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## Monthly Musings, Vol. 2, No. 5

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H. A. Thomas College

# Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. II. }  
NO. 3. }

RICHMOND, VA., FEBRUARY, 1877.

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## The Musing.

### Martin Tupper Eulogizes the South.

[From the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier, February 9.]

The following Ode "To the South" was written last evening by the distinguished author and handed to us for publication. We take much pleasure in presenting it to our readers as the frank testimony of an accomplished Englishman to the facts of the past and the truths of our present condition. Happy would it be for the South if other gifted writers of "England and the North" who come among us had the same magnanimity and impartiality as has influenced Mr. Tupper in penning these lines

#### TO THE SOUTH.

The world has misjudged, mistrusted, malign'd you,  
And should be quick to make honest amends;  
Let us, then, speak of you just as we find you,  
Humbly and heartily, cousins and friends!  
Let us remember your wrongs and your trials,  
Slandered and plundered and crushed to the dust,  
Draining adversity's bitterest vials,  
Patience in courage and strong in good trust.

You fought for Liberty—rather than Slavery!  
Well might you wish to be quit of that ill,  
But you were sold to political knavery  
Mesh'd by diplomacy's spider-like skill;  
And you rejoice to see slavery banished,  
While the free servant works well as before,  
Confident, though many fortunes have vanished,  
Soon to recover all—rich as of yore!

Doubtless there had been some hardships and cruelties,  
Cases exceptional, evil and rare,  
But to tell the truth—and truly the jewel 'tis—  
Kindliness ruled—as a rule—ev'rywhere.  
Servants—if slaves—were your wealth and inheritance,  
Born with your children and grown on your ground,  
And it was quite as much interest as merit hence  
Still to make friends of dependents all round.

Yes, it is slander to say you oppress'd them,  
Does a man squander the prize of his self?  
Was it not often that he who possess'd them  
Rather was owned by his servants himself?  
Caring for all, as in health, so in sickness,  
He was their father, their patriarch chief,  
Age's infirmities, infancy's weaknesses,  
Leaning on him for repose and relief.

When you went forth in your pluck and your bravery,  
Selling for freedom both fortunes and lives,  
Where was that prophesied outburst of slavery,  
Wreaking revenge on your children and wives?  
Nowhere! You left all to servile safe-keeping,  
—And this was faithful and true to your trust;  
Master and servant thus mutually reaping  
Double reward of the good and the just!

Generous Southerners! I who address you  
Shared with too many belief in your sins;  
But I recant it—thus—let me confess you—  
Knowledge is victory, and everywhere wins;  
For I have seen, I have heard, and I am sure of it,  
You have been slandered and suffering long,  
Paying all slavery's cost and the cure of it,  
And the great world shall repent of its wrong!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Charleston, February 8, 1877.

"Darling," he said, and turned his head,  
And dropped his saddened eye;  
"There's something tight in my throat to-night  
Won't let the words come by."

She pressed his hand: "I understand,  
But never mind, dear Sam—  
'Twill all be right, next Sunday night,  
'Tis but that horrid cram."

## Literary.

### Alexander at Babylon.

BY "WINSLOW."

[This historical essay appeared originally in the columns of the Southern Star, of Washington, but as it is from the pen of the editor of the Monthly Musings, we trust it will not be looked upon in the light of merely "clipped" matter.]

From his mighty conquests in the far East, Alexander the Great was returning to the grandest city of his Empire. To Babylon—Babylon made famous by the mention of sacred and profane writers,—Babylon, awing by its greatness, cursed by its luxury.

The monarch's progress was tedious and delayed. Not strange, since it was a triumphal march. He was accompanied by an exultant army, prisoners, subjects and slaves, swarmed the highways, he must needs pause to receive ambassadors who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to do him homage. The terror of his name, the deeds of his arms, filled the world; and Ethiopia, and Italy, and Scythia, bowed at his feet, and prayed for his mercy.

As he approaches Babylon he is warned not to enter. What man dare to presume to *him* such manner of speech? It was not the words of mortals, but the command of the gods spoken by Chaldean priests. "Within the gates of Babylon evil would befall him." Let us not sneer at prophecy, even from *such* sources. Before Christ came upon earth, the oracles of Delphi, and the lips of Oriental magicians, seem, at times, to have been the mouth-piece of God to man.

Alexander was inclined to consider the voice. But his philosophic advisers, men of reasoning powers, who believed alone in premises and conclusions, and required each truth to take the form of a logical syllogism, laughed at his doubts and fears. The monarch's mind was not too great to feel the sense of ridicule. He entered Babylon.

I question not but that the "triumph" was worthy the city, the hour, and the man. In my mind's eye, I faintly portray the scene of barbaric splendor and Oriental display. I behold the world-famed Macedonian phalanx with burnished breast-plates and glittering arms, proud in holding the place of honor, march in solid column along the broad highways of the great city. I see the populace sunk too far in the effeminacy and servility to regard their conquerors as enemies, making the heavens to ring with their acclaims. And from balconies and house-tops come the sweet-

er tones of woman's voice, as the fair daughters of Babylon welcome the soldiery from victories of war to conquests of love.

In the midst of his legions, as the centre of awe, sits Alexander. He hears the voices of servile thousands, he sees the wanton smiles of Eastern beauties, but I think his heart is filled with the ghastly predictions of Chaldean priests, "It is death to enter Babylon."

And yet that day, that scene, and its significance, must have brought minglings of exultation and of pride to the mighty conqueror. A close student of Alexander's life has said that pride was the one unchanging curse which rested upon the man. His cruelties oftimes gave way to mercy, his sternness to generosity, his love for war to a passion for letters, but ever was Alexander a *proud* man. But to-day we may pardon this, to-day he must have been the god he claimed, if his heart knew not the transports of pride, with the world bowing at his feet, mighty Babylon submitting to his rule, the ambassadors of Europe, Asia, and Africa suing for his favors. It is said that when Scipio entered Rome in triumph amid the acclaims of the populace, by his side, in the chariot, sat a slave, whose sole duty was to whisper in Scipio's ear, "Remember, thou art but a man." Alexander was but a mortal being, and whilst this should tell him of the uncertainty of life and fortune, yet, as one of like passions with us, we may forgive his rejoicings over the conquest of a world.

But Alexander's domain was not so assured but he spent time at Babylon in preparing expeditions for future wars. His armies were at last ready to march, his fleets to depart, but one remaining duty held him. His dear young friend Hephæstion he had lost. Death respected not the conqueror's love. To celebrate the obsequies of the dead in a befitting manner now claimed his sole attention. He determined to outdo all record in the grandeur and magnificence of the occasion. The funeral-pile was reared two hundred feet high, it stood a solid square measuring a furlong at its sides, it was crowned by most costly gifts bestowed by the officers of the armies, who, either by sincere respect for the dead, or to win the love of their commander, contended in the rivalry of a generosity. As stated by ancient writers the prodigality was so stupendous as to cause our credulity to waver, if it were not that the minutest details of these days are given by the *Ephemerides Regiæ*, or Court Journal, and supported by Maerchus and all cotemporary record. They tell us that the cost of the obsequies, funeral pile, decorations and festivals, approximated the exorbitant sum of \$14,000,000. Surely,

Helphæstion must have been dear to the heart of Alexander.

All now seemed ready for Alexander's departure from Babylon, and yet the prophecy of the Chaldean priests had fallen far short of realization. No doubt his philosophic friends laughed louder than before at these awful portents, omens, signs and revelations, whilst the king engaged in celebrating the festivals, attending the obsequies of Helphæstion, passed from banquet to banquet, and indulgence in indulgence.

One night found him at the baths in the luxuriant gardens of the great city. That day he had entertained at a great royal feast Mearchus, and was now seeking the refreshing coolness of the waters to insure the slumber so needed to his over-worked brain, and heated blood. Well would it have been for Alexander had his intention been realized. But whilst in the garden his boon companion joined him, and besought him to spend the night with him in revelry and drink. Sad reflection and humiliating thought, the greatest among men was a slave to his vices, and the conqueror of the world was in chains to drink. Alexander turned from sleep and rest to excitement and hot wine. All that night, the following day, the ensuing night, was one long carousal. It was then, as Diodorus says, he called for the cup of Hercules, and drained it to its dregs.

But the monarch was not a god, he was a man, and the Chaldean priests had not spoken foolishness. Death was in the cup, and its contents coursed through the veins of Alexander, bringing its evils with it.

Fever laid low upon his couch the conqueror of the world. Probably the seeds of disease were already in his system, but it was the heated spiced wines of the Orient which made the fever to conquer. For ten days he lay prostrate, but each morning carried to the temple to perform the sacrifices, and spending the day playing dice with Medius, or giving directions respecting his armies and navies. The twenty-fifth of Dæsius, June, had come. Each day he had been growing weaker, though never desponding. Upon this day he was carried across the river to his palace, but only a troubled sleep came, and the fever did not abate. On the morning when his generals entered, Alexander was speechless. His last words answered, the question, "To whom do you bequeath your kingdom?" "*To the strongest.*"

The news spread through the army. The leader, the monarch, the conqueror of the world, was dying. The Macedonian soldiers clamored at the palace portals for admittance to Alexander's presence. They accepted not refusals, they pushed aside guards, and attendants, and generals. Permission could not longer be denied them, and unarmed and with bowed head the warriors entered the chamber of death. What a scene that must have been, as they passed in this strangest of reviews before the speechless and dying monarch. They remembered how that prostrate leader once imbued with more than mortal strength, and soul, and daring, had forgotten his rank, had not forsaken his men to dangers, but foremost in their columns, had leaped the battlements of besieged cities, and at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx, ever had the crest

of the youthful royal conqueror pointed the path to victory and immortal glories. He was dying, and they forgot the fatigues and pains his ambition had heaped upon them, they forgot that their faces were marked by scars they forgot their forced marches through trackless forests, over snow-crested mountains, across burning deserts, they alone remembered he had never deserted them, he had led them to victory, had made their name a terror and power, had brought them wealth, dominion, and—at their feet, *the world*. The ambition that had hoped all this, the brain that had planned it, the arm that had achieved it, was the ambition, brain and arm of Alexander, and he was dying. And still through the chamber of death rang the solemn measured tread of the Macedonian veterans, they meant to step lightly, but so accustomed had they become to march firm, confident, triumphant, in the presence of their leader, that they could scarce do otherwise, though that leader was dying. And as a thousand bronze faces looked upon the wan features of the great Alexander, and remembered how the destiny of them, their families, the world, was bound up in his, they trembled as they would to look upon the blazing comet appearing portentous in the heavens; but then they forgot awe and their hearts were moved with *love*, as they remembered 'twas not alone the monarch and the conqueror that was prostrated by death before them, but also their champion in danger and their friend in distress.

The evening of the twenty-eighth of Dæsius came, and with it the fulfillment of Chaldean prophecy. The priests had marked well the signs of heaven. Babylon had brought death to Alexander.

#### What a Miserable World!

A stock theme for mediocre poets, exhausted and rich, has been the "Miseries of Life;" and if we may believe these Jeremiahs, the Good Framer of the Universe was very much mistaken when, at creation, he pronounced all that he had made good, and "very good." All the doleful adjectives of the language, and inventions of hyperbole, seem to have been exhausted in defaming this beautiful world of ours; and it has been christened a "vale of years," even while it is radiant with the smiles of a beneficent Creator. Now we object to all this profane grumbling; and if poets and moralizers can employ no other theme, society can well enough afford to dispense with their rhymes and their sermons. Mankind are bad enough in all conscience—and womankind too—and among the stern realities of life, here is enough that is prosaic and unpleasant, without summoning from the land of dreams—from the empire of imagination—miseries which only have a phantom existence. The truth is, if we would be honest with ourselves, and dispassionately chatecize our passions and appetites, over which we have control, we should find that nine-tenths of the troubles which we feel depend for their existence upon our own will; instead of charging them upon the *general* depravity of our natures, we should give full credit for the influence of *particular* depravity in individuals—ourselves. As to *total* depravity we leave that question to be settled by the doctors.

The epicure and gourmand, who for ages

has made a general storehouse of his stomach for all the "villainous compounds" of nature and art that come from the kitchen and wine-cellars, find his overworked and abused digestive organs worn down with toil, and refuse to perform their functions. The most delicious fruits, fresh from the boughs, please not his taste, for in them lurks the fiery tooth of "heartburns," or some other head of the hydra of dyspepsia, and instead of charging this perversion upon his own excesses, he turns up his bleared eyes, drops his nether jaw, and exclaims, "What a miserable world!"

The inebriate, tottering to the grave beneath the burden which intemperance has laid upon him, and toiling along the path of life with labor more severe than those imposed upon Hercules, may be heard mingling with his unmeaning gargon and maniac gibbering, the exclamation, "What a miserable world!"

The gay creature of fashion, beautiful and bright as Aurora, flutters like a butterfly in the sunbeams of youth and prosperity, and draws around her a circle of giddy devotees. She drinks in happiness from the scented fountains of fashionable pleasures, and views life through the iridescent media of romance. But the frosts of time nip the buds of beauty, the rose fades from the cheek, and age and other stern realities of life beckon her away to the gravities of social and domestic duty. The charm is broken—the rainbow hues mingle with the leaden cloud, her sceptre of influence in the giddy world is exchanged for the distaff and broom, and, unschooled in the calm pleasures of dignified womanhood, she exclaims, "What a miserable world!"

We might extend our catalogue of foolish slanderers, but these may at present suffice. There are grades of excesses and minor miseries. Yet in nearly all, we may trace their origin to our own weak judgments or pampered desires. Did we but use the gifts of God, through Nature, as we ought,—did we but cover the errors of our fellows with the broad mantle of Charity, first ascertaining motives before we condemn actions,—we should hear little complaining, and should all agree that this is a beautiful world, and that its Creator is wiser than we. He who says there is no poetry in life, who constantly tells us there is nothing here worth living for, is a traducer of Deity, impugning his wisdom and goodness.

When Summer, with its buds and blossoms, and fruit and birds of song, comes smiling from the balmy South to cheer us, and the warm sun and refreshing showers make all glad in the exuberance of Mother Earth, do we then see nothing worth living for? When the night shadows are upon the earth, the flowers exhale their perfume upon the evening breeze, the stars glitter in the firmament, and the music of the distant waterfall, all combine to please the senses, do we then see nothing worth living for? When we enter the domestic circle, bright with the beams of intelligence and warm with the zeal of friendship and love, and virtuous connubial happiness in all its delightful phases, do we see nothing worth living for? When we enter the Holy Sanctuary, and from the commissioned ambassador of Christ hear the precious promises of Omnipotent Goodness, and reflect upon the universality of His love for His whole creation; when the song of praise and of fervent sup-

plication falls from the lips of sincerity, and the veil is partially removed that separates time from eternity, and the bright eye of Faith is opened wide upon the glorious future, do we in this earthly paradise see nothing worth living for? In a word, surveying creation, and rightly understanding, and strictly practicing our duty to God and man, do we not see much that is worth living for?

Nor would our attachment to earth, properly formed, lessen our aspirations for the future. Viewing the wisdom and beauty in all the arrangements of Deity here with a contented spirit, we should aspire, with renewed confidence in the Supreme Ruler, to witness the consummation of all our hopes. Did we

"Know what's right, nor only so,  
But always practice what we know,"

we might with justice thus parody the sentiment of Moore:

"This world is all a pleasing show,  
For man's enjoyment given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Sincerely shine, sincerely flow—  
Earth is a type of Heaven."

ERNEST.

### Our Past Lives.

To all of us—the most unthinking, the most hilarious, the most worldly—come moments when we almost *insensibly* review our life and take up the "ashes of the dead past." There can be nothing more salutary to us than these occasional intervals of repose,—when we look within, instead of without, and examine what we have done—what we are capable of doing.

It is settling, as it were, a debtor and creditor account with the Past, before we plunge into new speculation.

When a man has passed all those stages in the journey of life, through which he continued to be cheered on by anticipation of something yet to come, some new and untried enjoyment of whose fallacious promises he has not yet become aware by experience, he naturally turns back upon the past, and exchanges the pleasures of hope for those of memory.

It is then when youth is fled and its enjoyment no longer within reach of the senses that he reviews his life, and if the prospect is not blurred and darkened by the shadows of remorse, that he reverts to past pleasures in order to supply in some measure the deficiencies of the present.

He may catch, at distant intervals, a glance at many a flowery mead and fairy prospect, and thus, in the sober season of autumn, enjoy the bloom and freshness of returning Spring, which, though viewed through the long vista of departed years, are only the more soft and seducing from being seen at a distance; for it has been well said that memory is almost as great a deceiver as hope.

Although the remembrance of bygone days often cheers us and buoys us up, still amid our pleasure there almost always creeps in a feeling of self-condemnation on account of some fault done in the past. Sometimes we are filled with remorse when we remember some dear one, now gone from earth, whom we failed to appreciate, and we are thrilled with agony as we recollect it is now too late to rectify our error.

It is the perversity of human nature that makes the things of mortality dearer to us in proportion as they fade from our hopes, like birds whose hues are only unfolded when they take wing and vanish amidst the skies.

When we call up those ghosts of the past—the opportunities which we let slip by, the faults which we committed and the love and confidence which we then threw away—we shrink back trembling and cry out, like guilty Macbeth, "Avaunt, no more of this."

And when gazing back on "the silent Ocean of the Past" of our lives, and remembering the plans, hopes and ambitions which we once enjoyed, and which we have seen utterly shattered and blighted, and knowing that many others have had the same experience, those words of Bryant come to us with double force:

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,  
For I behold in every one of these,  
A blighted hope, a separate history  
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties  
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness  
Dissolved in air, happy days, too brief,  
That sorrowfully ended, and I think  
How painfully must the poor heart have beat  
In bosoms without number, as the blow  
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace."

It has been well said that there is no such true symbol of life at the progress of a ship.

We are setting out in complete and full array of perfect sails and spars, flags flying, the waves crisping around the adventurous bows, caressing them with soft splash and rush and playful sprinkling of spray, the wind like laughter in the cordage; till the storm comes, seizing the vessel in a sudden agony, making her reel and shiver, stripping her bare, and tossing her like a nutshell between the gloomy sky and more gloomy sea.

Then after the shock comes a pause, and again a throb of feeling is felt in the battered thing, a working of the helm in stern resistance to the waves, a struggle of the humanity within against the mighty powers without; and then a gradual recovery and steadying of the shattered hull, a shaking out of the torn canvass and renewed progress, but without the former gay accompaniments.

Thus it has been with every man and woman.

There must be some great sorrow, some gigantic woe to all of us before we can be true men and women.

These griefs which have fallen upon us in the past are but as aids to future success.

Let us then draw inspiration from the past, and it will incite our ambition, and fill us with zeal to make the present a grand triumph.

In conclusion, we quote a few lines from Wordsworth's great poem, "Ode on Intimation of Immortality:"

"But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet a fountain of light of all our day,  
And yet a master light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make  
Our noisier years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence: truth that wake  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!"

DELTA.

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds "that it will be profitable for the undertaker."

### Grant's Soliloquy.

Rutherford B. Hayes,  
To him I leave the White House and the country;  
Well robbed by me, willing to FERRY  
My commands, through technicalities tortuous  
Nullify Southern votes, and through venomous decrees  
Subdue America's Aristocracy.  
Most blameless thou, RUGERED in sphere  
Of trading duties, decent not to fail  
In fat offices bestowing, and pay  
Divine honors to MY household GODS;  
Chandler—Morton—Cameron:  
I am going. My pockets are full, they wish to fill.  
There lies the Potomac; the navy puffs her smoke,  
There bluish-barrack the army. MY UNION  
Soldiers, office-stalled, fame-scattered,  
Are ready for something ere the end.  
Some work of NOTE may yet be done  
Not unbecoming MORTON, CHANDLER, CAMERON.  
The Southern cross twinkles in the Northern Aurora,  
Where the People's House are met.  
Our days wanes! their moons mounts up;  
The deep-moulted millions echo fraud,  
Oh: Lord!

Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late, we'll have the office;  
We regard not Supreme Court  
Decrees for Oregon Returns.  
Tho' much we have, Florida, Louisiana  
And Carolina we must.  
We have not now that strength which in old days  
Spilt Southern blood; that which we were, we are not!  
One equal temper of partisan hearts,  
Now made weak by swindler and fraud,  
Misrule and direct corruption,  
Daggered is our Republicanism.

January, 1877.

ETNA.

"DRY AS A DICTIONARY."—This phrase must pass away. Look into the elegant quarto edition of Webster's Unabridged; see the three thousand illustrations, handsomely engraved, interesting and instructive pictures. They are interspersed through the work in just the order in which you can most readily find them, with definition and description. Then, again, they are classified, convenient for comparison. But this is only one of a hundred or more improvements made in the recent edition, worth mentioning to our readers. No studious reader can afford to be without it, or will hesitate to buy it upon examination.—*Mining Press.*

In ancient Paleozoic time,  
One muddy day in June,  
An obsoletum Rhizopod,  
Went out to walk too soon.

The carbonaceous soil was damp,  
He stepped into the clay,  
And left a footprint deep and large,  
That muddy summer day.

Next week it rained, and as the earth  
Beyond all doubt can show,  
The hole the Rhizopod had left  
Was filled with H<sub>2</sub>O.

Prof: "Why is that in summer the days are so much longer than in winter?"

Apt Pupil: "Simply enough, sir. The sun is naturally peripatetic; in summer perspiration oils his limbs and he slides through nicely, making the days long; but in winter he has to thaw his way through, and consequently the whole question may be reduced to a comparative analysis of the rotary or migratory powers of heat and cold."

Prof. wonders if he ever heard that solution before.

Disconsolate member of class in Christian Centuries: "We have to learn all the English Kings for our next lesson. I never can do it." Sympathizing friend: "I have a chart, how far back do you begin?" "With the first century." "Oh, I am afraid I cannot help you; mine does not extend back to Adam."

## MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

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Vol. II. FEBRUARY, 1877. No. 5.

## LORD BACON'S ESSAYS.

We question if any work, in the realms of literature, contains more wisdom to the square inch than the "Essays of Lord Bacon." It would seem it was the study of this great mind to clearly perceive the grandest truths, and then to seek with like earnestness to express these truths with marvellous pointedness.

The result has been worthy of the one aim of a master mind. Between the covers of his little book is found a world of learning, of thought, of golden advice. Such reading indeed "maketh the full man."

It would seem that no greater tribute can be paid to an author than quoting from his works. It is an acknowledgment that a "gem" has been found which men of culture value and wish to preserve. It says that upon this point the master has expressed the whole truth and nothing is permitted save to repeat the words. If these quotations pass into the "sayings" of a people, the author's immortality is assured. It affirms that his works are widely read, and deeply revered, but above all, that their wisdom is so practical that men have cause in every-day life to recall it constantly to mind. And we may venture to suggest that upon entering the realms of literature to determine among the authors who shall be emperors, who kings, who nobles, we could perhaps adopt no rule of judgment more just than to rank these authors high or low, according to whether or not their wisdom had won the hearts of a people, and had furnished proverbs and sayings to a nation. Some wonderful results might follow. Some wordy scribblers, who have inflicted a score of volumes upon a patient world, but given not one living thought to a nation's store, would rank quite low, way beneath poor Richard, and yet we are not certain this would be unjust. All our acknowledged masters would hold their places. And still the Bible would be the book of books, and Shakespeare would stand yet pre-eminent, and Lord Bacon would be crowned.

For we have been led to pursue this reasoning by discovering how many of the commonly received, and highly treasured observations, owe their creation to Lord Bacon, and may be found within the narrow compass of his "Essays." It indeed proves that the "quality" not the "amount" of work declares the author's rank.

Read his essay upon "Studies" and find if many old acquaintances are not being re-introduced to you; perhaps you never knew their home before, they have at times wandered so far away. You may have stumbled across them in some worthless work,—if you would read such,—where they were employed to vivify the insipid thoughts of some scribbler; but here they are found in company with their equals, and resplendent with the pristine glory of their original "setting." Behold! does not this sound familiar, and the very essence of true wisdom? "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability,"—"Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them,"—"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider,"—"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,"—"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

And these quotations have all been selected from one page of his "Essays." What a fund of wealth! Read and ponder these quotations,—and only in this manner can Bacon's works be understandingly read,—and you learn more of the essence of wisdom than in the huge volumes of "the uninspired." Does Bacon employ a word that the clear expression of his idea would excuse. Mark, he says, "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave." Is that not boiling it down, and skimming off all froth? Those two words, "moral, grave," is Bacon's way of saying that "Moral Philosophy makes men grave." Let us sigh for more Bacons. With them we could reduce the size of our newspapers, burn nine-tenths of our books, and stop talking and go to thinking.

Again, the quotation says, "And if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." If you doubt this, go into one of the lecture-rooms, and watch a student who *thinks* he is bright, but

knows he has not prepared his lesson. How he agonizes to appear to know that he doth not! Lord Bacon was wise, and like all immortal writers his words are as true to-day as when he penned them; time approves his judgment, and only serves to declare his greatness.

## Newspapers and Periodicals.

An American might be defined by naturalists as an animal who lives upon vegetable, farinaceous and animal food—and newspapers and periodicals. His daily and weekly journals are as indispensable to him as his daily bread and his Sunday dinner. If he misses his paper, he is a lost man. Deprive him of his natural pabulum for a few days and he becomes lank and melancholy, like the lion the old settlers of Plymouth saw, which, having lost his jackal, "had become so poore" as to excite their pity. When he is restored to his paper, he fastens on it with the voracity of a famished wolf. The church, school and printing office springs up simultaneously in every new settlement—the Holy Alliance of clergyman, schoolmaster and editor being everywhere recognized as essential to the onward march of civilization. We never take up one of the frontier papers, printed only on wrapping paper, with worn out type, without a feeling of kindly respect. Such papers increase in size and style with the enlargement of the settlements they illuminate, and the newspapers of any locality is a sure measure of its prosperity. How many thousand of ardent minds are engaged in this labor of enlightenment—not thankless, though often ill-paid. These *Bugles of Liberty*, and *Pine Knots of Freedom*, and *Clarions*, and *Heralds*, and *Beacons*, on the verge of civilization, if they bring not wealth to their projectors and conductors, they yet yield a return of fair fame and honor.

If a man who makes two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before, deserves well of his country, what reward would and should be his, who starts a newspaper for the first time in a howling wilderness? A free press in the van of civilization is of more account than an "army with banners." A family group gathered round a blazing fire of wood or coal, upon a rainy evening, is a pleasing picture. But with all the appliances of comfort, what is this fireside without a paper, not only to while away the tedium of a long winter evening, but to aid in the great business of family instruction and mental improvements? Books are good, and books do much, but they cannot accomplish everything. They deal more with the past than with the present, and that training is of little value which does not embrace the everyday affairs of the world going on around us. A newspaper is the contemporary history of the world we live in. Its greatness and its littleness, its gaiety and its gravities, its sins and sorrows, its occupations and amusements, its warrings and its hopes are there spread before us. Gathering within its ample pages the treasures of the East and West, the North and South, as fast as the united agencies of wind, steam and electricity can bring them to a focus, it affords the very material wherewith to form practical men and women of this growing generation.

No man can be uninformed who takes and reads a well conducted weekly paper. The children of such a man will not be found hankering after frivolous and vicious amusement. The domestic cat in such a family will never be found abbreviated of her caudal appendage, or scouring wildly through the kitchen with a pyrotechnic apparatus affixed to that useful member. Peace takes up her abode on the hearth-stone of the man who takes a paper—not from a neighbor's doorstep—but one who fairly "faces the music," pays his subscription like a man, and enjoys the advantages of his weekly sheet, because he is fairly entitled to them. Therefore, step up, subscribe, and be happy.

[One of the students handed us the following on the 13th, and it will serve as a Valentine to Miss M. All of the Marys must not appropriate it, and to satisfy them the author will have to explain more definitely in our next:]

**Mary.**

I love to think of Mary—  
Her name to me is dear;  
Sweeter to my inner soul,  
Than music to my ear.

I love to look at Mary—  
Her soft and gentle face  
Robs me of my evil thoughts,  
And fills my soul with grace.

I love to talk to Mary—  
And though her words are few,  
They loiter in my memory,  
Like sunshine in the dew.

I love to hope, dear Mary,  
That some day you may be  
Companion to my weary heart,  
My soul's felicity.

I love to pray for Mary—  
That God will keep her heart,  
And never let her from Him stray,  
But "choose the better part."

That she may be a woman—  
Believing, true, and kind,  
Possessing all the noble worth  
That fills the noblest mind.

From the following paragraph one would think there is an intention to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

Editing a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

The *Yale Courant* comes out with a characteristic article entitled "Would I were a bumper." From the rest of this number one would be apt to judge that the desire was granted.

Irate Subscriber (excited and pointing to an objectionable article): "What does that mean? Every statement is false." Editor (gazing reflectively at the article in question): "I shouldn't wonder if the whole article was a typographical error."

**Locals.**

PROF. to Prep. Latin Student: "Conjugate *fleo*." "*Fleo, bugere, lousi, chinchtum.*"

QUITE a commotion was excited in the Jun. Physics class when the Professor, in assigning a lesson in Electricity, said, "*The class may go to thunder.*"

Messrs. W. W. Fields, of Culpeper county, and B. W. N. Simms, of same county, have been chosen to represent the Philologian Society at the Final celebrations.

Messrs. Wingo, Ellett & Crump, the enterprising shoe dealers, have opened a retail store, corner of Tenth and Main, where the students can find all grades of shoes at prices to suit. We advise you to give them a call.

THE subject of ambiguity of pronouns was under discussion, a few days ago, in the Junior English class, and Mr. A. was sent to the board to correct the following sentence, by substituting nouns for pronouns: "He took his stick and hit him on his arm." After a good deal of anxiety and sundry promptings of the class he arranged it something in this style: "John took Richard's stick and hit William on George's head." That's clear enough.

EXAMINATIONS ARE OVER.—A mass meeting of the students was held on the afternoon of Friday, 11th instant, to make arrangements for a Jubilee meeting at the Final. Messrs. Pitt, Davies, Long and Curry were appointed a committee to draft a programme. We recommend to the committee prompt and careful action, as the success of the celebration depends upon the action of this committee.

Two students went out the other evening to fill an appointment—one in the afternoon and the other in the evening—and on returning they overheard the following conversation between two young ladies:

Sallie: "Mollie, which of the two preachers do you like best, Mr. L. or Mr. V.?"  
Mollie: "I like to hear Mr. L. best."  
Sallie: "Why?"  
Mollie: "Because I don't like any preaching much, and he comes the nearest to nothing of anything I ever heard."  
Mr. L. is astonished, because he thought her a lady of taste.

Our Business Editor is about to toss up the sponge, and thinks it does not pay to run a paper where students read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a herring; but we are not quite so practical and shall endeavor to keep our old quill a floppin'.

A contemporary heads an article, "Girls Don't Flirt." They don't, eh? That editor has either never mingled much in female society, or don't know how to punctuate.

"She makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman of a reigning belle to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she would give all her slaves for one master."

A born chiropodist—The boy who is always at the foot of his class.

Great men talk of *persons*, small men of *things*. What do you talk about?

The mind should be measured not by what it contains, but by what it can do.

A polite way to put it: Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

To get up a handkerchief flirtation: Rule first: "Get two handkerchiefs and two fools." Want the other five rules?

Prof: "Define logography?" "Mr. B.: "Logography, sir, is the science of logs, the art of reducing logs to kindling wood. The process is—"

A great many people's religion is contained in this free rendition of a familiar verse. "And if I die before I wake—But I guess I wont, Amen."

A member of the Virgil class renders "*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," "Rare ducks appears upon the vast abyss.

A young lady who is a great admirer of jewelry, says: "I don't think we have had anything for a great while so perfectly lovely as the *masonics* now worn.

A Caesar student translates "*Orgetorix ad judicium omnem suam familiam coegit*," "Orgetorix assembled to the trial all his retina." Class conclude it was all in her eye.

A very precise person, remarking upon Shakespeare's line, "The good men do is oft interred with their bones," carefully observed that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

Scene—Library.—Freshman: Where shall I find Darwin's works?

Librarian: What do you want with Darwin?

Freshman: I want his Origin of Species, so as to find something about this finance question. (General howl.)

Says an exchange: "Many a young lady suffering from blighted affection and a resolution to die at once, has been jerked from the brink of the grave by reading the announcement of a Fall opening.

A worldly youth asked his pious neighbor last Sunday, "What do you say when you kneel down on coming into chapel?" "Now I lay me down to sleep," was the prompt reply.

Freshmen examination.—Prof: "Name the books of the Bible." Candidate for admission: "Gen-e-sis, Jo-Joseph, no, I mean Jo-sephus."

A very tedious fellow annoyed Douglas Jerrold very much by his everlasting long stories, and on one occasion he related having heard a song by which he was quite carried away. Douglas, looking around, asked if any one present could sing that song?

Professor: "Where was Buckingham at this time?" Senior: "He was abroad." Professor: "Yes, he was absent from England; dead, in fact." Chorus of cheers from the men who were about to flunk next.

The latest recipe of true eloquence was given by a minister at the Martha's Vineyard Baptist camp-meeting, recently. Here it is: "Get yourself full of the subject, knock out he bung, and let nature caper."

## MONTHLY MUSINGS.

## The Pronunciation of Latin.

[We are certain our readers will pardon us for reproducing the following from the pages of the SPECTATOR. It is a brief, yet learned and comprehensive discussion of the vexed question of English vs. Continental Method of "Pronunciation of Latin." To College men it must prove interesting. From the time our "Juniors" learnt upon the second page of Bingham's Latin Grammar that there were two Methods of Pronunciation, they must have felt anxious to hear a discussion of the relative merits of same. Their anxiety is now to be peacefully calmed and another evidence given that the MONTHLY MUSINGS is alive to all issues, that it is neither dead, neither "sleepeth," in fact that it is worth fifty cents of any man's money; even if one must borrow the money.—Ed.]

The question of the Pronunciation of Latin has excited a certain languid and fitful interest in England for the last three centuries. The arguments, indeed, have been all on one side. Few persons have been found hardy enough to deny the inconvenience and absurdity of adopting a peculiar usage which isolates us from the rest of civilized mankind in a matter wherein isolation should be specially avoided, which deprives us of the colloquial use of the universal language. But the English people is always remarkably tolerant of absurdities when they do not interfere seriously with the actual working of affairs, and the inconvenience has never been so great, or, at least, so generally felt, as to demand a remedy. The written use of the language is, of course, the more important, and scholars have never been so numerous that it has been necessary to consider the facilities of their oral intercourse.

The change, however, would not be very great or very difficult of accomplishment. Much, we might even say all, that is absolutely essential would have been done, did it extend only to the vowel sounds. The usage with regard to the consonants is various and uncertain, the Italian mode, which might, at first sight be supposed to have the greatest prestige of authority, being certainly not the most attractive or plausible. It is true, indeed, that in any case a certain addition would be made to the difficulty of learning the elements of the language. An English child at present pronounces *amo* exactly as he would were he to find it in a sentence of his own tongue, and it would be an appreciable aggravation of his labor were the strange word to be uttered in an unfamiliar accent. But the difficulty would be nothing to what he must encounter when he comes to acquire the pronunciation of French; he would, in fact, have only learnt beforehand a part, and the easiest part, of what he will then have to master. And he will find an ample compensation for his trouble when he comes to be initiated into the mysteries of the quantity. At present, half the time which he spends over his "gradus" is employed in correcting the mistakes which a false system of pronunciation has taught him to make. A thorough acquaintance with the quantities of all Latin words can hardly, we fancy, be acquired without the use of versification, but towards a practically satisfactory knowledge the habit of a correct accentuation would give material aid.

Among the reason for the change, its practical utility for the purposes of life need not be insisted upon, though it is of some importance. For ordinary travellers and on ordinary

routes an available medium is found in French or German, but there are parts of Europe, in Scandinavia especially, and among the Slavonic peoples, where these languages have not penetrated, or are even purposely neglected, and where Latin is very extensively employed. English scholars are strangely neglectful of the colloquial use of the language, and find themselves much at a loss when they come to use the elaborate but cumbersome instrument of "Latin prose" to discuss, not to say the charges of an innkeeper or a driver, but such ordinary topics of travellers' talk as the merits of a vintage or the beauties of a landscape. But they would certainly be freed from some of their usual perplexity if they had not to translate the words which are so difficult to find with an unfamiliar accent. The matter, however, is best regarded from quite another point of view. This movement harmonizes with the views of classical education that are daily gaining strength amongst us. The old doctrine was, that this education was to be valued for the discipline to which it subjected the mind, and it was preached in the most extravagant form. Its most enthusiastic advocates have gone to the length of declaring that the more distasteful and difficult the methods employed, the greater the value of the process. With this theory our barbarous usage of pronunciation perfectly agrees. What does it matter how harsh, how dissonant, how dully unlike the reality it may be, if the thing to be sought for and valued is not the which is learnt, but the labor expended in learning it? We hope that the disciplinary value of Latin will never be forgotten or underrated; but we are glad to believe that the old notions are being supplemented and corrected by new, that we are beginning to value the language for itself, for the great literature to which it gives an expression, for the culture of which it affords the opportunity. To those who are penetrated with this feeling it will be intolerable to rest content with the conscious penetration of perpetual blunders. They know that the real pronunciation in its entirety is unattainable, that a dead language must lose the delicate subtleties of accent which adorn the living. But they know also that approximation to the truth is possible, and, knowing it, their taste must revolt against a barbarism which mars the rhythm of prose and breaks the melody of verse—introducing, for instance, into the music of the pentameter the strange discord of a spondaic ending—and thus deforms the great masterpieces which we profess to admire. We would fain believe that such a matter, when the artistic and literary conscience of scholars is once awakened about it, is practically decided.

## OUR BALTIMORE LETTER.

BALTIMORE, February 16th, 1877.

Messrs. Editors—Once more I "drop a line," haul it up, and confer a favor on "humanity and the rest of mankind." I presume the cord is already taut, considering the spouting beneath. Have you got a whale-ing?—then "all's well that ends well!" The end is near, and the yarn is spun—hang it!

It promised to tell you of our city is minutiae.

It abounds minerets, these being of the "German" class. The "small affair" are allowed to privileges, and must content themselves with taking the back rank. And this reminds me that this city, like all others of magnitude, has its social cliques and parties. The entire being, as in most other places, not brains but "bricks." We have also places of amusement and social enjoyment for the mass, consisting of public libraries, church societies, and the like. While speaking of amusements, let me describe one which has lately been held. It is the "Author's Carnival," consisting of representations from popular authors of the day. It was held in the Academy of Music, the stage of which, being elaborately decorated, was used for the booths in which the various scenes were placed. There were many represented, among them Goethe, Shakespeare, Cervantis, Moore, Longfellow, Jules Verne, and many others. I would like to describe some of the booths and their arrangement, but it would occupy too much space and consume time to give a fair and full description. Beautiful young ladies personated, in costume, in characters—and gentlemen too—as was nicely shown in the Hon. Pecksniff in Dickens.

The dickens of it is, it was too much so. Alas! all things must change, and as the scenes of this entertainment fade from my view, I am greatly impressed with the remarkable change with which some of the characters were clothed, and the poet's language impresses, still more forcibly, submission to the changes—when I reflect what "might have been." Changes do not always pertain to the external, as was proven by the minus quantity some found internally—when, after having left, they looked into their pockets to see if they could "smile." Only they didn't!

At this present moment heaviness surrounds me. Heaviness of heart for the woe to come—Wo!—men!! Of course we boast—curious too! But, "'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," as the fellow said, when, after having been nourished on the smiles of the fair one, her caress was converted into a kick—he replying, as he took flight into downy air, "Whoa, man! beast-ill!"

As I said, we boast of pretty women here. I heard a gentleman of extensive travel, and consequently with opportunity of judging, say, that Baltimore had the "prettiest women in the world." There are some really pretty ones—now I do not want the whole of Richmond College to emigrate!—but other qualities do not make them so desirable as those of "Old Virginny"—But this for what it's worth.

All here are speculating over election troubles—attribute business failures to it, and if anything was ever extracted to cause more trouble, I don't know what it is—unless the rib taken from our unfortunate old father Adam. Election returns and Louisiana "Bull-dozers" are allied, too, with the former—for they have almost the same sound, if not derivation, viz:—ribal-dry."

"Bull-dozers" suggest men, and as men are always the culmination of perfection, I presume it is best to stop this letter just here. Amen!

G. CARROLL B. JR.

Locals.

OUR FUTURE.

Since our last issue the MONTHLY MUSINGS has changed owners.

At a joint meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philological Literary Societies, the complete stock, subscription list and good will of this paper was formally presented to the Societies and accepted by them. Henceforth the entire management of the paper will devolve upon the Societies, or those appointed by them. We wish to reiterate here a few of the arguments that have been advanced in favor of the change.

And just a few words in regard to the history of the undertaking to establish a College paper. The question of the expediency of issuing a paper has been discussed frequently by the Societies, but has always been negatived on account of lack of funds. A stock-company, composed of twenty-two members, was formed and the paper started.

At the close of one volume the paper has paid its own expenses and increased its capital. It has labored under his disadvantage, however, this session. Quite a number of the stockholders are absent, and while they still own their stock, they are not here to advance the interests of the paper.

The paper has not met with a great deal of encouragement from the present or former students, owing, doubtless, to the fact that it was owned and run entirely by a private company. So it was determined by the stockholders to transfer the paper, with its appurtenances, to the Societies; and now that they have accepted it, we confidently hope for a brighter future for the MONTHLY MUSINGS. We expect the sympathy and encouragement of all the members of the Societies. The paper will be theirs, will be identified with the interests of their Society, and they will watch its success as eagerly as any of their Society's interests. We do not think we are mistaken when we appeal to the enthusiasm in all the workings of the Societies which has always characterized the students of this College. We expect to see the individual members working to extend its circulation and contributing to its columns. We expect to see the former members sending in their subscriptions and telling us something through our columns of what they are doing, and how the world appears to them from their present standpoint. In fact, we want this paper to be a medium of communication between all the old students. Let them tell their College experiences, and along with the jokes and College scrapes of to-day we will strive to reunite the ties that have been so long severed. And can there be a doubt but that if they will avail themselves of the opportunities we offer them, that it will be pleasant and profitable to all concerned?

And now a suggestion to the Societies as to the best method of managing the paper. Appoint a Business Manager from each Society, who shall be compensated for their labor. It will be found to be more economical in the end, than to get those whose time and labor is worth no compensation. And then let the paper be managed strictly in the interests of the Societies. To report its debates and proceedings, to give praise to whom praise is due; these should be some of its aims. And let the best talent of the Societies, whether on the Editorial corps of otherwise, be employed in contributing to its columns.

And, thus linking the present to the past, stimulated by the enthusiasm of young hearts, and guided by friendly words of warning from those to whom the Alma Mater, with all its surroundings, is still dear, the MONTHLY MUSINGS will move steadily forward in the accomplishment of its aims.

A FEW weeks since our College boys were aroused from their studies, about 9 o'clock at night, by the startling announcement that there was a crowd of young ladies in the Museum. So strange and untimely was the visit, that soon the stairway and passage leading to the Museum became crowded with these devoted disciples of learning, whom not even the fascinations of knowledge nor the dazzling dreams of diplomas and distinctions could prevent from taking a peep at this bevy of fair and merry maidens. There in the midst of this light-hearted company stood Mr. G.—with smiles of untold delight playing around his lips, as he explained to the wondering and admiring auditors the mysteries of this treasure-house of wonders. These young ladies certainly could not complain of the welcome of the students gave them, nor feel that their visit was not appreciated. The welcome given

them was certainly warm and hearty, if we may judge from the amount of noise made.

We are ever most happy to extend to the young ladies of the city a most hearty welcome to our Campus and College. Their visits break the dull monotony of student life, and send beams of sunshine and gladness to the student's heart. But we sometimes fear that the heartiness of our welcome almost amounts to rudeness. In the excess of our joy at seeing the fair and beautiful ones on our Campus, we sometimes overstep the bounds of moderation, and forgetting our own dignity, act unwisely. We do not mean to say that the students have ever acted unworthily of gentlemen. For they have not, but in few instances lost sight of their own dignity and self-respect, unless a provocation was offered. But we do fear lest the habit of collecting in crowds around the College when young ladies visit us is becoming too common, and we sincerely hope that that, together with the habit of shouting across the Campus when the ladies are on the tower, will be abandoned. Nothing has, of course, as yet, resulted from this, but the evil is a growing one, and we fear lest in the end it may injure us. Whatever provocation is offered from the other side, let us not forget our own dignity or lose sight of our own self-respect.

PUT HIM OUT!!!—A short time ago a croaking, dissatisfied fellow, who was so inconsiderate as to try to ascertain the reason of the present Gymnasium, appointed himself an Investigating committee. He first questioned the Committee on Gymnasium, who said, in reply, something about lack of funds, encouragement from the Faculty, etc. Away to the Chairman's office goes our dissatisfied young man. The Chairman was about to make, doubtless, a very satisfactory explanation, but as he happened to be called away at that moment, the investigator was referred to the Trustees. He announces his interviewing some members of that honorable body. We cannot extend to the gentleman our sympathy. Such a carping, fault-finding disposition will always be condemned by us. There are two pieces of rope about ten feet long, and there is one cracked horizontal bar; that is enough to satisfy any reasonable man. 'Tis true, that two rash fellows have been hurt by the rope breaking, but they ought not to have trusted their weight to them. They were not intended for any such use, they should be used as ornaments. So if the Trustees have any regard for their former dignity they will treat this complainer with the coolness he deserves.

For what is the use of a Gymnasium? No other College has one, and being here in the metropolis of the State, there is still less need of one. So we shall be satisfied as long as there is three feet of rope left, and after that is gone we propose to take up a collection to get three feet more.

Some one says that other Colleges do have Gymnasiums, and if he is right, why then we are mistaken.

We learn, with gratification, from Mr. J. H. Gore, that the Museum is in a thriving condition. It has received 323 specimens and 250 visits during the last month. As the weather gets brighter doubtless the number of visitors will be increased. Mr. G. is never more at home than when he is on duty as exhibitor. He has found all the lamps belonging to the seven virgins. (He says that were seven, we were under the impression there were ten.) Visitors will be shown through the Museum at any time, but we suggest to them that as far as possible they come between the hours of 3 and 6 P. M.

THE delay of this number of our paper was caused by an accident happening to our FORM when it was just ready for the press.

THE latest ministerial freak occurred some time ago, when Mr. M. tried to give Scripture authority for debt, by explaining the text, "Except these bonds," to mean that Paul was trying to drive a bargain with the afore-said bonds, was praying some one to accept them.

Now that examinations are over, second-hand ponies are for sale at reduced prices at cottage A., and on the 4th floor.

THE dramatic season in Richmond has been quite brilliant this winter. Bright "Stars," have followed each other in rapid succession. Miss Neilson took the city by storm, winning the hearts of all the young men, and making all the girls envious on account of her great beauty. Next week we are to have Miss Claxton, the heroine of the Brooklyn Theatre disaster.

Review.

The March issue of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY sustains the high reputation attained by this most popular Magazine. Its varied contents furnish readers of all tastes a rich feast. We read with especial interest G. B. McClelland's paper, "A Winter on the Nile." There is also a noble article on "Princeton College," whilst Bret Harte contributed to the memory of that most gallant and knightly-hearted of men, William Francis Bartlett, an eulogistic poem. We know our readers will pardon us for quoting the following lines, which the poet makes himself to utter:

"Pardon, good friends! I am not here to mar  
His laureled wreaths with this poor tinsel'd crown,—  
This man who taught me how 'twas better far  
To be the poem than to write it down."

Jimmié A. kissed his sweetheart the other night and asked her if she felt his moustache. "Oh, no!" she said, "I only felt a little down in the mouth."

WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP.

BOOTS, SHOES AND TRUNKS,

AT RETAIL, 1000 MAIN STREET,

(Shaffer's Building, Tenth and Main.)

Messrs. J. P. HEATH, late with Putney & Watts, and V. S. CARLTON are with us, and will be please to see their friends.

Wholesale Department, 1308 Main street.

fe-5m

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

An Unrivalled Illustrated Magazine.

When SCRIBNER issued its famous Midsummer Holiday Number in July, a friendly critic said of it: "We are not sure but that SCRIBNER has touched high-water mark. We do not see what worlds are left to it to conquer." But the publishers do not consider that they have reached the ultima thule of excellence—they believe "there are other worlds to conquer, and they propose to conquer them."

The prospectus for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated), by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of

"FOREIGN TRAVEL,"

we have "A Winter on the Nile," by GEN. MCCLELLAN; "Saunterings About Constantinople," by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by EUGENE SCHUYLER; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced:

"NICHOLAS MINTURN,"

By Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor.

Another serial, "His Inheritance," by Miss TRAFTON, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. HERRICK, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens, papers on

"HOME LIFE AND TRAVEL."

Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists. The subject of

HOUSEHOLD AND HOME DECORATION

will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and other sketches, etc., is a long one.

The editorial department will continue to employ the ablest pens both at home and abroad. There will be a series of letters on literary matters, from London, by Mr. WELFORD.

The pages of the magazine will be open, as heretofore, so far as limited space will permit, to the discussion of all themes affecting the social and religious life of the world, and specially to the freshest thought of the Christian thinkers and scholars of this country.

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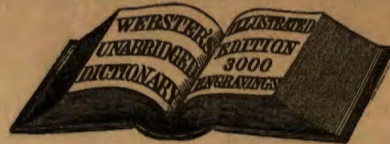
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