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Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. III. }
NO. 2. }

RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER, 1877.

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

Byron sings the Evening of Italian Skies in the following beautiful lines :

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be,
Melted, to one vast iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
glows.

Fil'd with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse;
And now they change! a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—and all is gray.

The grace and delicacy of the rhythm of these lines is equal to the tender loveliness of the dying Italian day. No less in harmony with their subject are the following lines of Shelly, describing a night worthy to succeed the evening of Byron's song:—

How beautiful this night! the balmy sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in morning's ear,
Were discord to the speaking lute
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon arch,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded splendor rolls,
Seem like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pale beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace,—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness:
Where silence undisturbed might walk alone,
So cold, so bright, so still. L.

CHARLES THE FIFTH, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly that of a watchmaker. He, one day, exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."

Literary.

ARISTOTLE.

There are two men who stand out prominently on the pages of history as instructors in the science of reasoning. These two, Aristotle and Bacon, acquire greater prominence from their antagonistic views, from their being representatives of widely-different systems of philosophy. Plato was a philosopher, regarded by some, superior in many respects to Aristotle; but Plato has never acquired the celebrity of the latter, because there has never arisen a master-mind like Bacon to refute his peculiar theories. It was an honor to have had an opponent like Bacon.

Syllogistic Reasoning and Induction; these are the two means which have ever been used to extend the domain of truth; these are the weapons which these men have, in their turn, given to the world to be used in combatting error. Just here it is usually supposed that Aristotle and Bacon take issue, and this is the fountain-head of the two diversely-flowing streams. But the true ground of difference lies far deeper than this. Aristotle and Bacon both regarded Logic as a result. An end was to be attained, and these two instruments naturally sprang up as being best fitted to attain their respective ends. We must then consider the sphere of Aristotle's philosophy so as to be better able to judge of the fitness of the means.

And Aristotle's philosophy is the philosophy of the ancients. He cannot be said to have been a revolutionist, though he was to some extent an innovator. He did not of course lose his personality, a personality which was developed strongly in a man of his mental calibre. The Peripatetic philosophy had clearly-defined peculiarities in its day, but when compared with the philosophy of Bacon and his successors, the individuality of the species is lost in the striking contrast of the genera. We do no injustice there to the ancient philosophy when we take Aristotle as the representative of its leading principles.

The philosophy of Aristotle was eminently impractical. Its peculiar boast was that it made no provision for the wants of imperfect man but dealt with the wants of those whose nature had been changed and almost etherealized.

Mathematics and Natural Philosophy were not studied with a view to their application to the arts. To have used the knowledge of Mathematics acquired in their schools in defining the boundaries of an estate would have been to degrade philosophy to vulgar ends. It

was a one-sided philosophy with the additional disadvantage that that side was the worse one. If we must have a one-sided philosophy, by all means let us have one that ministers to our present wants and necessities, even though it lead us no higher, in preference to one that we cannot reach as long as we have the imperfections of our nature about us. The ancient philosophy did not stoop to conquer. It was far above human nature; its teachings, doubtless, would have been very well adapted to the inhabitants of Plato's imaginary Republic, but were utterly useless to the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. It theorized beautifully about what a man ought to be, but did not set to work to make him what he could be. They aimed too high and wasted their ammunition, making roar and rattle enough, but never striking an underlying error.

We find in this the origin and the perpetuation of Aristotle's favorite method of reasoning. As their philosophy was transcendental, as it dealt with subjects far above the observations of every-day life, there was neither the opportunity nor necessity of using the Inductive Method.

The first method required the assumption of general truths and proceeded to draw inferences to particulars; the second observed particulars and worked upward to general laws. And this misconception of the sphere of philosophy perpetuated this mode of reasoning. Had the inferences of their philosophy come within the sphere of observation, their falsity would have been established and the method proved unphilosophical long before Bacon arose.

The philosophy of the ancients was proud and haughty. It has come to be recognized as a requisite of a philosopher that he commence his work, without prejudice, without preconceived ideas of truth and error. He must be content to sit at the feet of the great Teacher, Nature, and follow her unerring finger as it points to higher truths. This is induction; this, the distinguishing nature of the *Novum Organum*. But this spirit of humility which characterizes the modern philosopher is diametrically opposed to the ancient philosophy. It is much easier and more flattering to our self-importance to deduce truth by human reason, than, painfully and ploddingly to collect the facts as they can be found by nature.

We remark, too, that Aristotle's philosophy was unprogressive. This is partly the cause and partly the result of syllogistic reasoning. A stationary philosophy need have no better instrument of research than this; such an instrument removes the wheels from the car of Progress. One mark of superiority the In-

ductive Method can claim above all other methods of reasoning is its capability of infinite development.

Aristotle's influence upon the world's thought was good only so far as the practice of his followers contradicted his theory. He taught the human mind to reason and how to reason, and that most powerful of powers burst asunder the base fetters with which he would fain have bound the human intellect and added fame to Aristotle, which he would never have received had it continued in his bonds.

CAMPBELL'S POETRY.

The close of the eighteenth century was a period in English literature characterized by a wonderful burst of poetic genius, upon which the world will ever look with feelings of admiration and delight.

That brilliant galaxy of poetry which found its centre in Wordsworth, and in which shone with peculiar radiance and splendor Coleridge, Southey, Moore and Campbell will ever be regarded as one of the brightest groups in the English literature. Coleridge with his pathetic emotions, and tender and ethereal imagination; Wordsworth in his harmonious and deep-toned strains; Southey, by the fluency of his style and the grace of his diction; Moore, on account of his brilliant fancy and rhythmical flow of language; Campbell, by his poetic fire and elegance of expression: all tend to raise poetry to a higher level and increase the fame of the English literature.

In this article we do not propose to give an extended review or elaborate criticisms on the merits of Campbell's poems, but merely wish to jot down a few scattering thoughts about them.

At this day it would be wasting words to discuss the rank of Campbell as a poet. His early contemporaries, with one accord, assigned him a station which the criticism of eighty years has left unchanged. As a lyricist, he stands first. His more extended poems display high powers. His versification is elaborately polished. There is a nerve and fire about him that quicken the blood like some ancient Greek or Latin epic. He glows with enthusiasm, and his imagination is often strikingly bold.

And to these we may add a facility for different styles of poetic composition, such as the succeeding age has nowhere else witnessed; for neither Byron, Scott, nor Shelley, although each his superior in their several walks, could have produced three such poems as "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Battle of the Baltic."

The first of these, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published when Campbell was but twenty. It is full of animated pictures, some of which, especially the fall of Poland, will live forever. This was followed by several short lyrics, the best of which, "Hohenlinden," is like the blast of a trumpet sounding a charge. Then came "Gertrude of Wyoming," the most finished and elegant of all his works, a poem brilliant with fancy, musical as a flute, and everywhere tearful with pathos. Its reception was less enthusiastic than "The Pleasures of Hope," and was first properly appreciated in this country; but long since it has become the favorite composition of the poet, with all persons of delicate taste. Soon after appeared "O'Con-

ner's Child," an elegant poem, but inferior to its predecessors in every respect; and at intervals followed others, each successive one worse than the former, until the last were almost absolute trash. Whether it was that the reputation he had already gained unnerved him, as the shade of a full grown tree withers the shoots that would spring up beneath it, or whether it was that the physical excesses, in which for many years he indulged, destroyed his, originally fine powers—certain it is that ever since Campbell's poems were first published his fame has been on the decline.

We could almost, at times, regret that he did not die in youth, like Byron. There were many points of resemblance between the two poets; but it is a pity Byron did not live to redeem his reputation, and a still greater pity that Campbell did not find an early grave. He should have died in the first flush of fame, when "Gertrude of Wyoming" was still new and fresh, when the heart of Britain was yet thrilled by his "Mariners of England." To have gone down to the grave with his fame unsullied, and the belief that his genius was yet only in its dawn, would have been a glorious destiny; but to live on, as he did, until reputation was a thing wholly of the past, and the man of to-day was but the inanimate effigy of what he had been yesterday, a living body with a dead soul, this was a doom too ignoble!

Once Campbell might have been laid fitly to rest amid the dust of mighty kings and consecrated poets, with the knowledge that the old banners of that proud mausoleum looked down on no one more gifted by genius, or who had run so splendid a career. But it was not thus fated.

Although the public taste has somewhat changed since Campbell's poems were written, and although that taste is destined to still further modifications by events now silently at work, his earlier works will be sought for so long as the language endures, polished elegance has a devotee, or a single bosom warms with noble and generous emotions. And men will venerate his name, though with a regretful feeling, as when we think of a dimmed and sinking star.

DELTA.

STREET MUSICIANS.—AGAIN.

I have just read in the *MUSINGS* a contribution from the pen of Anthony Absolute, in which he speaks in glowing terms of the charms of a hand-organ. It seems to me the writer deserves criticism on many points. He affirms that the street musician's music pleases all and displeases none; of course, if it pleases all, it displeases none, but does it please all? There are two sides to everything, even a circle; so let us both look on the other side. I was sitting at my window, one afternoon, enduring, with a great effort, the waltz sung to the words "Cheese, cheese, Limberger cheese," my neighbor, who is more noted for her powerful voice than her elegant language, threw up the window with a bang and exclaimed, "Say, you organ grinder, take yourself away! Here's Agrippa been suffering with the toothache all night and all day, and just as he's getting to sleep you come with your eternal 'Cheese!'" I do not think that the melody of the hand organ entered into her soul.

I cannot say that I love the street musician

either. How often, oh! how often, when in the dusk of evening, sitting alone in the gloaming, intently building a giant air-castle—thinking of the time when I should have reached the pinnacle of honor and fame, when I should have the world at my feet—suddenly there breaks upon my ear a series of the most discordant sounds; that horrid organ grinder under my window is grinding out in the most dolorous manner that ancient ditty, "Mollie Darling." My air-castles all vanish, and do what I may, that dreadful Mollie Darling rings in my ears till I wish there was not a hand organ in the world, or a "Mollie" either.

Again, Sallie is making a dainty omelette for dinner; the door bell rings violently. Sallie leaves the omelette and rushes to the door—whom does she find? The organ grinder's hideous little monkey, which, coming in, she has to chase all over the house before she can drive him out. When she returns to her post her omelette is burned to a crisp. Think you that the musician's melody is balm to her soul, and that "that moment is a gem snatched from the hand of grief and added to the casket of human happiness?"

The street musician is worse than an "idler and vagabond." He is frequently a rogue—allow him to enter your house—leave him in the sitting room, while you go to get him something to eat; after his departure, on examination you will be very apt to find something missing; and yet this is the man who "delights children, comforts the afflicted, gives joy to the stranger, and crushes the seed of wickedness in the heart of the fallen." Rather let him crush the wickedness in his own heart. Is it not rather to encourage laziness than "to call out the exercise of holy benevolence in their young hearts," thus to permit children to give to him? I say, let this man go to work.

Take a peep, if you please, into the abode of such an one, after he has returned from his day's idleness. We find in a wretched hovel five or six half-starved children and a sick wife. On the back of a broken chair sits the poor monkey. The master, the house-band, is drunk, cursing and swearing, cuffing any of the children who dare to cry for bread. This is the man who can make children "happy and forgetful of griefs." Methinks that should he turn his "crank of harmony," or rather discord, all night, his children would not forget the hunger gnawing at their vitals.

People may sentimentalize on the "lovable character" of street musicians and the vast deal of good they accomplish, but I think the public can better dispense with their melodious music than their families exist without the necessities of life. I repeat it, let this man go to work.

HEALTU.

A SUMMER REVERIE.

I lay on a sandy hillock, just out of reach of the spray from the waves that rolled in foaming breakers on a long, low, shelving beach. The last lingering rays of departing day had faded into twilight, and the soft voices of the night were beginning to be heard; but I still lingered, fearing to move, lest I should break the charm that made me "one with nature."

The radiant glory of the setting sun sinking into the sea had sated the desire of the eye for the beautiful, and mere sentient existence

in the midst of such a scene filled the chalice of human enjoyment until material happiness overflowed with a divine ichor the incense of whose fumes almost intoxicated the intellectual sense.

For I felt within myself a sympathy with these phases of nature that made them significant of things immortal and unseen; I could hear within my inmost spirit a symphony in full accord with the voices of the sea and air, an undertone whose subdued cadences revealed the primal relation of nature to God and Man—all nature shone with living traces of the Creator, and the reflected light made my soul to glow with kindled sense of God and His Awful Presence.—I felt the earth was indeed made for the glory and the worship of God, was indeed

"A grand cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the wind and waves—its organ thunder,
And its dome the sky!"

Those grand lines of Wordsworth's came surging over my soul—those lines in which he has attired "in diction of the most transcendent beauty, thoughts the most beautiful, and imaginations the most subtle."—Thus:

"I have learn'd

To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing, oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity;
Not harsh and grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue: And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts;—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is—the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky,—and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

The evening shades grew deeper, and night drew her curtain across the scene, making all grow weirdly dim before my eyes, but still I lingered,

"Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of fancy, or some happy tone,
Of meditation slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone."

But night came on apace, and I moved to go, but in moving my hand fell upon the sand and straightway the current of my thoughts took another turn:

Lives of great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time:

—some voice seemed to murmur in my ear, and I could almost see walking along the beach the forms of many great ones—among them the great philosopher who said, in speaking of his own learning that he felt as if he had been all his life like a child gathering pebbles on the sea shore. And yet no one was ever more distinguished for his extensive acquirements and profound erudition; and from all his learning in the material sciences he drew a higher wisdom, not content with the knowledge of mere material facts, but exploring the depths of the philosophy of the essence and constitution of the Universe itself, and from creation learning the Creator.

A shell lay near me on the beach; almost unconsciously I raised it to my ear, and

"Murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences whereby,
* * * *, the monitor expressed

Mysterious union with its native sea,
Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."

The shrill sound of the bugle, as the first watch of the night was set on the ramparts of the neighboring fort, broke the chain of my thought, and recalled me to myself; so, reluctantly I departed, leaving the beauty of the scene slowly to be shrouded in the loneliness and darkness of the silent night.

SAVAGE OR CIVILIZED?

It is the fashion now-a-days to teach the reading public through our scientific and literary magazines, and in more formal treatises, that man has climbed up by slow degrees to the arts and refinements of civilized life; that he was originally a savage—nay, lower than all existing savages—nay, more than this, that he was devoid of language, a miserable ape-like, degraded *mute*.

This teaching is false, and a little information will prove it to be so. And if it were true, we should be sorely puzzled to square the Biblical teachings as to the primitive condition of man with it.

Adam does not seem to have been any savage. Cain "builds a city." In a few generations we have Tubal-cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and Jubal, his half-brother, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." After the flood, we find Nimrod, the great grandson of Noah, founding those great cities whose ruins are the oldest in the Babylonian plain.

But what are the teachings of history—"the most recent researches," as our fashionable writers like to put it?—What do archæology and a study of the remains and monuments of the East teach us?

M. Renan exclaims in view of the discoveries in Egypt, that when one considers the arts of the earliest dynasties, and observes its wonderful perfection, and the further fact that it had "no archaic period"—but bursts suddenly upon us, superior to all that followed—in the presence of such an astounding phenomenon the great French Orientalist exclaims, "*on est pris de vertige*." It is the same in Babylonia: in the very oldest tombs we find arms and ornaments of bronze and iron (along with stone), while at the very outset we find them erecting their great "temple-towers," whose bricks and hewn stones have not entirely perished even to this day.

Civilization in these regions goes back to the very beginning, and there is no trace of anything behind.

If we turn to another of the primitive races, whose early beginnings scholars have been able to detect and to learn something of—the Aryan tribes on the banks of the Oxus—we find them too, no savages, but living in villages, with the domestic animals, driving carts, acquainted with bronze, and manufacturing from it their tools and weapons, and with a religious creed (to be gathered from the Zendavesta), which is nearer to that of the Bible than any other religion of ancient or modern times, not founded on it.

Now it is generally admitted that Western or Central Asia was the primeval centre from which the migrations of men first set out.

And at this centre, we do not find a savage, but the Egyptians (who came from Asia) with their pyramids and hieroglyphics; the Chaldeans with their towers and their astronomy; the Aryans, with the pure sentiments of the Vendidad, and a language which is the parent of the Zend, the Sanskrit, and the Greek.

If we turn to China, we find the germ of the present Chinese nation settled from the most primitive times, in the angle of the Yellow River, near the Gulf of Pechili, and their knowledge of agriculture and the metals seem to go back to their first settlement in this region.

If we take another branch of the human family—the Cushites—we find their civilization fully as ancient as that of Aryan, Turanian, or Shemite. Indeed they are represented a Babylon, and in Egypt; but their primitive theatre seems to have been in Southern Arabia—the Asiatic Ethiopia—where they had numerous cities as old as Memphis and Ur of the Chaldees. They were pre-eminently the builders of the primeval world, and perhaps we owe to this element in the population the great monuments of Egypt and Babylonia.

These same Cushites settled in India, and there we are not able to detect any traces of their primitive life, for they were soon invaded and vanquished by an Aryan migration across the Hindoo Koosh from the Table-land of Iran.

But these are far from exhausting the list of nations, which seemed to have commenced their career as a civilized people, and not as barbarians or savages.

In the relic-beds at Troy, explored by Dr. Schliemann, the lowest beds exhibit the highest art, and hewn blocks of stone are only found at the bottom, on the virgin rock, where the predecessors of the Homeric Trojans first settled.

In Greece again, Dr. Schliemann has unearthed at Mycæne, admitted to be, with Tiryns, the oldest city in Greece, tombs belonging (as he believes) to the age of Agamemnon, and all exhibiting in their relics a degree of culture and refinement equal to that of Assyria and Egypt. These were the people who built the so-called Pelasgic walls (more probably Phœnician) of Greece, (and Italy), and which are the oldest remains in these countries.

As far back as the eye can reach down the vista of the past, we recognize two other primitive nations—the Phœnicians and the Etruscans—the first sending their ships to the pillars of Hercules, and beyond, twelve or fifteen centuries before our era; and the other leaving behind them testimonies of their greatness in the great chambered tombs, with their beautiful bronzes, which are found at Cære, at Vulci, and various other points in Northern and Middle Italy.

We have only space to refer to the islands of the Pacific, which were in their Stone Age when discovered by Europeans a few centuries ago, but throughout which ruins of hewn stone structure bear evidence of an ancient, but departed, civilization.

So in America, the Mound-Builder preceded the Indian, and the civilization of the Toltec the inferior arts of the Aztec.—Selected.

MONTHLY MUSINGS

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

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☞ 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. III. NOVEMBER, 1877. No. 2.

OUR AIMS.

We are disposed to be confidential. We will reveal the secrets of our prison-house (*alias sanctum*) if it does astonish our readers. We propose confessing the motives which prompted the publication of this paper and the ends it has in view; so frankly that, even when they are unworthy, our readers will forget the fault in sheer admiration of our candor.

It need not be said that the publication was not commenced or continued as a money-making enterprise. We claim no credit for our magnanimity in this respect, for the track along which we started was too full of wrecks for us to fail to learn their lesson. The *MUSINGS*, unlike Hodges' razors, was not made to sell. We are not entirely free, however, from monetary considerations. We have a subscription price, which all the readers of this paper are expected to pay, but this is for the two-fold end of paying the cost of publication and of increasing the respect and interest of our subscribers.

The *MUSINGS* is on a good financial basis, and so has reduced that subscription price within the reach of all.

This paper was started in conformance to the prevailing custom. Every enterprise of any note, to succeed, finds it necessary to have a newspaper advocating its interests. Every county-seat that boasts two grog-shops and a grocery must needs have a newspaper. No one reads the paper except the editor and contributors; it is not expected that it will be extensively read, but it invests that village with a dignity which it would not otherwise have. And our Alma Mater, with her large family, scattered over all of the States of the Union, had to have a newspaper, and, working through the Literary Societies, her daughters, the *MONTHLY MUSINGS* was the result. And whether we are seconded by the efforts of the friends of the College or not, we have no fear that the Societies will allow this, their enterprise, to fail and die.

Again, this paper was intended to be the medium for exchange of sentiments between the former and present students. It proposes to

open its columns to any student who has anything to say on any subject whatever, provided that he does not descend to personalities and improprieties, and does not too flagrantly violate the laws of grammar and rhetoric. And in this we are not altogether unselfish, for the incentive to improvement afforded by this paper is not inconsiderable. The student will exercise more care in writing for the press than he will in preparing an essay for the most critical of professors. And we are not overrating the influence of a college paper when we say that it has often conferred success in that most difficult of professions, journalism. We do not expect to revolutionize public tastes, nor mould, to any great extent, public opinion. Ours is a humbler task, but none the less important. In an age when so much is done to provide strong men for the future from the youth of the present, there are talented ones who will not look with disfavor upon any effort which has this end in view. We look for support and encouragement, chiefly, to those who have gone forth to the struggle of life from this college, and we shall strive to reunite the ties which have been so long severed and revive old associations and reminiscences in the hearts of those who have preceded us. We shall be content if this paper arouses ambition and strengthens the ties which should bind the student to his Alma Mater.

This can be best achieved by the students—both new and old—writing for the paper. And who is there of them that will not join in with the Literary Societies in the enterprise they have undertaken? Not one, we hope.

LET US HAVE THE FACTS.

We are by no means anxious to incur the displeasure of the Faculty or the Board of Trustees. We should hesitate long before entering upon a course which would be displeasing to a body like the Faculty of Richmond College. We know that they are fully alive to the interests of the College and of the students, and we believe that the Trustees are zealous, enterprising friends of this institution. It is with due deference to their superior wisdom that we call attention to some facts. Personally, we are anxious to see this institution prosper, and if we were not, we would not dare to misrepresent the Societies who called us to fill this position by writing a word which would injure the interests of this college. But this institution need not fear truth, nor do the Faculty or Board of Trustees fear it. The promulgation of truth may be attended sometimes by disadvantages, but a prosperity founded on concealment of truth, is inevitably short-lived. We feel an unmitigated disgust in referring to a subject which

was a hackneyed one last session, but we will, in spite of our disgust, mention two facts in regard to the Reading Room. It is a fact that the catalogue states that "the Reading Room is regularly supplied with daily papers from all parts of the country, and with the standard Magazines and reviews." It is a fact that we not only have no room but there is not but, *one* paper that comes regularly, addressed to the Reading Room of Richmond College. 'Tis true, the catalogue does not state where the Reading Room is situated, and we infer that it is ensconced safely on one of the islands of the Pacific, or dangling to the North Pole, as we have not seen or heard of it in these regions.

"To this every student has free access," saith the catalogue. We are irresistibly reminded of that old joke of the fellow who wrote to an editor, telling him of his wish to subscribe for his paper, and adding, "Please find three dollars, *if you can*." We do not know who gets up the catalogue, but he is evidently a humorist of no mean talents. This hit would be worthy of Mark Twain or the "Danbury News Man." We think, however, that he had better furnish his witty paragraphs for the columns of the *MUSINGS*, and reserve the catalogue for prosy facts.

But, seriously, we ask the authorities why this discrepancy between the facts and the catalogue? If it was only some temporary deprivation we would be ready to find some apology, but for five sessions we have not had a Reading Room worthy of the description in the catalogue. If, as we charitably think probable, it has been the result of negligence rather than pre-determination, we will forget the past, but we must respectfully insist that the pledges of the Faculty and Trustees shall be redeemed at the earliest possible moment. And the word of the Societies has been formally pledged to aid in every way practicable the Faculty in the establishment and proper management of the Reading Room.

There, too, is a wreck of a Gymnasium, which came to an untimely end. An appropriation was wisely made by the Trustees two years ago for the establishment of "this necessary adjunct to the College. Whether the whole appropriation was expended in the erection we do not know, but at present it is almost entirely useless. The students are to be blamed for removing ropes and bars, and they should, if no funds are on hand for refitting it, raise a subscription immediately for that purpose. We suggest that a mass-meeting be held and a committee appointed to take, under the direction of the Faculty, the necessary steps. Neither the students nor the

College can afford to be without a Gymnasium.

In conclusion, we would say that this article has not been written in a fault-finding spirit. If our remarks have been too hasty or have misrepresented the facts, we shall be glad to acknowledge our error.

Let us have the facts in the case.

TO FORMER STUDENTS.

The "MUSINGS" is now owned and published by the two Literary Societies, and we trust is worthy of your patronage. It will contain all of the College news, and as much information concerning the Alumni of our Institution as we may be able to procure, and in behalf of your old Society we invite you to send in an early subscription. Terms only SIXTY CENTS A YEAR.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.—We want the name and address of every old student of this College. Will not our friends who receive this copy of the MUSINGS aid us in obtaining them? We want to send a copy of the MUSINGS to them, that they may know what is going on at old Richmond College. Just write their names on a postal and send them along.

WHOLE COLUMNS.—It is not of ordinary occurrence that one merchant gives us an advertisement of a whole column for a whole session. But it is sometimes done, and in order to show their appreciation of such favors the students should march down in columns or otherwise to STRAUS', corner Broad and Eighth streets, and get whatever they may want in his line. He keeps a fine assortment at reasonable prices.

IN newspapers there are many things which those who do not understand them, pronounce silly and foolish, and it is not at all astounding either. For just look at the advertisement in the right upper corner of the eighth page of this paper, and see if you appreciate the joke. If it seems foolish call on the editor of the MUSINGS and he will make it a means of saving your money.

ON his "Additional Force Bill" in 1805, Mr. Pitt had a meeting of country gentlemen—militia colonels, we think—to consider the measure. One of these gentlemen objected to a clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done *except in case of actual invasion*. Pitt replied, "that would be too late;" but the gentleman still insisted on the case of *actual invasion*. By and by they came to another clause, to render the force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he never would consent to its being *sent out of England*—"except, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Pitt, "*in case of actual invasion*."

PERSONALS.

A. T. Holtzman is successfully teaching school at Riverton, Warren county, Va.

Rev. L. R. Steele is preaching very acceptably at Claysville, Pa.

Bill Burnley, session '72, is in business with Messrs. E. & S. Wortham, of this city.

Horace Whaling, '75-6, is at the Union Theological Seminary, going to be a preacher.

T. C. Whaling, '75-6, is now at Roanoke College, where he has won for himself considerable distinction.

Jas. J. (Big) Beale is raising peanuts down in Isle of Wight. Send up some *goobers*; we would like to try them.

J. Wilmer Hughes is sweetly called "Professor" by the young ladies of Broadus Female College at Clarksburg, W. Va.

F. A. Lewter, *alias* "Tobaccoist," paid us a hurried visit a few days ago. He is going to engage in farming in North Carolina.

John R. Jackson, Jr., is in business at Front Royal, Va., under the firm name of Forsyth & Jackson.

Thos. R. Gary, one of the original stockholders of the MUSINGS, is in Ocala, Florida. Send us some oranges, Tom, from those fabled orange-trees.

Rev. H. Seay, session '73, was married a few days ago to a young lady of his native county, Fluvanna. Accept our congratulations, Doc., and may a happy lot be yours.

Gaven Rawls, who was here in '72-3, has since graduated in medicine; taken unto himself a *better half*, and is now practicing physic at Carrsville, Va.

Chas. H. Nash, of last session, called in to see us a few days ago. He was just from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, having to leave on account of bad health. He don't subscribe to the MUSINGS.

J. R. Motley, *alias* "Jones," *alias* "Squejacks," is raising tobacco in Pittsylvania. Come back, Jack, and we will see that "no violence" is committed. If you can't come, send us 60 cents for the MUSINGS.

Married, at the bride's residence, in Jefferson, Culpeper county, Va., on Thursday the 18th of October, by Rev. Mr. Carroll, assisted by Rev. Mr. Grigsby, Dr. L. Langford, of Southampton, to Miss Mary C. Burnley, of Culpeper.

Livius was at College in '73, and made many friends both in College and in the city, who, we are sure, will join with us in warmest congratulations.

The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Ky., has a good representation of Richmond College students. Here they are: R. R. Acree, W. T. Abrahams, H. A. Tupper, Jr., D. S. Hubbs, J. A. Lawless, B. W. N. Simms, W. W. Fuqua, A. G. McManaway, J. T. E. Thornhill, and H. C. Smith.

We are all right now, Mr. McManaway, for we have a lawyer on our board of managers, and can stand litigation as long as anybody. Get us a club, Mc., if you want to help your favorite enterprise of yore.

EXCHANGES.

Our list of exchanges is not as large as usual. In the most cases new managers and new editors have taken charge of the papers, and they have not yet gotten to be familiar with each other as were their predecessors. We notice that a great many of our exchanges have waited till October to give a report of their June Commencement. It is very desirable for the editors, in the hurry and confusion of an opening session, to have matter for three or four pages, but we think the readers are very lenient to wait three months for their news. But to come to them separately.

The *Home Journal*, a journal of polite society, is not a college paper, and we do not venture to cast our critical eyes upon it. We always read it (all editors do not read their exchanges) and recommend it as being worthy of its successful past.

The *Southern Collegian*, an unusually good number, lies before us. "Ye Local" seems to be fully alive to his duties. We notice that the subscription price is \$2.50 per year. We mention it to draw the contrast between the prices of the MUSINGS and the *Collegian*.

The *College Herald* holds its own in spite of the strikes. The article, *God's Epic*, is rather high strung, but, withal, has a certain rhythm which is very easily mistaken for eloquence. The editor exerts whatever he has of strength in making the column, "*Our Exchanges*," a readable one.

The *College Journal*, of Georgetown College, has several pages devoted to the early history of that institution. We turn away with a sigh, for that same space is usually occupied by excellent reading matter.

The *Lafayette College Journal* lies before us. How does it manage to get itself out in such a style? We believe that it cares more for its outside than its inside.

The *Christian Sun* comes to our table every week, and is a welcome visitor. It is edited by Rev. J. T. Whitley, a former student of Richmond College, who, though young in journalistic experience, is making his paper very readable. Can you not write us an article for the MUSINGS, occasionally, Bro. W.?

The *Gray Jacket*, published at the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, is a lively little sheet.

The October number of the *Educational Journal* is before us, and is full of interest to instructors, as usual.

The *Furman Collegian* comes to us in a new dress, and we congratulate it upon its good looks. It has a good many short articles, and such is the eagerness of the editors for that sort of thing that the inevitable salutatory occupied no more than a half a column. We did not read all of the articles, but we observed this heading, "Who to patronize." We suggest that "whom" would be more in accordance with the best usage. Nevertheless, after this exhibit of our knowledge of grammar and the remark that its "College Smiles" didn't make us smile worth a cent, we pronounce the number before us decidedly superior to former numbers. A successful future to you.

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Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
October 12th, 1877. }

The Society was called to order at the usual hour, by Mr. J. C. Thomas, president.

Under the head of Election and Initiation of Members, Mr. Johnston, of Texas, was elected and duly initiated.

The election of officers, for the ensuing term, being next in order, resulted as follows:

President—M. A. Turner, Richmond, Va.
Vice-President—J. W. Boyd, Botetourt, Va.
Censor—E. M. Bann, Princess Anne, Va.
Editor of Star—J. T. Dickinson, Richmond, Va.
Recording Secretary—R. L. Woodward, Richmond, Va.
Corresponding Secretary—P. Y. Tupper, Richmond, Va.
Critic—F. T. West, Jr., Louisa, Va.
Chaplain—W. T. Cheney, Chattooga, Ga.
Treasurer—J. W. Martin, Amherst, Va.
Librarian—A. G. Loving, Albemarle, Va.
Sergeant-at-Arms—C. H. Chalkley, Richmond, Va.
Editor of MUSINGS—G. W. Riggan, Isle of Wight, Va.

Under the head of Remarks for the Good of the Society, remarks were made by Messrs. Riggan, West and Boyd.

On motion, the Society adjourned.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
October 19, 1877. }

The Society called to order by J. C. Thomas, President pro tem. Prayer by the chaplain.

Messrs. R. H. Latine, F. W. Cheney and W. T. Bagby were initiated.

Roll call. Minutes read and corrected.

Installation of Officers.

Inaugural of President M. A. Turner.

On motion, the Society returned to the "Report of the Committee."

Treasurer's Report was read and adopted.

Reading by Mr. Woodward.

Declamation by Mr. Abbitt.

DEBATE.—"Resolved, That the State Debt be repudiated." Affirmative: Abbitt, S. Allen, Martin, Williams, and W. Cheney. Negative: Baum, Bentley, Bouldin, Boyd, West, Taylor, G. B. Hardaway, and Davis. Decided—Affirmative, 9; negative, 10.

Critic's Report.

Report of Board of Publication of Monthly Musings was read and adopted.

Report of Question Committee.

Resignation of Mr. Topping accepted.

Vote of thanks to Mr. Shott for collecting books, &c., for the Society.

On motion, all candidates for a degree were excused from attending Society meetings.

The following committees were appointed by the President:

Executive Committee—Coleman, Woodward and Davis.

Library Committee—Riggan, J. J. Taylor and Cabell.

Question Committee—Boyd, C. E. Jones and Bouldin.

Reading Room Committee—Shott, W. T. Cheney and Hubbard.

Motion to adjourn carried.

F. T. West, Jr., Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
October 26, 1877. }

The Society was called to order by the Vice-President, J. W. Boyd. Prayer by the chaplain.

Roll called. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Reader, Mr. Williams. Declaimer, Mr. S. Allen.

Question Debated: Resolved, That "Monasteries were beneficial to civilization." Affirmative: Messrs. Boyd,

Long, W. T. Cheney and Williams. Negative: Messrs. Brown, Hardaway, Loving and West.

Question Decided: Affirmative, 10; negative, 3.

Mr. Bouldin was elected Monthly Orator

An invitation to attend the Public Debate of the Philologist Society was read. A motion that the Mu Sigma Rho Society accept the invitation and postpone its meeting to attend the debate was carried.

Mr. C. H. Jones was elected Scribe of the "Star," and Mr. A. R. Long, Reader of the "Star," and censor's Report was read.

The Society adjourned till November 9th, 7:30 P. M.
FRANK T. WEST, JR., Critic.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL,
October 19th, 1877. }

The Society met at the usual hour and was called to order by the President, Mr. Derieux.

Exercises opened with Declamations by Messrs. Bayne and Bargebaugh, and reading selections by Messrs. Reamy and Wilkinson. Debate was next in order, and the question, "Which exercises the greater influence on National character, Moral or Physical causes?" was handled in an able and entertaining manner. In the regular debate Messrs. Bartenstein, Huff, and Burgess advocated the affirmative, and Bell and Bayne, the negative. In the irregular debate, Messrs. McManaway, Smith and Davis spoke on the affirmative, and Messrs. Boldridge, Simms, Cutchins and Davies on the negative.

The Society had the pleasure of hearing remarks from the following visitors: Messrs. Starke, Jones, Nash, Jamieson, Lawrence, Tupper, Anderson and Shott.

The private business of the Society was transacted; during which Mr. Cutchins, chairman of board of publication of MONTHLY MUSINGS, submitted a full and encouraging report of the MUSINGS' condition and prospects.

Messrs. — Jamieson, of Kentucky, C. W. Brooks, of Fauquier county, Va., and T. J. Lawrence, of Nansemond county, Va. were unanimously elected active members of our Society.

On motion of Mr. Barrett, it was

RESOLVED, That it be made the unanimous sense of the Society, that members confine their purchases to merchants advertising in the MONTHLY MUSINGS.

Regular adjournment. W. T. HUDGINS, Critic.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }
October 26th, 1877. }

The Society was called to order by the President. Prayer by the chaplain.

Declamations by Messrs. Cone and Holland.

Reading of the "Classic Geni."

The question, "Resolved, That a young man in choosing a profession should consult his own talents rather than the demands of the times," was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Lyons, Huff, Cattlett, Robertson and Satterwhite. Negatively by Messrs. Barrett, Powers, Boldridge, Davis and Reamy. Remarks were made by the following visitors: Messrs. Shott, Hubbard, Warren, West, Benton, W. C., Benton, E. H., Hardaway, Abbitt, Starke, Decker, and Christian. Question decided in favor of the affirmative by a vote of 14 to 8.

After the Critic's report and reading of minutes, Messrs. Starke, Christian and Decker were elected members of the Society and duly initiated.

The business of the Society was transacted with closed doors, after which the Society adjourned.

HOWARD R. BAYNE, Critic pro tem.

LOCALS.

THE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair, with its usual influx of visitors, has come and gone. The roar and rattle of passing vehicles has died away in the distance, and the north wind wafts a requiem over the ashes of the past. Our old friends and college mates, some of whom remained after the fair had closed, as if unwilling to depart, have gone, and we know that they were here only by the reserved recollections which they awoke and which still continue to thrill our heart-strings. The President, too, has come and gone. He did not visit our sanctum, as he was completely in the power of a committee of arrangements. The disappointment is mitigated somewhat by the reflection that if he had come, either he or we would have had to stand during his whole visit. We make it an inflexible rule not to have but two chairs in the office, and, be it known to the public, they are for the editors. We think the President must have caught cold, as he made several open-air speeches while the rain was pouring down. Whoever saw such rainy weather during the State Fair? But when it cleared up how the people did through the Fair Grounds? Well, it is all over now, and we feel better now that we have had our say about it. We don't know how our readers feel about it.

COLLEGE CHRONICLES.

SOME nights since our friend and fellow student, familiarly known as "Parson W., of Borneo," was agonizing over one of his aptly-named (prep.) mathematical problems, when he was called aside and mysteriously informed that a vicious looking individual was intruding upon the sanctity of his private apartments. Now the "parson" especially prides himself upon his private apartments; so when he received the above information, he THINKS a mighty cuss-word and rushes frantically from his friend's room, regardless of obstacles. He gained the open air and sped like the wind across the campus towards his own cottage, coat-narrative horizontal. He reaches his threshold, and, foaming with rage, demands admittance with a series of knocks that would have done justice to a battering ram. He then, in compliance with a request from within, has to enter into a detailed explanation of the relations existing between himself and those apartments. While undergoing this torture he glowers over the artistic style in which he is soon to apply his fists and boot toes to respective portions of that intruder's corporeal system. The bolt turns and he squares himself for a terrific rush—his fists clench convulsively, his breast heaves, his eyeballs gleam like forked lightning in the dark, he hurls himself—(what's that about discretion and valor?) "Good evening, sir," he said, "can I do anything for you?" We know not whether it was respect for age, good looks, avoidupois, or what, that caused this change of tactics, but his man had a thick matted beard, (more so than our friend), seemed heavy set, had a keen, vicious eye, and altogether (said his host afterwards) "was the wrong sort of man to jump." His visitor informed him that he didn't think he could be of any assistance—that he had only decided to take lodgings there for the night. He didn't seem to agree with our friend about the impracticability of such a step. By this time a number of students were gazing in at the window, apparently in high glee. The "Parson" observing this, again changes his tactics, and raising on high one of a pair of seventeen pound dumb-bells, deliberately takes out his watch and informs his intruder that he is allowed three minutes exactly in which to depart. But (who likes to see a cocked pistol levelled upon him?) gravitation suddenly overcomes his hold upon the dumb-bell, and the perpendicularity of the aforesaid coat-tail was horizontalized.

When he was finally induced to leave a distant fence corner and once more enter his sanctuary, his eccentric visitor had departed. As he was explaining to the boys how he "would have hurt that fellow with the dumb-bell," apparently sprung from the earth, "that fellow" once more confronts him. Our friend was going to give us one more evidence of his fleetness, but when the fellow divested himself of beard, slouch hat and vicious eye, and stood revealed as our friend's next door neighbor, the crowd yelled SOLD.

SEVERAL excursions left Richmond on the 15th October for Washington and other points North. About seventeen of our boys took advantage of this opportunity of escaping the recitations and of seeing the sights of the National Capital. A representative of the MUSINGS accompanied the crowd, not for the first reason, of course, but for the purpose of keeping the other boys straight. He says that he had a good time. The party visited both houses of Congress, and would have enjoyed themselves hugely if they had been allowed to sleep. As it was, pleasure somewhat mixed. The party called on the President but his Excellency could not see them. The representative of the MUSINGS reports his having an interview with the President, in which he (the reporter) expressed approval of his Southern policy and pledged the support of the MUSINGS. He (the President) seemed much better satisfied after this last statement. The reporter was unable to dine at the White House, having prior engagements. The boys came home satisfied in mind, but not in some other respects, for they ate and slept at an astonishing rate for a week after their return.

ABSENT MINDED.—Our friend, Mr. S., of 3d floor, has a sick room-mate, and has been striving strenuously to keep quiet in his vicinity. When called on last Sunday, at one of the principal churches, for a Sunday-school speech, he arose and said, "Gentlemen will please keep as little noise as possible in passing the THIRD FLOOR, so as not to disturb my room-mate, who is very ill!"

MR. B. says these are degenerate times. Dishonesty is more respected than honesty, for when a merchant takes the bankrupt law he paints his name on the sign "A gent" (agent.)

If our readers notice many typographical errors in this issue they will forgive us when we tell them that the business manager, whose special duty was to read proof of this paper, has had his eye-sight dimmed by bringing it in contact with another fellow's fist. It is all right now, but the moral is, "Beware of newspapers." "Ye Local" has prevailed on the Richmond Howitzers to place one of their guns in his room, and now he is prepared for any emergency.

Mr. H. keeps on hand six different kinds of tobacco. His friends can tell the positions they hold in his estimation by the brand he hands them. We advise the fellow who got dry leaves and sulphur not to go around any more.

Mr. L. P. F., a rat, was very anxious, a few days ago, to have an interview with the fellow who ducked him. He has given up his pugilistic cravings since he has found out that there are seven fellows "whose eyes he will have to black."

IRATE OLD STUDENT TO RAT.—"Just step outside of that room and I'll mash your nose till you can't see!"

RAT.—"You'll have to offer better inducements than that!"

THE Editors return thanks to Mr. W. T. Hudgins for his assistance in furnishing matter for the local column.

M. J. POWERS,

The great Southern Photographer, and Artist in Oil, water and Pastelle colors, made one of the most elegant displays at our late State Fair, consisting of all styles and sizes of Photographs, from miniature to life size, in water, oil and pastelle colors, that it has ever been our pleasure to see. We will not attempt a full description, as that would be impossible. To fully appreciate, was to see, which thousands did, and we feel confident that they will bear us out in saying that it was the grandest triumph for Mr. Powers that has ever been achieved by any Photographer in the South. Of the eight awards of merit offered by the Society, he received five, making a majority of one over all competitors. Most of Mr. Powers' awards of merit were received on the highest of the Art, for best life-size oil, best life-size water color, &c.

Among the collection there was one piece of work which, on representation, would appear impossible, yet, with his never erring skill, he accomplished to the perfect satisfaction to all whom it concerned—we refer to the corpse picture of the little girl who had been buried ten days, taken up and photographed, worked in India ink, eyes drawn to appear life-like, and other alterations made that were necessary, recoped and enlarged to imperial size and finished in water color, presenting as perfect and satisfactory likeness and picture as if it had been taken previous to death. Nothing seems impossible with this man in the line of his beautiful art. Name what you wish done, and he seems instantly to comprehend what is requisite, in that quiet, unassuming manner peculiar to himself. The subject of this sketch is a native of Virginia, born at Mechanicsville, Louisa county, in 1837. From his earliest recollection he exhibited the most abiding passion for anything appertaining to art, but being of poor parentage it was impossible for him to be placed in position for the full development of the unusual talent with which he was unquestionably endowed. He was placed at several mechanical trades, but manifested no interest whatever in them, but as soon as an opening offered for his present calling, he entered with that indomitable will, which is a stranger to everything but success, and to-day he stands one of the bright stars in the Photographic element. This great but somewhat eccentric genius has accomplished wonders in his line of business, and we feel confident that a visit to his Studio, 304 Main street, west Monroe Park, will serve to convince one and all of his ability to serve them with any first-class style of picture they may desire.

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- SAM'L D. DAVIES, Professor of Law.

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Tuition in Law School \$80 per session, one-half payable on matriculation, the balance on the 4th February.

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