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Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. II. }
NO. 7. }

RICHMOND, VA., APRIL, 1877.

Terms. { ONE YEAR, 60 cts.
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The Muse.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

[The following little verse is from the pen of Fred. Loring. He will be remembered as the promising young LITTERATEUR, who, several years ago, whilst acting as newspaper correspondent upon the Western plains, was slain by the Indians. This bit of verse, so simple, suggestive and touching, will reach the heart of every college-man. Who among us has not the imagination to make real the picture? No sentiment intended, gentlemen, but it is certain that when we have passed these walls to mingle in the busy scenes of active life, and bow beneath new cares and responsibilities, there will still be found moments over which memory shall reign, and we will still delight to recall "Auld Lange Syne," to live over college-days, and remember the class-room, with its joys and terrors. And we think it not presumptuous to affirm that our Professors will not forget us, that they will note our future careers, and ever speak of "these, my boys."—Ed.]

The old professor taught no more,
But lingered round the college walks;
Stories of him we boys told o'er,
Before the fire, in evening talks.
I'll ne'er forget how he came in
To recitation, one March night,
And asked our tutor to begin:
"And let me hear these boys recite."

As we passed on we heard him say,
"Pray leave me here awhile, alone,
Here in my old place let me stay,
Just as I did in years long flown."
Our tutor smiled and bowed assent,
Rose courteous from his high-backed chair,
And down the darkening stairs he went,
Leaving the old professor there.

From out the shadows faces seemed
To look upon him in his old place,
Fresh faces that with radiance beamed—
Radiance of boyish hope and grace;
And faces that had lost their youth,
Although in years they still were young,
And faces o'er whose love and truth
The funeral anthem had been sung.

"These are my boys," he murmured, then,
"My boys, as in years long past;
Though some are angels, others men,
Still as my boys I hold them fast.
There's one don't know his lesson now,
That one of me is making fun,
And that one's cheating;—ah! I see—
I see and love them every one.

"And is it, then, so long ago
This chapter in my life was told?
Did all of them thus come and go,
And have I really grown so old?
No! here are my old pains and joys,
My book once more is in my hand,
Once more I hear these very boys,
And seek their hearts to understand."

They found him there with open book,
And eyes closed with a calm content;
The same old sweetness in his look
There used to be when fellows went
To ask him questions and to talk,
When recitations were all o'er;
We saw him in the college walk
And in his former place no more.

Literary.

TENNYSON.

BY WINSLOW.

[Originally contributed by the editor of the MONTHLY MUSINGS to the PACIFIC JOURNAL, of San Francisco, California.]

One great in the field of letters and of thought wields a power unlimited. Not alone do his words reach a million hearts, mould a thousand lives, but the strength and originality of his genius creates a school of imitators, who, not unworthy of their master, perpetuate that master's rule. And so on through the ages, more eternal than they, lives his influence and his example. Historians record the deeds of kings and conquerors, but who shall measure Goethe's influence in German literature, who can put limit to what Shakespeare has done in moulding England's thought, yea, what great things have the bonnie airs of Burns accomplished in making Scotland dear to Scots? It has been said, "Let me give to a people their national songs, and I care not who rules over them."

Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate of England, was born at Somersby in Lincolnshire, in 1810. His father, the Rev. G. C. Tennyson, was celebrated as author, painter, and linguist. The future poet, after receiving some preparatory training at the grammar-school of Louth, returned to his father's house to there be educated for the University.

In due time young Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he early distinguished himself by obtaining the Chancellor's Medal for an English Poem on Timbucto. It has been declared that blood will tell, be this as it may, I do know that an earnest love for literature cannot long be stifled. Some famous authors have distinguished themselves late in life, but a careful study of their careers will probably show that a peculiar train of circumstances kept the pen from their fingers. Remove foreign influences, give the quill a fair chance, and it flies to such a hand, as steel to a magnet.

In Tennyson's second year at College he published "University Success Poems, chiefly Lyrical." Three years later there appeared his second volume of works, containing "The Miller's Daughter," "A Dream of Fair Woman," "The Palace of Art," and "The May Queen." These creations have been enshrined deep in a million hearts. As compared with his early poems, they exhibit a marked advancement in richness of thought, and beauty of description.

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 grandest 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 limits 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 "Idylls," 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 "Boadicea," 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 instant success, many being even moved to accord 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 1830, one discovers pictures—beautiful, touching, simple, true to nature. "The Princess" reveals and declares these excellencies, whilst in "In Memoriam"—by many regarded the grandest contribution to Elegiac Poetry—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 and dear friend. Careful study of the work is needed to reveal all its inner and its spiritual beauty, its wise and its philosophic spirit.

"The charge of the Light Brigade," is one of the most spirited poems in any language.

"Was not her death quite sudden?" said a consoling friend to a bereaved widower,
"Well, yes, rather, for her."

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, with grim cannon and grimer death encircling them, yet on "Rode 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 the Rosebud. And the day may yet come, when a poet of America, worthy to vie with Tennyson, and worthy to be crowned, in our hearts at least, Poet-Laureate of a greater nation than Tennyson's, shall tell the world in living verse how the fair-haired young chief and his Spartan band did noble deeds worthy of "Old Thermopylæ."

And I am here naturally lead to remark, that a glorious deed, a sublime theme, a great passion, is required for the foundation and the subject of grand literary efforts, be they in prose or verse. Noble displays of bravery and daring feats of arms moved the pen of Tennyson. "Night Thoughts," with their mystery and solemnity furnished a field for Young; the passions, the joys, and the sorrows of the human heart presented a theme so truly great that only Shakespeare might hope to master this subject; the terrors of hell demanded the genius 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 men, the Puritan, Milton. It has been said that rhetoric, that word-making, is a mere art, that it serves to add only a polish. But it has been further said, and truly said, that only solid and dense bodies can be well polished. And when a literary creation has invoked through generations the homage of men, believe not that this is due to the art of rhetoric, or the tricks of composition, but know that beneath there is a substance worthy of the outer adornments. "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 substance, the subject—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 poems, we have indications of the master's presence, and convictions come direct that in 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 lovesick students bow,
And begin in supplicating tones,
And swear, protest and vow.

They swear by "yonder glorious sun"
Lighting us from on high,
That they adore this lovely girl,
And will until they die.

They swear by "yonder pale-faced moon"
Which lights the world by night,
That they have loved since first her form
Met their enraptured sight.

They swear by "yonder twinkling stars"
That sparkle in the sky;
And in the number of their vows
They with each other vie.

And who can blame these lovelorn youths
For kneeling at this shrine?
There never was a maid more fair,
More gentle—more divine!

Her ringlets waving o'er her neck,
Are of a chestnut 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 modest maiden's heart
Purity and truth do meet.

Why wonder, then, that these our friends
Should o'er fair Jennie rave!
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

" * * * act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

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 how short and fleeting are all things human! The recollections of our sins and short comings 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 stand 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, lived by the day, and were blissful and free. The form of that mother, who was our fond instructor, protector and friend, that mother who taught our infant lips to lisp 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 either 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, as it were, a charm over 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 says:

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He 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 a student at college. He commences the year full of hope and expectation. At first to study is easy, because it is new, but soon the novelty wears off and it is harder. Let him take care, for then comes the danger. He says "I will study hard to-morrow," and then he thinks of the Final, and then he dreams bright day-dreams how his name 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 plodding 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 it at the end of the session, when it is too late. Let "now" 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 our past lives, for they 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 each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The transitions from past to present, and present to future, should be as gentle as from winter to spring, but let this article be an exception to the general rule. Looking into the future is always attractive, because there is such vagueness and uncertainty about it, and because forbidden fruit is always sweet. The veil always just before, gives way slowly as we approach, but we are never able to overtake and pass it, and to behold the lights and shadows which may be in store for us. As on a journey, when speeding rapidly over a beautiful country in a railroad train, it is a continual panorama opening before and closing after us. Sometimes we become greedy and wish that the scene might be larger, and that that lake or that town might have been included with some other object in view, but because of some mountain it is impossible. Thus in life our horizon only moves as we do, but we can never make it larger. We often desire greatly that the veil might be lifted, so that we might know what would be our next change, in order to prepare for it. But it is a most blessed

Providence for us that it is not so ordained, for if we knew of some of the trying ordeals through which we were going to be called to pass, our present strength would not be sufficient, and we would be laid prostrate by the mere thought of the coming affliction, but as it is, gradually, by surrounding circumstances, we are prepared, and then the shock is not so great. Then again, if we knew, for example, that in a year we were going to lose one of our dearest friends, we would die a thousand deaths in that time. Therefore it is well we cannot know the future, but it is nevertheless pleasant sometimes to spend moments of repose in building air-castles of future happiness. This may not be very profitable, but Hope, which may be said to be akin to it, is necessary to us all, and without it we would sometimes die of despair. At times the most despondent of all natures are filled with hope and bright anticipations of the future, and by such seasons as these are they sustained through many weary hours of gloom. Campbell's Poem entitled the "Pleasures of Hope," is most beautiful and should be read by all. We quote a few lines:

"Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When man and Nature mourned their first decay,
When every form of death, and every woe
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprang on the viewless winds to Heaven again,
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind."

Fain 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 joyful memories, the next has made me feel that I should better improve present opportunities, and the last has made we look forward to the future with hope. DON ABBONDIO.

AMBITION.

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, despairing of ever having their names enrolled on the list of great and good men, have committed daring and atrocious deeds that their fame might be noised about.

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.

Ambition 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.

Howard, 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, gnawing unceasingly upon his love to his race, and all his finer qualities; and which at length

eradicates them all, usurps supreme power, and sways at 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 loftiest pinnacle of the temple of 'fame.' But how came he there? Did not the slain bodies of thousands, and tens of thousands form the steps by which he ascended? 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 at an evil hour lost all.

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 given. When the boy becomes the man, he 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 lamps to light the pathway of the generation which shall succeed them.

Ambition, when curbed and kept within limits, is a noble quality, elevating man from sordid pursuits, and he who says to it (and compels it to obey his words) "so far shalt thou go, and no farther," though he does not obtain so great a celebrity, will find much more genuine happiness than he who rises to the height of fame and has nations to do his bidding, but is himself 'ambition's slave.'

"CORAL."

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 strokes for the promotion of college literature, and the furthering of college journalism.

The *Furman Collegian* is on our table; it has a good corps of editors, judging from the reading matter contained in it. We especially thanks the editors for the alumni address delivered by Prof. Furman at the last commencement. It shows that the writer is a man of great research and learning. We have read it with much pleasure and profit.

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 sanctum lighted up by the smiles of two of the "softer sex," who would assist in reading 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 name of university, which we here are accustomed to look upon as something akin to the great German schools, given to every mushroom establishment.

The *Jewell*, 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 journal.

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 Magazine*. 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. Custom 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 so many of our exchanges. It seems as if it were predestined that all of them 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*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Georgetown 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., } Editors.
M. A. TURNER, Richmond, Va., }

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

For 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." Whilst, 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 Orators 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 aim, 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 the 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; whether it prospers or not, it can never need your support in the future with the earnestness it demands it now.

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 acceptation 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 nines" 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 "newsy" 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 Reviews* 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 to 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 his 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 one 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 scurvy politician, who thinks the subscription would be tenfold were a certain space given exclusively for political discussion; and, lastly, by old "Aunt Quimby," who vows that at least one page of the paper should be devoted to recipes for making pickles, salad, &c.

Yes, thanks to the goddesses of Fate and Fortune, the college journal stands on entirely different grounds; it represents a class that is a unit in its support, and which as a reading public fully endorses its management.

With their line of duty plainly marked out, it will be the determination of the editors to hew to that line, and make the MUSINGS such a paper as will reflect most credit upon those in whose behalf they work, and whose interests they represent; in short, to use their utmost endeavors in maintaining a position equal to that of any paper of like character.

M. T.

ABOVE everything, we would request that contributors would carefully look over their articles before they are handed in for publication, for to correct, or rewrite a piece requires more time than the editors have at their command, and more patience than they are possessed of, so that hereafter if a writer speaks of "repairing sorrow," "renewing pity," "be-

ing manfully victorious over coming affliction," or if he attempt to unite the grandiloquent and bombastic, soar up among "the little stars" and sail "around the moon," uncertain whether he is uttering "oracles, or jargon," we will just warn him beforehand that the waste basket is the most fitting receptacle for his production.

We have no objection to articles that emanate from a poetic mind. Such reading is sometimes refreshing, but please do not give us the benefit of a morbid imagination stretched beyond the limits of a sensible interpretation. Don't give us "gauzy" pieces. Sometimes when we get an article which "get off" in this style we consult the dictionary, look at "Anthon's Classical," rush for the "Cycopædia," but all no avail; then we give a sigh of relief, for it is "too deep" for us, and at last take the old clown's advice "cudgel thy brains no more about it."

One more request, and we are done. Write on one side only of the paper. It saves the editors as well as the printer a great deal of vexation. We find no trouble with our regular contributors. It is to the other Richmonds who are in the field that these last remarks apply.

With these few hints, we hope that manuscript may present itself for the next issue in better condition in every respect.—Eds.

IN 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 quote from an interesting article in the *Edinburgh Review*:

Hamilton's dealing with phrenology before taking up a position antagonistic to its claim as a science was a signal example of this spirit. (The spirit of fair investigation before condemning or approving any new doctrine.) The "physiological and anatomical inquiries" on which he was to rest his conclusion "continued," we are told, "for many years subsequent to 1826, and extended to points which Sir William had not originally intended to embrace, such as the weight and various relative proportions of the brain of man and animals under varying circumstances." On the subject of the cerebellum and the brain generally, his researches were most careful and extended:—

"It was certain discoveries," he tells us, "which I made in regard to the laws of development and the functions of this organ [the cerebellum], and the desire of establishing these by an induction from as many of the species as possible of the animal kingdom, that led me into a more extensive inquiry than has hitherto been instituted by any professional physiologist. . . . My tables extend to above 1,000 brains of above 50 species of animals accurately weighed by a delicate balance." To this Professor Veitch adds that "he conducted his numerous experiments with his own hand—sawing open skulls—dissecting and testing the weight of brain." (Pp. 116, 117).

After all this he had surely in some measure achieved the right to speak as his accomplished friend Mr. George Moir says he did.

"So tolerant was Sir William of all opinions that I may say phrenology was the only doctrine he could not tolerate. He had studied it with care and mastered very completely the anatomy of the brain. . . . The result was, he had come to look on phrenology as a mischievous humbug." (P. 116.)

To mesmerism, too, and its collateral phenomena he gave an experimental trial. "Before," he said, "you set aside the science of the mesmerist, you ought to read the evidence in its favor given by all the greatest medical authorities in Germany."

"Sir William had no doubt," says a friend, "of the power of mesmerism in nervous temperaments to produce sleep and other cognate phenomena; but he utterly disbelieved clairvoyance; and when Mr. Colquhoun used to bring forward instances to that effect, he would remind him of the story of the £1,000 bank note which had been

lying sealed up for years ready to be delivered to any clairvoyant who, without opening the envelope, should read its contents." (P. 118.)

This comprehensive method of inquiry brought him deep into the literature of witchcraft, soecry, necromancy, alchemy, astrology, and all the old superstitious sciences of which there are, we suppose, no living devotees. His converse with men notorious for the entertainment of opinions denounced by a large portion of their fellows, or engaged in the pursuit of inquiries deemed utterly delusive, sometimes subjected him to remarks akin to the suspicious attached to those who keep miscellaneous and not always decorous company. It would be said at one time that surely, Hamilton was going to Rome, so much trafficking had he with Popish priests and Jesuit fathers. At another time he was surely bitten with nonintrusism, for evidently he had fallen into the hands of Chalmers and Welsh. Then, again, there was an alarm that he had gone off with the clairvoyants and animal-magnetizers, for was it not true that he and John Colquhoun, the high-priest of these mysteries, were inseparable companions? These conferences with men, each deeply conversant with his own sphere of thought or knowledge, were a feature conspicuous in the method of Hamilton's working out his conclusions.

Mr. E. B. Taylor intimates that if our language were not encumbered with its irrational spelling, it would spread much more rapidly than it does now, and bid fair to overwhelm all others. There is no doubt our spelling is absurd; but how shall we say farewell "to those gray sisters, use and wont?" We wish well to posterity, and would make sacrifices on its behalf, yet we fear we should never be reconciled to reading our morning hymn thus—

"Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy dialistag of duti run,"

any more than we are to the new mode of classical pronunciation, which turns the heroic declaration *Veni, vidi, vici*, into *Wanee, wee-dee, wee-kee*, and somehow or other reminds us of the little pigs that went to market.—*London Methodist*.

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 boating. I know not how others may feel, but I turn from the late spectacle of the equivalent of a pagan tournament at Saratoga as positively revolting. 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 un-scholarly and demoralizing necessity as this mode of physical culture shall ever be laid upon us.

Professor Alexander, whose place at Princeton College Professor Young is to fill, has been made 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: "I 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.

Board of Publication.

G. W. Riggan, Sol. Cutchins,
W. W. Brown, F. P. Robertson,
R. L. Woodward, W. T. Hudgins.
Address all communications to
G. W. RIGGAN,
Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

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 don't say hard things about us.

We call the attention of the business men of Richmond to the MONTHLY MUSINGS as an advertising medium. As has been before stated the paper belongs to the two 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 themselves purchase from those who advertise in their columns, but will use their influence to induce others to do the same. The MUSINGS is circulated throughout the city and the State of Virginia, and to a less extent throughout the other States of the Union. 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 23d. As the President and Vice-President were absent, Mr. Fleet (censor) was in the chair. The Literary Exercises began with reading by Mr. A. B. Long. The Mu Sigma Rhoian Star was read by Mr. J. H. Gore. Declamation by Mr. E. O. Hubbard. Mr. G. W. Riggan, the monthly orator, 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, Bitting 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 hasten a poor sinner's emigration to a warmer climate, 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.

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 13.—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.
Term President—A. G. McManaway, Bedford co., Va.
Vice President—J. H. Gore, Frederick co., Va.
Censor—J. C. Thomas, Norfolk, Va.
Editor of Star—J. J. Taylor, Henry co., Va.
Recording Secretary—T. S. Wilbur, South Carolina.
Corresponding Secretary—G. B. Taylor, Rome, Italy.
Chaplain—G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox co., Va.
Treasurer—W. G. Hix, Prince Edward co., Va.
Librarian—R. E. Peel, North Carolina.
Critic—R. H. Pitt, Middlesex county, Va.
Sergeant-at-Arms—E. O. Hubbard, Pittsylvania co., Va.
Editor of Monthly Musings—M. A. Turner, Richmond.

Managers of Monthly Musings—G. W. Riggan, Isle of Wight county, Va.; R. L. Woodward, Richmond; W. W. Brown, Pittsylvania co., Va.
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 right one,'" was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Motley, E. H. Jones, Davies, Carney, Cosby, and Derieux. Negatively by Messrs. Nettles, Morris, W. H. Jones, Davis, Huff, Winfrey, Robertson, and Catlett.

The debate was one of the warmest and most enthusiastic of the session, the affirmative winning the question. Towards the close the Society was honored by the presence of several members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, two of whom, Messrs. Pitt and Riggan, favored us with short, spicy speeches. Captain Bohannon, whose visits we always hail with delight, was also present. He made an excellent speech, and as usual gave us much profitable advice. Mr. Hudgins' oration on "Mind superior to Matter," was the subject of numerous congratulations, it being handsomely gotten up and well delivered. Declamation by Mr. J. R. Motley, and Reading by Messrs. Drewry and Flagg.

The usual business being disposed of, the Society adjourned.

W. T. HUTCHINGS, Critic.

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

President—C. E. Barblebaugh, Rockingham co.
Vice-President—W. T. Hudgins, Texas.
Recording Secretary—W. H. Ryals, Fluvanna county.
Corresponding Secretary—C. A. G. Thomas, Portsmouth.
Treasurer—F. M. Satterwhite, Hanover county.
Librarian—L. C. Catlett, Gloucester county.
Critic—Sol. Cutchins, Nansemond county.
Censor—J. M. McManaway, Bedford county.
Chaplain—E. W. Winfrey, Buckingham county.
Sergeant-at-Arms—W. C. Flagg, Caroline county.
Editor of Musings—J. W. Snyder, Richmond.
Board of Managers—F. P. Robertson, Albemarle co.; Sol. Cutchins, Nansemond co.; W. T. Hudgins, Texas.
W. T. HUTCHINGS, Critic.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night," and the occupants of the dormitories on the fourth floor were startled from their quiet slumber by the voice of one crying in the darkness, "Let me in, I am a good man, a friend, and an old student. I roomed in this room with H. O. S. two years ago." From general indications the waters of the noble Jeemes seemed to have had a bad effect on his brain. Now the occupants on the fourth floor are celebrated over the whole world for their unvarying politeness and ever-ready hospitality, but they also possess another and not less important trait, and that is prudence. The gentleman alluded to had laid siege to room No. 63, and was demanding immediate admittance. No. 63 is the Local's room, but the Local (un) fortunately was not in, as he had gone to church and thence visiting. Mr. R., his room-mate being aroused by the noise, was at first inclined to tell him to come in, but perceiving from his voice that he was a stranger, and that he spoke in authoritative terms, with his usual presence of mind arose and locked the door and quietly lay down again. The stranger, finding that he was locked out for the present, began to enumerate anew his claims to admittance. Although Mr. R. is not generally skeptical, yet he did not believe these assertions, and therefore told him that he would "hold the fort" till reinforced. The conversation then turned upon the political situation of the present time, whereupon Mr. R., feeling his soul filled with moral sentiments, announced gravely to the besieger that in these troublous times, when the country was threatened with war, bloodshed and rapine, when men are daily shot down, and nightly assassinated, when banks are being robbed and private houses broken into, when honest men are as scarce as hen's teeth, and ravenous wolves are raging over the land, seeking what they may destroy; then it behooves sober, discreet and Christian men to be wary and exercise great circumspection in taking strangers into their "castles." The stranger seemed to get angry at these remarks and made use of language loud and violent, intermingled with various threats and oaths. Meanwhile, a far different scene was being enacted in a room farther down the passage. This room is occupied by Messrs. H. and J., gentlemen whose names we will not give in full, but who are very fond of boasting of Nansemond potatoes. Mr. H. arose, and shivering with cold, fled for refuge to his wardrobe. Mr. J., on the other hand, thinking it unmanly to run in time of danger, and yet rash to lie still in bed, determined to act the part of a hero and do neither. This last resolution he carried out to the letter.

for he simply slipped out of bed and quietly crawled under it, thereby escaping the imputation of a disgraceful flight. At this juncture the Local arrived, and effected an entrance into his room with the greatest difficulty. It seems that when the stranger was heard to go down the steps, the occupants of the various rooms fearing another attack, held a meeting and resolved that they would all sleep in one room and help each other if the enemy attacked them again. The room of Messrs. H. and J. was selected as the proper one. Accordingly they got out on the gutter and walked around to the window and effected an entrance. Mr. J. was only induced to come from under the bed by the fact that he was afraid that the thirteen students, who had come into his room and gone to bed, would break the slate and crush him. Mr. H. finally yielded to the entreaties of his friends so far as to leave his post as sentinel and come to bed. Hearing of the adventure, the Local went to that room, and after making himself known, got in and found fifteen men in one bed, an event unparalleled in the domestic annals of Richmond College. On the next day Mr. explained his conduct to the full satisfaction of all by saying that he merely went into the wardrobe to prevent the man from taking his clothes if he should come to that part of the passage and succeed in breaking his lock, night-latch, and the various props which supported the door. A mass-meeting of the students was held and a committee appointed to wait on Mr. J. and announce to him their appreciation of his heroic services in not running away but standing firmly by his (bed) post.

In narrating this event we have done our utmost to act with the strictest impartiality, and tried to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We have instantly rejected anything in connection with it which savored at all of falsehood. Such an event as this one has not before taken place in the memory of the present generation. The fourth floor has always sustained an unblemished reputation with the Faculty, for just as its rooms are raised high above the earth and all terrestrial things, and reaching almost into the celestial regions, so the minds of its occupants are elevated above what is sordid and low, and occupied with things which are pure, moral and heavenly. We do confess that the chairman of the Faculty apprehended and led captive, by the back of their necks, down to his office, two young gentlemen engaged in beating on the radiator, but as all those who are bound together in the holy bonds of fourth floorhood, are proud to relate, and as all the students know, they were from other floors, and we are trespassing upon forbidden ground, an act directly contrary to the letter and spirit of the constitution of the fourth floor community, and one which they would not have allowed but for the fact that examinations were pressing and they were too busily engaged in their studies to interfere with the law-breakers. It is true the fourth floor has no Olympus, no Helicon, at the foot of whose LONG and lofty FIELDS the type of the Musings is set up; but it boasts of a Paradise and a Parnassus, though its Paradise be without an Eve, and its Parnassus without a Pan.

ONE of the students went to see his Angelica last week. He had staid till midnight, and the young lady had several times inquired the time, and her mother had repeatedly knocked on the floor with the broom-handle, but all in vain. The old man, becoming very sleepy, tried the following plan of getting rid of the offender, without wounding his sensitive feelings: taking a box of cigars, he walked down stairs and pleasantly remarking that he always liked to smoke before breakfast, offered one to the young gent. The young man not being able to resist the temptation took the cigar and left, a wiser if not a better man. We shall not tell his name, but he is the smallest man who rooms on the fourth floor.

THE funeral services of the Gymnasium, which were advertised in the last issue to take place on the 1st of April, were solemnized at that time. Rev. R. C., of Cottage, officiating. This gentleman, who was her pastor, spoke in affectionate terms of the deceased, saying that he had been intimately associated with her for many years, and that she had always been a true and faithful member of his flock. The Rev. gentleman seemed overcome by tears when he attempted to speak of the aid which she had rendered him in his pastoral work among the poor and needy. After the services were over Prof. P. followed with one of his inimitably witty speeches, explaining from a chemical standpoint the influence of the severe winter in causing the death of deceased, who had been very much exposed. Prof. W. then made a few remarks upon the importance of a proper foundation and equilibrium. Many other distinguished gentlemen spoke, whom want of space prevent us from mentioning.

THE Amateur (formerly Osceola) B. B. C., of Richmond College, has been reorganized, with the following members: Captain and C., C. Sands; F., L. Winston; S. S. L. Dearborn; First B., W. W. Field; Second B., W. G. Page; Third B., W. T. Hudgins; L. F., C. A. G. Thomas; C. F., — Crenshaw; R. F., W. Carpenter.

The College Museum is almost daily becoming a source of greater information and pleasure. Mr. 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 P. M., and not stay longer than 6 P. M. He says that from ten minutes past 3 till 4 is the scanty time allotted him in which to eat his dinner, and that visitors often call him away before he is half through.

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 tends to show their foreign descent lies in the oddity of their hand-writing.

We have heard it reported several times that some of the young ladies in the city hesitate, others refuse altogether, to visit the mummy through fear that the students will be too boisterous in their demonstrations of joy at seeing them. We confess that some of the rats, 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 wanted 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 diction, but especially for his extreme fondness 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 flatter her eyes. Accordingly, he said: "Miss M., I think you have the prettiest eyes I ever saw. They are grand, glorious, magnificent, beautiful, angelic, heavenly, big as a horse bucket and black as a smut, and crew."

At a recent mass-meeting of the students Mr. J. A. 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 who have 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 superiority of light-bread and biscuits as diet for students. Mr. P. advocated biscuits, while the lady thought light-bread superior. Mr. P. said light-bread was too much like wind. The lady replied by asking him if he did not eat a great deal of light-bread.

One of the Professors delivered a short lecture on hospitality, last Monday morning, at the chapel exercises—a severe, though unintended blow at those who had so wantonly turned off the stranger from their gates the night before, but be it said to their shame, only one man on fourth floor was present to hear it.

The occupants of No. 7 Cottage cordially invite the public generally, and especially the students, to come to their room at any time of day or night till 11 P. M., to see what they and all the would-be critics of Richmond College pronounce one of the finest productions of Lubens. It is the picture of a Milkmaid, and the gentlemen say that it cost a large sum of money. They told us, however, in strict confidence, that they bought it down town at a music-store, and that, it together with three pieces of music, one cigar, one lead pencil and two dime novels, cost them only thirty cents.

About fifty of the students went to Sidney church last week to hear Pollard's Jubilee Singers, and were very much pleased with the entertainment. Some of them bought copies of the "Plantation Melodies," and gathering together in one of the rooms on the third floor made the night hideous with their screeches and unearthly howls, causing some of the Professors to start to College very often, through fear that it is an incipient Callathump.

In the last issue of the MONTHLY MUSINGS, the article entitled "Christmas Wanderings" was credited to the "Christian Sun." It should have been stated that it was originally contributed to that paper by a student of Richmond College, whose NOM DE PLUME is "Marcus," a forcible and interesting writer, well known within the college walls.

The Campus is beginning to swarm with parties playing croquet. We do not play, but like to see our fellow students enjoying themselves in the game of ground-billiards.

Our friend kept scanning over and over that article in our last, seeking to hew "heroic feet" out of that heroic effort. Our friend must be a poet, since he was agonizing "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

SEE advertisement of A. Saks & Co., Fashionable Clothiers, who advertise to sell any size garment worn by man or boy at "one price only," 1013 Main street.

The Undergarment Anecdote B. B. C. will reorganize next week.

The final examinations are rapidly approaching, and cramming is now the order of the day.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. G. W. Latimer & Co. We have tried their cigars and can testify to their superiority. Their store is near the College, on Marshall street.

PERSONALS.

Lucien H. Cocke, student '75-6, is now at Washington and Lee University. From the *Collegian* we learn that he has been elected President of the Washington Literary Society. We tender our congratulations. Lucien used to be good at base-ball here. We wonder if he has left that, and "taken to water" now.

L. Floyd Nock, M. A., session '75-6, is engaged in the delightful pastime of reading "Blackstone." He says it is as interesting as a novel. We hope he may always find his studying as pleasant. Remember, old chum, that you will have the

"* * doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,"
to annoy you all through life.

Our wishes for your success, Floyd, wherever your lot may be cast.

R. P. Felton, '74-5, is studying law at Richmond Hill Law School, Yadkin county, N. C. One by one we hear from our old college chums, and here, after some time, comes a letter from the "Judge," inquiring after college matters, society news, &c., and sending a 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 of sulphate of gypsum? Do you carry one in your trunk "to remind you of somebody," as Prof. P. says?

A. P. Pugh, session '75-6, is at Furman University, Greenville, S. C. We notice his name as 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 in 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.

JESSE CHILD,

Apothecary,

117 Main Street, near corner Second,
RICHMOND, VA.

ap-3m

JOHN MORTON,

Florist,

Corner Main and Reservoir Streets,
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