The English race will ever cherish with pride and revere with emotions of commingled awe and admiration to that marvelous outburst of intellectual activity and genius which has so distinctly marked the reign of England's greatest queen—Elizabeth. The galaxy of which Shakespeare was the centre and around which revolved such a brilliant host, is the everlasting cadences and flowing versification of the Elizabethan poetry. It was just sufficiently developed to convey the thought with accuracy and precision and to enable the world in unbroken darkness for ages, now raised the nation with the spirit of progress and advancement. Popular education was a theme which interested alike the statesman and the philanthropist. A desire of enquiry and investigation into all the realms of science had been awakened, the mind of man had been liberated from prejudice, and reasoning from the arguments of the philosophers by the barriers imposed by superstition and ignorance. The reason and the judgment, now for the first time, asserted their claim to supremacy and assumed the prerogative of directing and controlling all decisions of the intellect. And as the consequence, this era was characterized by a sudden emancipation of thought, by a declaration of the principles of liberty and freedom. The clouds of bigotry and fanaticism which had shrouded the world in unbroken darkness for ages, now vanished and were replaced by the rain-bow of hope and the sun of truth. In this epoch were first promulgated those eternal principles which have revolutionized human institutions, regenerated society, and remodelled nearly all the governments of the civilized globe. The progress of English literature inaugurated in so splendid a manner by the genius of Chaucer was for a long time comparatively slow. Intestine commotions, the War of the Roses, the fierce conflicts between the two rival political parties for supremacy, and the mighty transformation resulting from the Reformation, claimed the attention of the people as subjects which more immediately affected their interests and prevented them from engaging in peaceful and literary pursuits. And thus it appears as if every circumstance had conspired to retard mental and political advancement, and to hamper the nation's energies for that burst of intellectual activity and genius which will ever constitute England's greatest glory.
Readers, one and all, we tender you the “compliments of the season,” and sincerely greet you all with “A Happy New Year. ” Ayé, a happy New Year! How much material for sober reflection is enveloped in the warm folds of that wish, “a happy New Year.” Before us, life and all its momentous concerns are spread out like a map, visible only to the eye of the All-Wise. We are too short-sighted to behold even a moment beyond the present, and every step we take onward is the step of the totally blind, so far as certainty is concerned. And yet our intellect, like a lamp dimly but steadily burning, half illumines some of the events of the future, and reveals faint reflections of images of the past. A past and portions of it we may trace with some distinctness the events of the future, particularly those events which appertain to human actions. A certain line of human conduct will produce a certain result, and sickness nor bereavements can totally extinguish all light and happiness around us, for our lamp within will never go out, so long as we fill it with oil drawn from the proper place and keep it trimmed. Let us all, then, at the New Year, respect our coming resolutions, arranging them in proper order, and write out good resolutions, respecting our coming course during the next twelve months. Let us canvass the various duties which we owe to God and to our fellow men, arrange them in proper order, and then firmly resolve to perform them. Thus may we, under Providence, make this a happy year.

As a people, we begin the new year with every element of happiness apparently in our power. We are at peace with all the world. Our temple of Janus is closed—may Heaven grant its permanent enshrinement,—the nations of the earth extend to us the hand of friendship. Jealous rivals in commerce respect us; the world and struggling communities of the old world envy us and emulate our example. We are placed among the nations as a “city upon a hill” that cannot be hid, and “all eyes wait upon” us. From us, as from a great centre, light is radiating—in our midst the great all-attracting, magnetic pole is reared, unto which the nations shall come to worship. In a word, the high-road of honor and prosperity before us, is all the most devout patriot can wish. Let us “not be high-minded, but fear.”

We have just passed through the scathing and scaring scenes of a campaign. The political caldron has been quiet, the incantations around it have ceased, and the wizards have folded their arms with quiet satisfaction. The banns of conflicting parties are being gradually but proudly out of her ashes, stands Virginia. Her position is peculiarly gratifying to every one of her true-born sons. Among the first to throw down the gauntlet in each of the political convulsions that have torn our fair country during the last century, she has been among the first to reap the benefits of success. In one she has the grandest of our martyrs and to extricate herself surely and firmly from overwhelming disaster in the other. Never failing in her unwavering fidelity to her causes, when they triumphed she was elated, and in reverses she clung to them, not with a timid, half-dispairing clutch, but with the fearlessness of a champion and the resolution of a martyr. Sanguine as long as any hope remained, not despiscent when the darkest days came, her devotion has been an object of admiration; and her heroic sons, the upholders of her liberties, the defenders of her rights, are justly loved and revered. Virginia’s great! Their names are so interwoven with the history of one of earth’s greatest nations, that while it exists, there can be no thought of them. When we view the thank-offering of that nation’s hundredth year, the debt of gratitude and reverence due to Virginians, can never be forgotten, and when the North, South, East and West, each kneeling at a common altar, bring their tributes of reconciled peace to the martyrs and priests of American liberty, with what an exulting throb few days ago. “Bellum” is preaching in Modest Town, Va. and although he partakes of the nature of the place, yet he is succeeding very well.

The New Year

The story of their deeds is a precious, halowred record, a chapter which mankind never wearies of reading. To be forgotten, the common doom of humanity, is not theirs, and in the immortality of their fame, we can see the foreshadowing of eternity. Memory of the perpetuate are their virtue, while Time contents himself with obliterating their faults.

But Virginia cannot content herself with past greatness. That unflaking wreath of glory and heroism already hers, cannot satisfy her proud desires. She has suffered but her spirit is unsabdured. She comes forth from the fire purified and refined. Her natural wealth, the inborn talent of her noble sons, are still here, resolution and effort are all that are needed to raise her to her proper place, the pride of the Republic and the joy of the South. Let her young men go forward. Triumph in all every department of learning, literature, art, the inimitable, now we want action, duty to self and to country demands it. The unequaled brilliancy of a glorious past cries out against the stain of neglect to blot the fair escutcheon so long unstained, and unites with the glowing prospects of a successful future in inviting Virginia to keep pure a reputation so deservedly enviable.

Personals.

C. K. Nicoll is practising Law at Brentsville, Va. Of course he is doing well.

J. Henry Miller, A. M., ’74, is teaching school in California.

Prof. Lewis T. Gwathmey, A. M., of ’70, having spent two years in Europe, is teaching successfully in the Richmond Female Institute.

Rev. J. E. L. Holmes is Pastor of the Baptist Church in Danville. His winning manners and sterling worth have made him deservedly popular.

W. M. Turpin, A. M., ’75, has charge of a school in Hampton, Va. He has 150 students to look after, and is training them in the way they should go.

We were glad to see Rev. J. A. Wolf in our neighborhood a few days ago. The sight of him recalled pleasant recollections of other days.

Rev. W. W. Wood is preaching very acceptably in Middlesex Co. Va. He dined with the "mess" a few days since and did full justice to the excellent dinner which had been provided.

Rev. C. Y. Waugh paid us a flying visit a few days ago. "Bellum" is preaching in Modest Town, Va. and although he partakes of the nature of the place, yet he is succeeding very well.
Monthy Musings.

Lived It Down—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied: "No; I go to my forge, and there in six months I shall have worked out such a character, such a name as all the judges, law courts and lawyers in the world could never give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offense, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our honesty and respectability.

Hope is the most priceless boon to mortals given. Were it not for its influence many would be plunged in the gulf of dark despair that now tread the ways of honor and glory. The past has been but a scene of bitter disappointments and blighted hopes to many of us. The present is the daily witness of the wreck of all life's hopes, but still hope lives like a star, and sheds its brilliant rays over the gloom, and pictures fair visions to be disclosed in the impenetrable future. Without its influence life would be a desert deprived of every oasis.

My Mother—How many sweet and holy recollections do these few words recall to those who have been blessed with the never ending affection of a mother! No change of fortune, no loss of influence, not even the loss of character itself can destroy a mother's love. Her love can soothe the pangs of sickness, and turn aside the arrows of misfortune. The image of mother is among the first words that fall from a child's tongue; the first idea that dawns upon the mind; the first and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor vice destroy a mother's kindness.

Frankness in Love.—One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank—true to themselves and truthful to each other. How many uneasy, troubled and anxious minds, how many broken hearts are there to-day in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme but for want of frankness! Repentance inevitably comes for all these things, but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced is incurable. In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and all lies are but lies, but still for things that fall from a child's tongue; the first idea that dawns upon the mind; the first and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor vice destroy a mother's kindness.
The students of Richmond College have long felt the need of a paper devoted to their interests and serving as a medium of communication between them and the outside world. Efforts have been made from time to time to establish such a paper, but they have always been abandoned as impracticable. The Literary Societies took the matter into consideration during the past session and inquired into the expediency of issuing a monthly journal in the place of their weekly manuscript papers. This scheme like its predecessors was abandoned, and the whole subject was dropped.

At the beginning of the present session one of the students procured a small hand press and issued a little sheet which he called the College Mercury. It met with so much favor that he conceived the idea of forming a company to publish a larger journal. The idea was speedily carried into execution, the company was formed, officers and editors were elected, and as the result of our labor, we present to our readers the first number of the Monthly Musings.

It is our purpose to make this paper a medium of communication between the students and friends of the College, among which latter we count the alumni and all other old students, and all who are interested in the welfare of the young men now attending the Institution.

We feel assured that an appeal for aid in our enterprise is unnecessary. The old students will rejoice to renew the cherished associations of College life, and will gladly keep alive the memory of their Alma Mater. We offer them a place in our columns and we hope that they will be represented in every issue. The parents who have sent their boys here will naturally be interested in every thing that pertains to College life. In our columns they will see what the boys are doing and how they are doing it. We are sure they will aid us by sending in their subscriptions immediately. To all other friends of the Institution and to the public generally we will simply say that we hope to make the Monthly Musings worthy of their support, and we confidently look to them for aid.

In assuming the Editorial Chair the Editor feels that a few words personal in their nature will not be inappropriate. He accepted the position with a keen appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and with a deep sense of its weighty responsibilities. He enters upon the performance of his duties with a confidence born of inexperience, but with a firm determination to exert himself to the utmost to make the paper worthy of the College which it represents, and of the friends who have so generously lent it their support. By energy and zeal, he hopes in some measure to atone for his deficiencies and to deserve the reward of all faithful, even though they be unsuccessful, workers—He hath done what he could.

We return our thanks to the friends who have favored us with their contributions. We regret that we cannot publish in this issue all the articles which we have received. Most of them will appear next month. Meanwhile we hope that all our friends, whether students or not, will continue to write for us.

Let them give us their thoughts in brief and concise language, remembering that every body reads a short article, while very few read a long one. We cannot resist the temptation to insert the following verses which our readers will do well to remember, whether they write for us or not:

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you may have to say, my friend,
Whether witty or grave or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs
Or of matters and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—

Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So, when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,

Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again and then

Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you want a little renown,
And every time you strike, my friend,

Boil it down.

The Monthly Musings wishes a “Happy New Year” to all its friends and patrons. It enters their homes for the first time, a stranger; to many it goes unbidden, but in this season of re-union, when the hearts of all are open and joyous, it looks for a hearty welcome and a cordial invitation to come again.

We are anxious to obtain information concerning the whereabouts and the welfare of all students who have attended the sessions of this Institution since its re-organization in 1866. Any one possessing such information will confer a favor by sending it to us at once.

The first regular meeting of the Stockholders of the Monthly Musings Publishing Company was held in No. 1 Cottage A, on the 15th November, 1879. There were present the following gentlemen: Messrs. Hugh C. Smith, J. H. Gore, H. H. George, J. W. Brown, S. W. Price, T. I. Gant, Sol. Cutchins, R. H. Pitt, W. G. Hix, B. T. Davies, R. B. Lee, H. M. Whaling and T. E. Thorndill; Chairman, J. W. Snyder and James Lyons, Jr. The following officers were elected: Sol. Cutchins, President; S. W. Price, Secretary and Treasurer; Hugh C. Smith, Business Manager; R. T. Davies, Senior Editor; J. H. Gore, Local Editor; J. W. Snyder, Reviewer; R. B. Lee, T. E. Thorndill, T. I. Gant, R. H. Pitt and W. W. Brown were elected Directors of the Company. As a subsequent meeting of the Company Messrs. T. C. Whaling, O. C. Peyton, Tim. Rives, M. B. Curry, T. H. Gary, A. G. McManaway, L. H. Cocke, Geo. J. Hooper, Jas. Thomas, Jr., and Prof. H. H. Harris were added to the number of Stockholders.

The Company has every prospect of success. Its members are thoroughly in earnest and are determined to establish their paper on a firm basis. In order to do this, they must have the hearty co-operation of their friends in every part of the country. Let every old student consider himself a special agent, and not only subscribe himself but induce others to do so.

Three things to love.—Courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to admire.—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate.—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in.—Beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for.—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to pray for.—Faith, peace and purity of heart.

Three things to Eke.—Cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness.

Three things to avoid.—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate.—Good books, good friends and good humor.

Three things to contend for.—Honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern.—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about.—Life, death and eternity.

 Punch says it is natural for a man to feel girlish when he makes a milk can of a twitch.

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care, none knows how dearly she paid for her hair.

An old crook says: When many women, going to church, is little better than going into a bawdy shop.

A book entitled “Lectures to Married Men” has appeared. Heaven save the mark haven’t they enough already?*.

* Woman ought to do all she can to make this earth a paradise for man, as it was all her fault he lost the other.
**Monthly Musings.**

**Gorals.**

In this department will be found College News, General Success of the various classes, names of the Students matriculating after January 1st., Witty Jokes, Pleasant repartees, a Careful Statement of the Students' health, Election of Society Officers, a concise report of all Society Meetings and all other items of interest to both patrons and old students.

**A Real Gem.**—The Committee to whom was intrusted the procuring of the new Classic Gem, the literary paper of the Philologian Society, have well performed their part; the other part, i.e., the making of the book,—by far the most difficult,—was handsomely executed by Mr. Geo. W. Gary, Steam Book & Job Printer, No. 3 Governor St., Richmond.

The fine quality of the paper, the delicate impression of the printing, the substantial, elegant binding, and indeed the general appearance of the book, reflect credit on the house and will be a "standing advertisement" for Mr. Gary and his associates.

**Richmond College,**

**DEC. 22nd. 1875.**

**Eids. Monthly Musings:** As your Paper makes its first appearance, it will be interesting to your readers to see in its columns, an account of the wonderful revival of religion, with which the College has recently been blessed. Rather more than six weeks previous to the date of this article, Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, pastor of the Grace Street Baptist church, began a series of prayer meetings in his church. The meeting gradually grew in numbers and interest until a most gracious revival followed. From the very beginning of the meeting both Pastor and Church were anxious that the influence of the meeting should reach the college, and not unfrequently there was there special prayer offered for the young men at Richmond College.

*Week before last of the young men professed religion while attending the meeting.* On Saturday night of that week, we held a meeting at the college, which was conduced by Dr. Hatcher. He gave us a talk about "Why the young men should be Christians." His words were accompanied by divine power and it was evident that they aroused feelings of deep concern in the souls of many of the unconverted.

The Faculty then so arranged the schedule of recitations as to give time for daily meetings an hour in length, which were conducted by Dr. Hatcher. Notwithstanding his enormous duties at his own church, he came, and the power of God came with him.

The meeting at the college lasted a week and two days. When it began, there were twenty eight young men residing at the college, who were not professors of religion, and some there were, who had gone far back into sin. Now, there are only five who have not been converted, and two of these are asking the way of life.

I wish, Messrs. Editors, many of the details of the meeting could be published, but I find this article is already becoming too long.

Last Saturday night the meeting began at 7 o'clock, and after an hour or two, Dr. Hatcher adjourned the meeting, but it would not break up. The young men lingered together for some time, and then as if by spontaneous impulse, adjourned to a very large private room, and there they sang, talked and prayed together until nearly midnight. O, how sweet and awful was the place! How delightful to hear several of the young converts leading in prayer, and also asking prayer for their own souls.

Reader, I cannot tell you all about this wonderful meeting now. I cannot take you to the different homes where it has carried unspeakable joy. In the sweet bye and bye, when the lovers of Jesus shall gather around Him to "Crown him Lord of all," then you may see the blessed results of the revival in Richmond College, in 1875.

Dr. Hatcher's meeting at Grace Street is still going on with unabated interest. Last Lord's day he gave the hand of church fellowship to ninety seven new members. Many have been converted who have not joined his church. Still the work goes on.

To God be all the glory! R. T. H.

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**List of Students who have Matriculated during the Current Session.**

- Adair, Jeff., Accomac.
- Alvey, Edward, Richmond.
- Alvey, R. T.,
- Anderson, T. E.,
- Barglebaugh, C. E., Rockingham.
- Barrett, J. Pressley, Isle of Wight.
- Bartenstein, E. H., Fauquier.
- Bell, W. J., Sussex.
- Bitting, W. C., Richmond.
- Bitting, C. C., Jr.,
- Booker, J. N., Richmond Co.
- Boyd, J. W., Botetour.
- Boldidge, J. H., Culpeper.
- Brown, W. W., Orangeburg.
- Brown, J. A., Montgomery.
- Brown, T. P., Madison.
- Buckwalter, F. T., Richmond.
- Burgess, G. F.,
- Cabell, H. C.,
- Cary, T. A.,
- Carney, E. B., Liberty.
- Chalkley, E. H., Richmond.
- Chalkley, C. H.,
- Catlett, L. C., Gloucester.
- Christian, W., Richmond.
- Cocke, L. H., Roanoke.
- Coleman, C. F., Hanover.
- Currie, C. M., Richmond.
- Curry, M. B.,
- Cutches, Sol., Nansammond.
- Davies, B. T., King and Queen.
- Davis, F. T., Clarke.
- Derieux, W. T., Essex.
- Dickinson, J. T., Richmond.
- Ellyson, Wm.,
- Field, W. W., Culpeper.
- Fitzgerald, T. H., Buckingham.
- Forbes, W. G., Richmond.
- Foreacre, W. W., Alexandria.
- Gay, B. S., Northampton, N. C.
- Garnett, J. M., Jr., King and Queen.
- Gault, T. L., Cleaveland, Tenn.
- George, H. H., Jr., Caroline.
- Govey, R. E., Richmond.
- Gore, J. Howard, Frederick.
- Hanks, R. T., Pickinsville, Ala.
- Harris, W. F., New Kent.
- Harris, A. M., Culpeper.
- Haynes, T. W., Jr., King William.
- Heneberger, J. F., Harrisonburg.
- Hix, Wm., Prince Edward.
- Hiter, Malcolm, Louisa.
- Higginbotham, S. T. B., Henrico.
- Hooker, W. B., Richmond.
- Holland, E. E., Isle of Wight.
- Hooper, G. J., Jr., Richmond.
- Hudgins, W. T., Harrison, Texas.
- Hughes, J. W., Loudoun.
- Hutchins, W. T., Danville.

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.—Students are earnestly requested to patronize those who advertise in our paper, as they are all reliable men, and will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

A young lady at an evening party some time ago, found it appropriate to use the expression, "Fortune is a hard road to travel," but thinking that too unfair, substituted the following: "Perambulating prosperity in博士 says that the fac-etoned theory of a fortune cast on the banks of the sparkling water of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous complexion of unforeseen difficulties."
**Reviews.**

**Our Work.**

We trust we do not underrate the duties which have been assigned us. To critically yet fairly review the publications of the day, we feel to be a task, alike delicate, difficult and important. If "Reviewer" means half as much as Webster claims it does, we at once realize our inability to fill the engagement. But we do not propose to easily surrender, we much prefer to think Webster is wrong.

Rafus Choate was once selected to deliver an oration before Dartmouth College. Being unable to accept the honor, Oliver Wendell Holmes of "Breakfast-Table" renown was appointed to the duty. As he was riding in the car toward the college, he heard a gentleman inquire, who was to fill Choate's place. At once the little doctor sprung to his feet and exclaimed "No one is going to fill his place, but I will try for a little while to rattle around in it." And so we feel, as we sink into the Reviewer's chair, and discover what a fine opportunity there is to move around; we doubt if we shall ever fill it. But doubts have never won a single victory, and so dismissing them we shall speak of our hopes.

We hope to make the Reviewer's Column, amid all its imperfections, worthy the reader's attention. To accomplish this, we know we must work hard and faithfully; never should we forget that patient research alone can unfold to us the true merits of a work, and give value to our criticisms. The excellencies and faults of a production which lie upon the surface, exposed to the view of the most superficial observer, prove oftentimes false criterions, neither indicating the depth of the work, nor the contemporateness of the thought. To pierce the outer crust and reach the heart of the subject, alone insures just criticism. We make no assertions that this task we shall always accomplish. We doubt if the Edinburgh Review, with all its wonderful discernment and brilliancy can lay claim to infallible wisdom; and we question if the British Quarterly boasting though it may, overwhelming ponderosity, never fails to correctly interpret its data: for ourselves therefore we can only say we shall labor to be "just as just" as the greatest literary nabob who ever leaned back in his chair, and wondered how the world had flourished so long without him.

It has been remarked of Jeffrey, that during his brilliant career as reviewer, he completely held in his grasp the destinies of authors. His smile of approval brought fame, his sarcasm invoked contempt. And now as we are about to make our debut in the same role, and ergo—this will be certain to clinch the syllogism, if there is any syllogism very near— wield his power, we would attempt at the outset to quiet the fears which we feel the announcement will bring to the ambitious authors of the land. We shall strive to deal most gently with their productions. In our sternest moods we shall aim to give our "heart" an equal voice with our "head" in forming decisions, and if so—"all other things being equal" to employ the phraseology of Chemistry and its devotees.—our heart is very apt to obtain the mastery. And so we would bid timid authors take courage. Do not let our advent upon the literary arena cause you to forsake the lyre, or dubiously ask.

"And I not sing, lest, haply, cruel reviewers Should stab me scribbler, and denounce my muse!"

**The Reviews Reviewed.**

We are not the first reviewers, the Edinburgh Review was established early as 1802. To prevent any mistake which might arise we feel we should incidentally mention that they got the start of us by a trifle less than seventy-four years.

The birth of the Edinburgh Review imparted a new impulse to English literature. How great was the need it supplied, how varied and brilliant the ability of its founder, the great, instant, constant, success of the enterprise clearly proves. Sidney Smith with a humor characteristic of his pen, relates the early history of this famous journal. One day he chanced to meet Jeffreys, Broughman and others, in the high elevation afforded by the eighth or ninth story of the Bucleugh-place, Edinburgh. Smith proposed to start a Review, and all heartedly endorsed the scheme. Now in those days it was very important that everything should have a motto. I suppose the apple and pea-nut stands of Edinburgh boasted of some Greek or Latin inscription, and as near as I can learn from Smith's account, they decided on their motto before they saw where they were going to get the money to run the Journal. Smith proposed that they march forth to battle with this upon their standard, "Tenui muscum meditamus avena," which, strip of its classic subterfuges, means, "We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." But this was too near the real fact of the case to prove acceptable to sensitive minds. It embodied too much truth, and when we are reading Latin they do not care much for the truth. And so these views about the nourishing power of oat-meal were laid aside in favor of a motto, since become world-famous, one which has caused the hearts of many timid authors to beat fast and wild, "Judez damnamur cum nocens absolvitur."
As Mr. von Posch was returning to the College from the city on the night of the 29th of Dec. he came upon a party of boys near Shafter's corner, who were celebrating the holidays by firing pistols and popcorncrackers. As he passed the crowd a pistol ball grazed his left leg just above the knee. He supposed it to be a stray shot and took no notice of it. After reaching College, he remembered that several of the students were in town, and as the firing still continued, he became very uneasy about them, and 'having procured a pistol, he returned to the corner, and told the boys that they had shot him, and requested them to disperse. They made him a show of turning to do so, and thanked him for his warning. As he turned off, he was shot by one of the party in the right leg, some six inches above the knee. He fell to the ground and drawing his pistol fired several times with no other effect than to drive off his assailants who were advancing upon him. He succeeded in reaching the College with great difficulty, where he was cared for by the students. The wound, though exceedingly painful at first, has healed rapidly, and we hope that Mr. Posch will soon be able to appear on the campus and in the lecture room.

The type with which this paper is printed was made by Messrs. H. L. Pelouze & Co., Richmond, Va. For beauty and finish it cannot be surpassed, and we advise any one in want of type to call on these gentlemen, who will supply everything which is necessary to furnish a first class printing office, on reasonable terms.

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