

# THE TARGUM.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

"Sol Justitiæ et Occidentem Illustra."

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RUTGERS.

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## FAREWELL TO LOGIC.

READ at the burial of Thompson's Outlines of the Laws of Thought, May, 1865. Written by a member of the Class of '65.

Farewell Logic, thou art gone,  
'Tis thy body here we see,  
Thy pure spirit, it has flown,  
Left us now to mourn o'er thee.

Sadly o'er thy form we bow,  
Gazing on thy still cold clay,  
Thinking of the "ten spots" now  
With thy spirit far away.

Often by the midnight oil,  
Even to the break of day,  
At thy side we've dared to toil,  
Wasting flesh and blood away.

Now those happy hours are o'er;  
Gone is "matter," "form" and "thought";  
With them Logic is no more,  
Buried are all "Laws of Thought."

Many "fizzes" many "flunks,"  
One sly look at thee has saved:  
Many "slopes" and may be "drunks"  
"Poling" with thee we have braved.

While we stood beside thee last,  
As we saw thy short'ning breath;  
When examination's past,  
Then we vowed we'd mourn thy death.

Prizes tempting, glittering glare,  
Honors lasting, great and bright,  
Could not keep us from thy bier,  
Nor can dry our tears to-night.

Ere we'll lay thee 'neath the sod,  
Lay thy treasured ashes down;  
Where no Freshman foot hath trod  
We will raise a cherished mound.

Here we'll leave thee, patron saint,  
Thou who "canonized" hath been;  
Let no ruthless hand attain  
Thy pure name with any stain.

O, how oft we'll miss thee now!  
Miss thy "genus" "form" and "mode,"  
But with meekness we will bow  
Knowing thou art 'neath the sod.

In the quiet Campus here,  
'Neath the elm and willow shade,  
We may often shed a tear  
While we sing "Our Logic's played."

## THE LAND OF BURNS.

AYR, August 31st.

In answer to the words of the Poet, "Should old acquaintance be forgot?" we say no, and to the TARGUM, an old acquaintance of ours, we should like to tell what a delightful day we spent among these soul-inspiring scenes.

We came to Glasgow a few days ago to harbor there, for the rain was incessant, and among the mountains is no place to be during the continuance of such weather. The guide book says Glasgow is "subject to much humidity," which is certainly very correct. Yet on the day of which we speak it cleared off, and a short ride in

the cars soon brought us to Ayr, which is about forty miles south-west of Glasgow, on the coast.

We set out immediately for the cottage which is about two miles from the city. We soon passed the last of the neat modern cottages, of Scottish pattern of course, and soon came upon an open field which was evidently the race-course. Crossing over the stile we met a gentleman of whom we enquired the way. "Yonder to the left is a large wood, the road through that you must take, and you can't miss it," said he pleasantly, and we passed on. We soon came to the road that led through the wood, and how solemn and yet cheerful was the scene. The air was cool and bracing, the trees cast a deep shade, the sun shone brightly and merrily, and its beams crept between the leaves, and lay twice more golden on the damp dark earth.

Passing the fine grounds of the Roselle mansion on the left, we soon come to the cottage. 'Tis like many other cottages, originally, with a low thatched roof, one or two windows and a door, a small addition to the house has since been made. But it is not with wondering eyes that we would gaze on the cottage, nor with gaping mouth behold the corner in which the poet was born. But as almost every mountain, hill and vale, and ruined castle and tower in Scotland, are inseparable from the name of Scott, so Burns is a part of the rocks, the fields, the rivers, the rills and the bridges of a large tract of country. We go inside: here are souvenirs of all kinds, made from a miraculous supply of wood—miraculous, else it would long ago have disappeared.

While we are within, several loads of those who have missed the luxury of a delightful walk drive up, and the little hut is soon filled to overflowing. We make our way out as soon as possible, and a little further down the road come to "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk." On the left of the road stands a neat little church of the present day in singular contrast with the old one just opposite on the right, with its ancient grave yard. The old church was built in 1516. It has long been roofless, and the grass and weeds grow high upon the top of the walls. A strong iron bar has been placed from end to end to sustain it that way, and a wall built through the middle to hold up the side walls. At the foot of an old tree by the south wall runs a stone trough entirely through the wall. Here the water could be conveniently poured in, and the baptism take place within. It is but a small building, about forty by twenty feet. The little bell still hangs silent in its place at the east end, and both church and people lie buried here.

Here the father of the poet is buried. The grave stone is a large one and well preserved. On the back of it is cut the epitaph written by Burns:—

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
Draw near with pious reverence and attend!"

Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
The tender father, and the generous friend."

"The pitying heart that felt for human woe,"  
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,  
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;  
For ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side."

There are many very interesting inscriptions and figures on the different tomb-stones. A copy of the oldest one may not be uninteresting. Upon the top rim of the stone is this:

"A GLASS T'O'S INN."

Which being interpreted means:

A. Glass, the name of the person who kept the Tam O'Shanter Inn.

Whether he claimed a burying place here or not, we do not know. It was evidently put on later than the other inscriptions. On the front there are several inscriptions of different members of the family. It is interesting to notice the changes in the spelling and the letters. In the first the N's are all upside down. It is as follows:

HIER LAYES THE CORPS OF AGNE  
MELER SPOUS TO JAMES M. FADIEN MELER,  
OF BLERSTON, MEL,  
WHO DEPARTED NOV. 24, 1689, AGE 46.

The inscription ends abruptly at "Nov. 24," but by looking around the edge of the stone you will find the rest.

Rather than take another line on the face of the stone they have made use of the edge.

The Blerston "mel," evidently means mill, but we should like to know whether "meler" means miller, and whether Agnes was a miller, as well as her husband.

About fifty years afterwards some one else of the family is interred here, and they continue thus:

AS ALSO WILLIAM M FADIEN SON TO  
DAVID M FADIEN, MILLAR IN BLERSTON MILL  
WHO DIED APRIL 21, 1741, AGE 2 YEARS.

A miller at the age of two years would, quite an absurdity, but now, query, is it not an hereditary title? Then the inscription concludes with this:

HERE LIES THE CORPS OF JOHN M FADIEN,  
SALOR WHO DIED FEB 20 1759  
AGED 36.

Another of a different sort, has on the top edge, "*Post mortem spero vitam.*"

On the front—

"This is ye burial place of John Tennent late  
Miller in Blairstown Mill. Date 1728."

Then follow these interesting lines:

"Passenger, we here who lie  
Own it is just that man should dye,  
And bless God who so freely gave,  
That faith which triumphs o'er ye grave,  
When glorious Jesus Christ shall come  
To give the world its endless doom,  
Shall then—"

The remainder of the inscription was entirely effaced. But let us emerge from among the graves, and stroll for a few moments by the banks of the "Doon."

Here are the most delightful walks. Taking

the path to the left, walking in the pleasant shade beside the swollen stream, we soon come to an old mill. The dignified bark of a large black Newfoundland dog gives warning of the stranger's approach.

The mill is not the "Blerston Mill," we think. We enquire. No, it is the "Dutch Mill." Why it was called the "Dutch Mill" we could not ascertain. Returning, we step upon the old bridge, the "Auld Brig O'Doon," at which place Tam O'Shante escaped so well, but his poor horse fared so badly. The bridge is of stone, semi-circular in form, and its height from the water, together with its narrowness, give it a light and airy appearance. Here the road used to cross, but 'tis deserted now, except as a foot path, and yonder you may see the new bridge where goes the highway. Such changes does time work.

Near by is also the Burn's Monument, a circular edifice, surrounded by about two acres of ground tastefully laid out. It contains some interesting relics, but we cannot linger here. We are somewhat in need of refreshments, and will go back to the cottage. In an end room we have some crackers and cheese, with a glass of beer. The ceiling, which once was white, is now well nigh covered with plum-bago from the thousands of names written thereon. It is comforting to know that this is not one of the failings of the present age only, to destroy or mar other people's property for the sake of gratifying our desire for fame, for we have lately seen names dating back hundreds of years scratched upon tapestries. But why continue it? What good ever came of it? Who can tell us? We should like to hear from him.

Upon the wall hung a notice which was entitled "A Friendly Whisper." It read thus:

"Call softly. Drink moderately. Pay honorably. Be good company. Part friendly. Go home quietly."

"Let these lines be no man's sorrow,  
Pay to-day and trust to-morrow."

After finishing our repast we took our way back to Ayr by another path by the shore. We would say *beach*, but this town is not at all like towns on the coast usually are. Here there is no beach, no sandy wastes, and the green lawn extends quite to the waters. Here is the exercise ground, and a game of cricket is in progress. It seems quite a desecration of such a fine spot to surrender it to anything less than our own national game of Base-Ball.

Further on the Artillery are having practice, and it is interesting to watch the shots as they skip along the water splashing it up into a spray, which stands like a cloud upon the water for some moments.

Ailsa Craig, a huge rocky island, rises abruptly out of the sea in the far distance, looking, except for its color, like an immense iceberg. It is said to be 1103 feet in height, and two miles in circumference at the base, and is 10 miles distant from the shore.

The sun goes down, the day closes, and with it its short pleasures, which our poet says:

"Are like poppies spread:

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!  
Or like the snow fall on the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rain bow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm."

## METHOD AND VARIETY IN STUDY.

THERE is, in these days, altogether too little care given to the consideration of the methods in which we may best pursue any prospective course of study. We let the circumstances of the case influence us too much. If our lesson be a portion of a continued treatise, we sit down and endeavor to commit the text to memory; and if we succeed in this we feel abundantly satisfied with ourselves, and lay down our book with a sigh of entire relief from all further thought in reference to that lesson. If our task be a certain number of lines from some Greek or Latin writer, we sit down and essay what may be called the guesso-dictionary-grammatical transmutation of the portion from its present wonderful appearance, into an equally wonderful shape which we flatter ourselves we shall be able to convince the Professor is English. If the lines of the text happen to be far enough apart, we record between them our discoveries in the dictionary, for future use in this connection.

While we might go on and specify a wearisome list of student vices—nay, we should rather call them lazy men's makeshifts—we will be satisfied with the mention of these two, and not run the risk of inducting any uninitiated ones into the mysteries which they will come upon all too soon. This effort is not directed to those who are addicted to vices in the line of study, but to those who are willing—perhaps anxious—to learn, but who give little or no thought to the plan of their study before entering upon it. No matter what subject we may be about to take up, attention beforehand—it may be but for a minute—but *some* attention, given before actually entering upon it, to the manner of study will richly repay us in giving us the opportunity to look back upon a well-spent, telling hour.

There are many little devices which may assist us in gaining and retaining knowledge. For perceiving and remembering the sense of a connected, flowing style, so simple a device as glancing for an instant, now and then, away from the text, and into one's memory, as it were, is of so much assistance that one such review of a lesson will suffice to give it full entrance into the mind, and the second will do the remainder of the work. Physiology and botany are particularly adapted to this method of study; the Student's Histories may demand a third careful reading.

Another plan well worthy to be diligently employed is to study aloud, slowly and distinctly. The simple fact that our organs are exercised in forming the sounds which represent what we wish to familiarize ourselves with, seems to assist the memory and offer even the understanding. In the study of a language, dead or living, the practice of reading the text aloud is of immense benefit. Still more useful is it to listen to the enunciation of the text without the assistance of sight. This matter of *exercise*—unaided, determined practice—is altogether too much neglected by the student of to-day. We forget that we quickest learn to do by doing.

There is still another aid to study which we would mention, though this is not so much a method of study as a means of making the results of study greater and more lasting. \* This is

a rule not so much for driving the nail, as for clenching it. During off-study hours, we should not be afraid, but rather should be anxious, to talk over the principles met during study hours, and the thoughts suggested by them.

Change of method is what we need in our study; and a half-minute's thought before taking up a task may suggest some new mode which shall prove of incalculable aid to us in the study of after days.

Let us get in the way of studying backwards or diagonally, or any other way, as well as forwards; and then, besides the advantage of variety in our study, we shall not be so liable to be startled when we are questioned in some new or unexpected manner.

MARK KER.

## COOPER'S HOME.

RELUCTANTLY and almost tearfully, we bade farewell to the quiet, charming village, bearing the name of the great novelist, its founder. The weeks we had spent in that lovely region, which nature has clothed with unsurpassed beauty, and the pen of Cooper made forever classic ground, had passed, alas, too soon. Scarcely a tree, a rock, a spring, or a ruin in this vicinity that is not invested with a halo of romance and interest. Here is the site of the old homestead, here the quiet retreat of after years, here the simple tomb of one who needs no sculptured monument to mark his grave. Of the many inland lakes which the State of New-York wears proudly on her bosom, none is more lovely, or has more romantic associations cast around it than that of Otsego. It is on these waters, and in their neighborhood that the varied scenes of the Leatherstocking Tales, Pioneers, and Deer Slayer, are laid. The lake with its clear, placid waters, and its banks of dense foliage and various indentures, presents a most picturesque appearance. No wonder that, while gazing on such a scene, Deer Slayer, as he stood leaning on his rifle, should have exclaimed: "This is grand!—'tis solemn!—'tis an edication of itself to look upon!"—for one does not often come across a more vivid moral painting than this.

So much has been written concerning the home of Cooper, that it is needless to attempt a description or extol its charms. Doubtless here in future years, as to an intellectual Mecca, pilgrims will come to do honor to the memory of one, who, before any other writers of his day, did most to create a national literature, of which the country must always be proud.

Well and truly did the poet Halleck, write:

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven  
First in her files, her PIONEER of mind—  
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven  
His love for the young land he left behind;  
And throned her in the Senate-hall of nations,  
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought:  
Magnificent as his own mind's creation,  
And beautiful as its green worlds of thought."

OMICRON.

MR. JOHN H. C. NEVIUS has accepted an invitation from the State Central Committee to deliver a series of addresses during the present campaign. Mr. N. is a young gentleman of fine talents, well informed, and a speaker of no little power, and will do good service for the cause wherever he goes.—*Palladium*.



## "SOLITUDE."

"For solitude, however, some may rave,  
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave.  
A sepulchre in which the living lie,  
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.  
I praise the Frenchman—his remark was shrewd:  
'How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet,'"

We read and hear a great deal about the enjoyment and benefits of solitude. There are comparatively few men who can realize any of its charms. Place a person who is not of a poetic temperament, and who has not taught himself to understand Nature's language, alone in the woods, or by an object which fills the souls of some with a holy awe, and no feeling of grandeur or sublimity will be experienced by him. On the contrary, he will ask, "Who can enjoy alone, or if enjoying, what contentment find?" He would go still further, and cry out for deliverance from such a horrible place, and would sacrifice everything, even if he possessed advantages ineffable, to hear again the sweet music of speech.

The number of sentimentalists is very small in this world of ours, and in the great majority of cases the person who seeks solitude seeks it for the purpose of pampering a depraved imagination, or brooding over injuries and sorrows, or cherishing unholy and debasing thoughts. When a man abandons the companionship of other men, he is beset by all the devices which hell knows so well how to employ for his ruin. Well may the poet exclaim:

"O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,  
Who think it solitude to be alone."

From such a one can proceed only defilement and pollution—and he is like the Upas tree, which breathes poison and devastation all around. But while the Upas retires at the approach of civilization, he develops into a purer and nobler being when society throws around him her genial and exalting influence.

Even if a man is of a temperament to enjoy nature, what does he care for it, if he is deprived of the society of his fellow man? It would be irksome—it would be provoking—to view alone the fairest scenes of land and deep, with none to listen or reply to the thoughts which they inspire. We all loathe those things which none can share. Misery is rendered more tolerable by the knowledge that one has company, and even bliss would be woe if we had to bear it alone.

Man in society, is like a flower blown in its native-bed. It is only in society that the faculties of man are capable of developing into full bloom; it is there alone that they are capable of performing their proper function. Man is so constructed that his highest benefit can be obtained only in society. God has made him so that, even if he be actuated by selfishness, (although that one only can realize the highest happiness who lives for others,) he will seek social intercourse.

When a person is alone, he is most liable to yield to temptation. It was in the solitude of Eve that the cunning Satan tempted her, and it was in her solitude that she committed the sin for which all mankind must suffer and die. If

she had had the strength of the presence and counsel of Adam, she never would have yielded. Satan waited until the Son of God was alone in the desert to tempt him, and the fact that Jesus escaped undefiled, establishes, as much as anything else, his infallibility and divinity.

The worst punishment which can be inflicted upon a man, is the placing him where he can hold no communion with his fellows. The vilest malefactors are put in dungeons, where they can speak to no human being, and in our penitentiaries the criminals are compelled to work side by side without the privilege of conversing with each other. Bickersteth, in his "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," describes the condition of the lost as isolated; and Milton says, "Alone: for other creature in this place, living or lifeless, to be found was none." The awful punishment for sin which the Saviour took upon himself was the estrangement from him of the sympathy and companionship of his Father, as is evident from his nervous, agonized words, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

The sentiment of Pope, "On mutual wants built mutual happiness," finds an approving echo in every heart. Man is a social being. The Creator "saw that it was not good for man to be alone," and gave him a companion. The necessity which God's wisdom then found of furnishing him with company has existed without intermission down to the present day. Hence men in every age have gathered together into communities for mutual interest. A beautiful example of the benefits arising from men associating together is furnished us by the Bible. Acts iv., 32, reads: "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common." Many of the societies which obtain in all countries at the present day are founded on the same principle. Men are feeling the need of a closer alliance than that of civilization, and are binding themselves together in brotherhoods by ties which unite heart to heart.

Man is dependent upon society for the necessities, comforts and pleasures of life, and the removal of his defects, just as the vine is dependent upon the tree for support; and as the latter gains strength in proportion to the embrace it gives, the former is benefitted in proportion to the degree with which he identifies himself with society. The farmer wants clothes, and cannot make them himself; the tailor wants food, and cannot raise it himself; both need shoes and implements to work with, and are entirely ignorant of the manner of constructing them. It might be shown that every class relies upon the other classes for nearly all those things which prevent life from being a living death.

If intercourse and companionship were repudiated, all the refinements and civilization of life would share the fate of the lost arts; and man, God's image, would be degraded to the level of the brutes.

A feeling of reciprocal reliance pervades society, and like a law of gravitation, holds it together. It is this feeling which has given a success to Free Masonry, that has extended its influence throughout the whole world. It was this same feeling which first led men to assemble in bodies, and found cities which afterwards grew into mighty nations, and gave to them that grand

civilization (which they have handed down to us), which "teems with the richest gifts of social life."

"Hail, social life! into thy pleasing bound  
Again I come, to pay the common stock  
My share of service; and, in glad return,  
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys."

J. K.

## "LITTLE BY LITTLE."

AKIN in meaning to the Scotch proverb "many mickles make a muckle," with an equivalent in almost every language, is the three worded phrase noted above. A truth daily yet often unwillingly demonstrated. Often rehearsed by the philosophical and the theoretical, yet disgusting to and slow to be learned by the "Young America" of the period. The true secret of all worldly success, the motto of the past great and the present truly ambitious, there is everywhere, though invisibly yet indelibly stamped, the brief words, "Little by Little." Among the lessons taught in childhood, in later years learned by repeated observation, it cannot fail to make its due impression on the minds of the apt and the shrewd. If, however, in early life not fully comprehended, but few years of experience in the busy marts of the world are required in which to sound its depths of meaning. It is the language of the student among his books, of the merchant at his business, of the mechanic at his trade, and indeed all classes and conditions of men are led to acknowledge its appropriateness as the principle of their basis of action, are willing to adopt it as their life-long motto.

The insect as it slowly trudges along with its load of provision; the bird, as it builds its nest of sticks and leaves, carefully selected and carried from afar; the little twig, as it daily gathers nourishment, and gradually grows until developed in the tall shading tree; the majestic river that roars so grandly as it hurries over its stony bed; the stately mansion that heavenward rears its well-built walls, comprise but few of the many examples in point.

A store of knowledge is not to be acquired in one short hour; great plans are not conceived in so brief a time, nor great deeds achieved; but little of true value results from a grain of labor, yet many littles make a big. The pennies taken care of, the dollars take care of themselves.

We are of nature led to admire the imposing works of art, to exult over the triumphs of the pen, to stand in mute astonishment as we gaze on the works of the noted great, yet all the while seemingly unconscious that every human effort that has happily succeeded is but a practical illustration of the words, "little by little."

The present seems so short and the future so unlimited, that it is far easier to talk of close work to the coming week or next month, than to double ourselves down to earnest work now. We too little think that the present is all that is our own; that would we gain names honored and respected, we must acquire useful knowledge all the while, "little by little." As a people, Americans are too slow to recognize this truth; they would be great by one grand effort; would become wealthy by a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, forgetful that "little by little" is the voice of past, the tone of present, and the indication of all future goodness.

"19."

## THE TARGUM.

BABCOCK &amp; JOHNSON, Publishers.

RUTGERS COLLEGE,

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## EDITORS:

W. W. COOK, '73, CLASSICAL.

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[Editors elected the last Wednesday but one of each Term.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CONTRIBUTORS—THE TARGUM is published at the FREDONIAN office, 36 Dennis-street, New-Brunswick, N. J., about the 20th of each month, for nine months in each year, no number to be issued during the College vacation. Terms: ONE DOLLAR per annum: single numbers TWELVE CENTS. All subscriptions, with the address of the subscriber, should be sent to the Directors of THE TARGUM.

All articles relating to the editorial management should be addressed to the Editors of THE TARGUM, New-Brunswick, N. J.

THE world is what we make it. So is College life. So also is vacation. From what varied experiences we have just returned.

To a few, vacation meant a season of relaxation from severe toil. To more, a chance of recuperation for energies exhausted in a wilful disregard of all nature's laws of physical or mental health; many a man is recorded as killed by study who is in truth guilty of reckless suicide. We have yet to hear of the first man dead or insane through hard study who applied the principles of sound common sense in the expending of his strength.

Many have doubtless regarded the vacation as so many weeks to be spent in pleasure-seeking, reckoning that their full duty to the world in the way of work or thought, was completed when for forty weeks they had lain as a sacrifice upon the altar of education.

Not a few have been privileged to spend the summer in travel. Woe to them if the columns of the TARGUM are not richer for the sights they have seen.

Another class have spent the summer in toil. With some, work has fallen into their hands so seemingly the placing of Divine Providence that they dared not shrink from it. Others have sought labor for its reward, counting these summer months as precious days in which they might do something to lessen the burden upon loving parents who are taxing themselves unduly that their sons may be enabled to run in the race for knowledge; others, even lacking parental assistance, have set their mark high, and by God's help will reach it. It may be that some of these have met disappointments, and have come back disheartened, or have even quit the course for a time. To any such we say, look above and be brave. Infinite wisdom marks out your path, and the severe discipline of to-day is crystallized into enduring strength to-morrow.

Possibly a few have spent the summer among books; perchance to make up deficiencies in last year's record, or it may be in the pursuit of some branch not treated in the College curriculum. If the former, it was the pleasure of necessity, and

we wish you better success the coming year; if the latter, it was your inclination or ambition that prompted it, and as you will follow either in preference to counsels from us, we forbear.

But vacation, like all else earthly, comes to an end, and College life is upon us to be in like manner what we make it. Some enter upon the College course as though to get through it were all that is required to make them men; but College never yet made a man. Self-made men alone are men, whether by the aid of College advantages or by gleanings in the busy walks of life from their own and others' experience. The horse that would thrive must eat and digest his own food, whether he be in the rich pastures and stalls of the well ordered farm, or amid the rugged grazing of the mountain.

But of those who would make the College course a means, how varied the efforts, and the results. The aim of one is amusement, and among College sports and midnight revels he finds mirth in full measure. It is perhaps sometimes obtained at the expense of higher interests, but it is not his purpose to consider that. He is recording but one set of items in the account with time, and notes only those which foot up in the column of pleasure. Time & Co. have, however, a faithful book-keeper who never slights the unpleasant columns of talents squandered and opportunities wasted. Possibly there will be difficulty in making the balance sheets agree in some cases, but that is a matter of the future, and the pleasure seeker concerns himself only with the present.

Success is the motto of many; and not a few unable to see through the curtain which separates College days from active life, seek class standing at all hazards. Some will barter health for late and irregular hours, in hope thereby to take a rank higher than nature has assigned them, or for which, owing to a too hasty preparation, they are not qualified. To such, we can only say, we wish you joy as you bear through life a body subject to ailments sufficient to prevent the mind from ever working up to its true standard. A College course of success for a life of failure! We admire the purchase, but think the price too dear. The blaze of ambition warps, in alas how many, the dividing board between truth and deceit; and we fear that when the eternal fires kindle about all that is untrue, the honor of many a class record will turn to ashes.

Culture and preparation for life's work is the nominal aim of many, the real purpose of a few. Our congratulations to all who attain to it, if they will then unselfishly lend a helping hand to the weaker ones over life's steep places.

Have not all returned with resolves to make this a better year than the last, to avoid former errors and profit by the teachings of the past? Permit a suggestion. It is very easy to turn over a new leaf, but the tendency is to write this page in the same hand as the former one, and the blots are very likely to appear at about the same places.

But to our application. THE TARGUM is and will be what we make it. We, that means you and I, and the rest of us. You see deficiencies in the present number. Be assured the editors are not dim-sighted on that score, as they commit this their first effort to the public. But did you present us a better article than the one you con-

demn? If not, we conjure you stay your censure till you have done your part. You have embarked with us at the wheel, and the best you can do is to aid in keeping up steam, and then see that we are well supplied with ballast.

On September 20th we began another academical year of our College. We began it also with more heartiness than ever before. Trustees, alumni, faculty, students, friends, well-wishers, and patrons are all in good heart.

The reasons of this pleasant state of mind are:

The general prosperity of the College. Efforts have been put forth to improve the College, and they have been so successful as to surprise and delight those who labored. These efforts and successes concern the funds, the improvement of old buildings, and the erection of new ones; the enlargement of the corps of professors; increase in the number of the students; needed modifications in the course of studies, looking to enlargement and thoroughness; and rules and regulations, wise and just, tending to good order, correct morals and thorough scholarship. On all these points we have made marked advances, and in view of the fact everybody is in good heart—all thank God and take courage.

2. A second reason of heartiness arises from the general conviction that *we have not already attained, neither are already perfect*, but purpose to follow on. Rutgers College is not yet in any one particular what it ought to be. We have not yet reached the period of *idle* jubilation, nor shall we in this century. Our *punctum stans* is that of *busy* jubilation. Joyful because of the past, and hopeful of the future because of the past, we are standing, each one in his own place, prepared to do all we can to make Rutgers College all that its friends desire. The interests are too vast and important for us to have inefficient trustees; lazy professors who feel no enthusiasm in the welfare of the College, and the studies of their department, and therefore impart none; idle students who merely come to College to have a *good time*. All are convinced and feel that there is work to be done, and that they ought to do it. And all these are in good heart, because they have enlightened consciences, and mean to do their bidding.

3. We are hearty, because we are convinced that our labor is not in vain. God loves workers who trust in him, and he helps them. God helps them who help themselves. He raises up friends for them. He gives them favor in the eyes of the people. He makes people confide in the laborious, and the good and benevolent confide in those who, by their earnest untiring work, show that they deserve to be helped.

And now, friends and well wishers, you can do much to help us. We need now:

1. A Dormitory Building, by which we shall be able to afford good boarding and lodging at \$3.50 a week.

Who will give us \$30,000 for the Dormitory? To no better use can the money be put.

2. The Geological Hall must be furnished with cases for the specimens. A case will cost from \$80 to \$90. How many of our friends will pledge themselves to furnish each a case?



## INSTALLATION.

THE Rev. A. B. VAN ZANDT, D.D., was, on Tuesday, Oct. 1, installed in the Professorship of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Seminary of the Reformed Church, in this City. The exercises were held in the Second Reformed Church, and were marked by ability and propriety.

The Rev. Dr. ELMENDORF, of Albany, President of the General Synod, preached the sermon from 2 Tim., 3:16, 17, considering the creation, call, and commission of the Christian Ministry.

Rev. C. H. STITT, of Kingston, N. Y., delivered the Charge to the Professor elect, after which Dr. VAN ZANDT signed the Constitutional formula, and delivered his Inaugural Address upon "Biblical Theology—its method and progress."

Princeton Seminary was represented by her most venerable and renowned Professor, Dr. CHARLES HODGE, and his son, Professor C. W. HODGE. Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF, of the Union Theological Seminary, of New-York, was also present, and together with Dr. Hodge took part in the services.

There was a good audience in attendance, comprising a large number of ministers.

## BASE BALL.

ON Saturday, Sept. 28th, our College nine went to Princeton to combat with the celebrated nine of Nassau Hall.

We went down with drooping spirits, because Johnson, our pitcher, was sick and could not go, and Kip was suffering from a disjointed finger. But plucking up our courage and resolving to take a disgraceful defeat, we met them with the following result:

RUTGERS. O. R. I. B.	PRINCETON. O. R.
Adrain, 2d b. .... 1 4 3	Pell, p. .... 1 6
Fischer, c. .... 3 1 0	Williamson, 3d b. .... 4 3
Hendrickson, r. f. .... 2 2 0	Fredericks, 2d b. .... 0 5
Ross, l. f. .... 4 1 1	Bruyere, 1st b. .... 4 2
Lillis, s. s. .... 3 1 1	Lawrence, s. s. .... 4 1
Van Etten, 1st b. .... 4 0 1	Paton, c. f. .... 3 1
Slade, 3d b. .... 3 2 0	Davis, c. .... 3 2
Fuller, c. f. .... 2 4 1	Wilson, l. f. .... 5 0
Kip, p. .... 5 1 0	Walker, r. f. .... 3 3
27 16 7	27 23

## RUNS BY INNINGS.

Rutgers. ....	2 0 5 2 2 0 0 3	2-16
Princeton. ....	4 0 9 2 1 3 0 1	3-23

## R. B. A.

Prex.—GEORGE S. KNICKERBOCKER, '73.

Vice Prex.—W. B. BERRY, '74.

Secretary.—C. H. T. KRUEGER, '74.

Treasurer.—S. S. VREELAND, '75.

Captain.—P. V. VOORHEES, '73.

Lieutenant.—WILLIAM H. BRADLEY, '74.

## Directors:

'73.

H. d'E. WESTON, J. A. HARPER.

'74.

L. H. SCHENCK, J. W. SEARING.

'75.

G. F. ASHTON, H. A. HENDRICKSON.

'76.

DAVID MURRAY, R. H. STUBBT.

TARGUM PINS.—Let all secure them. Short articles with head and point.

NEEDLES.—Long thin articles, without head, and of which a large proportion is devoted to I.

## GONE.

GONE are the golden hours of the joyous past! Like a bright sunbeam, a sweet dream, they have passed from our present sight. But in the deep recesses of cherished memory is suspended a treasured panorama of the pleasures that are gone. This is the only relic left of the past. Oft do we step in these recesses—gently lift the veil that Time has so closely drawn over the happy, by-gone scenes, and, for a moment, seem to forget that it is only the work of Time's rapid movements.

But the deep sea of eternity has hidden all these bright, beautiful dreams from our present vision.

Carefully we readjust this curtain of reminiscence over the treasured scene, resolving that the rough hand of neglect shall never efface one particle from its precious exterior. Gone—the bright, bright anticipations of an unclouded future? How often have we halted on Life's weary road to disclose the splendid picture traced by Hope's animated pencil, though fancy may have annexed to it some lively charm, the representative of our future.

But Time, relentless Time, with his un pitying hand, erased the bright characters, and all our hope's brightest realizations are a failure. Then instead of the sweet, blissful ideal, is nothing but the dead ashes of our departed fond anticipations.

Gone—are the dear friends of our well remembered childhood. Where are they gone? We know not where the dead have gone, beyond the grave. It will be known hereafter, in the day when all shall meet. We remember laying them away to their last resting place, in the silent tomb. We remember the trembling voice of the gray-haired pastor, committing the silent dead to God, and we have not forgotten the vows we performed at the death-bed of our loved ones, resolving that the remainder of our lives should be spent in preparation for the final account which we must render to our Maker.

Have we kept those vows? Where is the remainder of them? Alas! we have hurled them in the deep abyss of oblivion. They, too, are gone!

Over these fond friends whom we have laid away to rest, the tall spires of grass wave, and the rain-drops patter musically down upon the narrow house that contains the peaceful body.

The autumn winds chill it not. The winter's snow disturbs not its slumbers, for gone is all sensibility. We remember how we missed, sadly missed, the happy smile, the pleasant voice, and the kind and gentle words; but, alas, they are no more! Never again shall we behold them on earth, and our only hope is in meeting them on the other side of that river, from which mortal foot hath ne'er returned.

ONE of the Juniors proposed to a young lady during vacation and was refused. Lamenting his misfortune to a Senior, he was referred to 3d verse of the 4th chapter of the epistle of St. James:

"Ye receive not because ye ask amiss."

The Junior is going for a widow next time.—*Spectator.*

## AUTUMN'S TEACHINGS.

This earth with all its lovely things  
Is destined to decay,  
Its sweetest flowers, its fairest forms  
In beauty bloom, till sweeping storms  
Pass—and they faint away.

The bright wild bird with glad some note,  
That sings 'mong woodland trees,  
When summer's balmy breezes blow,  
Wanders away, nor stays to know  
The chilling autumn breeze.

The dearest earthly hopes that come  
In rainbow robes arrayed,  
And paint our path with hues so bright,  
It seems a path of ceaseless light,  
These too, alas, may fade.

There's naught on earth on which to rest  
The heart, and be secure;  
No changeless, firm, enduring joys,  
No good, unmixed with sad alloys,  
No hopes that can endure.

But there's a world, a blessed world,  
Unmarked by change or gloom;  
There fix thy hopes, there rest thy heart,  
'Twill never fail, that better part,  
And Heaven shall be thy home.

CHARLWORTH.

## CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THANKS to the zeal and persevering labor of the Rev. Dr. HARTMAN, this institution was opened for pupils on Sept. 30th.

The Trustees have procured ample accommodations, a fine lot of instruments, and a Faculty which includes some of the first musicians of this country.

Over two hundred names have been registered on the books, and the classes are being arranged, and the course of instruction has commenced.

We hope in a future issue to give a more extended account of the objects, course and method of instruction, and of the Faculty of this institution. Meanwhile we heartily wish it the greatest success.

MR. SOSKE MATSUGATA, late of Satsuma, Japan, died of consumption, at Farmington, Conn., Aug. 15, 1872.

His remains were brought to New-Brunswick and interred in Willow Grove Cemetery, on the fifteenth. His funeral was attended by thirty of his countrymen, and by a number of their friends, citizens of New-Brunswick.

This is the third Japanese student whose efforts at gaining an American education have been cut short by death. They all are buried in Willow Grove, where they have a pleasant lot, and the neat monuments erected by their comrades, with inscriptions in Japanese and English, are objects of interest to visitors.

It calls up the deepest sympathies of one's nature to follow the remains of these youths to the grave, and think of the crushing blow to the hopes and affections of loving friends as the sad intelligence is borne across the waters.

While sympathizing with the bereaved ones, we rejoice to know that even these dark providences are controlled by a loving Father, who will display in the eternal world the wisdom and kindness of those dispensations which here are veiled in mystery.

## OUR LITERATURE OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

WHETHER the American people are, as a rule, less gifted than the English is an assertion we should be sorry to concede, or more proficient in other branches than in literature, we will not attempt to answer. To the most casual observer, however, the comparative sterility of literary productions in our land has formed a subject for comment and conjecture.

The various causes assigned for this deficiency in literary growth have their due influence, but notwithstanding are insufficient to satisfy those disposed to find true reasons. The short period which has elapsed since the birth of our republic, the many obstacles with which we have been obliged to contend, the superior advantages which the other nations enjoy, and which have been denied us, all seem so thoroughly convincing that other causes are unnecessary to be advanced as apologetical.

That there are other reasons, however, and of a character more weighty, is beyond question.

As a people we believe the Americans are appreciative, but to a less degree than the English.

However, the people seldom are the judges; it is to the publisher that the author is obliged to entrust his manuscript, and look for reward or disappointment; and it is here, that a striking inferiority is seen between ourselves and other nations. There can be no real excellency in the department of literature, until an honest and judicious system of copyright is secured to the author, whereby such protection will be afforded, that he can devote his time to the pursuit of letters, an acquisition to a nation's greatness as important as her wealth; "and should receive as much of the fostering care of government as is extended to the agriculturist or manufacturer."

Our publishers, in reference to this matter, have manifested a dispicable spirit. They are too anxious to gain all they can, at the least possible price. Willing to publish manuscript if it can be obtained for nothing, and converted into wealth for themselves.

This is a most important consideration, and until our government can effect some means whereby our authors can publish their works at equal prices with foreign rivals, we fear little advancement can result.

From these circumstances, we could not expect the character of our literature to be different from what it is; and with but few exceptions we fear the reputation of our authors, and especially poets, will be brief.

Of the men who sang in the years which marked the infancy of our nation, how few, even now, are familiar to us: Dana, Sprague, Halleck, Wilde, Brooks, Leggett, Hoffman, Street, and many others, are names almost unknown, if not quite forgotten.

If permitted to suggest the reason, we would venture to say their poetry had been too hastily composed to win lasting reputation, for no high degree of excellence can be attained without zealous study and cultivation.

But authors are, alas, human; their existence being similar to our own, a necessary support must be furnished them, and as their works were

poorly remunerative, our early poets were obliged to make poetry secondary to existence.

The prose writers of our land have succeeded better. The world will not be likely soon to forget an Irving, or a Prescott, while many others stand forth to vindicate our advancement in the sciences and the arts.

There still remains, however, unexplored fields in which choicest flowers are waiting to be plucked by the hand of the author.

Our land furnishes material of unsurpassed beauty for the poet and author.

Its natural scenery is sufficient to inspire the bard's mind with lofty thought; for the novelist it abounds in romance of the most attractive character; the poetical mythology of the aborigines, the discovery of the land by Columbus, the picturesque scenery, together with the sources of adventure and daring, are but a few of the many themes which exist, and need but the touch of a master spirit to develop their full meaning.

There is work in the future for many, and more than sufficient laurel to crown the brow of all successful ones.

SINE NOMINE.

DEAR TARGUM—After an absence of three months we have returned to our accustomed duties and privileges of cultivating the intellect and expanding the mind, under the instruction of the worthy professors in good old Rutgers. And now, perhaps, you may be interested in a short account of some of the things we have seen or some of the places where we have been. To give you a description of them in detail would weary your patience. We will not stop to describe a trip by land to Long Branch, nor what we saw after getting there; we will say nothing about our journey up the East river, and its luxuriant banks dotted with thriving villages. We would not alarm the timid by an account of what we saw when passing "Hell Gate" into the precincts beyond, nether attempt to give the measurement of the stupendous arches under which run the swift waters of "Spuyten the Duyval" creek. We will not now recount to you anything concerning "What we know about New York at night." No, none of these things shall engage our attention at this time. But stepping from the Astor House, New York, into a Fourth Avenue car, we ride up to Forty-second street, where we enter one of the finest and largest passenger depots in the world and take a seat in one of Vanderbilt's Harlem railroad cars, in which we are whizzed through city and town and village for thirty miles in about fifty minutes. White Plains cries the conductor—yes, surely, for there is the same great hill famous for revolutionary relics; also other monuments of more modern erection mark it as a very strong jail. We step on the platform and are saluted with the well known phrase "a hack surs." Selecting a conveyance we drive along a winding road westward, until we come to a beautiful spot surrounded by wooded hills and green slopes, indeed we might call this Sleepy Hollow did we not know that a little beyond is the place called by that name, and made famous by the legend of the illustrious Irving. Entering an enclosure, where a high broad fence keeps out him who has no stamps, we are astonished at the multitudes

of people and horses, the great display of big apples, luscious pears, and immense pumpkins,

And this is the faire, O!

Where I can see my dearie, O!

If she looks shy,

I'll pass her by,

And follow my old figarie, O!

Well, we may not attempt to post ourselves on all that is going on. But there is a sign, and we catch the word gold. Ah! that is what interests us. So edging our way up to it, we read as follows:

"A gold watch and chain given by J. H. Johnston, 150 Bowery, to the mother of the handsomest child under two years old."

Whew! a baby show! Barnum tried that once, and made trouble in the camp, because some of the babies were exchanged and mothers went home with the wrong darlings. Nevertheless let us see how this one will succeed. Hundreds of the precious little dears at the fair, but only fifteen entered as worthy competitors! Well might the poet exclaim—

Fifteen loving mothers,

Each thinking her booby

Better than the others.

Certainly it was a novel sight, the gathering of the innocents from two years old and under. Not as in the days of cruel Herod, for the purpose of slaughter, but for the object of admiration and reward. What interest there is manifested in the little ones. The jockey leaves his horse, the stock dealer his cattle, the farmer his sheaves of grain and his big potatoes, the florist his flowers and bulbs, the manufacturer his machines, the artist his pictures. All classes of men and women crowd together, until thousands are pressing forward to get one glance at those fifteen, screaming and kicking, crowing and smiling, cunning and harmless babies. Now the band begins to play—but hush, the judges enter—three noble ladies—Mrs. A., Mrs. T., and Miss M. And what does Miss M. know about babies? Age! age! my dear TARGUM, should bring with it wisdom. What a responsibility rests upon those three ladies? Woe be to them if they make a mistake: they dandle and handle, chirrup and pinch, and look into the little eyes of the "wee babes," and then make notes. Finally they decide that a pretty little boy with bright blue eyes, black curly hair, sweet dimpled cheeks, and fat chubby hands, and ten months old, is the handsomest child. Happy mother! and the assembled thousands approve by their enthusiastic cheering. Now what of the fourteen disappointed mothers! Are their little ones any the less loved? No! For each folds to a mother's heart a child more dearly beloved than all the world beside, and is happy in the consciousness of its beauty. Thus is manifested the goodness of God, for in wisdom He hath made them all.

ALEXIS.

AT MY STUDY WINDOW.—Some years ago a London newspaper is said to have offered a prize for a legitimate rhyme to the word "window." A frantic correspondent sends us the following, to show that Rutgers has poetical "jaynius" left:

"There once was a respectable Hindoo,

And he sang in most gorgeous array at a window:

His solo was splendid—its key-note was in *do*—

But what won't the envious powers of sin do!

For a darkey outside said, "Dat's good. It's too t'in dough,

Dat darkey stickin' hisself up for a Hindoo."

J.



## A REVERIE.

The darkening shades had curtained the Church spires  
from my sight,

The orb of day had gone to give the heathen Chinese light,  
The little birds had sweetly trilled their merry good-night  
song,

And day with all its bustling toil was now just passed  
along.

The moon had slowly risen from beyond the dark blue sea,  
As thoughts of home and far away came rolling back to  
me,

I saw again the forms of those who were to me most dear,  
And the joys of a home that I had left were gathered to me  
here.

Oh short were the hours, that sweetly flew, but oh how  
sweetly spent,

The time for which my spirit longed to me was freely  
sent.

We spoke of joys that long had passed, and of pleasures  
yet to come,

We then formed plans of new delight since all were again  
at home.

But while I drank from pleasure's cup a potion full and  
free,

An imp came forth from dark despair, and fondly seized  
on me

I started from my reverie to face the dire mishap,  
And gave a mosquito on my nose an overpowering slap.

G. T. W.

## SHOOTING IN ILLINOIS.

ONE of the fondest dreams which has deluded  
my life has been that of some day becoming a  
sportsman—one to whom the furry, the finny,  
and particularly the feathery denizens of the  
earth were foreordained victims—and to whom  
the ring of the rifle and the bark of the shot-gun  
would be sweet as the music of the spheres. For  
my single self, guns have always been an abomi-  
nation to me, and the sacrifice of feelings shown  
in firing a horse-pistol on Independence Day has  
always seemed to me so sublime an offering on  
the altar of my country, as to rank me with the  
most illustrious patriots of the times that tried  
men's souls. But I am willing to learn better;  
and having met, last summer, with two kindred  
spirits, equally unskilled and equally willing to  
learn—we made a solemn wager and covenant to  
make an expedition against the birds of prey  
called quail which infest the prairie to the north  
coast of the little town in which we were tempo-  
rarily sojourning. Bright and early one Satur-  
day morning we set off, and after a good three  
hours of desperate individual exertion, succeeded  
in borrowing a gun apiece. Each of us, as we  
found on comparing notes, had made the most  
frantic endeavors to palm himself off as a Nim-  
rod, who had killed his thousands and his tens of  
thousands—but alas! in each case the pious  
fraud was unaccountably discovered, and the  
owner of the deadly weapon gave the borrower  
strict charge not to shoot himself. We were now  
about to take up our line of march for the Hap-  
py Hunting Grounds, when a horrid thought  
struck us simultaneously: we had no ammuni-  
tion! One of us luckily had enough cash or  
credit, I never certainly discovered which, to get  
enough powder and shot for the campaign.  
Another, just as luckily, had a box of caps, and at  
last we were off. Our way led up the highway  
some four miles, and all along the route our mar-  
tial appearance struck terror to the souls of the

unprotected females who met us. One poor  
young lady actually leaned her head on a gate  
post, sobbing and laughing hysterically behind  
her handkerchief as long as we were in sight. In  
about an hour and a half, during which time the  
weight of our weapons gradually increased until  
my gun, I dare swear, weighed at least a hun-  
dred and fifty pounds, we reached a corn field  
which, we were informed, actually swarmed with  
the voracious birds whose extermination we were  
resolved upon. As we slowly and carefully  
moved across the field, with our guns at a  
“ready,” all unawares we came upon our game in  
his lair. His appearance was so startling as he  
reared himself to his full height, with his bright  
eyes flashing defiance, that we forgot our errand,  
and he was boldly making away, when Skinner  
recovered himself and fired. My other companion  
and I, with great promptitude, instantly fired at  
one another—both, happily with equal want of  
success. When the smoke cleared away, we ex-  
amined the ground carefully to find the bird's  
shattered remnants, but in vain. At last, on  
raising our eyes, we beheld him in the dim dis-  
tance, making his best time through the air with  
the greatest of ease for the neighboring woods.  
A consultation was held, in which the unanimous  
opinion was that he could not possibly escape us,  
and that the solid contents of the gun had been  
lodged in his left hind leg. With a shout of joy  
we pressed onward.

Our further progress was soon stayed by the  
appearance of a new enemy, one which might  
well cause the stoutest heart to quail, that is, to  
forget all about the quail we were pursuing.  
This was no other than a rabbit—one of the  
“mud-brown” species, the most dangerous of  
the breed. At first the animal seemed inclined  
to attack us, as we stood huddled together, wait-  
ing for his next movement; but our fire-arms  
probably awed him, for he suddenly changed his  
base and retreated in good order. We then re-  
collected that our weapons had not been loaded  
since our first meeting with the quail, and we  
“fed our animals,” as one of the party elegantly  
and concisely expressed it. By this time the  
chase was hull down in the horizon—to use a  
Fennimore-Cooperism; in other words, we couldn't  
see the quail. Not being as good as Indians at  
following the trail, we were unwillingly com-  
pelled to give it up, particularly as the bird was,  
when last we saw him, going at such a rate that  
he hardly seemed likely to touch ground for a  
week.

We still pursued our devious way toward the  
woods, looking out for more quail, but none  
greeted our longing eyes. When we reached the  
woods we concluded to meander onwards, al-  
though the underbrush was wickedly inclined to  
keep us back. Struggle as we might, the miser-  
able brush clogged our path and shrouded the  
surrounding world from our view. At last we  
came out on a wagon road, which, as we clearly  
saw, led straight back to the corn field we had  
just quitted. All repinings were put to flight by  
the sudden declaration of Snooks that he saw a  
deer, and as he said so, he lowered his gun and  
leveled it toward the place where he saw the  
horns. Fiercely we grasped his arm; hurriedly  
we assured him that no deer had been seen with-  
in fifty miles for fifteen years—that there were a  
few “dears” in town, but that we all had religi-

ous scruples against shooting *them*. He was like  
the deaf adder; he heeded not—he blazed away,  
and in about three seconds out came from among  
the bushes the most astonished cow any of us had  
ever had the pleasure of seeing. Off she scam-  
pered up the road—my two friends looked like  
fools, and I have reason to believe that I was no  
exception to the general rule.

We had very little time for consideration.  
Down the road came a big farmer with a horrid  
“banger” in his hand. Half a dozen men were  
behind him. We thought of “what we knew  
about sticks,” and decided that man wanted but  
little here below, (imagine the gesture,) nor wan-  
ted that little of any such portentous length. So  
we at once made tracks for the cornfield; thence  
across for the main road. “Onward we swept in  
dreadful race, pursuers and pursued.” The soil  
was heavy; our guns weighed, by this time,  
nearly a thousand pounds each; and the awful  
fact was plain—our enemies were gaining on us.  
We reached the road, and, thanks be to praises!  
met a wagon going to town. The owner could  
not see our pursuers, and readily agreed to take  
us up in his wagon. We turned the corner, and  
kept the driver so busily engaged in conversation  
that he paid no attention to the howls of wrath  
behind him. At last we reached home, and  
meekly returned our borrowed weapons, each one  
internally “swearing a swear” that no more  
would he roam the woods—at least to go gun-  
ning.

The Squire—to our great astonishment—in-  
formed us on Monday that the shooting season  
hadn't begun, and we had no right to shoot quail.  
But he had not told us of that fact on Saturday,  
he said, “because he knew we wouldn't kill  
nothin', and he thought it mought p'rhaps amuse  
us.” “Phansy our feelinx.” J.

THE Boat Club, after struggling for years to  
maintain a scanty subsistence, has at last aroused  
the Trustees of the College to a sense of their  
duty, and we have something more substantial  
than promises from that body. At the last meet-  
ing of the Trustees, the Directors of the R. B. A.  
presented a petition praying for an appropriation  
of \$2500, and stating the present condition of af-  
fairs, (too well known by the students to need  
repetition here,) to which they replied substan-  
tially as follows:

“Resolved, That the Board has no funds which  
it can honorably appropriate to this purpose, but  
that it sympathises with the object in view, and  
recommends its own members and friends indi-  
vidually to raise the amount necessary, and for  
this purpose appoint Messrs. Letson, Janeway  
and Bishop to be a committee.

(Signed) D. D. DEMAREST, Secretary.  
To H. d'Eresby Weston, and others, Directors,  
&c.”

Part of the amount was subscribed immedi-  
ately, and large additions have since been made, so  
that now “we can smile at the carpenter's rage  
and face the rowing world.”

It is to be hoped that when the Boat House is  
paid for, and filled with gigs, shells and working  
boats, we will be able to produce a crew which  
will “let people know who we are,” and make  
all competitors “give way” before our “sturdy  
stroke.”

## PERSONALIA.

C. H. MILLSPAUGH, '73, is farming.

ED. LODWICK, '69, has not yet accepted a call.

WE saw J. W. HERBERT, '72, in town the other day. He is farming at Marlboro, N. J.

J. S. DEMAREST, '72, is in the coffee business, in New-York.

GEO. STEVENS, '72, is at the Albany Law School.

T. G. BERGEN, Jr., '67, has returned from Europe. He visited the College last week.

A. D. MINOR and FLETCHER CLARK, '73, have left College on account of ill health.

ROBERT DOIG, '69, has accepted the call to the churches of Berne and Beavertown, N. Y.

JOHN HART, '69, is the pastor of the newly organized Reformed Church of Locust Valley, L. I.

KO-ZO-SOOGIWOORA, '74, is interpreter for the Japanese Embassy.

F. SCHENCK, a graduate of Princeton College, has been ordained as "Dominie" of the Church of Clarkstown, N. Y.

PHILIP SCHMIDT, '72, is now honored with the title of "Fleischhacker." His office is on Easton-avenue.

WM. J. HILL, '71, has taken a Mission charge at Washington Hollow, N. Y. He has spent his summer's vacation with his friends in Ireland.

AT Columbia Law School are the following representatives of '70, '71, and '74:—J. Leupp, '70, J. Miller, R. Oakley, J. Fisher and Ed. Williamson, '71, and George Van Horn, '74.

EDWARD CORNET, who came to the Seminary from the Seminary at Geneva, Switzerland, has accepted the call to the Reformed Church of Stanton, N. J. He is at present enjoying the "honey-moon."

TATS, son of Prime Minister Iwakura, having completed the Grammar School course, and passed the examinations for College, is now traveling in Europe. He will probably return and enter upon College duties about the first of November. His brother, ASAHI, who left the Grammar School in April, and returned to Japan, because of ill health, is rapidly recovering, and hopes to be able to resume his studies with us the coming Spring.

"PEOPLE that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company."

"GOD has placed no limit to the exercise of the intellect he has given us, on this side of the grave."

"Si quis videtur inter vos sapiens esse in hoc saeculo, stultus fiat ut sit sapiens."

S. E. ARCHANDCULL.

POLITICS.—People Of Little Intellect Trust In Campaign Show.

## COLLEGE DOTS.

OUR new Chapel progresses.

PROFS. DOOLITTLE and HASBROUCK will probably return about the last of December.

THE Juniors study Political Economy this year in lieu of Metaphysics.

MR. A. S. COOK, '72, "tutes" the Freshmen in Mathematics.

FIVE of our University nine and four other players beat the Princeton '74 nine, with a score of 20 to 18, in seven innings.

The Sophomores beat the Freshmen at football with a score of 6 to 2. The spirit of '76 was incapable of conquering the muscle of '75.

WE have fifty-nine new students this year: one Junior, two Sophomores, and fifty-six Freshmen.

SOME persons attempted to set fire to the shed used by the workmen on the new Chapel as a tool-house, but their evil designs were fortunately frustrated.

THE Faculty have appointed the following Monitors:

Hawxhurst, Chapman, '73; P. Fuller, '74; Salisbury, Ward, '75; Lyall, Cutler, '76.

A FRESHMAN was approached by an upper class man who asked, "You're a '76 man, aren't you?" To which the *novus homo* replied, "I don't know; I haven't got my number yet."—*Brunonian*.

PROF.—"Mr.—, why was one of the ages of Roman literature called the silver age?"

Tall Junior, (confidently): "Because it produced so many *silver-tongued* orators." The class roars and Professor smiles.

ABOUT fifty students joined in with the Grant and Wilson torchlight procession a short time since. The "townies" were rather inclined to throw mud, as some of the students' coats will testify.

ONE of last year's Seniors sold the stationary mantel-piece to an enterprising Jew for \$1.50; fifty cents down, and one dollar on Commencement day. He then said to the College carpenter: "If that old Israelite tries to meddle with that mantel, put a head on him."—*The Yale Record*.

## OUR TELESCOPE.

THE class of '76 at Dartmouth numbers 80; at Bowdoin, 56; at Lafayette, 103; at Yale, 170.

A LONDON journal publishes the following anagram: "David Livingstone: Go (D. V.) and visit Nile."

A LADY, beholding in the window of a picture store on Chapel-street, Roger's group entitled "Coming to the Parson," exclaimed, "Oh, yes! that's Beecher to a dot!"—*Yale Record*.

AN old lady writing to her son at a western College, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.—*Vidette*.

## CLASS OFFICERS.

## '73, CLASSICAL.

President—A. V. MARTENSE.  
Vice-President—J. W. SUTPHEN.  
Secretary—P. HUYSSON.  
Treasurer—H. HARRIS.

## '73, SCIENTIFIC.

President—W. A. CHAPMAN.  
Vice President—C. F. STILLMAN.  
Secretary—C. HALDANE.  
Treasurer—E. VAN SICKLE.

## '74, CLASSICAL.

President—AMOS VAN ETEN, JR.  
Vice President—J. N. WYCKOFF.  
Secretary—R. WATSON BROKAW.  
Treasurer—J. R. DURYEA.  
Poet—W. F. GASTON.

## '75, CLASSICAL.

President—J. G. SUTPHEN.  
Vice-President—L. BRUMAGHIM.  
Secretary—JNO. H. ACKERMAN.  
Treasurer—THOS. D. SWIFT.  
Poet—W. H. H. WAY.  
Solicitor—F. ANDERSON.

## '76, FRESHMAN CLASSICAL.

President—WM. H. WASHOLDS.  
Vice-President—JOHN LEFFERTS, JR.  
Secretary—JAS. R. ROMEYN.  
Treasurer—H. M. COX.  
Poet—PAUL F. SUTPHEN.  
Historian—FRANK MUNDY.  
Solicitor—WM. TAYLOR.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

WE have received the following exchanges this term:

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*The Cornell Era*, *Williams Vidette*, *The Chronicle*, *The Yale Record*, *The Yale Courant*, *The College Courant*, *College Argus*, *Amherst Student*, *McKendree Repository*, *The College Spectator*, *Brunonian*, *The College Mercury*, *The Trinity Tablet*, *College Herald*, *The Student*, *The Annualist*, *The Madisonensis*, *College Courier*, *Irving Union*.

OUTSIDE PERIODICALS.—*The American Educational Monthly*, *New-York Observer*, *Proof-Sheet*, *Citizen and Round Table*, *Chicago School Master*, *Printer's Gazette*, *Star Spangled Banner*, *State Capitol*.

AMONG the recent publications of E. Steiger, New-York, is a small volume entitled "The Child," a free translation from the German of the Baroness Marenholtz-Buelow, by Madame Kriege. It is an elucidation of Frobel's Principles of Education, and worthy the perusal of all interested in that subject.

Especially should those to whom the instruction of the young is intrusted make a careful examination of the book, from which they cannot fail to gain valuable advice. Of a tone elevated and moral, it should find its way to the common library.

The child has found a new friend in this small though pregnant volume.

CAMPAIGNS—Crimes And Misdeeds Paraded As If Greatness Nursed Sin.