THE OLD PROFESSOR.

(The following little verse is from the pen of Fred. Lor­
ring. He will be remembered as the promising young lir­
terature, who, several years ago, whilst acting as
newspaper correspondent upon the Western plains, was
slain by the Indians. This bit of verse, so simple, sug­
gestive and touching, will reach the heart of every col­
lege-man. Who among us has not the imagination to make
mingle in the busy scens of active life, and bow be­
neath new cares and responsibilities, there will still
be found moments over which memory shall reign, and
my joys and terrors. Ancl we think it not presumptuous to
over college-days, and remember tho class-room, with its
lege-man. Who among ns has not the imagination to make
mingle in the busy scen~s of active life, and bow be­
newspaper corrospondent upon the Western plains, was
ring. He will be remembered as the promising young

In 1842 was published a collected edition of Tennyson's complete works in two volumes. At once this placed their author in the front
rank of poets. From that day to the present he has enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity,
until now, unquestionably, he merits the grand­
est of titles, "The poet of the World." What a tribute all men have agreed to pay him!
What an honor is that title! What "nothing­ness" is added in prefixing "Sir" or affixing
"Bart." By itself it stands complete. It had
been said, "See Naples and die," there is no
vision on this earth to equal the beauty of that
city and that bay. Surely if the eye is to be
satiated by the glories of a landscape, so that
despairing of seeing grander views upon earth,
it turns heavenward, we can well imagine that
one boasting Tennyson's title, "Has reached
the highest point of all his greatness!" This
world has nought else to offer.

To make mere mention of the grand creations
of Tennyson's fancy would cause me to transcend the limi­
t's of an essay. Yet among his more famous and popular works I must
enumerate, "The Princess," "In Memoriam,"
"Maud," an "Ode on the death of the Duke
of Wellington," and the "Idylls of the King.
"The "Idyls," perhaps his greatest production,
appeared in 1859. Since that time he has
written much, and among other creations of
his pen there have appeared a poem on "Boa­
dice," and quite recently his famous drama,
"Queen Mary." His efforts to make for himself a name in the dramatic field have
been certainly rewarded with great and in­
stant success, many being even moved to ac­
cord him a place second only to inspired
Shakespeare.

An examination of his works is not permitted
us. We may, however, remark that even in
his minor and early poems, in certain indeed
published prior to 1850, one discovers pic­
tures—beautiful, touching, simple, true to na­
ture. "The Princess" reveals and declares
these excellencies, whilst in "In Memoriam"—
by many regarded the grandest contribution to EleagiPoetry—the poet sounds the depth
of tenderness, sympathy and mourning. This
completed "gem of sadness" appeared in
1850, some twenty years after the death of
the person whose virtues it commemorated.
Here the author has immortalized the life,
character and death of young Hallam, son of
the celebrated historian, and Tennyson's early
dear friend. Careful study of the work
is needed to reveal all its inner and its spiri­
tual beauty, its wise and its philosophic
spirit.

"The charge of the Light Brigade," is one of the most spirited poems in any
language.
How familiar to every school-boy these lines! And how vivid the picture they present to the dullest fancy! We see before us the flower of the English cavalry charging the batteries at Sebastopol and moving on through the valley of Balaclava. And the day of death is closing; death, which has already encircled them, yet on the six hundred. And at once we are recalled to that scene, yet so recent in history, that our hearts beat faster as we name the name, and picture to ourselves Custer and his three hundred facing a more certain and more horrid fate in the Valley of Balaclava. And the day of death is coming, when a poet of America, worthy to vie with Tennyson, and worthy to be crowned, in his latter days the world has recognized the glorious deeds and traditions of men that in these latter days the world has recognized the glory of Dante to portray them; whilst the glories of heaven, and the beauties of Eden formed a theme reserved for the sublimest of poets, and the grandest of orators, the task of composition, but know that beneath there is a substance worthy of the outer adornments. The line, "All is not gold that glitters," but all except the precious metals lose in time the glitter. What therefore lives in literature is gold. It is owing to the subject, the substance—not to the gloss or the polish.

Tennyson has been most fortunate and happy in the selection of his themes. He has ever had an eye to the honor of the fair Muse at whose altar he worships; he has ever remembered the glorious deeds and traditions of great England and sought to preserve them, and in doing this he has likewise served well and truly his own reputation. Or I might reverse it, and say, that in being true to his own self, he has been true to all men, and to his country, and to his Muse.

"The Idylls of the King," is a poem worthy the one who created it, and worthy the judgment of the man who made Britain's legends his field. Especially in this work do the full powers of the poet stand confessed, and Tennyson here rises to the dignity of his own genius. But in less ambitious efforts in "Lady Clare," in the "May Queen," and in numberless brief lyrics and sonnets of master's presence, and convictions come direct in that these latter days the world has not lost that poetic fire which "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

**THE COLLEGE BELLE.**

> There is a maiden at whose shrine These lovliest students bow, And swear, protest and vow. They swear by "yonder glorious sun" That this is the lily-white, That they adore this lovely girl, And will until they die. They swear by "yonder pale-faced moon" Which lights the wily night, That they have loved since first her form At that first sight they met. They swear by "yonder twinkling stars" That sparkle in the sky, And in their grateful vows They with each other vie. And who can blame these lovely maidens For kneeling at this shrine? There never was a maid more fair, More gentle—more divine! Her rings and waving o'er her neck, Are of a chaste hue; Her cheeks with blushing roses bloom; Her eyes are soft, and blue. Her voice is like an angel's harp; Her disposition sweet; And in this beauteous heart Pureness and truth do meet. Why wonder, then, that these our friends Should seek one another? But when examinations come, Can she her victims save?

RICHMOND, VA. J. L. H.

**THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.**

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that we are never content to - - - - not in the living present, but are always either looking into the past and longing to recall it, or forming new plans and schemes for the untried future. The past, oh, how numerous are its stores! When once we commence to bring up its memories, how they rush upon us, and sometimes overwhelm us with a feeling of the short and fleeting are all things human! The recollections of our sins and shortcomings return and make us realize that we are but as dust, and we have lived in vain. Then come the thoughts of the happy, bright, golden hours through which we have passed, and they are as the most glorious dreams or wonderful fairy tales. We are sad and surprised, for we had almost forgotten that our lot had been so joyful. We remember the hours of childhood, when no care oppressed us, how we played, were gay, thoughtless, and blithe; and as the butterfly, basking in the summer sun, is happy, little thinking of the cold blasts of winter which will soon come, so we, unconscious of the weary journey before us, live our days without thought of dust or sin.

The form of that mother, who was our fond instructor, protector and friend, that mother who taught our infant lips to lips prayers to the Father of the Universe and to love his name, her image arises to our mind, and our eyes fill with tears of mingled joy and pain. Then the days of our youth bring back sweet memories, and of all those days, among the brightest which we remember are our school days. Very often too we think of the fair one with whom we passed so many bright hours, or - - - -

> "The maiden with the meek brown eyes," who held, for so long, it was a charm our lives. Thus we could wander long in the gloomy shadows of the of the Past, but let us come to the present—the living present—the place where we are, and therefore the place where the vital importance lies. Of the present Horace said, "Happy the man, and happy he alone, Who can call to-day his own." How true this is! A man who, day by day, does his duty and lives up to his opportunities, may have no fear for the future, and he is even now doing what in after years will be looked back to with joy and contentment. Oh! if we could but realize this, and moment by moment work on, and steadily but surely do our duty! What happy moments we would be laying in store for the future! This is true of every man and every woman, no matter of what trade or class they be, but it is pre-eminently so of the general rule. Looking into the future is always attractive, because there is much vagueness and uncertainty about it, and we are never able to overtake it. The future is always inviting, because there is hope there, and we are never certain what is in store for us. As on a journey which we undertake, and which we are sure will be among the honored ones. Let him beware, for if he go not on, day by day, making some little progress, at the end he will find himself far behind. "It is the paddling one and not the genius who wins the race," said Prof. at the beginning of the term; but, alas, sometimes we only realize the truth of the end of the session, when it is too late. Let now, but be our watchword and motto, and glory and fame will be our good. "The crisis of man's destiny is now a still recurring danger." If we do not act now and do our duty, oh, what days of bitter remorse we are laying in store for the future. We will not then be able to change the past, and for the future it will be gone never to return! Then will our anguish be great. We cannot prevent our minds from working, and it will be beyond our power to keep from remembering our sad faults and misdeeds. Let us then not only read Longfellow's words, but ponder them and profit by them:

> "Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way.
But to live: that was the force
Find us farther than to-day."
Ambition is a passion inherent in the breast of man. Few, indeed, have ever trod the face of earth who were entirely devoid of it. But all have not been and are not ambitious to excel in goodness, for many, like Eratosthenes, despairs of ever having their names enrolled on the list of great and good men, have committed despair among those heroic deeds that their fame might be noised about. The first is that which leads an inhuman heart. The bell's Poem entitled the "Pleasures of Hope," is most beautiful and should be read by all.

We quote a few lines:

"Primrose Hope, the Ascanian Muse says,
When man and Nature mourned their first decay,
When murder bared her arm, and rampant war
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Love, with bleeding wounds, did flee,
When Hate and Mercy banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again.
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger's still behind."

Pain would I quote more, but I desist lest I weary you. Writing the first part of this has brought back to my mind both sad and joyous memories, the next has made me feel that I should better improve present opportunities, and the last has made us look forward to the future with hope. DON ABBONDO.

EXCHANGES.

The Southern Collegian is always on time. It gives a well-written article on the "Defects of Southern Education, and Remedies Therefore,"—by far the best in the paper. We always welcome the paper that comes from the "Athens of Virginia," as the editor likes to style it, for it has made some good, lasting brooks for the promotion of college literature, and the furtherance of its religious duties. It did not raise the cries and lamentations of as many widows and orphans as it brought back to my mind both sad and joyful impressions. The school-boy gives evidence of his ambition to stand at the head of their profession, to become lamps to light the pathway of the generation which shall succeed them. Ambition prevails among all classes and grades of people. The lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, the merchant, the scholar, all are ambitious to stand at the head of their profession. The school-boy gives evidence of his ambition, by striving for a prize which is to be awarded to him by the man, who, carries with him into the world this same passion, only increased in proportion as the prize for which he is contending is of more moment. The statesman, the politician, the author, are ambitious to shine as bright stars on the pages of their country's history, and to become a possible landscape of the generation which shall succeed them.

Ambition, when properly regulated, may be classed among the virtues which distinguish the human race, but when uncontrolled, it is one of the darkest vices which ever possess the heart of man.

Affirmation is of two kinds, viz.; laudable and criminal. The first is that which leads an individual to exert himself that he may be foremost in the rank of those who have labored for the good of their country and their fellow-men.

Haward, the philanthropist, was ambitious of being instrumental in relieving the distresses of those who were plunged deep in misery and woe, those who were cast into prisons, and who, but for his noble endeavors, would have been incarcerated for life, without hope here or hereafter.

Criminal ambition differs as widely from laudable as darkness does from light. It is a worm concealed within the breast of man, growing ever more prosperous as his hope increases, and all his finer qualities; and while at length eradicates them all, usurps supreme power, and always for pleasure his will and senses.

The criminally ambitious man cares not by what means he gains renown; he takes for his motto "the end justifies the means," and goes on, forgetful of all but himself and his purposes. The thoroughly ambitious man is eminently selfish. He stretches forth his hands in all directions to gain the laurels of fame, and is "unwilling that they should crown any brow save his own. Bonaparte has been styled the most ambitious man that ever lived. First a charity scholar contending for a prize, then a commander in Egypt, First Consul of France, first in government, first on the field of battle, and finally Emperor of France. - Do we need more than a glance at his life to discover that within his bosom reigned triumphant the curse of man—criminal ambition? He stood on the loftest pinnacle of the temple of fame. But how came he there? Did not the slabs bodies of thousands, and tens of thousands form the pedestal on which he stood? And did not the cries and lamentations of as many widows and orphans follow him as he mounted? But the ambitious slave cared not. Europe looked on him with awe, and her crowned heads trembled on their thrones at the mention of his name. Still not satisfied, he longed for more power, and all his finer qualities; and while at length eradicates them all, usurps supreme power, and always for pleasure his will and senses.

We had the pleasure of seeing amongst our last exchanges the first number of the Trinity Collegian, of Trinity University, Tehuacana, Texas. Its salutatory is a modest one. The most striking feature "to us fellows" is to see two young ladies (handsome, of course) acting as co-editors. We are not at all in sympathy with mixed colleges, but how pleasant it would be to have the sanction lighted up by the smiles of two of the "softer sex," who would assiduously read proof, and like duties. Then would our burdens become light. We vote against the system, but we would like to have "the girls." We welcome this journal more particularly since it is in fact without a colleague in its State. We hope it will give an impetus to college journalism in the " Lone Star" realm. We like it much better than the institution from which it comes. Texas universities grow up in a night. We know something about them, for we were once a "stranger" in that "foreign land." We like Texas, however, but not the "purely selfish," which we here are accustomed to look upon. It is something akin to the great German schools, given to every mushroom establishment.

The Jewett, for last month, is full of good matter. This is a journal of general literature, not a college paper. We are always glad to have on our editor's table such a well-conducted editor's paper. AMBIT.

The Home Journal, an interesting paper for the home circle, is among the most prompt of our exchanges. It contains most excellent literary matter, besides giving "society news", for the benefit of the fashionable world. In the last number it gives an entertaining article upon "Goethe at Weimar," showing how the great play-writer conducted the theatre at that place.

The College Record has a very well edited paper for the last month. Thanks for your best wishes.

The College Journal says "it is a melancholy thing to explain a joke." Who would ever have thought so? Glad to have on our table such a good journal.

Other exchanges received this month are The Amateur, Institute Journal, Golden Sheaf, College Mirror, University Review, The High School, Fuller & Co.'s Monthly, Lafayette College Journal, Educational Journal, Herald, and University Mirror. Of the last we cannot but speak highly. We are proud to have as our neighbor such a magazine. Mr. Editor, we always thought wit and humor were common property. Customs has so regulated it, but probably you will change it. We beg pardon if we used one of your jokes—it is so seldom you get off such a thing. But you should practice what you preach. Don't revive old jokes and claim originality.

We do not know that we have been so forcibly struck with the similarity in the name of many of our exchanges. It seems as if it were predestined that they should be brought into the world with collegian or college indelibly impressed upon them. For instance, we have Lafayette College Journal, College Journal, The College Journal, College Record, Southern Collegian, Furman Collegian, Ramese Collegian, Greatfoot College Journal, &c. Give us a rest. Let us stick all the closer to our "MUSINGS."
MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

JOHN W. SNYDER, Richmond, Va., M. A. TURNER, Richmond, Va., Editors.

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

Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

Vol. II. APRIL, 1877. No. 7.

THIS PAPER.

As a local note in our last issue announced, the Literary Societies of Richmond College have now fully determined upon the future management of the MONTHLY MUSINGS. Two editors, nominated by the managers but elected by the Societies, shall have charge of the literary features of this paper, whilst all other matters are to be submitted to the direct superintendence of a "Board of Publication." Whiles, as a matter of course, this plan is not everyone's plan, and indeed to one feature of it no one more strongly objected than ourselves, we yet question if a course giving more general satisfaction, or more compromising in its nature, could have been adopted.

But be all this as it may, the plan having been resolved upon, it is no longer the part of a true man to parley over "measures" and "motions," but if he regard the glory of his College, his Society, his paper, let him rally to the MUSINGS' standard, and lend our journal his warmest and most unreserved support.

To act otherwise, would be as unpatriotic in him as to take no part in our Final Commencement, simply because his choice for Oratory had not prevailed. But we pen not these words because we believe there is any spirit of dissatisfaction at the Societies' course prevalent among us, but simply to awaken in every one a legitimate interest in our paper's cause, and to present the point that this paper's glory is your glory, and that all successes and honors it may reap reflect honor upon you.

Two things were requisite to make the MONTHLY MUSINGS attain that popularity its success demanded. It must become the property of the Societies, that no longer it should be considered the mere "affair" of a band of stockholders, but the acknowledged representative "mouth-piece" of our whole College. This change in proprietorship has been made. But not alone should it be "Our College paper" in name but in fact, not alone de jure, but pre-eminently de facto. And here lies the work. A mere business transaction of a few moments accomplished the first, but nothing short of the most earnest and continuous labors upon the part of its editors and managers can make good its second claim to popular favor.

It may seem wrong in us to make promises for others, and yet we take it for granted that no man assumed a position among either the editors or managers of this paper without resolving to perform as he best might the duties of his office. Therefore we presume to say to the students of Richmond College this is your paper in name, and all effort will be made to make it your paper in very fact; it will reflect your sentiments, advocate your interests, record your doings, especially note the proceedings of the Societies which you all hold so dear, and in short as your voice, it will be "bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh."

Whether you owe it to yourselves to support a paper which is published for you, is a question each man must decide for himself, but we would say, that if you think it well to lend encouragement to the movement, that now is its accepted time. A child needs support in its infancy, else it grows up in spite of it, or dies from want of it, and so with our paper; "motions," but if he regard the glory of his College, he will say, that if you think it well to lend encouragement to it, you greater inducements to continue your support.

To our friends in the city and elsewhere, who in the past have so generously advertised through our columns, we would say we offer you greater inducements to continue your patronage. Our paper has entered a new and broader field, it has become in a truer and more significant sense a college paper; every student regards it as his especial protege, and will hold it his duty to consult its advertising columns before investing in dry goods, jewelry, drugs or tobacco.

We ask, with all earnestness, that our movement receive encouragement. J.S.

COLLEGE JOURNALS.

It is not our intention to offer any brilliant sallies of wit, make any attempt at spread-eagle display in expressing our opinion upon the college journal, or to speak a little poetry on the subject, nor do we mean to hold up to the literary world our own as the model, but to state in plain, simple prose the province and purpose of the college paper, its relations to the students, and vice versa.

In the first place, it is by no means a "news" (or noose) paper in the general acceptance of the term, for it has no reporter at the police court, jotting down for the local the interesting facts that are there brought to light to satisfy the demands of law and justice, or with portfolio under his arm, and pencil behind his ear, strolling around town, peering into everybody's business to get "city news." It deals not with the questions agitated in the daily paper; it above all eschews politics. God forbid that its editors should ever soil their hands in such a filthy pool. By entering such a field, the link in the brotherhood to which its cotemporaries belong is severed, and the necessary relation that should exist between it and the students is dissolved. By such a course all lose interest, and the paper becomes a target for the shafts aimed at it by its exchanges, and open to the just reproaches of those who otherwise should and would have been its firmest supporters. We do not know that we could put our "number nine" down too heavily, or argue too strenuously against such a line of procedure, for the journal that boasts such matter affects college literature, establishes an unpleasant feeling between it and those whose interest it should especially represent, and puts a quietus upon its own existence.

In these respects it is not a newspaper, yet it uses its columns to create a lively interest in college life, and to establish a bond of union between the students of former years and those now within the college walls. Its pages are filled with interesting college literature, whether it be the production of some ambitious young man who desires to measure his strength with De Quincy in criticism, Bacon in philosophical studies, or the poetical effusion of some sentimental lover; these all find place in the college paper, as well as the "newy" items of the irrepressible "local."

It ventures sometimes to pass its opinion upon whatever of "current literature" comes under its notice, though it would hardly vie with the Blackwood Magazine, Edinburgh or North American Review in a profound criticism—for, as Longinus says, that comes from long, continued practice, and even then errors may be committed by those well-skilled in the exercise; yet should such a thing be attempted, and an adverse judgment be passed, of course the author will be completely "demolished," and forever retire from the world of authorship, a living example of utter annihilation by the college critic—a literary wreck.

Being the organ of the students, it ex-
presses their general sentiment; yet its position is independent. It has no particular "administration" whose principles to uphold, but having a clear-cut line of truth and duty looks to the attainment of that object, no matter who may be soiled by the dust created by the editorial chariot which whirls along the course of its goal.

Since it defends the interests of the "body politic," and is the medium through which each student may express himself upon any subject, so it should be the especial duty of each one to use its influence in that way which will inure to the prosperous condition of the representative paper. With this relation existing between student and journal, there must be a hearty, united and mutual support.

It is not expected of the editors to pander to the tastes of the readers. Catering is invariably bad; for bending to whims and caprices in order to please every one is to please no one. It is the well-managed journal that a person will encourage, not that which caters to his own hobbies.

Fortunately, the college paper is more happily situated in this respect than the average journal, village or city newspaper, where the sanctum is first invaded by the sentimental, maudlin young lady, who thinks there is not enough romance and poetry; then an old farmer urging in his own behalf a column devoted to the growth of potatoes, the dry rot and what not; then by the scurrilous politician, who thinks the subscription would be tenfold ing New Doctrines, he had occasion to mention Hamilton's method of investigating new theories. Upon this subject we still further apply. With these few hints, we hope that manuscript may present itself for the next issue in better condition in every respect.

Is our editorial in our last issue upon "Testing New Doctrines," we had occasion to mention Hamilton's method of investigating new theories. Upon this subject we still further apply. With these few hints, we hope that manuscript may present itself for the next issue in better condition in every respect.

Rev. Alvin B. Hurlbut, the new President of Middlebury (Vt.) College, in his inaugural address. Wednesday, congratulated the College on its location in these terms; Physically trained and cultured in the gymnasium of these Vermont farms, it will not be needful for them to spend most of their college time and their fathers' money in this wretched business of the gymnastic drill. We would have been quite as well off had I turn from the late spectacle of the equivalent of a pagan tournament at Saratoga as positively revolving. Let it be a source of exultation to us that we draw our students to such an extent fresh from the gymnastic drill of the farm and the shop that no such unscholarly and demoralizing necessity as this mode of physical culture shall ever be laid upon us.

Professor Alexander, whose place at Princeton is usually held by Emeritus professor on full salary. He will continue at pleasure his labors on his promised work on "The Nebular Hypothesis." The hitherto only ornamental observatory at Princeton is to be completely equipped.

Literary young man at a party! - "Miss Jones, have you seen Crabbes' Tales?" Young lady, scornfully: "I was not aware, sir, that crabs had tails." Young man, covered with confusion: "If beg your pardon, ma'am, I should have said, read Crabbes' Tales!" Young lady, angrily scornful: "And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either." Exit young man.

The New York World, in its statement of the gifts to the different colleges during the year, gives the sum total at $643,374.
April 6.—The President presided over the Mu Sigma Rho Society on April 6. Reading by Mr. Jones, C. H. The question, "Resolved, That wealth is more favorable to the development of character," was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. McManaway, Moore, Staples, Steel and Taylor, J. J. Negatively by Messrs. Abbitt, Cabell, Fleet, Hix, Peel, Richeson, Riggan and Seward. Decided in favor of negative. After business transactions, the Society adjourned. T. W. HAYNES, Jr., Critic.

April 18.—Vice-President in the chair. On motion, the Literary exercises moved forward one week. After the other business transactions, the following officers were elected:

*Final President—A. R. Long, Pennsylvania.*
*Vice-President—J. H. Gore, Frederick co., Va.*
*Secretary—J. C. Thomas, Norfolk, Va.*
*Editor of Staff—J. J. Taylor, Henry co., Va.*
*Second Secretary—C. P. North, Caroline.*
*Corresponding Secretary—E. B. Taylor, Rome, Italy.*
*Treasurer—W. O. Hix, Prince Edward co., Va.*
*Librarian—E. E. Peel, North Carolina.*
*Assistant—H. B. P. Middletown, county, Va.*
*Sargent-at-Arms—E. O. Hubbard, Pittsylvania co., Va.*
*Editor of Monthly Musings—A. Turner, Richmond.*


After business transactions, the Society adjourned. T. W. HAYNES, Jr., Critic.

THE Philologian Society met Friday night, March 23d. The question, "Resolved, that the sentiment: 'My country, right or wrong,'? is a sentiment of disinterestedness in the nature of a constitutional right" was translated into a question in the nature of a constitutional right. Also that the existence of the Society that H would take but one woman to tolerate In the United States, "was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Hix, Jones, O. E., Long, Ooleman, and negative by: Messrs. Hix, Jones, O. E., Long, Ooleman, and Ooleman.

The debate was one of the warmest and most authentistic of the session, the affirmative winning the question. Towards the close the debate was hushed by the presence of several of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, two of whom, Messrs. Pitt and Riggan, favored us with an address in politics, a subject in whom visits we always had with delight, was also present. He made an excellent speech, and as usual gave us much profitable advice. Mr. Hidgins' oration on "Mind superior to the age" was found with much approbation and very well delivered. Declaration by Mr. J. R. Motley, and Reading by McManaway and Flag.

The usual business being disposed of, the Society adjourned.

T. W. HUTCHINGS, Critic.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, April 6th, 1877.—In the Philologian Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—C. E. Barblebangh, Rockingham co.
Vice-President—W. T. Hubbard, Texas.
Secretary—J. W. Brown, Pittsylvania co.
Corresponding Secretary—J. C. Thomas, Portsmouth, Virginia.
Treasurer—F. W. Satterwhite, Southampton county.
Editor of Monthly Musings—A. Turner, Richmond.
Sergeant-at-Arms—W. O. Flagg, Caroline co., Va.
Board of Managers—F. P. Robertson, Albemarle co.; the chairman of the Faculty apprehended and led captive, Mr. J. E. S. Brown, Pittsylvania co., Va.

"Three was a sound of revelry by night," and the occupant of the room, Mr. R., in the following words, from their quiet slumber by the voice at one crying in the darkness, "Let me in, I am a good man, a friend, and an old student. I roomed with him for two years, and have the subject of his character, and would not reveal the subject of his character, and would not reveal the secret of the society, but I will not allow any one to enter this room but a member of the society, two of whom, Messrs. Pitt and Riggan, favored us with an address in politics, a subject in whom visits we always had with delight, was also present. He made an excellent speech, and as usual gave us much profitable advice. Mr. Hidgins' oration on "Mind superior to the age" was found with much approbation and very well delivered. Declaration by Mr. J. R. Motley, and Reading by McManaway and Flag.

The usual business being disposed of, the Society adjourned.

T. W. HUTCHINGS, Critic.

LOCALS.

We must apologize for not presenting the report of all the meetings of the Philologian Society. The Critic, whose duty it was to furnish the reports, got base-ball on the brain, and at last accounts was in Ashland playing a match game with the Randolph Macon boys. So say not hard things about us.

We call the attention of the business men of Richmond to the Monthly Musings as an advertising medium. As the papers have been unable to do the advertising for the Literary Societies, and since all the students, with the exception of about half a dozen, belong to one or the other of the societies, they have a great interest in supporting it, and will not only purchase from those who advertise in their columns, but will use their influence to induce others to do the same. The Musings is circulated among the students, being read by the city and country students, and at least its circulation is not less extensive than that of the other State Universities. Whatever influence in directing trade it may have had when owned by a small company, will be greatly increased when owned by the whole body of students.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society assembled in their Hall on Friday night, March 26th. As the President and Vice-President were absent, Mr. Fleet (secretary) was in the chair. The Literary Exercises began with reading by Mr. A. B. Long, The Mu Sigma Rhododendron Star was read by Mr. J. H. Gore, and reply to Mr. E. O. Hambard, Mr. G. W. Riggan, the monthly critiquer, delivered an oration on "Mental Development." The question, "Resolved, that 'Mormonism should be tolerated in the United States," was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Hix, Jones, C. E. Long, Coleman, Woodward, sitting and Curry. Negatively by Messrs. Hubbard, Jones, C. H., Price, Tupper, Pitt, McManaway and Peel.

In spite of the urgent efforts of the negative to convince the Society that it would take but one woman to make a gentleman a gentleman and a warm-hearted wife, and other more powerful arguments, the question was decided in the affirmative, though by a small majority. After the business transactions the Society adjourned.

T. W. HAYNES, Jr., Critic.
The College Museum is almost daily becoming a source of greater information and pleasure. Prof. Gore, the polite and efficient manager, requests us to state to the public generally that he hopes visitors will not come up to see him until 4 o'clock, and not stay longer than 2 p.m. He says that from ten minutes past 3 till 4 the acres of the museum are always crowded.

It is amusing to read the list of registrations. Some of the young ladies esteem it a great distinction to be registered from Africa, the Sandwich and Fiji Islands. The only proof which their foreign descent lies in the oddity of their handwriting.

We have heard it reported several times that some of the young ladies in the city, when asked to go to the college, others refuse altogether, to visit the museum, with fear that the students will be too boisterous in their demonstrations of joy at seeing them. We confess that some of the rules, who have not formed the acquaintance of any young lady in the city, and have been confined all day in the lecture-rooms, sometimes get excited at seeing visitors of the other sex and welcome them rather too extravagantly; but we think we are correct in saying that this is almost always caused by the encouragement they receive. This report probably originated from some young lady's being unwilling to come to the college with the person who asked her, and this was her excuse. We should be very sorry if any one who wished to see the Museum should stay away on this account, and we think we can promise them, if they come, the respect that is due them.

Mr. J., of room 29, second floor, College Building, is noted for the copiousness and excellence of his dictation, but especially for his extreme kindness of ladies society, and his inordinate disposition to flatter, which last trait he turns to advantage in getting somebody to read Livy and work his Math. Originals. He went to see Miss M., who resides on Marshall street, and to whom he is very much attached. After talking till 1 o'clock at night, he thought he ought to write a letter to the lady, and said: "Miss M., I think you have the prettiest eyes I ever saw. They are grand, glorious, magnificent, beautiful, angelic, heavenly, dig a being bucket and black as a smutty crow."

A recent association of the students, Mr. J. D. Powers, of King and Queen county, was elected debater for the celebration of the Social Club to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. M. McManaway. The committee then in charge of the preparations for this celebration report that all the arrangements are progressing satisfactorily, and that the coming celebration bids fair to surpass those of previous sessions.

Mr. P. was discussing a few nights since with a young lady the relative value of light bread and biscuits. He declared as diet for students. He said: "Miss M., I think you have the prettiest eyes I ever saw. They are grand, glorious, magnificent, beautiful, angelic, heavenly, dig a being bucket and black as a smutty crow."

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One of the Professors delivered a short lecture on hospitality, last Monday morning, at the chapel exercises—a benefit of a visit. At any rate, let us hear to annoy you all through life.

Our wishes for your success, Floyd, wherever your lot may be cast. R. P. Felton, '74-6, is studying law at Richmond Hill Law School, Yadkin county, N.C. One by one we hear from our old college comrades, and here, after some time, comes a letter from the "Judge," inquiring after college. We wish we could give our subscription to the Musings. Just like him; he never will forget his Alma Mater, and who will ever forget the "Judge?" We have no one to fill his place here now. What a pleasure it would be to see him on the campus! Give us the benefit of a visit. At any rate, let us hear from you through the paper. "Judge," do you remember that little talk we all had in one of the basement rooms about the hand made sulphate of gypsum? Do you carry one in your trunk "to remind you of somebody," as Prof. says?

A. P. Pugh, session '75-6, is at Furman University, Greenville, S. C. We notice his name being one of the board of publication of the Furman Collegian. We were happy to meet our old friend H. S. He came over on the excursion train on Sunday to get his copy of the Musings. He said it had not been sent him.

Thanks.

The editors feel it duty bound to acknowledge, through the columns of the paper, their indebtedness to Mr. W. W. Brown, to whom their thanks are due, for the excellent manner in which the local column has been edited.
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