The Muse.

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

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are weekly sighing;
Tell ye the church-bells and mind low,
And tread softly, and speak low.

For the old year lies dying,
Old year you must not die;
You must not die, old year,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lies still; he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.

And though his eyes are growing dim,
His face is growing sharp and thin,
In his coffin in the clay.

So white winter that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead cold here to-day;
Solemn hours; wait aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and awakes
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year—be calm and mild,

He was full of joke and jest,
A jolly year we shall not see:
But he'll be dead before.

Then comes the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Merry hours, smile instead,
Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Comes up to take his own,

And though his foes speak ill of him,
He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
Such joy as you have seen with us,
He will not see the dawn of day,

For the old year lies a-dying.

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

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

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

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

BY ETNA.

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

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

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

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

The Tower of London and Some of Its Associations.

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

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

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

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

Of the Bastile, the ‘Man with the Iron Mask’ and victims of the Revolution of 1789, have vanished.

In a pleasant room in that splendid Durham nature, and human destiny, with the savage and escape their disagreeable company. We could not help thinking of the Tower in Antiquity, except Eastern Zendas and Jewish Talmodists; to sound the depths of Aristotelian philosophy, to map out Virginia. Spencer was not more favored by the muse. Effingham praised him, as a sailor; Bacon considered it an honor to contend with him for the prize of eloquence. Poet, student, sailor, soldier, orator, historian, statesman, courtier, in each and every sphere he excelled. A power in the court, in the city, in the camp, and on the man-of-war, was he.

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

The world would have been more benefited had Johnson consulted some learned etymologist. Cumbrieland's domestic drama of Greece owes its success to the manuscript notes of the learned Bentley. Varis's Lives' were mainly written by another. Dr. Morrill wrote the Analysis of Beauty for Hogarth. Perhaps the greatest work accomplished by such a union of talents is Raleigh's History of the World; and the literary phenomenon which puzzled Humne becomes clear when we consider that such a union did exist in the Tower, and that Raleigh had the assistance of Bacon, Shakespeare, Harriot, Ben Johnson, Burwell, and others, whose names have not been discovered.

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

VISIT TO PUTEOLI

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

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

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

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

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

BEER.

Here,
With my beer
I sit;
While golden moments,
Alas!
They pass,
Unheeded by;
And, as they fly
I,
Being dry,
Sit idly sipping here
My beer.
Oh, finer far,
Than fame or riches are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free
cigar.

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

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

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

A sixteen-year-old girl on Columbia street has a button string four yards long, containing 1,673 buttons. And that girl's father fastens his suspenders on his trousers with a shawl-pin, a piece of twine and a sharp stick.

---

DON ABBONDIO.

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

Let us next visit the ruins of the Temple of Serapis, which are also near the town of Pu­teoli. This temple is not only remarkable for the beauty of its marble columns and floors, but also for a curious fact in connection with it. This whole coast of the Bay of Na­ples and Puteoli, because of the volcanic nature of the surrounding country, rises and falls in the course of centuries. Thus, when this temple was built it was on the shore above the water, but gradually by the change of years it became almost entirely submerged, and re­mained in that state for many years. Then again the coast rose and now the water in the temple is only one or two feet deep. In the columns of the hardest marble are to be seen the small round holes made by the smallest animals of the briny deep. The custodian or official guide, who was a very old man, told us that even in his life there had been a marked change in the depth of the waters, and that he remembered the time when the water was some several feet lower than at present, and then he said that he expected that at no very distant period the temple would be under water again. If this temple is so beautiful in its ruins, how charming it must have been when Rome and all that country was so great and grand, as we view the arena, the dens of the wild animals and those other arrangements for the brutal combats between men and beasts, we shudder, and are reminded of Byron's lines written about the Colosseum, which commence thus:

"I see before me the gladiator's life."
THE PAST YEAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

What is to be done about it? How shall a similar occurrence be prevented? How shall we fix the blame upon those who justly deserve it, and upon these only? The last is impossible; the answer to the first affords the only practical course for us as students to take. The Faculty cannot punish the offenders, for it would be impossible to identify them, and they (wisely, as we think), leave all such matters to the self-respect of the students themselves. The only course left open for us is to begot a public spirit among the students which shall drown down any such proceedings.

The successful management of the College depends upon this. The student, when he matriculates, is placed upon his honor, and the experience of several years has shown that to be the best way of preserving college discipline. But unless there is a healthy public spirit in favor of right and order, that method must fail, and we must be subjected to a rigid code of laws which appeal to none but the lower feelings of our natures and repress all natural, healthy morality.

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

Communicated.

Messrs. Editors,—I have read with much interest your proposition for the two societies to hold a joint celebration as a conciliating measure. Something, I think, should long since have been done to check that ignoble envy which seems to take complete possession of a student as soon as he is admitted into another society. They both have one common aim, then why do they suffer such a spirit to exist? Now, sirs, your proposition is a good one, but it is impossible to smother in one night, be it never so harmonious, the passions, so faithfully cultivated throughout the whole session. That there should be a joint celebration no one can doubt, but that alone will fail short of effecting a reconciliation. There is nothing more needful to the College than a comfortable and well supplied Reading Room. It will prove a most powerful auxiliary to the societies in accomplishing the chief objects, those of which they were organized. In fact, a Reading Room is absolutely necessary for the successful discussion of the majority of the questions selected. For how can a man debate on what he knows not? And how can he know unless he reads? And how can he read except he have access to proper matter? Since a Reading Room is so necessary, and each society is to derive such benefits from it, let them jointly have one. Let it be under the control of a committee from each society, let it be equally dependent on each society,
This working together would, it seems to me, do more to bring about a restoration of good feeling than anything that can be thought of. There is at Randolph Macon an abundantly supplied Reading Room, with carpeted floor, comfortable chairs; and two long tables literally piled with standard magazines and papers. This room was gotten up and is sustained by the Franklin and Washington Societies. And I am told that the total expenses, for the whole of last session, amounted to only about ninety dollars. Are not the societies at Richmond as much concerned in the improvement of their members as those at Randolph Macon? Wake up, Greeks, and to the charge.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Harrodings, Horseburgh, and Nash paid us New Year’s calls. Come again and stay longer.

Geo. O.Segoe, 78-77, made his friends happy by a visit and song since. Subscription to the Missionary only sixty cents, George.

OUR EXCHANGES.

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

The second number of The Casket, published by the young ladies of the Suffolk Female Institute, has come to light, from under a heap of other exchanges. It is a model little sheet, and should be, as it is, published by ladies. We venture to suggest that its “personals” are a little too personal. But lady editors cannot any more than other ladies keep secrets. We are getting uneasy for the safety of the author of “Criticism on the Pupils of the Institution which fosters it.”

About 300 students have already enrolled in the various departments of the University of Mississippi, and others are coming in every day, so that there is a good prospect of from 600 to 600 students before January 1st, 1878.

The entire library at Harvard University consists of 500,000 volumes. The Yale Library contains 90,000 volumes. The Yale students pay twenty-five cents each time they enter the College Art Gallery.

The faculties of Kenyon and Gambier Colleges have suspended the entire sophomore classes for having, at Cornell, according to President White, the ladies stand ten per cent higher than the gentlemen.

PERSONALS.

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

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

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

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

A GOOD TIME.

LECTURE BY DR. WEBB, OF CAROLINE COUNTY.—OYSTERS—AMATEUR BAND—TOASTS, &C.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And ev'ry grin so merry. draws one out,
Time can never erase the scenes of Thursday night, December 20th, from the memory of those who participated in the jolly doings attendant upon the allexus prior to their separation next morning for the Christmas holidays. First, there was a lecture delivered by Dr. Webb, of Caroline county, on "Forests and Nature." The Do was suffering from homeliness and the boys were too "follictions to appreciate it fully. The lecturer was frequently applauded. After the lecture was over, Rev. Charles H. Warren, in the "lively true "be nearly shot to sight," but "to memory dear." Interpreting the toasts and led by the head, the boys all sang "Auld Lang Syne," "Fairwells, farwellly," and at the conclusion, "We are all going home," with a general hand-shaking as the last verse was being sung.

The occasion will long be remembered as the most pleasant feature of the year. The thanks of the students are due to Messrs. J. H. Ryals, William Simms, Sam Stiehnen, J. Siegel, Percy Tyor, Fontaine DeWitt and Baseler of the Amateur Band, whose kindness the students warmly appreciate, arrived cheers and soon filled the air with beautiful music. The tower bell, which is wont to elicit a grunt or a groan, now called forth rapturous applause as the line of march to the Mess Hall was formed. The crowd, two hundred strong, made war upon the catabules with but little effect upon the quantity produced. Supper over, Mr. Starkie ordered a retreat to the chapel, and at the conclusion, "We are all going home," with a general hand-shaking as the last verse was being sung.

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

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

The moral of the story is—ah, well.

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

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

When you are not prepared for recitations in Philo-

sophy, the best thing to do is to ask questions. If they are pertinent, all right; if not, ask them all the same. It will display the breadth of your views and kill time most effectually. If you can broach some disputed question and thus listen to the crude theories of twenty incipient philosophers, you will depreciate others of their rights, but see to it that your rights are preserved.

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