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RUTGERS.

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ROSALIE.

DRAWN FROM "THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE."

Among the azure hills that touch the skies,
A lovely village charms the traveler's eyes.
The spot as in the days gone by was seen—
Was beautiful—the valley's fairest queen.
No lovelier spot ere decked a lovely dale
Than that in which I heard the following tale:

'Twas in the Spring time as I chanced to stray—
As travelers will—just at the close of day—
Upon this town—where stopping for the night
To view the scene by the moon's softer light,
I learned of all its legends, but this one—
Simple yet touching—thus it was begun:

Sweet Rosalie—a mother's only child,
Pride of the village, simple, winning, mild,
Fragile in form, with charms and graces rare—
So frail a plant none could with it compare;
Too tender here to bloom or e'en to bud,
Had drooped—had died, and now was with her God.

Upon the new made grave choice flowers were strewn
By loving friends whom Rosalie had known,
Friends, who though knowing she was far their best,
Acknowledged it with frankness unrepressed.
They loved her, and ne'er wished her ought but well,
She was indeed the town's most charming belle.

Thus much they told me, and then paused awhile
In the recital—I could scarce but smile
At the sweet character depicted here,
While down my cheek there stole a single tear.
Then taking courage, thus an aged man,
With simple mien, her history began.

From year to year the May-pole on the green
Had stood; each year acknowledging a queen.
The native taste marking this rural place,
Together with an ail pervading grace,
Would oft attract the careless passer by,
And ever charm the weary traveler's eye.

Thus as the year revolving, brought the day
To crown another still—Queen of the May—
It chanced among those who assembled there
A soldier came—charmed with the native air
Belonging to this mild sequestered place,
And yet still more by the Queen's artless grace.

So rural were her habits, he soon gained
A way to her affections, unrestrained.
Too simple to take fright at his advance,
She cast upon him girlhood's sweetest glance.
They never talked of love—scarce did she know
The joy it brought, or bitterness of woe.

More eloquent than language can convey,
Do actions speak of love, though subtly
The beaming eye, the motion, look and tone,
Proclaim its power, and make its influence known.
Thus did she come to feel the glowing fire
Kindle her soul and holy love inspire.

She loved unconsciously, and scarce inquired
The growing passion that her friend inspired.
He showed her beauties she'd ne'er seen before,
And told her all the romance of the war.
Pure was the love that grew within her breast,
Love that was felt, but still was unconfessed.

Charmed with his figure and his manly air,
Her heart was captured ere he was aware.
Nor was he quite oblivious to the charm
That held him fast and soon caused him alarm.
He thought to make light conquest of her heart,
But low! was stung with cupid's piercing dart.

The tie of love, each day, each hour gained strength,
He felt its power, acknowledged it at length,
Paused to reflect—what, what was he to do,
As obstacles to marriage met his view!
His rank in life—his titled name and all,
Forbade the consummation of love's call.

And yet as oft he gazed upon her face
He felt himself a being in disgrace.
The coarser passion that his soul possessed,
The evil feelings nurtured in his breast
When absent from her, soon were forced to flee
By the sweet charm of virgin purity.

One day a sudden order was received
For his departure. It was scarce believed.
He could not bear to break the spell that bound,
Or tell the news that would inflict a wound.
Irresolute at first—then with her leave
He broke the tidings on a stroll at eve.

She ne'er had thought before that they must part;
This broke the dream, and anguish seized her heart.
In guileless truth she wept as if a child;
He pressed her to his bosom till she smiled,
Then at the sight of beauty's yielding grace
He begged her—be his all, and leave the place.

At first she seemed to comprehend at best
But little of the meaning he expressed.
Why should she leave her native town and roof?
At last it flashed upon her. No reproof—
She did not weep—no word by her was said—
But shrunk as from a viper—turned and fled.

Confounded at the terror he inspired,
With shame and grief the officer retired.
But newer scenes and changes soon repressed
The galling thoughts that struggled in his breast.
Yet midst the stir of camps and noise of war
The village maid he saw as oft before.

Sad was the fate—cruel the stroke indeed
That dispelled hope and snapped the tender reed.
She saw from out her window disappear
Her faithless lover. Life was then but drear.
As a bright vision came he on her sight,
And passing, left her in the deepest night.

True would it be, the story then to tell,
Or on particulars of it to dwell.
She sought to weep in silence, and alone
Brood o'er a sorrow that was but her own.
She grew devoted to her daily prayer,
And ripened early, from this traitorous snare.

The grief she felt she knew would soon consume
Her very life, and bring her to the tomb.
She found no pleasure as in days gone by,
Yet to be cheerful never failed to try.
Thus with her heart plunged in the deepest grief,
She wrote a farewell letter to the Chief.

She told him in her simple, touching way,
That she was dying—did not fail to say
It was his conduct that had caused it all.
Related griefs—his memory might recall.
She could not die or speak her last adieu,
Until she pardoned him and blessed him too.

As day by day passed by her strength declined,
Yet beautiful in character and mind.
She uttered no complaint, nor told them why
Her spirits drooped to languish and to die.
Nor ever breathed the name her lover bore,
But wept in silence as she had before.

Her mother, with a mother's tender care,
Watched anxiously but often with despair.
Yet when the hectic flush revived the cheek

She thought that health her child had come to seek,
'Twas but the bright unearthly bloom that came
And marked the cheek that ere long death would claim.

It chanced that on one Sabbath afternoon
She sat beside her window The full bloom
Of honey suckle, with its fragrance rare,
Stole through the lattice on the evening air.
The holy book was lying by her side—
A friend to her—a counsellor and guide.

Her eyes had wandered to the house of God,
The holy place her feet had often trod.
The bell had ceased, and all had sunk to rest,
Peculiar to the day that God has blest.
A tear was trembling in her soft blue eye
While from her lips escaped a half drawn sigh.

Upon her face was that seraphic smile,
Of heavenly beauty—that the eyes beguile.
Sickness and sorrow had not wrought the change
That oft is seen. 'Tis true, although 'tis strange,
It brought to her a lovelier look by far,
And lent her charms that scarcely human are.

Quite of a sudden came the noisy clang
Of hoofs—that on the evening breezes rang.
A horseman dashed upon her startled sight,
She caught his glance and sank back in affright.
He rushed into the house to clasp her form,
But sank before her in grief's bitter storm.

Too faint to rise, she raised her trembling hand
And moved her lips, but words could not command.
She gazed upon him with a tender smile,
And strength divine seemed to be hers awhile;
Then closed her eyes, and while her spirit fled
She breathed farewell. They looked, and she was dead.

Such is the tale as it was told to me—
Simple, yet lovely from simplicity.
I saw her grave; with choicest flowers 'twas strewn;
A marked respect they paid to her alone.
While in the Church, close by the family pew,
Her gloves were hung with flowers of purest hue.

Art, wealth and skill, in raising noble piles,
Have sought our praise and sympathetic smiles,
But never did I gaze with half the bliss
As looked I on a monument like this.

SINE NOMINE.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

To come from the high schools of Germany to the national academies of France is to take a step as bewildering as it is important. From the thoughtful halls of the University of Berlin, the quaint and philosophic streets of Goettingen, and glorious, classic old Heidelberg, lying in the romantic shade of its world-famed castle-ruin, to the time-worn buildings, the crowded *cafes* and noisy streets of the latin quarter of Paris, one must cross a gulf as great as that which separates the *Vernunft* of the Fatherland from the *esprit* of *la belle France*. It would seem to require the spirit of an American, who endeavors to stand aloof from the national prejudices and animosities in which the various peoples of Europe are entangled, to take this step with the greatest degree of grace and consistency. In spite of the discouragement given by the authorities at Heidelberg, and bound as I am to that University by many ties of a social as well as formal charac-

ter, I determined to set my face towards the institutions of that country whose armies I had seen so terribly defeated but a year before. It was to come from the triumphant hate of Germany to the revengeful animosity of France; from a land already intoxicated by its unexpected and unwonted success, to a people learning amid hot tears a bitter lesson. "What can you learn now in France?" was the sneering interrogatory put to me as I left the dear old Fatherland; and on arriving in France it was not prudent at first to insist upon any great knowledge acquired in the lap of her deadly enemy. But the *esprit français* is bending gracefully under its heavy burden, is beginning to take to heart the useful lessons of its trial, and is preparing to rise again in more and nobler ways than in the reorganization of its army. The French are already learning of their enemies. So, I trust, when the present wild delirium of Germany in the unaccustomed consciousness of material and political power shall have cooled and given way to its usual calm and phlegmatic *Vernunft*, it will see that there are nobler things for a people to do than to avenge itself too much, and so foster a bitter hatred for generation after generation. Alas! if it prove even now too late! For the seeds of a future and more bloody war are already taking root.

The external life in the *Quartier Latin* of Paris presents an aspect sad and revolting. The innumerable *cafes* are crowded most of the day and half of the night with the youths and even gray heads who belong to that peculiar class called the Parisian student. But few of them are attired in that elegant manner or gay extravagance which people outside of Paris are apt to attribute to every Parisian. The true Parisian student entertains as profound a contempt for a scrupulous attire as for the conventional rules of society. He has his own way and time of lounging in the *cafes*, whether it be in the aristocratic *cafe* for good coffee and choice meats, the *cafe* noted for the excellency of its beer, the *cafe* for billiards, chess or cards, the *Cafe des "Etudiants"* for noisy talks and the company of the *demi-monde*, the *Cafe de Medicis* to be waited upon by girls in the costume of the Roman *contadinas*, the *Cafe Literaire* with its multitude of foreign and domestic newspapers, or the so-called "*Cafe des Molusques*," where professors and wiseacres are wont to meet. Late in the afternoon and evening the Boulevards are crowded with noisy groups, among which are to be seen of course the extravagant dresses and impudent, yet vivacious faces of the "*etudiants*." The careless, matter-of-course way in which the ordinary student treats the appearance of these unfortunate beings who delight to cater to his most depraved tastes, is astounding indeed to an American, even after his years of experience of German University life. Four times in the week there is a great ball near the *Jardin de Luxembourg*. It is pre-eminently the ball of the *etudiants* and "*etudiants*," and is called ————. There is kept up for hours a scene of wild revelry and passionate dancing only to be found in Paris. The band discourses ravishing strains, the dancers move in voluptuous figures, and exhaust themselves in their frantic efforts to outdo one another in some new extravagance; peals of laughter and shrieks of merriment drown even

the music at times; and, if it be a masked ball, the gorgeous costumes vie with the gaslights in bewildering the excited eye. If you can take the part of a new Dante and move for once through the circles of this social hell, just as Balzac has done through those of all Paris—if you have nerve enough to face the terrors of this pandemonium, observe and reflect upon that terrible power which is devouring the faces of these damned ones who whirl about in this vortex of utter sin. It is passion—absolute, brutal passion, red with the very fires of hell. And modern passion, as Balzac says, resolves itself in three words: riches and power, which are the means, pleasure, which is the end. It is humiliating to think that the mind of one born to nobler opportunities of intellectual enjoyment can descend to the pursuit of pleasures such as these, and feed like swine upon the mire which true men tread under their feet. Go now, if you will, from the ———— to the *cafes* and watch the maddened youth add to his excited brain the power of *absinthe*, that evil and perfidious liquor which has its influence upon the cerebral disorganization of Paris, and which makes the orators and politicians of the Commune as opium makes ecstasies in China. Or come, as I did but yesterday, from the room of a student in which a beautiful young woman had been killed by her indignant husband who had tracked her to the fatal spot. True, the social customs of France, like the rest of Europe, where marriages are arranged in a commercial manner by the parents, often unmindful of the tastes and likings of their children, were at the bottom of this scene of assassination; but the fierce current of *la vie Parisienne* fanned the flames. They loved, but could not marry. He was without fortune, though full of promise. So she was married to another and her lover fled to avoid the sight of her as this other's wife. In a few years they unexpectedly met again and the old passion was renewed more fiercely than ever. They were human, intensely human. She sank to become the secret mistress of her lover, and at last the wife murdered by her husband. The student-world, like the rest of Paris, is excited over the tragic event which seems to add even a fresh impetus to the passionate ways of society both inside and outside of the *Quartier Latin*.

Now, if you will, at this midnight hour, lean your head out of the window with me and, as you snuff the fragrant foliage of the Garden of Cluny, with its ancient Roman ruin beneath us, listen to the sounds which rise from the brilliantly-lighted streets. There are voices in angry discussion, there are shouts of reckless merriment and now and then the loud laughter of girls from whom the purity and innocence of maidenhood have fled. How many other tragic scenes are being enacted now within a stone's throw of these great and ancient institutions of learning! Are the teachings of philosophy and the truths of morality of no effect here? And is no germ of Christian manhood to be found among all these students in the streets to-night? Are you feeling a little despondent? Or is it the shadow of the trees flitting across your face? Or are you home-sick for a better land across the sea?

But let us not be too hasty in our judgments. Underneath the sickening froth which comes up so prominently to a stranger's eyes there is to be

found a good body of virtue which aids in sustaining the honor of the French. They are not all real students who are to be seen continually lounging in the *cafes* or dancing the *cancan* at the ————. They are rather the nominal students, *les vieux garçons*, whose heads have grown gray in student-life, and who make up the great list of writers without a reputation, lawyers without briefs, physicians without patients, journalists without a paper, artists without an order and musicians without resources, bound together by ties of the *camaraderie errante*, and who form the head and little brains of every great *emeute* against established power. There is many a youth who, devoted to science, is not led astray by the false allurements of *la vie Parisienne*, but clings to his work and duty. And such youths who have successfully resisted or overcome these fascinations, played with that seductive grace known only to Paris, form in time the backbone of France. Of such stuff was THIERS made, when the lamp in an upper room was seen night after night lighting up the determined brow of the young student who has now become "*l'homme indispensable*" of his country. The good spirit of the University of Paris is still exerting its power. The schools of law and of medicine, the College of France and the ancient Sorbonne still speak from their hundreds of desks to the thousands of youths from all parts of France and of the globe. Among the professors are men whose fame is wide-spread and just; men who belong to that small but influential circle whose country is the world and whose aim is the good of humanity. Go to the halls of the Sorbonne and hear Caro lay bare with eloquent voice the evils and false theories of modern society as he explains the true philosophy of life; listen to the enthusiastic applause with which the crowded audiences greet his utterances, and believe that all is not totally bad in France. If you are still despondent as you reflect upon the chains of Roman Catholicism, (perhaps to form the hardest problem for the future of the French Republic), with which such a great part of the people are bound, then listen to old Quinet and Guizot as they occasionally stand up in their three and four score years to plead for the future education of their countrymen. In spite of the present bitter humiliation and fierce anger of France, there are men in her great University not afraid still to admire the science and philosophy of their political enemy. More than ever are references made to the intellectual condition of their relentless conqueror, whose methods in physical as well as moral warfare have now become so important. It is interesting indeed at this time to see how Frenchmen are prying into all the secrets of that language which has been to them for the most part an unsolved mystery. True, Madame de Stael has written in a ravishing way of the poetry and philosophy that breathed their wondrous charms upon her in the Fatherland; but then, as Heinrich Heine himself said, the Germany of Madame de Stael is "a nebulous country of spirits where men without bodies and all virtue walked upon fields of snow, entertaining themselves only with morals and metaphysics." Now that these fabulous beings inhabiting the forests of the inland have swarmed over poor France in all the power of their robust and sensual manhood, leveling fortresses and

eating up whole armies without a grimace, the Frenchman rubs his eyes in indignant wonder to see the rough-bearded, plump-bodied German sentry with pipe and helmet standing guard before the most sacred spots of France. So it is that the French *savants* as they look their national foe in the face and struggle in vain to hide their hatred of his merciless hand of iron, still go back to sympathize with his scientific researches and philosophic musings. I must affirm I have seen more foolish hatred of French institutions among certain German professors, who would even break the bonds of the learned societies between the two countries, than in any of the halls of the University of Paris. It seems as if the Germans, weak mortals like the rest of us, are so intoxicated with an ambition new indeed to them, poor little countries of intriguing dynasties, namely of becoming the physical masters of Europe, that even the methodic heads of their scientific plodders are turned in the same vain way.

So much then, in behalf of these ancient institutions grouped about the left bank of the Seine. France has many sins to atone for; yes, she is atoning for some of them most bitterly now; but general corruption among her men of learning is a charge made by Germans alone. May the barbarous and brutal hatred that exists between these two countries, that eats hideous gaps in the characters of both of these peoples whose friendly union—long the fond dream of a few noble spirits in each, a dream now alas! dissipated for generations!—would do so much good to humanity, not be shared in either direction by men of other nations! With all my love for Germany, to whose noble institutions I owe so much; with all my sympathy for France, possessed of a genius so rare and so essential to civilization; God forbid that I, born amid other influences, should participate in any of that accursed hate which has left its hot and hellish, almost ineffaceable stamp upon the hearts of both of these unfortunate peoples!

Dear TARGUM, though my name may be strange to those who now manage your columns, know that in these few rapid lines I fulfil a promise. The few years that have passed away so swiftly since I have been among European institutions have not diminished my love for my *American Alma Mater*. So let me say that, in case you do not hear from me in some English institution, you may be sure I am straining every nerve to stand in the campus of Old Rutgers—where some of my most fragrant memories grow—on the coming Commencement Day.

T. G. B. JR.

Paris, Quartier Latin, April 27, 1872.

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.—*One of the Board*—"Do you think, sir, that any have ever partaken of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and yet have been an heir to condemnation?"

Student—"Yes, sir; Judas."

Board—"Ah, yes! Do you know, certainly, that Judas partook of the Lord's Supper?"

Student—"Well—well—." Another student rushes to the rescue: "Doctor, was Judas crucified?"

Board—"I move you, Mr. President, that this examination be arrested! Exit class."

THE CLOSING YEAR.

AGAIN we have been reminded by the disappearance of the Seniors that another College year is about to close. The Juniors have taken their seats in Chapel, and instead of their choir, the gallant choir of '73 daily make the Chapel resound with sacred melodies. The students are preparing for the final examination of their respective classes. The Geological Hall is about finished, and everything seems to tell us that Rutgers is about to complete the 102d year of her existence.

When we look back upon the time already spent within thy walls, Old Rutgers! it seems as if it were but yesterday when we first came to thy dominion, entered thy doors, passed our examination and paid our initiation fee, and came out with a visage peculiar to Freshmen to seek companions in our new home. So rapidly does time fly that we can scarcely comprehend that another year has flown, and that our three months vacation is before us.

In looking back upon the past year, reviewing its scenes, which can never be reacted, and observing the improvements which have been made by ourselves and by the board of trustees, the mind is crowded with pleasant memories, and we almost wish we were about to begin last year over again. The predominant feature of improvement on the campus is the Geological Hall, which for the benefit of outsiders, it may be well to describe. We will treat it briefly.

The architecture is of the gothic order. It is about 100 feet long and 45 feet wide, three stories high, and a large basement. It is built of stone, from the valley of the Connecticut River; the basement is not partitioned off, as it is to be used as a drill room; the first story is divided into three large lecture rooms, besides a small office. The second and third stories are to be used as a museum, therefore these two stories are not divided. The outside work is finely done; the stone are all hewn. The inside work is plain, neat and substantial. The entire building is a success, and adds greatly to the appearance of the campus, although a similar one on the other side of the campus would fill up the vacancy obvious to all.

Indeed we have had a prosperous year, and we contemplate good things for the future, viz: a new chapel, gymnasium, and best of all, an addition to the library.

Yes, Commencement is upon us—the gala day of the College year, when everything is covered "with gold and glory," and we with ribbons; when we have our separating jubilee—when we are all happy—for then all examinations will be passed, and three long months of vacation to enjoy. To some, indeed, these will be long months; to others they will pass by as quickly as does the College year.

Some of us will go home, there to enjoy the society of father, mother, brothers and sisters, where they cannot but be happy. Some, perhaps, will accompany parents or friends to places of public resort, on mountain tops and ocean beach. But we should not forget those of our number who do not go home—some of whom have no home—to whom the vacation will be burdensome, and who will be glad when its weary hours are over.

We will all be placed in different circumstances, but we will be bound together as students of the same College, in expectation of meeting each other on the twentieth of September.

There is one class, however, who have ended forever their connection with us as students, who are dreaming of the future in the "wide, wide world," and some, possibly, of a domicile of their own. To these we say, do not forget your *Alma Mater* in days of prosperity. Be liberal, leave some memorial in the campus in shape of books or buildings. In worldly matters be always found on the side of justice, ever ready to promote the glory of your country. For all, we hope a pleasant and profitable vacation.

WAVERLY.

THE STUDENT.

HE had toiled too earnestly and too long. Like an imprisoned bird, his spirit, struggling for a more perfect freedom, had beat against its prison bars, and now its earthly tabernacle was shattered.

It is melancholy to see the decay, the gradual drooping and premature death of the young and strangely gifted.

How many hopes—how many affections, clustering around and clinging to such an individual are withered and crushed by the blow that lays their object in the dust.

The altar is overthrown and the offering profaned. The student sat alone. His task was done. One pale cheek rested upon his emaciated hand, and his eye was fixed thoughtfully upon the volume opened before him, yet the page was to him but a blurred and confused mass.

His mind was away among earlier days and brighter scenes. He thought of the past, and a faint smile lightened up for a moment his pallid countenance. There were hopes, and joys, and aspirations, and anticipated triumph, that came thronging upon his soul in that brief retrospect, and his strong ambition woke again—to die.

The panorama passed. The realities of the present were before his eyes; and he sighed to think that the brilliant promise of his morning had departed ere noon. The object for which he toiled was unattained. Ease had been foregone, health sacrificed, the springing affections of his heart crushed down and strangled in their birth—but the prize he sought was still unwon. Oh! Fame, thou mocker of the sanguine heart! how much of life, love and peace, hath been sacrificed upon thine altar—in vain! How few of thy votaries win the honors for which they toil! Solemnly passed the night. The blushing dawn looked timidly over earth, and the birds were musical among the trees. Men came forth to labor, but the pale and sickly student came not with them. His labor was done.

SEMPER IDEM.

THERE is a stone lying in the grounds of Hertzog Hall of which special mention has been made before in these columns. A certain dominie, never mind who, was talking with one of the "Sens." as to the kind of inscriptions on it. "They seem to be Roman letters," said the Divine. "Ah, yes," remarked the impertinent "theologian," "there is an omega there, and here is a letter which looks like Lambda; that letter over there seems to be a Delta." Some dominie thought he would "Rome" about a little. "Pleasant weather, sir."

THE TARGUM.

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N. J.

THE tinkling of the College bell each morning
recalls to mind the near approach of Commence-
ment and vacations, when some will enter upon
a life of work, and others will sink into inglori-
ous ease. The present term has glided away al-
most imperceptibly, and all will be glad to throw
aside books and enjoy the coming relaxation.
The campus presents its usual verdant appear-
ance, the trees overshadow it with their luxuri-
ant foliage, and with a little imagination one
might think he was transported to the fab-
bled arcadia of the ancients if the grim College
buildings did not destroy the illusion. The new
hall rapidly approaches completion, and might
be an ornament if its architecture were not so
bizarre; but being intended for use, not orna-
ment, it will fulfil its purpose.

The interest in boating has slightly revived.
The owners of small boats are continually in-
dulging in aquatic sports. Base Ball always has
numerous admirers who keep up the interest in
that manly sport. Contributors are not as active
as might be desired, but probably the rise in the
thermometer causes their inactivity. This fact
has occasioned the late issue of this literary pro-
duction.

H.

VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF
ST. BERNARD.

THERE are two routes by which a tourist can
go to this place from Geneva. One of them is to
take a steamer at Geneva and go to Villeneuve,
at the other extremity of the lake, passing Cop-
pet, the former residence of Madame de Staël, a
square chateau with no pretension to architectu-
ral beauty; Lausanne, which is situated on a hill
a short distance from the lake, the high tower of
the former residence of the Bishops being the
most conspicuous object, very noted for its schools
and beautiful situation. Just before arriving at
Villeneuve, we see a large edifice on our left. It
is the chateau of Chillon, immortalized by Byron.
After landing at Villeneuve, a short-walk brings
us to the Castle. Passing through the gateway,

one is reminded of Scott's Marmion, and can im-
agine how he flew through the narrow archway
at Tantallon. The castle was built at a very re-
mote period, and belonged to the Dukes of Savoy,
who used it for a state prison. On entering the
Central Court, the spectator is transported back
to feudal times. Above him frowns the lofty
dungeon tower, and around are the grim stone
walls of the building, and if he has had the ben-
efit of a course in Guizot he can picture to him-
self the lordly proprietor sallying forth with his
vassals to the chase, or to the bloody field of bat-
tle. In one of the rooms is shown what appears to
be a staircase leading to the lower part of the edi-
fice, which, however, descends three or four steps.
Prisoners were made to descend this staircase
and attempting to step further they were precip-
itated on sharp stones twenty or thirty feet be-
low. The dungeons are of great extent, and cut
in the solid rock below the water's edge. In one
of them is shown the column to which Francois
de Bonnavard was chained seven long years, for
attempting to free the Genevese. The floor
around the pillar is worn by his walking about
it. Byron refers to this fact in the following
lines:

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons. Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters and the damp vaults' day-ls gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Now, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnavard !—May none those marks efface !
For they a, peal from tyranny to God.

After returning to Villeneuve one may take the
cars and proceed to Martigny, the starting place
for St. Bernard. The other route from Geneva to
Martigny, is by diligence to Chamounix, passing
through a very picturesque country. If a person
is very venturesome, he can make the ascent of
Mt. Blanc from Chamounix. This expedition is
always attended with danger, as tourists have to
"Beware the awful avalanche," by which parties
are often overwhelmed. Travellers usually con-
tent themselves with a trip to the mer de glace, a
glacier which would delight Professor Agassiz.
The crevasses in ice are easily crossed, and on the
other side, at an elevated point, there is a small
oasis in the snow, covered with verdant turf
sprinkled with various Alpine flowers. This spot
is reached after a tiresome tramp in the snow.
The road from Chamounix to Martigny is usually
traversed on mule back, but which is not a very
pleasant kind of locomotion. It is about as agree-
able as riding on a rail with the sharpest edge
up. Before reaching Martigny, there is a long
and tortuous glen in the mountains, called the
Gorge du Trient, which may be entered by a
wooden platform attached to the perpendicular
rocks, which form the sides of the gorge. There
is a small stream running through this glen,
which falls with quite a rapid descent. There
are some very grand views in this glen. Mar-
tigny is situated a short distance from the gorge.
It is a small town, containing nothing of particu-
lar interest. Travelers can ride from this place
to a small hamlet called St. Pierre, from which
village they can proceed to St. Bernard on mule

back. As we approach the monastery, we feel a
change in the temperature on account of the
great height of the locality above the sea. At
last the Hospice appears in sight. It is a long
stone building, three stories high. We are cour-
teously received by the monks, and invited to
partake of a hot supper, which soon disappears
owing to our onslaught upon it. The
rooms for travellers are in the third story and
are comparatively comfortable, but very cold. On
Sunday we attended mass in the Chapel, which
was decorated in the usual gaudy style. It con-
tains the tomb of one of Napoleon I's marshals,
who was slain in Italy. The monks endeavor to
make everything as agreeable as possible for the
visitors, and they in their departure are expected
to leave a sum of money in the charity box.
There are several dogs of the celebrated St. Ber-
nard breed at the Convent, but rarely are called
out to look for lost travellers, as it is seldom
that

"A traveller by the faithful hound,
Halt buried in the snow is found."

Near the main building is a smaller one, used
as a sort of charnel house, where the bodies of
those lost in the snow are preserved. The at-
mosphere of the locality has an effect over them.
Some of the bodies are hideous on account of the
distortion of their faces arising from their suffer-
ing when lost. On account of the climate, monks
are unable to remain more than five years; at the
end of that period they return to the valleys.
The pass of St. Bernard is used for going from
Switzerland to Italy, and it was by this route
that Napoleon Bonaparte entered Italy. There is
a painting by a French artist, which represents
him mounted upon a fiery steed, which is galloping
up the steep sides of the mountains, while in re-
ality he rode over on a mule. We returned to
Martigny, and then left for other parts.

JAMES AKKIERE.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

Shidz-u-oo-ka, Province of Surunga,
Japan, Feb. 5, 1872.

STILL in the memories of the vines and hills of
sunny France and of our never-to-be-forgotten
rides from Paris to Geneva, do I take the liberty
of addressing you; not, however, to renew the
discussion as to what word of the vocabulary
properly attached itself to those strange horticultu-
ral specimens which we in great perplexity
saw growing in abundance by the way-side.

Long since have those same blossoming stalks
been trodden under the feet of armies, and their
leaves have turned crimson from the bloody strife,
and we now think with a shudder of what
slaughter and savage butchery has since reddened
those fields which were once so peaceful and
beautiful. But there is still another little epi-
sode of which I now shall speak, and in regard to
which you will feel not a jot less interested than
you did in the first.

And that is, the sudden appearance and disap-
pearance upon the optical field of my startled
vision, of a certain renowned individual, known
in all College phraseology as "Griff," and also
known in the adoring limits of the home circle as
"our Willie!" He came like a star, he went
like a comet. On Tue-day, Jan. 30, a breathless
messenger arrived bearing a note which shook

the household for a moment like a small earthquake. To be sure we had been anticipating the arrival of a distinguished stranger, and had been planning and making great preparations for it, but we fully expected that he was coming two weeks later, and would remain with us many days. We were going to have dinners, and parties, and fetes, for him, and were just beginning to prepare to make a big thing out of his visit, when suddenly we learned that he was within twenty miles of us and journeying on as speedily as possible. Also that he was going to push right through to Yedo, only taking time to wink at us and say "How do you do?" for he had been delayed by heavy snow storms.

Immediately messengers were dispatched in every direction for our horses, guards, officers, interpreters, &c., to get up our caravan to go and meet the distinguished stranger who was approaching our gates. It was now nearly noon, although he had hoped we would get his letter before sunrise! Therefore we supposed he must be very near, and thought we saw his shadow in every approaching Ka-go or Gin-re-ha-sha, and we placed a friend on the road to watch. Meanwhile all was made ready for his reception. The carpenters and paper-hangers were cleaned out of the house, and everything was put in order.

The fatted duck was killed, (in lieu of the fatted calf,) and the supply of provisions were opened, which had arrived the day previous from Yokohama. As soon as the horses were secured, we mounted and rode off at a brisk gallop to meet the illustrious visitor. Our cavalcade consisted, first of your humble servant, who rode at the head; second, of the chief of the guards, who had accompanied me from Yokohama; third, of the best of my French interpreters, with whom I always race on horseback; and last, but not least, of my noble young English interpreter, who lives with me always, and who is my friend and companion.

I supposed that "Griff" was already very near Shidz-u-oo-k, therefore I set the horses at first at almost a furious rate. As our horses dashed along the broad Tokaido, galloping as hard as they could go, and making their hoofs clatter against the hard stones, it created a din and confusion of sounds such as seldom before had broken the stillness of this peaceful valley. The shrill cry of our guard, which from time to time echoed along the road, startled the country peasants who were trudging quietly home, and made them dodge behind some stray tree or fence, awoke the dogs that were sleeping in the sunshine, and frightened the ducks into the neighboring moats, while from all the poultry-yards in the vicinity there came a chorus of cackling. Now and then a party of old women were to be seen in front of us, with piles of wood and straw upon their backs, and heavy clog-shoes upon their feet. The way they scrambled off the road was a sight to behold. Every few minutes a youngster just missed being run over. But after going for two or three miles at this double-quick rate, we still discovered no "Griff" on the roadside. However, we learned from one of the Yaconsins of a small village, that a wonderful-looking To-jin had spent the previous night at a town not many miles distant. Therefore we proceeded hopefully, and ere long we came to a pass which leads over the mountains, and there we held a consultation as to

what was next to be done. But mountains were not going to stop us, so each of us dismounted and began to lead his horse up the steep ascent. It was hard work, for the snow and ice were very slippery, and the horses' feet stuck and slipped many times. Finally we gained the top (which reminded me very much of the *Tete Noir Pass* in Switzerland), and I was just about to lead my horse down the steep descent of the opposite slope, when a shout of "Hallo, Ed!" greeted my ears, and up came the same ancient "Griff" himself, who immediately embraced me between the arms of his big overcoat until I thought myself under the gentle pressure of some large hydraulic press. Surely I could hardly believe my eyes, but there he was—the same "Griff" of old and of happy memories.

He did not come arrayed in silk or damask, but wore a cap and a pair of boots, such as any other chemical chief and general would do. He carried the same little leather bag and enormous shawl which he bore so bravely aloft among the Alps in days gone by.

His head was not yet shaved, neither did he possess either queue or clogs, but the Winter winds had completely blasted that glorious *mustache*, so that the place which once knew it knows it now no more. However, I will not draw any "hair-lines" in my description of his person. Suffice it to say that the same noble spirit was within his breast; the same fire of enthusiasm (a little dampened perhaps by snow and winds) was in his eye, the same elasticity was in his step; the same hopefulness and cheerfulness, the same Christian ardor and warmth; the same earnest longing for the day when the Sun of Righteousness shall rise upon this land, and the same determination to help forward the dawning of that Gospel light which is not far distant. Arm in arm we descended the mountain pass together, and after walking and talking along the Tokaido for some distance we stopped and waited for the horses to come up and join us. "Darling Willie" had been carried most of his long journey in a Ka-go (a kind of living coffin, made especially to break backs) so that he was glad enough to avail himself of the horse which my interpreter kindly offered him in exchange for his Ka-go affair.

He had an officer and one servant with him, who were also carried in Ka-goes. So we rode briskly back along the Tokaido, and finally astonished the people of Shidz-u-oo-ka by the sight of two Tojins, whereas they are only accustomed to see *one*. Arriving at last at my temple headquarters, I ushered "Willie" into the mysteries of my household, with all of which he seemed much pleased.

After dinner and supper we spent a quiet and pleasant time together until late in the evening, and when the small hours came on we had prayers and went to bed. It was like old times, I assure you, to have a prayer-meeting with "Griff," even though it was on a small scale. Afterwards I put him to bed in a bedstead which was nearly as long as the house, and which I had made especially for him when he should arrive. He was the first ever to sleep in it, but he only stayed over one night. He had anticipated remaining two or three days here, and would have done so if he could have reached me on the previous Saturday. But he was delayed by the

heavy snow storms, so that he said he must leave on Wednesday, as he wished to reach Yedo on Saturday night, Feb. 3d. I thought of tying him up to the big bed-post, but I could not keep him; so I made the most of it for one day by showing him the school-buildings, the laboratory, the English, Chinese and Japanese library, etc., and giving him a few peeps of the city and its surroundings.

At 1 o'clock I got up as huge a dinner as possible, at which were present the following: Hattori, the Laisaiye, or Governor of Surunga; "Griff," the great chemical genius of Fukuwi; Yatabori, the chief officer of the school; Nakamura, the Chinese Professor and Translator; —, the officer from Fukuwi Shiniojo, my English interpreter, &c. "Willie" conversed in Japanese first-rate, greatly to my astonishment.

We all had a jolly time of it, and after dinner several presents were made to our illustrious visitor. "Griff" was accompanied on his journey by eight or ten of us on horseback, Giure Kas, &c., and after going with him six miles, we bade him a reluctant "farewell." He goes to Yedo to fill the new Professorship of Chemistry in the new Polytechnic School of the University. It is just being organized, and will have the chairs of General Physics, Engineering and Mechanics, Mining and Metallurgy, and also the Professorship of Law. All these posts are to be filled with gentlemen older than your brother, from France, Germany, England and the United States, in order to have each prominent nation represented, though our country will have the majority. His prospects for usefulness are exceedingly promising, and I heartily wish you could join him. Never could you be more urgently needed than just now. Never could you do greater good, or labor with more love for the work, and more joy in its results. Now that Japan and its seekers after truth want you, come, come, come!

Very truly yours,

EDWARD WARREN CLARK.

PRIDE.

How much misunderstanding has arisen from the ambiguity of terms! How much ambiguity is in consequence of the application of the same name to something really excellent and to its counterfeit!

Pride, in one sense, is a noble quality; in another, it is a most contemptible passion, and has been inveighed against by writers, sacred and profane. Worthy pride we understand to be that self-respect, that dignity, that elevation of character, which despise all cowardice, loathe all baseness, scorn all meanness, and beget within their possessor a keen sense of honor that nothing will induce him to violate. This pride is not inconsistent with modesty or humility. Humility will prevent our entertaining too high an opinion of ourselves; modesty, our assuming more importance than properly belongs to us. A just pride may exist in connection with these qualities, and indeed will tend to foster rather than suppress them. The correct antitheses of modesty are conceit and presumption; of humility, vanity and arrogance. True pride will not stimulate these follies and vices, but will check them.

Modesty and humility do not require the undervaluation of ourselves, nor ignorance of our

rights. Pride does not cause an overestimation of our own worth, nor the rigorous demanding of everything to which we are entitled. Conceit and vanity are incompatible with correct self-knowledge; arrogance with propriety in our conduct. Pride will cause us to despise these ignoble qualities as altogether unworthy of our indulgence.

One who is proud has a just knowledge of what is due to him from others, and to others from him. He will accord to others their rights, and the fact that he does not always demand his own is no indication that he is not aware that he is defrauded if they are withheld.

We must carefully discriminate between pride and its counterfeit. Many persons flatter themselves that they have the former, when really they possess only the latter. False pride exists in connection with vanity, arrogance, selfishness and general meanness. The difference between true pride and false is obvious to a careful observer. One filled with the latter will, with impunity, insult another, but will be too proud to make amends for the injustice. One possessed of the former will never willingly injure another, but, if he accidentally wrong a fellow-creature, he will be too proud not to make all the reparation in his power. The snob has different friends for different circumstances. In the back streets he will speak to his more humble acquaintances, but he is too proud to recognize them in the presence of his more brilliant fellows. The real man is too proud to stoop to such littleness. Shoddy is too proud to treat his fancied inferiors with proper respect; the thorough gentleman, too proud to behave impolitely toward anyone. False pride is obstinate: true pride, resolute. False pride is too proud ever to own itself in error; true pride, too proud not to acknowledge a mistake. False pride cannot bear to be *thought* wrong; true pride cannot bear to be *wrong*. False pride regards only appearances; true pride concerns itself also with realities. False pride stoops to false pretenses, is not ashamed to cheat and lie; true pride scorns all dishonesty.

Another reason why true pride is desirable, is that it is a protection to its possessor. The truly proud man will not stoop to pick up an insult; he will not defile himself with it. If a red-hot coal be flung at us, and we catch it and hold it, we shall be badly burned; if, however, we let it fall unheeded to the ground, though we may be scorched, we shall not be seriously injured. In the same way, if we accept and hold an insult it will gall us; but if we disregard it, although we may feel the smart of the blow, we shall not suffer the pain of a rankling wound.

A pride that masters us is false pride. It is a terrible tyrant, making of us the most abject slaves. To break its yoke is a work of the greatest difficulty. True pride is our most faithful coadjutor in the extermination of the false. It is, then, only paradoxical, and not contradictory, to say that we should have pride enough to conquer pride.

We should possess self-respect without conceit, pride without vanity or arrogance. N. B.

"THE prisoner has a very smooth countenance." "Yes; he was ironed just before he was brought in." That accounts for it—*Ex.*

SCENES OF MY YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Long years have elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy had robed in the freshness of green,
The spot where a schoolboy all thoughtless I strayed,
By the bank of the stream in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roamed with me there,
When the sky was so blue and the flowers so fair,
All scattered, all sundered by mountain and wave,
And some in the tomb—in the cold silent grave.

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild flowers sweet brier, and eglantine crowned;
I thought of the river, all peaceful and bright,
As the face of the sky on a mild summer's night.

And I thought of the tree under which we had strayed,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some traces to find
Of the names and the carvings impressed on the rind.

All eager I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I dreamed that unaltered my eyes should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this elysium of yore.

'Twas a dream; not a token or trace could I view
Of the scenes that I loved, or the trees that I knew.
Like the shadows of night, at the dawning of day,
Like the tale that is told—they had vanished away.

And I thought the lone river that murmured along,
Was more dull in its music, more sad in its song,
Since the birds that had rested and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks at the fall of the grove.

I paused, and the moral came home to my heart,
Behold now of earth all glories depart;
Our visions are baseless, our hope but a gleam,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream.

Then, oh! let us look, let our prospects allure
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure;
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime,
O'er the blightings of change, and the ruins of time.

SEMPER IDEM.

WHAT A SHAM.

Who can tell us what the phrase "good fellow" means? What constitutes a good fellow? We hear it used day after day, and many times find it a convenient remark to make ourselves; but it is with only a vague understanding of its significance. Everybody is somebody's good fellow, and so "many men of many minds" make a distinct line of demarcation, where the "good fellow" ends and the "mean fellow" begins, difficult to draw. It is a wonderfully elastic term, and its import has become entirely subjective.

It is commonly said that folks are inclined to speak evil of absent ones, but this is not true to the extent that many would have us believe. Folks are more good natured than they sometimes appear. Under a rough exterior, or cold manner, may beat a warm heart. Why not? The blackest and most contaminating lump of coal may suffuse a most genial warmth if only put in proper activity. When we don't wish to expose one of whom we cannot speak in terms of praise, in the benevolence of our heart we say—whatever fault we find in him—"yes, but he's a good fellow though." In our sense of justice we cannot overlook his dark side, and in our good humor we would exonerate him, and be his friend before the world. The result is a compromise between justice and goodness.

There is another kind of "good fellow" whom everybody likes. We find ourselves and others constantly employing the term. Some one has been fortunate enough to fall into the good graces of his fellows, and once there, he and his

friends are both to change the relation, even though the favorite may commit unseemly pranks once in a while. The phrase is taking, but who stops to define what he means when he says "good fellow." He may or may not see the same goodness there that others do, he may not have found any goodness there at all, but he hears others say "good fellow," and as he has no occasion to say "mean fellow," he too pays the universal compliment. Who is there that cannot even from our little College sphere picture to his mind one who will serve as an example. A. drinks, smokes, swears, gambles, &c., yet his name as a "good fellow" is untarnished. B. neglects his lessons, but not the girls; gets in a back seat and "polls up" behind somebody's back, and in examination "sponges" on you, and puts you to much inconvenience, yet his reputation as a "good fellow" will remain unimpaired. C. borrows your knife, books, pipe, money, anything, but never thinks of returning them. You call on him for them, a few words of apology for his forgetfulness (?) effect an agreeable understanding betwixt you, and next day you will concur in vowing him a "good fellow" after all. Our picture gallery is not yet exhausted. We only draw these to bring up a few true sketches before minds which might be tardy in believing as we do, that folks are often too inconsiderate in dubbing "good fellows."

It is often easy enough to become a "good fellow" among a certain class. Absurdly expensive entertainments, presents to his associates, ready money, will in a short time make Mr. Lavish Freely—no matter if his bill to his washerwoman remain unpaid, no matter though he be guilty of all sorts of squirming to avoid honest debts—a "good fellow" of the most popular kind. But the man of strict honor and rigid in principle, who begs nor gives favors, who lives up to his word, and discharges all obligations, acting in perfect harmony with the law of equity, he is not a "good fellow in the accepted rendering of the term. He may be to a few who are more intimate, and sympathize with, though they do not follow his views; but they wisely keep their own counsel, and the redeeming points of our independent friend are not nosed abroad.

It is a bane to many, the ambition to be found in the dubious ranks of "good fellows." None but a heroic nature can see the evil influence, and resist the seductive sweetness of the empty honor, when once in the way of obtaining it, since by declining the laurels of a much coveted title he dooms himself to misappreciation, and comparative isolation.

Good fellows can impose upon and cajole many. They are responsible for half the harm done in society. But who suffers from "mean fellows?" We need no magnifying glasses to discover them, they do not lurk, nor do we require to be especially on our guard against their evil interference. They don't bother us,—or if they do, we don't favor them—and we don't bother them.

The "good fellow" we trust, and he deceives our hopes oftentimes. The "mean fellow" we would not think of trusting, and he betrays no confidence.

Some are so fortunate, though idle, and seekers of self gratification, to be baptized in the waters of good fellowship; but it would have been more fortunate for their friends, if, instead of a baptismal song, there had been a funeral requiem.

ULFILAS.

A STUDENT'S EXPERIENCE.

It was in the pleasant spring time,
Just as day was touching night,
When we took a walk together
Underneath the soft moon light.

So we strolled along quite slowly,
Talking gaily all the while,
All my heart responsive echoing
To her features' speaking smile.

Soon we reached that old, old subject,
Told in many a poet's strain,
Growing older through the ages
Only to be young again.

Then she turned her eyes upon me,
Eyes as bright as stars above,
And in accents sweet and tender
Whispered, tell me what is love?

Then my arm in gentle pressure,
With resistance unconfessed,
Stole around, and drew her to me,
'Till her ruby lips I pressed.

And I drew her closer, closer,
And her golden hair caressed,
Till her head sank lower, lower,
With a murmur not repressed.

Murmur, which in accents fainter,
Came like moonbeams from above,
Accents which through tender, thrilled me,
Tell me, dearest, what is love?

Then I told her how love's passion,
Held man by its power, fast,
Would do so throughout the future,
As it had done in the past.

How it gave in woman lovely,
Fuel for those hours of bliss,
When the fire the heart consuming,
Found vent in the burning kiss.

Told her how old Jove, the mighty,
Favoring earth with Godlike smile,
Raised to man fair Aphrodite
From the foam of Cyprus' Isle.

How in every age and country
Since then she had ruled with power,
Making slaves of men and women
To the pleasures of the hour.

How Enone to mother Ida
Told her love with passionate breath,
How for Helen's fatal beauty
Kings and heroes met their death.

Told her Sappho's famous story,
Sung by each Leucadian breeze,
Told her, too, the love historic
Of Abelard and Heloise.

Whispered every tale remembered,
Whether told in prose or rhyme,
How love now ruled each emot'on,
As it had done through all time.

Thus we sat drawn close together,
Scarcely knowing what we said,
With the roses all around us
Blushing to a deeper red.

Till with arms together twining,
On her lovelit face upturned,
Rained I kisses "like the lava,"
Kisses "melting while they burned."

And the moon, brimful of spring time,
Looked down on us from above,
While she asked in murmured whispers,
Teach me, dearest, how to love.

But just here imagination
Takes the place of memory caged,
All I know is that that evening
Found us, can you guess?—engaged.

ZEPHYR.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT TRAVEL-
ING.

On the evening of Friday, June —th, 187— in company with a Longfellow, we started from the ancient City, leaving behind us loved ones whose tearful eyes at our departure would soon sparkle from other causes, when we were quite gone. We travelled through a picturesque country and arrived at length in the far famed "Washington," (i. e. South River,) where we received a hearty welcome at the "Booraem House." Early the next morning we took passage on one of the cozy little steamers that ply between that place and the great Metropolis. We had a splendid sail down the noble Raritan, the third river of importance in the United States. On the one bank of the river we observe the great brickyards of New-Jersey, and on the other bank we behold some of the most beautiful building sites in America, with here and there a lovely little cottage peeping out from its pleasant retreat. On we sail through the Kills close to the shore of Staten Island and the scenery which presents itself before our astonished eyes is delightful. Here we observe Italian villas covering the landscape. Yonder we see the great cities of New York and Brooklyn with their immense store houses and palatial dwellings.

We pass on through a number of beautiful Islands, the most noticeable of which is Governor's Island with green slopes, pointed guns and faithful sentries. At last we arrive at Pier 13, foot of old Cedar-street. Threading our way through bales of cotton and pondrous tracts, we gain the great thoroughfare of the second city in the world. Walking up Broadway, we look at the sights. Turning aside into a famous stove establishment, we have a chat with a namesake of one of the Presidents of the United States, and the hero of New-Orleans during the late war.

We leave him, and take the Eighth avenue cars to Central Park. Wandering over winding paths strolling through shady groves, listening to the music of singing birds, charmed with the delicious aroma of shrubs and flowers, refreshed by the sight of leaping fountains, we give ourselves up to the exhilarating influences of the circumstances, and quietly stepping into one of the pretty Gondolas, we glide smoothly over the placid waters of the lake, and like the Senator in the Dodge Club, we exclaim, "Our willing souls would stay in such a frame as this," &c. However we must yield to the inexorable Master. Time, and leaving the enchanting scene, we repair through the echoing arches of Mosaic halls, and sculptured bridges, to the old arsenal, where are gathered animals of every country, birds from every clime, fishes from every sea, and coral and shells of ocean. As we beheld these various wonders of creation, we could but deplore our nothingness in view of the majesty and power of Him who created all these.

Finally, we bid adieu to this Eden of America, and cross over the East River, to the City of Churches, where we take up our abode for the night at the Hotel DeButler, room No. 40—and, by the way, a finer hotel is not in Brooklyn. Sunday morning we went to hear the Rev. Mr. Taylor, then on a visit to this country from England, and preaching in Dr. Stores' Church. This same Mr. Taylor, after returning to his home, re-

ceived a call from the congregation of the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., which he accepted, and where he is now preaching. Excuse this digression. We heard a splendid sermon from the text, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." The great principle was for us to live for the good of mankind and the glory of God, while to die was not to get away from sin and care so much as it was to get nearer to Jesus.

Afternoon, we visited Mr. Beecher's two Sunday Schools. All the arrangements of these were admirable. In the evening we heard the great preacher himself. He took his text from Philip-pians, 3d chapter and 12th verse, and he certainly treated it in a way that he alone knows how. He said some people claimed to be perfect. He did not doubt it, but they were perfect fools. Others again were very much like a serpent tying up all its old cast off skins on its tail and dragging them after it. The great idea was to press forward, forgetting or leaving the past—reach towards the prize in glory.

The Sabbath over, we were awake betimes on Monday morning, and started for the Albany Steamer, "Daniel Drew." Here we met Hooks, and with free passes in our pockets, thanks be to "FLETCHER," we boarded the good steamer and sailed for the Catskills. We scarcely know where to begin a description of this splendid sail up the finest river in the world, skirted on either side by the grandest and most magnificent scenery.

JOE.

ON FOOT AMONG THE CAT-
SKILLS.

WERE you ever to visit the Catskills? If not, go; and if you have been there, but only in the artificial way of stage coaches and carriages, go again, and discarding all such encumbrances, travel by the conveyance with which nature has provided you, being assured that if you thus honor her she will be much more familiar with you, and will be more communicative concerning her secrets and her wonders.

Shun guides. They will tell you any sort of a lie to excite your wonder and draw twenty-five cents from you. That is the price at which these marvel peddlers retail yarn.

Believe none but nature's self. She knows her own stories best, and tells them with a freshness and zest that transport the hearer. Avoid boarding houses. They will cram you with city diners and hotel fare till you scarce realize that you are outside the metropolis. Some kind-hearted farmer will supply you with a solid meal of bread grown in the Catskill valleys, with butter, cheese and milk from the mountain pastures. And when desiring a lunch, you have only to wander a little from the beaten path and regale yourself with mountain berries.

The Daniel Drew landed us at Catskill village at 3 P. M., of a pleasant June day. Hackmen, crowded around—"A carriage, gentlemen?" "Only twelve dollars to drive you to the mountain House?" That would be four dollars apiece, and as spending was not our sole object, after listening to all the information (?) they had to impart, we held a council of war in which it was decided that the only way to save our life-blood was to make a speedy escape from these leeches.

Why not walk to the Mountain House? We could, and we would.

Four o'clock found us supplied with crackers and cheese, three hour's rations, and the prospect before us of encamping in some wayside barn, or beside a sheltering rock. When a few miles on our march, a good-natured farmer overtaking us, said, "Boys, you may as well ride." We thought so too, and mounted. A farm-wagon is worth a dozen carriages for views, and an intelligent farmer who has spent the summers of a life-time in these valleys, and the winters among the mountains, knows more truth of mountain history and adventure than all the guides in Christendom. After riding about four miles, our new acquaintance suggested, "Boys, why not spend the night with me?" We saw no arguments to the contrary, and accordingly turning from the mountain road, and following for half an hour the course of a winding stream, we found ourselves gazing in admiration upon a beautiful valley some miles in length, and commanding to the westward a view of the main mountain ridge in all its grandeur, while eastward and southward stretched the rolling land gradually declining towards the Hudson. Drawing up before a noble dwelling in the midst of a five hundred acre tract, "Here," said our host, "we stop for lodgings." You may well believe we were entertained with true mountain hospitality, and after an evening spent in listening to the recital of anecdotes all glowing from a personal experience of forty winters' hunting, and of thrilling adventure of after-harvest snake hunts, we were prepared for a night's rest free from Jersey mosquitoes.

We arose just in time to behold the glories with which the rising sun decked the mountain peaks, and to witness his beams gradually descend the slopes arousing all the valley to activity.

Partaking again of mountain cheer, and devoting a page of memory's tablet to pleasant recollections of the "Abeel House," we started on foot up the ravine leading by Profile Rock, Fawn's Leap, the Devil's Kitchen, etc., to the Katenskill Falls, and the Laurel House. Would you like to know the end of an excursion thus commenced? If so take a similar tramp, and if we live, and the editors will permit, we can compare notes through the columns of the TARGUM in the Fall.

PERSONALIA.

J. R. DENNIS, '71, is in business with his father, in Newark.

G. C. Towle, '69, is engaged in business with his father, in Marseilles, Ill.

F. A. CANFIELD, '70, is connected with the school of Mines, Columbia College, N. Y. City.

H. C. STRYKER, '73, who left College during the first term of this year is now in business at Rome, N. Y.

O. C. TIFFANY, '71, has recently returned from Chicago, where he has been actively engaged for some time. He is looking very well.

THOMAS L. JANEWAY, M. D., '63, and WILLIAM H. RANKIN, M. D., '68, have recently returned from Europe, after an absence of two years. Practice in the hospitals of Vienna engaged a large portion of their time.

WE learn from a reliable source that our friend, STEPHEN G. GANO, of '71, is soon to be married. He wish him a long life of happiness.

W. N. WYCKOFF, '72, leaves for Japan immediately after Commencement. He will go to Fukuwi to teach Chemistry in the position occupied by GRIFFIS.

THE following gentlemen from the Senior Class in College will enter the Seminary in September: Messrs. HOFFMAN, LEGGET, RIES, MILLER, VAN NESTE.

MESSRS. DURYEE, RANDOLPH and HEATH, of '72, sail July 3d, for Europe, in the "Russia." They expect to spend a year abroad in travel. We wish them a safe voyage and a pleasant time.

It is the intention on the part of Mr. SAGE, who has contributed so largely to the financial interests of the Theological Seminary, to break ground for the erection of a beautiful building, to be used exclusively as a Library, so that the corner-stone may be laid at the same time that the General Synod meets, which will be some time in June. That body of representatives will participate in the exercises of the occasion. The building will correspond to some extent in appearance to the one which is now in course of erection in the grounds belonging to the Institution. The work will go right on and the building will be finished as speedily as possible.

THE Senior Class for 1872-73 is composed of the following named gentlemen: ASHER ANDERSON, G. WARNE LABAW, C. E. LASHER, R. A. PEARSE, N. PEARSE, J. W. SCHENCK, GRAHAM TAYLOR, J. C. VAN DEVENTER. For the vacation Mr. ANDERSON goes to Hiram, Maine. Mr. LABAW, Cooper, Maine. Mr. R. A. PEARSE, Washington Hollow, N. Y. N. PEARSE, New Salem, N. Y. J. W. SCHENCK, Raritan, Ill. Messrs. LASHER, TAYLOR and VAN DEVENTER will remain at home.

Of the Middle Class Mr. GARRETSON will take charge of the Reformed Mission at Dutch Kills, L. I. Mr. BENSON takes a charge in Maine. Mr. HAGAMEN at Whitneyville, Me. Mr. WYCKOFF, Northville, Me. Mr. BEENSCOTEN, Whiting, Me. Mr. TODD, at Belfast, Me.

OUR TELESCOPE.

A YALE caterer advertises "Dolly Varden hash."—*Ex.*

THE Juniors have a new drinking song—"When the swallows homeward fly."—*Ex.*

WHY is the milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

"His pill grimace is over," resignedly said the apothecary's wife when she ordered his tombstone.

A MEMBER of the German class translated the sentence, *Wo kommet die Schwester her*, "who combed the sister's hair?"—*Ex.*

It is said that Brigham Young's eldest son is about to marry a newly established female Seminary on the Hudson.—*Annalist.*

A PROFESSOR told his class that they had better not whisper, since they knew that he had very long ears. What a confession.—*Ex.*

A SCIENTIFIC Soph, boasting of his gal's attainments in the classics, said she had read translations of many of the great poets including Virgil, Horace and *Euclid*.—*Ex.*

JOSH BILLINGS claims to have known a farmer who was so intensely theoretical that he would analyze the ground, to see if it contained the proper ingredients for post holes.—*Ex.*

GEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR AT YALE.—What are the rocks of the Trenton period?

SENIOR—Chazy limestone, bird lime rocks and—(but here even the ichthyosaurus on the wall smiled.)—*Ex.*

THE popular superstition that overturning the salt is unlucky, originated in a picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.—*Ex.*

FOR a polished and classic reply, the following will do:

Professor of English Language.—On which syllable of hypotenuse is the accent?

Freshman.—On the pot.—*Chronicle.*

ONE of the Sophomores in his natural history examination paper, last session, made the distinction between oviparous and viviparous animals that one class *breathed* through the mamillary gland and the other didn't.—*Nassau Lit.*

ANOTHER Prep. heard from. The following items were inserted in the cash account rendered his father: Whiskey, six dollars, Sandwiches, twenty-five cents. Indignant father writes back "What are you doing with so much sandwiches."—*College Days.*

A COLLEGE student called on a young lady, and being asked what name she should give her mistress, replied, "Amicus." The girl hesitated for a moment, and then asked, "What kind of a *cuss* did you say, sir?" The collegian then gave his name, and resolved to stick to English hereafter.—*Ex.*

"Ten feet by eight are the delicate dimensions of a pan-cake griddle sent lately by the manufacturer, George L. Dennis, of Poughkeepsie, to supply the earthly wants of the angels at Vassar. Five hundred and forty cakes (fashionable size,) is all the pretty affair will brown at a single fry."—*Ex.*

ONE of our classical professors had just explained the derivation of the word candidate from the Latin *candidus*, white, because in ancient Rome candidates for office wore white togas emblematic of their own spotlessness of character. Whereupon a student asked if Horace Greeley wore his white coat because he was always a candidate for office.—*Ex.*

"SCENE: Lower hall Monday morning; thermometer 12 below. Freshman evidently intending to go down to the City. Enter Soph.

SOPH—"Going down town?"

FRESH—"Yes, I was thinking of it."

SOPH—"Well, you're the very man I want. Just take down my coal bucket and get a new bottom put in it—and say, if it isn't asking too much, stop at the bakery and get me fifty cents' worth of buns, and call at Muller's for my boots. You might wait for the coal bucket, and bring the things up in that."—*Mercury.*