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

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunsnet divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From obscurity, but all its colors seem to be,
Melted, to one vast iris of the west.
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, mock Diana's crest
Plots through the sauce hill—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her over half the lovely heaven; but still
You sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Bolt'd over the peak of the far Rhetic hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
The colorful purple of a new-born rose
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
Fills with the face of heaven, which from afar
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
As day and night contending were, until
The odorous purple of a new-born rose
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
Fills with the face of heaven, which from afar
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it

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

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which venial sapphire breathes through all,
Were discord to the speaking quiteness
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ethereal
Studded with stars unutterably bright
Through which the moon's unclouded splendor rolls,
It seems like a canopy which love has spread
To shelter her sleeping world. You gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of unclouded snow,
You darksome rocks, where theatre depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pale beam; you castelf steep,
Whose banner hangs over the time-worn tower
So high, its top repels fancy domes it.
A metaphor of Peace—call form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness
Where silence unattended might walk alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

CHARLES THE FIFTH, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself by studying Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He could not even make a few watches keep time together.
dtuctive Method can claim above all other methods of reasoning is its capability of infinite development.

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

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

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

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

At this day it would be wasting words to discuss the rank of Campbell as a poet. His early contemporaries, with one accord, signed him a station which the criticism of the public has ever since condemned. He was less enthusiastic than 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and that most powerful of powers burst asunder the base fetters with which he would fain have bound the human intellect and added fame to Aristotle, which he would never have received had it continued in his bonds.

The first of these, "The Pleasures of Hope," an elegant poem, but inferior to its predecessors in every respect; and at intervals followed others, each successive one worse than the former, until the last were altogether trash. With the last that Campbell died, his reputation he had already gained unmerited, as the shade of a full grown tree withers the shoots that would spring up beneath it, or whether it was that the physical excesses, in which for many years he indulged, destroyed his original fire—certain it is that in the annals of literature, Campbell has not left us with a name to remember in the world.

He should have died in the first flush of fame, when "Gertrude of Wyoming" was still new and fresh, and when the heart of Britain was yet thrilled by his "Mariners of England." To have gone down to the grave with his fame unsullied, and the belief that his genius was yet only in its dawn, would have been a glo­omy fate, until his reputation was a thing wholly of the past, and the man of to-day was but the inanimate effigy of what he had been yesterday, a living body with a dead soul, this was a doom too ignoble!

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

Although the public taste has somewhat changed since Campbell's poems were written, and although that taste is destined to still further modifications by events now silently at work, his earlier works will be sought for so long as his fame has been on the decline. In this instance, I do not propose to give an extended review or elaborate criticisms on the merits of Campbell's poems, but merely wish to jot down a few scattering thoughts about them.

STREET MUSICIANS.—AGAIN.
I have just read in the MUSINGS a contribu­tion from the pen of Anthony Absolute, in which he speaks in glowing terms of the charms of a hand-organ. It seems to me the writer deserves criticism on many points. He affirms that the street musician's music pleases all, as it displease none; of course, if it pleases all, it pleases none, but does it please all? There are two sides to everything, even a circle; so let us both look on the other side. I was sitting at my window, one afternoon, enduring, with a great effort, the waltz sung to the words "Cheese, cheese, Limberger cheese," my heartleas and my brain numbed by that blasted voice and that language endures, polished elegance has a devotee, or a single bosom warms with noble and generous emotions. And men will venerate his name, though with a regretful feeling, as when we think of a dimmed and sinking star.

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

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

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

Those grand lines of Wordsworth's came surging over my soul—those lines in which he has so largely expressed the new transcendental beauty, thoughts the most beautiful, and imaginations the most subtle. Thus:

"I have not seen To look on Nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing, oftentimes The brook and birds together, and the deep Of solemn thought;—a sense sublime Of something除more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, And the blue sky—and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts, And rolls through all."

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

"Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene, The work of fancy, or some happy tone Of philosophic musings, Than any thing above, The beauty coming and the beauty gone."

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

Lives of great men remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time—

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

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

"Murmurings from within."

We were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby, * * * * , the monitor expressed.

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

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

SAVAGE OR CIVILIZED?

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

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

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

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

M. Renan excels in view of the discoveries in Egypt, that when one considers the arts of the earliest dynasties, and observes its wonderful perfection, and the further fact that it had "no archaic period"—but bursts suddenly upon us, superior to all that followed—in the presence of an astounding phenomenon, the great Freren Orientalistes exclaim, "on est pris de vortage." It is the same in Babylonia:

in the very oldest tombs we find arms and ornaments of bronze and iron (along with stone), while at the very outset we find them erecting their great "temple-towers," whose bricks and stone stones have not entirely perished even to this day.

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

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

Now it is generally admitted that Western or Central Asia was the primeval centre from which the migrations of men first set out. And at this centre, we do not find a savage, but the Egyptians (who came from Asia) with their pyramids and hieroglyphics; the Chaldians with their towers and their astronomy; the Aryans, with the pure sentiments of the Vedanta, and a language which is the parent of the Zend, the Sanskrit, and the Greek.

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

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

These same Cushites settled in India, and there we are not able to detect any traces of a primitive savage life. M. Renan, in his study of the remains and monuments of the East, has found that the Cushites, or Cushites, of Cush, who settled in India, and who were the builders of the ancient kingdom of the Indus, were the most ancient of the nations; which seemed to have commenced their migrations from Central Asia, and for ages had wandered across the Hindoo Koosh from the Table-land of Iran.

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

In Greece again, Dr. Schliemann has uncovered Mycenae, Hecuba, Aegina, Troy, explored by Dr. Schliemann, the lowest beds exhibit the highest art, and hewn blocks of stone are only found at the bottom, on the virgin rock, where the predecessors of the Homeric Trojans first settled.

In Greece again, Dr. Schliemann has uncovered Mycenae as we ought to be, with Troy, the oldest city in Greece, and from beer belonging (as he believes) to the age of Agamemnon, and all exhibiting in their relics a degree of culture and refinement equal to that of Assyria and Egypt. These were the people who built the so-called Pelasgic walls (more probably Phoenician) of Greece, (and Italy), and which are the oldest remains in these countries.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again, this paper was intended to be the medium for exchange of sentiments between the former and present students. It proposes to open its columns to any student who has anything to say on any subject whatever, provided that he does not descend to personalities and improprieties, and does not too flagrantly violate the laws of grammar and rhetoric. And in this we are not altogether unselfish, for the incentive to improvement afforded by this paper is not inconsiderable. The student will exercise more care in writing for the press than he will in preparing an essay for the most critical of professors. And we are not overrating the influence of a college paper when we say that it has often conferred success in that most difficult of professions, journalism. We do not expect to revolutionize public tastes, nor mould, to any great extent, public opinion. Ours is a humbler task, but none the less important.

In an age when so much is done to provide strong men for the future from the youth of the present, there are talented ones who will not look with disfavor upon any effort which has this end in view. We look for support and encouragement chiefly, to those who have gone forth to the struggle of life from this college, and we shall strive to reunite the ties which have been so long severed and revive old associations and reminiscences in the hearts of those who have preceded us. We shall be content if this paper arouses ambition and strengthens the ties which should bind the student to his Alma Mater.

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

Let Us Have the Facts.

We are by no means anxious to incur the displeasure of the Faculty or the Board of Trustees. We should hesitate long before enter ing upon a course which would be displeasing to a body like the Faculty of Richmond College. We know that they are fully alive to the interests of the College and of the students, and we believe that the Trustees are zealous, enterprising friends of this institution. It is with due deference to their superior wisdom that we call attention to some facts. Personally, we are anxious to see this institution prosper, and if we were not, we would not dare to misrepresent the Societies who called us to fill this position by writing a word which would injure the interests of this college. But this institution need not fear truth, nor do the Faculty or Board of Trustees fear it. The promulgation of truth may be attended sometimes by disadvantages, but a prosperity founded on concealment of truth is inevitably short-lived. We feel an unmitigated disgust in referring to a subject which was a hackneyed one last session, but we will, in spite of our disgust, mention two facts in regard to the catalogue. It is a fact that the catalogue states that "the Reading Room is regularly supplied with daily papers from all parts of the country, and with the standard Magazines and Reviews." It is a fact that we not only have no room but there is not one paper that comes regularly, addressed to the Reading Room of Richmond College. The true, the catalogue does not state where the Reading Room is situated, and we infer that it is ensconced safely on one of the islands of the Pacific, or dangling to the North Pole, as we have not seen or heard of it in these regions.

But, seriously, we ask the authorities why this discrepancy between the facts and the catalogue? If it was only some temporary deprivation we would be ready to find some apology, but for five sessions we have not had a Reading Room worthy of the description in the catalogue. If, as we charitably think, it would be worthy of Mark Twain or the "Danbury News Man," we think, however, that he had better furnish his witty paragraphs for the columns of the Musings, and reserve the catalogue for prolix facts.

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

The "Musings" is now owned and published by the two Literary Societies, and we trust worthy of your patronage. It will contain all of the College news, and such information concerning the Alumni of our Institution as we may be able to procure, and in behalf of your own Society we invite you to send in an early subscription. Terms only six cents a year.

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

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

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

On his "Additional Force Bill" in 1805, Mr. Pitt had a meeting of country gentlemen—militia colonels, we think—to consider the measure. One of these gentlemen objected to a clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done except in case of actual invasion. Pitt replied, "that would be too late;" but the gentleman still insisted on the case of actual invasion. By and by they came to another clause, to render the force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he never would consent to its being sent out of England—"except, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Pitt, "in case of actual invasion."
An invitation to attend the Public Debate of the Phi
Sigma Rho Society was read. A motion that the Phi Sigma Rho Society accept the invitation and postpone its meet-
ing to attend the debate was carried.

Mr. J. C. Thomas, President of the "Star", and
Mr. A. R. Long, Reader of the "Star",

Motion to adjourn carried.

Ms Sigma Rho Hall, October 23, 1877,

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