the历经s."

A preacher invariably gets out of sorts when he reaches the bottom of his case.

"What's going on?" Said a well known bore to Douglass Jerrold.

"Jamestown," was the reply, and on he went.

Two Hibernians were passing a snail which had a rooster on it for a weather vane, when one addressed the other thus:

The new centennial breakfast is a small American flag. This would seem to involve a direct blow at the horses and stripes.

"Fuston partiss" are popular in the West. We don't know whom they declare because it is because they are always sure to come off.

"If there's no moonlight, will you miss me by illuc-"
For dearth Juliana's asked he. "No, Augustus, I won't; I am no gas-master." replied she.

Miss Siagg was married at Horsellville, N. Y., recently. The bridegroom had engraved on the wedding ring: "Name ever dear to me."

"Ladies will be delighted to hear that Missuittenda's sends double the usual amount of tea to market. It appears to be a dusty county. It utter be. It's so far off.

Uncle Herkhill said to his nephew: "James, when you ever pick out a girl for a wife, don't get a peculiar girl, but see to it that she is plain and habits your conjugal tastes.

Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a bin up there, instead of a rooster?" As sure, replied Pat, "that's easy enough. But ye see it would be inconvenient to go up for the eggs?"

They have got a pig in New Jersey so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his taxis by raising his tail—the greater the twist the higher the note.

If young men's collars get any higher, loop-holes for the eyes will surely have to be cut at the same time the wisdom teeth are. No fashionable youth of the period can put his head back without executing himself.

"If there is anybody under the cantaker of serious men that I have in utter exasperation," says Mrs. Parrington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy constructor, circulat- ing his calumny and heart-felt faults."

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman, "with a book in my hand, and reading loud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner, where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

According to the old mythology Neptune, the sea-god created the horses, and was the patron of horse races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half-a-

Wanted—A fifer and drummer to best time for the "march of intellect," a pair of snuff-box to trim the "light of other days," a ring that will fit the "finger of scorn," a loose pulley to rag on the "shaft of envy," and a new clog for the "beat of government."
The Old Bachelor's Confession.

BY LOUIS E. SPAHN.

You ask, Tom, why I never loved.
And wonder I never got married;
With the world brimming of nice young girls,
Why I parted you, bachelor, married?
You're amused one so fond of sweet things
Should miss all the hugs and the kisses,
And allow all the gay young gallants
To hug and to kiss all the missels!

Well, Tom, just for once in your life
I trust you don't make a mistake.
For I fell plump in love when a boy!
But my heart from that dream has awakened;
Two years I've worn a heartache,
Or had raised my first pet, downy whistle;
I loved and I said, 'I'll propose,'
Or some one else will—I can't risk her.

Now the girl, every inch, was a queen,
And a daintier loa, or a heather.
Never glanced, with sullenness, in her glass.
Or turned all the beau's heads' completer!
Ah! such eyes, and such cheeks, and such lips!
I am old, but my mouth is still waters
For the lips of my first chaste help.
From the lips of Eve's fairest of daughters.

Well, I loved, as I said, and proposed,
Now proposing isn't always so easy;
If you doubt it, why, try it yourself,
And see if your feelings aren't breezy!
First my heart stove, then my stomach,
Then my knees—shook together like rattles;
You are young, Tom, yet may live to know
One proposal is worse than ten battles.

But I loved, yet, I 'haute d'her' for
As the honey-bee 'bankers' for clover
So, murmuring and trembling, I asked.
While the cold chillies were creeping all over,
'Will you marry me, sweetest of girls?'
Smiling shyly, as if it amused her.
She replied, 'I had rather be excused.'
And so, like a fool, I excused her.

Maiden Meditations.

TALE OF WOE.

I clasped her tiny hand in mine,
I clasped her beautiful form.
I vowed to shield her from the wind,
And from the world's cold storm.

She set her beautiful eyes on me,
The sun did didtily flow.
And with her little lips she said,
'Confound you, let me go.'

Moving for a new trial—Courting a second wife.

Romantic death—A young lady drowned in tears.
A wedding trip—Stumbling over the bride's train.
The favorite flower for wedding bunting—Marvy gold.

'I might—if you were offered!' was the laughing reply.
A Brooklyn girl was asked by a very keen gentleman if she didn't think she could learn to love him.

Two things that went together—An arrow dismissed by a bow, and a beam dismissed by a belle.
The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when asked if she had not been courting sleep.

When the young ladies hand you a card nowadays with the insignia of M. A., it means 'You may call again.'

A Miss Tanner, who recently married a widower named Hydes, is quite ugly, says she has given up tansing, and is now dressing Hydens.

A woman quarreling with her husband, told him, that if she believed if she were to die, he would marry the devil's oldest daughter. The husband promptly replied, 'The law does not permit man to marry two sisters.'

A girl in Yorkshire is named Happiness Quinn, and half the young men in the neighborhood wear blue eyes for indulging in certain inalienable rights, among which are 'life, liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.'

The Early Bent.

Isaac Watts was born a poet, and he could no more help it than the boy could help whistling—'It whistled itself.' His father was bound he would get that nonsense out of his head at all hazards. So he forbade him to make any more rhymes. But still the rhymes would come. At length he resorted to Solomon's method, but with the rod over his head the child Isaac cried out—

'Dear father, do some pity tak
And I will no more verses make.'

The old gentleman had to give it up, and Watts' Psalms and Hymns have been the joy of the pious for generations, and will be the staple of our church songs of praise while our language lasts.

Cowley's early bent seems to have sprung from poring over and over a volume of Spencer's Faery Queen, which he found in his mother's apartment. So enchanted did he become with the muse that the next step was to try his own powers, and with such good success that he became irrevocably a poet.

Poor Burns tells us that the life of Hannibal, which he read in boyhood, awakened the first stirrings of his enthusiasm, and the life of Sir William Wallace stirred his Scottish blood to a boiling heat. Hard toll was his, and a close familiarity with plowshares and barley sheaves, and all the drudgery of a plowboy's life; and thus he came to his sixteenth year, when "love," he says, "made me a poet."

He finds, not always, that those who have distinguished themselves in the literary field, have been great readers in some sense. It may be that their volumes were few, but they were well read, not merely skimmed over, and the class of reading usually determined their life-bent.

Good reading is one of the means of self-improvement that even the most laborious life may enjoy. The book or the valuable paper may be kept always at hand, and a page or a paragraph read in the intervals of work without any delay to the business. Indeed, it will increase the working power by the added cheer and spring it gives to the spirit.

A Paper Age.

If this has not been a golden age, or an iron age, one might fairly call it a paper age. Surely we are finding as many uses for paper as the people of the Orient do for the palm tree, which is said to supply three hundred and fifty of their wants. When we consider that the Orientals are addicted to paper writing, and their life-bent.

Some of it was the manuscript poetry of a demijohn's Faerie Queen, which he found in his mother's apartment. So enchanted did be become with the muse that the next step was to try his own powers, and with such good success that he became irrevocably a poet.

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A Paper Age.
Mental Discipline.

Rand 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 taught 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 condemned. 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 mindadmits 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 needlessly 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 classroom. Note how this student answers quickly, that one with hesitation, this one nervously, that one with deliberate, this one with certainty, that one with doubt. They may all have studied the lesson with equal care, may all answer the question correctly; ye 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" is 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 be commits. It is the attending sin, the sin he is proved to commit; but he may by specially guarding against 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 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 calmness, if he answers deliberately it is well, but he should not totally sacrifice fire and brilliance 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 do 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 darant 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 mental powers accomplish, when the weakness of our minds have been overcome.

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
Monthy Musings.

Forms.

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 large numbers 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 energy.

A CERTAIN young man who resides in Cottage 12A, 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 hairdresser. Beautiful and divine were the smiles which lit up his face, as the fairy fingers of a maiden fair hair bathed him the several varieties ofmustaches from which to make his choice. After a careful survey of the whole stock he at last found one which suited, and now he is seen affording for his face 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 murdered 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 any one who wants a pair of pants can get them by calling at Room 9, and paying for this notice.

A June Latin mina was seen to come from his recitation with a very dejected countenance. Being inquired as to the cause, he broke forth into the following mellow strain: 

"Night and day have I toiled in vain. When the last foot-fall of the belated lover has died away, when quiet nature has stood in need of sweet restoring; I have pondered the mysteries of Bingham and Gildersleeve but not yet in any manner understood 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 shin, 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 football 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 and solicits that the other day his father telegraphed to one of the professors asking if his son was dead.
The following sentence composed by T. T. E., of Petersburg, has puzzled the brain of some of the best Latin scholars in the South. Can any of our readers send us in a correct translation? The sentiment is fine and very appropriate to this, our Centennial year:

Quis rursus earn lectu caeli at respondat.

"Pears to me you've got a mighty slim line; Mandy," said a spindling student the other night, as he sat in front of the fire. "Have you seen the side of a buxom young lady who had not earthly use for him, Mandy?"

"Yes," she said, as she wickedly looked at the door behind him, "it's all you and the fire can do between you to get up a respectable shadow."

The subject of compulsory education was discussed recently in one of the societies, and Mr. S., an eloquent advocate thus delivered himself:

"Mr. President,—I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

Class in Natural Philosophy.—Subject—Density of Bodies:

Professor, (who measures over six feet) to a small-sized student—"If I were in the air and falling, and you were directly under me and also falling, do you think, sir, you could get out of my way?"

"Not if you were coming down horizontally, sir.

Class laughs, professor ditto.

At a school examination, a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must—gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with, "The comet lifts its fiery tail," he lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol.

"Well," he said, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

We know a young lady who lives not more than a thousand miles from Richmond, by the name of Gum. Our friend G. Morgan Shott ought to form her acquaintance. In the event of a marriage would he be a Shott-Gum or she a Gum-Shott(istic)?

Topic, GEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.—Principal. Was it colder or warmer a hundred years ago, than at present? Pupil, (honestly) I really don't recollect, sir.

A barber, eyeing a stylish customer, said: "You must either take down that shirt collar, or wait for a shave until I can borrow a step-ladder."

The Subscription to MUSINGS has been reduced to 60 cts. Send in your name.
"GILES, can you conjugate 'behaves'?
"Behaves—behoves—bechees—be.
"See, here; "you go and stand in the corner!"

Professor—What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life?
Student—He died.

Some lady lost a black crepe veil at the lecture Friday night. She can get it by applying at this office.

There are two recorded instances of who live on the second floor who are so seldom seen apart that they might be called Sinner-Twins. Don't brush your teeth at this if it is the other.

The fourth regular meeting of the Mu Sigma Kappa Society Mr. V. R. Long, the center for the months of November, delivered an oration on "The relation of Fortune to Man." The oration was well written and happily delivered. The speaker gave many striking illustrations, supporting the position which he had taken; that "every man is the architect of his own fortune." Mr. Long showed throughout his whole discourse a clear and high appreciation of the subject.

The orator of the Philologian Society failed to deliver his oration at the appointed time, and we can therefore make no report from that Society.

Lecture by Dr. Curry.—In spite of the intensely cold weather which we had on last Friday night, the College Chapel was nearly filled with an intelligent audience. It had been announced by the city papers that Dr. Curry would exhibit a mummy and deliver a lecture, and within one hour had drawn a large audience in more susceptible weather. The Dr. commenced his lecture by an interesting description of Egyptian funerals and processions. After a humorous account of a visit to the Tomb of the Kings, he told us of the difficulty he had in bringing his mummy from its native country. Leaving it out for age it is still interesting on account of its late history. It was once the property of the Prince of Wales, but has been given to him by the Khedive of Egypt. He gave it to a man formerly of New England, who acted as his guide and who afterwards disposed of it to Dr. Curry. A number of interesting mummies from various portions of Egypt were then exhibited with a few words of explanation accompanying each one, and afterwards the audience were invited to come forward to the rear of the Chapel and examine them at their leisure. The crowd remained for some time in the Chapel and then departed feeling themselves fully repaid for their cold wait.

The mummy with other curiosities quite as interesting will be placed in the College Museum, which will be open to the admission of visitors.

Exchanges.

The Covidet full of choice and readable matter has been placed on our table. The articles are well written and are interesting to the outside world as well as to the students of Emory and Henry.

The Southern Collegian still sustains the reputation of being the best College journal. "Goldsmith's Deserted Village," and "Milton" in the last number will well repay the reader.

The College Record is ably sustained by the students of Wheaton; and we would warn the young men to beware, lest the young ladies surpass them in composition. Some of the best articles in the November number are written by ladies.

The Virginia University Magazine for November discusses the somewhat startling proposition. "Has a woman a soul?" The writer's rhetoric is very good, but his arguments are fallacious, and we "pass by all such theoric as but the inventions of ancient heathenism, or the poisoned infidelity of modern skepticism." "Hawksbill," and Alfred the Great are very readable articles.

The Educational Journal for December contains among its number of interesting articles, one from Prof. H. H. Harris on "The Secondary School," which is full of thought and logical reasoning; also one from Prof. Gwathmey on "The School System of Prussia." As Prof. G. has spent some time on the continent he writes from observation and experience, and consequently the paper is well worth the reading.

Personal.

O. P. Willingham, is in business in Macon, Ga.
L. H. Cooks, is attending Washington and Lee University.
Jas. Lyons is studying law and taking "calliope" in the city.
J. T. E. Thornhill is at the Seminary in Greeneville, S. C.
Rev. J. W. Wilkman has charge of Fincastle Baptist Church, Botetourt-county, Va.
Rev. Sam Frank Taylor stopped with us a few nights since, He is bound for Greeneville, S. C.
Rev. C. V. Waugh is still at Modest Town, Accomac, Va. Can't you write us a letter or, casually, Bollum.
W. F. Smith is teaching school in Havrede-Grace, Md. We wish him much success in his efforts to train the young "idea how to shoot."

We had the pleasure of meeting during the Fall our old friend S. B. T. Higginbotham. "Higgy" spoke very feelingly of his old friends of the fourth floor.

Rev. Vernon T. Asmon, is pastor of a church at Jurrat's, Va. He seems to be successful in his charge and if he only took the music he would be perfectly happy.

Rev. J. B. Turpin has charge of a church at Black Walnut, Halifax county. He is working in the interest of this college. The Harvard after commenting on his efforts, adds: "There are a few hundred of us in Virginia that intend to beg for Richmond College as long as we have strength enough to whisper a syllable or write a word, and we will charge our children to do the same, after we are called to the home above. If we don't get what we need on the 'Dollar Roll,' we will try some other kind of a 'roll.'" We admire the writer's determination; but judging from his rotundity, he has already "tried some other kind of a 'roll.'"

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The audible smile was excited at morning prayers a few days ago when one of our most promising eleemos who is reading the account of the Transfiguration, instead of describing "the glory of God and the golden cloud," read "so as to feller on earth can white them."

He is the same one who spent some time in looking for the book of Kings in the New Testament.

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