**The Muse.**

**POETRY.**

One of the most exquisite of our early lyrical poets was Robert Herrick. His verses bound and flow like some lovely melody, that echoes nature, by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding.

**TO BLOSSOMS.**

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or halfs delight,
And so to bid goodnight?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth,
Thereby to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
They will smile when thou art old.

And here is a production of Hon. William Robt. Spencer's, the last two verses of which Sir Walter Scott quotes in his diary, terming them "fine lines," and expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford.

**STANZAS.**

When midnight o'er the moonlight skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, and sceptres rise,
Mighty shall be dust, and will be dead:
And nought is wakeful but the dead:
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honors by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love;
Oh! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

Now comes a little epigram by an unknown author, as sweet and pure as the silver notes of a bell:

**THE HEART.**

Two chambers hath the heart,
And there
Dwell Joy and Care,
Wake Joy in thine,

Thus Care in his
Will peacefully recline,
Oh, Joy beware!
Speak gently,
Lest thou waken Care!

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scamps fly;
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

Harvey.

**SCANDINAVIAN BALLAD STORIES.**

This little book comes down to us from the pen of the translator, Buchanan, and like a rose-bush bending under its buds, is laden with pure and delicate-hued, yet vigorous and vivacious little ballads. After reading such a collection, one should not feel conscience-clear until he has either told to some friend his admiration, or poured out his feeling on paper.

Among these poems, our attention is first drawn to "The Sunken City." In movement, soft to sadness; honestly and picturesquely worded; in tone, charmingly solemn; exquisite in its ownness of sound and sense, the reading of it left us standing thoughtfully by the surface of deep contemplation. The climax is

"The sunken town.
Which faintly murmures
Far fathoms down;
Like sea-wind breathings,
It murmurs by,
And the sweet notes tremble
And sink and die."

How full of soundfulness, of serenity, of music, of pathos, of apt figures and strong words, of genuine heart-warmth are these lines!

"The Children of the Moon," too, is well worthy of notice. Although a simple story told with child-like sweetness, it is clothed within in fascinating weirdness. Throughout, there seems to be a bubbling, as it were, of humor upon a surface of deep contemplation. How truly poetical is the personification of the "little cloudlets" upon the moon's surface! How child-like and elvish are the words and actions of these two little cloud-children! How simply and skillfully is carried out the figure when the "little cloudlet" under the careesses of the Moon-man is seen to catch the glamour and to have its cheek brightened by a "rosy smile!"

"Every young and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old;
When thy locks are thin and silver,
Theirs will still be shining gold."

With tender sentiment, this little verse fairly bristles. Admirable in terseness and in anti-thetical power, charming in the array of tastefully-suitcd figures, the whole "gloves with the fire of a warm imagination."

Now we come to the climax:

"They will haunt thee from their heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom,
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb."

On reading these lines, how readily do we recall the sentiment of Tennyson, when, in his "Brook," he so beautifully says:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Or a line of Bryant's "Rivulet":

"And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And, dripping down thy narrow gles,
Shall mock the fading race of man."

The reading of such stanzas moves the heart, in its gladness, to drive through the "bulwalk of the teeth" pent-up feelings into words of admiration.

Among the longer ballads occurs the "Wee Gnome." We fall to perceive in this that contemplative spirit so mysteriously asserted in others, but it is remarkable rather for the weirdness of its plan and for the spirit of gross savage passion therein depicted. A Christian peasant lives, with all his household, pleasantly on the hill,

"And all the Gnomes that lived in the hill
Joined hands in a wild delight.
Round and round they danced and danced
To the door of the Christian wight."
upon his breast, "manfullly fought till his sword broke at the heat." "Deeply he breathed; brightly he bled," and died a gallant knight. Walborg, the remaining pageant, has a cloudier. This poem is full of human passion, rapid in narrative, and at times reminds us of the glittering Homeric description of the feats of Achilles. Most of these ballads treat of love; some are chaste pictures. At these Scandinavian ballads, being such as they are, we are not surprised. O, birth and remaining pageant are adventures. Marvel, strong in frame; passionate in nature; ready in their boldness to combat with nature's greatest dangers, they very naturally smack of strength of love for women, of fervent imagination, of big-heartedness. True poetry must embody feeling. The rigidly wrote out stanza, scholarly in diction and faultless of meter, is thought, unless enlivened by feeling warm from the heart, is as different from the true poem as is the faultless but marble-faced "Venus de Milo" from the moving mortal breathing the breath of the Creator. The glory of intellect must have some softening influence to render it attractive and to-be-loved. The steel-colored frost, hard-visaged, with its myriads of clear, cold icicles, a tangled, jungle of leaf-featured trees, how silent, how cold, how death-like! See the sun peep in! Quickly the death-scene changes to one of warmth and life; the long vistas become fairy-like, with golden linings; through the wood, the rose-faced, smiling sun-lights is mirrored and the forecasters weep for joy. Let the picture be chaste and beautiful, but let there not be lacking that something else by which our hearts may be moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless, but marble-faced "Venus de Milo" from the moving mortal breathing the breath of the Creator. The glory of intellect must have some softening influence to render it attractive and to be-loved. The steel-colored frost, hard-visaged, with its myriads of clear, cold icicles, a tangled, jungle of leaf-featured trees, how silent, how cold, how death-like! See the sun peep in! Quickly the death-scene changes to one of warmth and life; the long vistas become fairy-like, with golden linings; through the wood, the rose-faced, smiling sun-lights is mirrored and the forecasters weep for joy. Let the picture be chaste and beautiful, but let there not be lacking that something else by which our hearts may be moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless, but marble-faced "Venus de Milo" from the moving mortal breathing the breath of the Creator. The glory of intellect must have some softening influence to render it attractive and to-be-loved. The steel-colored frost, hard-visaged, with its myriads of clear, cold icicles, a tangled, jungle of leaf-featured trees, how silent, how cold, how death-like! See the sun peep in! Quickly the death-scene changes to one of warmth and life; the long vistas become fairy-like, with golden linings; through the wood, the rose-faced, smiling sun-lights is mirrored and the forecasters weep for joy. Let the picture be chaste and beautiful, but let there not be lacking that something else by which our hearts may be moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless, but marble-faced "Venus de Milo" from the moving mortal breathing the breath of the Creator. The glory of intellect must have some softening influence to render it attractive and to-be-loved. The steel-colored frost, hard-visaged, with its myriads of clear, cold icicles, a tangled, jungle of leaf-featured trees, how silent, how cold, how death-like! See the sun peep in! Quickly the death-scene changes to one of warmth and life; the long vistas become fairy-like, with golden linings; through the wood, the rose-faced, smiling sun-lights is mirrored and the forecasters weep for joy. Let the picture be chaste and beautiful, but let there not be lacking that something else by which our hearts may be moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless moved, or sympathies made perfect! Let us not be satisfied with the pure, fresh, but sapless
PHILOLOGIAN HALL, March 29th, 1878.

Society called to order by President Long.

Usual opening exercises.

Reading by W. T. Derieux, Critic.

The question for debate, "Resolved, That the State society was called to order by the President, the Secretary, Mr. Davis, being in the chair.

Usual opening exercises.

Reading by W. T. Derieux, Critic.

The question for debate, "Resolved, That the United States should be a republic, and not a monarchy," was discussed.

Affirmatively, by Messrs. Davis, Winslow, Derieux, and Tucker. The question was then thrown open for general discussion, and was debated, affirmatively, by Messrs. McMahan, Cutchin, Becker, and Noll; and negatively, by Messrs. Holland, Nancy, Boldridge, and Sands. The question was decided in the negative by a vote of 2 to 1.

After the regular business was adjourned, the adjourned.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, March 15th, 1878.

The Society was called to order by the President. 

The question for debate, "Resolved, That the State should superintend all education within its borders," was discussed.

Affirmatively, by Messrs. Loving, Coleman, F. W. Cheney, Jenkins, Riggan, Hubbard, Additt, Vaughan and Tupper. 


The question decided in favor of the affirmative.

Adjournment.

PAUL Y. TUPPEN, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, March 29th, 1878.

The question for debate, "Resolved, That the State society of the United States should be a republic, and not a monarchy," was discussed.

Affirmatively, by Messrs. Davis, Winslow, Derieux, and Tucker. The question was then thrown open for general discussion, and was debated, affirmatively, by Messrs. McMahan, Cutchin, Becker, and Noll; and negatively, by Messrs. Holland, Nancy, Boldridge, and Sands. The question was decided in the negative by a vote of 2 to 1.

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The question decided in favor of the affirmative.

Adjournment.

PAUL Y. TUPPEN, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, March 1st, 1878.

The Society was called to order by the President. 

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Adjournment.

PAUL Y. TUPPEN, Critic.
DISCERNMENT AND LABOR.

Be neither deceived, nor led by some ignis-fatuus that glitters in the distance, enticing you to grasp it. A thing without profit merits no labor, while it is a fact that greatest labor is often least remunerated. Why? Because men calculate results from imagination, view the end through the veil of self-delusion, permit the voice of judgment to be drowned by the huzzas of enthusiasm.  "Behold the great pyramids, mountains of masonry, which, though costing the labor of years, stand only as monuments of human folly," or think upon the cycles of time wasted in the profitless research of perpetual motion and the like, then too in the literary world are to be found on every hand tombstones erected to human sophisms. There are thousands of authors who have written as many books, whose leaves have never yet been separated, and never will be except by the mill that works them into fresh material. WILLIAM PRYNE wrote over 200 books, not one of which is known to-day. And, says Prof. MATTHEWS, in 1786 Rev. WILLIAM DAVY, an obscure curate in Devonshire, began writing a "System of Divinity," in twenty-six volumes, and being unable to find a publisher, he resolved to print it himself. With a few old type and a press he labored on, having distributed his type and put his press in operation 18,000 times. Only fourteen copies were printed which he bound himself, of which he deposited a few in the public libraries of London, and they were probably never known to ten men in Great Britain. The same writer says, an ancient poetaster wrote a paraphrase of the Iliad, in which ALPHAJ or A was rejected from the first book, beta or B from the second, and so to the end. LOPE DE VEGA wrote five novels, the first without an a, the second without a b, and the third without a c, and so on.

The same amount of mental labor, spent in other directions, might have sent forth productions to benefit all posterity, or have translated unnumbered pages of the future history of the world in which we move.

There is a fascination held out in becoming the author or finisher of a thing that few men are able to resist unless held back by the restraining arm of Laziness. As the parent takes pride in and boasts of his first born child, forgetting that he may be introducing to the world a lout, a drunkard, or a felon, so they see nothing but the being a father, even of unprofitable and meretricious offspring. It is a fearful blunder to allow enthusiasm to hoodwink judgment, and to be enticed out upon the great deep of human effort, until finally, without compass or rations, we are too far out to regain the port from which we started, and drift about at the bidding of every current as long as life lasts, and then sink into oblivion.

The student who never feels any peculiar reverence for the institution at which he received whatever of education he has, and whose heart is never moved by the recollections of pleasant experiences connected therewith, is not only culpably ungrateful and strangely constituted, but singularly unwise. Occasionally we meet a student, sometimes an alumnus, who, with a sang-froid air, gives vent to deprecating expressions relative to a Professor or the school, as if indeed he would render himself more conspicuous or peculiarly independent. Who are they that largely make up the reputation of a College? Are they not students sent out from its precincts? And what is a diploma worth if its bestower is of no reputation? Is not its value enhanced with the increasing importance of the institution which bestowed it? Then certainly it behooves every student, from a point of self-interest, to stand boldly up for his Alma Mater, speaking nothing but her praise.

Again, if one finds when he is about to take leave of the scenes of his schoolhood that there are with him no friendship ties to be severed, no familiar faces from which to part, it will send a thrilling emotion of regret through every avenue of his soul, until the suppressed tear will become the unspeakable language of his heart. He is deficient in at least one of the finest qualities of a man; with him life is cheated out of its beauty, and he has no right to expect much of real happiness in future.

In our midst we believe there are comparatively as few of the mentioned class as will be found anywhere, but we would have Richmond College boys cement themselves into a family as it were, and ever be on the qui vive to do our mother all honor and credit.

It is perfectly natural that there should exist among us little cliques of those whose tastes and peculiarities render more congenial closer intimacy among themselves at times. This is so everywhere; but when mingling with the busy world, let us meet as members once of the same household, with mutual sympathy and a word for the old institution.

Recently, one of the leading Professors of the University of Virginia took occasion to testify to the high standing of Richmond College boys who have seen fit to take a final course there. We ask only a comparison of the examinations submitted at the two institutions to solve this fact. We have just cause to be proud of our College, and we believe she has a bright future. 'Tis no breach of modesty in us, for this paper is in no degree obligated to the Faculty for its support, when we name PURYEAR (Civils) as a writer, CURRY as a statesman, HARRIS as an instructor, not to call the roll of our able corps, and ask what College in our State to-day can make such an exhibit of teachers, who keep more alive with the times and teach more in keeping with the practical demands of the day; they cannot be found.

Then shall we not sound her praise aloud, until her matriculates shall exceed her present capacity, (though she has her share now), and the day is not far distant when she will take the lead, wielding a power and an influence second to none in the land.

The subject of "hazing" is attracting some notice, and the recent severe action of the Princeton authorities expelling and suspending all of the Freshman and Sophomore classes has been admired by some and condemned by others. Without attempting to discuss the merits of this special case, we may be allowed to say, that "hazing," as we understand it, is simply indefensible. We have yet to see the soundness of the doctrine, that, because a boy is in his first year, he should be harassed and disturbed, and frequently disgracefully maltreated by those who are in their second or third. We would not severely condemn boyish tricks played by the laughter-loving portion of a College community upon new students, but when the execution of these tricks endangers life and limb, interferes seriously and continually with one's studies, they deserve wholesale condemnation. Moreover, there is nothing brave in these practices. Nearly always they are accomplished because the assailants largely outnumber the assaulted—frequently ten to one. For shame, gentlemen! What is despicably mean in the outside world, what you would scorn to do in your native town, you loudly applaud at College.

There is a singular mixture about College Ethics anyway. No set of men are more magnanimous or generous, none have a more punctilious sense of honor than students, and yet in a moment of hilarious excitement they are frequently guilty of that which would make them amenable to the law, and drag them before the Police Court for its violation.

Popular sentiment is nearer right in th
There are many who think the sphere of religion entirely distinct from that of politics, and condemn every interference. They say there is danger that the white robes of the church will be stained and sullied by contact with the dirt and filth with which the world of politics reeks. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? And so religious teachers are advised to stand aside and let politicians manage their own matters. Others claim that this is a gross error, that religion is world-wide in its influence and work, and that no department of life or labor is free from its demands.

Ergo— the voice of the church must be heard in the way of politics. The latter of these two interested me more than the former—perhaps because we saw it on a brighter day. I was specially interested in Dr. Schlieman's Trojan Excavations, and spent a couple of hours in studying the photographs and maps which he had dug up. Each was marked with the depth in feet at which it was found and the number of articles exhibited, and in the facilities for displaying them to advantage. But I thought of the "large oaks" and "little acorns," and consolled myself that our little acorn has at least the advantage of not being so bewildering as the immense collections of the British and the South Kensington Museums.

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OUR FERRET.

OUR FIRST PRIMER.

5½ P. M., APRIL 1ST.

(Front Door.)

Girls: "Come, gentlemen, won't you join us in a ride?"
(Three voices in perfect harmony). "Oh, certainly."

—LESSON I.—

Where are the boys going?
The boys are taking a ride.
Who asked the boys to ride?
The girls asked the boys to ride.
Are the boys glad?
The boys are very glad.

(Franklin Gate.)

Boys: "Good evening ladies, we have enjoyed the ride never so much."
Hackman: "Gemmens you ain't settled fur de carriage."

5½ P. M., APRIL 1ST.

—LESSON II.—

Look! see the boys! They have come back.
Did they have a good time?
Oh, yes, they had a very good time.
What makes them look so sad?
They are not mad, they are very sad.
Why are they so very sad?
The girls made the boys pay for the ride.
Did the girls do right?
Oh, no, the girls did very wrong.

R. H. P., T. W. H. and J. W. F., held a called meeting on the campus at 6 P. M., in which the following resolution was carried by an astounding majority:

Resolved, That the next time we go hack riding on the 1st day of April, we will walk.
Adjourned sine die.

"GOING FOR 'EM BALL-HEADED."

Goodness gracious, I declare,
I'm fairly out of mind,
For here and there and everywhere
It's nothing but "The Nine."
The "Oscella" boss of all,
The "Pilligolic" just the worst,
But stop, I cannot tell of all,
I'll only take the first.

There's Captain Sands, a pretty brat,
And "Catcher" for the nine,
Who twists about as any cat,
And "nicks 'em" from behind.

Wilbur, he's the "Pitch" they say,
And this is no surprise,
Since he must see so well to play
With a couple of pairs of eyes.

But who is he the "Short-stop" there
Who walks upon his heels?
Why Brown, he "takes 'em" anywhere;
As a crane would go for eels.

But see the Basemen,
"heavy" three,
Each standing at his post,
Hudgins as small as he can be,
Puryear a living ghost.

"To the third!" aloud re-sounds,
And "lively!" as they say;
While Drewry sprawls upon th' grounds,
To catch it as he may.

Here're the "Fielders" of the Nine,
Page, who's called "New York."
Who couldn't stop an honest swipe
A trotting down a walk.

And now the fattest of them all,
Pet Thomas as he's known,
Who never fails to catch his ball,
As in the cut is shown.

Now Flagg's the last upon the roll,
For sure we've had enough.
But 'tis the queerest thing, I'm told,
To see him make a "muff."

"Skunked!" "foul!" "out on a fly!"
"Left on the base," they say,
With broken skins and bandaged eye;
When the foot killer comes this way—

—To be concluded by our successors, who respectfully assume the liabilities and assets of the concern. All parties interested are requested to call on them at once, as the books must be squared.

PROF.—(Jr. Math.)—"Now, Mr. Tucker, will you tell us what are equivalent solids?"
JOCK.—"Oh, yes, sir. Those that have the same solidity, sir."
PROF.—"Ah, yes."—(No cards, friends of the family, &c., &c.)

Among our students may be found those who have been to the following Colleges: University of Virginia, Furrman University, Trinity University, Texas, Washington and Lee University, William and Mary, Randolph Macon, Georgetown (Ky.) College, Virginia Military Institute, Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College.

We don't hesitate to say that Conny Sands is the truest and most graceful "catch" numbered among the Base Ballists in this State to-day. Talking about catching "foul," why that boy could catch a "Leather-wing" bat and not drop a fly—either. Its a spectacle to see Wilbur ("old woman") pitch.

A VERMONT man gave his hens by mistake some unslaked lime and they all died. Morian—faction set in at once, you know.—Richmond Dispatch.

We don't see why he didn't set them to laying bricks.
Lord Dufferin across the campus. This sounds trange to Democratic ears. We should like to see a little more literary matter in the Gazette.

The College Message has a very good supply of College News, general items, etc., and we are glad to place it on our list of exchanges.

From the University of Minnesota comes A. M. We cannot do justice to the material in our limited space, but we think the matter sufficiently ventilated in the School Histories, and suggest that the contributors write on themes of more general interest. According to the Tripod, the Oberlin Review has been shamsly plagiarizing.

The Vidette, from Evanston also, is much more tasteful than the Tripod in its mechanical get-up, and we think it is superior in general interest. We welcome both to our exchange list.

The Oracle, Cheshire, Conn., is before us for the first time. Although a very modest little paper, its articles are as good as the average College paper.

The Wabash, Crawfordsville, Ind., indicates mility that the Inter-Collegiate contest in Indiana was a failure. The paper is miserable and the type blurred.

The Hagerstown Monthly, published by the Seminary young ladies, deserves favor because we have had a recent portion of it, and we are pleased with the remainder. Girls know how to make a paper interesting.

The Wittenberger, for March, is fully up to the standard, and this means excellently.

The Hall-Boy, Nazareth, Pa., is a new exchange. The Reveille, of New Haven, and the Reveille, of Chester, Pa., are among the exchanges. Some arrangement ought to be made in order that one of them may adopt some other name.

"Winslow" is put down as one of the regular contributors to the Bethel Cadet. Is that our "Winslow"? And if so, has he forgotten his first love? The Collegiate Institute Herald, (Kingston, Ont.), is filled entirely with short articles. Short pieces are best as a general rule, but now and then a long piece adds interest to the paper.

Amateur Press, The College Argus, Philomathean and Student illustrative, is published.

PERSONALS.

Frank Biedler is farming near Luney, Va. Doubtless he varies the monotony by an occasional "swap." He can't get along without the MUSINGS.

John Henneberger is in business at Harrisonburg. He can get along without the MUSINGS.

John M. Price is with Wannamaker, Clothier, 10th and Main, St. Louis.

W. C. Bitting and W. O. Thomas are at Crozer Seminary.

W. W. Field, L. F. Nook, Archie Patterson, and A. B. Gunter are at the University.

J. W. Tucker called to see us not long ago. He is a D. D. S. Receive our congratulations. "News"! had the honor of delivering the graduating address at his College, and went on "returning boards," etc., etc., etc.

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