

### AN EPISODE OF GERMAN HISTORY.

IN the heart of Germany there is a fertile and rich country, renowned by a long and eventful history, and inhabited by a good and loyal people from a time far anterior to that of the emigration of the kindred Anglo-Saxons. This country which was known as the Electorate of *Hesse-Kassel* before the last Austro-Prussian war wiped it from the map of Europe, had the misfortune of being governed by an ancient race of Princes, perhaps the most degenerate that ever disgraced a European throne, so that the dethronement of their last worthless scion in the year 1866, appears but as a small punishment for the long series of misdeeds committed by a whole dynasty. The monster that sold his subjects to England, to be employed in the iniquitous war against this country, was the great grandfather of the last incumbent, whose father and grandfather were guilty of atrocities, compared with which the selling of their subjects' blood may perhaps be called a virtue. We propose to describe one of the last political struggles through which that country has passed, a struggle interesting alike for the magnitude of the constitutional questions involved and the dramatic way in which they were transacted, but also illustrating the great political maturity and loyalty of the people, and the incompatibility of monarchical institutions with that sacredness of the laws which is the only safeguard of true liberty.

The eventful years of 1848 and 1849 had passed by. The hopes of the friends of liberty had been bitterly disappointed. The sovereigns of the thirty odd German States had forgotten the promises which they had made to their peoples, and which had kept them on their thrones. In Austria and Prussia, although both were nominally constitutional, brute force, that of the bayonets, reigned supreme. Some desperate efforts of the popular party had ended in disappointment and disaster. The last of the martyrs of liberty had just been buried by their executioners in the graves of felons; and now only, after being relieved from their fears, the smaller sovereigns were thinking that the time had come at length to crush the young liberty of their peoples.—Among them was the Elector of Hesse, ruling over a population alike in number to that of New-Jersey or Connecticut. But his task was of greater difficulty than that of his brother sovereigns; for his people was one of the most loyal and law-abiding of all German races. They, almost alone, had always kept strictly within the bounds of moderation. Their public peace had never been seriously disturbed. While all around the flames of rebellion had been raging, and desperate efforts had been made to engage the Hessians in making common cause with their brethren beyond the frontiers, they had stood firm by the law, and

had been proof against the most tempting offers and seductions. The roar of battle ceased when you passed the Hessian boundary, and undisturbed peace prevailed from one end of the country to the other. For this people had unshaken confidence, if not in their Elector whom they despised, yet in those who were at the head of the administration, men of the greatest integrity, patriotism and ability. The Hessian people were happy in the enjoyment of their liberty; their government and their popular assemblies went always hand in hand together. By discarding all extremes, both the governing and the governed had met on that middle ground on which alone political communities can thrive. To find a pretext for disturbing a state of affairs that had borne such good fruits, was difficult indeed. But the callous heart of the Elector shrank from no difficulty, provided he could recover what he had lost, namely the license of unrestrained misrule. The mire of unbridled lust in which he was wont to wallow, were for him the flesh-pots of Egypt, and his heart was bent on having them again, even if, or perhaps just *because* it would cost the happiness and prosperity of his whole people.—Before all other things it would be necessary to change his ministry, since the men, then at the helm of the State, were firm and incorruptible. After the dismissal of the ministry a fit tool must be found to carry out the unholy plans of the Elector. The former was difficult, because the ministers were adored by the people, and had managed the State affairs so well that even envy and malignity could find no fault with them. The latter would have been perhaps more difficult still, since the proposed task required, besides a high degree of administrative knowledge, such a combination of diabolical qualities, as are rarely found in one and the same person. But here a singular fortune favored the Elector. A man such as required was to be had for the mere asking; a man altogether to the Elector's own heart; a wretch whose moral obliquity had stood all tests; a most irreconcilable enemy of the Hessian people and of popular institutions in general; a hypocritical professor of religion, legally sentenced to ignominious punishment for manufacturing false certificates, and that by the very court of which he was the president; a man whom three or four countries—among them Hesse itself—had ignominiously expelled. The name of this man to whom the Elector was going to entrust the dark deed of wantonly destroying the prosperity of a whole people and the happiness of many thousands of firesides, was *Hassenpflug*, one of those execrated names which the Germans even now identify with the powers of darkness. Happy for the world, that his power to do mischief was confined to a comparatively limited sphere!

Such was the man with whom the Elector concocted the plan of reducing a free and noble peo-

ple to a state of pupillage, and of converting the rule of the laws into a sway of arbitrary pleasure. The plan submitted by Hassenpflug to his sovereign was to instigate the people by fair means or foul into insurrection. Both hoped that such an outbreak could be suppressed by the standing army, amounting to more than 25,000 well drilled soldiers, and officered by the nobility, which, as they hoped, would be at least obedient, even if they should not co-operate with them. While the prospective rebellion was being suppressed, it would be easy to put the country under martial law, to suspend the constitution, and under a new electionary law to have new representatives elected, who, under the terrorism of military rule, would be disposed to alter so much of the constitution, as should be deemed proper. Even a total abrogation of the constitution might be practicable under the circumstances. There was only this flaw in the plan, that, after all, the army might prove refractory, and refuse to fire on the people. For this emergency Mr. Hassenpflug had already secretly secured the help of the Austrian army as the price of another treachery.

Austria and Prussia were then, as they are now, rivals for the hegemony of Germany. They had acted hitherto so far in concert, as it was necessary to thwart the intended democratic organization of Germany into an empire. In this common resistance against the popular will they had just been successful; but here their concord ended. Austria, on her part, was bent on reviving the old state of affairs, in which she had held the lion's share of power and influence. She had already made a successful beginning with resuscitating the old Frankfort Diet, which the Emperor of Austria had called together. But Prussia had made a treaty with the northern Sovereign among whom was the Elector of Hesse, to oppose the resuscitation of the old Diet, and to reorganize Germany without Austria under her own auspices, though on the base of popular institutions. In order to frustrate this scheme, it was Austria's policy to isolate Prussia as much as possible, and to detach from her one after the other of the allied states and sovereigns. Hence the propositions of Hassenpflug found a willing ear, and Austria pledged herself to sustain the Elector by her army, if he would desert the alliance with Prussia, and acknowledge the old Diet. To this the Elector bound himself in a secret treaty.

So desperate were the means which these two abandoned men had to resort to, in order to secure the privilege of vice to the one, and power and influence to the other. So shameful was the plot for which the happiness of a whole people was to be sacrificed, so disgraceful the complicity of the Austrian Emperor and his statesmen, who perfectly knew the moral characters of both the Elector and his acolyte. For the utter worthlessness of the former was only too notorious. With

him wild orgies and dissipations, void of all intellectual refinement, were the order of the day, openly before, and more in secrecy now, the constitutional regime having put some wholesome restraint upon him. While he squandered the revenues of the State to his paramours, he was stingy and mean to merit and in the liquidation of legitimate debts. While he was daily throwing away the dignity of a sovereign, he resented with ridiculous sensitiveness even the semblance of disrespect to himself. He was a coward in real danger, but a blusterer when he felt himself safe. All honest men he hated instinctively, as moral depravity always feels humiliated before moral worth. Although a great party stood around the throne to defend it against the popular party, he had no friends among his people, not even in his own family. The very adherents of this prince despised and hated him almost worse than his political antagonists. So only can it be explained that in the hideous struggle which we are going to describe, the Elector was almost deserted by all classes and ranks of his people, which in unprecedented unanimity and without distinction of party, opposed the iniquitous plans of this wicked man. And indeed Mr. Hassenpflug must have known that only a government of the most unexceptionable names would, under such a sovereign, be tolerated by a noble people, and that they would not brook the insult offered to them by placing a man like himself, a disgraced and sentenced criminal, at the head of their government. He probably calculated that his mere appointment would be the signal for a popular outbreak, which should furnish him with a pretext for suspending the laws of the country. If such were his calculations he was utterly mistaken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

GENEVA has been styled the "City of Refuge" to Protestant Reformers. There abode Beza, Knox, and many of the persecuted leaders of the Reformation in England, France, Scotland and Germany; themselves led and mightily influenced by the towering genius, consummate talent, and tireless energy of John Calvin. The city has ever been a stronghold and beacon of Protestantism, and to-day its chief citizen is the historian of the Reformation, whose name heads this sketch. Born on the margin of the mountain-girdled Lake Lemman, in Switzerland, he yet loves the glorious scenery of the glaciated mountains of this garden-land with the enthusiasm of a boy, and the glow of first vision. The dark walls of the Jura, the solemn mounds of the Alps, the snow-crested chain of Mont Blanc, with the lordly monarch conspicuous above all his satellites, which with lesser glory, adorn Switzerland, the throne-room of Europe; rosy with morning-light, helmed with the cirri of noon, celestial with sunsets, visited by troops of stars and lustrous with moonlight's silver sheen, are only some of the natural influences which combine to make this Swiss city the chosen home of the mighty thinkers and fearless leaders of truth, freedom, and the religion of the unfettered Scriptures.

Merle D'Aubigne, who is known all over the Protestant world as the author of the History of the Reformation, in the Sixteenth Century,

was born in 1794, and is now 75 years old. His ancestry is French. On his father's side, his progenitors were Huguenots, who came from Nismes to Geneva, after the edict of Nantes had been revoked. Their name was Merle. His ancestral name on his grandfather's side, is D'Aubigne, a descendant of the Chevalier Theodore d'Aubigne, a prolific writer, a staunch Protestant, and one of the persecuted adherents of Henry IV, King of France and Navarre, whose white plume at the battle of Ivry has been immortalized by Macaulay, and which flourishes occasionally on our College rostra. Merle D'Aubigne is not, as some suppose, connected with the National Protestant Church of Switzerland, but is of the Evangelical Society of Geneva. He is a strong Calvinist, thoroughly orthodox, and is now the Professor of Church History in the Theological Seminary in Geneva, now supported by the same society to which he belongs. He is also President of the Seminary, which had, when we visited it, about fifty students, in the preparatory and regular departments, and a Faculty of four Professors. The lectures and recitations are in the French language.

Seven miles from Geneva, on the slope of the mountains, is a pretty village called Mornex. During the summer, Dr. D'Aubigne dwells there, and there we, (two students of Rutgers,) visited him in August of this year. It was a lovely afternoon, and "Dr. Merle" as the students familiarly call him, was out rambling, as he so much loves to do along the mountain side. We waited until he came, and he entering the garden gate, bade us welcome. He rested for a few moments, to recover full breath, as he is subject to weakness of the lungs. He then entered into conversation with us in the most genial and hospitable manner, talking of matters in the United States with a wonderful degree of familiarity, and using the English with fluency and accuracy. In person he is tall and massive, with a fine form, broad shoulders, large head, and compelling presence. His forehead is high and square, his hair silvery, and his eyes lustrous, dark, and crouched behind hedging eyebrows: a well formed nose, heavy jaws, and a mouth that in repose is shut by decision and intensity of conviction, complete the outlines of his face, which rendered solemn, by a dark and yet florid complexion, is a pleasing study.

Like all great men, he is as simple as a child. Enthusiasm, imagination and magnificent common sense sparkle in his conversation. He received and treated us, who were only two college students, as though we had been distinguished men. At the dinner table, Mrs. D'Aubigne, a very fascinating lady, who, if gallantry permits us to say it, is about forty, was as entertaining as her husband. We wondered at the flow of exquisitely fine English from her lips, racy, idiomatic, and faultless in grammar and accent. When we found out that she was a Scotch lady, our wonder ceased. Two lovely children, one four, the other six years old, came in the room, and in response to our question, "how do you do?" they replied very sweetly, "*tres bien, monsieur*." It is delightful to see the playthings, scattered around, and children's hats and caps hung up, which evidences that Dr. Merle's family is both large and interesting.

In conversation with the students in Geneva, we found that he is not only honored, but beloved by them. He is very hospitable, frequently entertains them at his house, and is not only instructor, but friend. He is an humble Christian, as well as a brilliant, tireless and renowned scholar. His History of the Reformation improves as it progresses. His last volume is especially interesting, as it refers to the period of the Reformation in England. Whether his work can stand the crucial criticism of the German Church historians, we do not pretend to discuss, but we seriously doubt whether any history of the Reformation will be, or can be written that will combine such accuracy of detail, patience of research, and brilliancy of style, as the work of Dr. Merle. It may be added that it was while on a visit to Wartburg Castle, the scene of Luther's captivity, that he decided to write this great work. Certainly, no one man has done so much to spread the knowledge of "that vast and various movement of humanity, the significance of which is but half expressed by the name of the Reformation." Not only by the pen and living voice, but in his life and actions he is a genuine Catholic, and a living protest against that blood-drunk monster of persecution; that nightmare upon the breast of the nineteenth century; that uncomprehending darkness of the light of science; that foundation, pillar, and cornice of tyranny; that foe to free schools and the looming rock athwart our ship of state; that colossal lie—Romanism.

CURIO.

### SURE PROGRESS.

We are glad to note the moral sentiment and general feeling of respect and reverence for religion, which exists among our students. We can state that the most of them are not ashamed to avow principles of Christian morality. This is the safeguard of every educational institution. Banish this, and the barrier of restraint becomes weak and insecure.

In visiting a neighboring college, the writer was forcibly struck with the slight degree of deference which was displayed on the part of its students in regard to religious principles. The *class room* is the place to awaken a feeling of boldness in the heart of the timid Christian. Religious instruction should not be avoided, or passed over lightly in the class-room, because, here is the place where moral sentiments will develop themselves, acquire a freedom, and encircle its chain about all within its influence. The class-room is not the *only* place, but we regard it as a stepping-stone, an introduction, for the student to exert his influence in his ordinary walk and daily intercourse with his college-mates. Every student who is a lover of virtue and piety should exert his greatest influence in favor of the right, for the good which such an influence brings about is beyond estimate. Much brain-labor is expended at the present time in striving to find out the best means by which our colleges may be governed. Sentiments of moral obligation and true piety form the only sure foundation upon which discipline and good order can be securely built.

JUS.

THE trustees of Oberlin College, Ohio, have elected a colored graduate of that institution to the mathematical chair.



## A YEAR.

COMING time moves with "leaden wings," time, passing and past, hastens with invisible swiftness. A year hence!—how slowly its providences unroll from the solemn scroll of eternal decrees! A year ago!—how rapidly do its scenes pass through the brain! A year ago!—how flip-pantly foolish do we speak of its days and weeks, as if they were mere spaces of time and not our very life, the web wherein is woven inseparably the woof of an imperishable character. And how stupidly we abused those days! days whose dawns were heralded by glories of color and cloud; whose airs were all redolent with the incense of nature, ascending forever and ever; whose dusks, radiant with the glow of love and benediction, spake of peace and good will; whose nights "declared the wisdom of God and shewed forth his handiwork." We lived through them ploddingly, carelessly.

"Took our lives no hue from thence."

Little, very little, *too* little! Twin in this respect to corruption and the horse-leech we were ever crying, "Give! Give!" Armed with the microscopes of selfishness and gain for our eyes, and the muck-rake for our hands, we have been walking to and fro

"Wi' thoughts unto the earth inclined."

Sunrise and star-rise came and went. Spirits in wind and rain spake with the voices of angels. The ocean came, swelling with majesty and joy to tell of its mysteries. Stream and brook sang and purled, revealing of earth's genesis and the mystery of life in death. Flowers swung their "bells of bloom," much in vain. Praise has held a sinful silence, while begging want with one hand outstretched in supplication, and with the other holding an open jack, has been beseeching "more!" We have not taken into our hearts to know "the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." The prayers and cries of humanity, how have they fallen unheeded on our ears. Inhumanity, crime and injustice have demanded our voices and pens in the strongest opposition, but when the cry of the oppressed arose to us we drowned it in forgetfulness and sleep. And after spending our days in this way, forgetting mercy and judgment, is it any wonder that we awake on this New Year's morning with unrest in our bones? that our "Happy New Years" are mingled with memory's sighs; that we had solemn thoughts last evening when we sat looking into the grate and knew

"The old year was dying in the night,"

carrying with it to the eternal throne the records of a year's life; and that we had need of bowing before the Eternal Father, moaning the universal prayer "forgive!" Why was this gloom foreshadowed over the new year? Because we have not learned *how to live*! We are striving to fill our barns, that sitting down in plenty we may say to our souls, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry." Fools! We have not learned that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he hath," but how he accepts and uses what he has; that "the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal;" that our lives are from within and not from without; that we have need of

"hearts and sound hearts too." We are to live all the days as we strive to live the last moments of the year, saving the cloud; for while life past must have its shadow, life to come should only know visions of joy and peace, uprising from a well founded hope and strong faith in the eternal goodness and love of the Father. We are to live in the hours and days, and not in the years, remembering that not one-half of the race live two decades; that to us belongs greater work; work of "great hearts," and in the words of Ruskin, that "every day is a day of judgment—every day is a *Dies Irae*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of the West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the creatures whom we crush are our judges—the elements that feed us judge as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of men while we bear the form of them, since those lives are not as a vapour and do not vanish away. Then "shall abide for us faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and fear; shall abide with us hope, no more to be quenched by the years that overwhelmed, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray; shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these—the abiding will—the abiding name of our Father—for the greatest of these is Charity, Love." PHIL.

## BOTANICAL NOTES.

THE lovers of botany will find a few objects of interest in the vicinity of New-Brunswick. We call the attention of pedestrians to two which are within the bounds of a healthful walk.

A LARGE BOXWOOD TREE.—There is growing on the farm of Mr. ABRAHAM VOORHEES, at Three-Mile-Run, an extraordinary specimen of this dwarf tree. The common box edging is familiar to every one. It is only a few inches high, and changes so little from year to year that to the younger portion of the community it seems to have got its growth, and become stationary. Occasionally one is seen two or three feet high, but such are not very common. At Eatontown, on the road to Long Branch, the box edging on the sides of the walk going up to the front door of Dr. LEWIS' house, have grown up so as to be higher than a man's head, forming a narrow and shaded avenue through which to enter. This was always the wonder of travellers, and was thought to be the largest box in the State. The mass of boxwood at Mr. VOORHEES' is, however, much larger than this. It consists of two trees standing close together, in front of the house, with the branches and leaves so intermixed as to form one mass of foliage. It is 11 feet high, and not far from 40 feet in circumference. This must have been set out by one of the first settlers, for Mr. VOORHEES relates that his uncle who died several years ago at the age of 90, used to say that when he was a boy it was considered quite a feat to jump over it. It is probably 140 years old. Till within a few years past, it was in full vigor and perfect foliage; but latterly some of its branches have yielded to the winter's frosts and have died quite down to the short stubby trunk.

This is not the tree box, but the common evergreen box of the gardens; the *Buxus sempervirens* of the botanists. In this country it has only been cultivated for ornament, and formerly very much in fashion; it now finds scant favor. It is a native of southern and middle Europe, and formerly grew wild in England. The wood of the box-tree is of considerable value. It is sold by weight, and being very hard and smooth, and not apt to warp, is in demand for a variety of nicer works. In the days of Evelyn it was used as he says in his *Sylvan*, by "the turner, engraver, carver, mathematical instrument maker, comb and pipe or flute maker; and the roots by inlayer and cabinet maker. Of box are made wheels and shivers, pins, pegs for musical instruments, nut crackers, button moulds, weavers' shuttles, hollow sticks, bump sticks, and dressers for the shoemaker, rulers, rolling pins, pestles, mall-balls, beetles, tops, tables, chess-men, screws, bobbins for bone lace, spoons, knife handles, but especially combs;" and its uses are quite as various now. It was then considered a "marvellous fine ornament for a flower-garden," and though the fancy for it has somewhat waned, it may revive again. At any rate this specimen is well worth seeing.

Any one visiting it will go directly out Somerset-street and across Mile-Run, and straight on out the old Trenton road, crossing the Millstone Railroad and Three-Mile-Run, and at about 40 rods beyond, turning in by a farm gate on the right, and following up the wagon path to the house which stands an eighth of a mile back from the road.

While out there, another object of antiquarian interest may be looked at. It is the old burying ground adjoining the former Dutch Church at Three-Mile Run. This church was older than the one in New-Brunswick. It was the place where the elder Dominie FRELINGHUYSEN preached, and it is said he was buried in the grave yard there. The little enclosure will be seen on the left side of the road, a short distance beyond the entrance to Mr. VOORHEES' house.

A RARE FERN.—A locality where the Climbing Fern, *Lygodium palmatum*, grows in great abundance, is in our vicinity. It will be found by going south, out George-street and down Neilson Avenue, and Ryder's Lane, across Lawrence's Brook, and over the hill to Craner's Mill. In the swampy ground directly on the road-side, a little way beyond the mill, very good specimens can be got. The localities where this fern can be found are rare, and the plant is much sought after by botanists. In Connecticut there is but one well known place where it grows, and this has been so much resorted to by collectors of plants, that there was fear it would all be carried off to supply herbariums, and last year the Legislature passed a law making it a trespass to collect specimens there, in the wanton way it had been done. The plant is a delicate and beautiful one, and an ornament to a fenery or an herbarium.

The only other locality known in this State is near Shark River Village, in Monmouth County, but there is no danger of exhausting our locality, for it is found not only in the place mentioned, but also along the mill brook, between the grist mill and the old saw mill dam, a short half mile up the stream.

## THE TARGUM.

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## EDITORIAL.

"NOTHING is so successful as success." It crowns everything, great and noble. Warriors, monarchs, statesmen, in all ages of the world, and in their greatest undertakings, have been crowned with success. It made Alexander great, and Caesar famous. Shakespeare, Milton, Andrew Jackson and George Washington stand upon the hills of fame. They are objects of wonder, if not of veneration; all must admire the bold steps that have made them such. There is no secret concerning the paths they took: the routes were regular and natural; opposition hedged the way and closed the doors upon them, but success removed the barriers; it opened the door of victory; because they had courage and soul to advance, success did them homage and cleared the way before them. May not others ride upon the golden wheels? A short time since, and we started, under hopeful, though not very flattering auspices, the enterprise of publishing a College paper. How to secure funds and subscriptions was a practical question. Many were doubtful; some, susceptible of weakness at the knees, reasoned in terms of cold logic regarding the practical difficulties we must expect to face. But the youthful heart is sanguine and hopeful; the work was undertaken. With the lamp of hope we faced the night of disaster and awaited the dawn of success; subscriptions were obtained, funds secured and a paper issued. The greatest institutions and enterprises must have a beginning: the United States had a beginning; the voyage of Columbus had a beginning; in April, 1841, Horace Greeley's "New York Tribune" took its beginning; in April, 1851, Mr. Raymond began the "Times," and in January, '69, the boys of Rutgers gave to the world the first copy of their "TARGUM." Then with what solicitude we all gazed into the dim future and bade it God speed. We sent it forth to *do good*; we followed it with earnest wishes and benedictions; it has been *successful*. It has spoken, corrected, encouraged; the old have been aroused, the young inspired,

and the erring warned; like a dove newly fledged, and from the scenes of her native cot, it has gone forth, the harbinger of joy, to individuals and families. Or like that other dove of which we read, it has fluttered at the windows of the brave and generous, and found admittance. Once more, at the beginning of '70, it comes fluttering at the windows of palace and hut, singing "Happy New Year," and praying admittance. If a man will reach forth his hand to take the dove, he shall find in her beak the green leaves of promise. It is the method of success when she removes the barriers.

It will be of much interest to any upon whom New-Brunswick may have special claims, and to Christians generally, that there exists at present in the hearts of the people here, a deep feeling of religious interest. Some few weeks ago, the Y. M. C. Association commenced a series of noon-day prayer meetings, which increased from time to time, in point of numbers and even in point of religious interest, to such an extent that soon they were compelled to hold their meetings in one of the churches in this city. The same interest which manifested itself in these meetings seemed to prevail in the meetings which were held during the Week of Prayer. The week closed, but its influence has been great. The Noon Prayer Meetings are still being held daily in the lecture room of the Baptist Church, and crowds of people gather here to beseech the throne of grace that the glory of God might be revealed, and that the Holy Spirit of God might come with His regenerating power to turn the hearts of men. Each day the interest which was at first felt in these meetings has increased, and we hope that ere long the influences of them may be made manifest by many coming out on the side of truth.

We would not forget to state that our college has not been entirely freed from this influence. Already two of our number have received of the Spirit of God, and our prayer is that the work will not cease until a grand revival shall be the result of the influences which these prayer meetings are exerting. P.

## COLLEGE MATTERS.

THE following are the highest general averages in each of the four classes, for the past term.—Senior, 99.8; Junior, 98.6; Sophomore, 98; Freshman, 97.1.

THE Seniors study this term, Butler's Analogy, Thompson's Outline of the Laws of Thought, Perry's Political Economy, and Lectures in Chemical Physics.

THE Catalogue for 1870 has appeared. It is modeled after the one of last year and is very full and complete in its details. We do not, however, like the notion generally followed, of putting down the names of those students who have left during the year, and counting them in when the aggregate number is made up.

AT an auction of books last term, a gentleman bought several volumes and on looking into them found the seal of one of the Literary Societies stamped on their pages. This fact suggests that the members of our societies should take better care of their libraries, for we are assured that many books are lost through carelessness or theft every year.

If a student leaves his text book by chance in a recitation room or on the metre, we wonder what becomes of it? Complaints come to us of the loss of books in this way, which loss may be a lesson against future forgetfulness; but we beg of the thief to give no more *such lessons* in the future.

THE subject of the Junior prize essay has been announced. It is as follows: "The Comparative Power of the Pulpit and Press."

AT a meeting of the Senior Class, Jan. 13th, a committee previously appointed, consisting of one from each society and one from the neutrals, to choose class day officers, reported as follows:

Presiding Officer of the Occasion—Jacob W. Schenck.

Salutatory—Graham Taylor.

Chapel Orator—G. R. Garretson.

Poet—Alexander Johnson.

Historian—C. K. Jones.

Prophet—

Consecrator of Tree—L. L. Kellogg.

Tree Orator—Luther Barton.

Century Plant Orator—J. C. Weston.

Composers of Medley—Messrs. R. A. Pearse, Anderson and Knickerbocker.

Committee of Arrangement—Messrs. N. Pearse, Trego, and Jones.

Chief Marshal—C. E. Lasher.

These officers were all unanimously elected on the recommendation of the above named committee.

WHILE on a visit to an alumnus during the holiday vacation, our attention was directed to the fact that our alumni are not sufficiently interesting themselves in the church institutions, excepting once a year—at Commencement time. They seem to forget that we have a Grammar School, College and Seminary, which need their support and exist only by their good will and advocacy. We believe that this apparent neglect, like "enchantment," is borrowed from "distance;" that they are soon going to pay up the debt, and that the 150 now in College shall be 250 next fall. Why not? Bring your answers Tuesday, June 21st, 1870.

WE notice an error in the Grammar School Circular as printed in the College Catalogue; for \$160 read \$100, for "board, tuition, fuel and light, per quarter of ten weeks."

"There is no fold, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there."

Sadly have these words been verified in the family of our beloved Professor. Little BESSIE COOPER, only in her fourth year, after being devotedly "watched and tended" during many days of sickness, died on Wednesday, Jan. 12, and was buried on the following Friday. In this sore bereavement, we can only offer our sympathy, and commend the sorrowing parents to the comfort of Him, who takes away that He may restore again.

A BROWN SOPH. has been fined five dollars and costs, in the Providence Police Court, for undertaking to prevent a Freshman from wearing a tall hat. Look out, Sophs., at Rutgers, for the New-Brunswick Police Court.



## THE CLASSICS.

Is it worth while to retain the Classics as a part of the regular course of education in this country, or in view of the importance the sciences have obtained, is it better to devote the time these studies would require to the pursuits of the latter? This is a question of great practical importance, and one which may very properly be discussed in such a paper as THE TARGUM.

Our Colleges appear somewhat uncertain as to their future courses in regard to this, and it would seem that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is no longer considered, as formerly, absolutely essential. For in most of them a choice is allowed; two courses are offered—a Classical and a Scientific; and in some, as in our Rutgers, students, after taking the former for two years, are then permitted to choose whether they will continue their classical studies, or for the remainder of their time confine themselves to the sciences.

We do not intend in this hastily written paper to enter into the question at large; but merely to put down what we consider some of the causes why the Classics have in these late years been losing more and more their old position in the popular estimate as essential to a good education.

1. One cause we take to be a mistaken notion as to what education itself is. More and more the opinion seems to be spreading, that to fill a youth's mind with ideas and facts is to educate. We see this strikingly exemplified in regard to the teaching of girls. They are made to study, at an age when it is impossible for the mind to take in such a variety of topics, a curriculum of sciences that might appall a Humboldt; Astronomy, Geology, Physiology, and all the 'ologies; Geography, Manography, and other 'graphies, (except graphy itself) &c., &c.; and so they come out of school, their education finished (?) with memories crammed full of facts all mingled together, higgledy-piggledy, but with no powers of discrimination, or arranging or judging; and too often, unhappily, with a perfect disgust for all books, except the latest sensational novel. This is not education. Fortunately this has not been carried to such an extreme with boys, but there is a growing tendency that way, and we would lift up our voice to parents and teachers, earnestly begging them to consider that a knowledge of facts and dates, and the capacity of drawing maps and copies; even a certain readiness in doing sums mechanically on the black-board; though all useful in their places, and parts of it as exercising memory, still do not alone constitute a good education. For, as the name implies, the object of education is to bring out, develop and cultivate all the faculties of man—mind, soul and body; to form habits of industry, perseverance under difficulties, correct judgment, accuracy and good taste: and there is no study which offers so many advantages for acquiring these as that of the Classics, *properly pursued*. But because the mere facts acquired in such studies are comparatively unimportant, and can be more rapidly learned in another way, because the languages themselves are rarely spoken or read, therefore this utilitarian age, misunderstanding the object of education, says it is a waste of time to study Latin and Greek. It may be very true that the mere knowledge of History, acquired by the study of a few books of Caesar's Commenta-

ries, is of little value; but if in going through these a boy has learned to master difficulties, to persevere in study even when little interested; has acquired a habit of investigating, analyzing, and judging between things and words, while at the same time his memory is exercised, surely he has gained something far more useful for his future life, than would be all the bare unconnected facts regarding the materials of which this earth's crust is composed, or the dates when certain events happened, which might in that same period of time be fixed in his memory, for the habits would always remain, while the facts would soon be forgotten.

2. Another cause of the low esteem in which classical studies are beginning to be held, we take to be the manner in which they are too often taught in this country. Schools and colleges have been more or less influenced by the popular error noticed above, and have taught the Classics as though the great object were to see how many of the Latin and Greek writers their pupils can peruse in a given time. Hence the very end for which these studies are valuable is lost sight of, and they actually injure their cause by their mistaken yielding to the cry of the age, *non multum sed multa*, reversing the old adage.

We may trace this fatal influence from the very beginning of the course of study. Before the child knows one thing thoroughly, he is pushed on to the next; before he is familiar with the nouns, he is given the verbs; before he knows the syntax, he is put to translating; and then, in order that he may enter college by a given time, for a certain number of books must be read, he has set him such a long lesson that with his imperfect knowledge of the grammar, it is utterly impossible he can learn the parsing; and so we constantly find boys translating away in happy disregard of all old rules of agreement between adjective and noun, subject and verb, making indeed a sense (for the Yankee is inventive) but often one that would much astonish the old writer, could he hear it.

While in reading Poetry the rules of Prosody are violated in a way that would have made old Virgil's hair to stand on end; and so the very chief object of these studies, accuracy and care is lost sight of.

In England, where the Classics have been made of great prominence in education, the plan is very different; there the question is, not how many books have you read, but how much do you know about what you have gone through. The writer of this may be pardoned if he cite in this matter his own experience.

Many years ago, he applied for admission into a "Preparatory School," near London; preparatory, that is, for the Universities. When he left this country he was considered by his teacher fitted for college. He was called up by the Head Master of the English School, and asked "what have you read?" "Virgil, Caesar, Sallust, Cicero, and part of St. John's Gospel, Lucian, Zenophon, and a little in Homer." "Indeed, why you are very far advanced for your age. I shall have to put you in the first class, but let me hear you read." A Virgil was put in his hand as the first book, and then a Zenophon, and he was examined on two or three passages. Then the teacher said, "You have a fair knowledge of the meaning of

words, but you know nothing accurately, and are quite ignorant of the construction of the languages. I shall put you in the third class, and warn you, you will have to study very hard to avoid being put back into the fourth." And so it proved. We never worked harder than during the two years we were in that school; and what little of success we may have met in after life we attribute to the habits there formed in the study of Classics and Mathematics. Yet we read very little, compared with what would have been required in the same time in this country.

Four books of the Æneid, and Sallust's *Ingurthan War*, and in Greek nearly the whole of the *Analysis with St. Matthew's Gospel*, constituted as nearly as can now be remembered the whole; but then it was most thoroughly done. We were not allowed to go on to a new part until the old was mastered; every word parsed, every construction explained, every historical and geographical allusion followed up; then besides the mere reading, every day brought its writing exercises of turning English into Latin prose and verse, and Greek prose; and the reverse. Such thoroughness as this must produce useful results: it is education, so far as it goes. Contrast it with the way in which the Classics are too often taught in this country, and we can better understand why men are beginning to doubt the use of these studies.

It must not be supposed that we undervalue scientific studies. On the contrary, we would have them taught more systematically, even than they now are in all our Colleges. But we believe that the proper study of the Classics, (combined, of course, with Mathematics,) is the best preparation for the useful pursuit of the sciences. In order to this, and to make them retain their proper place in the education of our youth, those who have the matter in charge must come to understand that our Colleges must attempt less, and do more in Latin and Greek.

"FAULT-FINDING STUDENTS.—We notice in some of our College exchanges a tendency on the part of students to complain on account of real or fancied wrongs. There are some cases when complaining can be justified; but we cannot help feeling that some students are over-zealous of their rights. The marking system, for example, is still agitating the minds of that class of students in some colleges, whose honor is something to be dealt with very tenderly. We do not wish to discuss the merits or demerits of the marking system, but we firmly believe that to those who try to do the best they can, it makes but little difference whether they are marked according to the customary practice in most colleges, or not. Very generally the standing at examination will be nearly the same as the average standing in recitation. Now, no one so far as we know, proposes to ask college Professors to abolish the custom of marking students according to their examinations at the close of the term. But, if one is fair, why not the other? A student may be prevented by various circumstances from passing a good examination; but if he has been marked according to his standing at each recitation, he may have a record equal to that of any other of his classmates."

COLLEGE DAYS.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR.

O new born year, we hail thy birth with gladness,  
We look upon thee as a new fledged friend,  
Wilt thou not bring us joys unmixed with sadness,  
While we upon life's way our weary footsteps bend?  
For life at best is but a sea of sorrows,  
With stormy dark to-days and billowy to-morrows.

Art thou some dark robed minister of fate,  
Whom time grown angry with his laggard march,  
Did think it touched his deity to appoint his mate?  
Or some fair spirit from the star girt arch?  
To men down steering from thy blest abode,  
And during thy brief stay to do mankind some good.

Thy parent died still blessing us in death,  
And wilt thou then forbear to be as he?  
O spirit of the new year, with thy breath  
Breathe softly o'er the waters of life's sea;  
And then when ranked among things past thou art,  
Thy blessings still may fill and cheer the heart.

C.

## DAY DREAMING.

WHAT immense quantities of unreal estate did we own in childhood! In the garden of our young life, reverie was a tree of fair proportions and generous shade. Under its boughs we loved to linger, expecting the hand of coming time to shake down fruitage golden-ripe, from the blossoms that then robbed it in loveliness. We can count many an hour of twilight, when as the darkness, wove into light werewelled in the enchanted ground, and expected that reverie would bring strength to manhood as it gave delight to us then; but our clearer vision and chastened experience teaches the lesson, "Nothing but Leaves." The *habit* of reverie is *not* profitable. We believe that it dissipates the mind, enervates our powers of thought, and makes us more vulnerable to the attacks of life's perplexities. As a habit, it is almost universally indulged in by young people; though we hardly think, as some systematic croakers do, that the nineteenth century is peculiarly guilty of this sin. Many persons think they spend hours in *thought*; when the truth is, that they are in a chain of reveries, most of the time. The tendency of the habit is to amuse, not to strengthen; these dissolving views of fancy give no clear vision of truth; in the chambers of the soul they photograph no beauty upon the memory; but like the desert mirage, they cheat us of our time, and weaken us for the march of life. We do not deny that men of reverie have adorned our literature. The author of the delicious "Reveries of a Bachelor," has not only enjoyed his own fancies, but has told them to us, and many is the dinner that sat lightly on peevish stomachs in consequence thereof. As the artist enchains the image upon the camera, so by the chemistry of mind, our author reproduces the pictures of a sensitive fancy; and as with a child-like joy, we read, wonder and thrill. Hawthorne, that "dreamer born," has bequeathed us a library of day-dream books; and castles in the air, and snow images, rise along the whole pathway of his delightful narration; while the fauns and elves of fancy frisk with us, tickling us with surprise, until we feel like very Donatellos. But is the world much better for Hawthorne? With all our admiration for this peerless writer of subjective romance, the mournful question demands an answer; and we think he illustrates the truth that a *habit* of reverie is not profitable.

Yes! upon many an hour in our past eternity, can we brand—lost. Often when duty stood at the

door, have we not heeded her knock, but hugged the phantom of reverie, listening to her strains that floated over the dead hours, like syren harp-notes past bleaching bones. No longer shall we hear her call, but rather walk with duty—"stern daughter of the voice of God," sometimes; but radiant with beauty to those who obey her.—Reverie may do to delight our childhood, but the man must only tarry, not abide in her bowers. If we indulge in reverie at all, we must do it for refreshment, not for food; for strengthening rest, not for wasting luxury.

This we believe is the true idea, we shall let the breezes blow out from dreamland, to cool the forehead heated by toil; it is profitable at times to kiss the shadowy brow and caress the uncreated maiden, if we can again spring to duty's bugle call, and charge manfully against the serried lines of difficulty. Never need we fear to doze while the battle slackens, if we sleep on our arms. The *habit* is the injury, and because it dulls our ears we should scorn it. The voices of time, the rushing mighty wind of eternity's whispering, bids

"The dreamer leaves his dream midway,  
For larger hopes and graver fears;  
Life greatness in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day."

CURIO.

## TRAIN ON THE TRAIN.

THE students of Rutgers College who were fortunate enough to be whirled toward their respective homes by the 10:40 A. M. train on Dec. 22d, witnessed a scene which, in all probability, they will never forget. Hand-shakings and farewells had been exchanged at the depot, many "take care of yourselves" had been uttered, and then as the train moved over the bridge we huddled together in a rear car and settled ourselves down to social converse, so as to make still shorter the ride of an hour and a half. While each one was endeavoring to see how much nonsense he could spout forth in that time, a rumor was circulated about the car which gave a fresh impetus to all tongues. It was announced that Train,—Train, the mighty orator, Train the silver-tongued vocalist, Train the holy prophet, was on board the train. A committee was instantly appointed to invite this comic tragedian to give his views on the leading topics of the day, before the discriminating audience then and there assembled. The committee nobly discharged their duty, and in a short time the blooming visage of George Francis Train was gazing smilingly upon us. He was greeted with loud applause, which appeared to please him greatly. Without making any excuse for not being prepared, he boldly commenced his discourse; this, however, being rather a rambling one, and not having any competent reporter among us, we are unable to give his remarks to our readers. The greatest point of his discourse however was, that he intended to be President of the United States in 1872, and that all the colleges of the land had promised him their full support, Rutgers especially. He spoke until the train reached Newark, and then gracefully retired amidst the applause of his audience. Long may he wave! If he can be wafted on the wings of the wind to the Presidential Chair he can easily produce *gas* enough to make himself of the required lightness!

DON.

AMONG the remarks that we recollect to have heard when we first came to New-Brunswick, was the following by a resident of this time-honored locality: "I am always glad to see the students come back; they give new life and enterprise to our City." Every student knows this to be true, and many of the business men, especially the mercantile, share liberally of their patronage and support. The students' motto is, "Live and let live;" but now when they are desirous to carry forward their College paper, devoted to the interests of the institution, and faithful to those of the City, the small pittance of one dollar is refused, and the student "*bluffed*" by those who have received largely of his benefactions. The existence of a College and a College paper in this City is a fact to which its citizens ought to refer with emotions of conscious pride. Literary institutions well sustained, are the pride and glory of any locality, and much that gives stimulus to business in its various forms, refinement to society, and advancement to moral and religious truth, may be traced directly to their influence. If the people of New-Brunswick would but realize this, their co-operation would not be so often found wanting. Common civility asks for a reciprocation of favors and not rude repulses. We ask the editors of THE TARGUM to give a list of town subscribers, that the students may know who are their friends, and who are not, and then bestow their patronage accordingly!

[EDS. NOTE].—According to the above request we are glad to inform our readers that some of the business men of this City have sympathized with us in endeavoring to increase the circulation of THE TARGUM in New-Brunswick. Among those who have subscribed we have space at present to notice the names of Messrs. FISHER & FRENCH. Our desire is that those who patronize us should receive something in return. Fellow-students, patronize those who patronize us. The above firm have constantly on hand a fine selection of dress goods, and we earnestly hope that students will visit their establishment, knowing that their desires can be fulfilled in the most satisfactory manner.

HERTZOG HALL PHOTOGRAPHED.—A new and very beautiful photograph of Hertzog Hall has been taken by Mr. Clark, of this City, and is now ready for sale. The photograph is very good, both in correct representation and neatness of finish. It is about 10 by 8 inches, and smaller copies are printed also, which make excellent album pictures. The Theological Seminary is well worth photographing, since its recent dress of paint and repairs; and we are glad, not only that this enterprise of photographing has been undertaken, but also that it has been so successfully accomplished by the operator. Mr. D. Clark, No. 4 King Block, New-Brunswick, N. J., is the photographer, and has copies on sale, which can be procured either by application or mail.

WE make the following extract from Morse's Universal Geography of the New World, dated 1819:

"It is not the business of the Geographer to compliment the ladies, nor should we be thought to do so when we say that there is at least as great a number of industrious, discreet, amiable, genteel and handsome women in New-Jersey, in proportion to its inhabitants, as in any of the United States." If this was true in 1819, how much more so in 1870.



## MY STUDENT LIFE AT NEW-BRUNSWICK.

### MY ROOM.

I HAVE no doubt that the readers of THE TARGUM have perused with interest the sketches of student life in Germany which have appeared in its columns. Although not gifted with the able pen of the writer of the aforesaid sketches, I will attempt to give some account of student life nearer home. I have had some experience in the subject of which I purpose to treat, and in all my remarks will only speak of such things as I have been concerned in myself. This of course is rather egotistical, but it has one advantage, that the readers of these articles will not be obliged to doubt the veracity of any one else besides myself. The trite saying that one half of the world do not know how the other half live, is particularly applicable to students and their respective parents. Fond fathers and doting mothers who send their sons to far distant colleges, and leave the fitting up of their rooms to their own taste, have little idea how these said rooms are furnished. Let me describe the interior of one; and, as I am seated in my own with slippers on feet, and pipe in mouth, I will take it for an example, and let the readers of THE TARGUM know how at least one student's room is furnished. Listen, "fond parinks," and hear how "Babes in the Wood" cover themselves when the robins fail to do their duty. My room is the "second story, back," in a modest looking frame building, situated in one of the principal streets of the town. A firm believer in the course of Empire, it turns its back to the sun and looks hopefully to the West. It has one window and of course a door. The window, however, can be used as a door, especially very early in the morning. Following the example of the philosopher who gained a reputation for being very rich by having immense bolts and bars on all the doors of his house, I have decorated my door with a large lock of the most improved kind. I have not as yet got the reputation, however. This lock is but seldom used, and the key makes an excellent implement to crack nuts with. It can also be used to play keyno. The paper on the walls of my room consists of a blue figure on a drab ground, and the bordering being a red figure on a green ground, tends, although slightly incongruous, to give the room a very cheerful aspect. I had intended to have it hung with tapestry, but for pecuniary reasons concluded not to do so. The ceiling above my head is covered with writing; here can be found the names of the Presidents of the United States, notes on chemistry and christianity, important dates, songs and memoranda of all descriptions. These are written upon the ceiling so that when I throw myself upon my bed, (which I use for a lounge in the daytime,) my eyes can always rest upon some important topic. I am sorry to say, however, that the foolish habit the mistresses of the house have of killing flies and musketoes upon the ceiling, has somewhat marred the beauty of the chirography. To the left of the door as you enter is my wardrobe and book-case. Of the first of these I will say nothing. "Consider the lilies of the valley," &c. The books are all by standard authors, and I am proud of my library.—

Byron is there, so is Tennyson; while Lord Bacon looks benignly down from the top shelf; there is also a copy of Græca Majora; this last, however, is only a sham, being an artfully contrived flask; this book flask has been there for three years and no one except those who knew the secret has presumed to touch it. The students of Rutgers College are fond of Greek—a good ways off. On the top of the wardrobe is a fine glass putty blower. The art of blowing putty through a tube is very ancient, and was introduced into China by the Egyptians. I assure you they would be proud of their disciple if they could see me mutilate the flowers in the next yard; stray cats also offer excellent advantages to try one's skill. The stove now claims my attention. Jolly little stove! Hunkey little stove! always going out on cold winter nights, and leaving me to wake up half frozen in the morning; the damper in its pipe used to bother me until I took it out altogether, and made a thermometer out of it; it now ceases to trouble me. The worst of this stove is that the former owner used to make hot drinks over it, and even to the present day it sometimes gives out a strangely suggestive odor. The pipe is somewhat *sloved in* at one end, but is still very respectable looking; it is colored admirably. My bed, my downy couch, comes next in order. It is a palatial structure, made of solid mahogany and well posted; these same posts are good to hang hats upon, and the north east one looks well when clothed in the flowing drapery of my night shirt; sheets, pillow cases and counterpane are all of snowy whiteness, as I never go to bed with my boots on, a habit which some students are very partial to. My wash stand is furnished with every requirement that a well conducted wash stand should possess, and is painted in water colors; the mirror hangs above it, a good looking piece of furniture, but not much thought of. Four chairs grace this abode of luxury, upon one of which I daily black my boots and in the evening use it as a seat for distinguished visitors. There is also a round table in the room upon which I am now writing. We have passed many pleasant "nights" round this table; it is covered with red damask (?); quite a number of my friends have left their initials upon this table, but as the cloth covers them all they are not visible, except upon close inspection. Macaulay's New Zealander will perhaps find it when he visits America, and wonder at the hieroglyphics engraved upon it. The floor of my room is not carpeted, as this leads to effeminacy, but is covered with matting, beautifully interspersed with pieces of oil cloth; when stepping out of bed on a cold winter's morning, I often shudder at the useless expense of this said oil cloth. A valise stands in one corner of the room, in company with a couple of canes, a fishing rod, a favorite base ball, bat and shoes, and belt; in another corner is a receptacle for midnight oil, an umbrella and a set of boxing gloves. A shelf to the right of the door holds a collection of articles that may correctly be classed under the head of miscellaneous; three boxes, however, occupy a prominent position; one of these is filled with crackers, while another contains an excellent pineapple cheese; these boxes are frequently looked into, and I am compelled to state that a quiet lunch is often taken at unseemly hours; the third box contains an excellent assortment of

pipes and "the weed." The walls of my room are adorned with pictures; some of them of high merit. "Bon Fanti," and "Effie Germon," by "LaRue," "Zigzag winning a steeple chase," and "The death of King Arthur," are especially noticeable, while the intervening spaces are filled up with female heads, fancy sketches, &c. As soon as an article is deemed unworthy to occupy a conspicuous place in the room it is consigned to oblivion by being thrown under the bed. As this has been going on for nearly four years, you can easily imagine the space under the bed must contain many objects of variety and interest. Indeed, as a special favor I sometimes allow a visitor to creep under this same bed, and enjoy himself for an hour or two by examining the various objects of "vertu." It is as good as a museum. A trunk and a tool-box are the only articles that can be distinguished at first sight, but when the eye has become accustomed to the obscurity, many others can be noted; in one corner may be distinguished a box which once contained an elegant cream cake sent to me by a maiden fair, "and the scent of the cream cake hangs 'round it still."—Old text books are numerous; a tradesman's bill receipted *can* now and then be found; a broken rope ladder, skates, and in short all the pharaphanalia of student warfare. But it is impossible to describe this medley, so I will not attempt it. The mistress of the house is an old lady who has two daughters of whom she is very fond; they are very pretty, strict disciplinarians, and when flirtation assumes the garb of innocence, have no objection to it. The fare is good, with no undue inclination towards hash and soup.—Fish once a week and dessert four times; lights out at ten o'clock, doors locked at twelve. Such is my room and its surroundings. Of its visitors and the sights to be seen from it I will speak in my next. Yours ever, DON.

WE recently begged from a friend, the following literary curiosity, for insertion in THE TARGUM. It is an essay upon

### "EARLY ATTACHMENTS."

"Early attachments," are form from childhood; and those that are form from childhood are the best attachments, for instance child form attachment to his peranes; and that is early attachments; even the dumb beasts forms attachments to their young; their is the hen, she first forms attachments to the eggs that are place under hur that first; and then she sets on them till she have young ones; then she forms now more attachments to the eggs, but to the young ones, wich is Early Attachments; and wen they older to know their mother then they form early attachments; to her; but wen they get grown up and lieve their mother, then the early attachments is forgotten; but this not the way with people that form their attachments when young, they do not forget their mother wen they lieve them. Their is sum birds that form attachments with their young; their is the Pigion, they think as much of their young as our Perance do, and more so then some Perance; wen the Pigeion hatch the young ones they carry their food to them till they can take care of themselves, and they form early attachments; and these boys that come hear to school they form early attachments to their teacher and lessons.

## COLLEGE STORIES.

For many years, Moses, a negro, was a servant in the University of Alabama, and waited on the students very faithfully. He was, however, a great hypocrite, and was on that account commonly called "Preach" among the boys. One day he was passing a crowd of students, when one of them, out of mischief, called to him, and said:—"I say, Preach, what are you going to do when the devil gets you?" "Wait on de students," was the reply.

AN old graduate of Yale tells us, that when he was a Freshman, he was very much addicted to the habit of writing poetry, and in fact thought himself quite a genius in composing verse. When therefore, it came his turn to speak on the Chapel stage, he thought he would astonish the college by an original, poetical effusion. He sat down alone one day to compose his piece, and had succeeded in producing the following forcible line:

"The sun's perpendicular rays illumined the depths of the sea,"

when he was called from his room on business. When he returned, he found his one line accompanied by another, which forever cured him from writing poetry.

"And the little fishes cried:—My good gracious, how hot it will be."

THE liver was the subject under consideration in one of our Physiological recitations the other day. "And now, sir," said the learned Professor, "can you tell me, Mr. A——, a peculiar fact about the liver?"

"O, yes," replied A, "a peculiar fact is, it contains sugar, though, for what purpose is not yet discovered."

"Very well! and can you tell me further, in the liver of what animal is found the most sugar?"

"Well, I don't know, (hesitatingly,) but (as if illumined with a revelation) it must be in the liver of that animal where this organ is the biggest." A—— didn't get a ten spot for that recitation.

A STUDENT in Cornell University, was required, by his father, to send him an account of his expenses. Having disposed of a considerable amount for those things which he didn't want his parent to know he indulged in, he hit upon the happy expedient of balancing his accounts by putting thirty dollars to the credit of Charity. His father, however, wrote back and said that he thought "Charity covered a multitude of sins."

## OUR EXCHANGES.

THE Yale Literary Magazine, College Days, The Union Literary, The College Courant, The Polytechnic, College Review, Trinity Tablet, The Cap and Gown, The College Argus, The Chronicle, The Cornell Era, The College Courier, The Vidette, The Madisonensis, The Qui Vide, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Western Collegian, The Lawrence Collegian, The Miami Student, The Collegian, The College Mercury, The Southern Collegian, The McKendree Repository, The N. Y. Citizen and Round Table, The American Educational Monthly, Dwight's Journal of Music, Fireside Favorite.

## OUR TELESCOPE.

THE total funds of Yale College are \$1,355,733 91.

HOPE COLLEGE, Michigan, has one Japanese student who is preparing for the Christian ministry.

RACINE COLLEGE, Wisconsin, is supplied with a smoking room. It is controlled by the Faculty, and open an hour after every meal.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY numbers 850 students. In the department of Science, Literature, and the Arts, 323; of Medicine and Surgery, 280; of Law, 238.

MR. ELIOT is the seventh President Harvard University has had in twenty-five years. Four of them, Linney, Everett, Sparks, and Felton, are dead.

THE Vidette says:—"The only fear we have ever had for Williams College, is that her wealth will kill her." Our wish is that the friends and Alumni of Rutgers would try to kill her with their money.

NATHAN HALE has resigned his chair of *belles lettres* at Union College, and is now assisting his brother in editing the magazine, "The Old and New." President Aiken has been given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Trustees of Princeton College.

EIGHTEEN Freshmen at Williams College have been suspended until the beginning of the next term for cutting a recitation. Somebody having obstructed the chimney in their recitation room, the smoke drove the professor with his class to another apartment, and there eighteen improved the opportunity to decamp. Seventeen Freshmen remain.

THE following are the salaries of the Presidents and Professors in some of our Colleges: University of Michigan, President, \$2,500, Professors, \$2,000 and \$1,500; Hamilton, President, \$2,500, Professors, \$1,500; Union, President, \$2,500 and house, Professors, \$1,800; Amherst, President, \$3,000, Professors, \$2,000; Williams, President, \$3,000 and house, Professors, \$1,800.

AGES of some living authors:—Richard H. Dana, 83; George Ticknor and Charles Sprague, 78; William Cullen Bryant, 73; Stephen H. Tyng, Francis Lieber, and George Bancroft 70; William H. Seward and Catharine E. Beecher, 69; Lydia M. Child and Leonard W. Bacon, 68; Ralph W. Emerson, 67; Horace Bushnell and George D. Prentiss, 66.—*Southern Collegian*.

AN exchange has obtained the following graduation rank of several West Point men:

Jeff. Davis graduated 23d in his class; Gen. Joe. Johnson, 13th; Gen. O. M. Mitchell, 13th; Gen. Meade, 19th; Gen. S. W. Sherman, 18th; Gen. Pemberton, 27th; Gen. Joe. Hooker, 29th; Gen. Canby, 30th; Gen. George H. Thomas, 12th; Gen. Longstreet, 54th; Gen. U. S. Grant, 21st; Gen. Burnside, 18th; Gen. Philip Sheridan, suspended in 1852, and graduated in 1853, 54th; Gen. Bartlett, 1st; Gen. Sibley, 1st; Gen. Lee, 2d; Gen. Ewell, 3d; Gen. Halleck, 3d; Gen. Beauregard, 2d; Gen. Gillmore, 1st; Gen. G. B. McClellan, 2d; Gen. Howard, 2d.

## PERSONALIA.

REV. H. M. VOORHEES, class '59, is preaching in one of the Reformed Churches, Bethlehem, N. Y.

PAUL COOK, class '66, is with Peter Cooper, 17 Burling Slip, N. Y.

JOHN CARPENTER, class '66, after spending a year in Europe has settled in Wall-street, as a Broker.

ZUN ZOW MATSMULLA, Scientific Class '71, has gone to Annapolis as a cadet in the Naval School.

J. BLANCHARD EDGAR, class '65, whose marriage was noticed in the last TARGUM, now mourns the death of his bride.

THOMAS DEVAN, '71, Scientific, and Coxswain in the University race of '69, has left Rutgers to enter a Business College.

WM. H. ANDERSON, '62, is Editor and Proprietor of a paper called *The Peekskill Advertiser*.

GEORGE L. DANTFORTH, '63, was married during the holidays.

## TO OUR MINISTERS.

WHEN we consider the prosperity of our institutions, and the number of students preparing for the various professions, we are forcibly struck with the fact that there are, comparatively, few preparing for the ministry, and we are led to inquire why this is so? Why are not our halls of learning thronged with young men, who are not only willing, but anxious and determined to preach Christ "and Him crucified?" There must be some cause for this. Some part of the machinery must be defective; some wheel loose. Where is this deficiency? The principle defect, we think, lies in our Church, that she does not take more interest in, and work more faithfully for us. Also because many of our ministers, instead of working for us, either work against us or do not work at all. If we would prosper, we must have one mind, and work together as one body. There must be perfect unity and harmony between the Church and her institutions. No contending forces, no idle and useless obstructions. The Shepherd of every flock should seek and find, at least, one laborer for his Master's service, for the "harvest" is indeed plenteous, but the laborers few, and I think we have a right to look to, and expect from our ministers, that they will supply "the Lord of the harvest with laborers."

Let them go forth among the youth of their congregations, dropping here and there a few words of wisdom on the subject of education, and above all, urging upon intelligent and talented young men the great importance of the Christian ministry.

If our ministers will do their duty, and exert all their influence upon the youth, with whom they come in contact, we feel assured that our Grammar School, and College, and Seminary, will soon be filled to overflowing, with earnest, devoted young men, and that our Church will soon be blessed with an abundant ministry.