simpllicity of syntax, it needs no help of inflections. In every land, the Anglo-Saxon is proud of his mother tongue, and rejoices to hear the foreigner say,—"thy speech betrayeth thee;" since Shakespeare wrote and Burke spoke it, and of all the modern vernaculars his was the first to possess the Bible. Such is the language we call our own: how much does it owe to King James' Bible? It owes much, doubtless, to each preceding version, but most to this master-piece of translation. Many others had done excellent-ly, but this excelled them all. To this, emphati-}

cally the English Bible, it owes
I. Its Permanence.
II. Its Models of Excellence.
III. Its Moral Purity.

I. PERMANENCE.—The seventeenth century opened in the central splendor of the Elizabethan era, but as yet there was given to our language no sure pledge of continuance. Though spoken at court, and strengthened by a growing literature, its fixity was so doubtful that Bacon wrote his chief works in Latin. Braver spirits—Shakes-
peare, Hooker, and Sydney, trusted their thoughts to the people's speech. But what surety was there, that the influx of foreign words and bor-
rowed idioms would not mar the purity of their diction, and sweep their writings into oblivion? Sad for Shakespeare, to think that the rich freight of a life of thinking must be stranded. Chill of jej

my despair upon the heart of Hooker, that his speech bea-
tuiy, to-day, the enlarged picture

est of the premier of living languages,

stands our own. By birth, of noble lineage—the child of the hardy North; by inheritance—the heir of the ages; by dowry—the consort of North

man grace; by rank—the foremost of the tongues of the world; by prophecy of seers and the prefig-
arations of Providence, destined to be the univer-
sal language of the globe. It is spoken by fifty millions of people—the dominant race of this planet, by the merchant, the colonist, the explorer and the missionary. “Its line has gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world.” Under the Southern Cross, sounds “God Save the Queen?” in Baffin’s Bay, rings the “Star Spangled Banner.” On land, electric thrills that ride with the pace of light,

sounds “God Save the Queen;” in Baffin’s Bay,

end of the world.” Under the Southern Cross, Our mother-tongue owes to the

English Bible.**

Earth presents, to-day, the enlarged picture of the morn on which God scattered the Babel-builders. In every people there is a tongue. Lan-
guages have arisen, flourished, died, vanished. The scholar enters into their catacombs and tells us that “winged words” do not fly into oblivion, but for age endure. In the path of research he finds a Nineveh of buried lore, whose avenues delight the world with their hourly revelations. Of many nations, words are the only monuments; they unlock the history of graves and mirror forth the life-history of the vanished. But not for these objects alone, but to grasp the entirety of language, to track a common fatherhood, and to follow the course of speech until he leads us into the ark of Noah,—this the scholar’s aim.

As premier in the peerage of living languages, stands our own. By birth, of noble lineage—the child of the hardy North; by inheritance—the heir of the ages; by dowry—the consort of North

man grace; by rank—the foremost of the tongues of the world; by prophecy of seers and the prefig-
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sounds “God Save the Queen;” in Baffin’s Bay,
THE TARGUM.

A WORD TO THE MINISTRY.

RUTGERS COLLEGE particularly rejoices today in the zealous loyalty and unwearied activity of her under-graduates in her behalf. Why can she not have the same from her graduates in the ministry? If they were fully alive to their duty, not to say privilege, of rousing the people to a perception of the transcendent importance of education, the number of our students would soon be doubled. There is no man who has such opportunities of finding out likely and promising boys, and there is none who has or could have greater influence in bringing those boys under the priceless advantages afforded by the Academy and College than the minister. He baptizes the children, sees their daily growth, hears all about them, and comes in his social and pastoral visits in closest and closest contact with both them and their parents. Their ear is entirely open to him, their feet ready to run in the way of his advice. He needs simply to call the attention of parent and child to the inestimable value of knowledge, and often the highest and most far-reaching consequences would follow. A word is a tremendous power. It is like the germ which floats lighter than a feather upon the air, and yet which once lodged and rooted cleaves the rock, and builds up, apparently out of nothing, the gigantic trunk and towering branch. It costs nothing to drop a few sentences now and then to a bright-eyed boy about seeking the pearl of education, but out of those sentences may spring a life rich in noble work and happy influences. What endless hope might walk with the air, and yet which once planted and rooted would be filled to overflowing; and thus the young and the old might walk with the "Dear Dominie." In the family where the young are gathered, waiting for that sound which sweeter as it is better than siren song, shall call them to the College-Campus and class-room! We once knew a minister who made it his special business to talk education into the best and smartest boys of his congregation. He was instant in season and out of season, just as every man ought to be, in this fruitful work. And God blessed him, too, most abundantly, for he lived to hear many of those boys preach the glad tidings of salvation to dying men. Ah! if all in the ministry would imitate this example, our Grammar School and College and Seminary would be filled to overflowing; and the world—is it too much to say it?—would feel a new and redeeming impulse. Awake, then, brethren in the ministry! Inspire the boys in the families of your charge with the blessed love of knowledge. And do not forget to tell them that such a love would be generously gratified and quickened within the walls of Old Rutgers, which, though near her hundredth birthday, is yet fresh in immortal youth and just entering upon a new career of prosperity and usefulness.

MARKS.—It is not very fresh news to those now in College, though it is to those who were there but a few years ago, that the marks of each term are not, like the book of fate, hidden from all creatures, but are posted on a bulletin in the President's room. Each student is able by consulting the record to tell whether he is to take the first or the fifth honor. The surest evidence that they do consult the record, and appreciate the policy of publishing the marks, is that the carpet beneath the bulletin looks rather dilapidated.

[January, 1869.]

Irish Wit.—A dandy was passing down town not long ago, and slipped on the pavement, with his new pantaloons rather the worse for slush. As he picked himself up, he saw an Irishman laughing at his fall. "Say, your head, you Irish dog, for laughing at me." "Try it, you slippery pug," said Pat, with a fresh whiff of his pipe. The dandy concluded he wouldn't.
The Targum.

THE FROGS.

A frog once started from Oo-saka to go and see the renowned city of Miako. Wishing not to be singular, but to travel as others do, he went on all fours, not by usual frog leaps, but using his legs in the manner of other quadrupeds. So he went on, passing many villages, until at length, foot-sore, and weary especially about the hips, he laid account of the unusual mode of traveling he had chosen, and dreading the rest of the journey, he reached the top of a hill midway between the two places. There he fell in with another frog, who had left Miako intending to pay a visit of curiosity to Oo-saka. As all frogs do, they inquired mutual other as to their health, &c., and exchanged the usual compliments. In a language which frogs understand, though the author does not, they informed each other of the object of their journey. Thereupon the Miako frog said to his friend: "I have come all this way on all fours and the consequence is that I am exceeding leg-weak. If we go to our respective destinations we shall both have a wearisome time of it. It just occurs to me, that both Oo-saka and Miako are visible from this half-way summit, and now if we both stand up and look over, the other to Miako, the other to Oo-saka we may save ourselves the trouble of going any further, under such peculiar difficulties." "It is a happy thought," said the Oo-saka frog. "Let us do as the giant at once set out, and on tiptoe, and stretching themselves out to the utmost of their ability, they gazed intently with their faces towards the places they desired to visit. After a few moments the Miako frog exclaimed, "Why Oo-saka looks precisely like my own city." The other also expressed his great surprise that Miako appeared to be precisely like his own commercial metropolis. Thereupon they congratulated each other upon the happy expedient by which they had satisfied their curiosity, and avoided the toil and weariness that the other half of the journey would have brought upon them. Satisfied with their discovery, and particularly pleased with the ingenious mode by which they had obviated so much trouble, they parted, with the best of feelings, and with the kindlest compliments and good wishes, and each retraced his steps to his native place.

Moral: The frogs both labored under the same delusion. They were not made to stand erect like men, and when this is so, the Miako frog facing Oo-saka, brought his computations on the offal of this dwarfing policy so clearly seen as in its literature. Works of real value and merit are exceedingly rare, and strange to say fables are still the most popular writings in Japan. Remarkable, because every literature ever known has spent its infancy in an Age of Fable. As they are quite correct translations, made by the Rev. S. R. Brown, the best Japanese scholar we have, they will be valuable also as specimens of style. We have never seen any specimens of Japanese literature published, either in manuscript or England, and we have therefore selected from the choicest of fables and short stories a few good samples to present at different times to the readers of THE TARGUM.

Translated from the "Dorra" or "Moral Discourses."
THE TARGUM.

EDITORS:
Philocean—C. L. KNAPP, Senior Editor.
J. F. MCLAURY, E. SEALY, Philocean.
Scientific.
JOHN F. BACCOCK, Publisher.

RUTGERS COLLEGE:
New-Brunswick, January, 1869.

Special Notice to Subscribers and Contributors.—The Targum is published at the Freehold office, No. 36 Dennis-street, New-Brunswick, N. J., about the 15th of each month, for nine months in each year, no causes to be issued during the College vacation. Terms: Seventy-five Cents per annum: single numbers Ten Cents. All subscriptions, with the address of the subscriber, should be sent to John F. Baccock, the Publisher, as above. All articles relating to the editorial management should be sent to F. O. Box 385, New-Brunswick, N. J., addressed to the Editors of The Targum.

SALUTATORY.
Modern reforms, customs and demands all conspire to make the Press the great exponent of popular principles and ideas. Such is the state of society and progress of education that no party denomination or institution can well exist or meet with that success that ever was desired, prosperity, without this medium of intercourse with the outside world.

Political parties, which at the present day Kindel and nourish the flame of party spirit to such an extent, as at times almost to threaten the nation's existence, which, food the country with a literature false to the great principles of American liberty, and unjust to the memory of those who transmitted to us as a sacred legacy this great Republic, find in the Press a more than needed exponent of all their ideas and principles.

Church denominations, differing to a certain extent in belief, yet all united in the one grand and enabling work of redeeming a world lying in sin, not unlike the former, promulgate their doctrines through the medium of the Press. Not last, nor least, nor aloof from this popular channel, are the institutions of learning throughout our country. As the standard of our Colleges is being increased, and the cause of education everywhere looked upon as a great national blessing, the growth and prosperity of religion throughout the world, each institution begins to realize the fact, that its success is incomplete unless it possesses the proper medium of intercourse with the outside world, namely, the Press.

Rutgers long having realized this fact, and her students never having doubted their ability to sustain a paper, worthy not only of the respect of her Alumni, but of the respect of every friend of the Institution, has at length, we trust, entered upon the field, and, as a result, we to-day greet our readers with the first issue of The Targum, trusting that every friend of Rutgers will hail it as its coming as a bright omen and cherish its prosperity as that of a benefactor.

As to the policy to be pursued in the conduct of the paper but little need be said.

The principal aim of the editors will be to conduct The Targum subject to that one great principle which should ever be the guardian of the press—liberty but not license. Fair in our comments, just in all our criticisms, we shall hope to gain the esteem and confidence of every reader. It shall be the object of The Targum, so far as the rules of propriety will allow, to criticize in language most courteous, Professors and Students, and also to keep our readers well posted on every item of news connected with old Rutgers, which may in any manner serve to interest them.

Aside from College news, a certain portion of the paper will be devoted to matters of local interest happening in New-Brunswick. In this means, and through the influence of The Targum, we hope to gain a sympathy and cultivate a friendly feeling with the good people of New-Brunswick, many of whom heretofore, from causes perhaps not altogether unfounded, have been alien to the best interests of our Institution.

In short, the conductors of the paper will use their every effort to make The Targum a literary and scholarly, yet at the same time a lively and amusing newspaper, which will meet with a hearty welcome from every lover of literature and friend of education.

Aided in this by the valuable productions which will appear in each issue from the Professors of the College, the best talent in the Alumni, and the students from the Theological Seminary, and Grammar School, we doubt not but we shall be able to make the success of The Targum, which at present can only be a prediction, a future reality.

Then, all hail The Targum! Its existence but commenced, its advent hailed by hundreds who cherish as sacred the many fond recollections which cluster round old Rutgers, and as the pebble when cast upon the placid surface of the lake causes a ripple which expands until it reaches the opposite shore, so may The Targum exert an influence which shall only cease when the shores of Eternity hold all who once uttered as their ancestral prayer, "Sol injustice et occidentum illustre." An influence which shall last until death marks as its victim the last one who once repeated with pride, "Rutgers was my Alma Mater."

Even since the establishment of the State Scientific School, there has been a feeling of antagonism existing between Classics and Scientists, and many hard words have been used on both sides. The Classics have, until very lately, refused to consider us their equals, and in their editorials of The Targum have spoken patronizingly of us,—and patronage is hard to swallow—and we in our resentment have posited the notion that a Classical education could be of any value. But during the past two years the two departments of the College have gradually been brought into closer contact. In many of the recitations a union has been formed, both ancients and moderns reciting the same lesson, at the same time and to the same Professor, and at next Commencement both Senior Classics and Sciences will go through the closing Saturnalia together as one class. Thus, distinctions are fast being leveled, the walls of prejudice are rapidly falling, and the time seems quickly approaching when there will be no Classics, when there will be no Scientists, but all will be sons of Rutgers.

And here, it may be well to remark, that it is the earnest wish of the Scientific School that all factions should be consolidated, and that consolidation to be Rutgers College. We wish to be a College of which each member is the equal of every other member—all working with one heart, and one mind, for the welfare of the whole.

A new, and we hope an effective means, for bringing about this desirable state of affairs, is to be our new College paper, i. e., The Targum. We chose this name because it is old, having headed the College Annual since its existence. As nobody is supposed to know the meaning of the name, nor the peculiar circumstances that conspired to make it a great favorite with us, to save the trouble of answering the many questions (that are sure to be asked) relative to it, we have appointed a special editor to explain and thoroughly clear up the whole matter at least once a month.

The matter contained in the paper we will try to make interesting to all, and in particular to those immediately interested in the College.

"Our intention is to amuse and instruct everybody: this is a difficult task, and therefore we undertake it with entire confidence." We beg the public particularly to understand that we care nothing for patronage, we do not solicit it. We are determined on the contrary that the patronage shall be entirely ours. We merely thrust our subscription-list under the noses of the public, in order to afford them the opportunity of securing, for a paltry sum, the inestimable blessings, happiness and wisdom that are sure to follow the reading of our numbers. And, therefore, holding so high an opinion of our own work, we advise the public to subscribe merely for their own sakes. If they do not, let them settle the affair with their own consciences and posterity.

The Targum.—We are sorry that we were unable to supply our friends with extra copies of the Targum. Although nearly 350 more than the usual number were ordered, very many more could have been disposed of. It was printed and sold for nearly one-third less than the usual price, yet a revenue of over six dollars accrued, which was voted by the editors to be donated to the Rutgers College Bible Society. Our disappointed friends, however, can obtain as many copies of the monthly Targum as desirable, as we think that our supply will be equal to the demand.

Philadelphia.—Our friends in the Quaker City will receive our thanks for their interest manifested in Tracing Targum. We have secured sixty subscribers, and numerous articles from such writers as REV. T. W. TALMAGE, REV. PETER STYKE, REV. J. H. SYDAM and REV. SAMUEL AND EDWARD APPLETON. Others doubtless wish to subscribe, send on names, address and cash to the publisher.

Graduates of the College! If you desire to make The Targum your welcome messenger to every alumus of Rutgers, write and let us know any item of news concerning your old class or College mates. And do not be too modest about yourselves. Remember that upon you rests the question whether the graduate's department shall be interesting or not.
THE TARGUM.

OUR MISSION.

The true spirit and gratitude reigns, as we find ourselves placed in a position to plead a cause very near our heart. We realize the responsibility cast upon us by the confiding trust which called us to this office, and earnestly desire that all our acts and influence may exalt the honor and enhance the prosperity of our Alma Mater. Her sons are established throughout the world, ennobling the professions and departments of all honorable labor. But where are her daughters? Why should not those, who are to battle in the struggle of life with us, participate in the same mental discipline? We believe Rutgers will soon yearly glory in her crowned May Queens, who will enjoy the June shower of bouquets so prized at exhibitions.—next issue we will reciprocate.

We believe Rutgers has known a growth during the past term which would make the success of the last year appear delayed, and was, for a while, rather an eyesore in the count of unfavorable weather has been somewhat delayed, and was, for a while, rather an eyesore in the picturesque-looking edifice.

To the picturesque-looking edifice.

Our instructors proved themselves workmen not ashamed, by heartily sanctioning this new project of letting the light shine. The Targum will be an incentive to labor for the right, and continually opposed to evil deeds. The scourge will only be used where milder measures would fail. Personal and severe remarks are for the salvation of the offender, the safety of companions, and glory of Rutgers.

Parents through these columns may know their sons' surroundings. A candidate to Rutgers may know what will be required of him; and, unless prepared to act his part, has no business here.—To the mountains of coins and curiosities to the College. It is variously estimated as being worth from three to ten thousand dollars. President Woolsey, of Yale College, said it was the finest private collection in the country. It was compiled with considerable care, but we understand it has not given satisfaction to all. However, to do justice, we shall be happy to publish the names of any who feel aggrieved, and will promote them in this roll of honor, from "false attempt" to "fuzzy," or from "pale" to "fierce," if they can stand the examination. Beards or moustaches which cannot be seen without a microscope, however, will not be counted as such, as we are not able to distinguish and divide a hair, "twist south and south-west side."

Lectures on the History of the English Bible.—Hon. Joseph P. Bradley will deliver a course of lectures on the History of the English Bible, during the coming term in the Second Reformed Church of this City. Those who heard the lectures of this gentleman, in the College Chapel last year, will be certain of hearing something highly interesting. We also expect an article from his pen for The Targum some time during the year.

Attention, '70.—Some one has asked us to write a friendly critique on the Junior speeches in Chapel. We will do so, but sauce for seventy ganders is sauce for sixty-nine ganders; therefore, let both—Condense.

Prayers every morning in the College Chapel from 8:30 to 9 A.M.

Bible Class.—Instruction in the Greek Testament on Sabbath Morning by the President, Dr. Campbell. Preaching in the following order: W. M. H. Campbell, D.D.


Rev. Theodore S. Doolittle.

Rev. Jacob Cooper.

Friends of the College and the people of New-Bruswick are always welcome, and seats are reserved.

College Prayer Meeting, every Friday afternoon, at 4 P.M., in the President's room.

Day of Prayer for Colleges.

The religious statistics of Rutgers College, are as follows:

Whole number of students, 118
Professing Christians, 59
In preparation for the ministry. 33

Capillary Record.—In The Targum published in December, we printed a census of the number of students in the College, it was compiled with considerable care, but we understand it has not given satisfaction to all. However, to do justice, we shall be happy to publish the names of any who feel aggrieved, and will promote them in this roll of honor, from "false attempt" to "fuzzy," or from "pale" to "fierce," if they can stand the examination. Beards or moustaches which cannot be seen without a microscope, however, will not be counted as such, as we are not able to distinguish and divide a hair, "twist south and south-west side."

Request.—James P. Laine, of Kinderhook, N. Y., formerly a student though not an alumnus of Rutgers, recently bequeathed his cabinet of coins and curiosities to the College. It is variously estimated as being worth from three to ten thousand dollars. President Woolsey, of Yale College, said it was the finest private collection in the country.

In canvassing for our paper we find that some of our friends were misled by the Intelligencer's notices of the annual Targum, in supposing that the monthly Targum was to be written in "cipher," "cabalistic terms," etc. While, in deference to local interests, we will use some homely words which belong to Rutgers alone, as well as general College parlance, we do not think the paper will be in any unpleasant degree unintelligible to outside readers. We will even venture, occasionally, to explain the origin and meaning of some of those most frequently used. The Rutgers Targum is to be written, not in Chaldée, but in English.

This number of The Targum will be sent to many who have not subscribed for it, for examination. It is hoped it will meet their approval, and that they will forward their subscriptions to the Publisher without delay. A few extra copies of this number have been printed for this purpose, but hereafter the edition will not exceed the subscription list.

Our digest of College News does not appear in the first number, as we have received no exchanges as yet, except the Yale Literary Magazine, which is hereby acknowledged.
do agree upon the following, as the expression of their feelings in regard to his decease.

That the idea of Death has overshadowed us, and borne from the midst of us one whom we loved and honored, we realize that it has been a trial for each of our hearts, and that the God, who does not willingly afflict nor grieve; and therefore we bow in sincere submission. But we mourn that one so eager to meet the future of life bring about the life of another and his aspirations quenched in death. And we sorrow that our classmate who has been with us, breasting the same waves as fellow student and friend for nearly four years, endeared to us by his bright smile, generous nature and brotherly qualities, will no more join us to share the joys which are soon to crown our four years of companionship.

As brothers in sixty-nine, we tender our heartfelt condolence to the family then mournfully befriended of brothers, in sixty-nine, desirous of expressing their grief at their sad bereavement.

The funeral of W. L. Terrhune took place at Matawan, about sixteen miles from New-Brunswick. The fact that there is no railroad connection, and also that College had hardly opened, and many of the students were yet left, explains the absence of many from the mournful scene who would otherwise have attended. The faculty, the class of sixty-nine, and the Phi Chi Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, were well represented, however, every member of the two latter bodies then in town being present. The services were held in the Presbyterian Church at Matawan, where Dr. Dr. Campbell then offered some touching remarks, comforting the bereaved parents, grounding his encouragement that they should hope for their child in the covenant which God made to Abraham, which, said the speaker, "is just as valid to-day as it was four thousand years ago." God's blessing of pardon and grace extends not only to Christians, but to their children. Every sentence of our President was freighted with that ripeness and power of consolation which belongs to the aged, which the young man strives in vain to acquire.

MEMORIAL FROM THE CLASS OF '69.

Rutgers College, Jan. 7, 1869.

The students of the class of sixty-nine, desirous of expressing their grief at their sad bereavement in the death of William Terrhune,
The Targum.

JENKS.

We have a friends named Jenks, a collegian, a Senior,—not in Rutgers, there are none of Jenks' genius here. Jenks stands well in his class, is devoted to his Society, and has but one fault, he knows too much. Too much learning hath made poor Jenks mad. He knows too much, not of extraneous matters, but of himself. "Know thyself" never has been fulfilled by any man as by Jenks. No one of his fellow-students appreciates him, no one knows what a genius exists in their midst, in the corporeal likeness of Jenks. The agonies which that man has endured for want of proper appreciation, and of—money, lucrat, inad—incalculable. He sees men who have, in his estimation, no brains at all, preferred before him, while his talents are still unappreciated by the herds of swine who surround him.

Some time ago, Jenks went to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to hear a lecture from that modest, deserving, but deeply injured gentleman, Rev. Mr. Junior Tyng. Jenks professes a deeply rooted horror of the "Girl of the Period," though his eyes, untrue as the needle to the pole, even after every pretty girl he meets. Soon his nerves were shocked by the entrance of a male and female (as Jenks superciliously calls them) into the seats immediately in front of him. "Ah! gilded butterflies of fashion, could I not escape you, even here?" quoth Jenks. "Is there no place where an unappreciated soul may find refuge without meeting your ceaseless chatter and vapid twaddle?" etc., etc., sic loquitur dyspepticus Jenks.

Now this pair was, in all probability, a very quiet, well-meaning, respectable pair, who went thither simply to enjoy the harmless rhapsodies of Rev. Mr. Junior Tyng. But the jaundiced Jenks, having a laudable curiosity as to what precious neck! But it's the fashion to rail at— the bump on her head, a little more drawl, and— for Jobkms that

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KEEP THE BALL IN MOTION.

Students are not always found in the Polyclar regions. It has now become a custom when polling flags to flag the poles preparatory to that athletic and time-honored game called Football.

Under these precise circumstances, assembled the Freshman and Sophomore classes of our "Alma Mater," to attend for the pasley, the possession of the ball. The scene of action, the "Bishop Grounds," in the western district of our City, lies but a few yards apace from where the Raritan rolls forth its limpid waters as it hurries by the classic shades of centuries' memory. October's sun shone with dazzling effulgency. The gentle breeze as it played among the trees seemed to breathe forth words of peace. But there was no peace. A bustling, hurrying to and fro, arms bared to the muscle, and glaring eyes betokened naught but deeds of might. At such combats the Olympiadic and Pythican competitors would be crystallized with terror, and even our later friends the Caledonians would feel themselves conquered at a sight.

No well-greaved Greeks met in this mad affray—America's sons wore none but natural armor. The Freshman and Sophomore classes of our time-honored game called Football.

In rapid flight when, at a signal, a man of giant stature, a giant among men, the ball crosses the limits of the "Red Caps," and the Sophs triumphant. The Freshmen have adumbrated, and clogged breath prove no obstacles in this rugged path to glory. To win or lose hangs upon this one decision. Fercely they contend, but the fates withhold not, but throw the balances in favor of the exulting Sophies. We cannot in justice to '72 that skill and experience conferred superiority of strength. Under such training, physical development, no unimportant branch of one's education will certainly be well cultivated. Keep the ball rolling. Rutgers to the breach.

PERSONALIA.

Grant, '85, and a graduate of the Seminary class of '83, is now traveling in Europe.

JACOB S. MOSHER, M. D., Class of —, and for some time past practising his profession in Albany, N. Y., has been appointed by Gen. Hoffman of New-York, Surgeon General of the State. Dr. Mosher is also a Professor in the Medical College of the Albany University.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction of New-Jersey is E. A. Appoq of '66. Wonderful class that '66!

We understand that Brown, '85, (who hasn't heard of Bob Brown ( ?) now in Japan, intends to return shortly to America.

S. W. BERGEN, '87, became so passionately fond of Chemistry while in College, that he is now a Druggist and Chemist on Fifth-Avenue, Brooklyn.

MANN, '85, is practising law in St. Louis.

SUTHERN won the "silver cup" of Sixty-Five.

The freshman and sophomores of our College, when it bore the name of "Queen," was SOBER (?) who afterwards became a very distinguished man. His diploma as Bachelor of Arts is now in the College archives, and bears the date of October, 1776.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Vice President elected, received the degree of Master of Arts from Rutgers in 1854.

Rev. James D. Ballagh, Class of 1857, is a Missionary in Japan.

We give as much information as we could obtain of the whereabouts of the members of the class of Sixty-eight, for the especial interest of their New-Brunswick friends in and out of College:

SEYMOUR R. SMITH is a member of the firm of Smith Bros., Waterford, N. J.

TALMAGE, (you will remember a near-sighted person with peculiar glasses), is studying law in New-York City.

VROOM is similarly engaged in Trenton.

The M. D.'s in prospective are RANKIN and WELSH, studying in New-York; Strong in Ithaca, N. Y.; DUCHES in Hudson, N. Y.; and FOREST at the Medical College, New-York City.

BENEDICT is at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New-York.

CARROLL and DAVIS are at the Seminary here. Both are mortgaged.

BAHLER has left the Seminary temporarily and is teaching school at Flatbush, L. I.

DRAKE is studying law in Camden.

CROSBY is at the Union Theological Seminary, and intends to go to Germany in the Spring.

E. C. THOMAS is preaching at Oxford Furnace, N. J. We see him occasionally in New-Brunswick.

FEELINGHUYSEN is studying law with his father, in Newark.

WESTON has charge of a farm within sight of the College. Educated farmers are the ballasts of the land.

Wm. Campbell Reiley, the youngest man of the class, is engaged in making researches in Domestic Economy and spelling, at his father's residence. He is growing fast and enjoys excellent health.

University Crew.—The following is the University Crew chosen for 1869-80:

E. W. Clark, '89.

Jas. C. Weston, '70.

John G. Cortelyou, '79.

Chas. J. K. Jones, '70.

George Stevens, '72.

William Leggett, '72.

The Coxswain is yet to be elected.

The Frederian of last week gave a list of the papers published in New-Jersey. Daily, weekly, monthly and otherwise, they number over one hundred. Some of them are printed in German, as well as in English. The number above does not include the periodicals issued by Princeton or Rutgers, which are the Nassau Magazine from the former, and the annual, and the monthly Tarkum of the latter.

RUTGERS COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

On College Avenue.

Directly opposite College Campus.

This School, which is under the inspection of the Faculty, and the control of the Board of Trustees of Rutgers College, is ready to receive pupils at any time.

The Academic year consists of three sessions, the second of which began January 3d, 1869, and will close April 7th. The third term will begin April 18th and will continue until June 23d.

No pains are spared to have the Course of Instruction thorough, the Government of the school satisfactory, and to furnish pupils the fullest preparation necessary for entrance into College, the Scientific School or for business. Special exercise and instruction in Elocution of the United States. Special exercise and instruction in English Literature, History, and the Constitution of the United States. Special exercise and instruction in Education. So on and so forth.

All boarding pupils under the care of the Rector will be placed in a family in charge of one of the teachers.

TERMS.

Tuition—English Branches $6 per quarter of ten weeks.

Latin, Including above, 10 "

Greek, " " 17 "

Incidentals, 1 per session.

The Tuition is to be paid at the beginning of each Session, in some proportion to the length of the session. No deduction for absence, unless occasioned by protracted sickness; and no extra charges except for French. No pains are spared to have the Course of Instruction thorough, the Government of the school satisfactory, and to furnish pupils the fullest preparation necessary for entrance into College, the Scientific School or for business. Special exercise and instruction in Elocution of the United States. Special exercise and instruction in Education. So on and so forth.

WANTED.—A LITTLE SOOTHING SYRUP for FOURTEEN SOPHOMORES, who are soon to be notified by the Faculty that sight of their number can excite them in mind. Also, WANTED, UNIVERSITY FIREALTars by two or three, to draw them honorably through the territorially ordained of February 25th. They are to be guided by Captain Silver. You are invited to witness the scene. Our next issue will contain the names of the doomed.

WANTED—INFORMATION CONCERNING OUR RUSHING SLOPERS OF THE 21st Inst.

FIND.—By Rutgers 70, Thursday, 10 A. M., on the third floor, at the head of stairs, in their path, 71 Sophomores looking for an au- thentication of their being bona-fide students. Lecture Room, of course could not be desirous, and traveled accordingly, severely disenchanting the obstacles and man of authority, who tried to impress upon those forward movers, "I can't save this!" Why did he not say "I can't help this!" then all would have believed him.