

THE TARGUM.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

"Sol Justitie et Occidentem Illustra."

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RUTGERS.

TERMS—\$1 PER YEAR.

A LEGEND OF PHILO.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM BON GUALTIER.)

Philo met. The night was wet; the Praeses took the chair.
On either side the student pride of Rutgers gathered there;
With gloomy frown a Soph sat down, and far within his cheek
His quid he thrust, and slaked the dust, when Freshmen rose to speak.

Far down the right, on that sad night, a youthful Freshman sat,
And like an old Philoclean upon the floor he spat:
Then turning to a neighbor, asked, before he spat again,
"Who's that young cove beside the stove, who sports the hickory cane?"

My boy beware, your thought forbear: a Sophomore you see.
Of spouters fierce, the ears that pierce, the fiercest spouter he.
He chews and spits as there he sits; not half a dime he cares;
And in his hand, for deadly strife, a monstrous "banger" bears.

"Avoid that stick, so long and thick; its weight can never fail
To make you kick the bucket, or turn a little pail."
But coward fear came never near that gallant Freshman's heart,
"Were he a reverend Senior, I would rile the fellow smart."

Then up he rose, and cleared his nose, and looked to-ward the chair,
He saw the glorious crescent moon—old Philo's badge was there!
His heart beat high; with one wild cry, upon the floor he sprang,
Then raised his wrist, and shook his fist, and spoke his first harangue.

"Who stole the last of Cooper's works; his dues would never pay!
Who stole the cane which from a Fresh he swears he took away?
For twenty cents—ye Philo gents—to Halifax I'd kick
That awful bore—that Sophomore—that feller with the stick!"

"That teller" smiled with frenzy wild; his very beard waxed blue,
His shirt it couldn't hold him in—so wrathily he grew,
No word spoke he, but silently he turned himself about,
Then grasped his stick, and aimed a blow might lay that Freshman out.

And did that blow descend? Ah! no. Their comrades stopped the fight,
Although they swore and ripped and tore with all their main and might.
But Philo thought that Freshman ought to have some punishment;
Ah! me, what cruel souls were their's—such torture to invent.

Six practiced orators were picked, and in a line arrayed,
While on the ground the Freshman, bound both hand and foot, was laid.
They spoke all night till morning light—and then, tradition saith,

The Freshman lay upon the floor, completely talked to death!

And so he died within the walls of Philo—that brave youth.
That stream of words had quenched his life of valor and of truth.
But now and then some ancient men in Philo's hall will tell
How well that Freshman spoke his piece, how gallantly he fell.

J.

LETTER FROM FUKUWI.

FUKUWI, Oct. 7th, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—When about starting for this place a promise was extorted from me. That promise I now fulfill; but it will be in the form of a letter, not as a literary production, with which to grace the columns of our paper, (I will not say *your*;) for I have neither time nor inclination to make such an effort. I do not yet realize that I have chipped my College shell, and am one of the doers in the busy world. My surroundings are familiar, and have the smell of College-life, with which Juniors and Seniors meet in Van Nest Hall; indeed it is so natural here, that I have scarcely become aware of the slight transition from taught to teacher. The difference is much less than I would have believed a year ago. At least, it seems so to me now, while surrounded by pupils, many of whom are older than myself. Perhaps when I get older I will acquire the dignity with which in former times I invested the occupant of a professorial seat. I am not sure that I would yet have known that I am not one of the scholars, but for the fact that examination took place about a week since. I then discovered a change of base, and a corresponding change of feeling. Strange to relate, I was not in the least afraid, (owing, I suppose, to my previous discipline in that direction,) while the boys who did not know my habits of examining looked as if they would consider the total abolition of examinations as the *summum bonum* of school happiness; but after it was over, and they had discovered that it wasn't very hard, they seemed to think it a glorious thing to have passed through. Our recitation hours are from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M., with a half hour for dinner at 12 o'clock.

I used to think the third hour at Rutgers a long one, but here three hours, which is the regular Saturday allowance, is a pleasant recreation; still I do not wonder when boys get restless towards the close of the last hour. I have very little trouble with discipline, however, as scholars here have no malicious mischief, and only have fun enough in the class-room to give a pleasant spice to the recitation without disturbing it.

One has a splendid opportunity to cultivate his powers of illustration and explanation in this place, and from my little experience I would give as advice to every student, "Study to know everything that you attempt, in such a manner

that you can impart your knowledge to others, even to those who know nothing about the subject."

This place would be popular, with a certain class of students, who seem under obligations to call for a class-meeting to propose a slope for at least one hour, whenever there is a firemen's parade, or something of equal importance; for there are many holidays in this country, on which school is closed for half a day at least, thus giving an opportunity to see the fireworks, procession, or whatever else is to be seen. Last week there was a holiday, in which the school only was interested, being the day on which the Japanese divinity of the school was worshipped, for in Japan every house has its small temple and, of course, the school must be as well supplied; so in one of the rooms of the building there is a temple, and once every year a day is given to worship.

Being invited by the authorities, I was present at the ceremonies. They took place in the room occupied by the temple. The central part of the room was fenced off by means of a rope, within which were the highest government officers, (who are also supervisors of the school), drawn up on one side, and the native teachers of the school on the other, while without the enclosure were placed the teachers who had come from various parts of the province, together with the foreign teachers. The ceremony there consisted of a presentation of rice, bread and fish by the priests, after which each of the persons within the rope went up in turn to offer his prayer. When this was finished, all retired to another room to eat red rice, with which the service was concluded, except to those who had a spree in the evening; of which number, we fear, were a majority of the morning gathering. This town excels any in Japan, that I have seen, in the number of priests and temples. Nearly ever other man you meet is a priest, and as for temples, I hardly ever take a walk without finding one that I haven't seen before. Many of these are now in disuse, however, though they still retain many of their adornments, some of which are very handsome. The Japanese are very skilful in stone work, and execute some very beautiful designs, chiefly, however, in a soft kind of stone, and in a style that would be called "rustic" in America. I have not seen any polished stone here. I do not think there is any work of the sort done in the country.

Fukuwi has started its first newspaper. It is a semi-monthly sheet, printed in Chinese characters; is run by the government, and claims as a contributor your humble servant,

M. N. W.

In life the Christian's joys are best,
In death he only's truly blest;
Eternal is the bliss he shares,
No other life with his compares.

ALL ABOUT BOOKS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once said he was like a book. People looked up in wonder at the funny idea; some few thought they "saw through it," and nodded knowingly, and others again greeted it with a passing curl of the lip and thought no more about it. Now Benjamin Franklin may have had some particular resemblance in his mind which caused him to say this, but, really, it seems to me as if books do somewhat resemble men. Their bodies are the ink and paper, and their souls—the thought—embodied in them. Men die—so do books—of various diseases. For "that which befalleth men befalleth" books; "even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth so dieth the other."

There is nothing which kills off literature faster than Father Time with his mowing machine. Next come casualties of different kinds. Such as an Omar burning the Alexandrian Library, and with it thousands of irreplaceable volumes; or a dull pated Monk effacing hieroglyphics, the value of which, perhaps, he did not know, for the sake of obtaining parchment whereon to scribble a stupid essay. Yea, time and accident have always been the epidemics to sweep from the face of the earth myriads of valuable pages; valuable in the eyes of the writers of them, if not always in the estimation of the scrutinizing and merciless world.

Books die, as I was saying, because they become old-fashioned. Whatever rare fancy or nice thought may be encased between covers that our grand parents in their juvenile days held, we prefer to read those books which contain fresher words or a later style of diction. Reader, what do you know of the works of Robert of Lincoln? Nothing. Why, man, he wrote two hundred volumes; was one of the most thoroughly learned men of his day.

Again, change of language does more than we are willing to believe in attacking the vitality of a book. When Sir Philip Sydney wrote his *Arcadia*, all were confident in predicting for it an immortality. Who now mention that book, so rich in sterling thought? None, save the curious reader or the literary antiquary. Out of every thousand readers of to-day, we can, without a fear of being contradicted, say that not a hundred have read as many lines of Chaucer.

And so there are many reasons why books must eventually die. Change of style, which the progress of humanity from one age to another demands, is another. We no longer hold up books of the Elizabethan age as models of English composition, as the writers of that period fondly hoped would be done. Their great merit is conceded, but who cares to read them. Many of us talk wisely and knowingly about the *Spectator*, but very few have ever journeyed more than half way through its contents.

Another mortal distemper to a book is the different methods of treating a subject which different ages prefer. Our good old ancestral patriarchs—or patriarchal ancestors—wrote and read as large books as they could; just as the scene painter portrays a view on the drop-curtain of some theatre which a true artist will put in a few square inches of space. We are as surprised that people would read books of such gigantic

dimensions as Captain Lemuel Gulliver is said to have been when first he landed in Brobdignag, and saw "corn as high as oak trees, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys." An Enoch or a Methuselah might not have minded the task of wading through such a mass of prolixity, but in this age of puny life-spans we have time only to take in mere pith; we are allowed to jump at conclusions without explaining all the steps. We can't stop to sift so much chaff to get a little grain, and have often to treat these masses of "knowledge" as Daniel Webster did many books: read only the tables of contents; but as these old fathers did not generally make tables of contents for the desultory reader, but intended that one should read their whole works, we are compelled to let a great deal go for want of time and inclination.

Books are brought forth by every variety of occasion, many of them being on topics of local or temporary interest, which are widely popular in their day, but run a short race. King Solomon gave us two wise saws in, there is "no new thing under the sun," and "yet of making books there is no end." Men are always ready to believe that they have got hold of some new idea, which they can elucidate better than any one else, and out they rush into print, and often, by-the-by, into debt also, owing to the stupid but undeniable fact, that their book won't sell as well as they had expected. There are always men "Resolved, in spite of nature, and their stars, to write," and all the most of them do is to rehash some old thought, thinking they have stated it in a clearer or more acceptable form. We have an excellent minor illustration of this in the modern play of *Rip Van Winkle*. Poor Peter Claus, taking a half century's nap on the Kypphauser mountains, never thought somebody would transmogrify his tale into that of *Rip* performing a similar feat of somnolence among the Catskills. It is a good thing we don't live too long, or our flesh would be wearied by reading over and over these rejuvenations of old legends.

We verily live in a mill now-a-days. All the presses in the country are not sufficient to fill the orders upon them, and many a bundle of MS. has to abide its chance of going into the hopper, as saturnine travelers at a crowded railroad terminus have to wait till the single file procession fetches them up before the stand of the ticket agent. And still authors will keep authorizing till

"The loaded press beneath its labor groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones."

And the worst of it is that some poor fools try to keep up with the deluge that follows; try to read all the books as they come out; but it is a sorry attempt. It would take all a man's time to get merely a knowledge of the titles of books, and the wise reader now-a-days peruses only "Book Notices," or "New Publications," and very few copies of the books themselves.

P. V. H.

THE year now closing has witnessed growth about Rutgers. We find our Geological Hall furnished in part, and its tasteful arrangements inviting us to seek with pleasure the advantages therein offered. The long anticipated Chapel is

in progress, promising abundant room to the coming men. Looking toward Seminary Place, we see Suydam Hall approaching completion, and congratulate those who await its benefits during a Theological course.

To those accustomed to find themes for poetry or ridicule in the red-mud commons between Seminary and College, we are compelled to announce that those ancient gulleys have given place to a graded street, upon whose borders building lots are being formed. The prominent query among dwellers at Hertzog is, "When will it be paved?"

We miss in our daily rounds the men of "'72." God bless and guide you wherever in the wide world your path may lie. We recognize one of your number as a member of the Faculty. May deserved success attend him in his new relations, as it did his student labors.

To all our alumni we say, Whenever you have opportunity to turn aside for a little season from life's busy ways, a cordial greeting awaits you in your College home. You will surely not fail to secure the services of the TARGUM as a monthly messenger to inform you of ways and doings of progress and changes about Rutgers, of the successes and reverses with which her sons meet in life's contests, how she is each year striving to supply more effective armor, and to make her training more efficient; that thus she may keep pace with the ever-enlarging needs of the times, and that her boys may be enabled to do honor to themselves and to her by their worthy achievements. Such tidings the TARGUM proposes to furnish you, and is not the claim a just one when she asks that you enrich her columns with some fruits of thought or experience. Remember how, when here, you regarded graduates who lacked interest in the TARGUM's welfare.

We welcome recruits to fill the ranks thinned in June. Coming from the Grammar School, with its especial training course, or coming whence you may—to all who come with purposes to be and do, here's the hand of fellowship, with leave to fight your way, and stand or fall by your own exertion, over-exertion, or non-exertion.

Most novices in College try one of the latter extremes, but time always proves that they who take the mean are wiser, and in the end accomplish more. Nor are these the only extremes. There are convivialists social and hermits unsocial; fanatics religious and profligates irreligious; enthusiastic fraternity men and prejudiced non-fraternity men, waiting to make strangers their dupes. To avoid all such, Paul's caution is timely: "Let your moderation be known to all men." Dare to be yourself. That is what God made you to be. Your natural qualities cultivated; your individual manhood enlarged and refined; your native endowments developed and sanctified; your christian character equipoised and strengthened; these are things that you want to take with you from College. If you gain less than this, your course has been at least to that extent a failure.

To faculty, alumni, friends and students, we extend congratulations in view of the favorable auspices with which the new year dawns upon us. May its close be equally propitious through God's blessing on our united earnest efforts.

BEAUTY OF WOMEN.

How few there are who fully understand or can precisely describe the term *beauty*. It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the rosy tint of the complexion, nor the loveliness or symmetry of the person, nor yet the gaudy covering of the body which gives artificial beauty; nor the winning smiles, nor the ogling of the captivating eye—none of these constitute beauty, for “the wind passeth over such, and it is gone.” But it is the pleasing deportment, the chaste conversation, the benevolent disposition, sympathizing with those in adversity, comforting the afflicted, assisting and relieving the distressed; the sensibility and the purity of the thoughts, and above all, that humility of soul, that undissembled and perfect regard for the precepts of Christianity. These virtues, adorned but with those of nature and simplicity, shine like the refulgent sun, and show to man that the loveliness of the person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflection of the undeviating rectitude and serenity of a well-spent and useful life, that soars above the fleeting vanities of this world.

How often we hear a man, eager in the pursuit of a partner for life, inquire for a beautiful woman, little knowing how brief the existence of that which he seeks, and how unproductive of happiness is its possession. We know full well the satisfaction that sleeps beneath the snow-white lids of a beautiful eye; in the haughty curl of a ruby lip; in the blush of a rose that leaps to a budding cheek; in the fine mould of a swan-like neck; in the gracefulness of a symmetrical form, or in the shadowy redundancy of beautiful flowing tresses.

The hearts of the young and passionate leap joyously, and are filled with wild impulses, whilst looking upon these things; but when the soul is severely scrutinized, and found destitute of elevated thought and generous imaginings—when the intellect is unrefined and the imagination harsh and cold, the darkness of oblivion will soon cover the ideal of beauty, and the flame of affection be extinguished in apathy and disgust.

With men of genius, strong feelings and powerful passions are ever associated, and if beauty is not mingled with the qualities of romantic thought and affections; if delicacy and virtue are not admirably blended with mental attraction, the spark of love will soon be quenched, and the general impulse of the bosom chilled by insensibility and contempt. Men of culture may yield a momentary homage to a beautiful woman, dispossessed of other fascinations; even a village urchin will chase the golden winged butterfly, but in both cases the transient splendor falls upon the senses, and something of an innate character is sought for to keep up the regard which the external appearance excited. For

“What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No!
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.

Nothing is so flattering to the feelings of man, as the exhaustless regard of a sensible female, and no incense so rich can be offered upon the

shrine of woman's ambition, as the avowed and enthusiastic affection of a man of genius. Beauty! thou art a mean and unmeaning toy, when compared with the mysterious depth of feeling and power of mind, and she who would aggrandize to herself consequence, from the little ambition of personal beauty, is too imbecile in her aspirations to merit the attention of an elevated thinker.

Is there not a beauty and a charm in that aged and feeble woman who sits in “the majesty of age,” beside the hearth of her son; she who nursed and fondled him in infancy, guarded him in youth, counselled him in manhood, and who now presides as the tutelary goddess over his household? What blessed memories are linked with that mother, even in her advanced years! what a host of sanctifying associations surround her, and make her lovely, even when weighed down with feebleness and declining age.

Is there not also a beauty and a charm in that matronly woman who is looking tenderly on the child in her lap? Does there not a holy halo surround her, and does not the beholder immediately pronounce her lovely? What if the line and lineament of youth are gone, time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty and a charm in that fair girl who is standing before that mother—her own womanly sympathies just opening into real life, as she takes the gleeful infant in her arms? All are beautiful—the ripened fruit, the blooming flower, and the opening bud; and the callous heart and the sensual mind, that gropes for loveliness as a stimulant for passion, only makes manifest that it has no true sense of beauty.

“What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.”

No matter how homely the face, or how disproportioned the body, if there is only a pure heart within, the possessor of these, strictly speaking, is beautiful. No man or woman can form their own persons, and none should be blamed on this account; but it is a sorrowful fact that the disposition for looking well is ruining half the young ladies of the present age, causing them to study their glasses, and paint and patch, instead of pursuing that which is solid and lasting, the cultivation of the mind. It is always the mark of a weak mind, if not a jealous heart, to hear a person praise or blame another on the ground of being handsome or ugly. Actions alone should be the test. It matters little whether a man is tall or short—whether the blood colors the cheek, or runs in another channel—fashion alone is the distinguisher of his beauty. The lily is as sweet if not as gay as the rose, and yet it bears no thorn about it. As to appearance, fashion should not be allowed to bear upon that which cannot be changed except by deception, and what indeed in reality is not worth the trouble of being called so, even if it could.

Now, fellow students, in consideration of these facts, let me advise you, although I may be younger than most of you, and perhaps “have a girl on the brain” myself, not to marry external beauty alone, for according to Milton:

“Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes

Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abashed;”

but rather take unto yourself a wife whose beauty is not of a day's duration, but of a life's—which shall display itself in all the trials and tribulations she may be forced to endure in this world, and which shall insure to her an entrance into that kingdom “where beauty is not subject to the waste of time.”

K. K.

SOME proverbs are so often repeated that they lose much of their significance for us. For example this: “As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.” There is nothing more evident in nature, and it is equally true in our lives. We are twigs, and the growth of our characters will follow the bent they now receive. It is then certainly important to see how we are going. If we do as nearly right as we can, we will develop in that direction, but it will be slow. If we are going wrong, we will be getting worse constantly, and with continually accelerating speed. A great many habits we form here are not so bad in themselves, but they lead to something bad. Some of us, and I am sorry to say a large number of us, have fallen into a habit of talking in a loose way—in a bad way would, perhaps, better express it. A disgusting degree of obscenity is talked. That is deplorable enough, certainly, but it results in something worse. A foul idea taken into the mind does not leave it as pure as before, and it prepares the way for another. You may look out ahead of you and say, “Gad, a troop cometh.” The increase in number of these foul birds is gradual, so you do not notice it, but after a time there is a flock, and a sweet mess you have made of it. Now, what is the use of this? Unless you are naturally a beast, you do not enjoy it. After a time you become able to endure it, to be sure, but it is not such an easy thing after all. But you get used to it, and say without a blush, things which would make you tingle with shame if overheard by a lady or gentleman friend. If you heard applied to one of your family, or to any particular friend, the things you say of girls in the street, you would be actually frightened to know that such thoughts could be connected with them. Well, how does it come? A few lead off at this carnival of filth, and the rest join in because they have not the courage to resist. And what is the result? You poison your mind. You sow seeds which must spring up, and the harvest will be a life-long regret. You are forming your character now, and what nonsense to distort it so. “As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.”

VERBUM SAP.

First Student—(Pulling something out of his apple sauce, at dinner.) “Why is this a pirate?”

Second Student—(of course.)—“Give it up.”

First Student—(in triumph.)—“It's a corsair.” Eloquent silence for a space.

Second Student—(in revenge.)—“What's the difference between the single article through which an eclipse of the sun is commonly viewed and the contents of this saucer?”

First Student—(baffled.) “Give it up.”

Second Student—(tenderly.)—“That is *smoked glass*, this is *smoked sass*.”

Exeunt omnes. Praeter.

NUNTIIUM.

THE TARGUM.

BABCOCK & JOHNSON, Publishers.

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EDITORS:

W. W. COOK, '73, CLASSICAL.

C. F. STILLMAN, '73, SCIENTIFIC.

J. W. SEARING, '74, CLASSICAL.

[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 term is closing, and with it our position as Editors. The TARGUM is now in a prosperous condition. The men of '76 have responded well, and the TARGUM Association is well off in the matter of funds, and as the time for the renewals of membership begins with the new term, we may safely predict that the TARGUM will be, in a pecuniary point of view, successful. But before we leave the editorial chair, we have two suggestions to offer. The first is that the term of the Editors be lengthened, and the second is that the number of Editors be increased. The first is the more important, and ought, we think, to be considered well by the Association. When a new Board of Editors is elected, they enter upon their duties as entire novices, and of course their first number should not be criticised in a severe manner. It is their first effort, and they should not be viewed with a searching critic's eye. But they remain in their official capacity for such a very short time that when they just begin to get into perfect operation and thoroughly awakened to their duty, they are obliged to make way for a new board. An objection may be brought forward that there are plenty of men who are able to take charge of the paper, and that they ought to have a chance for slinging an editorial quill. If, however, the best men are selected, this objection falls to the ground, for there would be reason for selecting others. Therefore, we would suggest that Editors be selected only twice a year instead of three times, and we would predict better TARGUMS, provided the best men could be elected. Taking into consideration the fact that party feeling runs very high on the election, and that thus the chances for getting the best men elected are lessened, we would call upon all the thinking men of the College to vote for the very best men, and to endeavor to keep them in office as long as they continue to edit the TARGUM successfully.

The second suggestion is dependent upon the first. If a greater length of time be assigned to

the Editors, it would be necessary, we think, to increase their number. At present, three are scarcely enough to give articles the criticism which they deserve, and the great amount of work which they have to attend to is at times extremely inconvenient. The large number of articles which are contributed render it necessary that considerable taste should be displayed in the selection of suitable ones for publication, and it can easily be seen that a more judicious choice can be made by a greater number of consulting minds.

We hope that the Association will consider well these ideas, and act upon them if they deem it suitable so to do. They are made merely for the good of the TARGUM, and with hopes of sustaining it in the high position which it now occupies among College journals. We wish the new Board of Editors all success in their editorial capacity, and lay down the pen with feelings of thankfulness that the TARGUM is so prosperous.

We thank those who have contributed during this term, and hope that they may continue their contributions. If their articles do not always appear, it has done them no harm, and should not discourage them from trying again. And to all we would say, that no better fountain for the outpouring of the student's ideas can be found than their College paper. Then let all contribute and be benefited by it, and fitted by their College course to stand forth as living monuments of Rutgers' fame.

WHILE the TARGUM is so prosperous, the Editors take pride in the reputation it is justly acquiring. With its circulation enlarging, its influence is becoming comparatively great, and, of course, we are the recipients of many MSS.

It was the good fortune of one of the Editors to be present at a reception given by the Misses French & Randolph's Boarding and Day School a few weeks since. We take pleasure in recommending this school to the public.

A MR. CHARLES YARLEY, aged 62 years, of Pittsburgh, Pa., sends an account of his recovery, by the use of wild tea, from a cancer on the nose. Have any of our exchanges been likewise blest with the information?

WE are surprised to find such a good paper as the University Reporter printed so far out West. Is it the effect of following the lamented Philosopher's advice to "go West?"

VICKS' Illustrated Catalogue of Flowers lies before us. It comprises many beautiful specimens, some of which we recognize as old acquaintances.

A SPECIMEN leaf of "Potter's Encyclopedia" is received. If the work is continued with as much ability as it is begun, we predict its success.

A Catalogue of Type has been received. We refer all typists to the *Fredonian*.

WE claim that under the present Editorship all material has been thoroughly Cooked; that not much of it is intoxicating though it has passed through the hands of a Still-man; and that none of it was unduly scorched while in the process of Searing.

LETTER FROM HERTZOG.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Knowing that all of your readers feel a deep interest in whatever concerns any of Rutgers' students, I have selected as the topic of this letter a little incident of which one of your Seniors was the hero: *A leap in the dark*. For reasons best known to the authorities hereabouts, the gas is turned off and outside doors are fastened at eleven P. M., after which hour any one desiring admittance must give his name through the keyhole before the door will be opened. For reasons best known to the students, some prefer climbing in windows when returning late, to thus proclaiming the hour of their arrival.

On the night of November seventeenth, a student having attended a special meeting after going from church, approached these precincts somewhat after regulation hour.

Not being able to find a window unbarred, and none of his friends heeding his half whispered calls, he was seriously debating the probabilities of being minus a lodging, when glancing towards the basement he saw an open window, through which coal had been taken on the previous day. Most lucky sight; so not waiting for a second thought, he bounds in upon the coal. Alas for appearances, especially by moonlight. From the window sill to the top of the pile was full five feet, though it had seemed so near, and as the coal rolled and he rolled with it, his beaver reaching the ground floor slightly in advance, and his cane snapping under the unusual treatment, an almost curse escaped his lips.

Gathering up himself and his staved in beaver, he crept cautiously to the top of the stairs, when, consternation upon misery!—the door was bolted from the other side. Nothing remained but to retrace his steps and clamber out at the coal-window again. But on making the trial, he found that even this did not remain. He had been more unwise than the frogs in *Æsop*, and after skinning his knuckles and battering his knees, while the coal kept revolving under his feet, not unlike the cylinder of a squirrel's cage, he gave it up in despair. Dilemma of dilemmas! What shall he do next? To pace the cellar the few remaining hours till daylight were not so bad, but discovery in the morning, with the Rector's solemn questionings and the students' endless ridicule, were intolerable. Resolving upon a desperate course, he returns to the cellar door, and after thumping and kicking for some time, elicits a reply. He had vainly hoped that some chum would take the hint and come to his relief; but chagrin and vexation, it was the step and voice of a servant. Disguising his voice, he persuades him by pleading tones and the promise of a dollar to unbar the door. Then doubling his overcoat about his head he rushes frantically by the door-keeper, and before that worthy could recover his wits and realize the situation the student was in his room and safe. Your correspondent, who had all the while been listening and overflowing with suppressed laughter, now dropped upon his bed and shook till his sides were sore. He thought the story too good to be kept. The servant says he would like to have the dollar for Christmas change.

NON EGO.

A TRAMP IN THE CATSKILLS.

DURING the month of August last, three Rutgers' students started on a tramp among the Catskills. All our worldly goods were packed into as small a space as possible, and the satchels which contained them were slung over our shoulders. We prided ourselves considerably, that first day, upon our dashing appearance, but before we reached home it was decided to say as little about it as possible.

The ten miles which separated us from the mountains were soon done, with no adventures in particular. Our plan was to ascend the Clove, and to reach the Laurel House by night. No pleasanter road could be desired. We were following the bed of the Cauterskill Creek, which dashed and fell in a manner most refreshing to warm and thirsty travelers.

On each side of us the mountains rose to a great height, and as we began to get "up in the world" the Hudson River and the hills of New-England could plainly be seen. The sun was very oppressive, and we were obliged to stop quite often, and lie in some cool spot until the combined influence of shade and tobacco smoke revived us. In this way we obtained real summer enjoyment, for to my mind the half-waking reveries which one experiences while lying under the trees—when the locust is buzzing close by, and everything seems dreamy and far away, is one of the pleasantest things about summer.

But if we doze all day, we will never get on.

We pass Fawn's Leap, where the creek falls between two high rocks, and forms a deep pool below, which looks so cool and inviting that one is almost tempted to jump in. We also pass Profile Rock, whose outline is the exact image of a British Grenadier, every feature being perfectly distinct. Here, instead of following the carriage-road, we take a by-path which follows the stream directly up to the house. Rough work it certainly was, and one of the party nearly came to an untimely end here, by standing on his head upon the edge of a huge rock; but Providence protected him, and he still lives.

After an hour's work, we emerged from a thick wood, and saw the Cauterskill Falls directly before us. We sat upon a huge rock, enjoying the scene, while the spray from the falls blew refreshingly past. There are two falls, the one 180 feet, and the other 70 feet in height. The water rushes over the top, and is carried in a nearly compact body to the first ledge where it breaks and falls in a thick mist, beautified by the sun's rays with all the colors of the rainbow. The sight was glorious, and repaid amply for all previous fatigue. How much longer we might have remained there it is impossible to tell, but a strong desire for supper just then took possession of us, and we climbed an almost endless staircase, coming out directly in front of the Laurel House.

Reader, have you ever been hungry? If so, put yourself in our places, multiply your hunger by X, and you still have but a poor idea of our condition. We felt capable of devouring the celebrated Greek hash, whose name contains so many letters, of eating the waiters, of eating *anything*!—but fortune gave us better rations than even that sumptuous bill of fare, and we ate, drank, and were merry.

We slept that night as we had never slept before, and at eight o'clock the next morning started for Scribner's, distant about a mile, where a friend was boarding. After a pleasant chat, we induced him to become one of our party, and a most fortunate acquisition he was, as he knew the mountains perfectly, and was a most excellent pioneer.

The next point of interest was Haine's Falls, where we killed our first rattlesnake. From there we struck directly through the woods for High Peak, which is 3890 feet high, and the third peak in height of the Catskills. The view from this point was magnificent, and as we sat there, with our fragrant Havanas, we felt as though it made little difference whether we ever started again or not. Still, down the other side we went; this time without any path, and the way in which we tumbled was something wonderful. This whole side of the mountain had been burned over, so that when we reached the foot we looked more like dilapidated charcoal burners than College students. When at last we reached the road, we found that for some unaccountable reason it had gone into partnership with a mountain brook, and for a mile we half swam, half walked, until our leader suddenly exclaimed, "There's Dibble's!" and sure enough, we saw a house in the distance, and a man before it, who was one of the Catskill celebrities, Dibble by name. It was five o'clock, and we had eaten nothing since breakfast, so one of the party volunteered to make a hasty pudding while we were waiting for something more substantial. He made it; we tasted, and that was enough. We decided to wait patiently for better fare, and meanwhile Dibble showed us a stock of liquors which he boasted were the finest in the country, and which evidently went far ahead of the Piscataway Cider Mill.

We were still nine miles from the Overlook House, where we proposed to spend the night. At six o'clock we took to the woods again, and for a time all went merry as a marriage bell. We jogged along until we came to a fork in the path, and just there the trouble began. Of course, we took the wrong road, and soon found ourselves steering away from our direction. Still we pushed on, until it began to grow dark, and to add to our discomfort, a thunder-cloud, which had suddenly arisen, threatened to break at any moment. We held a College meeting, and decided to encamp under the first ledge of rocks we came to. This was a first-rate idea, but as we were upon the top of a wide ridge, the rocks were all below, and we didn't come to any ledges.

Our situation was now decidedly comfortable! Eight o'clock at night, dark as pitch, and not the slightest idea of what had become of the path. The only thing that we did know, was the general direction of the Overlook House, and what our leader soon afterward discovered, that we were on the Plattekill Mountain, and that the Overlook Mountain was some distance beyond.

We made up our minds to keep on, and before long, to our great delight, we struck a sort of a path. We reasoned that this path must lead somewhere, and that, if we should be fortunate enough to follow it, we would reach somewhere too, so we took courage and started on. It was so dark that one could not see the person in front

of him, and we had to fasten our handkerchiefs upon our backs, in order to guide those behind us. Had it not been for the almost incessant lightning, we would have been compelled to stop altogether. As it was, we would often stand for several seconds, until a flash showed us the direction of our path, and at one time, where the road lay through scrub-oaks and moss, we hunted for half an hour without finding the way.

The only words spoken were, "There's a stump!" "Look out for that stone!" etc., and once and awhile, we heard a grunt, and the lightning would show one of the party lying safely on his back.

It seems now, and it seemed then, as if we spent a perfect age in this manner. We were nearly tired out, when suddenly a light shone not far ahead of us. We gave three rousing cheers, and in ten minutes were standing upon the steps of the Overlook House. Never was shelter more welcome to travel-worn pilgrims.

We entered the Hotel, and soon became the lions of the place. Each one of us had a knot of gentlemen around him, asking where we had come from. We were wonders to behold. Our clothes were thoroughly wet and covered with mud. After a hearty supper we turned in, charging the porter to awaken us at four to see the sun rise. He did so, but failed to bring our clothes from the kitchen fire. So we had to remain in our rooms with the best grace possible until nine o'clock.

Space forbids me to say much of the surrounding of the Overlook, but the view is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. In the rear of the house can be seen the slender Peaks, Diamond Hollow and Scroon's Lake. In front, the Shawangunk Mountains rise in the distance, and the valley of the Hudson lies beneath. The excellence of the hotel and the natural beauties of the place make it one of the most favorite summer resorts.

We left it at about 4 P. M., after having a picture of our party taken, and reached West Hurley by night. Early upon the following day we started through the woods, and after a series of very pleasant adventures, reached Lake Mohunk, in the Shawangunk Mountains, in the evening.

Lake Mohunk is three-quarters of a mile long, and nestles among the rocks upon the very top of the mountains. It is very deep and clear, and is so surrounded by immense rocks that the effect is picturesque.

We only stopped here for supper, and were immensely flattered by the waitresses, who nearly refused to wait upon us on account of our rough appearance. By this time, a drizzling rain had begun, but we started again, and by nine o'clock reached the home of one of our party, which was temporarily closed. Here we made a rousing fire, and amused ourselves by a grand jubilee upon the most approved plan. We sang College songs, discussed our situation, and made ourselves generally comfortable.

But everything must have an end. Upon the next day we traveled to Poughkeepsie, and took the cars for our several destinations. When we separated we were dead broke, but full of pluck. Our journey was finished, but we felt that among the most pleasant recollections of our College days would be those of our tramp in the Catskills.

NU PARAGOGIC.

SCRIPTÆ MANENT.

How the memories cluster and linger
Round the words once so eagerly read,
And hope with her beckoning finger
Calls me back to the shrine of the dead.
While I sit for an hour at leisure
And read each old letter with care,
Painful thoughts and the ghosts of past pleasure
Seem peopling the air.

Here's a letter from Tom, the most daring
Of chums in our school pranks of yore.
'Tis post-marked Antietam, and bearing
The words and the impress of war:
"Old fellow, there's hot work to-morrow,
We'll be first in the battle they say,
I'm to lead"—aye, Tom, to my sorrow,
You lead in Death's army that day.

And next, here's a billet from Maria,
Containing a tress of brown hair;
She is living in style now in Paris,
And crowned as the fairest of fair.
"I remain ever yours," ends her letter,
Sweet enough for a saint to adore,
Yet I'd wager, if I were a better,
That she's written the same to a score.

In a hand that I'd swear wasn't sober,
Jack Forrester drops me a line,
He ran off with Sue Ford last October,
Both thinking on love they could dine.
But Hymen, their cook, somehow blundered,
And Jack writes in a pitiful way:
Dear Don, send me check for five hundred,
For I find there's the Devil to pay.

Here's a letter from "mama," quite serious,
"Your attentions you'll please to make plain,"
And one from her daughter, imperious,
"To-night, nine o'clock, in the lane."
Here's a missive that reads like a sermon,
Here's a note with a monogram neat,
Just three words, but the dew upon Hermon
Was never more precious or sweet.

Letters large, letters small, of all colors—
Some pleasing, some giving offence;
Some are begging, and show lack of dollars,
Some are trifling and show lack of sense;
One reads, "I will never desert you,"
One contains a dismissal precise—
Some are stamped with the lilies of virtue,
And some with the roses of vice.

And here is a note that entrances,
'Tis from Mabel, neath Italy's sun;
My sweetheart, my queen of romances,
Before life's rich prizes I'd won.
How we talked once of love in a cottage,
But found it was all work and no play,
So she married a man in his dotage,
And was bought and not given away.

She says she will soon be returning,
And we'll meet once again as of old;
That she thinks of me often with yearning,
And asks if my love has grown cold—
She writes as if galled by the fetters,
She is not, but she may be my own
If she dares—but avast! ye old letters,
Let Fate shape the future alone.

DON.

THE Street Commissioner has, according to the duties of his office, performed the annual ovation to Eunomia, by issuing a proclamation, stating his intention to enforce the statute concerning the clearing of snow from the side-walks. May the goddess accept the tribute. She knows full well that it would be revolutionary to demand obedience to such an ordinance in New-Brunswick.

YESTERDAY.

"WE spend our years as a tale that is told." It is noonday among the silvery peaks of the Adirondacks, but the sunlight has drawn off from the dusky summits of the Alps, and by the Alpine hunter this day is numbered among the yesterdays. And so the years flow on to empty themselves with all their trophies into the deepening reservoir of the past. To-morrow is a blank to our gaze, but yesterday presents a page of lessons. The child's life is among the to-morrows, and hence its visions are fantastic and unnatural; having nothing to remember, he has nothing by which to model his ideas. The life of the aged one is among the yesterdays and the vision he invokes has a shape precise and clear. It is peculiar to the past to resurrect its dead into a life strangely exact. If it be sadness that one seeks, sadness comes as dark as the nun of the Penseroso, without a glimmer of radiance, whose very presence seemed to suffer; comes either to give assurance to his fainting soul in having lived on through so much agony, or to pierce him with her spectre daggers, once and again; comes no diffused affair, but a perfect shape of melancholy. But if a cheerful phase is to be recalled, how beautifully indeed does it come forth—a sunbeam falling through the past from beginning to end. Memory carefully lifts petal after petal from the rosy past till the dear bud of childhood is seen in the retrospect; again in the home of youth—traversing the meadow, skirting the wild-wood. Now pressing his features as in days of yore against the dear old pane in that hall window which has clattered in the blast for three-score years and ten. Here plucking a white rose from the vine that long ago clambered up and cast its snowy spray in at the window where his mother sang the lullaby; there he gazes downward from the rickety *well-curb*, and sees his face as in youth reflected from the water; and (but pardon me for lifting the veil here,) he is exchanging glances now with a sweet rosy face that has just appeared upon the ripples of the sparkling water, and he is about to reach forth his hand and toss the golden ringlets from the clear brow of "*Highland Mary*," when he is roused by the creakings of "*the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket*," as it raises the jeweled distillation from Nature's brewery. That the latter the brighter vision predominates is as true as that the sun's rays, when shot through the raindrops, bring out in its beauty the "bow of promise." It is thrillingly joyous to remember—aye to remember. Though John Randolph's recollection may bring remorse to feel for his heart, and to rend it open; though Argemone, rather than remember, may have blotted out her memory; though Neobe may look back forever through her tear-dimmed eyes from eternity's porch to the hour when her children were slain; though some men may not be able to recall their past lives without a shudder; yet these are but points of shadow that throw the great fact into prominence. The sable curtain of night brings out the stars.

How apt we are to idolize the past! With some it is an illumined region forever throwing the present into the shade. The heroes of the dead centuries are far more mighty than the heroes of the living. We are as prone to magni-

fy the types of the ancient Greeks and Romans as they were to idolize their heroes and make them as gods. But *yesterday* has its uses of far more value than its idolatries. It is indeed, from its aerial distances and borrowed hues, a vast pleasure region, but it is also a great reservoir, from which we can drink in draughts of inexhaustible treasure. The wise man can fertilize *to-day* better with facts of experience than with visions of the future. "*Life*," says Bichat, "*is the totality of its functions*," and he who would truly live and earnestly grapple with life's problems must formulize into all his equations that wisdom which the past has reared, and which towers as the *Sphinx*. It is not necessary that each generation should produce a "binomial theorem." Newton of the past has done it. What use that every astronomer should discover for himself the change in the earth's orbit, through the acceleration of the moon dropping its ten seconds in a hundred years towards us? Laplace has done it for all. Again, Yesterday, in truth, is the only substance we possess—the one immutable fact. To-day is joined to yesterday, but has no conjunction with vast future—to-morrow. "To-day," as some one says, is but the asymptote of to-morrow, that curve perpetually drawing near, but never reaching the straight line flying into infinity."

With what wealth are the aged furnished! How delightful to sit beside the one whose head is a "crown of glory," and venerate his wisdom. How happy the thought that we may be privileged to sit down at the close of a long life and dream it over again. Surely, they alone who have three score years and ten hived away in the by-gones, can fully know the high designs of Him in whose sight "a thousand years is but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

GERALD.

OUR NEW CHAPEL.

THE accommodations which Rutgers affords have long been felt too limited for her constantly increasing numbers. Foremost among her wants have been a more extensive Chapel and Library. Through the munificence of the late Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of New-Brunswick, we have the pleasure of witnessing the erection of an edifice which will not only supply this growing necessity, but which will be a most durable monument to the memory of her by whose aid it is erected.

If we may judge from the design of the artist, Mr. Hardenbergh, we can unhesitatingly say that this structure will be one of which Rutgers may well be proud.

The style is to be the modern Gothic; the dimensions are about sixty by a hundred and twenty feet, and the building material, stone—similar to that of the Geological Hall.

The interior is to be divided into four apartments. The whole front will be occupied by the Chapel, the body of which will accommodate four hundred, and the gallery one hundred people.

The rear will consist of two floors; the first to be occupied by the President's room and a reading-room, and the second by the Library. The entire cost is estimated at \$50,000, and should the work progress as rapidly as anticipated, we hope to witness its dedication at our next Commencement.

X.

AT HORACE GREELEY'S GRAVE.

Hark! to those solemn bells, tolling the knell
Of a departed soul; there is a weight of
Sorrow in their strange, sad melody.
A mighty one hath passed that bourne,
From whence no traveller returns; hushed
Is a voice of power; stilled is the beating
Of a loving heart, a great, warm heart
That beat responsive to the sufferings of all
Mankind; all nerveless lies an arm, which
Through a busy life was raised against
Oppression. He had his faults, so have
We all of us.
Perfection dwells not in the life of man;
Earth's greatest ones are oft the most unstable;
O! let his follies lie forever buried here,
Deep! deep! beneath the mould.
Speak kindly of the dead, for from that
Shadowy Realm no voice can answer us.
Those lips so eloquent, are silent now, and
That poor hand can wield a pen no more
Forever. Ah! now a nation weeps, for
Horace Greeley was her darling child;
Wayward sometimes, but very dear.
She gave him honor in a name unparalleled.
And he! O, how he loved the land of
His nativity, and how he showed that love
In acts of noble self-devotion.
Pause here, amid the
Solemn shades of Greenwood; eloquent silence
Thrills the very soul. We tread on
Precious dust that once was animate.
Here Greeley sleeps; 'tis but a little mound,
But it contains all that is left of one
Whose name is to his native land, a
Dear, a household word.
Over thy dust, dear friend, we breathe
A fond farewell;
We weave no chaplet to lay on thy grave;
We bring no dewy flowers to scatter there,
For they would perish in these wintry airs,
But this our earnest prayer for thee—
That when the last great trump
Shall sound, and from these still retreats
The sheeted dead shall rise to judgment;
Thou mayest go to meet a joyful doom,
And spend eternity with those, the great
And good, the true and faithful, in
The sweet, sweet home of Heaven.

CHARLWORTH.

WALTER SCOTT.

THERE are some men upon whom Providence seems to have bestowed a double portion of intellect, and with it a genial influence or cordiality of disposition that warms into life everything with which it comes in contact.

To these, the world is indebted for much of its sunshine and happiness, and it is to be regretted that their number is so small.

Of this class, pre-eminently, was Scott. Around his name cluster associations dear to every student of literature and memories so fragrant that we are unable to contemplate the man in any light but that of an intimate friend.

The romance of his poetry, and the attractiveness of his fiction, where history is most happily combined with novelty, render his works incomparable in their character, and as interesting to the young as they are instructive to the matured.

Scotland has become immortalized by his pen. Every hill, dale, river, crag or lake is intimately associated with his name. His poetry is a mirror of his country. It glows with fervent description, it abounds in exquisite beauty, and is full of melting pathos and tender feeling. There is a richness through it all unlike that of other poetry, which gives to it a peculiar charm; possi-

bly a trifle too much of imagery, but notwithstanding almost inimitable.

It is impossible to read Marmion without being charmed at the glowing descriptions there portrayed, or to listen to the minstrel as he pours forth "the unpremeditated lay" without pleasurable emotion, or not to feel the "heart throb higher" at the poem thus introduced:

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! tho' scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh, and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy noble strain;
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress wake again.

But if his poetry, which ceased as the dazzling splendor of Byron burst forth, bears the impress of talent, his prose writings indicate the highest order of genius. To his powers there seemed no bound.

He is as much at home in England, France, Germany, Switzerland and India as among the cliffs and glens of his native country.

With wonderful facility he transports us from the courts of England to those of France. In Switzerland we learn of the oppression of its people, and of their invincible courage which overthrew the valiant arms of the Duke of Burgundy, while the East is the theatre of action for crusades, as well as captivating romances.

Not only may we hear renewed the preaching of the covenanters, and see them pictured in the austerity of their manners and gloominess of their nature; not only behold the highland clans rise again to aid a Stuart; but also may we view character at once, lofty, heroic, wild, eccentric, gloomy, sad, lowly, bewitching and tender.

What swarms of figures crowd the canvass! Here is the beautiful Rebecca, the preserver of Ivanhoe; that commanding figure of haughty mien and gloomy brow, is the unfortunate Ravenswood; this the lowly but celebrated Effie Deans, while these two sisters, arm in arm, are Minna and Brenda Troil. Look at that man with arms outstretched, and who seems about to exclaim, "Prodigious," he is the counterpart of Dominie Sampson.

Old Mortality is there with the affectionate Caleb, the wild Meg Merrilies, the undaunted Rob Roy, the rash Charles V., and a multitude of others.

They pass before our eyes like visions, and seem as well known to us as intimate friends.

The productions of Scott were but the fruits of his leisure movements, his life being one of uninterrupted activity. Such a genius as he possessed has had few parallels.

He was like a fountain of whose sparkling waters we love to drink deeply and often.

But though the opening of his life was bright, its close was sad and melancholy. It resembled a summer day, which, ushered in with rosy morn, would indicate fair weather. At noon, the clouds which seemed so bright, have grown dull and sombre, and as the day advances, assume still more ominous aspect, and at length deluge the earth.

Intoxicated with the cup of Fame, he neglected his interests, became involved and fell under the heavy stroke of adversity.

Too honorable to allow his creditors to suffer,

he spent the remainder of his life in nobly endeavoring to defray all indebtedness, and at the age of sixty-one, sank beneath the load which he was unable longer to support.

Abbotsford was exchanged for Dryburgh Abbey, and there his grave long remained "undistinguished by tomb or epitaph."

SINE NOMINE.

UNDER THE SHADOWS UNTIL DAYBREAK IN NEW-YORK.

In our last we obtained a glimpse behind the scene, or rather we beheld the opening of the drama, for New-York City is like a vast theatre, in which those night multitudes are the players; but what a part they are playing!

During the first act we look over into that brilliantly lighted hall. Music, with its soft and bewitching charm, steals over us. Yielding to its influence, we pass up to the door, and a fair young girl greets us. Upon her face are yet the liniments of childhood, although her character is ruined, and her future life is to be one of infamy and shame. Decked out in all the trumpery of vanity and fashion, in her youth and beauty, she is employed to amuse and entertain at the wine table, or in the public dance; when her beauty has faded, and health is broken down, what then? Turned out like a brute to die! and think, that that fallen child was once the beloved idol of fond parents. Our heart bled as we thought what if we had daughters or sisters, for we could not force back the conviction that these before us were somebody's daughters and sisters. In tears we turn away from the place of unholy pleasure, for we are persuaded that that dance is the dance of death.

For the sake of humanity and precious souls, is there no way of preventing this wholesale destruction of young girls? The concert halls of New-York are the schools, colleges and seminaries of hell, of which that infernal scoundrel, arch fiend, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, is President. Fellow student, let us do our part in guarding the innocent from harm, and protecting the weak from injury.

We pass along the street wondering what kind of a city Sodom was, when suddenly we are aroused from our meditations by a voice crying out 44! It proceeds from that large saloon glaring with light as of noonday, and yet it is only 3 o'clock in the morning. We step in and take a look. Ah, faro! wheel of fortune! gaming tables, and seated at them more than a hundred lads and men. On one side is the Bar, and behind it one like unto the son of Satan, dealing out damnation. Piles of money are scattered here and there on the tables, while every man and boy is intent on winning as if his life were at stake; and truly, for he wins at the risk of life. Not every man that enters comes out alive, and, indeed, we stood trembling, while we said, O, our soul, come not thou into their secret. Whose sons and brothers are these? Can we answer? May we speak their names? Shall we carry the sad intelligence that would cause gray hairs to go down to the grave mourning for wayward sons?

Suppose we follow one of these gamblers, as he reels to his home in 5th-Avenue about day-

break. He staggers against the carved door, and falls upon the marble step with a dull sound, but the heart-broken mother within hears, and softly opening the door drags in her child. Who can tell the agony of that mother's heart. It is like the anguish of him who cried with a loud voice, "O my son, Absalom! my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Such a picture is too painful to contemplate, and yet it is real; these are facts beyond peradventure. Class and College mates, let us say, as for us we will pursue the paths of rectitude and virtue, avoiding every appearance of evil. Why should it be necessary for any of us to drink the cup in order to be aware that it intoxicates and maddens the brain. If we gamble, can any of us hope to escape the inevitable consequences that follow in the gambler's wake? No! And before it is too late, let us resolve, and resolving, be worthy sons of noble sires, and honorable citizens of a glorious country. ALEXIS.

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THE Editors elect are Messrs. CHAPMAN, HARPER and FULLER. CHAPMAN had a majority of 6, and HARPER of 3. FULLER having tied with LYDECKER was elected by the decision of the President of the TARGUM Association. We bespeak for them, in even larger measure, the hearty support which has made our duties a pleasure.

GOOD TO THE BOYS.—The people of New-Brunswick leave the snow and ice on the pavement just as it collects, in order that the urchins may have advantages for sled-riding free from danger by passing vehicles.

What matter though pedestrians fall,
The boys must coast and play snow-ball.

THE custom of "lining off" hymns has its advantages, but it makes nonsense sometimes. A minister in Maine read the first line of a hymn—
The Lord shall come and He shall not,"

After this had been sung, he gave out the second line:

"Keep silence, but speak out."

PRINCETON COLLEGE, within the last four years, has received donations to the amount of \$1,000,000.

COLLEGE DOTS.

IN *pin et aris, ino aknon eis*, is a nut for classicals to crack.

OUR new Catalogues are out, and tell the same old story. There are one hundred and ninety-four names therein enrolled.

A JUNIOR gives the liberal translation of our College motto: "*Sol justitiæ et occidentem illustra*," as "Sun of Justice, go West."

WE need a walk laid from the Eastern gate to the College door. While the greater evils are being rectified, let the lesser one also be attended to.

OUR Chapel was honored on Sunday, the 8th, by the presence of Dr. Talmage, of Amoy, China, and Dr. William Scudder, of India, the former of whom preached an able and well appreciated sermon.

SOPHOMORE to his Chum.—Is not young S—, of our class, idle?

Chum—(confidentially)—His sister Minnie has long been the *idol* of my affections, but I never thought of the brother as resembling her.

WE wonder how much money is made yearly by appending those forms of bequest to the College Catalogue. It makes it look more like an alms-house catalogue than anything else. It rather casts a reflection on the benefactors of Rutgers, as if they did not know how to make their own wills.

SCENE—On College-avenue. Time—toward the "wee" hours Monday. Dramatis Personæ—Senior, Junior. Senior, walking rapidly, met by Junior walking still more rapidly. Halt face to face. Junior—Where have you been this time o'night? Senior—Where have *you been* this time o'night? Junior—Call it square? Senior—Square. *Vamoose*.

PROF.—What are the uses of starch in germination?

Student—(reciting on cheek)—In the German nation starch is used very much the same as in this country, for doing up linen and such goods.

Prof.—If you give another such answer as that I will show you how they take the starch out of students in the German nation.

In a moral science recitation, a short time since, the effects of obscene publications upon literature were being discussed, when, by way of illustration, the Doctor was beginning to launch out into a story. Doctor—"Here comes an obscene picture—" (Door opens and student enters.) Class convulsed, and Doctor mystified for a moment, not having expected this application.

THE subject for the Senior Prize Compositions, "Centralization in the United States Government," is one of live importance to Young Americans, but why don't they give more than one subject? The subject selected may not be suited to every one's style of writing, and thus a great many good writers may be debarred from writing at all. In other Colleges, a choice of subjects is given to the competitors, but perhaps the fathers of Rutgers want her to be unique in this as well as in a great many other respects.

PERSONALIA.

VAN HORN, '74, is in Columbia Law School.

LARGE, '72, is studying law in Flemington, N. J.

GILLMORE, '72, is studying law in Jersey City, N. J.

HUYLER, '73, is in winter quarters in Tenafly, N. J.

PARKER, '74, is taking a high position in West Point.

VREELAND, '74, is in the Bellevue Medical College.

POTTER, '72, has been attached to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

STUYVESANT, '72, passed through the city the other day, on his way to Texas.

CROWELL, '73, still remains in Rahway, unable to spend his time to advantage.

MORGAN, '73, may still be seen in the city at the various resorts of the students.

CORNELL, '72, is at home in Somerville, N. J., superintending his father's estates.

G. R. GARRETSON, '70, who went to Europe in July, will spend the winter at Berlin.

BURROUGHS, '72, has been appointed 1st Assistant Engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

HEATH, '72, has just returned from Europe. His trip has undoubtedly improved his personal appearance.

DEVAN, '74, is studying engineering on the corner of George and Church streets, New-Brunswick.

DUNSCOMB, '73, is in business with his father, in Albany. A recent letter from him reports everything "sound on the goose."

OUR TELESCOPE.

INDIGNATION will fill the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber yard the other day, because they were suspected of a *design on wood*.

A SUBSCRIBER wrote to the Editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase, "*mors omnibus communis*." The Editor said "it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about 'Morse's Omnibus being of service to the community.'"

A SENIOR in a Pennsylvania College recently received a note from a Chicago Philanthropic institution, seeking the information "Will you be one of two hundred thousand children to give five cents toward the erection of a Mission Chapel in Chicago?"—*Vidette*.

A YOUNG lady who is studying French, lately wrote to her parents that she was "invited out to a *dejeuner* the day before, and was going to a *fete champetre* the next day." The professor of the College was surprised to receive a dispatch from the "old man" a day or two after, saying, "If you can't keep my daughter away from these blasted side-shows and menageries, I will come down and see what ails her."