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"*Sol Justitiae et Occidentem Illustra.*"

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A CHORUS FROM SOPHOCLES.

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CHO :—

Welcome, O stranger, to Colonos' grove,
Where swells on high, through all its leafy vales,
The burden of melodious nightingales,
Haunting the ivy-tree, the tree they love.

God's holy grove : untrodden by the foot
Of sinful man—unshaken by the breeze :
No sunbeams pierce its interlacing trees,
Or taint the surface of its heaven-born fruit.

But Bacchus and his nurses revel there,
There the narcissus blooms in beauty's neath
The dews of Heaven : its clusters form a wreath
Which mighty goddesses rejoice to wear.

There blooms the crocus with its golden beams :
And ever through the plains encircling wide—
Gladdening the earth with his translucent tide—
Sleepless Aephus pours his rapid streams.

Their presence have the Muses not denied ;
And golden Aphrodite governs here.
In glittering green the olive trees appear—
Our children's nourishment—our country's pride.

No fairer tree in lordly Asia grows,
Nor yet in mighty Doris—Pelops' isle.
No mortal hand e'er gave it being while
Its beauty awes our most embittered foes.

Nor youth, nor age shall mark it for a prey :
No impious hand shall lay it waste—for Jove—
The Morian—and blue-eyed Athene love
The olive tree, and cherish it alway.

What tongue can tell thy praise in war and peace—
Thy countless steeds that graze upon the plain—
Thy snow white sails that dot the heaving main—
Fair Athens—gift of Heaven—and pride of Greece !

O son of Kronos—sovereign Neptune—thou
Hast been throughout all time our city's friend.
Thy power compelled the steed his will to bend—
Thy power alone his haughty neck could bow.

So in thy name we launch the bounding fleet,
Thy blessing on it as the plashing oars
Bear it to other and to distant shores—
Chasing the Nereids fair with myriad feet.

J.

A RAILROAD RIDE IN JAPAN.

A railroad ride ! Who counts it worth a drop of ink to tell of a ride over a railroad—the everyday common-place of the United States ? What wonder or novelty can there be found in a railroad train in Japan even ?

The wonder and novelty are the train and road themselves. We expect railroads and snorting steam engines in Europe and America. Every new country must have its rails and rolling stock ; but think of Egypt, India, Japan ! Only those who sniff the sooty breath, and feel the mighty pulses of the locomotive amid the monuments and customs of remote ages, can appreciate the full significance of the mighty civilizers. Let me drop all fancy, and plunge into the middle of my subject. The first railroad in Japan was projected about four years ago, and was to be laid between Yeddo, the capitol of Japan, and

Yokohama, its seaport—a distance, as the crow flies, of eighteen miles. Do not suppose, gentle or critical reader, that we are hammering thinner any platitudes, by bringing the crow to enliven, or even to cool, our August-born rhetoric. The crow, at first sight, to a visitor in Japan, seems the veritable national bird of Dai Nipon. Wherever thou goest, wherever I have gone, in Japan, there flies the crow. Up and down, saucily crookedly, and funnily funny, beyond the most extravagant conceptions of Punch or Aristophanes, is this black and reverend bird that caws ubiquitous in Japan. However, as one particular crow flies to Yokohama from Yeddo very rarely, it is taken for granted that he flies in the line of the shortest distance between the two points. This railroad, for reasons best known to the contractor, took about three years to be built, and is not yet finished. On the arrival of the Rutgers graduate in Japan, a few desolate embankments and puny sleepers were all that indicated a railroad. Being off in the country during one year, he returned to find that the railway would "soon" be open. During four months of waiting it was every day "going" to be opened "soon." At last, to silence all skepticism, the railway was opened, and we took a ride. And now, with the help of memory and the TARGUM, let us take that ride again.

Let us suppose that we have been together over night, in our house in the very heart of Yeddo, and we start out in the dewy freshness of a not over-hot July. We do have hot days in Japan, but we do not put them on paper. We do have dirty streets, and rickety houses of the fol de rol style of architecture, and nearly naked men and semi-nude women are not absent from our pained or accustomed eyes. Many a discord distracts the eyes and nose, as we pass along and enjoy the music of sense in surveying the natural loveliness of a land created, most certainly, by a loving Heavenly Father. However, we do not like to put dirt and foul things on our paper, and we believe there is enough poetry and metaphysics in the phrase, "it's all in your eye," to redeem it from slang and make it a sublime truth. So our accustomed vision will meet only the beauty to-day, and even if we do see sights shocking to modesty or pass places uncongenial to our olfactories, we shall cast the prisms of fancy on them, and see the fairer tints, that, with the others, make up the by no means white light, in the life of the masses in an Asiatic country.

We leave our house in a little carriage, drawn by three men. Out of the enclosure, in which live the foreign professors of Yeddo college, and after crossing the street, we rattle over H'Aots-bashi's bridge that crosses the moat, and then through the double-bastioned gate and towers. We are inside of the second line of walls and moats that encloses the core of Yeddo. After three quarter's of a mile's ride along the ivy-covered and tree-crowned walls, and the wide moats,

of the third circumvallation, we pass out at the other gate, and soon come once more to the extreme line of walls and moats—the fourth from the Mikado's residence, which, of course, is the hub, or central Pleiad of Great Japan. Along the old walls, past venerable temples, through Shiba—the gorgeous cemetery of the Shioguns—through the streets crowded with the ever-present babies, and amiable dogs, in front of shops all entirely open in front, anon almost brushing against the pack-horses, afflicted with strabismus, shod with straw, unkempt and with corpulent saddles and gorgeously gilded crimson cruppers, we pass out of the old city gates, black and neglected, and are now on a close race along the street that faces the bay of Yeddo, to reach the nine o'clock train. We are in time ! What a luxury of suggestion ! To be in time yourself is something, but to know that the train will move punctually—how intoxicating in its very fullness of delight. We—born in the land of steam, chronometers, and split-second watches—have often seethed, boiled and chafed, and finally baked ourselves into a heavy sog of resignation and stupidity, after waiting *three hours* for a boat to start, or a company to move. If watches behaved like most discouraged mortals who live in Asiatic nations, one of Jurgesen's best or a Waltham's perfect would become a Captain Cuttle's watch in less than a year's experience of Asiatic slowness and utter ignorance of the value of time. The most sublime lessons taught by the railways in Japan will be the inexorable necessity of punctuality and the priceless value of time. We can spend but five minutes inspecting the neat two-storied station, the waiting rooms of the 1st, 2d, and 3d classes, the Japanese ticket-sellers, porters and conductors. We can look only a moment at the excessively plain English locomotive, without cow-catcher, lantern, or engineer's cab, and at the cars, which are little playthings like our street cars, and without brakes. The first-class have compartments, the second are cane-seated, and the third are cattle-cars in appearance, with latticed and locked doors. We buy tickets, which are printed in English, German, French, Japanese and Chinese. The bell rings, and we are off.

We glide gently over the narrow guage road, with that smoothness for which English roads are remarkable, and pass under a bridge over which the Tokaido—the East Sea Road, and main highway of Japan passes. Crowds of natives line this road to see the JOK SHA pass. Glancing at the native passengers, amid those who are stolidly used to it, we see some to whom the whole proceeding is a miracle, a gross impropriety, and a contradiction of all previous experience. Our bowing Japanese conductor, with his gilt-banded cap and dark blue uniform, looks at our ticket, clips it in approved fashion, and now our eyes are free to roam. Look out at the left here, and see the lovely blue waters of the bay of

Yeddo, with its large fleets of white-sailed junks whose broad spotless bosoms bend gracefully to the freshening wind. Look further; there is the Imperial navy—frigates and tenders, war-ships, store-ships and iron-clads—all steamers, floating the red and white flag of Japan. Here, near the shore, are boys in a boat, hauling up the small oysters and clams that so plentifully abound. There, to the right, is a wayside shrine, and beyond it a temple. Now we glide within the shade of splendid pines. Anon, to the left, is the now deserted, but once lively and ever-traveled Tokaido. In by-gone days it was the highway over which moved the great Daimio's trains on their semi-annual journey to Yeddo. To cross this road while one of the trains was passing was death; and one foreigner, Mr. Richardson, was cut down like a dog for riding across the path of the Prince of Satsuma's retinue. Then, hundreds of hotels and refreshment-booths lined the Tokaido; now the hotels are neglected, grass has overgrown the site of many a tea-booth, and all the life that is seen, is a stray pedestrian or some farmer wending his way homeward, and anon a shuffling pack-horse or a decayed old shay with some roystering Japanese taking a pleasure ride. Now the Tokaido and its bordering pines are whirled out of sight, and we stop for a moment near the old pole-and-boat ferry of Kawasaki, (river-point) now crossed by a splendid new bridge and adorned by a neat, substantial station.

The whistle blows, the train moves. We pass images of Buddha and grave-stones that represent other gods in the Buddhist Pantheon. Now we dash by an old cemetery, with its upright dark gray stones, all embroidered with lichens and damp with mildew. Neglect and desolation seem the main features of a Japanese place of tombs, yet fresh flowers are placed in many of the sockets drilled in the pedestal of the tombs. The peculiar square posts written with Sanscrit letters stand in many places. It seems hardly proper to call these places cemeteries; they are rather cenotaphs. No graves are here. Beneath each of those stones are a few bits of calcined bone, a handful of ashes, and this is all. The rest of those mortals long since blushed in the flowers, or rose slowly heavenward in the growing trees. Wheresoever they be, there they await the Resurrection and the Life. The mystery and the open secret are alike before us. We leave the lichened tombs and the pots of ashes, and thank God that He is the God of the living also. Soon we reach Kanagawa. There, on the hill, in neatness and beauty stands the new public school, in which the Western learning is taught. The English language finds its present exponent and teacher in a true son of New Jersey. This school, though open to all for a slight pittance, was erected and is sustained by a private Japanese individual. Out on the blue waters to the left ride at anchor the ships of many nations. Over on the land sits Yokohama. From the flats in which centre the business activities, and from the bluffs on which the beautiful residences are built, she looks over the serene blue bay of Yeddo, whose waters are crystal, and whose overarching heaven loses naught when compared with the sky of Italy. To-day a sad sight meets our eye, as we behold the scathed smoke-stack of the once noble steamer America. How hideous in its desolation, and dishonored in its grave of mud! Alas for

human carelessness! Alas for the shame of our country, that such a glorious ship should become a blackened and hideous skeleton through criminal neglect of duty. But all our musings must end, for already the train has entered the spacious enclosure of the Yokohama terminus, and we alight. We have come from Japan's capital city, so redolent of the past, and are now in the bustling life of Yokohama—"the New York of Japan," and the exponent of its new life. Past old gods, old temples, immemorial rice-fields, past the laborers and the thousands of unfranchised citizens, past the old to spend a day in the stimulant life of the new city. No strains of language, no glowing page of printed oratory could ever preach so eloquently the energy and power, and wealth and civilization of the Western nations to Japan and the Japanese, as the growth of this splendid settlement within a decade of years. Reader, we have had our ride, Sai-o-nara.

CURIO.

UNDER THE SHADOWS UNTIL DAYBREAK IN NEW YORK.

In reading the histories of ancient cities, we are often surprised at the similarity of their evil habits, while in the general plan of the cities, their architecture and government, each have their distinct and peculiar characteristics, whereby they are known one from the other. Yet in their vices they are all alike. Crime appears universally in the same forms; neither time nor place has the power to change it. The hellish deeds of Sodom and Gomorrah are re-enacted in London, Paris and New York, and were it not for the righteous Abrahams pleading with the Infinite God, they would have been overwhelmed in their own destruction long since.

But what of New York? Is it so bad, with its beautiful park, almost like Eden, its flowers, birds, and beasts from every clime, while great fountains gush forth streams to refresh the gardens? Yes, alas! the Devil is here too; he lurks about in the arbors and the shady retreats, and strolls along the winding paths seeking for a victim. The light of day baffles him, however, and he anxiously waits for the darkness, and then seeks the habitations of his servants.

The shadows lengthen as the mantle of night descends quietly upon the great city. Truok, cart, express and omnibus have disappeared from the street; immense warehouses are hushed in silence; the ponderous driving wheel of the factory has ceased its revolutions, the hammer lies on the anvil, while the throng of industrious men and women have departed to their homes. And yet the city is not silent, for as the gas light flashes across the street and a new picture is presented, we hear the tramp! tramp!! of another multitude, and strange voices vibrate on the midnight air. Who are these people; whence came they, and what is their occupation? They are wild beasts; they come from their dens, they crouch in the night and lay wait to destroy.

It is a reality of which we are speaking. We could tell things that our eyes have seen and our ears heard, which would make every fond mother tremble for the safety of her dear boy and virtuous daughter. Down under the sidewalks, in the gaudy saloons, fit prototypes of hell, are the ruining processes going on; gambling, profanity,

drunkenness, licentiousness, murder, and by whom? Young men and women. None ever reach the age of three score years and ten. Disgusting songs and fierce howlings come up, as it were from the horrible pit.

But not all the hurrying crowd, mad upon destruction, go down the loathsome vaults; for we observe some entering into the palatial abodes of wealth and luxury, where light, flowing out from golden chandeliers, is reflected on mirrored walls; costly furniture and elegant tapestry adorn the gilded palace; there wine is presented to the enchanted youth by one whose eyes speak volumes, whose voluptuous bosom yields no sigh of pity, and whose jeweled hand trembles not as she holds to the lips of her victim the poisonous cup.

The amount of wickedness that is rampant in New York from eleven o'clock P. M. until five A. M. is fearful. We could scarcely believe that these creatures, who make the night hideous with their damnable deeds, are human, but alas! it is too true. God forbid that any of us shall be found among them.

ALEXIS.

WATKINS' GLEN.

SUCH is the unromantic name of a most romantic and beautiful spot at the head of Seneca Lake.

Imagine a mountain several hundred feet in height, rent from summit to base at a single stroke of some mighty hand. Imagine this vast chasm, lined with precipitous walls of rock, seamed and furrowed at some early day by the action of a mountain torrent. Imagine it filled with fairy pools and sylvan waterfalls, presenting ever changing, ever witching scenes of loveliness, and you will form a faint, a very faint idea of the wonders, the beauties, and the picturesque variety of this strangest of nature's freaks.

The scene presented to the eye is ever new, ever sublime. Now the beholder is awed into silence by the sublimity of the rocks rising sheer hundreds of feet. Now suspended in mid-air upon a bridge which lightly spans the crevasse, peering down upon some deep dark pool into which the sun's rays never penetrate. Or again standing in a wild savage gorge, the vast rocks nearly meeting overhead, but a faint glimpse of sky visible above, while in the distance a boisterous stream comes leaping in fairy cascades adown the face of some time-worn boulder, to plunge with deafening roar into the boiling pool at its base. The mind is oppressed with a sense of its own littleness and the gigantic scale of all around.

This wonderful glen extends nearly four miles into the heart of the mountain, and throughout its entire course its beauty increases. But it requires several visits to become fully capable of appreciating the sublimity of the glen. At the first visit the mind is so overpowered by the wonderful display of power everywhere around, that it fails to take in many of the most interesting and impressive scenes.

Whoever will visit this most curious of resorts, and explore its hidden beauties, will, I think, join with me in saying that it is indeed a testimony of the prodigious power of nature and nature's God.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

On the 10th of October ult. the nation was startled by the sad news that a life-long pilgrimage was over, and that William H. Seward had passed away from earth. His death, though not unexpected, was yet accompanied with a pang of sorrow, and those feelings of regret that always attend a visit of the King of Terrors. Calmly and peacefully the aged statesman breathed his last, surrounded by his stricken and weeping relatives, and in the midst of his beloved ones. No more befitting time could be found for his demise than when the sere and yellow leaves were falling—types of man's mortality. The sighing winds sing his requiem, and all nature has on a mourning garb of russet and brown. Earth will know him no more, and to history is allotted the task of preserving his memory, now so dear to his mourning country.

Mr. Seward was born in the year 1801, in Orange County, N. Y. At the age of fifteen he entered Union College as a Sophomore. After graduating from that institution he took up the profession of law. As has been said by one of his biographers, "as a student of Law, Mr. Seward displayed those qualities of industry, application and quick conception which characterized his later life. It was his practice to rise at four, and after a day's application to the law, to devote his evenings to general literature and composition." He early gained an enviable reputation at the bar, and early gave earnest of those marked abilities which afterwards secured to him a world-wide fame. His defense of the negro Freeman, which he undertook when popular feeling ran high against the convict, stamped him as one who dared, for the sake of right and justice, rise untrammelled above expedients; and he exhibited then a degree of moral courage seldom found. His transition from law to politics was the beginning of a lofty and successful career. He was in succession State Senator, Governor, and United States Senator. There, with those bright luminaries, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, he was in the front rank, and his voice was often heard in eloquent strains, battling for Union and Liberty.

In contemplating his character we find that perfect constructure which Phidias gave to the ivory, and Angelo imparted to the canvas. Educated morally and spiritually, as well as intellectually, his life was a full and complete embodiment of noble manhood. In private life he was a kind, loving parent, a good, honest citizen, a sincere, faithful and consistent christian. As a lawyer he was a bright ornament to the profession, affording a striking example of industry and probity. As a politician his career is fulgent with many honors, which years will not dim.

But it is in another sphere and in another capacity that our country is most indebted to Mr. Seward. His wise and judicious management of State affairs during the Rebellion raised in the hearts of the people a lasting monument, and will give his name a prominent position in our country's history. Appointed Secretary of State by President Lincoln, he found the good old ship of State storm-tossed and in danger of imminent destruction. High dashed the waves of secession, treason flashed from the lowering skies, and a mad tempest of hate, fire and blood burst upon

our country. But it is not only waves, lightning and the tempest's fury that the mariner fears; there are the still more dangerous hidden rocks and reefs to be avoided, if death is to be escaped. So Mr. Seward was called to the wheel of the nation, to steer the craft clear of the shoals of foreign interference. This was a task difficult in the extreme. European powers jealous of our strength and prosperity, monarchs fearing the influence of a people governing themselves, were ready at any moment to seize upon a pretext whereby they might precipitate themselves upon our already distracted country. When Columbia's face was turned in battle against Disunion, a foe from behind would have found her an easy victim. But Mr. Seward, with firm hand and discerning eye, safely traversed the troubled channel between Scylla and Charybdis, and though oft menaced, successfully warded off the impending danger. To him, therefore, we are much indebted for our present existence as a nation, and the name of Seward will ever be linked with that of Lincoln, fit companions for Washington and Lafayette.

He is gone. Through the narrow portal of the grave he has entered into that land of rest where the weary soul finds peace. No more will those lips speak wisdom, nor his hand point out the way of safety for the nation. But in the hearts of the people he still lives. Death opened for him a wider, nobler fame. The meteor's dazzling light is best shown by the gloom attending its departure. Words can not add to his glory. Passed from the arena of this world, he needs no eulogistic strains to preserve his memory.

"For 'tis confessed
That the adulterate metals most need
The goldsmith's art. What in itself is perfect
Condemns the borrowed gloss."

P. Q.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN this age of trashy and nonsensical literature, when blood and thunder tragedies, sighing Romeos and exaggerated Pauls and Virginias are flooding the literary market; when the intoxicated imagination of artificial men is giving birth to that "which not enriches them, and makes us poor indeed;" it is a relief and joy to contemplate such an author as Hawthorne.

His style is pure, chaste, and classical; the pathway of his imagination is strewn with the loveliest flowers, and along that pathway we are borne through an ideal world of wondrous beauty.

Edgar A. Poe, speaking of Hawthorne, says: "He is not *original* but *peculiar*, something like the German Tiesk in his manner and in the selection of his subjects, while his sameness, or monotony, or peculiarity, is mistaken for originality."

He has exquisite taste, his humor is delicate and his pathos deep and melting; he has been aptly called "the dreamer," and in "The Old Arm Chair;" "Sights from a Steeple;" "Little Annie's Ramble;" "Sunday at Home;" "Snow-Flakes;" "The Celestial Railroad;" "Night Sketches;" "A Rill from the Town Pump;" "The Haunted Mind;" etc., we find as many figures, and almost as much dreaming, as in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Who has not been charmed with "Hilda at the Virgin's Shrine," as with something too pure and

holy for this sin-tainted world? Or who has not felt like cutting strange capers, while viewing the elfish pranks of "Donatello?"

In the "Scarlet Letter," our indignation is aroused at that foolish and wicked Puritanic zeal, which, for one youthful sin, branded Hester Prynne's breast with a flaming shame, and kept it there for years; we are charmed with the deep tenderness and womanly devotion which shielded the poor minister, and scorned to expose his equal guilt; and we are almost melted into tears by the closing scene, when from the loftiest pinnacle of fame, from the sacred desk, where the thrilling eloquence of the "Election Sermon" still lingered, the young minister turns from the rapt admiration and awful reverence of the multitude, and calls to the despised and branded Hester, and at last shares her full shame, and dies in those true arms.

Hawthorne touches the deepest feelings of our nature. Seek where you will, you find nothing gross, nothing coarse. The vulgar find no beauty here. They call it "dreams and moonshine;" and so it is to them, because they cannot comprehend the higher phases of human life; they cannot sympathise in those exquisite refinements of spirit which make some men so Godlike.

A blacksmith cannot comprehend nor admire the intricate movement of a watch, and no more can an unrefined nature comprehend the beautiful movement of a mind like Hawthorne's.

The subject of this sketch is said to have been a man of such extreme sensitiveness and modesty, that he would not look another in the face. He would sometimes leave his own house that he might avoid visitors, simply because he was too bashful to meet them.

He was seen so seldom in public that it is as difficult to describe him as it would be to paint a figure of the fleeting air. Is there not something refreshing in the contemplation of such a character in these days of egotism, "brass," and selfishness? When men are clamoring for public applause, and struggling to climb over the heads of their fellows into the highest seats?

In the close of his article on "The Custom House," Hawthorne says: "It may be, however, transporting and triumphant thought, that the great-grand-children of the present race may sometimes think kindly of the scribbler of by-gone days, when the antiquary of days to come, among the sites memorable in the town's history, shall point out the locality of the "town pump."

Ah yes! thou artist of the pure and beautiful, future generations shall remember thee kindly and gratefully.

Far! far! down in the courses of time there will be voicings above the din of progress, praising the genius of the olden time, and when men shall turn to drink from those ancient fountains of inspiration, none will give forth more grateful draughts than those bearing the superscription—"NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE!" And if ever our language shall go down to death in the abysses of time, and up from those depths shall spring a newer, stronger, and grander speech, and men shall search for relics amid the wreck and ruin of dead thought, there thy name shall be found sparkling like a diamond of pure and peerless lustre, and they shall take it up and set it in the fairest coronal art can supply, where it will increase in beauty to the latest times.

CHARLWORTH.

THE TARGUM.

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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.

OUR term's work is two thirds completed. The knowledge of this fact leads us to reflect upon the work already done, and upon that which is yet untouched. We came into office determined to improve the TARGUM, ourselves and the College generally; and indeed, we expected, following the old adage, to accomplish it. But several unforeseen difficulties have prevented, causing our success to fall short of our ambition. We are dependent upon those connected with the College for all our reading matter, and the importance of having this written in a superior style is, therefore, apparent. The greater part of the productions received possess the fault of having been too hastily written, and are, therefore, minus the necessary finish. And let us stop just here, to ask our contributors to take more time in writing for us; thus doing justice both to yourselves and the TARGUM.

Another point: Many of the best minds in College have no inclination to prepare an article, choosing rather to enjoy the productions of others, and thus lay up within themselves the results of others efforts. But, my dear sirs, did it ever occur to you that you are morally obliged to keep giving off some of the fruits of your garnering process? Now, instead of wasting these little grains upon your fellows, who, being with you day after day, are familiar with them and with you, just gather a few of them together, and transfer them to the TARGUM, where, I assure you they will be appreciated and placed in a position which will enable them to administer information to a comparatively large number of your fellow beings. We offer these suggestions with the hope that they will be taken into consideration, for we know that if facts of such vital importance to the well being of Rutgers' TARGUM, are taken into consideration, there is a certainty of their being acted upon. And we offer them also, with the desire to relieve ourselves of the censure which will be so recklessly thrown at our offending heads, if this edition is inferior to its predecessors. But adieux to all of these.

Take our paper for better or worse, trusting with us that our *friends* will continue to improve it, until those whose duty it is to edit it will feel that their task is pleasant, their burden light, and the TARGUM's star in the ascendant.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

THERE are many who spend a life of mental effort, but nevertheless fail in attaining discipline of mind. This, however, is highly important. It is to the student what skill is to the mechanic. One may read all his days, and accumulate the richest and most valuable products of mind, but unless he possess the ability to render them available, they will be utterly worthless. By the term "mental discipline," the student understands that condition of the mental and moral faculties, which will at all times enable him to concentrate his attention, and grasp any given subject almost without effort, and to accomplish his plan, whatever it may be, with complete success. There is a mental power which enables the mind to adjust itself to its subject with the most gratifying ease; all its regularity, system, precision, life. The productions of such minds appeal directly to the heart.

The "myriad minded" Shakespeare, whom the world reveres, whose lyre, though sometimes harsh and discordant, speaks to the heart—stands forth as one of the most successful examples of mental discipline that the world has ever witnessed. His was the power to create: from nothing he evoked a universe of beauty. He "could enter upon every state, assume every character, feel the throbbings of every heart, and the inspirations of every soul." Nature was his study—his alma-mater. He was cramped by no rules; in the pure and beautiful fountain of his mighty spirit, nature was mirrored in all the winning and majestic loveliness of her immaculate self.

"He set the diamonds of his mind in pure gold." With him nature supplied the rules of art; the intuitive perception of his mind, rendered the *dicta* of schools superfluous; and, at the high altar of his own bright thoughts, he elaborated those grand conceptions which, while his language falls familiarly upon the ear, will be the admiration and wonder of the world.

OMICRON.

AN AMERICAN DAILY NEWSPAPER IN JAPAN PROPOSED.—A private letter from Yokohama, Japan, to the Editors of the *Fredonian*, says:

"So great is the rapidly increasing influence of Americans in Japan, that vigorous efforts are being made in Yokohama to start an American daily and weekly newspaper that shall be high-toned, scholarly and moral: which traits, be it said, are not very plentiful among newspapers in Japan. The editorship of this paper has been offered to Rev. WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS. Not wishing, however, to relinquish his work of teaching in the Yeddo College, he has suggested that a business manager and general editor be chosen, and that a staff of contributors be appointed from among the American residents in Japan. This plan will most probably be adopted. There is now scarcely an American newspaper in the East, the English monopolizing everything.

SENIOR REFLECTIONS.

"Indeed, now they *must* be ponderous, and I will just sit right down in the shadow of Webster's Dictionary and see what can be done;"—but stay, you sarcastic Freshman! for while you have [not] spoiled our humor, yet in mercy we would just whisper in your ear that all this is but a bait to catch your attention; so if you would avoid the hook you will not read what follows here.

Seriously, though, we can tell you that when the moonshine of College life is fading away, and the red light of morning is drawing aside the curtain to show us the "wide, wide world," then we *are* concerned.

For what is this chill feeling of dread that comes over us like to one who must walk barefoot through frosty grass?

Why do we begin to feel in our pockets, as it were, for some certificate for all this study, that will entitle us to a position hereafter?

What practical use can be made of our attainments?

These are the questions that haunt us now. Why? Just for the same reason that a man when he is about to be thrown entirely upon his own resources, will begin to think what he can *do*.

We have had golden opportunities for speculating in thought, for debating rival theories, for investigating the principles of science; soon we must *act*. Is it any wonder, then, that we should sometimes look dignified and grave?

Who knows what plans have for long years lain in the shadowy future, till now they are reviewed, and either dashed in pieces as unworthy air-castles, or settled once and forever as felt realities to be accomplished.

How carefully we calculate the prospects of success in the different professions, and the motives that led us hither are in many cases being reconsidered.

It is the hour when one must fight his battles alone. Advice is dangerous. An enlightened conscience tempered with good sense, is the only sure monitor.

But is this final year then the gloomiest of all? Not necessarily so, by any means. On the contrary, just as here we are most apt to meet the battlefield of doubt, so likewise should this become our *campus martius* of brilliant victories. We have no business to make this a protracted war. It should be sharp, short, and decisive. A lazy indecision breeds misanthropy. Let the future course be *settled*; then take an outlook thereto with a brave heart and an honest purpose.

Moral courage in these matters is below par. It is good to meet those rare cases of heroic devotion whose very presence seems to shame a coward to duty. Such we have had among us. There may be such now. The student who is loyal to the convictions that may be pressing him here, will not lack for other hearts to beat in unison with his own. They will, though in some cases he may never know it.

A life without sympathy is cheerless. A life with it—especially if it comes in the praises of good men, and better still if in the softer accents of a finer nature—is happy anywhere.

ORION.

COLLEGE MORALS.

A CAREFUL observer of American Colleges must have witnessed within a comparatively few years a very marked change in what may be termed College morals. This change has kept pace with the elevation of the Colleges in learning and educational facilities. It is a change which has not attracted as much attention as the multiplication of professorships, and the increase of endowments, but is nevertheless not less important than either. As the moral training of a young man is more important than his intellectual; as what he *is*, is a more momentous consideration than what he *knows*, it follows that an improvement in College ethics is more to be rejoiced at than their growth in numbers or scientific reputation.

The code of morals in American Colleges was derived in a great measure from the traditional system in the great English Classical Schools. The mutual relations which existed between teacher and scholar in these schools were not confidential, but antagonistic. The brutal practices of flogging and hazing among students were allowed. The higher classes exacted humiliating attentions and menial services from the lower. Similar acts of deference from the lower towards the higher classes were actually enforced by faculty regulation in the early history of American Colleges. The hat was to be carried under the arm while passing a Senior. The Freshman might be called upon by his superior to perform menial duties. These and such as these were usages which undermined the spirit of mutual helpfulness which ought to prevail among those brought together in the same institution. They produce the same kind of arrogance and cruelty on the one hand, and of rebellious opposition on the other, as the system of slavery produces in a country.

The spirit of antagonism between faculty and students was perhaps a growth of the effort to enforce these unwise regulations between students, and to carry out a system of offensive espionage with regard to their conduct. Natural frolicsomeness, reckless daring, unrestrained depravity, all had their share in widening the breach between them. It grew to be a settled tradition among successive classes that their professors were their natural enemies, and each class felt that it would lose its claim to respect if it did not carry on the war which had been bequeathed to it. They felt that in this war every expedient would be honorable, and every outrage justifiable. They formed for themselves, therefore, a code of morals for their lives in College, different from that which they had practiced before coming, and different from what they expected to conform to after they left. The maxims of truthfulness which they deemed in ordinary life binding upon them, in College life they took the liberty of modifying so as to permit evasions, prevarications and deceptions, and when hard pressed, an occasional fib. The golden rule, which in their Christian homes they had been taught to reverence and to square their conduct by, they now interpreted not to include their professors, and hence not to forbid a concert of tin-horns under their windows, and the frightening and mortifying of their families by annoyances and insults. Their principles of

honesty were so far relaxed as not to interfere with stealing the President's chickens, or with mutilating and defacing any property which happened to belong to their great incarnate oppressor and enemy—the College corporation.

This demoralization had not only affected the body of students, but had extended to the communities in which the Colleges were located. It was not only implicitly, but explicitly understood that College students were not to be held to the same rigid accountability for breaches of the peace as other men. Reputable members of society were found ready to apologize for and defend the offences of students as less reprehensible than the same offences in others. The reckless and criminal skylarking of young men in College was treated among respectable families as a capital joke, when the same misdemeanors committed by others would subject them to social ostracism. If perchance the depredations extended a little too far, and a citizen's melon patch were invaded, or a citizen's shed set on fire, or his horse's tail sheared, then, indeed the trick was dastardly, and deserved the severest punishment. But as long as the injuries were confined to the persons and property of College officers, as long as they hunted in their own legitimate "preserves," and made game only of the professors and tutors, then in the public estimation it was fair sport, and should not be dealt with too harshly. And scores of dear good men, and their dear good wives and daughters, were ready to raise their voices in horror at the cruelty of inflicting punishment upon a lively young man who had been caught girdling the trees on the College grounds, or stealing the Bible from the Chapel desk, or smearing tar upon the chair of a professor who was so unreasonable as to try to make the young hopeful study his lessons.

But we have said that a change for the better has taken place in College morals. It has been gradual but manifest. The day for the famous old College tricks are gone. Henceforth the College student is to look upon himself, and be looked upon by others, as in no way different from any other young man, and to be held amenable to the same laws of morality and good breeding as are held to be binding on others. This change has been brought about by various influences.

1. The wall of artificial dignity which was originally thought to be necessary between professor and student has been pretty much levelled. We say *artificial* dignity, because that true dignity which is inherent in the gentleman and scholar, needs no artifice to maintain it. The true professor makes no claim for himself of superiority as a man over his students. He feels that he is only a companion and co-worker of these young men, and is only entitled to their reverence when he shows himself able to lead them in their career of learning. As a man, he claims only what he gives freely in return—kindness, courtesy and helpfulness. This artificial dignity had no small share in provoking the antagonism we have spoken of, and its decay has helped not a little to re-establish amicable relations.

2. The ordinary public sentiment in which the students find themselves has essentially raised its demands. The social circle in which the young man mingles does not treat quite so tenderly as

it used to do, his boasted escapades, nor sympathize quite so warmly with him when a well deserved punishment is inflicted on him. His father and friends at home, and his pastor and patron are not quite so ready as formerly to take up his case against the College authorities, and try to make it so hot for them that they are glad to sneak out of the matter. It has come to be pretty much settled that if a young man offends decency, and commits crimes, severe discipline is not a bad thing for him, and may, if applied in time, save him from a worse fate.

3. These and other causes have produced their effect upon the common student mind. The young man who finds himself unsupported in his reckless courses by local sentiment, and without much sympathy from the home government, also finds himself confronted by the manifest disapprobation of his College associates. The youth who could climb the lightning-rod and steal the clapper out of the College bell might have been quite a hero once, but now-a-days he is set down as an unmitigated nuisance. Falsehood no longer pays, because it forfeits for a man the good opinion of the College world. To haze a Freshman, or to steal the corner-stone of a new building, or to get tearing drunk, are no longer esteemed among College students such very manly achievements as to be rewarded with popularity and applause. To excel in learning, to acquire accomplishments of mind and person, to use faithfully the opportunities which parents and friends often purchase for him at great sacrifices, to sustain the honor and good name of his College in learning, eloquence, manly sports and gentlemanly bearing—these are the achievements which more and more are coming to bring to a man the good opinion of his College associates.

4. The methods of College government have received much consideration in later years among the best educators. The subject has been discussed in public conventions, in public journals, and in private conclaves. The result of these discussions has been to convince College officers that in cases of notorious breaches of the law the offenders must be dealt with like any other criminals. In matters of ordinary infringement of College regulations, the College authorities are sufficient to deal with it. But when the offence becomes a breach of the law, and a crime against the public peace, then the punishment which the law prescribes should be inflicted. To shield a student from punishment when he has broken the law, makes the College authorities *participes criminis* with the offender. It is mistaken mercy, just as it would be a mistake to hide a thief, because we are so unfortunate as to know him. A general resort to this principle in our American Colleges will soon drive from them the flagrant offences of which they are occasionally the victims. To punish with the just rigors of the law, the reckless young men who would explode a keg of powder under a College building, or who would set fire to a barn, would be a help to College morals in every institution in the land. Why should the student who brawls in the street, or who steals a gate, or who smears with tar the Chapel seats, be treated any more leniently than other offenders? Why should a College officer be expected to stand still and have his property destroyed without "haling the offender before a

judge," any more than any other citizen? And why should public opinion pronounce it so unwarrantable a step, if a professor vindicates his manhood by a resort to the same weapons that any other citizen would use? It is because College offences have been made so light of by the authorities that they are thought so light of by the student. He takes advantage of the immunity with which he has hitherto escaped, and in moments of recklessness commits crimes which the certainty of just retribution would make him shrink from. That the future policy of our best American Colleges is to be conformed to these simple dictates of common sense is certain, and it is this change of policy which, more than any one cause, has already gone so far towards driving rowdism and traditional brutality out of College communities.

OUR GAME OF FOOT BALL.

WE started for Tremont, Saturday, November 2d, to compete with Columbia, at a game of foot-ball, buoyed up with the hope of victory, and also depressed with the fear of defeat. We had engaged with Columbia before, and victory then perched itself on the scarlet pennon, and why wouldn't it be gracious enough to do it again? Those who were confident were merry, and those who were doubtful sang "to keep dull care away," and altogether we were a jovial crowd. On the train we instituted a cheer, which was designed more for a "scare" than for the harmony of the thing, and unlike Xerxes, our "scare" did not fail. We were received in New-York by a number of Columbians, who escorted us to the Harlem Depot, and seated us in the cars, which they had generously chartered for this occasion. A half hour's ride brought us to our "fighting grounds." We had now come, and divesting ourselves of everything needless, we were prepared for the onset. We took a good look at our opponents—who were nearly all well built and muscular men, and it seemed as if they would have an easy conquest. The grounds, which are the best fitted that we have ever seen for such civilized warfare, were laid out on the "Tom Brown" style—200x75, and the ball had to go over a bar seven feet high, joined at either end to two upright poles fourteen feet apart, ere we could call that game our own. This looked rather tough—but the poet said:

"What can't be cured,
Must be endured."

So we left it all to the poet. We had now seen, and a little more than we wanted to.

The ball was started by Columbia, and then—who can describe the horrible scenes that ensued? Byron, mighty as he was with the pen, would have given the task up in despair; and even Pope, that uncomplaining master of poetry, would have groaned in the agony of his spirits, because he could find no words forcible enough to portray those thrilling scenes with sufficient efficacy. And now what can we do? We will have to omit it too, as Byron and Pope would have done, and leave it entirely to the imagination of those who were not there to see. The results of this fierce struggle were these: One enemy was taken off the field with a knee dislocated, another had one corner of his mouth pulled all out of shape—and Rutgers won the game.

We went at it again, but darkness interfered

and stopped our cruel proceedings, and we were announced the victors.

Now we had conquered! Just the same way that noble old Cæsar had done centuries before us, only our victory was greater than his. There was no end to the politeness of "these Columbia fellows," for after paying our fare from New-York to Tremont, and giving us the grounds on which we might beat them, they very kindly invited us into the Tremont Hotel to "take tea" with them, and for the sake of politeness only, we had to accept. No one can doubt that their pocket-books must have been mighty flat after getting up such a gorgeous feast as was before us. We did not think much about that then, but only how flat our stomachs would be until we had something in them, which event was not long in transpiring. Then we felt joyful, and drank toasts, sung, danced, and did everything, just for the purpose of having a good time. And we had a good time. But everything must have an end, so at ten o'clock we had to leave our scenes of rejoicing, bound for "old Brunswick town."

Columbia treated us very handsomely indeed—and since the old saying has it, "That handsome is that handsome does," they must be uncommonly handsome.

K. K.

That Brunswick, too, might see the sight,
We, on the ninth, renewed the fight;
And cheers resounded not a few,
As Rutgers triumphed five to two.

But as we carried off the wounded,
All animosity was grounded.
At Marsh's Rutgers then stood treat,
Rejoicing in her mighty FEET.

THOUGHT AS A MEANS OF STUDY.

When students will not turn their acquisitions to practical use, they cannot be sure that they have what they seem to have possessed themselves with. If the matter with which they meet in the classroom never comes into view except as the pages upon which it is printed are brought before the eyes, it can be but as so much trash upon a refuse heap, remnants of things of the past, unused and useless. But much of the matter of the classroom is not of a character to be of practical use, much of it is so closely connected with the particular subjects of the books on the pages of which it is found that it can not be expected to come into view apart from those pages, or, at least, apart from those subjects. Then there must be a *sham-practical* use of those subjects and the associated matter, that the mind may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good function. That is, there should be a calling up of those subjects and a vigorous use of the matter connected with them, a strict application of it and deductions from it, in thought. This is the only way to become masters of what we study. If we can not actually apply the principles of a science in practice—and there is comparatively little in a college course which we can so apply—then we must either talk the principles over among our fellows, or think them over with ourselves, or bid adieu to them.

Thought is a powerful method of study. In thought we can reason and analyse with perfect freedom. We are not in the least afraid of ourselves, though we be ill at ease in the presence of others. We can argue with ourselves without

fear of being laughed at. We can feel free to suggest every argument that may present itself, and to return every answering objection. Jack knows John so well, and John sees so much of Jack, and each is so much attached to the other, that they can speak their whole minds without fear of offense, and with the full assurance of a free and honest answer; and so they unconsciously grow into a series of discussions on the topics of the daily routine. Ever and anon it is a matter of wonder to each that the other knows so much and he so little; but there is ever that mutual leading upward and spurring onward which is the invariable accompaniment of free and honest discussion. Moreover, at the close of every discussion, as Jack begins to merge again into John, he feels that the fellow that knew so much is himself after all, that, though he knows so little, he yet has a faithful friend and a competent assistant in himself, and he feels, too, that the fellow who was so stupid is still himself, that he must strive to help himself. And so the greatest good that a student can have is gained, that of knowing himself; the strangest paradox of life is reached, that of self-distrust united with self-confidence.

These private interviews with one's self are often very amusing too. There is something wonderfully ludicrous in the way that John has to hold Jack away from him to secure a comfortable speaking distance, an appreciable distinction of personality. Jack is too much attached to him to remain at arm's length from John without the determined force of John's arm to hold him there, and ever and anon, as John forgets the forced division of his personality in the warmth of his argument, he looks up to a vanished comrade for an answer, and experiences the ridiculous sensation of the consciousness of having been talking to no one.

Some may say that they have no time to waste in such silly sport. But that is not a waste of time which so easily and pleasantly enables one to become better acquainted with himself. As we become acquainted with others only by communing with them, so we know ourselves only by conversing with ourselves. That is not silly sport which recalls and fixes in the mind the lessons we have learned. That is downright earnest work which adds to our knowledge and opens up to us the consciousness of our needs.

Besides, there is a time most appropriate for these thought discussions. It is the hour of

"That clear obscure,
So softly dark, so darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

"Midnight oil" is well known to be expensive; but he who burns a twilight oil burns a much more costly.

Test it. Use the time "twixt daylight and dark." Test it while there is such a thing to use, for lofty thought and bold discussion, and see if it will not yield an hundred fold of profit and an hundred fold of pleasure. MARK KER.

TWILIGHT.—The While, Inspiring Loftiest Intellect, Grasps Highest Thought.

"PICTURES taken in ten minutes." What is that to boast of? In our trade we take not only pictures, but jewelry and money in half that time.

PICKPOCKET.

COLLEGE STUDIES AND GENERAL CULTURE.

BY A GRADUATE.

Rutgers once more opens her doors to welcome students new and old, and the familiar bell rings out the hours of recitation.

There are different ways of entering college. Some are pushed in; others float in, as a matter of course; their fathers went before them; while others enter with the triumph of conquerors, having fought many hard battles on the way thither.

The mechanic goes to his chest to get a particular tool to perform a certain work, and with something of the same clear apprehension and definite aim should the student lay hold upon his tasks and opportunities. It is with the earnest desire to help the student in gaining such apprehension and purpose that these lines are penned. The vital importance of the thoughts suggested has impressed itself upon us with ever-increasing force since graduation day.

Taking it for granted that the proper path of the individual is through college, we lay down this proposition: *Whatever be the ultimate end of a college education, that end will be best attained by making general culture the pilot word of college days.* By general culture I mean a symmetrical development of manhood. To explain further—the four years of college come in the formative period of life, and if the student would see the place that the college should have in relation to general culture, let him imagine himself addressing the admiring audience on Commencement Day. College is in the past. What does the wise graduate desire to carry away as elements of power and as sources of happiness? These four things: *a sound body*: no dyspepsia, no weakness of the eyes, but a perfect constitution; *a well disciplined mind*, *a heart ripening in piety*; and fourth, *manners polished through the influence of good society and sound sense.* In this light "college days" do not mean mere intellectual culture; they mean culture of the whole man—physical, intellectual, moral, social. DEVELOPMENT is the word ever to be kept in mind. The man who graduates with the largest sum total of these four accomplishments (if I may so call them) is the *real valedictorian*. He carries away the greatest number of medals, although others may surpass him on the programme. Some students (and they are often noble fellows) consider college as meaning mere culture of the mind, but their view is sadly defective, and sooner or later they find it out. Our worthy professors are eager to see great progress in their respective departments, sometimes, perhaps, not thinking that the aggregate demand upon the faithful, painstaking student is very great—too great to permit the proper culture of the whole man. It should ever be borne in mind that *the college was made for man, not man for the college.* College is a tool, a servant, and must take its place as a minister in its sphere to our manhood. Let no young man allow himself to become absorbed in its requirements as passively as water is taken in by a sponge, but let him wisely use it, often asking himself, "Am I developing in a four-fold manner? Is my progress a complete—a symmetrical one?" Let no one be impatient of immediate results, but let each one proceed steadily forward

ward "on this line." Whether then usefulness, happiness, great literary attainments, or even success in life in its lowest sense be sought, there will be in the college graduate the surest pledge that such end shall be reached.

In our next we will point out some impediments to such complete culture of manhood.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE CONVICT.

PICTURE to yourself the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in the confines of a lonely cell. Sustained by some vague hope of escape—he knows not how—or indulging in some wild and undefined possibility of reprieve—he knows not why. Hour after hour of the three days allotted to him for preparation have passed with incredible quickness, and now he has suddenly come to realize that but a few short hours more are his in this world. He has tired his friends with his entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected the timely warnings of his spiritual adviser, and now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless and hopeless state rushes upon him, he is bewildered and stupified, and has neither thought to turn to, nor power to call upon, his Maker, who alone can grant forgiveness and mercy, and before whom alone his repentance can avail.

Hours have glided away, and yet he sits upon the same hard stone bench with folded arms, heedless both of the fast departing time and the solemn admonitions of the good man by his side. The feeble light is wasting slowly, and the solemn stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mournfully through the prison yard, warns him that the night is fast stealing away. The deep bell strikes—one! He heard it; it has waked him. Seven hours left! and he paces the narrow limits of his cell with hasty strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He allows himself to be conducted to his seat, and mechanically taking the Bible which is placed in his hands, endeavors to read and listen. No; his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book in which he read his part at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since, and yet the school-house, the time, the room, nay, the very boys he rambled with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some kind word, some benevolent counsel of his teacher, ring in his ear as though spoken but a moment since. The melancholy voice of the aged clergyman with him recalls him to his senses. He is reading from the holy book its gracious promises of pardon to the repenting, and its awful denunciation of obdurate sinners. He sinks upon his knees to pray. Hark! what sound was that? He starts to his feet. It cannot be two yet. Alas! it is so, and he has but six hours yet ere his soul will be in the presence of his God. Talk not to him, venerable man, of comfort and repentance! Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of crime and guilt! He buries his face in his hands and throws himself upon the bench.

Wearied with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable weight is taken from his breast; his wife is with him, and they are walking through the pleasant fields, with the clear blue welkin above them, and a beautiful and boundless prospect on all sides—how different from the walls of his prison! She is altogether lovely—not looking as she did when she last visited him in the cell, but as she did in years gone by, when they had loved each other with a pure and devoted affection, and when sorrow had not yet emaciated her cheek, and when wickedness had not yet changed his nature. She is resting confidently upon his arm, and looks up into his face with tenderness and affection, never thinking that the future would bring such trials and troubles as she has now experienced. He does not strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her all that he had forgotten in the last brief interview, and to fall on his knees before her and implore forgiveness for all the unkind words or acts that had wasted her life away and broken her heart. The scene is suddenly transformed. He is on trial again. There sit the judge and jury with their stoic faces, just as they were before. How full the court-room, what a turbulent human sea—and there is a gallows, too, and scaffold—and how all those people stare at him! Verdict—"Guilty." No matter; he will escape. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open by the inadvertant jailor, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from his lawful abode like the wind. He is soon outside of the city speeding his way over the rough and rugged country. Onward he dashes through the darkness, over hedge and ditch, through swamps and bogs, leaping from spot to spot with a speed and lightness that are astonishing even to himself. At length he stops; he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that mossy bank, and sleep "till rising sun proclaim the birth of day."

Unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched, and what does he behold by the dull gray light of the approaching morn? The form of the attendant turnkey entering his cell. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too awfully real to admit either of doubt or mistake. He is a condemned felon, who in a short time must expiate his crimes upon the scaffold.

"Tis morn—and o'er his altered features play
The beams—without the hope of yesterday;
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her wing;
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt
Chill, wet and misty round each stiffen'd limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him."

K. K.

We are in receipt of several pieces of music from Charles A. Capwell, 165 Neilson-street. We can assure the public that they will be satisfied with the select list of latest and best music issued by this gentleman. Our music loving students, of whom there are many, should give him a call.

L.

"The two most engaging powers of an author are to make *new things familiar*, and *familiar things new*."

COLLEGE DOTS.

EXCURSIONS to the Piscataway cider mill are getting to be few and far between.

Prof.—Mr. ——— was that microscope binocular?
Student—I didn't notice, sir, who it was by.

No wonder H. Greeley is a political thermometer. H. G. stands for mercury, Prof. Van Dyck says.

PHILOCLEAN SOCIETY Declamations by members of the Freshman Class took place on Friday Evening, Nov. 8th. The prize was awarded to J. E. LYALL.

Student Politician.—Some men seem to think we live in an *Empire*. They talk politics so very empirically up our way.

OUR game of foot-ball with Columbia, at Tremont, was pronounced by the Columbia trainer the best game that he had ever seen played

The boys to Tremont took a ride,
And College laws with cheers defied.
Prex happened in the train to come,
They bit their lips, and all kept mum.

Is it absolutely necessary that our recitation rooms should be so very hot? Perhaps our Janitor could cool down the coal-devourers somewhat.

RECITATION IN MORAL SCIENCE—*Prof.*—Dr. Wayland calls conscience a *faculty*. Is the term well applied?

Student—I think so, sir, as it always interferes when we are doing any mischief.

ONE of our Juniors can see no reason why people should object to a lady becoming *manly* if she will. He feels sure she can do so without losing any of her feminine grace and loveliness. Who is he?

OUR enlarged subscription list, requiring the printing of seventy-five copies of the October number after the regular issue, is evidence of the proper College spirit, as well as of the faithfulness of some of our Directors.

THREE students were arrested a short time since for—nothing whatever. The Recorder discharged them because he could find no ground of complaint against them. The policeman who arrested them was, of course, very indignant.

SCENE IN POLITICAL ECONOMY—*Student*—Professor, can a lawyer's earnings be classed as profits?

Professor—No, sir. They are classed as wages.

Student—Then a lawyer must be an unprofitable servant, sir.

SCENE AT HERTZOG HALL:—*Enter Student, just returned from New-York:*

Have you heard how the horses are dying of that Academic?

Room Mate—You don't mean *Ac-ademic*, do you?

Student—Well, how do you pronounce it then?

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."
"By work you get money, by talk you get knowledge."
"Great rest standeth in little business."
"Quærite ergo primum regnum Dei, et justitiam egus."
S. E. ARCHANDCULL.

PERSONALIA.

VANNIER, '72, is in Europe.

STEELE, '72, is studying medicine.

"BOB" BROWN, of '65, is still at Yokohama.

BURROUGHS, '72, is engineering in Maryland.

POTTER, '72, is prospecting in Woodbridge, N. J.

W. H. LAWRENCE, '71, was in town the other day.

GANO, '71, is a Civil Engineer in Westfield, N. J.

MARTINEZ, '73, is in the Columbia School of Mines.

ROKENBAUGH, '72, is in a banking house in New-York.

ED. STEPHENS, '73, is studying Dental Surgery in New-York.

HOFFMAN, LOTT and WELLS, '75, are in the New-York University.

BROOKS, '72, is a Civil Engineer on the Penn. R. R., N. J. Division.

STRONG, '72, is studying law with his father, Woodbridge Strong, Esq.

HOFFMAN, LEGGETT, MILLER, RIES and VAN NEST, '72, are in the Seminary.

WEIR, '71, will soon go on the Underground Railway, New-York, as Civil Engineer.

RUTGERS, '73, remains in this City. His blooming countenance can often be seen at the Post Office.

REV. J. H. BALLAGH, of '55, is in poor health, mainly owing to his arduous labors in Yokohama. The first native Church was organized under his auspices.

CLARK, of '69, is still at Shidznoka. The Department of Education wish him to come to Yeddo, but he will most probably continue in Shidznoka.

WYCKOFF, of '72, arrived safely in Fukuwi, and has gone bravely to work. There is one teacher of English there, who will leave in November, and then Wyckoff will be monarch of all the boys whose mental powers he can survey.

MR. C. J. K. JONES claims the silver cup of '70, as on October twenty-fifth a junior partner was admitted to a full share in his home joys. He is evidently aiming to start the education of the youth aright, as he has since that time renewed his subscription to the TARGUM.

H. STOUT, of '65, who is Professor of the English language in the Imperial Japanese College, in Nagasaki, and Missionary of the Reformed Church in America, was recently in Yeddo, renewing old memories with "*Curio*," of '69. He also attended the Missionary Convention in Yokohama.

REV. ROBERT DOIG, '69, is at present living in the moon. The *Fredonian* states it thus:

DOIG—GARRETSON—At Pleasant Plains, N. J., October 23d, by Dr. Mabon, of New-Durham, assisted by Dr. Sears, Rev. ROBERT DOIG, Pastor elect of the Reformed Church of Berne, N. Y., to ADELAIDE L., daughter of Stephen Garretson, of the former place.

OUR TELESCOPE.

THERE are rumors that the present site of Brown University is to be exchanged for some more suitable position. Its present location is valued at over a million dollars.

DR. SILLIMAN used to give out rather long hymns. One morning, after having read eight verses in his peculiar way, without stops, he ended with, "And sing to all eternity," omitting the last two stanzas."—*Record*.

SCENE, shore of the lake. Enter Senior and ladies. *Senior*—"Here is a good place from which to see the race."

Lady—But there are no seats.

Senior—"We have nature's seats"—hastily—"I mean we can sit on the ground and on the rocks." Confusion all around.—*Yale Courant*.

WHY is the animal excrescence, which in the course of nature makes its appearance, grows and flourishes on the summit of the pericranium of the red deer of the sterner sex, the same thing as the chemical compound ordinarily obtained by distillation from the carbonate of ammonium, by the application of which to their nostrils, and consequent inhalation, persons, usually of the fairer sex, are accustomed to relieve and alleviate pains of a cephalalgic and neuralgic nature? Ans.—Because it is Harts horn.

GEN. DANIEL PRATT, G. A. T., C. O. D., is again with us. He is not puffed up under his recent title, but bears it with modesty and moderation. He has been addressing different colleges on various subjects. He says, among other things, that the educational institutions of our country are the "palladium of its liberties." The Gen. desires us to announce that he will lecture to the students of Yale this evening. His subject is: "The value of invisible possession in harmony with the vocabulary organization of man."—*Yale Record*.

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, Hobart Sentinel, Lafayette Monthly, Miami Student, Volante, Griswold Collegian.*

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, Farm and Fireside.*

Our thoughts committed to the press
Are multiplied to curse or bless;
Behold yon torrents wasting course,
'Twas but a brooklet at its source.

"When the cat's away
The mice will play,"

Is thus adjusted to College:

The students are gay
When Prex is away.