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The Old Rumseller.

A PARODY, BY V. A. WILLIAMS.

'Twas nigh to a bar that had long been made,
Lean'd a rumseller old in the liquor trade,
His work was done, he paused to count
The receipts of the day—a large amount.
A relic of jolly old topers was he,
And his hair was as white as the foam of the sea.
And these words came forth with the fumes of the gin,
"I gather them in, I gather them in!"

CHORUS.

"I gather them in, I gather them in,
Gather, gather, gather,
I gather them in!"

I gather them in, both old and young,
To my den of death and they go and come,
Some to the scaffold and some to the grave,
Some to the prison, but none I save;
Come father, mother, daughter and son,
All I will ruin one by one,
With my rum or whisky, brandy or gin,
"I gather them in, I gather them in!"

CHORUS.

I gather them into a life of shame,
I blast the fairest honored name;
Make widows and orphans to cry and moan,
At the foot of old "King Alcohol's" throne.
The highest or lowest I care not which,
Will soon find their level in a common ditch,
The law protects me, and it's no sin—
"I gather them in, I gather them in!"

CHORUS.

The old man ceased as he closed his till,
Soon all was dark and gloomy and still;
And I said to myself as he went to his rest,
"Can it be that humanity dwells in your breast?"
Man can forgive you but God never will,
Though your ill-gotten gains foot the minister's bill,
A voice will be heard o'er the last trumpet's din.
"He'll gather them in! he'll gather them in!"

Prineton College Commencement.

PRINCETON, N. J., June 14th, 1870.

Editor American Union:—

Having for years felt a deep interest in the well-being of New Jersey and its schools, and thinking, perhaps, the readers of THE UNION might be interested in knowing something, not only of the educational, but the agricultural, department, I feel 'twill not be amiss to give a few of the outlines. As usual, I received invitations to Princeton and other commencements, and having so long been associated with the professors and educators of this State, and feasted at their banquets of wisdom, I was glad to join them once more. I took the 3½, P. M., boat, at Walnut St. wharf, and crossed over the river to take the cars at Camden. The air was balmy and refreshing after the intense heat of the city. The boat touched the wharf, and then a rush and jam till the cars were reached. Persons not accustomed to travelling, and even those who are, oftimes become confused at the many voices. "This way for New York;" "This way for Trenton;" "This way for Burlington," &c., &c. But soon you are stowed in some how, and the conductor cries out "all aboard." "Toot, toot," goes the whistle, and the great train moves off, regardless of the dreamers that are behind time. Like 'wind and tide" the iron horse waits for no man. I, in my haste to get a seat, found myself by one of the friends of the "little brown jug." However, I soon changed my quarters, and threw the window up, that I might drink in the deep beauties that everywhere surrounded us.—Nature had just been refreshed with a bath, and vegetation was still weeping. O those great fields of grain bowing in golden beauty to the perfumed breezes as they threaded their way through the many green cornfields and onward till they reach the grand old ocean! 'Twas really a luxury for thought to take a stroll through the scenes and toils of other days, but I was roused from my meditations by the familliar name of Burlington, called out by the conductor. The train stopped and exchanged passengers. I sat and looked, hoping to see some one I knew, and just as I was about to become resigned to disappointment and bid adieu to the beautiful city of B., a trio recognized me. We only had time to exchange words and pass on.

'Twas really delightful to glide along among the beautiful farms, rich in wheat, corn, oats and hay, much of which was ready to be garnered. The vegetables, too, form no small portion of the wealth of this little State. Here you see whole fields of peas, beans, beets, onions, tomatoes, &c.; in fact, all kinds of vegetables and many of the luscious fruits that supply Philadelphia and New York markets are cultivated here, and the traveller not unfrequently becomes a participant, both mentally and physically, in this garden of worth.

Passengers were exchanged at Bordentown, Trenton, and all other important points. Finally, many others, with myself, were landed at Princeton, the mother of New Jersey colleges, and here, in this home of the student, I was welcomed by many kind fellow-laborers and friends of the great work —EDUCATION.

The exercises of the college commencement were began by Rev. Dr. McCosh. His text was the 30 verse, of the 6th chapter of Matthew, from which he educed: First, that we are to consider the works of our creation, in their purpose and in their beauty; secondly, to consider the ground we have for trusting Him—the evidence of His care for us, as regards body and soul. A special application was made of the doctrine of the text to the circumstances of the class before him, and to the entrance upon the duties, trials and temptations of life. He then spoke of the state of religion in the college, with reference to the last six months, &c.—The class of '70 held their class-day exercises. The weather was favorable, and the town crowded with visitors, all of whom seemed to enjoy the festivities greatly. Audience was addressed by Wm. P. Schell, of Pa., followed by an excellent class poem by Thomas D. Suplee, of Pa., and the class oration, by T. B. Brown, of D. C. Dr. McCosh then made a short address, followed by ex-President Maclean. A prayer, and the assembly adjourned to the library, when Wm. B. Glen, of N. C., pronounced the Library Oration, presenting to the college library, on behalf of the class, Knight's Encyclopedia, in eleven volumes. Next followed the Ivy Oration, by Swenk, of Pa., at the Gymnasium, where the class had planted a young ivy plant, above which has been inserted, in the wall of the gymnasium, a marble block bearing the No. 70, in honor of the class that had placed it there. Next followed the exercise around the cannon, and a portion of class history, read by F. H. Pierce, of N. H., and last, but not least, the presentation address, by H. S. Harris, of N. J. The last was a grand feature of the day's exercises.

The concert, by Grafulla's band was a perfect success. The band was situated at the rear of the library, upon a low platform constructed for them. The whole campus was brilliantly illuminated with chinese lanterns.

The gymnasium exhibition took place at nine, A. M. The professors, visitors and students all enjoyed the instruction. Bonner, of New York, made his appearance during the exercise, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the students. The band seemed to appreciate the turn of affairs, and struck in with "Hail to the Chief" at the right moment. Next came the presentation tribute to the retiring Professor of Elocuion, Dr. J. H. McIlvain. He was the recipient of Found's History of England, a present from the graduating class. At 11 o'clock, A. M., the address before the Literary Society was delivered, in the First Presbyterian Church, by the Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, a member of the class of 1847. He chose as his theme, "The responsibility in this country of the Institutions of Learning." "The power of the institution," he said, "is varied by manifold conditions peculiar to itself, and included all the incidents of both intellectual and material wealth, of geographical position and population. Much must also depend upon the question of government and controlling influences." The speaker ably developed his subject into a demonstration that, in every field of intellectual labor, the graduates and representatives of our colleges had become leaders and champions. Referring to the distinguished President of the college, Robeson said: "The place of Withuspoon to-day is filled by his countryman, who is standing a century forward in the cycle of time, with a longer experience behind and a wider horizon before him—has applied to the larger field of collegiate influence which our times present the same principles of truth and true religion, illustrating at once the reality and efficacy, for all time, and for every condition of humanity. And the influence of another name for the land of the bible and covenant is maintained in the love which we cherish for him who now bears it—whose simple and gentle kindness has filled the hearts of more than one generation, which change cannot diminish nor time obliterate." This touching allusion to the Rev. Dr. Maclean, the ex-President of the college, was received with loud and heartfelt applause. The speaker was cheered by the large audience, and immediately after the address followed the annual meeting of the literary societies in their respective halls.

The decennial meeting of the class of 1860 took place according to appointment in the college. The Present, P. Van Rensellaer, being absent, J. A. Pearce, of Md., took the chair, opening the proceedings with an interesting speech. In the course of his remarks, he said that, out of a class of 88, and which graduated 85, in an interval of ten years, nearly half of which was agitated by a bloody war, only 12 had been removed by death, and the remainder, 43, were now assembled. D. H. Smith, of New York, then came forward and delivered a spirited address, and handed the President a donation of ten thousand dollars to found a fellowship in experimental science, to be called by the name of the class. Dr. McCosh responded, and said of himself and colleagues that it was their purpose to increase the efficacy of the college in every department. Many able addresses followed, by the different professors, and were cheered. Then the President expressed his belief, that, at this moment, Princeton college had as able a body of instructors as any college in the land, and closed his remarks with extending the thanks of their Alma Mater to the class of 1860 for their munificent gift. The whole affair was attended with good feelings and good humor. The evening orations were delivered by eight young gentlemen, of the junior class.—All acquitted themselves with credit, and the newly fledged juniors paid their last tribute of respect to Trigonometry and Analytics by the imposing obsequies of "Matthew Matics," which were held around the big cannon Tuesday night about 12 o'clock, P. M. This was a strange sight, and being late I did not witness all. The procession formed at the gymnasium. First, in the line came the two grave diggers in appropriate costumes; then the "Chief Neophyte," the orators and then the coffin, borne by six pall-bearers, and surrounded by ghastly figures with torches. The "High (6 feet 3 in.) Priest" and sextons followed, the whole class, wrapped in sheets and bearing torches, brought up the rear. Thus formed the procession and marched around the "triangle," passing through the garden of Mrs. J. R. Thompson, who presented them with some illuminated transparencies, in the shape of flowers, &c. After going around the triangle, the class assembled at the cannon, where the funeral services were opened with an oration—Subject, "Oh, me! Oh, my! Alas! O, dear! Alas!" by C. W. Kase.—Next came the poem by D. Decker, whose pathetic theme was, "Is this the last, Eh?" The class then sang a melancholy dirge, with anvil chorus and horse-fiddle obligato. The high priest, H. Shortt, then read the burial service in Latin, after which, the funeral pyre was ignited and the ten dollar coffin burned to ashes. As soon as the fire fairly started, J. C. Lenher, in a heart-rending voice, wailed the "Lamentation Oration," after which the exercises were concluded with the Sophomorical "Peace Jubilee" and solo on the "Equinine violin." So passed away from this world "Matthew Matics!"—*Requiescat in pace.*

The next day, called the true commencement day, the exercises began at 9 A. M.—Assembled on the platform was the Governor of the State, who is also President of the Board of Trustees and Faculty, professors of the theological seminary, and many visitors of distinction, among whom were Gov. Hoffman of New York, ex-Governors Ward, Haines, and Olden, of New Jersey; Judge Bradley, Sec'y Robeson, Hon. John T. Nixon and Hon. Roger A. Prior, of Virginia.—The orations were many and too tedious to name. The closing one was prononnced by R. W. Parker, of New Jersey, whose subject was the "The Power and Influence of the Learned Professions." The degrees of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred upon the members of the graduating class, 86 in all, and that of A. M. upon 61 candidates in course, and many other honors bestowed in regular form. The prizes were then awarded, the Jay Cook Mathematical Fellowship, after the most difficult, and, in its results, the most brilliant examination in the history of the college, being given to Theodoric B. Pryor.

Thus ended the luxuries of study, and then some of the friends proceeded to partake of the annual Alumni dinner, which, with its informal, social intercourse, its toasts and responses, closes so pleasantly the work of commencement and serves to revive the home feeling towards Alma Mater in the minds of her sons. I desire the readers of this article may be as faithful to read as I have to write it, but not as tired.

H.

THE peculiarities of day and night in Sweden strike the traveller very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zone.—In June the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the North Pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all.

The steamboat goes up to Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only on one night. The sun reaches the horizon; you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latidtude 72 deg., the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 deg., above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears, and it is not seen for weeks; then it comes, and remains for ten or fifteen minutes after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens.

IT was regarded as a strong case of circumstantial evidence in a Pittsburgh court the other day, when the plaintiff produced the skillet with which his wife struck him, and showed the jury how nicely the three legs fitted into the holes in his head.

[Selected for THE UNION.]

Gems from My Note Book.

One is much less sensible to cold on a bright day, than a cloudy one. Thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will brighten every trouble.

Milton says the mind which does not converse with itself is an idle wanderer, and all the learning in the world is fruitless and misemployed which, in the midst of his boasted knowledge, a man in profound ignorance of that which, in point both of duty and advantage, he is most concerned to know.

Kempis said virtue is made for difficulties and grows stronger the more it's tried.

The happy arrangement of words, makes one of the greatest beauties of discourse.—Some, by a mistake, calls a person absent minded when the mind shuts the door and pulls in the latch string and is wholly at home.

William Penn said knowledge is the treasure, but jugdment the treasurer of a wise man.

Handle your tools without mittens, remembering the cat in gloves catches no mice.

French, on words, tells us that the word man, when traced back to the farthest glimmerings of history, is found to have its origin in a root-word which signifies a thinker.

King Fernando, the Saint, said the sword kept in the scabbard rusts, and the valor never put to proof becomes sullied.

'Tis said King Louis was the humblest Prince in conversation, and most dexterous to extricate himself out of danger or difficulty in time of trouble.

Lord Chesterfield says when you hear a man swear, or use profane language, 'tis only one of the nest of vipers which he carries in his heart, and he is not fit to be your bosom friend, and though this is the only one that hisses, he has given his life's blood to support each in its train.

Pythagoras, long ago, remarked that ability and necessity dwelt very near each other; they usually inhabit the same dwelling.

Savage composed some of his best pieces whilst crossing the corn-fields, and then stepped into a shop and begged pen to write them on the scraps of paper he picked up on the street and in his rambles.

Cleanthes was a gardener's laborer, and used to draw water and spread it upon the ground at night that he might have time to study during the day. He was successor to Zeno.

Cresus, as every student knows, studied in the camp and swam rivers, holding his writings out of the water with one hand.

Hugh Miller says that labor, even the hardest, is full of pleasure and material for self-improvement. He held honest labor to be one of the best teachers, and that the school of toil is the noblest of schools, save only the Christian one.

Luther says when I was brought low by some fit of sickness, surely the lower the ebb the higher the tide. So the lower we descend in humility, the higher we shall ascend in honor and glory. The lower the foundation of humility is laid, the higher shall the roof of honor be over laid.

The Josh Billings' Papers--Slips of the Pen.

The wizest thing about a man iz hiz conscience—edukashun don't improve it.

If yu want tew find out the ruling pashun ov a hoss, feed him high on oats—it iz jiss so with mankind.

Az a gineral rule, the best way iz to decide yurself what buziness in life it iz best for yure young one tew follow, and then stick him at it while he is limber—men alwus pol vines before they begin to run much.

The only way for me to git out ov a tight spot iz tew git into it fust. Sum folks kan tell exactly how a thing feels by not tutching it, but i kant.

The more babes in a family the easier and better they are raized—one chicken alwus makes an old hen more clucking and scratching than a duzen duz.

It takes an uncommon smart man now daze tew make money by telling the truth—it iz aktually an evidence ov genius.

It iz a very small spot in the lightning bug's tale that shines. It iz the darkness ov the nite that make it so brilliant. It iz jist so with virtew.

Nussing revenge iz like nussing a young hedgehog—the older he grows the sharper hiz quills.

The good man iz like an old-fashioned Nu Enland clock—hiz soul iz the pendulum whose regular moshuns giv life and grace tew hiz hands and face, thus showin the good works that are outside ov him.

Most ov the epitaffs on the tombstuns read like gide boards tew the grate city, and without them a grate menny would tak the wrong road.

"MOTHER," said Ike Partington, "did you ever know that the 'iron horse' had but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious child what do you mean?" "Why the engin-*eer*, of course.

"LIFT A LITTLE."

Lift a little! lift a little!
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To the heavy-laden brother,
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee, with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Efforts give one added strength;
That which staggers him when rising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong;
It is God makes lives to differ;
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid;
Many lying by the road-side,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade;
Pass not by like priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow man,
But with heart and arms extended,
Be the good Samaritan.

[Writtten for "THE AMERICAN UNION"]

"Only Waiting by the River."

BY W. THOMAS PIPPIN.

"We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore;
Only waiting for the boatman—
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er."

These beautiful lines occurred to my mind while perusing an article in THE UNION of the 25th ultimo, titled "Waiting," and, as I read, I was struck with the truth and beauty of language which the writer used, and I thought of many who were "only waiting by the river" for the Angel boatman to ferry them over into the emerald domains of the eternal world. I can recall many who waited patiently, but the Angel came for them, and they are gone. I wend my way to the sanctuary of the most High, on the holy day, and find many vacant seats; they who once occupied them are gone from the Church militant to the triumphant in glory.

They often told us of their prospects for heaven, and encouraged us to press on, and, to-day, we seem to hear them from the bright portals of heaven, bidding us "steer this way, brother." Many dear ones are still "waiting;" the Angel has not come for them; their mission is not yet fulfilled; they are spared for some purpose, perhaps to point others to the lamb—to be a shining light and way-mark to the eternal world. But, dear ones, patiently wait. Do you not hear the angel say, "wait a little longer; a few days more of life and I will carry you safe over." Oh! dear ones, thus he speaks to you, and let this encourage your dear heart to "patiently wait." Soon the last storm will be over and you be housed in the bright paradise of God.

As you stand upon the banks of the river, and the waters gently lave your feet, listen: a sound breaks upon your ear above the din of the waters. It is the sound of the music from the throng of the redeemed in glory, singing "praises unto God and the Lamb." Oh! how delightful it breaks upon your ear, and how you long to join in that song. Then just "wait a little longer;" be faithful a few days more, and you will be carried over to live forever—

"To flourish in immortal youth,
Unharmed, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

Dear christians, we are all "only waiting by the river." Soon will the angel bid us enter in the boat and be ferried over the narrow stream that divides time from eternity. As you have stood by and seen many pass over, you have doubtless thought, would that I could exchange places with you. You have heard the exulting and triumphant cry of "all is well," and then the mortal conflict was over—the last pain—the last sigh—the last tear; the future—eternal joy in heaven; redeemed ones for companions, and bright angels for wardens, and you have longed to go with them and be at rest. In moments of deep distress and grief, when the gloomy clouds of despondency have hovered over your head, when friends have fled and left you, when Christ has, for a moment, "hid his smiling face," how oft have you longed for the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest. But, dear ones, only wait patiently; you will not have to tarry long:—

"Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, thy father calls come, home.

Yes, home to the glorified land where many will greet you; yes, *greet you*, for we believe in "heavenly recognition. What! shall I never know a fond and loving mother that the "boatman" ferried over when I was a child? Reason forbids the thought—religion forbids the thought. I shall certainly know and greet her. She now waits upon the banks for my arrival, and will welcome me home to the bright abode of saints.

How often, do we seem to feel a holy influence thrown around us when contemplating the friends gone before; the influence of the loved ones still hover around us and urge us on to do right. Accept the doctrine of heavenly recognition, dear ones; believe it, and you will not be disappointed when you reach the "bright frontiers of glory." Mother, you will surely know your long lost daughter. Father you will recognize your dear son. Brother you will know that loving sister of your early days. Heavenly recognition will be one great source of happiness in the eternal world; we shall range the blest fields of glory with our friends who have gone before us; we shall relate to them our trials and difficulties and how we have been gently brought through them all, and then we shall break forth in "praise to God and the Lamb" who hath wrought our deliverance.

Dear fathers in the church, Dear mothers in the church, patiently wait and endure your every trial; you cannot have to wait much longer; the storm will soon be over; it may be that the "Angel boatman" is now on his way to bid you enter and be landed upon the "evergreen shore;" you have been valiant soldiers for King Emmanuel; long have been marshalled beneath the "blood stained banner of the cross," and now that the "Captain of your salvation" is about to pay you for your services, Oh! do not desert. If you have a few more fierce conflicts, endure them, and your reward will be eternal life in heaven. "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Dear young lambs of the fold, persevere in your heavenly march. You are in the slippery paths of youth, the world offers many inducements, but, dear ones, to all the allurements of the world turn a deaf ear, and, like one of old, press forward crying, "life! life!! eternal life!!!" Oh! cling close to the "cross of Christ; repose beneath the shadow of the rock Christ Jesus; let the burden of your song be—

Nearer my God to thee,
Even though it be a cross that raiseth me
Still nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee."

Endeavor to cling close to the bleeding Saviour. There is danger in living far from Christ. It is stragglers that are taken up by the enemy, not those who are near their Captain. If you will do this, dear ones, you, too, will soon be ferried over

"Bold Jordan's stormy main
And leave the world behind,"

and have an abundant entrance into the "bright paradise of God." Dear ones, live faithful, live holy, and you will live useful; Your light will shine; your influence be felt, your life will be one of happiness. When the waves beat against you, you will be able to look beyond the confines of time to your home in heaven, and above the din and strife of mortal life, you will hear a sweet voice saying, "peace be still," and you will not fear, for you will be able to exclaim, "My father's at the helm!" Yes, dear ones, your Almighty Father is at the helm, and he will steer you safe through every storm. And what if the boatman calls for you while you are young; it is true that we should shed tears of regret at your departure, but at the same time you would be rejoicing in having gained so speedy a triumph; in having reached,

"With sails so swift, that peaceful shore,
Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."

Would that I could say something that would encourage the dear young lambs of the fold to prove faithful until death; to commit themselves fully into the care and keeping of God; to consecrate their all, and from this sacred moment resolve to be "wholly the Lord's," to "live for eternity, to steer for the head lands beyond, and expect not their reward here, but in heaven." Dear ones, do this, and soon the boatman will come for you and land you safe in the eternal city—the bright home of the soul—to suffer no more.

HENDERSON, June 18th, 1870.

THE following lines are to be found in an old magazine published in the last century. It would seem that the theology of that day was not "entirely satisfactory," neither was the music. The poet does not tell us whether the airs were "Gregorian" or otherwise.

Could poor King David but for once,
To R——d church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out
Good Lord! how he would swear;
Or could Saint Paul but just pop in,
From higher scenes abstracted,
And hear his gospel now explained,
By George! he'd run distracted.

JOSH BILLINGS thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited:

"John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncerentonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss rake iz now and forever offered tew a generous publik. These rakes are az easy to keep in repair az a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broadkast in a ten aker lot of wheat stuble. These rakes kan be used in the winter for a hen roost, or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer ov good moral karakter should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one."

A QUEER temperance pledge was once circulated in Russia. It bound the signers to abstain from brandy—till brandy should be better and tolerably cheap.

An Iowa girl wants to die, but she prefers to be smothered with kisses.

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