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Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. III. }
NO. 8. }

RICHMOND, VA., MAY, 1878.

TERMS. { ONE YEAR.....60 cents.
 { SINGLE COPY....10 cents.

The Muse.

THE SONG OF THE CAMPS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
While the heated guns of the camps allied,
Grew weary of bombarding.

"Give us a song!" the guardsmen say,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batteries' side,
Below the slumbering cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Swelled like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle eve's confession.

Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek,
Washed off the stains of powder.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
Midst scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a sinner dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourned for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers;
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE MUTE MINSTREL.

BY MYRTA.

"The flakes fall white, and fast, and soft,
In a noiseless whirl from the vault aloft,
And spread their mantle, wide and fair,
On earth's brown breast, through the darken'd air;
So reft the rose-bush looks and wan,
Methinks her blooming is all undone,
And leafless trees bend sad and low
Beneath their branches' crown of snow.

A robin paused in his flight too long;
In his frozen throat is a silent song,
And never more shall his dead heart beat
With his love of the Norland, true and sweet.
Southward his wing'd mates have flown,
But the red-breast died at home, alone;
Through the bended boughs you may dimly see
A bird of snow in a cedar tree!

My life, dead bird, is the cedar tree,
And my heart in its branches is dead like thee;
'Twas red as thy breast in its love and youth,
But the snow-flakes fell on its trust and truth!
When the singers hie them, on happy wing,
To leafy arches in pomp of spring,
Their merry carols may mock the lute,
But thine and mine shall be chill'd and mute."

Literary.

SCHLIEMANN A STUDENT OF LANGUAGES.

[An extract from one of Miss Kate Field's Letters.]

The merchant Quien, in whose employ Schliemann, at the age of nineteen, was engaged, was so pleased with the young man's energy as to allow him time for study. Languages were the young clerk's passion. He believed that his fortune lay in their mastery, that with them he could storm the heavens. When he came across a man who promised to teach him English in six months, he seized upon the offer with avidity. His teacher proved to be good, and he made excellent progress. Learning "Ivanhoe" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" by heart greatly improved a naturally bad memory. He wrote from dictation, and paid great attention to his chirography, which was sadly at fault. To-day Schliemann can repeat long extracts from Scott and Goldsmith, and declares that the beauty of their English has been of incalculable advantage to him. Though constantly running about the streets, he always had his grammar and dictionary under his arm, and at the end of the six months his teacher's promise was fulfilled. Necessity invented for him a method which greatly facilitated his studies. This method was to read aloud constantly, never to translate, to take a lesson daily, to write compositions on interesting subjects, to correct them under the master's eye, to learn them by heart, to repeat *verbatim* one day the composition corrected the day previous. Even when it rained he never went out without his book, and, as he waited for letters at the post office, pored over his lessons.

At that time Schliemann understood and spoke English better than at present, for the

reason that his intelligence was concentrated on one language. Now he is a polyglot.

The young clerk's salary amounted to 800 francs a year; one-half he paid for lessons, the other half he devoted to his physical necessities. He lived in one small room of a badly built house, half frozen in winter, roasted in summer, breakfasted on rye soup, and paid twopence for his dinner. No suffering, however, could kill his energy, and quickly he turned his attention from English to French, and, in another six months found that he had mastered a second language. Then followed the study of Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Dutch, a knowledge of each being acquired in the incredibly short period of six weeks.

At last Schliemann's employers became dissatisfied with what they considered his neglect of mechanical work, and the clerk was on the point of securing a position in Hamburg, when owing to a dispute between two employes of B. H. Schroeder & Co., Schliemann, through the influence of one, took the place of the other. His knowledge of languages was his recommendation. Twenty-two years old, with no more outdoor work and with an annual salary of 600 florins, Schliemann in 1844 began correspondence and book-keeping. In a few weeks his salary was voluntarily increased to 1,000 guilders, an enormous sum for those days, and the department of commission and banking was assigned to him. Then came to Amsterdam two Russian agents, bent upon buying that very dear commodity indigo. As they experienced great difficulty in making themselves understood, Schliemann thought he would show his gratitude to his employers by learning Russian and thus facilitating their trade. On seeking books he could only find a tolerable dictionary, an intolerable translation of "Telemachus," still in his possession, and a very bad grammar which for thirty-one years has been in New York, the property of Schliemann's intimate friend, Mr. G. Janssen, Consul for Oldenburg. Thus equipped the next thing was to secure a teacher. None could be found. Undaunted as usual, the ambitious student went to work by himself, and after many days succeeded in learning the characters and their pronunciation. As soon as he could read he took up "Telemachus," composed exercises, and, after learning a hundred or more words, hired for four francs a week an old Jew, who sat to him two hours every evening, as audience. Not a syllable did the Jew understand, but this mattered little to Schliemann, who merely wanted a lay figure at which to hurl recitations and compositions. The Jew nodded, applauded, and pretended to be enormously interested, as

he was—in the fee that followed. The copy of "Telemachus," used by Schliemann, was 120 years old, and gave him little idea of modern Russian, as the language has undergone radical changes in recent years. Constant rehearsals in presence of the Jew, however, made Schliemann tolerably fluent in the use of words. The poor Jew could endure these lessons; not so the inmates of his well-ventilated house, and twice was he turned into the street for disturbing the neighbors' peace. His zeal remained undiminished, and in six weeks he began to write business letters to Moscow.

From this time he was more than ten years actively engaged in mercantile transaction, till in 1863 he retired completely from business, possessed of a fortune such as his youth never dreamed of. Schliemann regarded it as a means to an end—that end being the excavation of Troy, Ithaca, and Mykene. Long afraid to touch the Greek language, lest it should distract his mind from commercial pursuits, he at last found its fascination irresistible. On leaving the Lutheran Church in January, 1856, he met a professor, who, on repeating a sonorous verse from Homer, exclaimed, "What a shame it is you do not know Greek." That very day Schliemann engaged an excellent teacher of ancient Greek, but to his surprise found that for one entire week he made little progress. To break the back of his difficulty the student began modern Greek, which is much easier. First he translated "Paul and Virginia," of which, on its completion, he had learned half the words. On going over it again he was master of it all. He wrote compositions which he recited, and in six weeks spoke with facility. Then he betook himself with enthusiasm to the classics, beginning with the simplest, and finally reading the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" again and again.

With these and a few other languages which he as readily acquired Schliemann felt himself prepared to set about his life-work, the fulfilment of the dreams of his childhood.

IAGO.

Iago! At the mere sound of this name, whenever and wherever heard, what memories of the basest malignity and devilry recur to the reader of Shakespeare. Iago! That compound of jealousy, hypocrisy and villainy which has been so faithfully and grandly portrayed by the masterly hand of the immortal bard! Who has not hated him from his first to his last appearance when he is seen after accomplishing his vile designs, bound and destined to suffer all the tortures human ingenuity can devise! Yet, for the consummate coolness and malignity with which he carried out his purpose, we cannot resist mingling a certain degree of admiration with our hatred.

It is well nigh impossible to find words sufficiently strong to convey even a faint idea of the character of such a man.

In the first scene, he reveals to us that jealousy is the main incentive to his course. He is jealous of Cassio, Othello's lieutenant, who has been chosen to that position in preference to himself, and hates Othello because he suspects he has been too intimate with his (Iago's) wife Emelia. He resolves, therefore, to work upon the frank and magnanimous nature of

the noble Moor, and, if successful, hopes to gain the coveted position, besides destroying the peace of mind of his superior officer. To accomplish this he first manages to have Cassio removed from his office, and then sets his first snare by inducing the Moor's bride Desdemona, who is an old friend of Cassio, to intercede that he may be reinstated.

Desdemona readily consents and beseeches her lord to take her friend again into his favor. Othello can refuse no request of his beloved and agrees to do so, after a little delay as punishment; but, after this interview, Iago seeks him and by his mysterious manner and sly insinuations arouses Othello's suspicion that Desdemona is not so disinterested as she should be.

It is painful to observe the crafty manner in which the artful Iago works upon the unsuspecting nature of the Moor, at the same time protesting his love for him and the pain which it gives to make the disclosures he does. Othello, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, is with difficulty convinced of the infidelity of his beloved Desdemona, and Iago, with all his art, leaves him at first, not jealous, but yet in a state of profound disquietude. By his villainy he at length so arouses him that he is easily convinced of the faithlessness of his young wife and is led to strangle her.

Too late does he learn that his suspicions were ill-founded and that he has been duped by the treacherous Iago. In his remorse he endeavors to slay her traducer; then plunges the dagger into his own bosom and dies, in the throes of death, breathing words of love over one whom he had so foully wronged. Iago, severely wounded, is carried to prison, from which he is to be taken only to suffer the most horrible tortures.

A brief review of his actions will illustrate his character sufficiently without further comment. For his own aggrandizement and to avenge the fancied wrongs inflicted by Othello, he deliberately plots to ruin Cassio's reputation and thus to gain his place, besides blackening the fame of an innocent and pure-minded wife, in order that Othello's peace of mind may be disturbed. Only too well does he succeed in his base intrigues, but at length meets the doom he so richly deserves.

LEO.

WHY ARE WE NOT MEN?

Though our limited space will not allow a full development of all the answers that might be suggested to such a question, we purpose to give in brief some reasons why, in our opinion, we are not men—real, active men. Of course, we by no means intend to say that there is no such men among us, but how woe-folly small is their number compared with that of the miserable numskulls and do-nothings! It becomes us to ascertain, if possible, why there are so many even worse than failures, while only a few are making rapid strides to the stature of perfectly developed men. Doubtless early training has much to do with this difference among men. Frequently the boy is placed under instructors who do not drill him thoroughly in first principles; who fail to impress those lessons and instill into his mind those truths by which he will, as a natural consequence, be guided to success.

But some have had no such neglect, and yet are not men. Why is this? One reason is, they do not do their own thinking. They do not rely on themselves; but, for every task, for every duty—before making an effort of their own—they must have the opinion of some one else. How can a man develop his powers in this way? What greater injury can be done the entire man?

The man who thus allows another to do his thinking, is not only committing the sin of burying his talent, but also that of wholly destroying it. Young man, just so often as another thinks for you, just so often is the scope of your intellect contracted. If the habit of having others to do your thinking is continued, the mental man will become the helpless infant. At best we are:

"Infants crying in the night,
Infants crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

But, notwithstanding that, let us think for ourselves, act for ourselves.

There are yet others who do their own thinking, and have had the advantage of the best early training, and still are not men. And simply because their life is an aimless one. They are striving with no clearly defined consummation to be reached. They are putting forth their energies without knowing for what.

When such is the case, there is a failure to bring into full play every energy of the man. The task is performed mechanically, listlessly, and is productive of no real good. We must have a course boldly mapped out, leading to one clearly defined point; otherwise, our lives will be barren wastes, over which we will look when in the loneliness of old age, and lament with bitterness unutterable.

Have an aim—and a high one. Be so completely absorbed in it, that it shall only give way to "balmy sleep," and then let it bid the last good night, and awake us as the first most welcome companion for the day. Let it not escape our sight. Let it be ever before us. Let every energy converge at that one point. Every action but bring us nearer it. Overleaping all obstacles, let every fibre of the mental and physical man be strained to its utmost tension for the attainment of that one end.

Have that determination that will not surrender, though met by the most discouraging and ignominious defeats.

The greatest men the world has known have been the one-idea men. The successful business and professional men are the one-idea men. Calhoun, the greatest man America has ever produced, was a one-idea-man. He never hesitated to say, even when a child, that the one aim of his life was to make laws for this nation. He did it; and successfully. The men who are winning the honors of this century are one-idea-men. The students of our number, who, night after night, month after month, through the entire session, burn the mid-night lamps, are men with fixedness of purpose, one-idea men.

And we must be such if we would be men.

It is not too late for us to overcome the errors of early training. It is not too late to fix our aim. But as we begin late, we will have to work harder and with more earnestness. Make the resolve to be men, and hold on with

an unconquerable determination to succeed; and it must be, as night follows day, that we shall succeed.

If then we think for ourselves, act for ourselves, and live for the attainment of some special purpose, we will have no need to ask the question, Why are we not men?

SCUFFLEBURG.

TWILIGHT.

It is a beautiful summer evening. The sun sinks slowly and grandly to rest beyond the western horizon. The mountains cast their lengthening shadows across the vales beneath. At their base sleeps in the calm beauty of a summer eve a small village. The river sparkles in the last rays of the setting sun. Across the field is heard the lowing of the returning herd. The song of the bird has ceased. The solemn croaking of the frog has begun. All nature is preparing for rest, and ere the curtain of night closes around, seems to turn its gaze heavenward in one last look of devout and eloquent adoration to the Maker and Giver of all. Alone I sat at my window, absorbed in the beauties of the scene. I was lost in admiration and wonder. A magic spell seemed cast over my spirit. It was only when the deep shadows of night had crept over the scene, shutting out its view, that I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen. I know of nothing so impressive as such an evening. I know of no time so sweetly beautiful, so gently potent in attuning the sweetest symphonies of the soul, and touching the purest and noblest chords of the human heart. I know of no time so holy, so delightful, so entrancing in its influence upon the poetic soul as

"This breathing moment on the bridge where time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime."

It sheds over us a kind of "sweet dejection." It saddens, yet rejoices. It soothes our agitations and calms the tumult of our feelings. For we are tempered to the hour. Beautifully has Byron asked:

"Who hath not shared

A glorious sympathy with suns that set?"

All the poetry of the human soul is aroused under the soft shadows of summer twilight. Man is elevated above real and material things. He lives in a world of imagination. The pains and ills of life are forgotten. All his cares are hushed in the sweet lullaby that twilight sings to his spirit. Golden dreams flit before his entranced vision. Life is no longer a burden. Its hopes bud and blossom into fruition. Its dreams, under the fairy touch of imagination, becomes realities. Its clouds are dissipated. Its sun bursts forth in radiant splendor.

Thus does the soft, still hour of twilight affect us. Thus do our souls, responding in poetic sympathy to the beauty of the hour, create for themselves far-off fairy lands. The inspiration of such an hour is most potent in exciting the imagination. Under its gentle sway the soul images its most beautiful conceptions. Under its inspiration the imagination plans its boldest flights and soars to its grandest beauties. In the stillness of such an hour, the dull, coarse things of life are forgotten. The day with its vexatious cares is be-

hind us. We pause a moment in life's great work, to breathe, to forget what we are, and where we are, to give ourselves up to the conduct of fancy, and to indulge in those dreams, which makes up such large part of youth's bright day. Our souls spring outward and upward. Ideals float before our mind. Our thoughts are imbued with the tenderness, the stillness, the sacredness of the hour. We live in dreams. The world is forgotten. Time no longer exists with us. All is poetry, love and beauty.

ORLANDO.

OUR VISIT TO RANDOLPH MACON.

Saturday, the 27th ult., was the day appointed for the second game of Base Ball between the Randolph Macon and Richmond College nines, the first having been played since our last issue, and resulting in a score of seventeen for our boys and ten for Randolph Macon, and played on our grounds.

At the end of the fourth inning the game stood in our favor thirteen to three, when Catcher Sands went to the Short Stop's place, and Pitcher Ellerson to second base; this of course left an easy task for our opponents, and resulted in a defeat of twenty-six to twenty-two. We confess that this looked much like *sharp practice* and advise our neighbors to look out!

The Randolph Macon students were exceedingly kind and hospitable, and there prevailed the utmost friendship between the representatives of the two institutions; we are hardly justified in making any discrimination, but the whole soul kindness and attention of Messrs. Epes, Maben, Albin and Bagwell deserve especial thanks, and among the citizens Messrs. Charles and Wortham Spillman. Among the incidents of the day may be mentioned the following: Right Fielder Puryear was exceedingly fortunate in receiving donations of confections during the entire game from the fair sex, who sat along the margin of his field, to the discomfiture of the other players, and, in the long run, we think, to himself! Thomas, Centre Fielder, deserves especial praise for good playing, while Sands came out with a clean score. During the game a ball from the bat of Hudgins went whizzing down the Right Field, and on first bound struck a pretty young lady in the side, it was feared with serious result, until she was next seen responding to one of those irresistible jokes of "Our Ferrett," (who suggested it was a *base ball*), and *in statu quo?* we can't blame the ball, for we would have gone in the same direction. Altogether the day was charmingly spent, and many pleasant acquaintances formed; our boys, as usual, were in good spirits even in defeat, and when the Randolph Macon fellows come down they may expect a hearty welcome, and heartier if they will bring on the girls.

We would suggest that our neighbors might have a few more gymnasiums, and—but hold on—

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Packer Quarterly is too well known to need our comment. All we could say would be in its praise.

The College Record can't tolerate Freemasonry, as almost every page informs us. In our opinion the Record had better deal with subjects with which it is better acquainted.

The College Argus, from the "Wooden Nutmeg State," is one of our best exchanges, and we think reflects much credit on the institution it represents.

The Institute Journal's visits are like those of angels—few and far between. This being only the second number received this college year, we mildly suggest a new mailing clerk.

Thanks to the College Echo, of Bethany, W. Virginia, for its kind words. The "mechanical get up" of the Echo is excelled by its matter, by far.

We fear the managers of the Trinity Collegian, Texas, don't spend as much time over their paper as they should. It seems to be rather hastily gotten up, still some features deserve commendation.

The Rochester Campus makes its first appearance in our sanctum this month. It is carefully edited, and contains much that is interesting, not only to students, but to those who have never been inside the "classic walls" of a college. The arrangement of its matter is commendable.

The Home Journal is always good, and we commend it to those who delight in good reading and to the lovers of art, music, science or fashion. President Chadbourne, of Williams College, in a paper in the Journal, upholds the idea of strictly enforced rules and regulations in our colleges. We are glad our trustees don't agree with him.

The College Herald, from Lewisburg, Pa., comes promptly to hand. The title of the article "Reading between the lines," enticed us to read it. It possesses the merit of originality—something rarely found in college journals, according to one of our Western exchanges. We have not read the exchange criticisms, but from the length we suppose the editor of that department to devote his whole time to the work. He has our sympathy.

The Southern Collegian comes to hand regularly, and is always welcomed and greatly esteemed. It is surprising, isn't it, friend Collegian, that after all the abuse the "Emory and Henry Clarion" has been heaping upon you, it only required a few fitly spoken words from you to change its attitude completely? And all in one short month too!

It is now stated that a new way of fastening on ladies' hats is to bore the tops of their ears, put in gold hoops, and have the hat strings tied through them. Thus, step by step, we tread the pathway to perfection, and ere the darkness of death envelopes all the world, man will have utilized his nose in holding up his pants or pulling on his boots.

He had proposed to her, and now with fear and trembling, waited for her answer. "Only one answer," he said, "if but to keep alive the fires of hope within my bosom." She looked at him tenderly, nay, lovingly, and her lips moved in accents that went to the depth of his soul. She had asked him how much he earned a week.

"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she's getting ready for the wedding, too! Oh, dear, what is to be done?" "Let her go right on with the wedding madame, by all means. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will."

A coxcomb asked a stuttering barber boy: "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "No, sir," said the boy, "but if you will s-s-s-sit down, I'll t-t-t-try!"

An exchange tells how the joke was on him. "A bright little girl of our acquaintance asked us the following conundrum: 'How many letters are there in a postman's bag?' We gave it up, and she said there were three—b-a-g."

"Oh," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."

"Oh, here's a red ear!" exclaimed a Southern Illinois youth at a recent corn-husking bee. "And there's another!" replied the pretty girl at his side, as she gave him a stinging box alongside his head when he tried to kiss her.

MONTHLY MUSINGS.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

EDITORS:

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.....E. W. WINFREY.
MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY.....A. R. LONG.

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

☞ For Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

VOL. III. MAY, 1878. No. 8.

WITH this issue our College paper—the organ of our two Literary Societies—has passed into new and untried hands. We shall, of course, do our best to keep it up to the standard raised by our predecessors, but feeling our inability to discharge the duties of our new position so faithfully, we hope to have the kind indulgence of all our readers, the hearty co-operation and support of the friends and students of the College.

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT AND ACTION.

We would not be classed with those who plead for that independence which has for "its radical defect a preference of the creature to the Creator;" or a mean contempt of the opinions of our fellow men. Such independence is criminal pride, or basely arrogant presumption. Some one has said "independence is the effort of infancy, the aim of childhood, the dream of youth, and the idol of mankind; nor does age itself, which chills the warmth of our blood, and abates the ardor of our pursuits, deprive us of the fond hope of being the centres of our little systems, where, though we may permit other luminaries to be dependent upon us, yet we hope to enjoy the privilege of being independent of them." As a matter of fact there can be no such thing as absolute independence; everywhere we turn we find convincing testimony to the fact that man is dependent, not only upon Nature and the God of Nature, but also upon his fellow men. As our proud spirits sometimes fain would lift us above our proper stations and above all else, we are chilled by the mortifying realization, that while we are encumbered with mortality we can no more be independent of each other than the several parts of some machine can do each its own work disjointed from the other. But while this is true, we would, nevertheless, array ourselves against that weakness of our nature by reason of which we are brought into subjection to the wills and dictates of others, and made to endure any ignoble servitude, intellectual thralldom and dependence of action,

Due deference for the opinions of others, kind appreciation of friendly suggestions; commendable, but to fetter our minds or chain our hands with the ever strengthening coil of popular sentiment is criminal. To have a mind untrammelled by the decrees of public fancy, to make no such inquiry as "what saith the world?" to heed not the breath of popular favor, to have one's own convictions of right, to think and act for one's self, is the part of wisdom, the distinguishing characteristic of him who would be a true man. How changing with every breath is the voice of the people! To-day it praises and exalts to the skies, to-morrow it condemns and dooms to infamy. How many in "sailing o'er life's stormy main" have been wrecked by listening to the cry of the multitude!

Shakspeare said:

"Blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please"

Some who loudest boast of their independence, and even, doubtless, convince themselves that they care nothing for what others may say or think, do, by their conduct, evince a spirit of dangerous impotency with regard to this very matter. Not meeting with anticipated success in their first efforts, they think to show their independence of the world by withdrawing from the field, while, in fact, they clearly show that they are dependent upon a little success for their willingness to make further exertions. A man controlled in his every thought and action by a desire to know and a readiness to do the right, who faithfully discharges his every duty, turning a deaf ear to every comment made by the world, is one of the noblest specimens of God's noblest creatures. On the other hand, scarcely anything presents a sadder spectacle than a man with mental and physical abilities equal to those of any other man, pinned on to the skirts of other men's creeds—directing his life by other men's ideas, and not daring to do what he knows to be his duty, simply because he dreads the remarks that may be made by those claiming to be his friends.

Doubtless there are at this institution men who, because of some little disappointment or failure in their first attempts, are harshly accusing their best and truest friends, thinking themselves "badly treated" and retiring from the field to "show their independence." To all such we would say, be not so dependent upon an enthusiastic appreciation on the part of your fellows for the resolution to come forth and discharge your duty. Have a strong and abiding sense of right, and do the very best you can: nothing more is required of anyone by those whose opinions on such a subject are

worthy to be noticed. Regardless of consequences—for they will take care of themselves—do what you know to be your duty to yourself and to those about you.

OVER six hundred negroes were recently baptized a short distance below Richmond. This is but a part of the outcome of a remarkable "revival" now in progress among them. The whole city, from the centre throughout the suburbs, abounds in "seekers." The beginning of conversion, if we may apply this word to what they call getting religion, takes on with them a rather disagreeable and inconvenient form. They go about with heads hung down, and in a most obstinate, sullen silence; in reply to questions they only mumble and mutter. Often they are suddenly seized with uncontrollable excitement, and catch each other by the hand, embrace each other, and shout and laugh in hysterical frenzy. They go out alone at night to some hillside and pray their wild and incoherent prayers. This is a very prevailing custom among them, but we have yet to learn what they imagine to be the efficacy of the hillside. Now all such actions as these are very foolish and uncalled for. If some of our New England Philanthropists would come down here and apply a preventative for this folly on the part of the "dear darkies," they would confer a lasting benefit upon the negroes themselves and on the country at large. A very benevolent gentleman, who, however, does not aspire to the name Philanthropist, told us that in the case of his own servants, if they should be taken this way, he would try what virtue there might be in the hickory. Though this would doubtless be a most effective remedy for these outbursts of superstition, yet in the present state of affairs it is hardly practicable.

When the first vagaries of religious enthusiasm are over, the negro thinks his whole duty is done. He has "gone up in the chariot," he has seen "the Jordan roll," he is safe, and now by no hook or crook can the Devil get hold of him. His soul takes joyance in apathetic ease; and if, perchance, the Devil working in him cause him to sin, 'tis the Devil that will shoulder the responsibility, and incur therefor a deeper damnation, while he, oh! blissful thought, is still unstained and uncondemned. He lays some such flattering unction to his soul and sins and pilfers as of yore. Now shall we take such people into our service and allow them the freedom of our houses? *Me genoito!* away with these pious darkies, and give us rather those who have a wholesome personal apprehension of the fire and brimstone.

The negroes are, as was said of the Athenians, a very religious people, and therefore

their misconception of religious matters is the more to be deplored. Religion powerfully excites them, but its effects are transient, and rather to be lamented than desired; the light, it seems, shines in on their darkened minds only to render "darkness visible," only to engender doubt and fear. This pitiable state of affairs is caused by the ignorance and superstition of the people and of their preachers. But surely the book is open and the truth not hard to be got at. The story is simple, and it is not too much to hope that the time is near at hand when it shall be told so simply and plainly that misconception itself cannot misconceive or superstition distort.

ON a programme of one of the celebrations, several sessions ago, was the inscription, "Promenading on the lawn." That was a joke, or at least was so intended. With the diminutive campus of those days it might have been a joke to talk about promenading on the lawn, but since our bounds have been extended so as to embrace double their ancient area, we see no reason why the above mentioned order of exercises should not be on all our Final Programmes, and that not for a joke but to be carried into effect. As soon as the speaking is over the people go home, the lights are put out, and in half an hour the college is as gloomy and silent as though it had not just now held in its walls the beauty and fashion of Richmond. Now if a few walks be laid, not straight and prim as though some rude laborer, minding only economy of steps, had planned them, but directed in beautiful curves, the sound of merriment, we warrant, will not so soon die away, or the gloom of desertion so quickly enfold us.

But that this may be done, and even if it is not done, let some of that old rubbish lying about here be cleared away. First and most emphatically we would suggest that that house and those piles of brick, which so sadly disfigure the new part of the campus be utterly removed. They do but cumber the ground. Then, too, there are some trees that might be cut down; let the axe be laid to the roots of that long line of trees, unsightly, top-heavy, vine-overgrown, that separates the new campus from the old. After these and other improvements are made, our campus, illuminated with Chinese lanterns and echoing sweet music, will be so attractive that a part at least of the assemblages will be induced to linger a while with us and try what balm there may be in happy converse and delightful perambulations. We don't intend to "verge on the poetical," but when we think of that which might be and can be if only proper steps are taken, our words move on in measure, like footfalls, keeping time to beautiful music. Who can tell, who can dimly

imagine, how many a lover, pacing here with his beloved, will bless these environments and the occasion that brought him hither. And so, perchance, for such pleasures and the joy that here went round, it will be doubly, trebly pleasant to remember these things hereafter.

The changes, herein above mentioned, can of course hardly be effected in time for the approaching Commencement, but certainly since they would add so much to the pleasure of our Final week, and also do much to permanently beautify the campus, they deserve to be considered, and if possible quickly brought about by those who have these matters in hand.

THE Emory and Henry *Clarion* does not admire the manner in which the MONTHLY MUSINGS is conducted. In its last issue it exhibits what may well be called a grand dissatisfaction with the whole make-up of the MUSINGS, from the modest motto at the head to the last article on the seventh page. It fills nearly two columns with advice and admonition, interspersed with slang, attempted wit, sarcasm, satire, and flings at Richmond College. The editors of the MUSINGS are aware of their inexperience, and are always thankful for any advice which may assist them in properly performing their duties, but when they need counsel in the management of their paper, they certainly will not seek it in the office of the *Clarion*. For a paper which exhibits a reckless disregard for purity of language, accuracy of expression, and for all the refinements and courtesies of life commend us to the *Clarion*. Its descriptive adjectives and its modes of expression are of a character very far different from that which we wish to appear in the columns of the MUSINGS. We had thought to cull a few choice specimens from its rich vocabulary of slang, but we are unwilling to soil our pages, or to disgust the refined taste of our friends by so doing. As for the flings at Richmond College, we can very well afford to pass them by. It is not the first time that insignificance has sought to hoist itself into notoriety by assailing that which is well known and of established reputation.

PERSONALS.

Professor Harris has received an honorary appointment as commissioner to the exhibition at Paris.

Henry Wortham and J. W. Snyder paid us a call some days ago, and made interesting speeches in the Hall of the Philologist Society. Come again, won't you?

H. H. George is at home preparing for a course at the University next year.

We sometimes see Dan. Matthews and Ed. Childs, of '76-7. Their address is Manchester, Va.

Our esteemed friend and college-mate, C. T. Herndon, of Fauquier, has been suddenly called home by the illness of his father. Let us hear from you anon, Charles.

L. E. Bentley, who will be remembered as the Mendax Maximus of '76-7, now holds forth at Lloyds, Essex Co. We bet he is having a good time.

We miss N. C. Burnett, "chanticleer," '76-7.

Do these impudent (?) young lawyers expect the peace-loving, law-abiding occupants of main building to be seized with kleptomania, drunkenness or fratricide fever? If not, why then are they loading our tables with their cards?

We would be glad to hear from J. E. Fitzgerald, of '76-7. His friends will address him at Laurel Grove, Va.

We hear little of J. B. Washington now a-days. Write him at Woodfords, Va.

G. B. Moore, one of our best boys, and they were all best, '76-7, was, when last heard from, in Giles county.

R. H. Latane, of King and Queen county, did us the honor to appear on our campus, a few days since. He is looking well.

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC DROPS.

The latest thing in ladies' shoes—ladies' feet.
 A brilliant experiment—the electric light.
 Two button kids—a young goat fight.
 Dogs beat dentists—they insert natural teeth.
 The way to find a girl out is to call when she is not in.
 "Didn't she return your love?" "Yes, she did; she said she didn't want it—that's what is killing me."
 Professor of Rhetoric to Sophomore—"What is sophism?" Sophomore—"To duck a freshman."—Ex.
 Professor—"Yesterday we were at the source of heat." Sharp Student—"Did you feel comfortable?"
 Why is a pair of skates like an apple? Because they have occasioned the fall of man.—Ex.
 The man who would really like to see you—the blind man.
 An air that young ladies diligently strive to catch—a millionaire.
 "What is the difference between a glass of water and one of whiskey?" asked a buffoon. "Fifteen cents," was the ready reply.
 A Western woman having been spoken of as "having one foot in the grave," a commentator remarks that there must be a big hole out there somewhere.
 "What is Heaven's best gift to man?" asked a young lady, smiling sweetly on a pleasant-looking clerk. "A horse," replied the young man, with great prudence.
 When Longfellow was presented to Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, the latter remarked, "There is no great difference in our names." "Yes," replied Longfellow, "but worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."—Ex.
 Student—(in discussion)—"Professor, I rise to a point of information."
 Professor—"You may state your point, sir."
 Student—"May I be excused from class?"—Ex.
 SCENE—Old South Fair—Business like young lady:
 "Won't you take a share in this sewing machine?"
 Cheeky Senior: "Have you one that will sew on buttons?"
 Young lady, blushing, "No, sir."
 One of the preps, on examination in History, was startled by the following inquiry by one of the Profs: "How long did Henry VIII remain a widow after the death of Lady Jane Grey?" He gave it up.—Ex.
 Prof. remarks that something seems to attract the needle. "I am considered rather attractive," puts in a Soph. "Brass doesn't attract, Mr. L.," and they whoop it up for that brazen Soph.—Campus.
 History repeats itself—little Johnnie W. has now become our "interrogation point." Wants to know when George Washington discovered America!—Ex.
 The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn; if the old man's wallet is lean, we hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.
 A schoolboy of some shrewdness, says he regards hunger and his teacher's rattan as about the same thing, for they both make him holler.
 Among the many surmises as to what will become of the last man, it is queer that nobody has discovered that he is destined to be talked to death by the last woman.
 Age should be revered, but when a fellow sees the same leg of mutton for ten consecutive days, familiarity is very likely to breed contempt.

DR. HOGES LECTURE.

ON THE evening of Tuesday, the 30th April, a large audience assembled in the First Baptist Church to hear Dr. Hoge's lecture on "The Land of the Midnight Sun." This lecture was repeated at the earnest request of the students for the benefit of the College Reading Room. The Lecturer was introduced by Prof. Puryear, in a short and appropriate speech. After a few very graceful personal remarks and a short introduction the Doctor proceeded to speak of the well-known hardihood of the Scandinavian people. In explanation of this he quoted the saying of Carlyle that the character of a people is determined by the character of their religion. The Norse religion was one which imposed upon its upholders the obligation of intrepidity and courage and the cultivation of all those virtues which go to make up a warrior. There is something refined and attractive about the old Grecian Mythology, but where can we find a parallel to the Norseman's Walhalla, where dwelt only the souls of those that were slain in battle? There at morn the hosts of the blessed, separating into two vast armies, all day long "drank delight of battle," and at night they healed them of their wounds; again in the morning with unabated ardor they hastened to renew their joyous combat, forgetful of everything but the rapture and transport of onset. Such was their dream of the hereafter for which they strove to fit themselves. And there was another and perhaps as powerful an influence at work on the Norsemen, serving to develop in them that vigorous strength and power of endurance which we cannot but admire and wonder at. The Norse maiden valued her lover not for the beauty of his person or the breadth of his acres but for his prowess in warfare. Strong and able to protect must be the arm of him to whom she would entrust herself. For her the glory of a man lay not in his wealth or outward appearance, but in his manliness. The Lecturer next proceeded to speak of his travels, and first he told of a visit to Copenhagen and to the grave of Thorwaldsen. He described the funeral of the great sculptor and his resting place, a simple nameless spot, overgrown with the small leaved ivy, in the midst of a court surrounded by palaces, Denmark and Norway are, as is well known, parts of the same kingdom, and a happy kingdom it is, where they have no legislatures, and where the Parliament meets only once in three years, where there are no state debts and no readjusters, forcible or feeble. In crossing the straits to Norway, in a few hours there looms up out of the sea before the voyager "the dark and stormy steep, Elsinore." This, as readers of Shakspeare will remember, was the home of Hamlet. 'Twas a striking instance of the power of the English poet that he could transform the rude and cruel Hamlet of history into the intellectual, meditative, melancholy Hamlet of the drama. The Lecturer then spoke of his visit to Christiania. In describing the people and their customs he made some very humorous hits at American manners. These people preserve their old national, picturesque costume. Along with the simplicity of their customs they keep much of their ancient superstition. Their caverns, cliffs, their deep, dark lakes, and mysterious mountain glens are peopled with hill-folk, fairies, geni, trolls and dwarfs. The Scandinavian Folk-lore is very interesting, but we must pass on rapidly before the summer is over and catch a glimpse of the scenery of the North and of the midnight sun. On we pass through their wild, mountainous country, over numerous fjords, past lichen-covered cliffs and beautiful cataracts, till we come to the region where the Aurora shoots up its lances of ruby and gold, where far to the north, dipping down upon the horizon, and lighting up the intervening headlands, and casting its shadow across the waters like a tremulous column of fire, stands the midnight sun. The sunset and sunrise are one. Through ruddy, golden-tinted clouds, which are at once the vapors of evening and the mists of morning, day merges into day. Fit emblem, said the lecturer, of the death of the Christian, whose soul just dips into the valley of the shadow of death and then rises into the glorious light of eternal day.

After giving many vivid descriptions, and reading two very interesting extracts descriptive of far north scenery, one by Carlyle and the other by an American traveller, the Doctor closed his lecture by alluding to the remarkable politeness of the people, and illustrating it by several very entertaining incidents in his own experience. Especially was every one delighted with the story of his visit to Oscar's palace under the guidance of that sweet Norwegian girl. Of course all criticism by us on this lecture would be out of place and unnecessary. Rarely is so much information so pleasantly imparted. A grave Professor said that as he listened to the Doctor's description of that beautiful young lady he almost fell in love with her, and as for us, all that we want is a sweet Norse maiden and a nice little home in Norway.

Board of Publication.

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PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

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SOCIETY NOTES.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
April 5th, 1878. }

Society called to order by President Long.
Usual opening exercises.
Reading by W. T. Cheney and C. H. Jones.
Reading of the "Mu Sigma Rho Star."
Declamation by S. A. Fishburne and J. W. Fleet.
Question for debate, "Resolved, That universal suffrage is a curse to the United States," was discussed.
Affirmatively, by Messrs. Haynes Hubbard, Johnston, Boyd, Fleet and Pitt.
Negatively, by Messrs. Hix, Jenkins, Hardaway, Martin, West, Coleman, Bouldin, W. T. Cheney and Riggan.
Question decided in favor of the affirmative.
C. H. Chalkley was re-elected a member of the Society.
J. W. Boyd was elected Monthly Orator.
Closing exercises.
Adjournment. PAUL Y. TUPPER, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
April 12th, 1878. }

Society called to order by President Long.
Usual opening exercises.
Under the head of "Election of Officers," the following were elected:
Final President—Paul Y. Tupper.
Term President—T. W. Haynes, Jr.
Vice President—I. M. Mercer.
Censor—J. B. Jenkins.
Editor of "M. S. R. Star"—F. T. West, Jr.
Recording Secretary—S. A. Fishburne.
Corresponding Secretary—E. McCarthy.
Chaplain—G. M. Shott.
Treasurer—J. W. Martin.
Librarian—E. O. Hubbard.
Critic—F. D. Bouldin.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Geo. Watson.
Board of Managers } W. L. Williams,
of "Monthly Musings," } C. E. Jones,
W. G. Hix.
Editor "Monthly Musings"—A. R. Long.
Report of Censor and Sergeant-at-Arms.
Adjournment. PAUL Y. TUPPER, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
April 19th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President.
Usual opening exercises.
Installation of Officers.
Valedictory by Mr. A. R. Long.
Inaugural by Mr. T. W. Haynes.
Reading by Messrs. R. Johnston and P. Y. Tupper.
Declamations by Messrs. C. G. Davis and T. W. Haynes.
The question for debate, "Resolved, That Virginia should encourage foreign immigration," was discussed.
Affirmatively, by Messrs. Loving, Martin, McCarthy, G. B. Taylor, Hubbard, Coleman and Davis.
Negatively, by Messrs. C. H. Jones, May, Mercer, Hix, Boyd, Hardaway, Fleet and F. W. Cheney.
Question decided in favor of negative.
Business transactions. Adjournment.
F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }
April 26th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President, Mr. Haynes.
By action of a former meeting of the Society the usual exercises for the evening were passed over and the contest for the Reader's Medal took place.
The following gentlemen participated: Messrs. Fleet, Riggan, J. J. Taylor, Tupper, Steel, W. F. Cheney, C. H. Jones, Wilbur and Bouldin.
The committee, upon consultation, decided that the

medal should be awarded to Mr. P. Y. Tupper, of Richmond.

There being no further business, the Society adjourned.
F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }
April 5th, 1878. }

It being the regular meeting night for the election of officers the literary exercises were suspended, and the following officers were elected:
Term President—R. E. Glover.
Final President—F. P. Robertson.
Vice-President—E. E. Holland.
Recording Secretary—E. H. Bartenstein.
Corresponding Secretary—C. A. G. Thomas.
Treasurer—T. J. Nettles.
Librarian—J. A. Powers.
Critic—C. T. Herndon.
Censor—J. H. Smith.
Chaplain—J. R. Fizer.
Sergeant-at-Arms—E. L. Jamieson.
Board of Managers—Messrs. Tucker and Brooks.
Editors of Classic Gem—Messrs. Satterwhite, Sands, Derieux and Simms.
Reading Room Committee—Messrs. McManaway, Boldridge, Decker, Robertson, Noland and Powers.
Board of Publication of Musings—Messrs. Huff, Catlett and Nance.
Editor of Musings—E. W. Winfrey.
Scribe—A. Starke.
Orator—L. M. Nance.
After regular business the Society adjourned.
W. T. DERIEUX, Critic.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }
April 12th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President.
After the regular preliminary exercises the First Declamation was delivered by Mr. Noland.
First Reader—Mr. Davis.
The First Reader and Declaimer were absent.
The question, "Resolved, That the public schools of Virginia should be abolished," was regularly discussed, in the affirmative, by Messrs. Bartenstein and Bidgood; negatively, by Messrs. Boldridge, Brooks and Reamy. Irregular debate, in the affirmative, Messrs. Holland and Derieux; negatively, Messrs. Starke, Nance, Winfrey and Morris.
Messrs. Taylor and Pitt, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and Mr. Snyder, of the city, engaged in the discussion.
The question decided in favor of the affirmative.
After the discussion was over, Mr. Catlett, the former president, in a few but appropriate remarks, vacated the chair to the present elect, Mr. Glover, who delivered quite a graceful and well prepared speech.
After the regular business was transacted, the Society adjourned.
W. T. DERIEUX, Critic.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }
April 19th, 1878. }

After the preliminary exercises, the First Declamation was delivered by Mr. Simms.
First Reader, Mr. Cone.
Second Reader, Mr. Cutchins.
"Classic Gem" was read by the Scribe.
Debate—"Resolved, That a Representative should follow the dictates of his own judgments rather than the wishes of his constituents," was discussed. As regular debaters, affirmatively, Messrs. Cone, Catlett, and Davis; negatively, Messrs. Decker, Reamy and Cutchins. As irregular debaters, affirmatively, Messrs. McManaway, Nance and Derieux; negatively, Messrs. Winfrey and Smith.
The question was decided in favor of affirmative.
After regular order of business, the Society adjourned.
W. T. DERIEUX, Critic pro tem.

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LOCALS.

THE voice of that irrepressible peacock is heard in the land from sunrise to sunset, and, vice versa, from sunset to sunrise.

ASPIRANTS for the declaimer's medals are already beginning to wake the echoes of the tower and other places convenient and some not convenient for rehearsal.

WE can't see anything surprising in the fact that when a student burns the midnight lamp with a pony to Tacitus in his hand, his slumbers thereafter should be disturbed by the NIGHT-MARE.

IN THE Philosophy class, lately, one of our Philosophic ministerials said in regard to Heaven: "And there shall be no Greek there, neither any Latin, nor Mathematics, nor Philosophy." And, oh! how he smiled when he thought of the "Sweet by and bye."

IT was a refreshing evidence of thrift and economy, the spectacle of those two old darkies white-washing the college fence with a couple of paint brushes. True, it took about two weeks to finish the job, but it saved a heap of white-wash.

SOME of our young Philosophers are completely carried away with the word Oughtness. They are taken, we suppose, with some savor of book-learning it has. Though, as a rule, they have a rather vague, indefinite idea of what it means, yet we can readily pardon their misapplication of it when we see what an evident satisfaction its utterance affords.

SCRIBNER for May has been received and fully sustains its well earned reputation. Bayard Taylor contributes an "Impossible Story," which fully deserves its name. "Lissy" is a touching sketch of a neglected wife and mother, written in a homely style, but with a vein of genuine pathos running through it.

Mamie Thompson contributes a readable paper on archery; and the description of N. Y. P. O., is exceedingly graphic and interesting.

"Roxy" and "His Inheritance," the two serials, sustain their interest, and the latter takes a "new departure," which promises well. We wish we had time to mention the other illustrate articles which are more than usually entertaining.

The poetry of the number does not strike us as particularly good, but the other departments of the magazine more than compensate for any weakness in that direction. For one's own reading, or for a gift to a friend, we know of nothing better than Scribner.

DOUBTLESS it will be gratifying to the friends of the College to learn that some of the Theologues have been attending Mr. Doutney's temperance meetings. We are glad to say that a few seem deeply interested, but others, alas, in the obduracy of their hearts, decline to join the band. Some listen attentively till they hear intimations of the interdiction of hard cider, and then their hearts are hardened. One of the brethren, who is large and fat, and has a rosy face, and more than one of the characteristics of a sailor, when specially pleaded with, laughed the lecturer to scorn. Yet we do not wholly despair of this gentleman's case, for several others, whose cases had been deemed hopeless, have recently appeared, adorned with the significant bonnie blue ribbon. On, on with the good work!

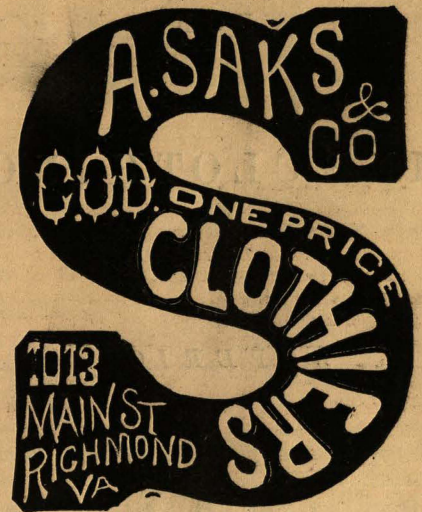
THE recent case of mesmerism has excited much attention. Socrates, it appears, thought there was no such thing and was willing for it to be attempted on him. So a young gentleman, with a far off professional look in his eyes, approached and lightly stroked the victim's temples for a few minutes, but without effect. Another and fleshier gentleman now tried his hand. At first Socrates glanced around in an independent kind of a way, with a cheerful smile on his face, but after his forehead had been steadily and industriously manipulated for a half hour or more he yielded and sank into an uneasy slumber—so uneasy in fact, and so full of spasmodic contortions, that once he rolled off and under the bed. He was with difficulty awakened, and even then he seemed in a stupor, and could not remember any of the incidents of his mesmerism. So exhausted was his nervous system that he lay still in dreamful ease, and when he got up to walk hardly the supple hinges of his knees up bore his weight.

He has not yet recovered, but is still borne down with a feeling of drowsiness, and sees over all things a kind of misty darkness. Thus much for the victim, but what we say when we come to the utter nervous prostration of him that did the work. The terrible mental effort required to subdue the will of his victim left him weary, worn and sad. Like a bow too tautly strung he has lost his old vigor and elasticity. One hope we still have left for both of these our friends, and that is, that time, all-healing time, will gladden our hearts with a restoration of their pristine powers.

THE Valedictorian of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, for session 1856-7, in company with a friend, some days ago astonished the occupants of room 40 by a visit at the rather unseasonable hour of two in the morning. Old times, it seems, had returned so strong upon him that he thought he was a student again, and that in room 46 a bed and cheerful fire awaited his coming. With some such tale as this he easily induced his friend to come along with him, for his friend was tired and felt badly and wanted rest. So they came up to college, and though they got into the wrong room they didn't care much, for since it was so late at night they were willing to put up with almost any accommodations. They entered and proceeded to make themselves very much at home, but after a while, thinking the occupants might want to know what was going on, they awoke them. The Valedictorian then called for a light; the light having been procured, he called for a preface to Livy. He insisted that he was bound to have a preface to Livy, he wanted to entertain the company with a translation of it. But as he could not obtain this, and was resolved to have things as cheerful as possible, he repeated a few odes of Horace, and also some fragments of Greek choral odes. The latter reminded him to say that Prof. Harris read Greek more musically than any man he ever heard. But, nevertheless, he didn't care for Prof. Harris with his stolid indifference, and his tendency to laugh. Neither did he care for Prof. Harrison with his dualities and labored originality; and as for Dr. Curry, he said Dr. Curry was a regular orator, he could say anything he wanted to; but Dr. Curry had to leave Alabama for there was a man named Harris down there, who could beat him all to pieces—could get away with him every time. And Prof. Puryear never could get the inclined plane right, he always would forget that the angle to the inclined plane was equal to the equation to the tangent. He then proceeded to say that the Mu Sigma Rho Society was one of the grandest organizations of modern times; he was one of the men who voted to expel McCarthy for leaving to form the Philologian; he was Valedictorian for session of 1856-7. "If I could only brush away," said he, "the cobwebs from the dim corridors of the half forgotten past I would tell on some fanciful romances of legendary lore." But unfortunately he couldn't brush them away, for in addition to the fact that his memory's grasp on the olden time was somewhat loose, he was troubled, he explained, by an iota subscript, which was careering around in his head. While all this was going on the occupants of the room improvised a pallet and undertook to put their visitors to bed. One of them easily fell in with the plan and quietly lay down, but that Valedictorian couldn't, to save his life, see the necessity of pulling his boots off. So he got up and sang "All right! All right!" and the other one sang "A lone Rock by the Seashore." After carrying on this way for some time, the latter, who seemed to be the more somnolent, called out to his friend that he was vexed with fire-flies, and wanted him to put the light out and come to bed. But the black-eyed Valedictorian simply said: "Sic familiare, my sick friend; he has fits, and he never has less than nine at a time." At last, at last, however, all was quiet again. When in the morning the occupants of the room awoke, they found the twain, who had come in on them in the night, carefully brushing the blue ribbon with which Doutney had adorned them and about to go on their way rejoicing.

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