

# THE

# TARGUM.

VOL. I.—No. 7.

RUTGERS.

TERMS—75 CENTS A YEAR.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

*"Sol Justitie et Occidentem Illustra."*

OCTOBER, 1869.

## THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1869.

If total eclipses of the sun were a frequent event,—if they returned with every sunrise,—or even with every new moon, they would cease to be of so much interest. Their peculiar phenomena would soon become familiar to us, and they would lose their power to awe or even to interest us. Once in a lifetime, perhaps, a man may behold this wonderful spectacle, and then only for a few brief moments. The entire appearances are new to him. No verbal or pictorial description can realize to him the scene. Pictures of the corona cannot give him a conception of the delicate, yet brilliant display of glory. Learned disquisitions cannot show him the red protuberances as they at last burst upon him. The whole spectacle is a novelty, and such a rare and wonderful novelty, that he feels repaid with seeing only one in a lifetime.

The last total eclipse of the sun visible in the United States occurred in 1806. It passed over the northern section of the country, and is still remembered by the older people as "the total eclipse."

The central line of the present eclipse passed over the United States from the N. W. towards the S. E., crossing Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina. The total belt was about 160 miles wide. At the centre of this belt the duration of totality was the longest, and was about two and one-half minutes. Des Moines, in Iowa, Burlington, Springfield and Mattoon in Illinois, Shelbyville, in Kentucky, were all near this central line, and were occupied by astronomical parties. Places supplied with telegraphic facilities were chosen, so that by connection with established observations the true time and longitude could be ascertained.

At Mattoon where the writer made observations, the party were supplied with telescopes for observing the time of contact and the more obscure phenomena, with a transit instrument for obtaining the time, and with a chronograph for recording the phenomena. The eclipse began shortly after four o'clock, and ended after six, the period of totality occurring shortly after five o'clock. The day was perfect; not a cloud was visible. The hazy atmosphere which had hung over Mattoon for weeks had been cleared by a plentiful rain the day before, and every circumstance was favorable. The whole population of Mattoon was gathered in the vicinity of our station to see the spectacle, vaguely feeling that in some way it could be better seen from that particular spot than from any other.

At the anticipated time the first contact occurred,—or rather a little in advance of the Nautical Almanac time. The first appulse was plainly seen as an isolated point, like a lofty lunar mountain, coming in contact with the bright disc of the sun. As minute after minute the light of the sun was cut off, one felt a sort of consciousness that some

great dense thunder cloud was coming up and giving to the face of the sky and earth a sombre, weird aspect. As the crescent of light grew less and less it was watched with intense interest, and just as it was about to disappear, it was distinctly seen to break into little beads of light, separated by dark intervals. Here was the first great marvel of a total eclipse of the sun, Baily's Beads. Their existence has been questioned, but every observer in our party saw them unmistakably.

When the last ray of the luminous crescent had disappeared, the darkness was indeed awful. The disappearance of the light seemed as sudden as when you turn off the gas. Prof. Twining, of St. Louis, was writing down some memorandum at the instant. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the paper on which he was writing, and the pencil, and his hands all disappeared. Part of this impression of great darkness was due to the sudden transition. The real obscurity was probably about equal to that of moonlight at time of full moon.

During the total obscuration two phenomenas were most notable, and attracted the greatest attention.

### I. THE CORONA.

In immediate contact with the solar disc it appears as a clear silvery light, as bright as the brightest part of an aurora, and somewhat resembling it in consistency. Farther out it appears streaked with pencils radiating in the direction of the centre. These rays are more especially noticeable at five points of the circumference, two of them pointing upwards and outwards, and three having a general downward direction. These prongs could be traced through a distance even exceeding the diameter of the sun, and near one of them was visible a curved mass of light, in shape resembling the petals of a flower. On the upper edge of the disc was plainly seen an arch of light, parallel with the edge, and within the boundary of the corona.

It should be stated that this phenomenon of the corona is best observed with the naked eye, and cannot be included within the field of any ordinary telescope. Our party are indebted to the observations of Mr. Bostwick, of Mattoon, and General Keifer of Springfield, Ohio, for the best configuration of the corona.

The explanation of this marvelous phenomena is still involved in doubt. The prevailing impression among the observers, as evinced in the Salem meeting of the Scientific Association, was that it was in some way an auroral phenomenon.

### 2. RED PROTUBERANCES.

The second phenomenon attracting attention was that of the sudden appearance of a number of protuberances of various shape and magnitude, which projected beyond the black disc of the moon, and were of a bright rosy red color. We saw six or eight in all. It must be remembered

that these were of immense size. The largest was not less than 70,000 miles in altitude. They seemed to have a cloudy consistency, and the form of some of them forbade the idea that they could have been either solid or liquid. These protuberances are seen in all total eclipses, but in no two are they in the same place or of the same form. They are thus shown to be of a changeable and transitory character. This was really all that could certainly be known about them, until the application of the spectroscope to celestial bodies gave us a new road to a knowledge of them. By means of this we are able to distinguish a solid body from a gaseous, a self-luminous from a reflective body, and, even more, to determine with certainty the very elements comprising the incandescent body. This mode of investigation, used first in the total eclipse of 1868, and still more in that of the recent eclipse, has revealed to us that the red protuberances are mainly a mass of incandescent hydrogen gas. The thought is overpowering. Here are vast accumulations of blazing matter reaching to a height of fifty to one thousand miles. What convulsions in the matter of the surface of our sun does this view of it reveal.

That the spots which are seen on the surface of the sun will finally be proved to be identical with the protuberances I venture to predict.

### EXTERNAL PHENOMENA.

During the total obscuration, we looked to see what stars were visible. Mercury and Venus, both near to the sun, were seen distinctly; Saturn and Mars were also seen, as also Arcturus and Vega. Had we given time to the search, doubtless we could have seen others. The great shadow of the moon was visible across the heavens, the part of the sky within it being a deep violet, and that outside being a blue, shading off into a yellow. The faces of the surrounding crowd seemed pale and ghastly. The aspect of nature was like that at the approach of a dense black thunder cloud. The whole crowd of people were hushed into silence. It was as solemn as if a prayer were about to be said over the grave of some good man. Cattle went home thinking night had come. Chickens went to their roost. A lady told me that the evening primroses in her garden had opened their petals as they did when the sun went down. The owner of an unruly cow told me that she was kept in a pasture adjoining a corn field, and she was in the habit of jumping out of her pasture into the corn field at night.—True to her instinct, after the total Eclipse she was found enjoying herself among the corn. During the most exciting period of the phenomena, General Keifer saw a countryman going at full speed across the field, who said he was going to see what his chickens were doing. He soon returned in a state of intense disgust, declaring that his chickens scratched away as if nothing had happened.

Such are the principal phenomena attending this rare and wonderful event. If we could have prolonged the duration to fifteen minutes, we would have bought it at any sacrifice. Oh, if we could have had only time to have sketched, and measured, and studied those wondrous revelations, life would have seemed complete. As it was, it seemed so aggravating, so unsatisfactory, that if another had been visible in California, or South America, or Africa, we would feel full ready to start for it, to complete what was left undone. It has been a most serious difficulty in obtaining valuable observations on total Eclipses of the sun that the observers must of necessity be inexperienced, and feel only prepared to make satisfactory observations when the opportunity has passed forever.

### A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

It needs no confirming calendar of reference to remind us that the bright memorable scenes of summer are waning, and that autumn, third on the programme of the seasons, is revolving round us, bringing in its rich train not only princely products, but relaxation from the extreme toil and hurried labors which characterize both seed-time and harvest. Sitting by our window, even now, ever and anon, we may see the leaflets bronzed and decked in brilliant beauty, trembling on their parent stems, then fading and falling in splendor of decay on the bleak bosom of both street and pave, until highway and heath are covered with the hues which their departed glory ever wears.

"The trees with crimson are garmented,  
Clad with frail brilliance by the wrinkling frost;  
For the young leaves that Spring with beauty fed,  
Their greenness and luxuriance have lost,  
Gain new beauty at too dear a cost—  
Unnatural beauty, essence of decay,  
Too soon, upon the harsh winds wildly tossed,  
Leaving the naked trees ghost-like and gray,  
These leaf-flocks, like vain hopes vanish quite away."

Out in yonder fields the broad banners of the corn are flung out in proud defiance—tasseled and purple-plumed in emerald elegance, ere long bribed by golden sunbeams, they will wear the glittering livery of a royal ripeness. Some one sang sweetly, still solemnly of joyous September, that these were melancholy days—not so think we. The advent of April is an angel wave rippling over life renewed; the morns of May are magnificent matins gushing from fields and woodlands of beauty and brilliance; June is a joy jubilee, echoing melodies of love and delight; July moves in grandeur and spreads her beauties over the earth, with day-brows bathed in silver dew, and every moment fringed in fragrant flowerets; August sweeps like a monarch in majesty sublime, with anthem airs marking its day-dial in all the glory of a summer's imperial power—but to us September, sweet, soothing, sunny September, chasing the hours of transient time in a love-light of mingling smiles and shadows—its glorious morns born of the blue of its skies—its mild mid-day, when earth itself seems asleep in its security and stillness; its sunsets of ruby, topaz and amethyst, looking like peerless pearls flung at random upon a sea of crimson; its loved and beautiful evening twilights, when the sweet vespers in their gentleness fill the air, and seem ever floating downward from heaven; its dear old

interests and associations; its fond call of duty, that year after year, brings us to the embrace of our "Alma-Mater," the time-honored walls of Rutgers; its departing days that herald the return of her sons from the North, East, South and West, to renewed friendships and social greetings, that call up afresh the pleasing relation of teacher and pupil, all combine to shrine this season as an empress of glory in our hearts and homes. We hail with joy this period of time, and with emotions of conscious pride bid our brothers of '70 God speed, as they enter upon their work, and usher in the Centennial Anniversary. X.

### OUR DEPARTED COLLEGE DAYS.

BY JAN STEEN.

In the most beautiful month of October, when dying summer, as a last act of kindness decks the leaves with a golden-purple shroud, before their downward sail on the bier of autumn's chilly breath; when the sweet melancholy of Indian-summer finds sympathy in the soul's mystic depths, and attunes them to a most intense enjoyment of nature; when the gentler feelings are touched, and all asperity is smoothed, all anger hushed by the "music in the air;" when the pleasure of brooding over past position is greater than that of present sunshine or of future prospects, we cannot but let memory repeat the joys and pains of our departed college days.

A year ago we returned to old Rutgers with buoyant hearts, beating seniorically, proudly, hopefully. The fourth year, with all the attraction of its unknown events, (O, how we ever love the unknown!) was to close a portion of our lives as distant as an island in the sea. Now we are scattered, but not as former classes were, for THE TARGUM binds us. We have drunk pleasure in full draughts, calm, invigorating pleasure, in the class-room, our study-rooms, or in the company of our friends. The effervescence has subsided, but the remembrance of vanished joy is almost greater than joy itself, for in the purest sunlight of the present, tiny motes are floating which are not observed when the light is tempered by the rose-colored screen of "fond recollection."

Let us lean back in our chairs and remember. It is half-past eight in the morning. We sit in our room at Hertzog Hall, or elsewhere, and cast a last glance at those dry eight pages in Thomson's Logie. O, Thomson, why wert thou ever born to make students miserable! The bell begins to ring, and with a shout and a bound we start for the classical looking college building.—First of all, we look at the bulletin board to find out the news of the day. It's the old story; a Freshman lost his shirt-button and desires to draw your attention to the fact; or some much needed pony has been ignominiously straddled and driven off to unknown regions, leaving the advertiser to foot and stumble amid a perplexing wilderness of Greek roots. We next ascend those venerable stone steps, scooped out by the sole-leather of over two hundred classes, and enter the chapel. If in walking up the aisle we can get hold of a hymn book, the opportunity is eagerly seized, for they are few and far between, having been chewed up by successive generations of Freshmen, in their pious yearning after—spitballs. Prayers are over. It is early yet.

"Sixty-nine, class-meeting!" We repair to that curious tree of ours, with "'69" gouged into its bark, greening late but long, besquirting on our class-day with a bottle of wine and a Latin formula. Here we again unanimously resolve that '69 is a glorious class, and must do wonders on commencement day. We now go to "Prex's room," where we expect to spend the happiest hour of the day. Ah! what a treat it was, perhaps not sufficiently appreciated then, but fully recognized now, to see the Doctor pacing the floor in glowing enthusiasm, opening Butler's depths to our view, with that marvelous skill and captivating simplicity which mark the consummate teacher, expatiating, gesticulating, illustrating, till we thought the quickly waning hour too short. From here we go, perhaps, to Van Nest Hall. No matter what sort of weather it is, whether the clouds weep over the redness of Jersey's mud, or whether wintry diamonds are glistening, in that room upstairs we always feel happy and safe from the blues. What was it made us always feel so cheerful there, so that even in the deepest fits of melancholy we had to put the screws on tightly on entering the room to keep in check the pleasant sentiments that began to boil within? No doubt the kindness and good nature of the experimenter, combined with the interest of the experiments. But why should we review it all; the laugh and the shout of those halls, and the professor's voices will nevermore be to us what they were.

Commencement Day! Too recent to be forgotten. Its music still lingers in our ears; the dream has not yet wholly passed away. In a dream we do not control, but are controlled. So we felt on that day. Years of hopes, of fears, of indescribable yearnings, of a long dawn, a morning twilight, are concentrated, realized in a few hours. Beautiful dream, why thus quickly didst thou pass away! In the morning we glided up to the Church in our flowing robes, passed up the aisle, ascended the stage, and looked upon the radiant galaxy of New-Jersey's fairest flowers, blossoming in the smiling beauty of dawning womanhood. The music, which has stopped a moment for invocation, again rises in the dulcet-tones of a sunny song. The moment has come. Dreamily we leave our seat, imagine ourselves a Roman Senator, and salute the *Quirines*.

In the evening we go to "Iceland," but find no ice there, except in an agreeable shape. Instead of "standing against the wall, and admiring the icebergs," we stray among the lilacs that beautify our happy dream's closing scene. (Oh! Curio, my friend, thou wert mistaken.) Midnight comes. The dream is at an end.

Four months ago. It is midnight now. My lamp burns low, and I must retire.

### OUR COUNTRY'S DESTINY.

EVERY American believes that his country has before it a glorious Destiny. He may not know just why he believes this; many believe it, because they wish it to be so; but upon an examination of the world's history and the progress of civilization, we are forced to this conclusion. The progress of civilization, in other words, the growth of the human mind, cannot but claim our attention and interest. Beginning at the downfall of the Roman Empire and the mixture of the savage



conquerors, we find only a slight degree of civilization. The characteristic of the Roman institutions was a want of *unity*. The population (unlike that of the present day;) was crowded into cities which payed allegiance to the Emperors, but the individuals were in a small degree independent. The government of these cities gave the people some knowledge of the administration of justice and law. The barbarians from the North were characterized by great individual liberty. They lived in communities and roving bands, and acted about as they chose, the rulers having only a restricted and nominal power over them. With the mixture of the people, a mixture of their different institutions and principles necessarily resulted. There was a struggle of the chaotic elements of the Barbarian and Roman principles of government for the mastery. In this struggle the Feudal System was born—a system of government peculiarly fitted for the times, and though it contained much that was unjust, still it nursed and developed the more noble passions of the human heart, chivalry—the first teacher of man's honor, was its offspring. It kept up a feeling of independence, fostered science and literature; it raised woman to a high social position, and zealously protected her honor; it made man a worshiper of courage, and a lover of his house and family name. But the Feudal System contained the germ of its own dissolution. There was no centralization—no unity; it was divided against itself, and consequently fell. The Church having grown to considerable strength, now took up the fallen reins of government. It made merit the stepping-stone of preferment, and for a time all went well. But soon the governing class (the clergy) separated themselves from the mass of the population. They began to promulgate strange doctrines and strove to force them into the minds of men; and thus they prescribed Liberty—man's greatest Liberty—the freedom of thought. Here the Church made a fatal error, and man soon shook off her power. A relic of the old Roman government now springs into new life, and we see *free cities* everywhere established. This was too quiet a life for the untamed mind of that period. It smothered passion, only that it should burst out with overwhelming power. The Crusades offered a good vent for the pent up passions of the minds of men, and doubly fired by religious zeal, vast multitudes embarked their all in this new excitement. Is it to be lamented that this was so? *By no means*. The undercurrent that carries men and nations on, made the crusades a necessity. They changed all the thoughts—all the old monotonous routine of European life. A new world, filled with new ideas and new scenes on every hand, was opened up to the crusader.—He came home with a new idea of government, and after a second struggle of chaotic elements, he finally established at home a Monarchy—the rule of the East with which he had been made acquainted. At this period, in the attempted *Republics of Italy*, we see typified the future destiny of all governments; the consummation of the great end, of which they are only the means; that end the establishment of a glorious free Republic, where might no more made right, but eternal justice held the throne; a throne not physical, but moral; a kingdom rooted in the hearts of men; its principles, the same principles that form

a part of every human being; the moral principles—the love of right and liberty that springs from God.

But these *Italian Republics*, born out of due time, drooped in the rugged world and died, but died to find a resurrected life across the ocean wave far more glorious and enduring. The attempt showed the progress of ideas—repressed here,—the prevailing idea found a new field in the Church, and the *Reformation* nursed it on to triumph. And what was this new idea—this cause of the Reformation? Nothing else than the desire and determination of the human mind to free itself. A struggle for the emancipation of the human mind. This was the greatest battle and the grandest victory yet achieved. Its consequences were so great that the very actors in the Reformation did not themselves know what was the nature of its results.

As a single man struggles long and hard with some evil passion, some besetting sin, and finally, by a mighty effort, breaks its power, no more to be its slave—so the *mind of Europe*, in the Reformation, put forth its greatest and last attempts for freedom. This was one of the greatest events of history, and from the day of its victory, the human mind was destined to be free *forever*. After the Reformation, we at once observe a great change in the mode of government. Monarchs discarding brute force, now appeal to the mind of man, they substitute the use of policy. *They acknowledge the superiority of the human mind*. What a transformation! What a progress in civilization! And what do we next see? Inventions, discoveries, educational institutions multiplied; science, arts, and literature beginning to flourish; religion and the church everywhere revered. This age produced some of the greatest men that ever lived. *Printing!* the greatest peace-maker in Europe and the world, because the greatest enlightener; was fanning the flame of mental development. And now a tremendous struggle, the greatest moral contest ever opened—a mighty problem—was before the world. On the one hand, the Injustice, the Thralldom, and the Wrong of Aristocracy and Rulers; on the other, the Justice, Freedom and Right of the people. Which will triumph? Heaven looks down, and through all the dark hours of England's Monarchy—Protectorate and Monarchy restored, and France's awful Revolution, when the very powers of hell seemed loosed, she protects and cherishes the Right. From her high throne she looks away from the *evil* of the Old World to the *good* of the New, and the lamb of freedom, right and peace, leaves the war lion humbled in his den, and builds in the pure land of America her fold of liberty, fraternity and love. And now the problem is solved—now the victory is won,—won by our sleeping forefathers, the heroes of the American Revolution. Since the establishment of our Constitution till the present day, all men have watched our progress with interest; the wicked hoping the experiment would fail, and the good in every clime rejoicing that liberty and right reigned supreme, and wishing for the glad day when other nations should learn wisdom at our feet.

And now fond America, my Fatherland, thou art destined to march on in glory, so long as time shall leave a path for thee to tread, crowned with

a virtuous wreath of holy victory, all nations bowing at thy feet and finding shelter and protection under thy starry banner of freedom. But hark! methinks I hear the murmur of praise to thee. It comes from mountain, from valley, from hill and dale, from land and sea, from the frozen North, and from the sunny land of fruits and flowers; it echoes from the busy marts of commerce, and the lonely desert traveller joins the strain. From the depths of the mighty forest, and from the fields of prairie flowers, where'er the foot of man has tread, I hear that song. No discord. No babel of 10,000 different dialects. Hark! I hear them sing Liberty and Rights have triumphed. Ah! it is our mother-tongue; and now all nations gathered in one fold, under the one glorious banner of Freedom, our Stars and Stripes, speaking the one language, shall make all ready for God's prophesied millennial day. Then shall Europe's lion and Columbia's lamb lie down in peace together; then shall the Nations of the earth learn war no more. This is no chimera. Should Napoleon die to-day, all Europe would, in all probability, be eventually plunged in war; but however long this prospective strife might last, one result is certain to be attained—another step in the progress of civilization; one step more towards universal Freedom and Peace.

Do you ask me if our government cannot fall? I answer, No! because this government is the people, and it cannot fall from corruption till the majority of the people become corrupt. Now then do you think that God will let the world retrograde, that this may be so. No! progress is an unalterable law of God, and as long as time shall last and this world endures, the moral nature of man, the people's heart, must go on improving, and since our government is the voice of the people's heart, it too must stand forever.

I do not say that corruption may not *endanger* the National life, but I do say that corruption can never *overthrow* it. The voice of man's heart will speak in tones that must be heard. Reform will be instituted. Honest men will rise up in the double might of right, and vice be banished, having done its work; strengthened the practice of virtue, by calling men's attention to it. Nations and people go from one extreme to another. Be not alarmed! to-day's corruption will be to-morrow's purity. Step by step, one backward, but two forward—the progress of the world goes surely on, and beneath the rising sun of some future morning will be emblazoned on our nation's sky—our nation's virtue. How we all wish to interpret and understand the times in which we live, and to-day, in my opinion, is the grandest epoch of the world for a man to rise to fame and glory.

Three broad fields of vice are almost ripening their seed, and the man who shall fearlessly thrust in the sickle and gather these tares to burn, he shall reap golden sheaves in his Father's kingdom. *These fields cry for Reform!* INTemperance, POLITICAL INTRIGUES and JUDICIAL CORRUPTION; and the man who will courageously throw down the gauntlet and give his life a sworn warfare against these crimes and corruptions, shall in the first place triumph. God will help him, because he is doing a part of God's great work; and in the second place, receive the well merited praise and homage of his fellow-men, and an eternal reward of infinite glory. It is our duty to watch with eagle-eye the opening course of events, for our country may call us to her aid. Be ready! have the principles of Right and Liberty anchored—eternally anchored in your heart, and stand ready to serve your country and your country's God.

J. S. FERGUSON,  
1st Scientific Class, Rutgers.

## THE TARGUM.

## EDITORS :

Peithessophian—GRAHAM TAYLOR, N. J., Senior Editor.

AARON W. BENSON, N. Y., J. S. FERGUSON, N. J.,  
Philoclean. Scientific.

(Editors elected each Term.)

JOHN F. BABCOCK, Publisher.

RUTGERS COLLEGE,

New-Brunswick, October, 1869.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—  
THE TARGUM is published at the FREDONIAN office, No. 36  
Dennis-street, New-Brunswick, N. J., about the 15th of  
each month, for nine months in each year, no number 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. BABCOCK, the Publisher, as above.

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

## EDITORIAL.

THE pleasant months of Summer have passed away, and as golden autumn, with all her splendor was ushered in, the sons of "Old Rutgers" answered her call, and from hill-side and valley they gathered again within her time-honored Halls. With this Term our venerable Alma Mater enters upon her eventful centennial year. A year that will recall the memory of her glorious history, and of her honored and sacred dead.

Well may her sons gather around the shrine of Rutgers to do her honor, and with feelings of true pride point to her history. For one hundred years she has weathered the storms of adversity and stood firm while the nation was twice shaken to its very foundation. And in the grand march of knowledge she has ever kept pace with the age, and to-day stands in the foremost ranks of the glorious column.

Although the friends and Alumni of the institution are filled with centennial plans, yet we would claim a portion of their attention for our TARGUM.

As has been said for the same reason that every political party, and every denomination or sect, has its interests represented before the public by means of the press, so every College and University should have its medium of intercourse with the outside world. We maintain that THE TARGUM has a double mission to fulfill, to awaken the interest of the Alumni in their Alma Mater by presenting her interests constantly before them, and to bring the College before the public.

We hold that a College paper is something more than "a mere innocent plaything for the students." If we are right, surely THE TARGUM deserves the hearty support of every true son of Rutgers.

With this issue, the duties of the present corps of Editors commence, and while they would thank the Alumni, the Faculty, the Students, and the friends of the Institution, for their co-operation in the past, they would also earnestly ask their assistance in the work upon which they have entered.

## UNIVERSITY OF '69.

ON Monday evening, June 21st, the University crew of '69 pulled the annual race with the Raritan of this City, for the championship of the river and a flag. The students rowed their six-oared outrigger gig, "Henry Rutgers," while the Raritans exhibited a new boat of the same kind and make. For the crews, the evening was all that could be desired, cloudy and cool; for the spectators, it was not so pleasant, especially pedestrians to whom the "puddlesome" state of the ground rendered "gums" a necessity.

At 6:30 the two crews pulled slowly up to the stand. The Raritans in their blue colors, new boat, and with their able Captain at the tiller ropes, made a fine appearance, and seeing that they were the heavier crew gave great assurance for victory. The students, with their scarlet handkerchiefs, brown arms, their little coxswain, and strong, nervous grasp of oar, looked determined, and prepared for the contest.

With alternate backings and givings, position was attained; then came the words, "Are you ready?" A breathless silence—"Go!" A flash of oars, and the boats sprang forward. Up the river they dashed, the "pulsing oars" beating forty-four strokes to the minute. The Rutgers, starting with a half stroke by the arms, gained an advantage of six feet. To the railroad bridge it was a spurt for its passage. The scene was intensely exciting. The Raritans, pulling a jerking arm-stroke, were tugging away their utmost, while the College boys, with long reach and quick swinging stroke did their "level," passing the arch a boat's length ahead. Beyond the bridge they were soon lost sight of by turning the bend.

The discussion, betting, and anxiety as to who would turn the stake-boat first rose high. In this way ten to twelve minutes passed by, when one of the boats was seen coming around the bend.—The cry broke out, "There they come!" "There they come!" said a Raritan. "Who?" scornfully. "Raritans." "It's our boys; Ha! ha! we've got them this time." "No you aint," said a student, "that's our boat. I know Jim's stroke and the swing. 'Rah!' Just then the sun came through a rift in the clouds, and slanting athwart the river revealed the scarlet dashing away as fiercely as on the start. The College boys were wild with delight, congratulating one another, and loudly cheering their comrades on to victory. When the railroad bridge was reached, as if their opponent's boat was lapping theirs, the students started a powerful spurt, and kept it square up to the Judge's stand, winning the race in 21 minutes. The Raritans followed in 23 min., 10 seconds.

Giving the usual "rah! rah! rah!" the crews went to their houses, and their congratulations or commiserations. It is just to our crew, to say, what is freely conceded by their opponents, that they could have made 15 seconds better time if pushed. The crew of '69 did honor to themselves and "Old Rutgers." Crew of '70, quit yourselves likewise. Diet and train hard.

"When we go in,  
We're sure to win;  
Tommy Dodd! Tommy Dodd."

IMMEDIATELY after the University race, came the much talked of trial between the Association barge "Zephyr," and the barge "White Caps," of the Septemvir Club. The Zephyr, steered by

Coxswain Kellogg of '70, was manned entirely by '70 men, while Taylor, '70, of the White Caps, chose to pick up a crew without reference to class. Both crews trained well and showed a determination to win, if it were possible. Promptly on time, the two boats came into position. The feeling "on the bridge" was in favor of the Zephyr, she was much lighter, drew less water, had a good crew, and was noted as having made excellent barge time. Against the feeling and the knowledge of these facts, had the White Caps crew to contend. They were wrought up to a high state of nervousness, but it was under control.

This was seen when at "Go!" they jumped away as if they were not starting thirteen hundred pounds of wood and metal, drawing from eight to ten inches of water. Up the river they went, bow and bow, past the railroad bridge, around the bend, and out of sight. The stake-boat was reached; then the "White Caps" length was a serious matter, but never turned quicker nor better, her plucky crew were in a few seconds driving her homelike the wind; and so they must, for now just astern, and now on the quarter, was the Zephyr pressing them closely. On, and on, both crews pulled, kicked, sweated and panted. The Coxswains yelled, and the breath came faster. "Under the railroad bridge." Now for a final spurt. "With a will, men, give!" The call was answered. Up went the strokes, and those two brave sixes laid on the last pound. For the White Caps it was victory. Time 24 min., 22 seconds. For the Zephyr it served to show their pluck.—Their time was 24 min., 32 seconds. PHIL.

MR. VOORHEES' DONATION TO RUTGERS COLLEGE.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Rutgers College, in session at New-Brunswick, Oct. 5th, 1869, "It was officially announced to the Board, by the President, that Mr. ABRAHAM VOORHEES, of New-Brunswick, had made a gift to the College of a house and lot in Livingston-avenue, New-Brunswick, for which a deed was made and put on record, and the property is now in the hands of the Trustees; whereupon it was

"Resolved, Unanimously, that the Trustees of Rutgers College return their thanks to ABRAHAM VOORHEES, Esq., for his valuable and timely gift to the College, and assure him of the firm conviction of the Board that by this gift he will aid in the best way to elevate the character of the youth of our land and to perpetuate our free institutions.

"Resolved, That we recommend the example of Mr. VOORHEES to the Christians and Philanthropists of our Country.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Christian Intelligencer* and the papers of New-Brunswick, and that a copy be sent to Mr. VOORHEES."

A true copy. DAVID D. DEMAREST, Sec.

DONATION.—The College Cabinet has received from Rev. Dr. A. R. Van Nest a collection of forty-seven specimens of marbles and other minerals from Italy. The polished marbles are specially valuable, having, in addition to their mineralogical worth, the qualities of beauty and historic interest. It is pleasant to acknowledge the kind remembrances of friends who sojourn in distant lands.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

DARTMOUTH students are to be assessed \$4 per annum for the Literary Societies.



## COLLEGE MATTERS.

THE REV. CARL MEYER, D.D., who was recently called to the Professorship of Modern Languages, has entered upon his duties. His genial manner and great abilities have won for him the respect and high esteem of all the students. We wish him a happy and successful course during his connection with the institution. \*

THE Term opened on the 22d of September, and now all the Students are back again and should be, if they are not, hard at work. The Freshman Class is the largest that has entered the College for several years past, numbering 42 men, 33 of whom came from the Grammar School. The accession to the Scientific School is 16 men, making a total of 58 new students. The Classical Department of the College numbers 105, of whom 20 are Seniors, 22 Juniors, 21 Sophomores and 42 Freshmen. The Scientific School numbers 36, of whom 7 are in the First Class, 13 in the Second and 16 in the Third. The total number of students in the institution is 141. \*

THE CANE WAR has been waged with zeal by the Freshmen and Sophomores ever since the term commenced, creating quite an excitement in the quiet, peaceful city of New-Brunswick.

Several daring Freshmen have suffered the loss of their canes by the hands of the ruthless Soph's. But occasionally they have grand triumphs. Three or four of the strongest Freshmen appear with huge canes, while the rest of the class rally around them and defy the army of Sophomores. When thus supported they are safe, for the Sophomores are outnumbered; but woe to that Freshman who assumes the dignity of a cane when not supported by his classmates: "His dignity is insulted, and his rights as an American citizen and a tax-payer are disregarded." \*

"O TEMPORE! O MORES!" Our ways are hedged about, and we dwell beneath the shadows of the "locusts." In us there is no soundness, or will not be if Mr. Chief of Police should carry out his threats. The gentle(?) man would impress upon our minds, *i.e.*, our brains, that to move away from the Post-office at a slower pace than "quick time" is a breach of those ordinances whereby the city provides for its order and peace; that to smile and laugh in or in front of the Post-office is an invitation to the "locusts" to "Come one, come all," be they three or four, and that to sing before twelve o'clock, midnight, is culpable and "clubbable." We have fallen on hard times, and there is no relief except from Mr. Chief of Police. Now, Mr. Chief, won't you take pity on us—no justice we expect! Pray, don't misunderstand! And, oh! don't get angry! And help us out of plight! If you "know" us, speak kindly—we know you will advisedly—and we will cheerfully, politely "move on" and pass about our business. If we transgress this great city's laws or disturb its peace, arrest us! Let righteous law be upheld, even though it compel us to eat prison bread! *Sic semper!* Being students—any special ban, for that fact—and living away from home, we often receive letters therefrom. A little curious as to "who has written this time," father or sister, we sometimes stop to look at the address; "*pardonnez*" if we, if I, do wrong. If not pardon, why then give me the club, but not my classmate or college mates,

me, the wrong-doer. Won't you consider, Mr. Chief? Our case is a hard one; not so our heads. *Habites, et habitemus in pace!* PHI.

ATTENTION.—Happily is the Grammar School called the nursery of the College. And still more happily, for us and our College, our Grammar School has become a *mighty* nursery after the most modern and improved style, both as regards buildings and those in charge.

Even so should we call our Literary Societies, the digestive organs of our College. There we assimilate to our growth, our use, what we drink in at College. There we discover, in time for a remedy, whether or not we possess what we profess.

And, brothers, you who may neglect these privileges, need live but a short time to regret your folly.

The attendance of this opening term has been pleasing to a certain extent, but it should be better. *Every man* should be present, Senior and Freshman. No College student has any business to be seen outside of these literary halls during the hours set apart for their sessions.

ATTEND! in which ever one you are enrolled as a member, and with a view to improvement. Always prepared to perform to the best of your abilities, the whole duties of the evening. Be regular, be prompt. Remember you have a peremptory engagement at your literary hall from 7:15 to 9:15 every Friday evening during the College term.

I believe when you have acquainted the dear ones of your position, each will heartily say, *Go thou, I'll meet thee at half-past nine; after which hour we will make no note of time.*

ENDOWMENT OF THE SEMINARY.—We are pleased to learn that the Rev. Dr. James A. H. Cornell, the Financial Secretary of the Standing Committee on the Peter Hertzog Theological Hall, is zealously prosecuting his important labors for securing an endowment of two hundred thousand dollars for the various interests connected with the Theological Seminary. The noble gift of forty thousand dollars by James Suydam, Esq., forms the solid foundation of this enlarged enterprise. The College and the Seminary are so closely allied in their origin, history and objects, that the prosperity of the one is the blessing of both. May abundant success reward every generous effort for their maintenance and perpetuation.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL opened on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, with an increase of its roll. The fame of the new building has evidently gone forth. The school is now in working order. Much is promised in its circular, and this is being rapidly fulfilled. The Primary Department and the Gymnasium—new features—are a success.

"The Home" of the Rector, on Hamilton-st., is all that could be wished for boys desiring board in town. The Board of Trustees have spared neither pains nor means to make this School one of the very best in the State. They have done their part—provided the building and Rector—now comes the part of the students of the College and Seminary, and every friend of these institutions, viz.: to see that this same building is filled with students, and these are taken at any time in the term or year. PHI.

CORWIN'S MANUAL.—"A Manual of the Reformed Church in America, by Rev. Edward Tanjore Corwin, pastor at Millstone, N. J.," has been issued, in a handsome octavo volume, of nearly four hundred pages, by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church. A number of handsome steel-plate engravings of deceased and living ministers of the Reformed Church, add much to the value of this important volume. Here are to be found a careful historical introduction, biographical and chronological notices of the ministry, and sketches of the Churches, Classes and Synods, Institutions and Boards of the Church.

Ample histories are given of the Theological Seminary and Rutgers College, and the new Theological Institution located at Holland. There is no other book or source of information which compares with this Manual, respecting the clerical graduates of Old Rutgers and the Theological Seminary at New-Brunswick, and also as to all the educational history and endowments of the Reformed Church. It ought to be in every student's library, and will undoubtedly be the standard work upon all these subjects. The author deserves the thanks and patronage of every true son of Rutgers, and of the whole Church which he has so faithfully chronicled in this invaluable book.

PETER HERTZOG THEOLOGICAL HALL.—This building, during the vacation, has been undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, which will promote the comfort of its occupants and the benefit of the institution.

Gas has been introduced, the heating apparatus is thoroughly refitted, the old blinds are rejuvenated and placed inside, instead of outside, as formerly, and a new coat of paint will give an entirely new aspect to the venerable pile. Water will be introduced from the waterworks as soon as the proper arrangements can be made, and other improvements will be made from time to time as means can be procured for the purpose. The new Standing Committee are vigorously discharging their duties in these respects.

THE REFORMED IN THE OLD DOMINION.—Rev. Anson DuBois, D.D., has resigned the pastoral charge of the Second Reformed Church, Schenectady, to enter upon the work of the Church in Virginia. It is understood that he is to be at the head of a new educational institution at Amelia Court House, where the colony of Hollanders, recently established by the veteran Rev. Dr. Van Raulte, is located. A new church enterprise will also be organized, of which DuBois will have the charge. Success to this forward movement. The Reformed Church will have a large field before it in the South, if it can only command men and money for its cultivation.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.—Why may we not have this elegant collection of hymns and music introduced at once into the Chapel for Sabbath and daily worship? Competent judges have, with great unanimity, pronounced it the very best book of the kind ever published in this country. A little proper spirit among the students will secure its use, and with it we may reasonably anticipate a great improvement in the music of the Chapel. We commend this subject for immediate and favorable action.

## THE TEACHER'S WORK.

WHOEVER enters the artist's profession feels that he has taken upon himself a responsible calling, for it is expected that he will bring beauty out of chaos, and symmetry out of deformity. He is expected to almost make the marble breathe, or that his pencil possesses as much magic as Aladdin's wonderful lamp. He devotes years to careful study before he feels competent to bring out on the canvas that beauty which existed before only in his imagination. He feels that one stroke of his chisel, or one touch of the brush may mar the beauty, or destroy the comeliness of the picture. But, however careful he may be, Time, the great destroyer, will laugh at his efforts, because the materials with which he labors are perishable. But the teacher, the real artist, assumes the holy work—to draw out and develop the faculties of childhood, to give shape and form to the features of the plastic mind of youth. The great canvas upon which he works is the pure and spotless sheet of the human mind; a canvas that mocks at time, and will retain every mark, be they perfect or imperfect, through all eternity. How great, then, the responsibility the teacher assumes. He remembers that it is not only his task "to rear the tender thought," to lead it forth in the broad field of science, to teach it how to grapple with and overcome the many obstacles that may present themselves; to point out every beautiful object by the way, and incite a desire for further attainments, but that each child placed in his care is hereafter to take the place of a member of society, to stand up in the great army of living ones, a man, in God's own image, with human sympathies, attachments, and responsibilities; that he is to be a neighbor to somebody, a citizen, a friend; that the part he shall act in the great drama of life will be performed nobly and well, or with shame and disgrace to himself, according to the impressions he shall make upon his now easily moulded mind; aye, more than this, he remembers that he deals with *immortal* mind, "freighted with imperishable hopes, and bearing a certificate of eternal existence from the great God of the universe," upon which he is to inscribe principles and sentiments which are to be read by thousands on earth, and by angels in heaven.

In the language of Edward Everett, "from the humblest village school there may go forth from the teacher's care, the pupil, who, like Newton, shall bind his temple with Orion's belt—with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets; with Franklin, grasp the lightning." It is a glorious work to train immortal minds, to kindle a light that shall shine on when the world is lost in ruin, and the sun and stars have ceased to be—to do a work that is not ephemeral and destined soon to perish; but a work in which every principle of truth, every seed of virtue that has been implanted in the soul shall continue to germinate and bear precious fruit so long as that soul itself shall exist.

How important then, that the teacher should enter upon the duties of this avocation with a soul inspired for the high calling, appreciating the nature and magnitude of his work, that he may devote himself to it with the greatest earnestness and the warmest love, remembering that he leads the vanguard of humanity, and that he builds his empire, not of the wretched and bleed-

ing fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect, which may be planted and peopled with beneficent activity and enduring joy.

*Teachers live*; and in this eternal life begun below, they shall live in the hearts of those whom it is their pleasure to instruct. And though they may often labor under disheartening circumstances; though the brightest success may not at first crown their efforts, yet remembering that trials and discouragements when rightly regarded will tend to quicken and inspire, let them look for the "better time coming," which their well-directed efforts may hasten on. Not satisfied with present attainments, let them go forward, and perform their part faithfully, and their labors *will be felt* and appreciated. A glorious reward will follow; such as springs from the consciousness of having been the humble instrument of enlightening, expanding and elevating the minds of immortal beings.

X.

## GARIBALDI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw  
The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching lone  
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hilled,  
Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone  
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,  
Behold'st the vision of the seer fulfilled,  
And hear'st the sea-winds burdened with a sound  
Of falling chains, as, one by one, unbound,  
The nations lift their right hands up and swear  
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-white wall  
Of England, from the black Carpathian range,  
Along the Danube and the Theiss, through all  
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,  
And from the Seine's thronged banks, a murmur strange  
And glad floats to thee o'er thy Summer seas  
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair—  
The song of freedom's bloodless victories!  
Rejoice, O Garibaldi! Though thy sword  
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly poured  
Where, in Christ's name, the crowned infidel  
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell  
Of that sad mountain slope whose ghostly dead,  
Unmindful of the gray exorcist's ban,  
Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,  
And drew the curtains of Napoleon's bed:  
God's providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,  
It searches all the refuges of lies;  
And in His time and way, the accursed things  
Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage  
Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age,  
Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings,  
One royal brotherhood, one church made free  
By love, which is the law of liberty.

OUR COLORS.—We believe that, after all, we were justified in changing our colors from the Dutch tri-color, orange, white and blue, to scarlet. Not that we were afraid of being considered *Dutchy*, as "Rectus" in the last TARGUM complains of so generously, but because it was impossible to get a true orange tint, outside of the Gobelein tapestry or an autumnal sunset, so we changed our colors. We noticed, while traversing the mighty land of dykes itself, this summer, that out of about twenty-five Dutch flags not more than three or four floated a true Orange. We wondered how the ashes of the great Prince of Orange could be still in the spongy soil, while the flags of Holland, in so many cases, flaunted a hybrid of dirty yellow, genuine red, or haggard pumpkin-color. We still think scarlet one of the meanest of colors to choose; but as it is, long may they wave.

CURIO.

## OUR TELESCOPE.

THE MADISONENSIS reports eight students as "about to shove out on the sea of matrimony."

MADISON UNIVERSITY has completed her fiftieth year.

THE TRINITY TABLET, of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., is one of our best exchanges. It is printed on tinted paper, and presents a handsome appearance. The TABLET says that the vacation has *terminated*.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, published by the students of Notre Dame, Ind., reports that the premiums for Politeness, Neatness and Diligence have been abolished in that institution. Certainly, every gentleman should possess the first two qualities. The University has 450 students.

AMONG the Editors of the HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY, we notice the name of Edward Brayton, formerly a member of Rutgers, '70.

THE "COLLEGE REVIEW" is the title of a new monthly publication, the first number of which was issued in September.

It is intended to be a medium for the news of all the Colleges in our own country, not only, but of foreign Universities, and distinguished contributors have been engaged at Berlin, Paris and Madrid.

There is a department devoted to the interests of College Fraternities, and all Fraternities are invited to contribute to it, and are promised equal attention.

Mr. Wm. L. Stone, who is well-known as an author and a journalist, will have charge of the "Review Department," and will contribute largely to the editorial columns.

There is an open field for the "Review" to occupy, and as it is devoted to the interests of no one institution or fraternity, but to the interests of all, we trust that it may receive a hearty support. THE TARGUM sends its compliments and well wishes to the *College Review*.

OUR EXCHANGES.—Many of our ever welcome exchanges have been received. Some, however, we miss from our table, but hope soon to replace their names on our list. THE TARGUM heartily welcomes each and every one of its exchanges whether new or old. The following is our list:

*Magazines*—The Yale Literary Monthly, The Hamilton Literary Monthly, College Days of Ripon College, The Nassau Literary Magazine.

*College Papers*.—The Madisonensis, of Madison University, The Trinity Tablet, The Scholastic Year, The Miami Student, The Yale Courant, The College Courier, of Monmouth College, The Southern Collegian, of Washington College, The Antiochian, The Irving Union, The College Review.

*Outside Exchanges*.—The New York Citizen and Round Table.

Yale has 139 Freshmen.

The Cornell Faculty is composed of 28 resident and 6 non-resident Professors.

Waterville College has a Freshman recitation at 6 A M.

Goldwin Smith says that Gibbon became an atheist on account of the religious restrictions at Oxford when he was a student.



## LETTER FROM CHINA.

SHANGHAI, MAY 15TH, 1869.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TARGUM—*Gentlemen*:—I regard it as a fortunate accident which put me in possession of the first number of THE TARGUM, which I read from beginning to end, advertisements included, with much pleasure. It recalled pleasant recollections of by-gone days and the regulation regrets over time and opportunities not taken advantage of,—particulars of which you may hear at any anniversary of either of the Literary Societies, from Alumni who all seem on such occasions to have a weakness for dilating on this topic.

I must confess that I was the least bit surprised—for I had heard the publication of a College paper so long talked of that I began to regard it as mere talk. THE TARGUM was, however, indisputable and palpable proof that Rutgers was improving and advancing with the age.

On arriving at the "Personalia," and seeing my name so prominently mentioned, I felt highly flattered for one residing in a tall place like Shanghai, and repeated musingly to myself those "honeyed accents"—that sort of "soft nothing" of yours, "who has't heard of Bob Brown?" which makes a pretty good conundrum,—as it has a great many different answers, all of which are correct. "Really," said I to myself, "that puff is good for twenty-five or thirty columns of fine print, if the Editors will take what I can give them."

Four years of stirring, active life have filled my head so full of tea-chests, silk bales, railroads, telegraphs, and a multitude of other things which people living in the East are so apt to have "on the brain," that my thoughts very seldom, if ever, went College-ward, and I supposed that I had no extended reputation as you have been so kind as to attribute to me. I confess, however, that an examination of minutes of Faculty meetings and College Records would show that I *used to be* "heard of" occasionally; and often in no less distinguished connection than with one of Rutgers' most talented graduates, who, as per "Personalia," "is practising law in St. Louis."

Four years have done much for civilization—and Faculties; and I am quite confident that the students of to-day have the orthodox telescopic countenance, capable of being lengthened to any extent with ease, elegance and facility,—like Grant's "Refractory Telescope, with aromatic lenses," and that they are never "heard of" except in Chapel orations, Prize Compositions, Honors, &c., &c., and in making what, under the old regime, we used to call "ten strikes" in Recitation Rooms.

At first I could not bring myself to regard your address to "Graduates of the College" as concerning me in the least; having so long lived, mixed and identified myself with Japanese and Celestials, a vague idea dawned upon me that I had a piece of parchment somewhere which would show whether I was a graduate or not; so I instituted a search and found—what do you think?—that my China boy, struck with the resemblance my Dip. bore to codfish-skin, had been cutting it up to settle my morning coffee with.

For about a month past I had exercised my prerogative as a quondam sailor, to growl at the

boy about the coffee, which had been unusually bad—having a peculiar flavor of ink, sealing-wax and blue ribbon, an aroma of a Roman nature, a kind of "Sol Justitia et Occidentem Illustra" taste, which was any thing but pleasant—so that, naturally enough, I felt virtuous in being indignant on finding this sacred bit of vellum, with its autographs of D. D.'s, Ph. D. D.'s, L. L. D.'s and the Belles Letters persuasion, had been put to such undignified use.

What could I do but go into secret session with this man-servant of mine, with closed doors? I appealed to his several feelings, (too much in de-tail, perhaps,) and I have reason to think that my appeal was feelingly appreciated, for when the doors were opened and the public admitted I noticed "a tear stood on his mild blue eye," and I flatter myself that upon his heathen mind there was a faint dawn of comprehension of the principle that Knowledge is Power. My only consolation, on finding I had lost my sheepskin, was that to me it had ever been an untranslatable document to which I had no Pony—and it might have been a counterfeit for all I know. Had it been written in Hebrew (my favorite study in College and out of it), I should be utterly inconsolable, and something serious might have happened to the boy which might have necessitated my boarding for a time at the United States (Consular Jail) Hotel.

This suggests a conundrum for you. Can a man go down as a graduate who cannot show a Dip.? The tin case in which the document was enclosed remains, and I shall have "Diploma" in large letters painted on it, and hang it up—in a box—to be produced when occasion requires.

In spite of having no proof, I have considered your address as directed to me among others, and hence I take this occasion to wish you every success. You say "All hail THE TARGUM." Please consider me as "all hailing."

But it is high time for me to perorate. I have taken the course you advised, viz.: not to be too modest about myself. An optician could soon and easily make his fortune if he could get the contract to supply glasses to all the eyes in this letter. For this I will apologise, by saying that if I've said anything you're sorry for, I'm glad of it—or words to that effect.

If this MS. falls under Editorial consideration don't trouble yourself to return it, as I have plenty more of the same kind.

I shall be happy to offer you my services as Own, Irregular, Special or Occasional Correspondent or Artist, guaranteeing to be blown up, boiled down, thrown off, pitched into and murdered "on the spot," with truthful and graphic sketches on every occasion.

New-Jersey is far from being China, though some affect to regard it as a foreign country, and occasional accounts of Celestial politics, life, scenes and character may be interesting to your readers; I may say *ought* to be, to those at least among them who keep their trunks at the Theological Seminary.

Will you do me the favor to put me down as a subscriber, at all events, and to shake hands—figuratively, if it be warm weather when this reaches you—with Rutgers and all her students, with whom I feel an acquaintance and sympathy

which will continue while life lasts. Please present my kindest regards to the Gate family, of New-Brunswick.

After having taken up so much of your valuable space already, it is only in compliance to the form of letters that I add so unnecessary and so known a truth as the assurance of the continuation of my most distinguished consideration and the respect with which I am,

Gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

BROWN, '65.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES of the "New-Brunswick Young Ladies Institute" were held on the afternoon and evening of July 9th, 1869. During the previous week the usual public examinations were held in the school-room, and were, in all probability, as much "beloved" by the fair aspirants to knowledge as such pastimes are by us who frequent the Halls of "Old Rutgers."

But after the battle is fought, and if the victory be won, we feel all the better and happier for this struggle. The old school-room was crowded by an appreciative audience, who listened attentively to the essays and music of both the Juniors and Seniors.

To the graduates this day was one of gladness, yet not unmingled with sorrow, for according to the valedictorian, the seven class-mates—the "Seven Reapers in the Rye," who for years had labored hand-in-hand, that day said farewell, perhaps forever. All the exercises passed off in the most creditable and satisfactory manner.

In the evening, the young ladies were addressed by President McCosh, of Princeton College, in the First Presbyterian Church. The diplomas were then conferred upon the graduating class, and the last act of the academic year was completed.

It must be highly gratifying to the venerated Principal of this Institution to see it still in such a flourishing condition, after having enjoyed so many years of uninterrupted success. \*

THE MISSES BUCKNALL'S SCHOOL.—The closing exercises of the Misses Bucknall's School, held in the Second Reformed Church, in June, were highly interesting and largely attended. Some of the young ladies pronounced dialogues in a style that reflected great credit upon their training in elocution; others played very beautifully on one of Weber's Grand Pianos; and the graduating class read compositions which displayed much care in both thought and expression. Miss Edith Parsons, and Miss Lena Franklin received their well-earned parchment diplomas along with a few graceful and appropriate parting words from one of the Principals.

Rev. Dr. Porter, of Brooklyn, and formerly editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*, made a fitting and happy address. He touched upon the merits of the school, and discussed, of course, though slightly, the relation of woman to the domestic circle and ballot-box. Altogether, the occasion was a delightful, we may add, instructive one. Surely, the citizens of New-Brunswick ought to rejoice in the opportunities afforded by this school of acquiring a thorough and accomplished education.

## PERSONALIA.

S. W. CLASON, '64, who left College at the end of his Sophomore year, has graduated at Union College and is now in the leather business at New Milford, N. Y.

"BOB" BROWN, '65, sends us a letter from Shanghai, which we publish in another column. THE TARGUM sends its thanks to Mr. BROWN for his "all hailing."

R. A. JOHNSON, '61, is at present living in New-Brunswick.

O. E. GORDON, '61, is practicing law in New York City.

Of the Class of '69 :

BERGEN is reading law with Messrs. CROOKS & BERGEN, of Brooklyn.

BAHLER is a "Prof." in the Newark Collegiate Institute.

CLARK, after travelling in Great Britain and France, and making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a fellow classmate of '69, is now studying Theology, in Geneva, under Merle D' Aubigne.

DOIG is at the Theological Seminary.

FRAZEE is pastor of the Methodist Church at New-Market, N. J.

GRIFFIS has returned from his European tour and is now in the Seminary.

HART is in the Theological Seminary.

KNAPP is reading law at Lowville, N. Y.

LABAW is reading law in Chicago.

LODEWICK is in the Theological Seminary.

PRUYN is a member of the firm of the Albany Saw Works.

SHEPARD is in the Citizens Bank of New-York City.

TERHUNE is studying Medicine in Passaic, N. J.

VAIL is attending the Law School of Columbia College.

VAN CLEEF is reading Law with W. B. WILLIAMS, Esq., in Jersey City, N. J.

Of the Scientific School :

BOARD is farming.

BUCKNALL is Assistant Engineer of the Indianapolis Water Works.

DENNIS and VAN MATER await situations on the new Railroad extending from Jersey City to Long Branch.

DOUGHTY has opened an Engineer's office at Somerville, N. J.

FELL is for the present at Amboy, employed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

SEALY is Assistant Engineer on the Peapack Railroad.

VAN DERVEER is engaged in Agriculture.

VOORHEES is farming.

Of the class which graduated from the Theological Seminary last May :

BERG sailed with his bride, Oct 12th, to Europe; he will study at Basle, Switzerland, two years.

BROKAW is settled in Newark.

HULST is Pastor at South Bushwick, L. I.

SOUTHARD is settled at Fair Haven, N. Y.

VAN SLYKE is Pastor of the church at Readington, N. J., in the first quarter of his honeymoon.

VAN BUSKIRK is Dominic of the Church at Closter, N. J.

DR. BOGGS, of New-Brunswick, has resigned the Rectorship of St. John's Episcopal Church, to become General Missionary of the Diocese of New-Jersey.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. A. BRUYN HASBROUCK, wife of Hon. A. B. Hasbrouck, Ex-President of Rutgers College, died at her home in St. Remy, Ulster County, N. Y., on the 4th of June, 1869.

From the funeral address delivered by the Rev. Augustus Blaauvelt, we take the following :

Distinguished for the beauty of her person, of great natural dignity and grace of bearing, highly cultured and accomplished; unselfish in her aims to a degree seldom seen in man or woman; ever seeking to alleviate sorrow, enhance some pleasure, advance some interest, not her own; such was Julia Frances Ludlum Hasbrouck—noble type of a Christian lady. When called upon to occupy the position of the wife of the President of Rutgers College, her quick feminine eye at once discovered that among the defects of our system of academic education, none is more disastrous in its ultimate effects than this, namely, that the social nature of the student is to so great a degree ignored. It is from this circumstance the fact arises that, despite the cultured minds of so many of our graduates, their uncultured manners most seriously impede not only their success, but their usefulness in life. To remedy this defect, Mrs. Hasbrouck converted the mansion of the President into a home for all attending "Rutgers."

Without distinction, and without exception, she endeavored to bring them under the select and refining influences of her own sphere and family. Nor to this day is there one among them who was capable of appreciating this high favor, who had ceased to remember her, not merely with chivalrous respect, but also with abiding gratitude of heart.

MRS. ABRAHAM BRUYN HASBROUCK.

Action of the Association of the Alumni of Rutgers College, passed at the Annual Meeting at Commencement, June 22, 1869 :

*Resolved*, That this Association has heard with extreme regret of the death of Mrs. Abraham Bruyn Hasbrouck, who, as the wife of the President of this College, endeared herself by the warm sympathies of her heart, and by the refined and gentle courtesies of her manner and of her house, to so many of us during our residence in New-Brunswick, and our absence from our own kindred and homes.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the ex-president Hasbrouck, these expressions of our sorrow in his great bereavement, and most sincerely pray that he may find that support from Heaven which no human sympathy or will can afford.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary, be forwarded to Dr. Hasbrouck, and published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, and in the newspapers of New-Brunswick.

R. H. PRUYN, President.

JOHN L. SEE, Secretary.

## DEATH OF HARMAN CROSBY.

It is with no common regret that we announce the death of Harman Crosby, a well-remembered and widely esteemed graduate of Rutgers College. The circumstances of his decease were peculiarly sad and affecting. He died suddenly at

sea, while on his way to France, in quest of health, which his friends knew indeed to be impaired, but which they did not regard as in an immediately dangerous or critical condition. The ocean telegram, telling the mournful news, fell like an electric shock upon the hearts of his family, and a host of friends.

Mr. Crosby, after leaving College, entered upon the study of law, for which, in the opinion of all who knew him, he seemed naturally and eminently fitted. But a business life offered finally more attractions, and he became largely absorbed in manufacturing interests in Poughkeepsie. Here a ripening harvest of abundant prosperity spread itself before him; but alas! while he was gathering the first sheaves, and the morning of life was blushing into the full-orbed day, he fell.

Mr. Crosby was remarkable for possessing a clear, keen intellect, and, if anything, a still more keen and never failing wit. These qualities made him ready in the class-room, and feared as an opponent in debate. They might have made him not only feared but hated; for as some one says of Pope, "while others had reason to fear his wit, he had reason to fear their enmity." But while Mr. Crosby was keen in intellect and wit, he was one of the most popular of students, because he was endowed also with a most genial and happy disposition. His conversation was exceedingly racy and sparkling, without being inconsiderate and bitter. It is simple truth to say, that in all the traits that makes a *companion*, in quickness of perception and sympathy, in vivacity, in kindness, in generosity, in firmness of friendship, he had few equals, and no superior.

In his sufferings, which were sometimes acute and prolonged, he displayed singular patience and fortitude; his cheerful and elastic spirit could not be bound down by the chains of disease, but would burst out spontaneously into endless anecdote and wit, and yet underneath this playful exterior was a thoughtful and earnest soul.

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH.—The old wooden stoops have been removed from this time-honored edifice, and handsome steps of Connecticut brown stone, with iron railings, have been substituted, adding much to the appearance of the building.

## RUTGERS COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.

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 5th, 1869, and will close April 7th. The third term will begin April 14th 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 secure to pupils the fullest preparation necessary for entrance into College, the Scientific School or for business. Those preparing for business pursuits, beside the ordinary studies, will receive instruction in Book-Keeping, Commercial Law, Physiology, Philosophy, History, and the Constitution of the United States. Special exercise and instruction in Elocution. No extra charge for German.

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, ..... \$12 per-qr. of ten weeks.  
Latin, Including above, 15 " " "  
Greek, " " " 17 " " "  
Incidentals, 1 per session.

The Tuition is to be paid at the beginning of each Session, in sums proportioned to the length of the session. No deduction for absence, unless occasioned by protracted sickness; and no extra charges except for French.

Rev. DEWITT T. REILEY, A. M., Rector,  
R. I. WOODRUFF, JR., Principal.