"You have heard,"—said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline.—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it?" "Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played o'er her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight can't cost you your sorrows;
And she playfully seated by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so well, that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled; and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss;—
You would lay your fair check to this brown one of mine:
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'll make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be.

To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

I said to the young lad, "If you wish for the truth:
It is this—If you would knock me to the ground,
You better come now if you're coming—
Oh, come along sinner, if you're coming.

De sun musn't set on yo' square;
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
No use ter be stoppin' an' lookin',
You better co1ne now ef you comin'—
Oh, come along sinner, ef you comin'.

Oh, time's right now, an' ells here's de place—
Let de salvashun strn shine squar' in yo' face,
An' Aberham's bnzznm is saf' an' it's wide.
An' dat's de place whar de sinner oughter hide!

Who's a gwine fer ter be chosen for ter wear de glory
W'en de nashuns uv de earf is standin' all around',
An' wid de blowin' uv do trump e t
And de bangin' uv do trump e t,
How many po' sinners

For only consider how silly t'would be
Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."

"'Twas a sunny spring day. I looked from
my window toward the meadow gently sloping
unto the river's brink. At the sight of the simple
landscape the wings of memory wafted my
willing mind back to boyhood. Three-score
years and more had passed since first these
selfsame hills were made to resound in pleasing
echoes to my merry voice, as with boyish
energy I chased "o'er hill and dale" a gaudy
butterfly, or perchance sought out the first
fragrant flowrets wove into a new existence
by the summer sun. How I longed once again
to visit the familiar nooks, to trace the names
and dates cut into the bark of the old beech
tree still o'erhanging and mirroring its majestic
self in the sunny stream—how I longed
to be a boy again; but the crutch at my side, my
stiffened limbs, and the snowy but scanty locks
upon my brow, all seemed cruelly to mock my desire.
In childish sorrow I pillowed my face
in my hands, and bowing upon the windowsill,
wept.

All nature seemed gleeful. The majestic
tree extended its brawny arms to the
neighboring ash, as if in fraternal greeting; the
winged sportiveness of the bee and the
debonair melody of the mocking-bird;
their songs; the tiny buttercup and cowslip in
my hand that I was about to use a severe
punishment for a maiden who had
asserted by saying that it was the very best
Dobb's shepherd dog had run after us and I
called out, "Hello, Bess! come on
and help me get this old Trojan out of the
hole." ("Bess" was the preacher's daughter,
just twelve years old, and didn't love
me—loved me a bit.) But when she
saw my stick in my hand that I was about to use a severe
form of "moral suasion" on my coveted prize,
so entreated me to come out of the brook
and go home with her. This I gladly did,
for two reasons—one, because it was "Bessie,
the preacher's daughter," who asked me, and
the other, because she had in her hand a bowl
of red ripe raspberries, all arranged with
grape leaves and flowers! (I was so glad she
was taking them to mother?)

I was proud of Bess. More than once I
ran out of the path and stuck my hands
and feet with briars to get a primrose to
place among her brown curls, or a wreath of wild
myrtle to entwine about her brow. But she
called me a coward and that hurt me.
Deacon Dobb's shepherd dog had run after us
and I got over the fence and left Bess. When
the dog went back I couldn't make her stop calling
me coward, even when I told her I only got
over the fence to get a rock to kill the dog.
But I had a chance to show my "bravery,
and I did it too. "Old Whitey," father's big
cow, was lying in the shade of the old locust
tree, the very picture of harmlessness, and
I announced my intention of riding her. "Oh!
Dan! she'll kill you—please don't!" exclaimed
Bess. That was just what I wanted her to say.
I cautiously crept upon the cow from behind, and sprang upon her broad back. I never knew how a cow got up before that memorable time. She rose on her hind legs first—of course sliding me down on her neck. Then came a time I shall never forget. John Gilpin’s ride was a graceful performance compared to mine. I seized the cow’s horns and she started across the meadow with me astride her neck. Before I was tossed off, I caught a glimpse of Bess. Wringing her hands, wasting the raspberries over the ground, and screaming lustily. She would have taken the premium anywhere for the “picture of despair.”

The next thing I knew she was bathing my brow with her own little handkerchief, damped at the brook, calling me “brave,” and begging me to open my eyes. I hesitated long to open them, knowing the tender cares would then cease. But she said, “Dan, if you’ll just open your eyes once and tell me you’re not hurt a bit, I—l’ll love you. I opened my eyes—and, lo! it was a dream. I was still at my window, with the “simple landscape” before me, my crutches at my side—a rheumatic old bachelor of seventy winters, with no Bessie to transform the “winter of my discontent” into a sunshine of bliss—with only the dreary words ringing in my ears.

“All of said words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, it might have been.”

MAC.

THE RELATION OF MENTAL DEVELOPMENT TO AMBITION.

It is a natural instinct of man to institute comparisons between himself and other people, between one period of his life and another. We love to rest on our oars and look back over the way we have come. There are mile posts on the road of every human life, which tell the travaler how far he has gone. A word which quickens his energies by their encouraging numbers, or reprove him for loitering on the way. The nation, too, has its epochs, points from which it reckons its intellectual and moral longitude. Retrospection is a pleasure as well as a duty. The pictures that memory reprints are not always pleasant; the history of every nation has its pages of blood and perjury, but we are fascinated as much by the grimming skeleton as by the beautiful landscape. This disposition of our race to compare the present with the past, indicates development. Thoughts, hopes, fears, surroundings, all are changing, while man is always developing his observation and Faithful reporter, furnishing us the data wherewith to estimate our progress. The development of the mind must, from the demands of our subject, claim our attention in this article. Not that it is proposed to show, by adducing instances, that we have developed, or how great has been that development. We will notice so many of its essential characteristics as may be necessary for the purpose in view.

Mental development is a necessity of our nature. We could not remain stationary if we would, for the human mind requires grappling with new truths as its suitable and necessary exercise. It is a great motive power in human nature, and it would be more than a herculean task to bind the revolving machinery which moves at its bidding.

You may take an infant, surround him with the most unfavorable circumstances, deprive him of the advantages of association, encourage habits of idleness; the experiment will leave him with a distorted mind, but the one who has nevertheless made progress, has conquered some part of nature’s realm and appropriated its truths.

But while this development is a necessary result of our nature, yet it is subject to fluctuations and changes. The progress of mind cannot be expected to proceed beyond human power to stop permanently, may be diverted to minister to childish sports. It moves slowly and sluggishly, impeded by the superstition and arrogance of the Dark Ages, but sweeps everything before it in the succeeding age. In one century its channel is so widen ed that the most casual observer can perceive its shallowness; in another it moves majestically, but less obstructively in the channel, deepened by its own power. Now it breaks into many divergent streams, but unites further down, to find its size and power increased. Here, at some abrupt turn, its waters whirl in eddies; then, once more, it becomes broader, and creeps on, without a pause. At one time it flows gently and steadily through verdant plains and valleys, making them more verdant; at another, flowing its banks, its enraged waters sweep the verdure which itself helped to produce it before; but amid all its surroundings and changes always progressing, always flowing. Such is the development of the mind, and we should do well to examine with care the influence which Ambition exerts upon that development.

Shall we attempt to define or illustrate a power which more or less controls us all, and whose workings may be seen on every page of history, in every human life? The Goddess Ambition, who wears a chain, uses a whip, and is like that of the brook, which, although brave, is not the chief function of man’s mind to provide for temporal wants and conveniences? To these wants, Ambition will minister, for it is a shrewd judge of human nature; but for the higher and more lasting welfare of the people, the Philosopher must be content to labor and to wait. The gods of selfish Ambition are transient and fleeting, and have ever been thus; but the achievements of an unselfish Philanthropy, although humbler and less pretentious, will live and be active when empires and thrones shall have fallen into decay. Unselfishness, Reverence for the Truth, and Love for Humanity are necessary qualifications for those who would work permanent good to the world, and develop aright the power of the mind.

MAXIMS.

Almost anybody will write something—readers, however, are more stubborn.

It is dangerous to excel your superiors—Balaam beat the ass for seeing the angel in the way.

If all men were created free and equal, there would have been some radical changes.

Merit without success is bad—success without merit is rascality.

If honesty were the best policy, more people would practice it—but the truth is, honesty and policy are not related.

Admiring poetry and art does not make one a poet or artist, or both.

The bachelor has the advantage of the married man—he can improve his condition.

It is now pretty well determined that all the fools do not receive a college education.

A Monthly Musing is not necessarily amusing monthly.

If early to bed and early to rise made a man healthy, wealthy and wise, more gas would be burned in the morning—but the truth is, it don’t do—not by a large majority.
The Secretary of the Trustees has furnished us with the following Historical memoranda, which throws some light upon the early years of our Alma Mater. He has also kindly consented to furnish us with other "Historical Notes," which will publish from time to time:

The "Seminary," which preceded the College, was founded in 1833. It was located several miles from the city, on what is now known as Brookline Avenue.

"Richmond College" was chartered by the Legislature in 1840.

Rev. Robert Ryland, D. D., was the first President. His assistants were Charles L. Cocke, now of Hollins Institute, and Samuel C. Clopton. They were called "Tutors." Mr. Cocke was for several years "Steward."

In 1834 there was a committee appointed by the Trustees to attend the College Examinations, and among them were Governor McDowell and Dr. So-rates Maupin, afterward Professor in the University of Virginia.

The first Professor of Modern Languages was Mr. Guillot.

Jan. 1844.—Randolph Macon College passed an act to establish Colleges to obtain pecuniary assistance from the Legislature.

In 1844 an offer was made by the Doctors Mettanes, of Powhatan county, to connect their Medical School with the College.

Rev. James B. Taylor, D. D., was the first agent of the College.

The younger students sat with the Professors in these early days.

In 1845 Rev. Dr. J. L. Reynolds, of South Carolina, and Professor Ruggles, of Columbia College, were elected Professors.

The same year Professor Geo. F. Holmes, of the University of Virginia, was also made Professor, and for several years worked hard, and has ever remained a devoted friend of the College.

The Chronicle (University of Michigan, Jan—Feb.) comes too late to be noticed among our exchanges. We make the following quotation from its editorial columns:

"Wendell Phillips gave his lecture on Charles Sumner in University Hall last week. We consider Mr. Phillips merely as an orator, he is perhaps the best type we have yet listened to; but considered as a statesman, he is doubtless the very worst. We can tolerate a man when he expresses unqualified hate for a foreign nation; when the same spirit is manifested by a member of a great nation towards another part of that nation, we have nothing to express but our disgust. It is a noteworthy fact, and one especially gratifying to us, that College papers do not love to dwell on the old animosities, nor to exhume the buried controversies. This is a hopeful sign, and we believe this generation, as it advances in age, and matures in judgment, will throw off the fetters of sectional hatred and narrow-minded animosity, and standing on the vantage ground of truth, reached after years of calm, dispassionate observation, see patriotism in the North as in the South. It is shameful that the old leaders, who brought about all this trouble, should still try to rekindle the lurid fires of destruction which were quenched in the best blood of North and South. We do not care to meddle with political matters, but to the noble sentiment of the Chronicle we say Amen and Amen.

In response to an invitation, signed by many of the citizens of Richmond, Professor Curry, (Chair of Philosophy), delivered in Mozart Hall an address on "Moral Obligations of States to pay their debts." An overflowing house greeted the orator with applause, as introduced by Dr. McCaw, he came forward and began his address. It does not, perhaps, become us to criticise the speech of one at whose feet we daily sit to receive instruction. We have never heard a speech more rounded, full and complete, nor one fuller of the finest bursts of eloquence. The theme was a grand one, the occasion especially opportune, and the orator was equal to both occasion and theme.

With the able letters of "Civis," and the noble speech of Professor Curry, Richmond College contributes her share to the reformation of public morals.

An Incident.—During the winter of 1874-5 I was spending some time in the neighborhood of—station --- on --- R. R. On Wednesday night after my arrival I started from the station house, and very near the railroad, parallel to which runs the main road. Pedestrians usually prefer the former, because of its being more direct. Just after leaving the station the road runs across a deep ravine, along a steep embankment for several hundred yards. Knowledge of the freight train was nearly due I left the road at this place and took a well beaten path at the bottom of the ravine on the south side. The night was as bright as day. The moon nearly at her full, shone, not with the mellow light of autumn, but with the severely white and almost ghostly light of snow, and the mist of extremely cold winter air. Reaching the bottom of the ravine, and looking behind me I saw distinctly cut out the form of a man walking slowly along the main track, apparently asleep, but somewhat on his guard. He was above the average height, and wore a large cloak thrown loosely about his stalwart shoulders, while the wind toyed with his long white beard. I had just time to notice this when the shriek of the engine was heard, as a heavy through-freight train came thundering down the road. I shouted to him to leave the track but he did not seem to hear me and continued to walk with eyes cast down. Bewildered and terrified I continued to shout with the same result. On the train, its headlight glistening far down the track, and making the gant figure seem more ghostly than before, I stopped, halting the man, who seemed strange, but caused his face upward, heard a yell of despair—the noise of the train deafened me—the shriek went free. But the freight train had instantly "swapped ends." The negro, half raising himself and wiping the dust from his eyes and mouth, watching the retreating mule for some time in silence. At length, unconnected of an author, gave expression thusly—"Dat's what makes me 'spose a mule!"

A happy epigram was made by an old gentleman of the name of Gould, who, having married a very young wife, wrote a postcard to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded thus:

"So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old, A girl of eighteen is in love with my Gould. To which his friend replied:

"A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,

But believe me, dear sir, it is gold, without U."

"Two Years Behind the Plough," has just been published in the press. It is a HARROWING story. N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

"Two Irishmen were passing a stable which had a sign reading "Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is bluster.""

Under the head of "About Women," the following item appears in various papers: "A Minnesota man has named his daughter Minnesota Violet." Why Minnie's sore toe, via letter—Musings.

"Pat, how many yers fellers down there?" yelled an Irishman to his workmen down in a well.

"Three, yer honor.

"Then be jabbers, the half of yers be after coming up."
words of England's greatest thinker. Why any one should associate with the degraded and depraved, when he can claim and gain the favor of munificent royalty, we cannot divine. And yet it is so, and here as elsewhere the supply adjusts itself to the demand. Newsdealers, publishers and authors cater to the tastes of their readers. The bookstores are flooded with sensational literature, while Defoe and Pope moulder with disuse, and Chaucer, "the well of English undefiled" passes unnoticed. Writers of note and ability, instead of seeking to purify popular taste, encourage its depravity, striving in ignoble rivalry to see who can perpetrate the most wretched pun, or compress within a given space the greatest amount of nonsense.

The pupil is frequently degraded, and its representatives defy all orthodoxy to feed the morbid appetite of their venal and profligate auditors. From the hysteric, vulgar anecdotes, remarkable for nothing save conspicuous proflanity and obscenity, are reared up with energy and enthusiasm born alone of the prospective per diem.

Popular taste controls, to a great extent, current literature, and is in turn determined by it. And so we should inevitably go, from bad to worse, were it not true that many, thinking for themselves, speak out bravely and fearlessly in defiance of popular scorn. Editors express boldly their convictions, exalting their columns of impurities at the risk of lessening their circulation, and even taking the bread from their mouths. In men like these is the promise of better and purer times. Let the words of warning and reproof ring out clear and strong above the din and strife, till they are heard and heeded by the now deafened ear of the populace. Wiser heads than ours think the dangers real, yet even we, in our narrow circle, may do something towards the creation of a correct literary taste. Many are forming habits of thought and expression. To these we say give days and nights to the study of Addison, saturate your minds with Shakespeare, drink in the thunderous melody of Milton's majestic verse, listen to the exquisite harmony of Pope, and thus cultivate in yourselves, and inspire in others, a love for the immortal in English literature.

VIRGINIA'S HESITANCY HER CRIME.

An old saying, "Now this he tastes, then that he glances on, diversions confound the electorate," is applicable to the case of Virginia. When to-day we behold a Commonwealth, whose past history has won the applause and honor of two Continents, seemingly guessing as to its administration, and stopping to consider whether to compromise justice and duty; there comes an unmistakable wail from our dear old mother, calling every patriotic son to deliver her from an ignominious downfall. The distance from success to failure is shorter between the extremes than betwixt any other points, and though Virginia may have been and was a resplendent star in the firmament of the past, whose brilliance lighted up the pathway of government and society, the integrity of whose sons and chastity of whose daughters was the admiration of the land, yet she may lose her boasted lustre in a single night; fastening forever about her fair form the stigma of omitted duty, which is but committed crime.

We would not despise upon the subjects that combine to threaten the wholesale sacrifice of State credit and honor to-day, but at this crisis it becomes every influence, however small, to exert its power to crush the enterprising idea that tends to individual demoralization, and wrest through common sentiment the integrity of Virginia from the merciless hands of that ignorance that has arisen as the scum upon the political waters, and dares tamper with the heritage of the true and brave.

DETERMINATION.

"Now this he tastes, then that he glances on, diversities confound the electorate."—Baron.

"Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."—Sydney Smith.

There are two phases in which the student appreciates his school-days, and which are only seen through the lens of personal experience; one while a student, the other subsequent to leaving the lecture rooms and while mingling with the busy world. And could he appreciate the emotions created in after life, as he recalls the wasted moments, missteps and oversights forever past, with what earnestness would he heed the language of Wordsworth, when he said:

"Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take That subtle Power, the ever-slabbing time, Lost a mere moment's putting off should make Discontent almost as heavy as a crime.

What the student needs is to make a decision, and strive towards its accomplishment, if only for the sake of his having resolved to do it. Decide what you propose to be, and attire your sympathies, your studies, your conversations towards that end alone, and whatever else is gathered let it be as the ship taking on here and there freight, yet ever steaming toward the final port. Concentration is
power, and coupled with determination makes success certain. Decision is the keystone in the character of a man; and this wanting, he is without that faculty which renders the greatest potentiality in the battle of life. Too often men consume a life time in feeling dreamingly about for the one place for which they were created, but the man of determined will, makes himself fit for the place, and though failure often baffles his efforts, he is like the snow flake, which, if you view falling, appears dark and dingy, until it has reached its allotted place, and then 'tis 'pure and beautiful.'

Not yet has the demoralization of war been eradicated from individual character; and while there are noble exceptions, the young men of the day seem living in an aimless atmosphere. As Goethe says: "the greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They talk of building a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut." Success can only be reached by labor, and labor can only be inspired by determination.

Look out over the field of life and selecting now an object, press towards its attainment, though baffle and misfortune, see nothing save its getting. "Be not simply good—be good for something," for this has ever been the one secret of the grandest achievements of man, and the trait which establishes his usefulness and power.

One of the startling events of the past month, is the publication of a "call for a national convention of all Israelites," the main object of such a convention to be "to confess the sin of the nation in rejecting Christ, to adopt the New Testament as the statute and law of the nation, and to implore the powers of the world to restore Palestine to the people of God." It is signed David Rosenberg, M. D., and dated at Columbus, Ohio.

We protest earnestly against a certain clanish spirit which prevails, to some extent, among our ministerial students. There ought to be no difference between them and other students. It is gratifying to know that this feeling has lessened very much since the new system of boarding. But we want to see it die, and to help bury it.

Sayings and Where They Come From

We have not patented this article, nor have we any desire to. We only remind our contemporaries of the old saying, "Give the devil his due." It is always a matter of wonder to know where the common sayings, and what we term "slang," comes from. The expression, "Go back on you," for instance. In Judges, xii, 15, we read, "For I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back," that is, on what he had said.

While in Shakespeare's Anthony and Cleopatra, Act V, Scene II, Cleo. says:

"See Caesar, O, behold, How pomp is follow'd! mine now will be yours: And should we shift estates, yours will be mine. The ingratitude of this Seleucus does Even make me wild:—O slave of no more trust Than love that's hir'd! What goest thou back?"

The expression, "Set much store by" is found in 1st Samuel, xviii, 30, "So that his name was set much store by," and the same book, xxvi, 24, "As thy life was much set by this day," &c. While in Job xix, 20, we read, "And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." "God save the king" is found in 1st Samuels x. 24, "And all the people shouted and said, God save the king."

Then in Eccl. ix. 4, we find an old saying—"for a living dog is better than a dead lion," and, finally, the little bird from whom our fair ones gather so much news, and are wont to talk of, is a lineal descendant of the old parent, perhaps, spoken of in Eccl. x. 20, "And curse not thy bed-chamber, for the bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Can some tell us of the parentage of "Aint bint?"

Town and Gown.

This spirit may exist in some colleges located near cities. It certainly does not prevail in this. The citizens of Richmond deserve and receive our hearty thanks for the uniform kindness which we have received at their hands. The students attend churches and Sunday-schools in the city—visit freely there, and number among their truest and most influential friends citizens of Richmond. After all, this "town and gown" is but a silly shallow aping of the English Universities, and is as anti-social and independent as it is repugnant to our ideas of refinement and courtesy.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it, he is superior.—Bacon.

What we call strength of mind implies the prevalence of the calm passions above the violent; though we may easily observe that there is no person so constantly possessed of this virtue as never on any occasion to yield to the solicitation of violent affection and desire. From these variations of temper proceeds the great difficulty of deciding with regard to the future actions and resolutions of men where there is any contrariety of motives and passions.—Hume.

Personal.

W. D. Groton is studying medicine at Maryland University. Let us have a letter "Oldoman!"

G. W. Carter is at Maryland University, too. Graduates this year—and then he'll get married, we suspect.

Petey Haynes is in the drug business in Baltimore. What has become of Timothy?

A. L. Elliott, Jr., is in business with A. L. Elliott & Co. Can't see. Sometimes.

C. W. Tanner is the organist of Second Baptist church, vice Mr. Turner. Charlie 'll "make music wherever he goes."

W. J. Bell left College at the close of last month, to our regret. Don't be afraid to invest in him. He's got good metal, well tempered and rings clear.

The two cousins, who have frequently been taken for twins, W. T. and S. Allen, leave for Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Can anyone inform us of the address of J. Howard Gore, alias Dr. Gale? He had rather be without his spec's than the Musings, and we don't know where to address him.

James Lyons, Jr., recently one of the editors of this paper, is practicing law in this city. Office No. 4 Shaffer's Building. Give him a call, litigants.

Wallace Woodward is practising law at Saluda.

John Bowdoin is practising medicine in Accoquan county. We shall be glad to hear from him through the Moor occasionally.

"March" Alderson has recently been elected County Judge of Russell. We'll hardly know him for his dignity, but we'll bet he can play foot-ball as well as ever.

Professor Harris will leave for Europe shortly. His wife and children are due here, for such is the love of his Friends, is greatly improved. We all wish him a pleasant voyage, a good time during his travels abroad, and a speedy return.

W. F. Harris, A. B., '76, paid us a flying visit last week. He contemplates taking a "Professorship" in South Carolina.

W. D. Wilkinson, of Cumberland, has left College. He has our wishes for his future success.

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The Columbia Spectator is full of College news. Has an interesting and strong article on "The Scholar in Politics."

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PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GEO. WM. CONE, P. P. ROBERTSON, C. R. SANDS.

We meet in Rho society.

GEO. B. TAYLOR, JR., PAUL Y. TUFFER, E. O. HUBBARD.

Address all communications to

"MONTHLY MUSINGS."

Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, January 11, 1877.

The Society was called to order by the President.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Roll called. Minutes read and approved.

On motion, the Final Orator was elected—Mr. Geo. W. Riggs.

The officers for the next term were elected, as follows:

President—A. R. Long, Pennsylvania.

Vice-President—J. A. Brown, Virginia.

Recording Secretary—H. Taylor, Way, Louisiana.

Corresponding Secretary—John B. Jenkins, Virginia.

Treasurer—G. C. Abbit, Virginia.

Librarian—T. Smith Wilbur, South Carolina.

Critic—Paul Y. Tupper, Virginia.

The secretaries of the two societies by suggesting plans, which, if carried with regard to a College Reading Room. He encouraged the regular meeting of the Philological Society occurred on this F. M. L. C. Caitlett, President, in the chair.

Readings were heard from Messrs. Oppenheimer and Nolander. Mr. starkie delivered an Oration on "Virginia Youth."

Several selections from the "Classic Gem" were read.

Question for debate, "Should the class known as Tramps be prohibited from entering the State."


After the inauguration of officers for the ensuing term and transaction of regular business the Society adjourned.

E. W. WINTERTON, Critic pro tem.

Monthly Oration by Mr. W. P. Chevy, Subject: "Million.

The question for debate, "Resolved, That the recent strife was justifiable," was discussed.


Negatively by Messrs. Bondin, Bentley, Brown, and Murray.

Question decided in favor of the affirmative.

W. O. Hardway was elected to deliver the next Monthly Oration.

After the regular business, the Society adjourned.

PAUL Y. TUFFER, Critic.

PHILOLOGICAL HALL, January 11th, 1877.

The Society was called to order by the Vice-President, R. E. Glover.

First Reader—A. B. Reamey.


Second Reader—J. A. Powers.

Second Declamer—F. T. Davis.

Debate being next in order, the question, "Resolved, That learning has more influence over the world than money," was debated, affirmatively, by Messrs. Ryals, Sands, Simms, Nolander, Reamy, Culchins, Morris, Davis, and Wright; negatively, by Messrs. Starkie, Robertson and Satterwhite, and was decided in favor of the affirmative by a vote of 13 to 12.

After the inauguration of officers for the ensuing term and transaction of regular business the Society adjourned.

E. W. WINTERTON, Critic pro tem.

PHILOLOGICAL HALL, January 19th, 1877.

The Society called to order. President in the chair.

First Declamation by Mr. Decker.

First Reader, Mr. Nolander.

Classic Gem—by Mr. Lawrence.

Second Reader was absent.

Second Declamation by Mr. Derieux.

The regular order of exercises was suspended and the two societies met in joint session, to hear Rev. C. H. Kynd about re-establishing a Reading Room.

After adjournment of joint session, the question, "Resolved, Which exerts the greater influence—a man or woman," was discussed by Messrs. Tucker, Thomas, Winfrey, Vaughan, Smith and Simms.

W. T. DERIEUX, Critic pro tem.

PHILOLOGICAL HALL, January 26th, 1877.

The regular meeting of the Philological Society occurred on this P. M. L. C. Caitlett, President, in the chair.

Readings were heard from Messers. Oppenheimer and Nolander. Mr. starkie delivered an Oration on "Virginia Youth."

Several selections from the "Classic Gem" were read.

Question for debate, "Should the class known as Tramps be prohibited from entering the State."


After the inauguration of officers for the ensuing term and transaction of regular business the Society adjourned.

E. W. WINTERTON, Critic pro tem.

SCHILLEN is like wine, the older it grows the better it gets. Here is the number for January full of interesting verse and wonderful stories of the debaters.

The President announced the Final Committee, and also the Society Committees for the ensuing three months.

A letter from Prof. Geo. S. Thomas, in response to one informing him of his election as honorary member of the Society, was read.

After other business, the Society adjourned.

PAUL Y. TUFFER, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, January 25, 1878.

Society called to order by President Long.

Prayer by Mr. Loving.

Reading by Mr. T. W. Haynes, Jr.

Reading by Mr. J. W. Boyd.

Extremes met, and that's the long and short of it.

OUR FERRET.

PETE AND PARSON.

Our special reporter, whose winsome ways and hand some countenance, never failed to capitivate, has at last been licensed by the gentlemen above, to publish regularly, for the instruction and gratification of our readers, the conversation they are wont to engage in, as twilight strolls among the shadows of the ivy-clad "men of the forest" in the Eastern campus. Parson has rather a droll speech, while Pete might be called effervescent simplicity. We report by sound altogether.

Parson—"I say, Peter, what's that on P—, oh!" Pete—Well, you see, Pars, Sam is some on looks, and he gits inside a billed shirt and goes down to see the girls, looking monstrous pale. "Oh, Mr. P., it is such an ad· vantage to know how to handle a woman," says he. "Ahem, I've been told so before. Man, do tell me why you think so!" "Because it makes your mustache show." Pete—Well, I reckon that as how settled him, eh? Pete—You talking "samblin'" Pars, but that was no settler like old "Judge Porr," hitched on to 'twilight Professor." when he asked him, "if a cow could be real estate."

"Yes sir, by turning her into a field!" Pete—Well, say, Peter, have you heard anything of Frank R— being in a bad way? Pete—Oh, yes. You might've known it. One of them swell law students drove out in a carriage, a day or so ago, and asked Frank to ride to town, and Frank went, and has been sick as sick ever since, a fool.

Pars—Sakes, Peter, what a pity Riggan and Lyons should er his cow, his son took on the "Musings." Pete—Yes, Pars, the Musings is like a stranded vessel, she's lost her Big-pan, but old pard, she ain't going to sink into the Pit, for she's as Starkie as she was when he had the strength of the Lyons.

Parson—Why, Peter, you're real smart, I lay how you can't tell why more girls sup in the Mess Hall than boys. Come now.

Pete—Because they have o-laces there every time; and since you come at me so, which room could be called the "flag of truce" in the cottages?

Parson—I'll give it up, Peter.

Pete—Why, you goose, the White-Flagg room in course. Did you hear about old N— preaching and tel ling the people about Esau's taking his gun and going out to hunt.

Parson—Now go away, Peter, he didn't. Why that warn't no guns when Esau was.

Pete—He did for a fact. I expect his was a breach—Parson—Yes, breach of the truth.

Just then a frost bitten pine burr showed itself out of the window in room No,— and a motion to adjourn was carried by an overwhelming majority.

"RATS!—We advise all the "Rats" to enter in February, who can, for the boys are so bent on studying, that even a "callow" doesn't affect them. If you don't want to "side the goat," "swallow the hook," "go to Par, adise," "Cross the Dead Sea," or "See your Stepmother," then now is the time."

THE EDITORS.
CATS.

(By our special artist from cottage window up stairs.

Time 2 a. m.

In this invention we have an interesting, not to say an instructive combination, of harmony, discord, gymnastics, ventriloquism, sight-of-hand, electricity, and farce.

The cat has two sides, inside and outside; adapting herself readily to either, a habit our boys delight to imitate upon the break-over-rooms of the gymnastum. The cat always lights right side up, as, though contrary to nature, even some of the boys accidentally do.

There is a variety of this indispensable in common use, namely: there's the white and black cat, and the yellow cat, down to the picture kittens, and then there's the cat-fish, cat-sup, cat-nip tea, cat-a-ract, cat-a-ward, and a whole cat-a-logue of others. Moonlight serenades are to cats what Richardson is to us; except the cat does the instrumental and vocal at the same time, always winding up with a grand B flat fur-below.

Cats are like poor people, being as how they scrub for a living, and are rarely ever satisfied; and like Scotsmen they snivel when they are mad.

The most delicate musical instrument, perhaps, is the cat-tena, with a single stroke, combining the "tremolo," fine tooth-comb and "swell." Recipe for performing: Place the sharpened edge of the instrument through a hole and pull out the stop, and all left to be done is to turn over the music. Whole neighborhoods can be serenaded at once, hence the occasion.

The cat differs from Esco's fables, in as much as she has a tail, but monstreous poor moral, which also can be discovered by a gentle pressure on the last end to go over the fence.

The cats are measured, each being a fur-long and equal to 40 pote-(cates), therefore the latter has gone out of common use.

White mules, old-maids and cats are of analogous toughness but if I had to eat either, I'd eat cats every time. The productions of this genus are electric sparks and so forth, which mix astonishingly well with tenderness, etcetera. The next best thing to a fox chase, is about midnight, when you are not dressed to see company and the winds blow straight from an iceberg, somebody's baby sends up its piping wail from 'neath the window, and your sympathy move you to host the same when the first echo tells the tale. You grab a boot and let fly at what proves only a shadow, and immediately sixteen dozen strike out from under the porch, and not a very good night for cats either.

S-. of Colpeper, takes Jack — of Texas, to see a young Miss in the city, who has a pet black and tan terrier, named Jack. Jack — suddenly uninitiated, carries his new hat (helmet) into the parlor and places it on the floor beside him. Young Miss and gentlemen. Why, Jack! you Jack, go out, sir! and advancing towards Jack — who is already on the ragged edge of terror, when, with one effort, she plants her tiny foot into the crown of our new hat, mistaking it for the dog. J. says it was a clear case of chase-a-uning.

A MEETING of the "Social Club" was held in Greek Lecture Room, January 31, P. M. President, R. H. Pitt in the chair. On motion, Messrs. Riggan, Robertson and Haynes were appointed a "Committee on Permanent Organization," and the Club adjourned to meet Thursday, 31st January.

E. H. PITT, President 1876-77.

E. M. BAUM, Secretary pro tem.

We hail with undisguised delight the re-opening of the Reading Room. It begins very auspiciously. The thanks of the students are due and tendered Mr. C. H. Ryland for the deep interest manifested by him, and for substantial aid rendered. Let us see to it that we do our part, and it will be a success.

GENTLEMEN, —I have the pleasure of informing your interested readers that P. S. Henson, D. D. of Philadelphia, has accepted the duty of "Alumni Orator" for next Commencement. He says, "the command comes from such a quarter and under such circumstances that I do not feel at liberty to refuse obedience." Few sons love their Alma Mater more or reflect more credit on her.


C. H. RYLAND, Secretary pro tem.

AN OLD LAND-MAKE GONE. — The old brick stable, that stood for perhaps a half a century just at the Franklin street gate, has at last been demolished, and is the first step towards improving the beautiful grounds recently purchased by the College. That's right. Now move the fence back, lay off a few nice walks, and as spring comes on give the boys the benefit of the sequestered spot, and the girls will stroll out from the city just to see us enjoy it. Please hurry up.

Let one more expression, on proud steed, whose weary step bequeath the brute appreciation of the quietly form he bore, robed in costly habit, which drifted upon the waves of a gentle western breeze, by the chilling blast of which was painted the delicate rose tint upon each cheek, while the setting sun reflected as rubies guarding the entrance to the temple of purity, pass the Franklin front gate, and one-half of this sanctum goes to Stimulation for his health.

Many things we learn to tolerate, and nothing we more admire than true earnest worship, but the latest novelty perpetrated by Ministerial W., room —, of praying and singing at the same time calls for a protest. "Hold on, my brother, hold on."

ROOM No. 6 COTTAGE. — B. upsetting the incontent, the contents of which streamed over his diary, lying near by. "Devil take the diary!" Young Miss is mete -olate L. "Oh, no, he's got one against you already."

We have another Page added to the history of the college, and one who chose a bangle, and now our musical club is quite a pageant.

The fellows go for that barrel of apples in the lower cottage, in a very Warren-table manner. Billy H. says they are the apples of his eye.

Could the fellows who hang around church doors with umbrellas be called Raun-bows? (One-half ours).

"Great emergencies," says an exchange, "are great men's opportunities." Emergencies for two, please.

Everybody thinks the appointment of Geo. Cone as mail clerk was a move in the "White Direction."

A BAD LUNG TESTER. — We don't want a Moore Township girl for a lung tester. At a singing school up there the other night a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs, and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast. She told him she was left-handed, had been washing that day, and was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his earnest request she let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him. — Eaton Free Press.

Deuteronomy as you will have Oonomy dew ter you. — [New York Star.

Persistency: hou arr a jewel. — [Detroit Free Press]

Oh, jewel, thou a subsistence. — Muses, a mule will put on his best behavior for six months just to get a kick at you. So will some men.

A Montgomery girl fainted at her first kites, and it took several experiments of the same kind to recover her. But she likes to faint.

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