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Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. III.
NO. 4.

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY, 1878.

TERMS. { ONE YEAR, 60
SINGLE COPY, 10

The Muse.

We select as appropriate to the season the following poems of Tennyson and Shelley:

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bells sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see:
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you.
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are over.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride posthaste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold, my friend;
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die:
Old year we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak, but before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door. TENNYSON.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smiles instead,
For the year is but asleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold here to-day;
Solemn hour! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave:
February bears the bler,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follows with May's fairest flowers. SHELLEY.

Literary.

THE TOWER OF LONDON AND SOME OF ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY ETNA.

There is perhaps not a building in the old or new world, not a mass of ramparts, walls and gates so poetic, and so ancient, as the Tower of London.

Like the Iliad, the Sphinx, the Newton Stone, and the Niebelungen Lied, its age is lost in tradition long before English history took definite shape or the ancients speculated about the new Atlantis.

A legend, taken up by the Saxon chroniclers and Shakespeare, date it from the period when "Julius Caesar was in Britain and conquered it," hence the name of Caesar's Tower.

The home of England's stoutest Norman kings, the graves of her noblest and truest knights, the scene of her coronation festivities, the sombre witness of her darkest crimes—it speaks to the eye, to the heart, and to the mind.

Viewing the Tower as either a palace, a prison, or a court, the mind is filled with pictures more varied and more beautiful than the Dresden gallery, with poetry and drama, that draws us into an ideal world like that which we find painted in the ever varying light and shadow of Shakespeare's page.

What can Europe show to compare with such a story as is written on keep and turret, bastion and ballium, Jewel House and Armory, the Belfry, the Bloody Tower, White Tower, Bye-ward Gate and Traitor's Gate, with its eight hundred years of historic life and nineteen hundred of traditional fame.

All other palaces and prisons appear like the creations of an hour.

The oldest particle of palace in Europe—the west front of the Burg in Vienna, a confused mass of buildings, now containing a Museum of Antiquities, belongs to the reign of Henry the Third.

The Kremlin in Moscow, the oldest Tartar architecture in Europe, was built long before Peter the Great ascended the Neva in a small boat of his own construction, and located upon a miserable morass, half under water, without stones, without clay, without wood, without building materials of any kind, with the waters of Lake Ladoga on the one side, and the Gulf of Finland on the other, threatening to deluge it; that splendid city of St. Petersburg, with its imposing architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets tipped in gold and glittering in the sun, an imperishable monument to the genius and energy of its great founder.

The Doge's Palace in Venice, which contains the Lion's mouth, the receptacle of the "secret denunciations" of that arbitrary, tyrannical and inquisitorial "Council of Tew," the treasonable scourge of Venice, into whose mysterious proceedings the public eye could never penetrate, the victim never confront his accusers; both belong to the fourteenth century.

The Seraglio in Stamboul, was built by Mohammed the Second, and the Vatican, the oldest, most interesting and most celebrated of all the Papal palaces, was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears.

The old Louvre in Paris, the place from which Charles the Ninth fired on the victims of St. Bartholomew, was commenced by Francis the First, in the sixteenth century; and the Tuileries, founded by that wicked Catharine de Medicis, who gave an allegorical representation foreshadowing that horrible and most atrocious massacre of one hundred thousand human beings on St. Bartholomew's day, belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Versailles was a swamp when Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides routed Prince Rupert and the Parliamentary forces on the hard fought fields of Naseby and Marston Moor, and beheaded Charles the First on Tower Hill.

Saus Souci, the forest home of Frederick the Great, and the Escorial in Spain, a mammoth edifice, second only to the Pyramids of Egypt, built to fulfill a vow made to St. Lorenzo, the tomb of Spanish Royalty, are of the eighteenth century.

The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, Cairo and Tehran are modern.

Neither can the prisons which remain unde-

molished or recorded in history or drama, compare with the Tower in Antiquity, except the Castle of Saint Angelo, on the banks of the Tiber, erected by Hadrian as a Mausoleum for himself and family.

The Bastile, the "Man with the Iron Mask" and victims of the Revolution of 1789, have vanished.

Vincennes, Spandau, Spielberg and Madgeburg are all modern compared to the Halls which echoed with the revels of the Norman kings, the cruelties of the Plantagenets—the dance of love and the dance of death.

In the Tower Richard the Second held his Court, and heard the "Many years of happy days befall my gracious sovereign" from the lips of Bolingbroke and his appeal against the Duke of Norfolk; and here too Richard was confined in "Julius Cæsar's ill-drected Tower" by the order of Bolingbroke, to whom he surrendered the crown of England.

From the Tower Henry the Sixth, was proclaimed king, and afterwards imprisoned there by Edward.

Here it was that Richard the Third stealthily stole to the room of Edward, who accused him of his murderous designs and describing his foul heart, receives as answer: "Die prophet in thy speech," and stabbed him.

It was here among his counsellors that he caressed and then denounced Lord Hastings; here he walked on the walls with Buckingham, clad in rusty armor, smiling his murderous smiles, and intriguing that he might cut his way to the throne of England with a bloody axe. Here, too, at his command the royal nephews were murdered, the Duke of Clarence drowned in wine, and Buckingham, the last permanent High Constable of England, the rival of Woolsey, was beheaded by him whom he had placed on the throne.

Who would not like to pause by the steps on which Ann Boleyn knelt, to linger in the rooms where Lady Salisbury suffered her tragic fate, and Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley searched the New Testament, or think on the story of good Lord Cobham, a gallant warrior, a pious gentleman and a faithful knight, yielding his body to the flames of Smithfield.

In a pleasant room in that splendid Durham House, three men, Shakespeare, Bacon and Raleigh, the most gifted and daring of English blood, might have been seen in the days of Good Queen Bess, smoking the Virginia weed, and discussing themes that were to shape the conduct of all English speaking people in every sphere of thought and activity.

Around Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, and the most eminent prisoner ever lodged in the Tower, are grouped more literary associations than any other man. Eminent for his personal magnetism, genius and political fortunes, he had not the honor to be the prisoner of England, but of Spain, to gratify the jealous enmity of Philip the Third, whom he had braved in Guiana, humbled at Cadiz, and baffled in Virginia.

Towards Spain he nursed that hostile passion which Hannibal fed against Rome; but there was no Scipio to protect that proud neck from the headsman's axe.

To Raleigh in prison came the wits and poets, the philosophers and statesmen of his age. Bacon, Shakespeare, Johnson, Burrell, Hariot and Pett, to tell light jokes, to dis-

course on European Chronicles, State Papers, Eastern Zends and Jewish Talmuds; to sound the depths of Aristotles philosophy; to map out Virginia. Spencer was not more favored by the muses. Effingham praised him as a sailor; Bacon considered it an honor to contend with him for the prize of eloquence. Poet, student, sailor, soldier, orator, historian, statesman, courtier, in each and every sphere he excelled. A power in the court, in the city, in the camp, and on the man-of-war.

A union of talents, differing in degree, can carry to perfection some gigantic plan which the individual mind could not possibly complete. In a work of great utility or interest the originator is sometimes compelled to call in friendly assistance, for he may lack the courage, the leisure, or the ability in certain particulars to complete the excellent idea he has otherwise matured.

The world would have been more benefited had Johnson consulted some learned etymologist. Cumberland's domestic drama of Greece owes its success to the manuscript notes of the learned Bentley. "Vasaris' Lives" were mainly written by another. Dr. Morrill wrote the "Analysis of Beauty" for Hogarth.

Perhaps the greatest result accomplished by such an union of talents is Raleigh's "History of the World;" and the literary phenomenon which puzzled Hume becomes clear when we consider that such a union did exist in the Tower, and that Raleigh had the assistance of Bacon, Shakespeare, Hariot, Ben Johnson, Burwell, and others, whose names have not been discovered.

The Tower has an attraction for the Englishman akin to the paternal roof—the school in which he was trained, a part of all he is and all he knows. Every particle of brick and stone is alive with story, the story of a nation's exalted splendor and fiendish crimes. The soil beneath your feet is richer in blood than Blenheim or Flodden Field, for out upon its green sward have been poured, from William the Conqueror to Charles the Second, a stream of the noblest life within the British Isles. It is associated in our minds, says Macaulay, "with whatever is darkest in human nature and human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and blighted fame."

VISIT TO PUTEOLI.

Naples is by many adjudged, to be the most beautiful, as well as the most picturesque city in Europe, and surely no one who has ever visited it and been charmed by its glowing skies will be disposed to dispute this statement, and yet this far-famed city owes much of its celebrity to its surroundings. In fact, there is scarcely anything, with the exception of the great museum and a few churches, worthy of notice within the city walls, but only step beyond these boundaries and the whole country is teeming with places of most intense interest to the traveller. Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Sorrento, Capri, Baiae, and Puteoli, places so very celebrated, some for their past, some for their present beauty, are all within twenty miles of Naples and all of easy access. Let me describe a visit to the last mentioned place.

Taking a carriage about ten o'clock one bright sunny day, we start with the intention of being gone all day. After a few minutes we come in sight of the Tomb of Virgil, romantically situated on the side of a range of hills, from which the view of the whole city is very commanding. As we contemplate the last resting place of this great poet, how some of his lines come flitting through our minds, lines which have obtained a world-wide reputation, and we are reminded of the many vicissitudes through which his hero passed. We now go through the Grotto di Posilipo, a tunnel cut through a hill to avoid the necessity of passing over it by a long and circuitous road. It is lit up with gas, and there is constantly a motley crowd of vehicles and persons on foot going through it. Excavated in its sides are several chapels, in which there are altars and shrines, at which the faithful may pause a moment to say an Ave Maria or a Pater Noster. Through this tunnel pass many of the peasants, wending their way to the city to sell their wares; and we see them driving both the little donkey, scarcely visible for the large amount of vegetables with which he is loaded, and also the great white oxen patiently drawing their loads of stone. Emerging from the grotto we are on a fine hard road, running between vineyards and olive groves, and with tall trees on either side. Suddenly the road makes a turn, and lo the whole bay is spread out at our feet, dotted here and there with emerald isles and its bright water laughing and sparkling in the sunshine. At last, after riding by the seaside for half an hour, we reach the old and historic town of Puteoli, situated on a bay of its own name, to the north of the Bay of Naples. [The modern name is Pozzuoli.] This is the town hallowed by the footsteps of St. Paul. This is the place at which he landed when on his way to the Eternal City. Still is to be seen, in the little harbor, the very pier upon which he is said to have landed. As we enter the town and drive through its narrow streets, a great crowd of beggars, guides, women and children flock around us, and it is only by choosing a guide and throwing some *soldi* among the crowd that we can protect ourselves and escape their disagreeable company. We first visit the Solfatara, where is to be seen an extinct volcano. After going up a high and steep hill we found ourselves within the crater. "It is a small circular valley, surrounded on all sides by a ridge of earth apparently one or two hundred feet high," and is about a half a mile in diameter. When we were in the centre our guide took up a huge stone and threw it on the ground several times and this caused vibrations and rumblings which sounded as if we were over an immense vacuum covered only by a thin coat of earth. In fact this is believed to be the case, and it is thought that the volcano "is not dead but sleepeth," and that at any moment it is liable to burst forth with renewed strength. At one side of the crater is a hole from which sulphurous fumes are continually being emitted, and there always can be heard a noise like boiling water. The guide, by taking some lighted straw and holding it at the hole, caused dense clouds of smoke to come forth, which made us draw back and think that we were on the eve of an eruption.

Next let us visit the Amphitheatre. It is a

large and massive ruin, and its walls built of huge blocks of stone, rise in silent grandeur, and as we view the arena, the dens of the wild animals and those other arrangements for the brutal combats between men and beasts, we shudder, and are reminded of Byron's lines written about the Colosseum, which commence thus:

"I see before me the gladiator lie."

The arena was also arranged in such a manner that it could be flooded and used for naval combats. Truly the ancients, though they were barbarous in their ways, were barbarous on a very grand scale, as these huge amphitheatres all over Italy prove. Many of these old ruins, and among others this one, the Italian government has taken charge of, and by charging an entrance fee, it is enabled to do many things to preserve these interesting ruins from further decay.

Let us next visit the ruins of the Temple of Serapis, which are also near the town of Puteoli. This temple is not only remarkable for the beauty of its marble columns and floors, but also for a curious fact in connection with it. This whole coast of the Bays of Naples and Puteoli, because of the volcanic nature of the surrounding country, rises and falls in the course of centuries. Thus, when this temple was built it was on the shore above the water, but gradually by the change of years it became almost entirely submerged, and remained in that state for many years. Then again the coast rose and now the water in the temple is only one or two feet deep. In the columns of the hardest marble are to be seen the small round holes made by the smallest animals of the briny deep. The custodian or official guide, who was a very old man, told us that even in his life there had been a marked change in the depth of the waters, and that he remembered the time when the water was some several feet lower than at present, and then he said that he expected that at no very distant period the temple would be under water again. If this temple is so beautiful in its ruins, how charming it must have been when Rome and all that country was so great and powerful. We had expected to visit Baiae, but seeing that we have no time, we turn our faces homeward, and after an hour's ride we find ourselves entering the city, and away on the other side of the city we behold old Mount Vesuvius towering far above us, with his habitual "night cap" of smoke, and the whole made gloriously lovely by the last rays of the setting sun. Those tints of color, peculiar to a Neapolitan sunset, we saw, and our remembrance of them will not soon fade.

Surely one might almost adopt the words of the proverb "*Vider Napoli e poi mori.*"

DON ABRONDIO.

LONGFELLOW, in his sonnet to Tennyson, takes for sign and symbol an old feudal term, "Wapentake." The opening lines are these:

Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine,
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery which is thine
In English song.

The word wapentake means weapon touch.

In olden times the vassal who held land of a lord used to come armed to the general assembly, and touch with his lance the lance of his lord, as an act of homage. In time the name wapentake passed as a designation from the homage of the tenant to the district he held.

◆◆◆◆◆

THE following poem is by George Arnold, the brilliant and unfortunate Bohemian, who ran his brief career in New York and Chicago a few years since.

R. H. Stoddard read it, and declared that name and fame awaited the author, if he would but apply himself steadily to literature.

BEER.

Here,
With my beer
I sit;
While golden moments,
Alas!
They pass,
Unheeded by,
And, as they fly
I,
Being dry,
Sit idly sipping here
My beer.

Oh, finer far,
Than fame or riches are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free
cigar.

Why,
Should I,
Weep, wail or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by!
What if my hopes are dead—
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer,
Cigars and Beer?

Go, whining youth!
Forsooth—
Go weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale:
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times
Whose joys, like shadowy ghosts appear,
But leave me to my beer.

Gold is dross;
Love is loss;
So if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
Without the cross.

◆◆◆◆◆

A sixteen-year-old girl on Columbia street has a button string four yards long, containing 1,973 buttons. And that girl's father fastens his suspenders on his trousers with a shawl-pin, a piece of twine and a sharp stick.

FUN.

It was a pious idea for the young lady to write "Post no bills," on the back of a Prep's tall collar.—CAMPUS.
Satan was the original "deadhead." He got into the Garden free, and then caused trouble by talking.

Now with the pumpkins the fields are golden,
The woodland is sere and gray,
And the buckwheat cometh to usher in
The dawn of a batter day.

Scene at East College.—First Junior: "I say, Will, where is the Latin lesson?" Second Junior: "On page 304 of the pony; don't know where it is in the other book."—Ex.

Fond Father: "Well, my son, how do you like college? Alma Mater has turned out some great men."

Young hopeful (just expelled)—"Yes, sir, she has just turned me out."—Ex.

It was a darkey who exclaimed as he rose from his knees at a camp-meeting, "Here I raise my ebony-knees" sir!

Six years ago a Norristown young man was paying particular attention to a young lady named Plumb. He called her his "Sugar Plumb," for short. They have been married five years, and now he calls her—up first in the morning to make the fire. Such is life.

The Brooklyn boarder, when he quickly but calmly extracted a long red hair from the skyward portion of his bread, asks his fellows to join in singing, "I'm butter stranger here!"

The boy stood by the stable-door,
And watched the pensive mule;
A thoughtful attitude it wore—
An air serenely cool.

That boy approached its hinder end—
Let fall the pitying tears!
"He's gone to meet his brother, and
His age was seven years!"

Retribution don't bounce along at a very lively gait, and, generally speaking, wouldn't stand much chance in a race with a canal boat, but is sure as seed-time, and we have faith to believe that the man who Charles-Rossed our umbrella will some day wake up in a hornet's nest.

A Michigan farmer puts it rather suggestively when he writes to the faculty at Yale College: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra, if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as to row a boat?"

He was up to see his girl on Sunday night. He is a nice young man, careful in his ways, and with his best eye wide open to the main chance. In the course of the conversation he observed cheerfully—"Times are looking better, Amelia. I was reading in the paper last night that stocks are firmer, and crops were never more abundant. I shouldn't be surprised if the old prosperity came back to us this winter." "I hope so," said she dreamily, "for I'm getting about tired of crunching on rock candy." The young man squirmed.—[Danbury News.

ONE WAY TO TELL A STORY.—The other night a woman out on South Hill was sewing in her room, when she was somewhat annoyed to see the apartment suddenly filled with non-explosive Kerosene oil. She felt that she had occasion to go in the air, and as the evening was cool, she wrapped a window sash around her delicate form and strolled through the front fence, casually remarking to a neighbor who was passing, "Fire." The remark attracted his attention, and in the course of the evening he repeated to several of his neighbors and acquaintances, and their curiosity led them to visit the woman's house and pour 8,923 gallons of water on the best carpets and furniture. The place is now illuminated nightly with tallow candles.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

"WHAT do you do for a living?" asked a farmer of a burly beggar, who applied at his door for cold victuals and old clothes.

"I don't do nothing much but travel about was the answer.

"Are you good at traveling?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," replied the beggar.

"Then let's see you travel," said the farmer.

A YOUNG MAN sent sixty cents to a firm in Michigan that advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a slip of paper on which was written: "Don't go to sleep."

[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.

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THE PAST YEAR.

An ancient Eastern legend narrates the following instructive incident as having occurred during the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It was the custom of the Eastern monarchs to wear as a signet, the finest stone among their jewels, engraved with some inscription that should be a talisman to guard them from evil, and to guide them aright. This inscription was some striking truth, or pregnant aphorism embodying some maxim of the sages, or rule of practical wisdom.

Now the Queen of Sheba had been presented, by some tributary prince, with the finest diamond ever found; the beauty and splendor of the stone were famous among all nations. The Queen desired to make the gem her signet, but of all the wise men of the East, not one could suggest or devise an inscription worthy to be engraved on so rare a jewel. And so the diamond remained in the virgin purity and brilliancy of its beauty, unimpressed by any talisman, until the visit of the Queen to Solomon.

She showed the jewel to the king and asked him to have engraved thereon some motto worthy of the splendor of the stone, and of the wisdom of the great king. Said the king: "I will inscribe upon it words that will be appropriate to every occasion and circumstance of life; a thought that will restrain the pride of power in the highest exaltation of glory, and lends hope to the deepest humiliation,—that will moderate the transports of the greatest joy, and mitigate the pangs of every grief."

When Solomon returned the stone to the Queen, it bore this inscription: "And this too shall pass away."

We look with slow and painful retrospection over the scenes of the past year, and with fearful hesitancy forward to the yet untried future, and wonder if the only consolation for the memory of the ills of the past, and for the endurance of those in the future, is found in the reflection: "And this too shall pass away." In our despondency we are tempted to exclaim:

Few and evil have been the days of the year that is past! Looking through the diar-

of memory we find journalized there few of the things that we had hoped to accomplish, many things that we had purposed to avoid. Yet when this past year was the New Year to us—just twelve short months ago—looking forward through the vista of the future, we peopled it with long cherished hopes realized, with opposing difficulties overcome, with noble ambitions attained, until the scenes of the coming year formed for the contemplation of our imaginations a panorama in which all the colors were bright and glowing, in harmony with the vividness of our buoyant expectations. And yet this year has gone to join the past eternity, leaving a record which we like not to contemplate, an account which we hesitate to balance; we look half-wistfully backward, then say with a sigh of relief: it is past, and dead—let us to the future.

SHAMEFUL.

The editors of this paper do not consider themselves instructors in the art of politeness. In fact no set of rules can make one polite, even though a Chesterfield should arise to furnish them. We do consider it our duty, however, as representatives of the interests of the students of the College, to express the disgust and disapproval of every thoughtful student at the disgraceful behavior of some of the students a few nights ago. Very frequently the disturbance at our public entertainments is caused by those who are not connected with the College, but this excuse cannot be advanced in this instance. Nor can it be considered as a sufficient excuse that the speaker was uninteresting. He had come by the request of the authorities of the College, had been formally endorsed and welcomed by the students, and those who created a disturbance were lacking in respect to the speaker and in self-respect. For there is no community which suffers as much by the errors of one of its members as the community formed by the students of a college. To the people of Richmond we are "college boys," and they have not the opportunity (some have not the disposition) to distinguish the real offenders. The polite and the good, outside of this campus, suffer as much as the rude and wicked. We appreciate the temptations to disorder that existed on the occasion of which we speak. The boys had "Christmas in their bones," and by a strange sort of arithmetic the sum total of the brains of a number of boys varies inversely as that number, the subject matter of the lecture was commonplace to some of the students, and all of it ill accorded with the spirit of jollity which was rife among the boys; all of these things, while affording a natural explanation, do not give the least justification of the shameful behavior of some of the students.

What is to be done about it? How shall a similar occurrence be prevented? How shall we fix the blame upon those who justly deserve it, and upon those only? The last is impossible; the answer to the first affords the only practical course for us as students to take. The Faculty cannot punish the offenders, for it would be impossible to identify them, and they (wisely, as we think), leave all such matters to the self-respect of the students themselves. The only course left open for us is to beget a public spirit among the students which shall frown down any such proceedings. The successful management of the College depends upon this. The student, when he matriculates, is placed upon his honor, and the experience of several years has shown that to be the best way of preserving college discipline. But unless there is a healthy public spirit in favor of right and order, that method must fail, and we must be subjected to a rigid code of laws which appeal to none but the lower feelings of our natures and repress all natural, healthy morality.

Let us see to it then, as a means of self-protection, and as an aid to the Faculty in their excellent method of discipline, that all similar conduct receives the rebuke it justly deserves.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Messrs. Editors,—I have read with much interest your proposition for the two societies to hold a joint celebration as a conciliating measure. Something, I think, should long since have been done to check that ignoble envy which seems to take complete possession of a student as soon as he is admitted into either society. They both have one common aim, then why do they suffer such a spirit to exist? Now, sirs, your proposition is a good one, but it is impossible to smother in one night, be it never so harmonious, the passions, so faithfully cultivated throughout the whole session. That there should be a joint celebration no one can doubt, but that alone will fall far short of effecting a reconciliation. There is nothing more needful to the College than a comfortable and well supplied Reading Room. It will prove a most powerful auxiliary to the societies in accomplishing the chief objects, those for which they were organized. In fact, a Reading Room is absolutely necessary for the successful discussion of the majority of the questions selected. For how can a man debate on what he knows not? And how can he know unless he reads? And how can he read except he have access to proper matter? Since a Reading Room is so necessary, and each society is to derive such benefits from it, let them jointly have one. Let it be under the control of a committee from each society. Let it be equally dependent on each society.

This working together would, it seems to me, do more to bring about a restoration of good feeling than anything that can be thought of. There is at Randolph Macon an abundantly supplied Reading Room, with carpeted floor, comfortable chairs, and two long tables literally piled with standard magazines and papers. This room was gotten up and is sustained by the Franklin and Washington Societies. And I am told that the total expenses, for the whole of last session, amounted to only about ninety dollars. Are not the societies at Richmond as much concerned in the improvement of their members as those at Randolph Macon? Wake up, Greeks, and to the charge.

MEDDLER.

COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Harvard has 124 instructors at the present time.

The Ann Arbor Law School boasts of a lady in that department.

Everett graduated at 17 years; Webster at 18; Story at 20; Channing at 18; Longfellow at 18; Emerson at 18.

Oxford University is one thousand years old, and has an annual income of one million dollars. It has a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

The University of Pennsylvania has one thousand and twenty-five students.

Columbia College will celebrate its one hundred and twenty-fourth commencement this year.

About 300 students have already entered the several departments of the University of Mississippi, and others are coming in every day, so that there is a good prospect of from 400 to 500 students before January 1st, 1878.

The entire library at Harvard University consists of 320,000 volumes.

Yale library contains 80,000 volumes.

The Yale student pays twenty-five cents each time he enters the College Art Gallery.

Princeton has \$18,000 to spend in enriching its library this year.

The faculties of Kenyon and Gambier Colleges have suspended the entire sophomore classes for hazing.

At Cornell, according to President White, the ladies stand ten per cent higher than the gentlemen.

PERSONALS.

We met Dr. P. S. Henson, of Philadelphia, on his return home from this city, where he had delivered his lecture—"The Old and the New, or a Plea for the Old." The lecture was a grand success, and received flattering notices from the newspapers. The Doctor was full of humor and joviality, and kindly promised to write an article for the *MUSINGS* containing some of the reminiscences of his college career.

Our friend and quondam schoolfellow, Chas. H. Ainslie, called in to see us during the Christmas. He is looking well and is now engaged in preaching. He expects to return to College in February.

A. G. McManaway has left the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary on account of ill health. He stopped for a short time with us on his way home. There are rumors afloat that—but we reserve our congratulations for another issue.

Rev. Geo. J. Hobday, after several years of bachelor life, has taken unto himself a wife. We hope he will not let his affections become entirely monopolized by home.

Charles T. Spilman is now living in Ashland. His health is quite feeble, but he hopes to be able to take Law here next session. We had the pleasure of enjoying his hospitality a short time ago.

W. W. Cosby has withdrawn from College, and is taking law in his father's office in this city.

N. C. Burnett, (*Chanticleer*), of last session, was ordained a short time ago and is now preaching.

Rev. S. F. Taylor has given up his church and is now attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville.

Messrs. Hutchings, Henneberger and Nash paid us New Year's calls. Come again and stay longer.

Geo. O. Roper, '76-77, made his friends happy by a visit not long since. Subscription to the *MUSINGS* only sixty cents, George!

OUR EXCHANGES.

The November number of the *Mississippi University Magazine* lies before us. It apologizes for its failure to appear in October. The paper presents a very creditable appearance, and its editors have shown considerable tact in giving us quite a variety of subjects. The article entitled "Lectures" is very good. The writer makes a good point that, for the most part, instruction by the use of text-books is preferable to lecturing. We were rather surprised, after reading this paper nearly through, to hear the editors talk so discouragingly about the *Magazine's* being a "monotony and a drag to the editors." Cheer up, brethren of the quill.

The second number of *The Casket*, published by the young ladies of the Suffolk Female Institute, has come to light, from under a heap of other exchanges. It is a model little sheet, and should be, as it is, published by ladies. We venture to suggest that its "personals" are a little too personal. But lady-editors cannot any more than other ladies keep secrets. We are getting uneasy for the safety of the author of "Criticism on the Pupils of the Suffolk Female Institute." She should read Mr. Tony Veller's views on poetry. We didn't know it was poetry at first, but our attention was called to it. How were we to know when the verses did not begin with capitals? The *Casket* is a very interesting little sheet notwithstanding, and we bid it welcome to the ranks of journalism.

Emory & Henry *Clarion* has changed its form after the publication of one number. Its articles are well written, but for the most part on common-place subjects.

Here comes the *Mexia Weekly Ledger*, from the Lone Star State. J. W. Fishburn, an old student of Richmond College, is its editor, and seems to understand his business. We are glad to place his paper on our exchange list, and to hear from an alumnus.

There seems to be trouble at Roanoke College, too, about a Reading Room, as seen by a reply in the *Collegian* by one of the Professors to a call for information. It will not do to trust secrets to newspaper men.

The *Critic*, published by the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, has made its first appearance on our table. Its contents are varied, and how it manages to repress those contributors who are continually writing on hackneyed

subjects is a mystery too deep for us. We very gladly place it on our exchange list.

The *Jewell*, while not strictly a first-class College paper, is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting of our exchanges. The poem entitled "The Student," is quite good. It should not occupy so much of its space with contributions from those that are not, and never were, connected with its College.

We find, too, for the first time, the *Baltimore Elocutionist* on our table. It is an excellent journal, filling well the sphere which its name indicates, and of invaluable service to those who wish to obtain selections for reading and declamation.

And now *The Undergraduate* comes to the front with an article on the Eastern question. We were tempted, at first sight, not to read it, but reconsidered the matter. We are compelled, reluctantly, to admit that it was the most interesting article on that subject that we have read in a college paper. The writer personifies and animalizes the countries in a most delightfully-shocking way.

The *Central Collegian* has an excellent piece of poetry on the first page, also an article from the German on the Magnetizing of Animals. The other articles are good, but common-place. It is gotten up in a very neat style.

We have received as a new exchange "*Lasell Leaves*." We have to control our pencil when we attempt to notice it. It is a model of a college paper and reflects great credit upon its editors (who are ladies) and the institution which fosters it.

The *Virginia University Magazine* for November is more interesting than usual. "Socrates and the Vagrant Law" is a readable article, though its general drift is not commendable. A prominent constituent of modern wit consists in ridiculing and parodying thoughts and feelings that have grown sacred by age. This author has evidently striven to minister to this popular sentiment.

The *Gray Jacket* is of unusual interest this month. The editors waste too much of their valuable space in separating the article, "An Emblem of Life," into lines. But it made poetry (?) of ordinary prose. We advise them to try their skill on the "Declaration of Independence" before they parade the results of their poetical machine before the world. It speaks of our column of would-be sarcasm in rather discouraging tones. We did not know that we had such a column, and of course we do not feel badly about it. We must say, in justice to our colleague, that the article, "Leaves of Gold," possesses true merit.

We have received in addition the following exchanges: Acanthus, Boston University Beacon, College Herald, College Record, College Journal, Campus, Chrestomathean, Christian Sun, Columbia Spectator, Educational Journal, Earhamite, Furman Collegian, Franklin Monitor, Golden Sheaf, Home Journal, Institute Journal, Lafayette College Journal, Queen's College Journal, Religious Herald, Rocky Mount Mail, Roanoke Collegian, Virginia University Magazine, The Virginia Star, The Chronicle, The Academy Journal, The Reveille, The Montpelierian, Our Last Year, The Sibyl, Oberlin Review.

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ASHTON STARKE.

MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY.

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Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }
December 14th, 1877. }

The Philologian Society convened promptly at the regular hour. President Derieux in the chair.
Prayer by the Chaplain.

The exercises opened with a declamation by Mr. Herndon, and selections in reading by Messrs. Ryals and Robertson, both acquitting themselves with credit.

Three contributions to the "Classic Gem" were read.

Debate being next in order, Secretary Thomas announced as the subject for discussion, "Which have been of more service to mankind, the warriors or the statesmen?"

The regular debate was argued on the affirmative by Messrs. Nettles, Payne and Reamy, followed successively by Messrs. Powers, Oppenheimer and Sam'l Page on the negative.

In the general debate speeches were heard from Messrs. McManaway, Tucker, Smith of Texas, Lyons, Winfrey, Banglebaugh, Davis and Robertson. Some of the speeches cannot be too highly complimented, while the manifest interest of the members deserves notice.

A resolution of thanks was voted Mr. C. H. Ryland for securing the consent of Dr. Webb, of Caroline, to lecture before the students December 20, 1877.

After a pleasant session, concluding with several remarks for the good of the organization, the Society adjourned.
ASHTON STARKE, Critic pro tem.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }
January 4th, 1877. }

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

After which the Society met in joint session with the Mu Sigma Rho Society, to consider the plan for a joint celebration.

After adjournment, Mr. Noland, who resigned last session, was readmitted to the Society.

The Literary exercises were postponed one week and the following officers elected:

President—L. C. 'Atlett.
Vice-President—Thos. J. Nettles.
Recording Secretary—T. W. T. Noland.
Corresponding Secretary—J. M. Garnett.
Treasurer—F. T. Davis.
Librarian—L. P. Brown.
Critic—Ashton Starke.
Censor—F. M. Satterwhite.
Chaplain—W. J. Decker.
Sergeant-at-Arms—C. E. Banglebaugh.

Editors of Classic Gem—
J. A. Powers.
T. J. Nettles.
C. E. Banglebaugh.
Geo. Wm. Cone.

Editor Musings—Ashton Starke.

Musings Board of Publication—
Geo. Wm. Cone.
F. P. Robertson.
O. R. Sands

Board of Managers—
J. F. Elzer.
A. J. Reamey.

Reading Room Committee—
J. H. Boldridge.
J. H. Smith.

Monthly Orator—W. C. Garnett.

Scribe—T. J. Lawrence.

After transacting the regular business the Society adjourned.
W. T. HUDGINS, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
December 7, 1877. }

The Society was called to order by the President.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Roll called. Minutes read and approved.

Reading by Mr. Warren.

Declamation by Mr. W. C. Benton.

The question "Resolved, That from a moral and religious point of view, adversity is more ennobling than prosperity," was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Cheney, W. T., Stanard, Steele, Warren, Riggan and Boyd; negatively, Messrs. G. B. Taylor, J. J. Taylor, Thomas, F. W. Cheney, Long and Tupper.

Decided in favor of the affirmative.

Critic's report.

The regular business of the Society was then transacted.
F. T. WEST, JR., Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
December 14th, 1877. }

The Society was called to order by the President.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Reading by Mr. Tupper.

Declamation by Mr. Bentley.

The question "Resolved, That the Turks should be expelled from Europe," was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Williams, Watson, Tupper, West, and Abbitt—negatively, Messrs. Wilbur, Warren, Williams, Pitt, Steele and Boyd.

Decided in the negative.

Mr. Geo. T. Snead was then elected and initiated.

Regular business.

F. T. WEST, JR., Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
January 4, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

On motion, the Society adjourned to meet with the Philologian Society in joint meeting.

After joint session reassembled in the Mu Sigma Rho Hall.

Literary Exercises, on motion, were transferred to Friday, 18th.

Remarks for Good of the Society by Messrs. Curry, Bentley, G. B. Taylor, J. J. Taylor, Loving, Pitt, and Martin.

Society adjourned.

F. T. WEST, JR., Critic.

LOCALS.

A GOOD TIME.

LECTURE BY DR. WEBB, OF CAROLINE COUNTY—OYSTERSUPPER—AMATEUR BAND—TOASTS, &c.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out,

Time can never erase the scenes of Thursday night, December 20th, from the memory of those who participated in the jolly doings attendant upon the adieux prior to their separation next morning for the Christmas holidays. First, there was a lecture delivered by Dr. Webb, of Caroline county, on the "Forces of Nature." The Dr. was suffering from hoarseness and the boys were too "jollifications" to appreciate it fully. The lecturer was frequently applauded. After the lecture was over, Rev. Chas. H. Ryland, the Financial Secretary of the College, announced, by request, that in three-quarters of an hour the students would reassemble in the Chapel, just allowing time for the boys to take their fair companions home. In a few moments Messrs. Willie Smith, Sam'l Steinlein, Chas. Slegel, Percy Tyler, Fontaine DeWitt and Baseler, of the Amateur Band, whose kindness the students warmly appreciate, arrived amid cheers and soon filled the air with beautiful music. The tower bell, which is wont to elicit a grunt of a groan, now called forth rapturous applause as the line of march to the Mess Hall was formed. The crowd, two hundred strong, made war upon the eatables with but little effect upon the quantity provided. Supper over, Mr. Starke ordered a retreat to the Chapel, which was better adapted to the concluding exercises.

The rostrum was occupied by Mr. Riggan, chairman of of committee on Toasts, and by Mr. Starke. The last-named gentleman called the meeting to order, remarking that "it is not all of schoolhood days to pore over dull text books, but fraternal love, friendship and sympathy have their lessons which are as vital to the full development of a true man as any theory that ever fell from the lips of a Professor," and introduced Mr. G. W. Riggan, who, in a few appropriate and witty remarks, announced this toast:

"The Faculty—men severe they are and stern to view."

Prof. Charles H. Winston responded in his usual happy style.

Mr. Starke then announced "Our Alma Mater," to which Mr. C. H. Ryland responded in a speech applauded to the echo. Prof. Harrison responded very appropriately

to a call from the crowd. His hits at the previous speakers were finely conceived and fairly brought down the house. Then alternately the two gentlemen announced toasts as follows:

The Students of the College—"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Responded to by Mr. F. P. Robertson.

The Law Class—

"Let me have men about me that are fat,

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep at night."

Responded to by Mr. Harvey Willson.

The Philologian Society—(Sentiment too much for us).

Responded to by Mr. P. Y. Tupper.

Mu Sigma Rho Society—"Vox et praeterea nihil."

Responded to by Mr. W. T. Derieux.

Gymnasium—Like Death, a great leveller.

Responded to by one who speaks feelingly, Mr.

Joel Tucker.

The Monthly Musings—"Four sheets in the wind."

Responded to by Mr. Riggan, in the absence of Mr.

James Lyons.

Woman—"No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt in angel instincts."

Responded to by Mr. J. W. Boyd.

The Reading Room—"The glory of the Past our only solace.

(Drunk standing and in silence.)

Hard Times—Behold the man.

Responded to by Mr. Payne (Misery).

Fine Arts—"The implements of our Craft—saw, auger and hatchet.

Responded to by T. W. T. Noland.

Hacks—Hark from the tomb a doleful sound.

Responded to by Mr. A. R. Long.

The Amateur Band—"Rather bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

Responded to by Mr. E. W. Winfrey.

The Genius of the College—Not dead but sleepy.

Responded to by Mr. J. M. McManaway.

Facial Expression—Beauty's but skin deep,

Ugly's to the bone.

Responded to by Mr. J. A. Powers.

The Tragic Lyre (Liar)—True to his nature, but to naught else.

Responded to by Mr. W. T. Hudgins.

As the chairman had declared all speeches were limited to four minutes, one of the most amusing incidents of the evening was the presentation by Mr. Fleming to all who dare trespass longer on the patience of the students, of a large placard with the cut of a coffin, bearing the inscription, "Talked to Death, please let up," and the magic effect upon some was startling. Just in the middle of a sentence down dropped Mr. Powers, at its sight, as if struck with a club, while Mr. Wilson gradually subsided his pomposity like a porpoise disappearing under water. Mr. Long exclaimed in utter despair, "there comes the sexton with his funeral paraphernalia," and down he went. Mr. Tupper, in the height of a beautiful flight, at its sight, like one overtaken by cramp colic, collapsed like a paper balloon, while Derieux was a living type of "he never smiled again." But, oh! Noland, attempting to disregard this warning, strove to keep on, but deafening applause drowned him completely, and there he stood like a goat eating paper, and his extremities keeping off the flies, sticking to his text, until with one cork screw motion of face and body, he was "lost to sight," but "to memory dear." Interspersing the toasts and led by the band, the boys all sang "Auld Lang Syne," "Farewell, farewell," and at the conclusion, "We are all going home," with a general hand-shaking as the last verse was being sung.

The occasion will long be remembered as the most pleasant feature of '77-78. The thanks of the students are due to Messrs. Chas. H. Ryland, Dr. Geo. B. Steel and E. B. Lee for their efforts to make it a success. Let this not be the last which we shall have occasion to chronicle.

THE inauguration ceremonies were quite imposing, and though, as we think, the innovation on the old Virginia customs was inadvisable, yet it afforded Governor Holliday an opportunity to make an excellent speech. The Faculty gave a half-day holiday, and thus afforded a hopeful on the second floor an opportunity to remark that "we are going to have HOLLIDAY four years."

Nothing is unmixed evil.

We are glad to note the accessions of two new students to our numbers, but sorry indeed were we to find, when we returned from our Christmas holidays, that some of the old students had left College to return no more. Those leaving were Messrs. A. M. and W. H. Jones, H. H. George, J. B. Washington, and W. G. Page.

HE HAS PUT IN AN APPEARANCE AT LAST.—We refer to the romantic young man who expects to astonish the world by his flights of fancy and by his wonderful descriptive power. He dwells in the cottage and troublesome visions of unobtainable promotions and direful combinations of Greek consonants have given place to loftier ideals. We, on account of the dignity of our position, have been allowed to examine the opening chapters. The scene is laid all the way between Eastern Shore, Virginia, and Sallsbury, Maryland. Time, Centennial year of our American Independence. The hero of the story is a rather queer specimen of the genus homo, a verdant youth of the last named place. The heroine is rather sentimental, but gradually overcomes that feeling and makes, at last, a very good parson's wife. The author mingles the sentimental and the ludicrous in the most approved modern style. The work, we understand, will be sold by subscription only, and we predict for it the success due to its merits. Were it not for the fact that the author, with his characteristic modesty, desires to remain for a time incognito, we would publish his name but the public must restrain its curiosity till the proper time for gratifying it has arrived.

A CONCERT was given on Friday evening, December —, at the Richmond Female Institute. Several of the students attended and reported themselves fully repaid by the entertainment for their long walk. The public exercises of the Institute always draw a crowd of College students, and this entertainment far surpassed previous ones. Especially to be noticed among the excellent selections that were rendered, were the solos by Misses Mary Bowers and Alice Whitescarver. We would like very much to have a correspondent of the Musings at the Institute, and hope some of the students will do the MUSINGS the favor of undertaking the task.

ONE of the editors of this paper spent his Christmas in — county. While at the house of a friend he was asked to shoot a turkey. His pistol was produced and firing commenced. The gobbler thought it fine Christmas sport and at every crack of the pistol would gobble his applause. Taking this as a reflection upon his skill as a marksman, the aforesaid editor pulled off his hat and coat and went for that turkey. And thereby hangs a tale. He returned after a good long while, with his face and hands scratched with briars and the vigorous clawing of that turkey. He has had a sad look ever since, and has no wish to engage in or to hear of the Turko-Russian war. He dislikes the associations connected with the name. He caught the turkey, however, and the fact that he accomplished a feat unheard of in the annals of that county is his only ray of consolation.

The moral of the story is—ah, well.

THE editors do not hold themselves responsible for the statements of correspondents. We mention this in order to correct the impression which has gone abroad, that the article "City Girls and Country Girls," in our last issue, was written by one of the editors. The article has received commendation from quite a number of our readers, and we are loth to accept this unmerited praise as we are to incur the displeasure of our fair friends of the city. The author of the article, from his experience and long study, ought to know whereof he speaks, but our readers must judge for themselves whether he has done the two classes justice.

THE Societies have at last determined upon a joint celebration. There was some opposition to this new departure, sincere, no doubt, but we are glad to say that it has ceased since the action of the Societies. The celebration will occupy two nights. On the first evening the exercises will consist of an oration by a speaker from each Society, and the delivery of medals. There will be two Presidents, one of whom will deliver the Salutatory and the other the Valedictory. The second evening will be taken up by an oration from some distinguished gentleman chosen by the two Societies. As soon as all the arrangements have been perfected they will be made known through the columns of this paper.

*WHEN you are not prepared for recitations in Philosophy, the best thing to do is to ask questions. If they are pertinent, all right; if not, ask them all the same. It will display the breadth of your views and kill time most effectually. If you can broach some disputed question and thus listen to the crude theories of twenty incipient philosophers, so much the better. You may deprive others of their rights, but see to it that your rights are preserved.

PROFESSOR TO STUDENT, who is floundering through the intricacies of a sentence on OTC, AD DIV. "You seem to be at sea, sir." Student: "I haven't AT SE in my text." Professor explains.

MR. B., who makes the second floor resound with his musical efforts, defends his course by advancing the well-known truth that there is no sound where there are no ears.

SHREWD!—The keenest individual in the college domiciliates in room 18. e warn every one that it is unnecessary to try to hoax him. Receiving a telegram the other day, he said, 'this is a thin thing, I know the old man's hand writing too well!'. May he long live to enjoy the fruits which must spring from such sagacity.

ANTI-CALITHUMP.—Professor to Mr. G., (after a night spent in chasing calithumpers): "I notice that the calithumpers always select for their diversions a moonlight night. As a strange coincidence, these are the nights to which LUNATICS are partial."

Mr. G.—"Professor, are you not generally out on such occasions?"

For not mentioning it, Mr. G. gets 100 on monthly report.—EX.

A NEW STUDENT is gratified at the kindness of the Professors in inviting him to their houses. He says that while all the other Professors ask him to come at any time, our Latin Professor says "cum occasione."

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber to India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration: "Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers of the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent; we are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are disappointed by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed—whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

THE expression "he's got himself into a nice stew," originated in comparing an unfortunate person's condition to the forlorn, wretched, deserted and pitiable appearance, characteristic of the solitary oyster which generally accompanies the stew furnished at church festivals.

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