

# THE TARGUM.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

"*Sol Justitiae et Occidentem Illustra.*"

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RUTGERS.

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## NEW-YEAR—1872.

The New Year fairly has begun,  
When dreams are sweet and hopes are bright,  
When old Earth has her ball dress on,  
Her snow-ball dress of purest white.  
The TARGUM—as in duty bound—  
To all its readers, far and near,  
With liking and respect profound,  
Wishes a long and bright New-Year.

As for the Ladies—bless them—they  
No other wish than this can need—  
That leap-year prospects may be gay,  
And to them all we wish God speed.  
May they to their sweet selves be true—  
Abhor Vic. Woodhull's dirty "sphere,"  
Be they Old Maids, or be they New,  
We wish them all a sweet New-Year.

Professors claim the *second* place,  
And to them all good wishes flow;  
We greet each well-remembered face,  
Greet it as friend, and not as foe.  
May all their cares be ever light,  
The skies above their pathway clear;  
And, though the past may seem so bright,  
Be this their happiest New-Year.

Now for the Students—bully boys—  
Who meet us here this New-Year's Day;  
May fun and frolic, row and noise,  
Lighten dull labor's heavy sway;  
Conditions few and far between,  
Our Mater just but not severe;  
And may we never yet have seen  
A happier than this New-Year.

Again—to all our readers—all—  
May friends be dear, and life be sweet:  
And may the time far off befall  
When we shall not together meet.  
Be this the burden of our song—  
Be this the echo loud and clear,  
Which every heart shall still prolong—  
"To each and all, a Happy New-Year."

J.

## THE N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

NOT only those who have participated in the conduct of national affairs, but also those whose attention has been engrossed by personal concerns, cannot have failed to observe that facts, as well as motives, are frequently misrepresented; that events are attributed to causes which never existed, while the real causes remain concealed. Presumptuous writers, affecting knowledge they do not possess, undertake to instruct mankind by specious stories founded on idle rumor and vague conjecture; but those who are well informed smile at the folly.

We live in a period so enlightened that to display the use of history would be superfluous labor. It would be the mere repetition of what has been already expressed by eminent authors on various occasions. They have told us that history is the science of human nature, philosophy teaching by example. Many important events are on record, and however dark and doubtful the testimony of ancient chronicles, there still exist a great number of authenticated facts

These when collected may be called the Skeleton of History; material which, establishing fact by indisputable authority, will enable the future historian accurately to deduce effects from the true causes, correctly to portray characters taken from real life, and justly assign to each his true agency. Indeed, the consultation of volumes and manuscripts is indispensable to an author on a historical subject; and it becomes daily more and more important, as the United States rise in the estimation of the world, to obtain every work connected with American History and Literature. The importance is already becoming apparent. The Republic at large seems determined to secure its history from doubt. The conjoint labors of different Historical Societies are securing authentic material for future research, and State pride will further their cause, inasmuch as truth is fortified thereby. The New-York Historical Society has charge of an immense work, to oversee so large a State, an empire in fact, whose colonial career was so pregnant with events. Besides, long neglect has increased the duty, and added peculiar value to new revelations.

Founded in 1804 by some New-York gentlemen, "for the purpose of collecting and preserving whatever documents might relate to the natural, civil, literary, medical or ecclesiastical history of the United States, and particularly of the State of New-York," as its constitution declares, the Society has, with this object steadily in view, intelligently, devotedly and earnestly secured all the precious documents of the wars of New-York. The records of nearly all the important events since New-York became an independent State, can be found in its archives. Its extensive library of rare old books is so arranged in alcoves that every convenience is afforded to the searcher after wisdom.

We had heard a great deal about this collection and thought a visit might be of benefit, accordingly a party of us proceeded thither, and we spent several hours in merely hurriedly examining this curious repository of historical material; we were amazed at the vastness and rarity; indeed, "the half had not been told us." Deeming that a cursory account of what is to be seen in that unpretending fire-proof building, corner Second avenue and Eleventh-street, would not be uninteresting, and might induce some of Rutgers sons, who have not seen, to go and examine, we give a few of the most noticeable objects which we saw in our hasty visit.

In the Library, which is entered first, are found, besides the ancient tomes, some interesting relics, such as the cane of B. Franklin, the camp bedstead of Gen. Washington, lace worn in the seventeenth century, the tomahawk, with a carved handle, of Black Hawk, the chair of Napoleon Bonaparte, a large section of the old and well known Stuyvesant pear tree, and so on.

The cabinet of coins and medals is not equaled by any in the United States for completeness and

rarity. Their importance is understood. These often constitute the principal or only material for the historian. Through this imperishable channel it is that recollections of momentous events have found their way to after generations. When states and empires slumbered in the dust, after mausoleum and triumphal column have lost their form, grace and beauty, these types of glory have brought to light facts of interest and often of vital importance in the chain of history.

Of MSS. there is also a large and varied collection. Some of those we noticed are: A large collection of papers which belonged to Lord Sterling, making ten volumes bound, comprising original copies of letters written by Gen. Washington, B. Tupper, J. Trumbull, P. Schuyler, B. Franklin, from 1756 to 1783; a diary of Samuel Cooper, of Boston, for 1753; an original copy of a lexicon of all the Chaldee in the Bible, 1775, Stephen Sewall, Cambridge—only one other copy is in existence, and is found in Harvard College Library; a list of country subscribers to the *Gazette* of Peter Porcupine; the *Journal* of the British House of Commons from 1650 to 1676—This rare and valuable collection of MS. Parliamentary documents formerly belonged to Governor Livingston, of N. J.; a document relating to the controversy, in 1807, between the corporation of N. Y. city and the State of N. J., as to the right of Hudson's river; a declaration, signed by the aldermen, treasurer, high constable and other officers of N. Y. city, renouncing the doctrine of transubstantiation. We also noticed a collection of New-England almanacs, beginning with the year 1692.

Of newspapers the Society possesses probably the largest and most complete files in the country. Out of the large number we only recall one or two; the *N. Y. Daily Advertiser* from 1809; the *N. Y. Evening Post* from 1801, and the first 209 numbers of the *Boston News Letter*, from its establishment in 1704. It is hardly probable that another copy of the first newspaper printed in America so complete as this, is anywhere else in existence. The storing up of so vast a pile of periodicals and occasional pamphlets, may seem like accumulating rubbish and waste paper, but as one of its members states it, "A file of American newspapers is of more value to this design than all Byzantine historians."

Those interested may also find there a large number of maps of all kind, some of them as old as 1560. One which interested us most was of the State of New-York, in 1802, by Hon. Simeon DeWitt, an alumnus of Rutgers College.

Ascend we now to the next floor; there a peculiar musty odor at once informs us that we are surrounded by the dust of ages; the voice naturally becomes hushed, for fear the vibrations of the air would bring down something with a crash that had not been disturbed for years. Dust everywhere, still we must examine this curious

store, for this is the department of a thousand and one Egyptian curiosities. A hideous place it would be to sleep in, and to take a *night's rest* would not be possible. In one corner three mummies of men and women, in glass cases, set upright; further on, the head of one of the Kings, and close beside, the head, hands and feet of an Egyptian woman; the tomb of one of the Kings; and next, greatest of all, three mummied sacred bulls, lying in grotesque state in a glass compartment, ponderous animals, but looking not a bit worshipful; a little further on are six crocodiles strung up by the wall. There are many less frightful curiosities disposed around, stone slabs, vases and ornaments, wonderful wicker baskets, long scrolls of papyrus MSS., &c., &c., all of which "must be seen to be appreciated."

But the crowning part of the whole collection, both because it has taxed brain and heart and skill to produce it, and because it is on the top-most floor, is the Gallery of Art. There may be found some of the finest and grandest paintings in the land. Most of them are rare, some illustrating Jewish history, and some Grecian and Latin, besides many others. Among those by American artists, those which appeared to us as the grandest were a series of seven large paintings by Cole, showing the "Course of Empire." Its beginning out of chaos; progress, step by step, to greatness; gradual decline, and finally its sudden overthrow. Among the portraits placed around are those of John Calvin, John Quincy Adams, Benj. Church, B. Franklin, Alex. Hamilton, Sir Isaac Newton, Thos. Paine and Dr. Kane.

But the Society are not satisfied with what they have accomplished. They are ever on the lookout for objects of interest, not only to New-York City and New-York State, but to all the Union of States and cities, and to the world at large. They have located their collection in New-York city because it is the most cosmopolitan of modern cities. Every nation is represented. Read the down-town signs, turn over the journals, look at places of public amusement, enter the churches, you will find everywhere somewhat, a man, a custom, a language, a vocation, borrowed from every quarter. Innovations have taken place since the days of "auld lang syne." The Dutch gable-ends have disappeared, Yankées have driven out burgomasters, Cuban segars Holland pipes, and railroads old-fashioned gigs. To this city they have entrusted their priceless store, and here they are collecting valuable roadmarks of time, blazing the way for a future true history. While the sordid collect and the riotous squander hoards of useless or pernicious pelf, it is theirs to expend the fruit of honest industry on objects which enrich their city and spread the influence of learning, genius and taste over the hearts and minds of its numerous inhabitants.

A few evenings ago the Society held their annual election of officers. Dr. Thomas DeWitt, their President for fourteen years, declined serving for the ensuing year, and a new President was elected. The whole ticket was as follows: President, Augustus Schell; First Vice President, Erastus C. Benedict, LL. D.; Second Vice President, James W. Beekman; Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Wm. Cullen Bryant, LL. D.; Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Wm. J. Hopkin; Recording Secretary, Andrew Warner;

Treasurer, Benjamin H. Field; Librarian, George H. Moore, LL. D.

As it is necessary in so large and valuable a collection of this kind, the spirit of *ne extra hanc bibliothecam efferatur* will be observed as to every article; yet the archives of the institution will be at all times of easy access to any one in search of historical information. QUICUNCTUS.

### PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

"THROUGH tattered clothes small vices do appear; robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it." In great characters faults are mere eccentricities. The difference between a fault and an eccentricity, I think to be this: A fault can be easily corrected; it is not out of reach, and if nothing else will work a reformation, a regard for one's character or reputation may effectually do it. But an eccentric man is above all such regard. His oddity has become a second nature, and must be borne with, whether you will or no. It is, notwithstanding, a notorious fact, that a course of conduct which would banish one person from society, and perhaps from the rest of the world, would be tolerated or passed by in another.

I know of no individual who so well deserves to stand at the head of the class of eccentrics as one of my acquaintances, a minister by profession. He ascends his pulpit steps as though he had seen a heretic preacher occupying his accustomed place behind the desk, and intended to collar him. One Sunday when I should have listened to his discourse, I counted one hundred and twenty-seven—the number of times this reverend gentleman moved his spectacles from his nose; for the eyes in his case had not much need of them. And this was a sure test of the nature of the argument which was to follow. If it was somewhat above the ordinary level his spectacles immediately found their way to the top of his head. If the argument was still more convincing, or if there was anything peculiarly happy in the illustration, they were taken off and held between the thumb and fore finger; but if there was a forthcoming knock-down argument, he took them off and placed them on the desk by his side. After he has replaced his spectacles, after one of these bursts of eloquence, he looks around on the audience in tears.

When some men have been raised to authority, by a singularity peculiar to them, they adopt new modes of government, to support the dignity—not of their office, for that supports itself—but of their own important selves. A *quondam* President of a New-England college once told me of the following incident, which occurred while he held the position of "Prex." The same custom was in vogue then as it is now of applying to the President for "leave of absence." When an application was made the President always asked the name of the individual as though he was ignorant of it. Samuel Jones had called at the study of the old Professor morning and evening, for more than a year, to inquire if the prayer-bell should be rung. One evening he called as usual, and after receiving his answer, he asked permission to go out of town the next day. The Presi-

dent, rising in his seat and fixing his eyes intently on him, said: "Samuel Jones, *what's your name?*"

The odd, whimsical form of a distinguished person, who sat next me at church in the days of my boyhood, will never be obliterated from my memory. After the hymn to be sung was given out, it was his custom to rise and turn his face towards the choir, though his eyes were always fixed upon the book; he was, withal, a little deaf. As soon as he thought of the tune he would take the lead, or opposition rather, and as his voice was very prodigious and pitched a semitone higher than the rest of the voices, it was indescribable. One time he did not hear the notice given, "Sing, if you please, the first three stanzas;" at the end of these the members of the choir took their seats. But the old man kept on, making such a noise with his own mouth that he did not notice that the choir were seated, and he was performing their duties by himself. Great was his surprise, however, when he had finished, to find the choir in their seats and the minister standing in the pulpit ready to proceed as soon as he was through.

There is another kind of eccentricity not yet alluded to. Some distinguished individuals indulge themselves at all times in a sort of wit which is often humorous, but more frequently severe. It seems natural to them to look at objects in a ridiculous light. In the preceding age there were many examples of this kind. Who has not heard of Judge Payne? Being at a commencement dinner on one occasion, some students found his three-cornered hat in a chair in some other room, and one of them, very smart in his own estimation, wrote on a piece of paper the words "a fool," and placed the paper in the Judge's hat, and called his fellow-students around to hear what he would say when he should see what was written. The Judge—coming in after dinner, saw the paper in his hat, and taking it up, read what was written; and then, turning around on the collegians who were enjoying the joke hugely, said: "I wonder who has been putting his name in my hat."

This part of my subject, perhaps, is best illustrated by examples. But enough have been given. They might be increased to any number, and in every variety. Indeed, there is hardly an eminent character living but is noted for some peculiarity, either mental or physical. One has a strange propensity for "twisting his nose" at people. Any one who should come in when he is addressing an audience would suppose that he was entertaining his company by a variety of grimaces. They can be compared appropriately to a *wind-mill*, and others to a *weather-vane*, for the wind bloweth when and where it listeth, and you have no surer index of whence it cometh and whither it goeth than their strange caprices. Some, on the other hand, resemble the neighbor of the vane—the clock—in the regularity and punctuality of their movements. And it is a remarkable fact that these reverses of disposition are very often found in ministers of the Gospel, who grow in these respects into a likeness of their own houses of worship, which show to the world the emblem of variability and eccentricity, or that of a regular, patient, persevering devotedness. Now, here we find a ready illustration for another class



of eccentrics. Who has not seen upon the front of some public edifice the blind *false dial*, which tells thousands and thousands of lies every day and only two truths—despised and disregarded by those acquainted with its character, and misleading and deceiving inquiring travelers? And who has not seen some public character like to this false dial—consistent and constant in nothing but falsehood?

AUX.

### THE METHOD OF LECTURING.

THE present method of delivering lectures to the students of the higher Academies, Grammar-Schools, Colleges and Seminaries, seems to us very faulty and objectionable in several particulars. And since this fact is known and felt by many, and moreover, has been strongly commented on, we have been somewhat surprised at the absence of all discussion of the topic by the press. To our certain knowledge, the ineffectiveness of the lectures proper, is a source of deep felt complaint against his Alma Mater by many an alumnus. It is in hopes that thought may be aroused on this subject, and steps taken to insure a reform in the matter, that we give what seems to us some of the drawbacks on the present method. And first, we notice that the securing of the lecture is purely manual labor, mechanical labor, just as much as is that of the hod-carrier. We maintain that there is no benefit in it of any kind. In the very haste to catch the lecture, all study and knowledge of the subject is precluded at the moment. Time and time again in our extended experience have we known it to be the case, that upon the close of the hour we could no more tell what had been spoken at the beginning of the hour, than if it had never been uttered. The only advantage that could be claimed for the hour's work was, that we had the lecture for future reference. We remember once hearing a Professor remark in favor of taking lectures, and that too, in ink; that it skilled one in the use of the pen, and in the rapid exercise of their thoughts. As to the first benefit, that of penmanship, we give the united testimony of those who have tried making the one draught of a lecture, and that from the oral dictation, that they have ruined what little penmanship they had. As to the second benefit derived from rapid thinking, speaking for ourselves, we have known only confusion. If any one of our readers doubts this last statement, we recommend him to try and take down a lecture on theology or medicine, where only the skeleton of the system is given. If at the end of the hour he can go through all the divisions, captions, sections, and sub-sections of five or six pages foolscap, we will gladly confess his ability.

We notice secondly, that there is too much time occupied in the writing of the lecture. This objection would not stand if the lectured could make an immediate copy, once for all. But such is not the case. Nine out of ten of the students in the grades of institutions mentioned, unless masters of some short-hand system, will be obliged to make their first copy in pencil, and that, too, of "catch" words only. The lecture thus taken, must be rewritten "while it is hot," or else it will be mere jargon, with only here and there an intelligible sentence. This necessary transcription involves an expense of an hour at least. Who

that has the true spirit of a student can fail to understand what that means? And who that is a student, and has labored thus, has not felt with true sorrow that invaluable time was being hopelessly, needlessly lost! In ten minutes of close study more could be deeply learned than in the two hours thus frittered away.

Again, in the third place. The conciseness with which the lectures are delivered is a serious embarrassment, militating in many instances against a thorough apprehension of the subject. To have "the matter in a nutshell," is very well for those who like it thus, provided they have microscopic eyes to discern it. We confess to a liking of something more than the skeleton of a subject. Outlines are to the mind what a bone diet would be to the body. Men possessed of this kind of knowledge are "as vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes," very unpleasant facts. "The full man" is what every one desires to be, who has any joy in the fruits of learning, any desire to be something more than the man of facts and system only.

In the fourth place. The incompleteness in the lectures is a more formidable objection against the present method of lecturing than any we have yet considered. While we write, our thoughts turn regretfully to the evidence that our own bookshelves exhibit on this point. There lie a partial course of lectures on "Philosophical subjects," as it was ambitiously styled. This course was commenced in the third term of the Senior year—six weeks long!—and, as can be readily imagined, the survey of "Philosophical Subjects" was limited. By the aid of constant attendance and full notes we secured brief sketches of Drs. Reid and Brown, and of Victor Cousin. And this, we may add, is the extent of our education in philosophy, obtained from the College curriculum. Excepting a brief journey in Hickok's "Science of the Mind," and a briefer excursion in Hamilton "On the Feelings," of Locke, Kant, Condilliac, Spinoza and Schlegel, we were innocent of all knowledge as to the men and their opinions. Hegel we casually knew, from meeting with his name in the German Ballad Book; but it was reserved until a later day to learn from him that the "Union of being, and not being is becoming." Besides these lectures on "Philosophical Subjects," mentioned above, we have uncompleted "Evidences of Christianity," "Biblical Criticism and Literature," "Questions on Wayland's Moral Science," "Greek Language and Literature," Latin Language and Literature, and if we remember rightly, also a course in Chemistry not finished. This state of things is the inevitable result of the present system, and is the fault, secondarily, of the Professor who follows it. Let it be distinctly understood that we are not writing against the respected Faculty of our Alma Mater; far be that from us, who have learned, in a large intercourse with alumni from other Colleges, that Rutgers is as good as the best—whereof we may write hereafter. The partially filled blank books of every alumnus testifies to the truth of what we have said, and confirms us in the knowledge that our experience is common. Thus have we declaimed against the present method of lecturing, adopted in our higher institutions of learning; but as no man may rightfully tear down unless he rebuilds in a better manner, so we venture now to suggest as a remedy of these objec-

tions, the use of text-books to be annotated in the progress of study. The old excuse of rarity and expensiveness of books is effete in these days. On every subject the instructor may now secure his text-books. If he does not feel satisfied with those which are published, by all means let him publish his own manuscript, and receive the grateful thanks of, at least, his immediate pupils.

Imagine the feelings of the latter classes taught by Dr. Hodge, in Theology, at receiving his lectures in book form before they have had time to clear up the two years work of irksome copying. Dr. Hodge will receive many thanks for his incomparable work, but he would have received more if he had not deferred its execution until so near the close of his life. We congratulate the students of the Theological Seminary on the fortunate possession of a Professor who, appreciating the difficulties which lie in the way of the success of lectures as generally given, is doing his utmost to remove the obstacles. We trust that his worthy example, though now alone, will soon have numerous emulators, and our students thus be enabled to know something more than the general character and bare outlines of their subjects; when they will walk through, and not up to, the rich fields which in future years they are to occupy.

PHI.

### THE VACANT PLACE.

## I.

There was a man in our Class,  
But he is there no more,  
There came before his eyes alas,  
Which made them very sore.

## II.

And when he saw their inflamed look,  
Unto himself he cried.  
I'll leave the Rostra, pen and book,  
And take to me a bride.

## III.

So with his face set towards the North,  
Away from us he hurried,  
And shortly came the strange report,  
That our classmate was married.

## IV.

Although 'tis true, we'll let it pass,  
But think it pretty hard,  
That of all the members of our class  
Not one received a card.

## V.

With all our hearts we wish him joy,  
Although we miss his face,  
And hope he'll give the world a boy  
To fill his vacant place.

TAD.

NOT long since a Junior Theologue went to a neighboring village to preach, and, expecting to hold forth but once, took with him only one sermon. At the close of the morning service he learned that he was to preach in the evening also. Imagine his consternation! He had no other sermon; he could not preach *extempore*. But his cheek did not fail him! Oh, no! In the evening, when the preliminaries were gone through, he rose and said: "There seems to be considerable misunderstanding in the minds of some of the brethren in regard to certain parts of the morning discourse, and in order to do away with that, I will now repeat that [sermon.—Madi-sonian.

## THE TARGUM.

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

HAVING passed examinations, with faces relieved from that appearance of deep anxiety which settles upon the student in that time of "dread uncertainty," we separated to enjoy those pleasures of the holidays which we had pictured out to ourselves with such pleasurable anticipation.

Refreshed by this brief absence, we have returned, and now begin the duties of a new year. Our TARGUM, which before depended for its existence on the energies of a few students, upon whom the work of obtaining subscriptions fell heavily, has been founded upon a firmer financial basis by the establishment of an organization known as the "Rutger's College TARGUM Association." This we feel to be the beginning of a prosperous future. We would now urge upon the students who are members of the Association or subscribers of the TARGUM, that it cannot be of interest to them unless they take a corresponding interest in it. Furnishing as it does as good a field for literary improvement as any organization in College, it should indicate to the outside world the spirit of our institution: it should be a College paper. This it cannot be if every one looks to another whom he thinks more capable to furnish material, but if every man feels an interest in the paper, and resolves to use his best endeavors to make it what it ought to be, it cannot fail to have effect. The pages of the TARGUM are open to all, and although we may not immediately rise to the celebrity of Horace Greeley as a journalist, and although many of our articles may not appear in print, still our effort cannot fail of improving us. Let all unite then in endeavoring to make the TARGUM a true exponent of our College.

During the winter term our out-door amusements must necessarily be discarded, but at this, the beginning of the new year, the period for making new resolves, let our various athletic organizations, which we are afraid will hibernate so long they will be unable to arouse themselves,

awake their dormant energies. Our College Ball Club, which last Summer was winning for itself a name, seemed in the Fall to become listless, inert, and was at last disbanded before the ball season was half over. We feel that with the new addition of muscle, and a proper energy, Rutgers can organize a Ball Club of which she will be proud.

Our boatmen, who last January's Editorial said were awake to the future and already exercising their muscle, seem to have been paralyzed by their disappointment in the anticipated race with the crew of a neighboring College. But why should they be? Their performance showed that we can raise a crew with which we can court competition. With our facilities for this healthy exercise, with the material in College, it seems like wasting the "good things of life" to lose the prestige we have already gained, and allow our boating association to become a dead-letter, as she will if competition with outside crews be not kept up.

Since our last issue, the College Catalogue has made its appearance, and shows very favorably the spirit of improvement that is rife in our College.

The improvement in the College Curriculum, the additional number of students, show that Rutgers is "picking up in her old age." We must compliment our Faculty on their receding from the "departure" of last year, as the plainness of print and improvement in general appearance show that the change last year from the old firm which had printed it for many years was a mistaken one.

It would, perhaps, be proper for us to urge the students to be good boys, learn their lessons, etc., but as it might reflect upon ourselves, we forbear. As far as being good boys is concerned, we have been and certainly are very quiet, whether it is because we are better than our fathers who have preceded us, whose performances tradition has handed down to us in many an oft told tale, or owing to our being given up, according to Dr. McCosh, to the tender mercies of the law, we cannot tell. And now, kind readers, wishing your forbearance for this our first issue, we bid you *au revoir*.

"The tie that binds two willing hearts," &c.

THE above very recently went into effect in the case of Professor FRANCIS CUYLER VAN DYCK, and it becomes our pleasure to extend to him the congratulations of the whole College. We say the whole College, and feel authorized to do so, after having witnessed the grand demonstration which occurred in front of his residence in Albany-street, on the night of the 6th ult. Immediately after the adjournment of the Literary Societies, the students went to the Professor's house with the usual accompaniments of horns, &c., and after a few moments succeeded in "bringing him out." He then proceeded, in a short but courteous address, to thank the students for their manifested approval of his act, and hoped that all present might some day "go and do likewise." He then stepped forward and received the personal congratulations of a large number of students, every one of whom, we believe, heartily wishes the Professor and his wife a pleasant journey through life.

BACH.

## SOMETHING ABOUT COLLEGE YOUTHS.

IN order that an Art Gallery may be attractive it is necessary that it should contain pictures of every description, and the more varied the collection, the greater amount of pleasure does it afford.

A College can be aptly compared to an Art Gallery in more than one respect, and especially since art rather than nature performs a great part in the transforming of many a home-bred boy into a College youth. Strange and peculiar are the specimens which she sometimes produces.

We see one assuming the dignified air of an Alderman, who goes through College as if the institution was founded for him alone, or rather as if he was the institution itself.

One would imagine him to be either a descendant of the gods, or a devout student of Kepler, by his majestic step and uplifted head. He answers with a S-i-r, or addresses you with a Mer, and is always solicitous in regard to your health. A production, truly, which nature disdains to own.

One look at the last picture will suffice. Now let me present for your consideration one whose only idea of education seems to be, "wherewithall shall I be clothed." He comes to us a walking fashion-plate, with all his brains in his boots, and with no recommendation except his "immaculate." He passes through College on the axle of the dazzling wheel of fashion, and cries like the fly of which we read, "What a dust I raise!"

There is another kind of being which frequents our "classic halls," quite different from either I have mentioned. He has ability, perseverance, &c., but in connection with these he possesses a spirit which rules him with a rod of iron, and is called *selfishness*. This spirit shows itself in his mania for prizes, popularity and positions of trust. Principle is at a discount with him, often sacrificing it upon the altar of ambition for the accomplishment of an end. In prosperity he meets you with a smiling face; in adversity, he turns his back. Dangerous as a friend, but more so as an enemy, than any one else. Here, too, nature fails to recognize any family resemblance, or is ashamed to acknowledge it.

But here comes the "jolly joker," one who is at peace with every body, and intimate with nobody, cracking jokes at the expense of his friends. It may be a way, however, which he has of showing his regard for them. He claims (and rightly,) to have a balm for every wounded feeling, a cordial for every imaginary or real fear. His influence extends, however, but little beyond the circle in which he moves. A vacant office has no charms for him, because he knows that men of solidity only can fill them. His voice is seldom heard in College matters, and when it is, his words falls upon listless ears. But to all rules there are exceptions.

I might go on and present to you many other characters, equally detestible and peculiar, but enough have been brought before you.

My canvas is covered, my brush worn out, and paint gone, and there is but one thing left: that is to stop.

SCEPTOR.



## THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL.

(FROM A SEMI-OCCASIONAL.)

"YOURS TRULY," has been waiting Micawber-like, and for some months, "for somethin' to turn up"—a something which would be a regular sensational trump for all New-Brunswickers, and which they might "stick into their Regenda," as Dr. Lieber, of whom more anon, would say. But devoutly as such a consummation of felicity was to be wished, this legal Dick Swivler is compelled to put his "moral pocket-handkerchief" to his eyes, and plead, nilly-willy, a literal statute of limitations. Ergo: the present Columbian Targumiad must necessarily be a minimum, for the hero knowing little of law and less of "weed," (how's that for modesty?) can't even follow the example of a former TARGUM poet:

"So I light my pipe, raise high my feet,  
My Blackstone nearer draw,  
And buried deep in my cushioned seat,  
I set my mind on Law.

The writer won't, at present, immortalize his daily morning and evening rides on the train; waiting rather for those days of bliss, when Tom Scott will let him chant the dirge ("that's for reduction") of the high-priced commutation tickets. The daily meanderings up and down Broadway—New York City, its snail-pox and consequent vaccination, and its other etceteras, must also escape attention. Besides all this a too lengthy article is prevented by fear of the heavy frown of the Rutgers Rhetorical Professor, who might say, with Bret Harte, (but also with variations):

For th-re be fellers fair as he,  
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.  
Alas! for Lawyer—alas! for Judge—  
And the sensational—that's one-half fudge."

About half way up Lafayette Place, which lies between Broadway and Bowery, (near Cooper Institute,) is situated the famous Columbia College Law School building. This place of instruction belongs to Columbia College; as does also the Medical School, corner 23d Street and 4th Avenue, the lectures of which the law students may attend. These three departments of learning the Columbian Patriæ Patri dub with the name—that envied name!—of "University!" Of the medical department, your rustic Rutgers Alumnus knows little, and of the College, less; but if both are equal in their course of instruction, and in their Professors, to the Law School, he thinks that they would fairly earn it.

The very handsome and imposing stone edifice, a part of which is used for the aforementioned imparting of knowledge, is opposite to the Astor Library, (which the students are permitted to use,) and belongs to the College. The space in this building given up to the school is somewhat larger than the Geological Hall is, or will be. On the first floor is situated the lecture-room of the Professor of Medical Jurisprudence; his name is unknown to the writer, he being a Junior, and the "Prof." belonging to the Seniors—there existing only these two classes. The second story comprises two rooms, both used for the Law School Library. This, among other works contains the law library of William Samuel Johnson, first President of Columbia College, after the Revolution, and one of the framers of the United States Constitution; and also that of

John Jay, first Chief Justice of the Union. These rooms are also appropriated as private studies, being especially suited for this purpose, since scarcely infinitesimal intervals intervene between the outgoings and incomings of learned, noisy and smokey chaps, who debate the questions of the day, about which they are as well informed as the greenest College Freshman, in a manner most convincing to the studious, since they invariably take French leave. Use number four (or five) of these unfortunate rooms, is that of the meetings of the Law Clubs. Of these, only two out of six have survived the thirteen years of the School's existence. "The Barnard and Dwight Clubs" both bid fair to wrest the palm from Peitho and Philo, of local College repute, in attendance, orderly meetings, etc. ["That's meant for irony," exclaims a Rutgers Soph. "Well, my boy, you're of age, judge for yourself."]

Ascending another stairway, one enters the private study of the popular Warden of the School; also, the general lecture room, where Dr. Dwight lectures to the Juniors and Seniors on Municipal and Constitutional Law, and Dr. Lieber on Constitutional History. The former's lectures to the Juniors, (the curious reader must get a special revelation for those of the Seniors,) occupy four days of the week, and in connection with them, they (Juniors) have been studying "Blackstone's Commentaries," and are, at present, busy with "Parsons on Contracts." On Friday the so-called "Moot Courts," the bright side of law school life, and where embryo law puns are above par, are held. The object of these Courts is to discuss contested questions of law, and thus learn in a practical way legal principles. The Court, is, of course, "Equity," in which appeals, arguments for new trials, &c., are debated by eight Counsel—four from Seniors, and four from Juniors; Dr. Dwight being "your Honor," and giving his decision a week after each case is argued. Printed syllabuses are used. During the five days of the week there are two sessions, one at 11 A. M., and the other at 3 P. M., and as the same lectures are given in both, the students may suit themselves. This department, as has been before observed, is presided over by Dr. Dwight, who is justly popular with the students, not only because he is a perfect gentleman, and therefore treats all scholars as such, but on account of his unsurpassable method of instruction. None but those who have studied under the excellent and most thorough of Rutgers' Professors, Professor Reiley and Dr. Murray, can form any idea of his unequalled system of teaching. Among the students, his word is truly law.

The learned and world-renowned writer on Constitutional History and Law, Dr. Francis Lieber, lectures on Saturdays. But with all his learning, he is nowhere in comparison with Dr. Dwight either in success of teaching or popularity; and consequently his room is deserted—only about thirty, out of the 150 Juniors and 125 Seniors, attending. The whole character of the man is well shown by a remark he is said, by some malicious student, to have made—"There were only three great men in the world, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, and modesty forbids me to mention the third!" He is, as everybody well knows, a German, about sixty-seven years old, and with all his "non plus ultra," is no ordi-

nary man; imparting to his hearers an immense amount of instruction. He is death on three things, about which he is continually harping:

1. Like every real German, the least draft is a perfect agony to him—result, every little hole and crack must be closed. Effect upon American nerves can better be felt than described.

2. His Ex-Highness, Louis Napoleon, for whom and his "contemptible government" he always has a spare shot. But he thinks even this "personal absolutism" is better than the "democratic absolutism," as exemplified in the Athenian Republics of old, and by the Communists in our own day. "The latter believe that liberty consists in the greatest amount of freedom without its corresponding duty; and yet," says Dr. Lieber, "they have stolen my motto, 'No Right without its duty; no duty without its Right,' and appropriated it as their own." He is accustomed to give his motto in the Latin:—*"Nullum jus sine officio; nullum officium sine jure."*

3. Protection. He declares himself "an out-and-out free trader," and though "your obedient" is no friend to American Protection, yet he can't quite agree with his admired tutor in denying any good whatever to the Greeleyites. He says they ought rather to be called "Obstructionists," not "Protectionists." But, as this ought not to be a free-trade article, even if the Editor would permit, no more at present can be said about the Doctor's views—except that his reasoning is usually clear, logical and conclusive to all friends of Free-trade. But only because of the fact that the Doctor is a great man, has he been allowed to take up so much space; and as other things wait to be labelled, he must go. Therefore, avant! Doctor, from this paper stage, or perchance, gentle readers will be led to exclaim, like yourself, at your first lecture, "I've been under the tender mercies of that most terrible of all humanitarians, the Dentist; and now I find that although cowardice goes away before a battle, a toothache won't before a lecture!"

Lastly, let it be observed, that of the few Law Schools as yet established in America, the Columbia Law School is the best. But as the curtain must soon fall, maybe another article will be forthcoming in the TARGUM, in which will be argued the necessity of a Law School for New-Jersey; showing that this is the only means of entering the bar of any nation under the sun, except America and England, and even she is gradually "being turned" by its acknowledged "head of the bar." The Columbia School has now three of Rutgers' graduates—Kellogg, '70, in the Senior Class, and Fischer and Williamson, '71, in the Junior Class, and more are promised. The course at this School is two years, and, at graduation, admits those who have passed, to practice in the New-York Courts, which no other Law School, except "Albany," is permitted to do. About its prizes, rules, examinations, &c., more at another time. The curtain has fallen!

DURING the Seniors' recitation in Meterology, the following question arose: Why are roosters always used for weather-vanes instead of hens? Philosopher—Because it is too unhandy to go up for the eggs.

## LATIN A REQUISITE FOR ADMISSION TO THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

THIS is a subject which will perhaps be unfavorably received by our Scientific students, but which should nevertheless be presented, and, in our view, required for admission. It may be opposed on the ground that it is not practical enough, and not adapted to the wants of chemists and engineers. It may be asked what has Latin to do with building bridges, laying out railroad curves, and analyzing minerals? Some will acknowledge that a knowledge of Latin is desirable in every vocation, but would oppose it if required for admission, on the ground that time enough is already spent in preparation, and that to lengthen it for the purpose of studying Latin would tend to discourage many from entering. These objections may seem to have some weight, but upon examination, much of this "weight" is removed. The system of scientific education in College is comparatively new, and still in its infancy. The time was once (may it never return) when the study of the Ancient languages formed by far the greater part of a College course, in which Mathematics and other sciences were pursued to a very small extent. The evil of this gradually became apparent, for while the study of the dead languages in itself was excellent and well calculated to discipline the mind, yet their exclusive and protracted study tended to produce among scholars much sameness, but no variety. A majority of the earlier American scholars were classical, so that for want of properly educated men many of those sciences which to-day are universally pursued, remained undeveloped. There are exceptions to this rule, but rather few and far between. The discoveries of European scientists roused American scholars, and urged them to pursue in the same direction. Their labors were rewarded, and afterwards science held a higher place in a collegiate education. Finally scientific colleges were founded, in which the study of the dead languages was omitted, but this was leaving one extreme for the other, and so it has been proved by experience. Modern languages were substituted, and answered the purpose very well; but many of our Colleges had seen the benefits resulting from classical study, and have either introduced it in the course, or required it for admission. It seems going most too far to introduce it in the course, but a sufficient knowledge for scientific is obtained by requiring it for admission. Our College is raising its standard every successive year. The Scientific Department is no longer an experiment; its course has been extended to four years, and every year something additional should be required for admission. This "additional" should be Latin. We name Latin in preference to Greek, because it will be the most useful to scientific men. Many scientific terms owe their origin to the Latin, and a better knowledge of this language can be obtained in a limited time than of Greek. The study of Latin before entrance to the Scientific Department forms an excellent preparation for the pursuance of the English studies which follow. Another consideration is, that many of our scientific students enter College too young, and have but little of that mental discipline which many of the Classi-

cals possess. A remedy for this would be the requirement of Latin for admission, so that a longer time be spent in preparation, and more discipline gained. A distinguished mathematician remarks that those mathematical scholars who possess a good knowledge of Latin generally become better mathematicians than those mathematicians who do not understand Latin. Other prominent Colleges require Latin for admission to their Scientific Departments. And why should not Rutgers do the same? Y.

## "THE DEVIL TAKE THE HIND-MOST."

OUR City, which till recently has stood firm as Holland's dykes against every innovation, at last yields to the advancing wave of progress. The Historical Society, whose laudable work has just begun, tells us that our first settlers were chiefly Dutch, and that a century ago New-Brunswick held no mean position among her sister cities. Her slowness, which has ever been accredited to this Dutch element, and made us a by-word among our neighbors, can give rise to no more sarcastic pleasantry. And if we have lain still with a millstone about our neck, we have become so strong in our determination to move that even this oppressive weight ceases to prevent.

To the Water Company we give all honor for the inauguration of a great improvement. They it was who awoke from their Van Winklean slumbers the good people of New-Brunswick, who flocked to see the unheard-of phenomenon of water flowing up hill. The problem now presented itself, how to carry off the great quantity of waste water that accumulated from so abundant a supply. The fossils, much to their disgust, were allowed little time to make up their mind upon this all absorbing theme. For the Press immediately realized that the only solution of this question was—sewerage—and thereupon began its advocacy.

"Oh, Time and change,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
That's old and loved, to still live on."

The dear old City Hall pump, from whose rapid stream the great and good G. Washington so oft had drank, alas! is no more. O'er hasty to become great it struck oil, but not in paying quantities, hence its utter destruction. Our time-honored cobble-stones are, I fear, (yet hope), destined to gather no more moss upon our thoroughfares, but are being tossed about with irreverent hands; they have served their day and generation. Everywhere we mark the spirit of change and enterprise.

Contrast our Rutgers of to-day with what it was a few years ago, and that with what it soon will be; the Theological Hall and Grammar School with their ungarnished walls and unpainted floors of days gone by, with their present condition; the neatly-sidewalked Hamilton-street with the narrow, uneven foot-path of her neighbor Somerset; the elegance of our block of Nicholson with the horrors of the neighboring ways, whose proprietors, notwithstanding the example of a Solomon's wisdom, glory in their native soil, and with a Northrop's boorishness, manifest an insatiate longing for mud pies.

The Press again comes to the rescue, and advises and entreats that those stones shall no more disgrace the paths our fathers trod, but that we

may, at last, do the handsome thing and place the City upon a surer footing. Her increasing growth and prosperity demand it, and her citizens, now that the streets are being sewered, can certainly have no more lame excuses.

The Free Bridge question has been a fearful thorn in the side of our go-ahead Times, and it seems only just that we should staunch this gaping wound and bid the stranger untold welcome. And let us hope that, as the importunate Dunn has gone from our sight, ere another year rolls by we may chronicle the fall of his profession with him. Let us, fellow-students, watch the star of progress of this our adopted City, and strive to make "our TARGUM" not only a scientific but a practical medium of intelligence.

FESTINA LENTE

## CHOICE OF ASSOCIATES.

JOHN HALDEX's trunk was all packed, and he stood waiting at the door of his home for the old stage coach which was to bear him to the nearest railway station. John was going to New-Brunswick to enter Rutgers College. He was a bright boy of the average ability and experience of lads of sixteen. Just as John was beginning to grow a little impatient at the delay of the coach he espied his old uncle coming up the garden path to bid his nephew good-bye. Uncle Ephraim was a fitting type of that small class of Christian Fathers whose mouths are full of instruction and whose "words, fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." John ran down the path to meet his Uncle, and the old man took his hand in a warm grasp as he said, "Well, John, you are ready to leave us are you? I hope you will not forget your old friends, however, as you go now to mingle in new associations. And John," added Uncle Ephraim, as he took a seat in the door-way while his nephew stood by his side, "you know that those persons in whose company you have spent most of your life thus far, have not been those of your own choosing; they have been those whom God has chosen for you. Your father, and mother, and sisters and your brother. Now you are going to leave your home and these dear ones, and you are going among strangers, and you will be compelled not only to make new friends, but to choose out these friends for yourself. And you know how important it is to throw yourself into good company. Suppose, John, your father had been a bad man, or your mother a light, giddy woman, or your brother a profligate, or your sisters low and vain, do you not see how it might have affected your character? Well, your character is not fully formed yet. Your dear parents have planted the germs of good in you, and these germs may have even sprouted. Now, whether these germs or sprouts, as they may be, will be nourished into full maturity, or whether they will be left to die in neglect, and the seeds of vice planted in their stead, depends upon the associates whom you choose for your College life. You think, in your self-confidence, that it will be a very easy matter to select right friends; but when you get among entire strangers you will find that you will be quite lonely, and then if a young man, or class of young men speak to you in a friendly way, and put themselves out to favor you, you will be led to make them your



friends without any further consideration. If they are banded together in a society you will rush right into that society without stopping at all to question the expediency of the act. Now, John, let me advise you this one thing. Do not be in too great a hurry to choose your friends. Mingle among the boys of your own class and of the other classes with your eyes and ears open. If you hear a young man swear, make up your mind immediately that you can never take that young man to be your friend. If you hear a young man talk in an obscene and ribald manner, say I can never become on intimate terms with such an one. If you hear a young man speak disrespectfully of religion, or talk sneeringly of a "tender conscience," count him not in the list of your future associates. If you see a young man idle, and lazy, and listless, you had better not have much to do with him. If you see a young man fond of "treats," one who likes to frequent saloons and restaurants, let him alone, make him not your companion." Uncle Ephraim was just going to add more, but the rumbling of a wagon was heard, and soon the old stage heaved in sight. John went on his way to College, and Uncle Ephraim went back to his home. I do not know whether John followed the advice of the old man or not. This I do know, however, that many have not followed his advice, and consequently, in choosing *bad associates*, have *themselves* become bad. SCRIPTOR.

### ONE DEBT.

Of all classes, students the most probably find out by experience that friendship is no plant of hasty growth, but that to the contrary, it is brought to perfection through the gradual culture of intercourse. Circumstances peculiar to each, bring them together, and while different objects are sought to be attained, yet during their short stay their sympathies and their cares become, as it were, mutual. Each one has his friend, and if there is no other object apparent, this seems to be the first and, to them, the most important. At first, a mere acquaintance. A hurried attempt to secure a friend generally results in a waste of breath, and what seemed to be friendship soon runs out. In every case where true friendship is known to exist, it will be found that the growth has been slow but certain in its results. We may take one thing to be true, that merit, reciprocal, is the stock upon which can be engrafted real friendship. There must be of necessity a course of proper experience, and sufficient evidence given of that merit before acquaintance can be called by a new title. The exercise of care in this respect is an acknowledged necessity.

Yet as friendship is so much enjoyed during a College course, students seldom realize its actual worth until the day dawns on which they must clasp the hands of true friends in the last sad farewell of graduation.

Four long, happy years have been spent together, many pleasant hours whiled away, many difficult lessons made easy, many faults corrected in the parlor and on the street, moments spent profitably in occasional walks. All this belongs to the past. Commencement day steps in and separates that past from an unknown and untried future. In the past, there was a willing arm

upon which one might rely; in the future, the result, of a College course are to be seen in actions for itself. He looks back with regret only as he realizes that the course has been a failure. Yet one thing he will always remember, and the assertion is proven a truth by experience, that another element outside of College had an influence either for or against him as a student. It is none other than the social circle. This is the mould, and the power of the gentler sex has a share in the casting. To woman must be given the laurel for an influence which she alone possesses, and he who graduates, aware of that influence having proven a benefit, is the very one to bestow it. What led him to nobler views of life, gradually changed his course of habit, fitted him to be an ornament to the circle in which he moved? Nothing less than that influence which she alone knows how to exert. It is not uncommon that friendly alliances, if such a term may be used, are sought and encouraged between those of different sexes, and not a few can call to mind when this was done, that was said, the invitations accepted, and calls given and received, all bearing on the formation of that character without which man becomes a dwarf. No student, true to a manly nature, will forget that influence, or will hesitate to say that of all other influences, this aided greatly, and to the greatest extent, to make him as he appeared on Commencement day. A sincere and trustworthy acquaintance soon, by some mysterious influence, leads to friendship. True and earnest appreciation leads him to perceive that in counsel, she speaks from observation; in conversation, she is guarded, and her phrases well studied; in behavior, there is womanly dignity; in private, what she appears in public. There is reason then that he should seek that counsel, enjoy that conversation, and note that behavior, thus subjecting himself to a discipline that wins the admiration of those who little dream of the source of such attainments. It is true, that woman governs society—she does in New-Brunswick—not unlike other cities in this respect, and upon woman devolves the high and inestimable privilege of teaching those who associate with her.

Grace is an essential. There is grace in deportment, grace in knowledge, and grace is to the body what common sense is to the mind. The College may have the honor of storing the mind, but society, through its ruler, imparts the grace. Some may take this as a good argument for admitting ladies to our College. Excuse us. And while we admit this fact concerning their influence, it becomes those who are students to seek out minds possessing greater capabilities than what they themselves possess. Then they may revert to the past with comfort and pleasure.

To the contrary, should he associate with those who, instead of elevating his being lowered it, upon that record might be written "lost time." It is right to appreciate our ladies, but let us ask them for that influence which will lead us to become "gentlemen."

QUILL.

**Special Notice.**—A file of TARGUMS being desired, we request the old subscribers to send in as soon as possible any numbers back of Jan. 1871. A file of this kind is very essential, and we will look for prompt responses —EDS.

### PERSONALIA.

C. F. VAN INWEGEN, '71, clerk in First National Bank of Port Jervis

E. D. DELAMATER, '71, is studying law with BEALE & BENTON, Hudson, N. Y.

W. P. VOORHEES, '71, is studying law with WOODBRIDGE STRONG, in this City.

W. H. LAWRENCE, '71, is studying law with GEN. RUSLING, Trenton, N. J.

GEORGE BERDINE, '71, is studying law with Judge COWENHOVEN, in this City.

J. W. CONKLIN, '71, has gone to Florida as a tutor in a private family.

JOSEPH FISCHER, '71, is reported to be studying for the ministry in New-York City.

HALEY FISK, Jr., '71, studying with WOODBRIDGE STRONG, and connected with the New-Brunswick Daily Times.

I. C. GARRETSON, '71, Theological Seminary.

J. E. GRAHAM, '71, studying law with HAND, HALE & SWARTZ, Albany, N. Y.

ANDREW HAGEMAN, '71, at Theological Seminary.

R. C. OAKLEY, '71, who believes in protection of coal, is employed by the firm of James Pardee & Co., coal dealers, Trinity Building, New-York City.

G. E. PACE, '71, studying law with A. V. SCHENCK, in this City.

WILLIAM N. TODD, '71, Theological Seminary.

E. B. WILLIAMSON, '71, at Columbia Law School, New-York City.

J. H. WYCKOFF, '71, at Theological Seminary.

J. K. BARTON, '71, City Surveying in Long Island City, L. I.

S. G. GANO, '71, is in a Civil Engineer's Office, at Elizabeth.

W. S. LASHER, '71, First Assistant Engineer on the Rhinebeck and Connecticut Railroad.

C. W. MERRITT, '71, in a Civil Engineer's Office at Amboy.

J. A. MILLER, '71, is actively engaged with the study of the law in the office of PARKER & KEASBY, Newark. He has just received a life appointment as Notary Public.

C. L. PRUYN, '71, has a position in the Albany Saw Works.

O. C. TIFFANY, '71, has gone to Chicago.

JOSEPH WARD, Jr., '71, engaged in the Engineering Corps of the New-York, Oswego and Midland Railroad.

S. E. WEIR, Jr., '71, goes to Missouri in the Spring, to join an Engineer Corps.

GEORGE W. HOWELL, '68, member of the first Scientific Class, has been appointed 1st Asst. Engineer of the New-Jersey Division of Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

## COLLEGE DOTS.

THE Sophs are making night hideous by preparing the trial speeches for Sophomore Exhibition.

THE Seniors willingly vacated the Chemical Lecturing Room when excused on account of poor fire. But it was proposed to lock "Schmidtty" in a few hours.

PROF. F. C. VAN DYCK, who lately entered the bonds of matrimony, was serenaded by the students a few nights since with a calithump. May he live long and prosper.

THE *Chronicle* rather indefinitely stated that Rutgers opened with 40 students. It will please note that we entered our College year with 190 students. Our Freshman Class numbering 55.

THE new Gymnasium, for the benefit of Theologues and students, is slowly raising its welcome face, and promises to be of great architectural beauty. Would that Aladdin would take it in hand and erect it in a night.

THE row on the Campus the other night, suggests the following query: If the students create a riot on the Campus, have the Police a riot (right) to go and arrest them? and if they should have a warrant for a man, what would they do if the man *wern't* there?

A PROFESSOR recently stated in a lecture that Monsieur Chanbert—known as the fire-king—could put melted lead into his mouth, etc.

Amazed Senior—Did he really put melted lead in his mouth, Dr.?

Professor—Yes, sir.

Senior—How did he do it, sir?

Professor—Why, in the ordinary way, sir.

Senior subsided.

THE worst enemies of Alma Mater are nourished in her bosom. Certain College graduates do more by their life and practice to injure the cause of liberal education than all other enemies combined. They are men who, having received a diploma, after a course of cunning and fattery, are credited with an education which time shows they do not possess.

The ruling passion of the day seems to be a craving for eminence; and the many successful rogues of the period, by their example, encourage hundreds of humble imitators to the attainment of the desired end, regardless of the means. So there are would-be successful rogues in College—not alone in Rutgers, but in every College of the land. They enter not so much to get an education as to graduate honorably (?) and all they undertake during their College life tends toward this grand result. Oh! the plaudits of an admiring world are so sweet! Burnished gilding glitters more than much-used gold, and the most of mankind are attracted by it.

We see specimens of this class every day. They do not consider the lecture room as a place for receiving instruction. Oh no! They go there to show their ability to memorize the text of the book in hand, and after rehearsal to receive a good mark therefor, or remonstrate with the Professor for presuming to put a just estimate upon the recitation. When one of them fails in a recitation, we hear lame excuses, whinings over the length of the lesson, the fabulous number of hours

spent in study, or requests for immunities which he does not deserve. His method of study is peculiar. Any outside reading which throws light on a difficult subject is eagerly devoured by his diligent classmate, but he casts it aside as useless. His great trust is in the strength of his memory, and that failing, he does not hesitate to use deceit.

When this man goes out into the world, he carries with him the habits formed in College. He soon sees how small his practical knowledge is, how superficial his education, and unfortunately for him, others discover it too. He sees his plodding classmate successful where he fails, and instead of putting the blame where it belongs, he curses the College whose privileges he abused. Wise men shake their heads, and refuse to send their sons to an institution whose diplomas are so worthless. Thus is Alma Mater injured.

We congratulate ourselves that there are fewer of these fellows in Rutgers every year. Let public opinion be turned against them, and let the faculty continue the new stringent rules concerning examinations, and they will disappear entirely. "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." W.

## OUR TELESCOPE.

WHO was Richard the Third before he was "himself again?" Give it up.

WHEN you hear a man say that "life is but a dream," tread on his corns. Life is real.—*Ex.*

ON being discovered in a hen-coop, a Connecticut thief explained that he was trying to find Enck's comet.

PROFESSOR—Mr. S., what did Columbus do?

STUDENT—A notion crossed him, and he crossed an ocean.—*Ex.*

AN affectionate brother at Hamilton boasts of a sister that "can everlastingly paw ivory and howl like a mule."—*Ex.*

A HEN-PECKED husband, who had married his wife because she was handsome, declared that "a thing of beauty is a jaw forever."

If you don't stop using tobacco, the first thing you know you will have the amourosis, angina, pectoris, hypochondriasis and locomotorataxy.

THE University Reporter requested a Senior to write a capital article for the paper. He consented, and handed in the following: "A capital article," "A."

A SOPH. saw his "Dulcinea" home the other evening, but it afforded him no pleasure, as he was in the background, and she was accompanied by a Fresh.—*University Press.*

SCENE.—History examination. Question:—"Give the several names of the leaders of the various crusades." Answer: Can't think of but two, Mahomet and Peter the Great.—*Era.*

WHAT is the difference between the Prince of Wales, a bald-headed man, a monkey's mother, and an orphan? Answer—The Prince is an heir apparent, the bald-headed man has no hair apparent, the monkey's mother is a hairy parent, and the orphan has nary parent.

WHY is a Professor like a locomotive? Because you have to look out for him when the bell rings.—*Ex.*

ONE of our perambulating Freshmen was seen walking down Hiram-street the other day, with a small placard on his back inscribed, "Choice poultry inside." He says he will be careful how he leans against a provision store after this.

A PAPER is published in the Cherokee Nation, one page of which is printed in what is supposed to be the Indian tongue. One of its exchanges says: "Its the worst case of pickled tongue we have come in contact with. The page looks as if there had been a nitroglycerine explosion in a type foundry."

THE Mount Zion debating Society recently discussed the question, "Which is the most useful, paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant, who spoke as follows:—"Mr. President, spouse dar was a robbar out dar at de door, and you was to go dar and shake de paper at him, and mark de result. I calls for de question." The President immediately decided in favor of the gunpowder.

NURSERY rhymes for little scientists are:—Mother Goose's latest benefaction to the youthful world. The following is for the benefit of Geologists:

Tribolite, graptolite  
Nautilus pie,  
Seas were calcareous,  
Oceans were dry,  
Equsene, miocene,  
Pliocene tuff,  
Lias and trias,  
And that is enough.—*Ex.*

## OUR EXCHANGES.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*The College Courant, The Yale Courant, The Madisonensis, College Argus, The Lawrence Collegian, The Denison Collegian, The College World, The Cornell Era, Amherst Student, The Nassau Literary Magazine, The Cap and Gown, The Brunonian, William's Vidette, The Acorn, McKendree Repository, The Trinity Tablet, College Courier, Lafayette Monthly, Irving Union, College Herald, The Simpsonian, College Times, Williams Review, Notre Dame Scholastic, Niagara's Tribute, The Philonian, Dalhousie College Gazette, The College Mercury, College Days, Southern Collegian, The Miami Student, The Collegian, The Yale Literary Magazine, The Union Literary Magazine, The Hamilton Literary Monthly, The Griswold Collegian.*

OUTSIDE PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.—*The Song Journal, Peter's Musical Monthly, Song Messenger, New-York Citizen, Young Crusader, Our Church Work, Advocate of Peace, People's Weekly, Rapid Writer, Our Magazine, Newspaper Reporter, Western Educational Review, Educational Monthly, People's Literary Companion, Beecher's Magazine, Louisville School Messenger, Elizabeth Daily Herald, Record, Household, Young Folk's Rural, Cherub, The Palladium, The Proof-Sheet, The Phrenological Journal, Scribner's Monthly, McDonald's Annual, Tachagraphy, Observer Almanac, The Princetonian, The Leisure Hour, Our Own Fireside, Our Young Folks' Illustrated Paper.*