

THE TARGUM.

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"*Sol Justitiae et Occidentem Illustra.*"

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RUTGERS.

TERMS—\$1 PER YEAR.

WHAT I SAW ON CHURCH STREET.

I saw a long procession pass,
Half womanish, half manish,
Of every nation under sun,
Of French, Scotch, Dutch and Danish,
Of Irish, English, Japanese,
Swede, African and Spanish,
I saw them pass, turn back, repass,
At last—hey! presto! vanish.

I saw a gorgeous Sophomore,
Accoutred in his best,
I saw a gorgeous Factory Girl,
In silks and laces drest;
Ah! what would his mamma have said,
Had she been there to see
The way that gorgeous Sophomore
Winked at that syren she.

Alas! the nods, and smiles, and jokes,
That passed between that twain;
They acted reprehensibly,
They gave no grievous pain;
For, although I'm not a betting man,
Nor yet to gambling used,
I'll bet a dime against a cent
They'd not been introduced.

I saw three peelers seize a lad,
Aged not half a score,
They tanned his hide with hickory clubs,
They basted him full sore;
A sadder sight it had not been
My lot before to meet;
That wretched boy's offense, they said,
Was—whistling in the street!

One block beyond, three rowdy men
Indulged in rowdy song,
And those three peelers winked at them
And calmly passed along.
Be these distinctions right and fair?
What can the difference be
That makes a crime for Tweedle-dum
And not for Tweedle-dee!

A LIBRARY FOR RUTGERS.

At the bottom, the difference between a college and a school is that the former has a library, while the latter has but a collection of books. The difference is, of course, more marked in other features, but after all library or no library may stand as the symbol for the whole. In primaries children have knowledge poured into their open craniums, though latterly object-teaching and the like have modified and improved the system somewhat; in academies pupils seek knowledge of text books and get it by more of voluntary labor and less in the pump fashion; in colleges the student treads the labyrinthian mazes of knowledge under the guidance of instructors. Especially is this true under the elective system, which has been partially adopted at Rutgers; most particularly true in the German university system. It may safely be said that that student has but verified the old joke of going in the front door and coming out of the back, if his college course has been made up of grinding and reciting; he has but attended a high school. He has failed of

his opportunity or opportunity has failed him, if he has acquired no love of special pursuits; if he has been content to walk in the bordered and graveled walks, and never had the desire to branch off into the by-paths and press through the hedges. If he has failed of his opportunity his after life will either go wrong or he will some day come to look back upon his College career as partially wasted time; if opportunity has failed him it is either the fault of the Faculty or the want of a library, or both. Rutgers has not lacked Professors who have been imbued with the enthusiasm of instruction—who have seen pleasure and duty beyond hearing recitations and making up marks; and Rutgers cannot afford to hamper its instructors by neglecting facilities which are not only urgent, but necessary.

It is an astonishing thing that the library of the College is so inadequate to its needs; it is an astonishing thing that one hundred years have passed and left so meagre a collection of good books; and he who shall, by writing a history of the library, such as it is, solve the problem of how one hundred years could have been frittered away, so far as it is concerned, will perform the good service of him who marks danger spots on bad roads. President CAMPBELL and his associates are doing even better service—they are repairing the roads and making new ones.

When the writer entered College—and he is not a patriarch—he does not recollect of the library being open at all; nevertheless, amid the enumeration of our collegiate advantages appeared prominently the use of the College Library. If we mistake not, THE TARGUM was the first to point out the fraud—for fraud it was—and once a week the doors were thrown open and revealed the dusty and woe-begone interior. Since then an interest has sprung up, additions have been made, the library has become more used, and at length matters have become ripe for a change.

The writer had a conversation the other day with Professor ATHERTON, which revealed to him the poverty of the collection in a strong light. And, by the way, to Professor ATHERTON and his assistant, Mr. HASBROUCK, the students and the College owe a great deal. We found them overhauling musty works in the tedious process of rearrangement. The burden of the work has fallen upon them, and to them is due chief praise. There has been no catalogue of the library, and we do not know its number of books. We learn that some of them are rare and valuable, and thus throw into more striking relief the deficiencies of the whole. In the department of books of reference there is the utmost need of reconstruction. We are ashamed to name the common works, which should be handbooks with the students, but which the students apply for in vain. So, also, in history. We shall not name the wants of the library; every shelf demands useful

additions of the most ordinary character. With this in view, Professor ATHERTON has devised a wise plan for an arrangement which shall be permanent. He letters History, Fine Arts, Mathematics, etc., A, B, C, (for example); then under these is a sub-lettering, a, b, c, for different periods and kinds of history, different branches of the arts, and the various subdivisions of the exact science. Then under each subdivision the books are numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., so that, when a new book is to be added the letters to be placed upon it are determined by its character, and it is numbered right on from the last in the case. We can conceive of no simpler or more admirable plan.

Nevertheless, all this fine system could hardly be carried out without books to letter and to number. The Faculty, who have long felt deeply on the subject, recently appealed so tersely and pointedly to the Board of Trustees that the latter fairly opened their eyes and sighed in astonishment. What was more to the purpose, they set about providing for an improvement. They immediately made that Prince of Beggars (without the slightest disrespect, but quite the contrary), Dr. CAMPBELL, a committee of one to raise \$3,000 for the immediate purchase of works of reference, at the same time intimating their awakened interest in the matter, which it is hoped will not be fruitless of results.

So far, so good. We all have the utmost confidence in the President's ability to extract any given sum from people's pockets; but after the \$3,000—what? It will melt away like snow under a June sun and there will be left little evidence of where it went to, except in the moistening and enriching the ground which is now so barren. We shall afterwards need summer rain-showers of books of all kinds. And when they are procured they must be housed. Dr. CAMPBELL cannot do it all. He deserves to be canonized for what he has done, and we wish the Reformed Church could sufficiently give in to the Catholic custom so that this might be done. The students must move. The Alumni must provide for their successors what their predecessors unfortunately neglected to provide for them. Commencement is approaching. We do not need to point out the defects of the Library or what it should be. We want money, and there need be no fear of the wisdom of its expenditure. It is the time to arouse enthusiasm. The College has passed her centenary and her motto is *Redivivus*! That "sun" in the "West" must shine more brilliantly. There is the crowd and the push of rivalry and Rutgers must go up or down. It cannot go up without a library. It will go down without one. It is a critical time with the College. The existing Geological Hall and the prospective Chapel and the expected dormitories are all cheering signs. But the visitor, when he has poked his cane at the alligator in the museum, and measured the big tree, and praised the shining accou-

trements in the drill hall, and admired the recitation rooms, and gone in raptures over the chapel fresco, will ask to be shown the Library. If he ask a fish shall we give him a stone?

Let money be raised by churches and from individuals; let the classes perpetuate their graduation number in a set of books. By hook or by crook—or by *both*—let us have a Library!

BAYARD.

WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE— EXCUSES.

COULD one collect the excuses with which throughout the world during any one generation, men have stifled the whisperings of conscience, and sought ease in a course of known wrongdoing, that record would doubtless claim the first prize as a collection of curious lore, and would present an array of silliness that would make a man ashamed of his race.

Not proposing to attempt any task so formidable, nor wishing to unveil more than a minute portion of so hideous a spectacle, this review shall be limited to events that transpired in the College with which I was connected, to less than the time of a College course, and to one subject.

Then, as now, some entered with preparation less thorough than was calculated to make their course satisfactory; some studied not much after entering, and the approach of the first term-examination was then, not less than now, a time to be dreaded. How insidiously then were the whisperings of the tempter presented, more advanced students being used as his agents, to the effect that principles of integrity brought from home would not do for use in College! A few, thanks to faithful early training, scorned the suggestion and at once resolved to stand or fall, "having their loins girt about with truth." Many proposed to swerve but a little, and then return to the path of strict rectitude. Vain delusion! As though one could yield himself a prey to Satan and expect release after a season. No; he regards as his lawful captives those who thus deliberately surrender themselves. Satan tries to make the way of his followers easy, and when the sharp arrows of conscience give pain, he supplies excuses with which to ward them off or blunt them. The most popular excuse at that time was—"It is necessary to cheat in order to pass the examination and be permitted to remain in College." Some even admitted that they had no prospect of becoming thorough students, but hoped by mingling with their classmates and attending recitations, to gain some advantage. Why not commence the course anew, and take time for more careful preparation? Oh no; they were in haste to enter upon active life and be useful in some position. Ah, in their haste they were going faster than God would lead them; and those excuses, while serving as shields against the darts of conscience, also shut out the light of truth, else had they seen the fallacy of such reasoning. They would remain in College to gain improvement, but in order to remain would throw away the keystone necessary to any solidity of character—integrity.

When examination again presents trial, the arrows of conscience have become somewhat blunted, and thinner excuses will serve as a pro-

tection, and then were boldly advanced such pleas as: "If you act honestly where so many deceive, you cannot take a relative standing, and thus you cheat yourself." I think there was rejoicing among the minions of hell that hour when one presented a report of young men in ——— College, so dazzled by ambition as to prize a favorable mark on the Professors' roll books above a clean record on God's Book of Life. Surely that is walking hell-ward with way undisguised; to acknowledge that the multitude act a lie, and then join with them to swell the number.

Some trying to make another stand between themselves and a direct agreement with hell, would say: "The Professors look for deception, and make the examinations more difficult than the majority of students can honestly pass." If that were true then or now, the students of any College have the power to compel any Professor to change such a course or resign his chair, and there is sin in not using means to that end. Better every College in the land be broken up than that they exist by compelling young men to sacrifice their upright principle and thus go forth into the world prepared for fraud and guile.

Take one more excuse, showing the extreme of folly to which Satan will lead those who yield to his wiles: "You can thus *pass* on studies that you do not value sufficiently to spend time in studying." Believe me, I have heard that excuse from young men who, on other subjects, seemed to be possessed of sound sense. They would not omit some branches and be called partial students—that would be disgraceful; but they would act a lie through their course, and then have it crystallized in their diplomas: that would be honorable. Yes, in Satan's view. I admire the independence of the young man who, having decided that some studies of the curriculum are not adapted to his needs, dares take a partial course. Better contract the dimensions of your building than to extend it wider than your foundation.

But were there no Christians in College in those days? There is the saddest part of my story. Professing Christians had so yielded to the sway of College customs that they could, without blushing, plan and practice deceit, and then, with bold effrontery, pray for Heaven's blessing to rest upon the College, in face of the declaration—The Lord will abhor the deceitful man.

Do such practices at all prevail in College now? Professed followers of Him concerning whom the prophet said, "Neither was any deceit in His mouth," have you ever had occasion to resort to any of the above excuses? If so, before you pray again for the Holy Spirit's converting power to be manifested in your College, ask yourself whether it might be possible that your actions stand in the way of an answer? SENEX.

THE seventh annual report of Rutgers Scientific School shows it to be in a very flourishing condition. Besides the report of the School, it gives an interesting account of Dr. Cook's researches in Europe, including observations on the state of agriculture in England, Norway and Holland. The Dr. has at heart the improvement of the agriculture of New-Jersey and his lectures of last year are replete with valuable hints.

PHYSICS IN COLLEGE.

A most striking feature of modern systems of education is the increased importance assigned to physical studies.

The mature judgment of the world has at last decided that the fact of man's twofold nature—a soul in a body—makes a careful investigation of the most secret laws of matter as important as the study of mind. We do not find in books of previous centuries, as in our own day, frequent opinions that mental science needs to draw upon material for satisfactory explanations of many points.

It would be interesting to trace the gradual rise of physical studies to their present important place, but the purpose now is to draw attention to some points to be observed by those who wish to make the most of their advantage while in College.

Physics and Chemistry differ in many respects from other studies, and it is necessary to pursue special methods of study. In these, more than all others, unremitting attention is indispensable. An experiment is made only once—if unseen or carelessly viewed then, the chance is gone. Many studies can be learned from books alone, hence no apparatus is requisite. Other studies can be made up in after days, because the objects of which they treat are free to all, without money and without price.

But few of us, whose profession or business does not call for a special knowledge of Physics, can afford the money to buy expensive apparatus, or the time required to make it for ourselves. We must, most of us, seize the opportunity when it comes, unless we wish to feed upon the husks of dry, unsatisfactory descriptions. Granted that attention has been amply given; is there nothing more to be done? Has one only to remember what he has seen? Far from it. Experiments are made with specially constructed apparatus; which is often fit for more than the particular principle illustrated. Methods are varied by the personal taste of the experimenter. The student should make the experiment for himself. Not actually always, but in effect. Let him carefully note the point of the lesson, and then assiduously review the phenomena of his daily life, to find, if possible, one coming under the principle of the lesson.

The man who thinks of the theory of combustion a few times while warming himself at his fire, will not easily forget his lesson on carbon. One point more. Seek to systematize the knowledge thus gained. Learn all you can of the structure and capabilities of several common substances, in order to choose from them some *one* which will answer for a nucleus about which to group principles that have been individually and distinctively settled. All the foregoing applies, of course, to those who wish only such a general knowledge of physical science as every educated man may fairly be expected to possess. It is simply the surest way to that result. The lover of science will do far more.

We have received a publication on the Art of Teaching School, by J. R. Sypher, which contains a very complete disquisition on methods of instruction. Any student expecting to teach, or feeling interested, will find it in the College Library.

OUR RIVER.

THE Raritan is the third river of importance in the United States; the Mississippi and Hudson alone having precedence. My readers, perhaps, look aghast, thinking this statement somewhat preposterous, and I must plead guilty to some slight incredulity myself, at first hearing such an announcement. For certainly our geography never accused the Raritan of being so gigantic a body of water. Nor has Agassiz explored her labyrinths in quest of either loaves or fishes; nor can it compare in length with the Mississippi, nor in beauty with the Hudson. Our State Geologist has declared its water superior to that of "the limpid brook," yet this fact has not alone carried her in the noon-tide of her usefulness to this sea of glory. Neither because the land in New-Jersey is more valuable per acre than that of any other State can we conclude the water is also; nor argue that 'tis so great because 'tis small, for some wit might add "'Twould be greater were it none at all."

But the commerce of the United States has graduated her with the third honor. Commerce,—that magical power which by increase or decrease makes or desolates a city, that gives a nation power and position and its people prosperity—has claimed the Raritan for her own. She holds an enviable position among her sister rivers, and New-Jersey and New-Brunswick may well be proud of this additional honor.

In consideration of these facts, we are led to devise plans for the further aggrandizement of our commerce. The much needed water facilities of which we are capable, can no longer await the ebb and flow of opinion. *Necessitas coget*—and we know that necessity knows no law.

New-Brunswick being at the head of navigation and dependent in a large degree upon the river for its growth and prosperity, should certainly take some steps to further enlarge the means of transportation. First, a bill should be introduced in Congress for the *improvement of the navigation of the Raritan*. Other rivers of less consequence in a commercial point have been improved at enormous expense. Surely now, it is time for New-Jersey to make her claims known.

Secondly, the business of the Delaware and Raritan Canal is rapidly increasing. The want of an extensive basin at the outlet of the canal is now becoming imperative. What more appropriate place than at the city side. To effect this, we must unite with the Canal Company in the erection of a dam below the city. Then, instead of a narrow canal, and consequently a limited wharfage; instead of that disgraceful barrier—the tow-path—we might rejoice, indeed, over a handsome sheet of water, with ample depth and surface for the anchorage and manœuvring of the largest vessels. The increasing prosperity of both canal and city demand that something should be done commensurate with the advance of commerce.

Then would the Raritan be always full, and not depending upon the tide for sufficient water to float a sloop. Wharves would be built which might be an ornament to the city. The increased facilities for transportation, the beauty and healthfulness of our situation, would lead capitalists to choose this city before that of any in the State.

Business of every kind would have an addi-

tional impetus, our city grow, and our inhabitants thrive.

The cost would not be disproportionate to the great benefits resulting from such a change, and while such live questions as *City Hall—Hospital—Free-Bridge—Free Band*, and other topics of importance are being considered, let us not wholly ignore *The Raritan*.

Since life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it rolls by:
While N. B. on the banks is improving,
And her ships plough its waves far and nigh.

FESTINA SENTE.

LETTER FROM VIENNA.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, Dec. 30, 1871.

My Dear Targum:

LETTERS from Europe are generally conceded to be a bore, unless the writer is a man of some reputation, and as I do not come under that class I will therefore write simply the experience of an old Rutgers graduate, who has been spending the past six months in this city, endeavoring to perfect himself in the killing or curing art, by means of the admirable opportunities here afforded. Perhaps, after looking this over, Messrs. Editors, you may conclude that you do not desire your paper to die a sudden death and so may not wish to publish it. In that case throw it in your waste basket, it will not break the writer's heart, and it may save some poor individual who attempts its perusal a great deal of misery. Every one knows where Vienna is, who rules over the country of which it is the capital, etc.

You may not know who its Mayor and Aldermen are, but as they are not Democrats or Republicans, I will not trouble you with their names. The name of the policeman who promenades in front of my house is "Johann," which may be an item of interest to some of your readers. I found this out on Christmas day when he touched his hat to me and wanted a florin for guarding my house from burglars during the past year. On the same day I ascertained the names of servant girl, letter carrier, porter, two or three hackmen, and numerous servitors at the hospital, restaurant, etc., etc. What they protected me from during the past year I cannot imagine, but they all wanted a florin. My list of acquaintances increased wonderfully that day, and the contents of my pocket-book decreased in exactly the same ratio.

Vienna is noted principally for its hospitals, handsome buildings, unfinished churches, and its pretty women. There are besides these other objects of interest too numerous to mention.

The Austrian army is an immense affair. The soldiers have a good reputation and present a very fine appearance in the parades, which take place every now and then. Their officers are a good looking body of men, with immense moustaches and fierce looks; they seem to spend most of their time playing billiards and loafing in the cafes.

I mentioned the ladies of Vienna above; they are, as a rule, the handsomest women in Europe, and it is very pleasant to watch them on the streets of an afternoon, an old New-Brunswick habit, by the way. It is almost impossible to get into society here, unless one has a great deal of time on his hands, which, unfortunately, we poor hospital students have not. There are very few

Americans living here, except physicians, and these are kept pretty hard at work.

And now, as this class of people are one in which I am particularly interested, let me say a few words in regard to the place where they pursue their studies: The hospital with which I am connected is an immense series of buildings, containing three thousand beds, besides which we have some three thousand outside patients. There are Professors innumerable, and clinics on every conceivable subject interesting to medical men. Some of our Professors are the most celebrated men in their branches in the world. I need only mention a few, such as Skoda, Sigismund, Belloth and Politzer; besides these there are many others not unknown to fame. The whole government of the hospital is very fine, and every advantage is afforded to foreign students.

I should like to go into the history of this great institution more extensively, but fear I should transgress too much on your space. But should you like to hear more about it, I will write you again solely upon that subject.

To any of the Rutgers men who propose traveling in Europe after graduation, I would say, come to Vienna by all means. It is a place well worth seeing. Don't go to Italy without spending a week or so here on your way. If you are a smoker, you can buy meerschaum pipes here cheaper and better than in any other place I have seen. And what true smoker does not like to color his meerschaum, even if he cannot smoke in the Campus, as the laws used to be. Among the pleasantest recollections of my College life are those dreamy hours spent in my dear old room, building air castles, aided by the curling wreaths of the fragrant "Lone Jack." If you are a lover of music or histrionic art, the grand opera houses and theatres possess attractions not surpassed in the world, and every afternoon celebrated musicians, sometimes Strauss himself, with his band, will hold you entranced for hours with the dulcet strains of his delicious music. I could go on multiplying the attractions *ad infinitum*, but will close with one word of advice to those who purpose the study of the healing art: Don't neglect your German, as I did, much to my regret at present; and after graduating at Rutgers and taking your degree at some good medical college, come to this city to put the finishing touch on your medical education and you will never regret it.

W. R. JR.

ALLITERATION.

THE New Haven *Daily News*, on receiving a copy of the Yale Naught-ical Almanac, thus alliterates:

"THE YALE NAUGHT-ICAL ALMANAC FOR 1872: C. C. Chatfield & Co., New Haven. As Candid Critics we Cannot Conceal our Compliments and Congratulations to C. C. & Co., and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, on the Completion of this Commendable Contribution to the Catalogue of Contemporaneous Comicalities. The Contents Consist of Cuts, Crack-brained and Captivating Corruscations of Comical Conceits; a Calendar with Concise, Correct, Complete and Careful Calculations by Competent Collegians, a Conglomerated Collection of Curious Circumstances, Consequences and Contingencies; Collectively made Comely with Captivating Cuts of Cunning Conception, Comprising Cautezizing Caricatures on College Celebrities, that Carry Convulsing Conviction of Conspicuous Correctness. Cheap for 35 Cents."

THE TARGUM.

BABCOCK & JOHNSON, Publishers.

RUTGERS COLLEGE,

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CONTRIBUTORS—THE TARGUM is published at the FREDONIAN office, 36 Dennis-street, New-Brunswick, N. J., about the 20th of each month, for nine months in each year, no number to be issued during the College vacation. Terms: ONE DOLLAR per annum: single numbers TWELVE CENTS. All subscriptions, with the address of the subscriber, should be sent to the Directors of THE TARGUM.

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

As a result of the recent changes which have been made in the financial affairs of THE TARGUM, it stands upon a firm and permanent basis; so that our College can rejoice in the possession of a thoroughly established literary organ. What then remains for us to do? Two things are of vital importance if we wish our paper to be "equal to its superiors and superior to its equals." First, only those should be elected to its management whose interest therein would lead them to labor earnestly for its perfect success. Secondly, every student should consider it as part of his College duties to furnish at least one article every term. We think but a moment's reflection will be necessary to convince every one of this; for by doing so each one not only benefits himself, but enhances the value of the paper, by giving to the editors a better opportunity for selection. So send along your articles, and if they are not all published, you certainly will be none the worse for your effort. With the last number all advertisements disappeared, and our paper will henceforth be devoted exclusively to the literary effusions of its friends.

Our College life at this season of the year is rather devoid of incidents and excitement, and very little of special interest has transpired since last we greeted our fellow-students and the world at large. Yet we would not have the friends of the College believe that there is any lack of spirit among the students. It is still here, only manifesting itself in a different channel, and improvements are visible on every side. Those who are soon to leave the institution recognize a vast difference between the present sentiment of the students and what it was four years ago. Then "rushes" were frequent and "hazing" not rare, but now they are looked upon as relics of the past, and with the advance of our curriculum, there is a corresponding improvement with each entering class, who seem to be sincere in their desire to maintain the reputation and character of the institution.

There is, furthermore, a harmony existing be-

tween professors and students, which adds very much to the attractiveness of a College course, and which renders us comparatively free from those petty disturbances which characterize so many of our sister institutions.

Under these favorable circumstances, owing to an excellent administration, we see Rutgers rapidly rising. The new Geological Hall has arisen to magnificent proportions, and will stand as a lasting monument to the generosity of its builders; but progress will not stop with its completion—a new Chapel will soon adorn our Campus, and then but one pressing want remains unsatisfied, and this is a useful and available library. Our present apology for one is of little account, and we hope the friends of the College will speedily remedy this vital defect. Professors and students have alike felt its deficiency, and it ill accords with our general prosperity to have a library so far behind the age.

We rejoice that in other respects our College is in a highly prosperous condition, and regret that a few months will close a pleasant intercourse of four years; and yet not close it, for we believe that interested and active alumni are absolutely essential for the well-being of any College, and they, together with every other available force, should continue their efforts to make our Alma Mater the first of the country. Believing that THE TARGUM is destined to exert no insignificant influence in this direction, we send you this the second issue of our editorial term. L.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Ellis A. Apgar '66, our efficient State Superintendent of Public Instruction, we have received a Report of the Board of Education. It includes an account of the expenditures of the taxes and other appropriations of the State, together with a summary of the tables of statistics, which shows at a glance the vast strides New-Jersey is taking in improving her system of public instruction. As an appendix to the report an account of the condition of each county is given by their Superintendents; also, tables furnishing statistics for each district, showing a thoroughness of organization and co-operation which few States, if any, excel. New-Jersey commenced this improvement rather late, but she has all the advantage of the experiments of other States, and now stands in the first rank.

WITHOUT wishing to evince a spirit of fault-finding, we would again call attention to that oft-mentioned nuisance of a college-walk, leading from the college building to either gate. For some time it has been in an intolerable condition, and indeed, every Spring and Fall makes it almost impassable for anything but young ducks. The students are, of course, obliged to navigate through this mud, and as a consequence, many get wet feet, subsequent colds and consequent absences. It seems to us that a very small appropriation from our recent liberal endowments would be sufficient to build a good flag-stone walk, which should combine ornament with utility.

THE subject of temperance is being ventilated every Sunday afternoon, in Washington Hall. Last Sabbath a large audience was addressed by Prof. Bowser.

ACTION.

ACTION—constant, ceaseless action, is a law of the universe. Systems beyond systems roll on in unvarying order and harmony, never stopping in the grand march of spheres.

And not only the universe, but also its parts are in motion. The worlds, in the system of which our sun is the centre, are continually circling around it, their source of light and comfort.

The parts of these worlds are again in motion. The waves of old ocean are ever surging to and fro; its tides are ever ebbing and flowing, and in it is no rest.

The winds are always busy; swaying the tree tops; whirling the dust-clouds; and carrying the vapors that water the earth. Even the eternal hills are working. Æsop's fable of the mountain laboring has in it an element of truth, for the mountains are indeed continually changing, giving up their particles to nourish the vegetation which springs from their mouldering sides. All forms of life upon the earth are busy. The blade of grass springs from its tiny seed, matures and gives up its seed, from which the same processes may go on in endless succession. And as with grass, so with all vegetation. Higher than this is animal life, and to its continuance action is necessary; the animal is so made that it must seek after means of preserving life both in food and shelter, or must die.

Man too must be busy. Thrown in a world where he must care for himself, he finds his highest, his only happiness in activity. And not only must he depend on this for the means of sustaining his physical body; but also he must retain its strength by use. The body unemployed grows weak and incompetent to action. So the mind must be kept busy, or it will be weakened, and soon worn out, or at least good for nothing. He who would be useful must be active. Though the old adage that "constant dropping wears away stone," is true; it is also true that a machine will wear out quicker by rust than by friction.

So it is with the mental machinery, and in a much greater degree, for while the mind is enervated by disease, instead of being worn by use, it is rather strengthened.

We have all found in our own experience that we can accomplish more when under a constant pressure, than when we have little to do. And not only can we do more, but what we do perform is better. Let us then be ever active, remembering that by idling we lose not only time, but also power, for we must employ greater force to overcome the rust of idleness, than to keep going steadily. X.

THE lecture given by Dr. W. J. R. TAYLOR, on Monday evening, the 19th, in the Theological Seminary, was interesting and thoughtful. While discussing the divine nature of Christ, he gave an eloquent refutation of Dr. Howard Crosby's notion (recently published) that the divinity of Jesus was so veiled or hidden in his humanity as to have been dormant, and to have left him unconscious of his Godhead, with all its perfections, such as omnipotence, omniscience, etc.

On last Monday evening, the Doctor furnished an account of the historical views of the person and character of Christ.

STAY AT HOME.

THESE words of plain injunction, so often uttered to youth who have become restless under the restraints of home government, we have long felt like repeating to the students of Rutgers, and to all others to whom they may apply.

There are in every College certain students who are more or less given to complaining against the existing order of things in the institution to which they belong. They go around among their classmates and friends, finding fault as to this or that study, the arrangement of the hours, the professors, the government of the College, the system of marks, or the method of determining class honors. They are always in a state of chronic growl. To try to appease their hostilities avails nothing. For if by dint of utmost effort, perfection is secured in all that relates to the curriculum, yet will these mourners not be pleased, but will pour into your ear doleful descriptions of "the horrid old town," the boarding-house—better known as "the hash-shop,"—and taking it for granted that you are in their confidence, they will point out to you the half grown boys—country pumpkins at that—who came to the institution as students, and with whom they are obliged to associate!

This class may be readily distinguished in that, as a general fact, they seldom carry books to the lecture room. They may carry one or two, but never more. This number is tolerated, because it looks well, and oftentimes it is necessary, in case of emergencies. But you never catch these gentlemen making "circulating libraries" of themselves. Not they! What need have they of books? Aren't their recitations pure inspirations? Yes, most certainly! for their classmates daily witness the prompting, which also is often audible to the complacent professor.

To all of this class we say, either stop the growling or else leave the institution. You are doing no good, but on the contrary much harm by your tarrying with it. You are to it what the flies are in the apothecary's ointment. (Ecc. 10: 1.)

Beside the unfortunate class described above,—a minority—every College and institution has its true students, who labor diligently and conscientiously to acquire knowledge, and so fill up the measure of their days. It is to this class to whom we write, and claiming them all as brothers, say, in all kindness and brotherly interest, "stay at home!" That is to say, remain with the institution with which you are connected, to the end of your course. Let nothing influence you to make a different determination. There may be some objectionable features in the management of the institution, which in another does not exist. But the absence of these unfavorable circumstances, does not argue that the institution to which you go has no faults. When such changes are made, the student often places himself in the position of the fish who jumped out of the frying-pan. We repeat, then, to all who may feel that a change would advantage them in their studies, you had better remain where you are. And why? For the following reasons:

First. Because you are doing well in your present position, and to change, is to leave a partial certainty for an exceedingly doubtful peradventure. You might do somewhat better; you may do very much worse. Speculations here are

much the same as ventures in stocks, and other mercantile risks; where you gain once, you lose twice. We know of a gentleman who, in the last six months, is reported to have made fifty thousand dollars; he might have lost twice the amount. To make a break in your present course, and enter upon another, is, then, to hazard the sure present for the equivocal future.

Secondly. By remaining in the institution to which you at present belong, and there completing your course, you will form an attachment for it; and in your interest in educational matters, it will receive the weight of your influence. And to the benefit of this influence, your Alma Mater is justly entitled. You cannot claim, by any manner of right feeling, that when you have paid all your dues you have discharged all the debt you owe her. The term-bills are the smallest part of the debt. There is an *obligation of privilege* incumbent upon you, which you can only meet by taking your turn in exerting the same kind of influence for others which has been put in operation for you.

Again, the interruption, caused by the breaking off from a course of study and attempting to renew the same in another institution, is always accompanied with a great loss of time, which one can ill afford to lose. And however near all our institutions of the same grade may be like each other in the general scope of the curriculum, yet they vary greatly in their particulars as to textbooks, methods of conducting recitations, hours of study, and general management.

To overcome these new surroundings and make them familiar requires a certain kind of distraction from study, and so is irruptive, for a time, of settled habits, which in study cannot be too highly valued.

Again, you should remain with the institution of your first adoption, since any change you may make cannot, in the nature of the case, compensate you for the trouble and loss of time you incur in making a second adoption.

This we say, with a full knowledge of the inducements which are urged as reasons for the removal. You will say, that such and such a College has Dr. So-and-so for its President; Professor This and Professor That are among its corps of teachers. The library also is very large, containing a great many old and valuable works. The students, moreover, have every advantage for physical culture; a gymnasium, and fine opportunities for boating. This many, and more reasons, did we give to ourselves in our College course, as high proof that we should be justified in leaving the College we are now happy to own as our Alma Mater.

Now, we see wherein lay our mistake. We underrated present advantages, and overrated future prospects. The names of certain Professors in our more distinguished Colleges and other Seminaries of learning,

"Gain a glory from being far."

Not but what these gentlemen are all that is claimed for them, but the advantage to be gained from their instruction is often undiscernable by the closest observation and comparison. The same may be said in reference to the institutions themselves. After quite an extended opportunity for studying this subject, we have come to the conclusion that no diligent student, from any re-

spectable College or Seminary, need feel ashamed to hold up his head in the presence of any student of any other College or Seminary, although its praise may be rung throughout the land, and its fame be in everybody's mouth. We have come to this mind after more than a year's daily intercourse with a large number of students from a variety of institutions.

At first, we confess to a humility as to whence we graduated, but you will see that we have bravely recovered from this state, and can, and do bravely declare, that Rutgers for us has been as good as the best.

Did time and space permit, we might speak of the mania which so many of our students have for going to Germany for the finishing—the top crust—of their education. Suffice it to say, that we have seen and heard some of these students who have returned from abroad, and we assure you that there is nothing appalling in the amount of their learning; nor have they attained to such dizzy heights but that we also may hope to scramble up thither.

Finally, we say to you, our brother or brothers, whoever you may be, that are inclined to be dissatisfied with your College, its Professors, studies, students, or surroundings, "stay at home" and learn, that while "godliness with contentment is great gain," so also contentment itself is often a source of no little profit. PHIL.

THE fourth of the series of Parlor Entertainments was graced by the presence of six young ladies from the Raritan Bay Seminary, at Perth-Amboy. The managers of these entertainments, no doubt, felt considerable pride to know that such an array of talent had come so great a distance to see one of their performances. Having an opportunity for a short conversation with them all, we essayed to gain some information concerning the renowned institution which they represented, and the rules there adopted. But, O ye Fates! deliver us from making the effort ever again! Of course they all had something to say in answer to our inquiries. To be sure that was nothing unusual, but should any one of their number be allowed to speak first? Never! Preposterous! and so they all spoke at once, and—well, the result, perhaps, can more easily be imagined than described. If our readers can make anything out of some incoherent remarks about 13—scholars, i. e., boarders—2½ to 5—laugh—retire—7 to 9 talk—10 o'clock up stairs—get moon-struck—clap hands—lamps upset, and take a walk, &c., they may have some idea about the school. We have not the remotest. No animosity, ladies, but "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," you know. Since we were so unfortunate in our attempt to obtain information, and since the young ladies have subscribed for our paper, may be they will be so kind as to furnish us with one or more articles for our next issue. We are always glad to hear from such sources.

TARGUM DIRECTORS—The Elections are now completed, and have resulted as follows:

President—William J. Leggett.
Vice-President—A. V. Martense.
Treasurer—W. E. King.
Classicals—'72, J. A. Van Nest; '73, W. W. Cook; '74, H. Fuller; '75, F. W. Anderson.
Scientifics—'72, W. E. King; '73, W. A. Chapman; '74, H. Dodge.

THE GOURMAND OF ATHENS.

Regal Turkey, ere I start,
I am pledged to do my part,
I'll take a slice from off thy breast
And eat it first, for that's the best.
Hear my vow, for "here I go,"
O my hash! I love thee so.

By those beans in yonder dish,
By that bird they call codfish,
By that mackerel sublime
Which was deemed enough for mine,
By my appetite's fierce glow,
O my hash! I love thee so.

By that pie I've longed to taste,
But in longing doomed to waste,
By all hungry looks that tell
When I am waiting for the bell,
By my stomach's gnawing woe,
O my hash! I love thee so.

O my comrades! I am gone,
Abuse me not when left alone,
Though I ate with dire effect,
Yet there is a little left.
Can I stop much sooner? No!
O my hash! I love thee so.

PERTHO.

RELIABILITY AND ADVANTAGE
OF HISTORY.

THE great defects or chasms which we find in civil history—so that there is hardly a country on the face of the earth whose original settlement and consequent progress can be reliably discovered—are not the only faults of which we have just cause of complaint; the frequent departures from truth, in what they have written, is another subject of serious dissatisfaction. When I speak of their neglect of truth, I have no reference to those writers who tell us of gods and demigods who reigned in days of old. Such writers are beyond criticism. But Herodotus himself, who is called the father of history, was a dealer in romance. Like a poet, he sought to please rather than to instruct. He gave us a collection of stories that he advanced on the mere authority of faithless tradition.

This father of history has been too well imitated by the greater number of his posterity. Perhaps the satirist said rather too much when he proposed to write a history "in the common form" in which *there would not be a line of truth*, except this single assertion, that *the whole of it was false*.

The historian is often biased by national prejudices, which induce him to depart from the truth, or he may wish to embellish his history by dealing in the marvelous. The effects are nearly the same. I will give a small specimen of each kind:

An ancient historian, whose ancestors were Goths, and had been driven from their country by the Huns when they passed from Asia into Europe, speaking of the Huns, gives the following account of their origin: He says that a certain Gothic King removing from Scandinavia into Sarmatia, in Asia, discovered that among his subjects there were many witches. He banished those witches into a wilderness at a considerable distance. Evil spirits that inhabited the desert fell in love with the witches, by whom they had children. These were the ancestors of the Huns. However ridiculous this story must appear, it was advanced by a respectable historian, at the

risk of his character. It is known that the famous Attila invaded the Roman territories in Italy more than once; but it is not so clear that he ever came to Rome. We are told, however, by Damascus, the historian, that in the fifth century he marched to Rome with a great army of Scythians. That under the walls of the city he encountered a Roman army equally numerous. They fought with such uncommon fury that the whole of both armies were killed, except a few who were lifeguards to the King, or Commanding General; that for three days and three nights after the slaughter of the armies, a constant war was carried on between the souls of the dead Romans and Scythians, with much uproar and noise. How many of them were killed, the author has not stated, nor was it necessary. The story is sufficiently wonderful as it stands.

Historians, too, in order to gratify the vitiated taste of their readers, are apt to commend the worst of men with more ardor than they commend the best. "*Probitas laudatur, et alget.*" Few men in any country are admired for a single murder or a single act of robbery. But the man who murders thousands and tens of thousands, who desolates whole kingdoms, robbing every inhabitant, and filling the country with mourning widows and perishing children—that man is sure to be great under the historian's pen. Herod, the Jewish King, a monster of barbarity, who murdered his wife and two or three of his own sons, was called *Great*, merely because he was prodigal of human blood.

Ancient historians, biased by superstition—that disease of the human mind—are not more correct, nor more to be credited, in the account they give of natural phenomena, than in their history of civil transactions. I will state but a single case: One of their historians, speaking of a great luminous, stony substance, that fell in the river Argos, a few years before the Peloponesian war, tells us that "for seventy-five days before it fell there was seen in the heavens a large body of fire, like a burning cloud, casting out fragments like shooting stars." If he had told us that the luminous body appeared seventy-five minutes, instead of days, before it fell, he would have exceeded the truth very much; but the phenomenon would have been less miraculous.

Keeping in view the cases in which the historian may have been tempted by some unworthy motive to forsake the truth, civil history may be read with pleasure and advantage. It is not only the most amusing, but it is also the most instructive part of human literature. Being creatures of yesterday, we are indebted to history for the greater part of what we know. We are tenants of a spot upon this globe, and that for a few days only. It is little that we have seen. History gives us an astonishing length of days, for it makes us cotemporary with every nation that ever flourished. Accompanied by this Mentor we take a short view of the antediluvian races of men. We traverse the greater part of Asia, observing the destruction that was made by the armies of Cyrus and Alexander, and we visit every part of Europe and a considerable part of Africa, attending to the legions of Rome. We converse with the great men and wise men, the statesmen and philosophers of Greece and Rome. Descending to later ages, we observe the Goths,

the Vandals and the Saracens; overturning old kingdoms and old forms of government; introducing new customs and attempting, with no small degree of success, to cover the world with a thick cloud of ignorance. Fatigued and disgusted with the chieftains of a dark age, we attend the progress of society, and we observe that learning, like the fabled Phoenix, is rising from the ashes of its parent. The world is illuminated by a new discovery—the art of printing; and the nations of Europe enjoy some degree of freedom, prosperity and peace.

We are taught by history how it was that nations have acquired learning, power and riches; and how they sank into ignorance, poverty and contempt. We are also taught a lesson that claims the particular attention of the present age. We are taught that learning and the useful arts have always flourished in a free government, and have constantly shrunk beneath the sword of the conqueror. It is not that wise men or learned men are the productions of any particular soil or climate; they are constantly begotten and nourished by civil liberty.

It has been correctly observed that the history of a few centuries would do much toward forming a prophet; and this prophetic inspiration is confessedly among the most essential benefits that can be derived from civil history. The same causes will ever produce the same effects; and the things that have happened will happen again in the like circumstances. When we have traced the steps by which a nation has acquired power, wealth and knowledge, we shall be taught by the same historian how it was that they sank into poverty, ignorance and contempt. We are taught that commerce has ever produced riches and some degree of learning. By commerce Palmyra in the desert became a splendid city. Tyre, Carthage, Alexandria, Venice and Amsterdam were enriched by the same prolific stream. The inhabitants of each city retained such a degree of civil liberty that the tenure of his property was secure; therefore, the citizen was industrious.

While we attend to the rise and fall of other republics, we should not forget that historians should be considered as a species of pilots who set up beacons to show us the rocks and shoals on which other nations have suffered shipwreck. We have not subsisted many years as a republic, but we have experienced the uncommon fortune of becoming wealthy, luxurious and old in a comparatively few years. If we are less attentive to the history of ancient republics, let us consider that our hasty strides serve but to carry us nearer to the end, and with the greater speed; and, though we may be yet in our "infancy," let us not permit our origin and present existence to be sunk in the dark vale of forgetfulness, lest cotemporary and future nations say of us: "They have disappeared, and,

'Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a trace behind.'"

QUICUNCTUS.

THE appointments for Sophomore Exhibition, to take place February 22d, are as follows: J. R. Duryee, J. M. Wyckoff, J. Oppie, Charles H. Runk, R. W. Brokaw, Wm. H. Bradley, Wm. P. Gaston and John W. Searing. These appointments were made by the Faculty, Mr. Duryee receiving ten votes and Mr. Searing five.

THE JANITOR.

The Janitor leads a poisoned life—

'Tis sad for the eye to see
The constant clatter and ceaseless strife
Which are destined his to be.

He walks around like a ghost, bereft
Of a decent graveyard bed,
And he cocks his eye from right to left
And carefully guards his head.

For he knows some reckless Freshman's hand
Will certainly soon lend wings
To a deadly mixture of snow and sand,
And he knows that the mixture stings.

And then—when the seasons roll around,
And the buck-eye blossoms blow—
No better target could e'er be found
Than the Janitor—pacing slow.

And it is hard to decide—upon the whole—
Whether buck-eye or snow be worst;
But the wrath that fills his High Dutch soul
Is probably like to burst.

So pity him, neighbors: only grant
One little request—'tis this:

If you must keep shooting, and stop you can't,
Why—shoot so as just to miss.

J.

BIGOTRY AS MANIFESTED IN THE
SPIRIT OF PHILOSOPHIC
RESEARCH.

In every age of the world wherein the spirit of inquiry has sought to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, we see two ideas, seemingly paradoxical, walk hand-in-hand, one of which, as an intuition, looks forward to extended avenues of knowledge; the other looks at all things from one point of view, viz.: from the point of predominant attraction.

When men's minds first become aroused from the torpor of barbarism, they are first solicitous concerning their own nature, they first seek to know what they may at home, and thus the pursuit of the sciences of Metaphysics and Ontology has ever been, on the one hand, the "hand-writing on the wall" as regards the reign of barbarism, and on the other the prelude to the more critical investigation of the nature and causes of things in general. Thus it has been; thus it ever will be.

But now we come to look at the darker side of the picture. Man comes to look at mind as permeating all things. Every substance and agency in nature has its appropriate spirit which contains the so-called essence of its distinctive character. The causes and effects of all things are explained by a mere effort of the understanding as evinced in the faculty of abstraction, aided, perhaps, by the imagination. This was the only lawful road to knowledge, the authority of the schools was absolute, and bigotry reigned supreme.

But a new light was destined to dawn, and open to man new highways of knowledge. The power of the Reformation overthrew the absolutism of the hierarchy, and the authority of the schools received its death blow. Bacon appeared upon the stage of action, and new sources of knowledge were mapped out from the fields of experience. Now a healthy spirit soon pervaded the intellectual world, for experience, taken as a point from which to view all things, leaves but little room for bigotry to erect its throne. But another light is struck. Magnetism sends a thrill of joy and surprise throughout the whole world;

its facts are sought to be multiplied by the greatest men of the age, and no sooner is this accomplished than all things "in heaven and earth, and in the waters under the earth," are resolved into magnetic influences; in short, men become magnetically crazy. Here again we see the tendency of the human mind to bar the many approaches to truth, to circumscribe the entrance to fields of knowledge.

But again, the human mind is disenthralled, the genius of Descartes and his predecessors snapped the locks of nature's storehouse of truth, and another advance is made. Ancient geometry is restored, and assisted by the modern invention of Algebra, the science of mechanism is placed upon the philosophic throne; the discoveries of Newton give almost a sacred sanction to this science. Most wonderful discoveries are made, theories which had hitherto been considered fabulous are demonstrated with mathematical certainty. Phenomena give way to facts, which in their turn are merged into laws governing the universe. But now comes the evil. All things in the fullest sense of the term are explained by mathematics, the rightful territory of other sciences is invaded. Mathematical reasoning has become the philosopher's stone which will turn all curious and doubtful phenomena into actual facts. Man's body is treated as an hydraulic machine, and its functions are explained by various combinations of squares, triangles and wedges. The love of mathematical reasoning has assumed the character of a furious epidemic. Even the phenomena of sleep are explained by various engravings, all constructed, mind you, with mathematical accuracy. Men swore by angles and circles. The state of man's health cannot be made known to his dearest friend without the aid of algebraic symbols, and the "*pons asinorum*" would be brought into requisition to explain the callous nature of a corn. All the subtle phenomena of life were explained by mathematics, and problems concerning the nature and destiny of the soul were conjured within the magic circle of mathematical formula.

Mathematical reasoning was crowned, "God of this lower world."

But some minds were yet restive and yearned for some more satisfactory elimination of nature's seeming difficulties. Electricity takes its place among acknowledged material agencies, and the whole world is at once electrified. Europe was flooded with "Professors" of Electricity, and the tutors of sheet lightning were many; an electric shock was a necessary article of diet.

Then followed the discovery of the principal gases and the composition of water, and at once the wild hope sprang up, that all of nature's changes might be accounted for by the action and counteraction of a few principal agents. Students were sanguine; Professors were rampant, until at last exhausted by their own efforts, they exclaimed, "all is vanity," and forbore to multiply the facts of one science at the expense of another.

But all these philosophic epidemics have taught philosophers that that spirit is most conducive to the progress of philosophy which is at once the most tolerant and the most persistent, which does not make one fact explain another, which may be equally important and independent, and that philosophy can never unite itself with bigotry without compromising its character and diminishing its usefulness. PEITHO.

PERSONALIA.

FIVE of Rutgers' students are in Japan.

J. M. HERNANDEZ, '73, is believed to be in Paris.

REV. BALLAGH is at Yokohama, and is a hard working Missionary.

WM. H. VROOM, '62, formerly of Davenport, Iowa, is preaching in Kansas.

EWD. WARREN CLARKE, '69, is the Principal of a School in Shidyoka, Province of Lumiga.

T. G. B. CORTELYOU, formerly of Rutgers '72 and '73, is now a member of the Brooklyn Polytechnic.

REV. HENRY STOUT (and son), '65, are at Nagasaki. He had a large government school under his charge.

J. R. FELL, '69, Assistant Engineer on the Rhinebeck and Connecticut Railroad, is enjoying the delightful winter climate of the Catskills.

C. C. HAVEN, Jr, '70, lately in town and looking so well, is Assistant Engineer of the Columbus, Kinkora and Springfield Railroad Company.

HARRY C. IVES, '70, is in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and has, during the past year, had charge of one of their constructive sections.

WM. E. GRIFFIS, '69, is in Fukuwi, on the N. E. coast. He is teaching Chemistry and Physics; and is also busily engaged in preparing scientific works for translation into the native tongue.

WILL CLARK, the famous "Little One," of '70, who was engaged on the New-York and Long Branch Railroad, is "home again," having lost his "position" through the injunction of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

"BOB" BROWN, '65, is in the wholesale tea house of Walsh, Hall & Co., Yokohama, and is a general favorite with all Americans there, as well as on board the United States ships, which he frequently visits.

H. V. DENNIS, '69, Assistant Engineer New-York Central Park, was recently united in the bonds of matrimony with Miss EUGENIA BAIRD, of Marlboro, New-Jersey. His classmates unite in congratulations at his having consummated what his College attachment shadowed forth.

It may be of interest to some of the TARGUM readers to learn, also, that MUNAGAWA, one of Rutgers recent Japanese students, is slowly wasting away with consumption, in his native country of Higo, Japan. Three of his cousins, by request of MUNAGAWA, are now studying under Mr. GRIFFIS, at Fukuwi, and are among his best pupils.

A SENIOR reading Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in the French Class the other day rendered the passage

"Je croyais Jeanetton
Aussi douce que belle
Je croyais Jeanetton
Plus douce que mouton."

in the following style:

I thought my Jeanette
As beautiful as she was sweet,
I thought my Jeanette
Sweeter than a piece of meat.

Genius will out.—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

OUR TELESCOPE.

VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY has seventeen Secret Societies.

BOARD can be obtained for \$2.75 in the Wesleyan Commons, so says the *Argus*.

THE professors and students at the Syracuse University every day endure comfortably the roar of about twenty passing trains.—*College Era*.

FIVE Japanese Princesses are said to have landed at San Francisco, and to be on their way to Vassar. Their brothers are at Rutgers.

In the *Trinity Tablet* is found the laconic information: "Joe Dallas and Ned Howe. Hazing. Six months. Europe. Dontcareacus."

Two young men have applied for admission to Vassar. It's about time that men were asserting their rights to as liberal an education as their sisters, and we wish them success.—*Ex*.

A SENIOR, who is said to be preparing for the ministry, was seen the other day superintending a dog fight on the street, and cheering on the combatants. Alas for Senior and ministerial dignity.—*Ex*.

THE class poet of the Seniors in the University of Wisconsin, has begun an epic in the following tender strain:

"Tis sweet to court; but oh! how bitter
To court a gal, and not to git her.—*Ex*.

YALE has still farther distinguished Benjamin Franklin by the following laconic announcement in the *Courant*: "Benjamin Franklin, A. M., Yale 1753. A statue of this distinguished man was unveiled in New-York on Wednesday, January 17th."

A CERTAIN Freshman does not smoke tobacco, but smokes mullein leaves and cayenne pepper; he says it is good for a cold in the head, and was very generous of it when certain Sophomores went in to smoke him out. It is whispered that the Sophomores left quite early.—*Cornell Era*.

A CONTRIBUTOR of the *Lafayette Monthly*, says: The study of Astronomy is like a cone, having the heavens as a base and the earth as an apex. I can't see why in this, as in other matters, we can't confine ourselves to the point.

The *Cornell Era* says a Freshman has begun to learn the tables of logarithms in Trigonometry. Also, that frugality incarnate has been displayed by an *Era* Editor, who studied by three candles set in empty bottles, blowing out one or two according to the largeness of the type.

A SMITTEN Soph at McKendree College, while staring at one of his fair classmates the other day, received a piece of sweet-cake, together with a note upon which were written these soothing words: "Receivest thou this as a feast of love, and gazest thou in public not so tenderly upon my fair brow."—*Repository*.

WESTERN College Societies have some curious names. For instance, at the Iowa State University will be found the Erodelpian, Symponian, Hesperian and Zethagathian. At the N. W. C. University, Indianapolis, Ind., the Methesia, Pythonian, Philokurian and Athenian.—*Yale Courant*.

A COUNTRYMAN wishes to know what will prevent the rats from eating his harness. One who knows tells him if he can secure a set, warranted to consist of boarding-house beefsteak, he can rest assured that it will turn the edge of every rat's or mouse's tooth on the first assault.

THE following is an extract from a tragic poem on the "Death of a June Bug," published in the *Harvard Advocate*:

The grub-worm viewed his fallen foe,
As mashed he did appear,
Then turning round with haughty mein,
He walked off on his ear.

THE Syracuse University opened with members in each class—twenty-eight in the Freshman and ten in each of the others. Its property is valued at \$600,000; its endowment between \$250,000 and \$300,000. The Hall of Languages, which is to cost \$136,000, is in process of erection. Five Professors have been selected. It is intended to endow nineteen or twenty professorships.—*Ex*.

In a certain College in Ohio lately, a candidate for the degree of D. D. was objected to as being a person in the habit of using profane language. The President replied that he was not aware of that fact, as he had conversed with him two hours without hearing a profane expression. One of the board immediately whispered to the gentleman behind him, "I'll vote for him if he can talk with Dr. H. two hours without swearing."—*Williams Vidette*.

THE following account of an old visitor will perhaps be of interest to the readers of the TARGUM. Daniel Pratt has visited many Colleges, but we think his reminiscences of Rutgers must be most gratifying:

"Wesleyan joins with her sister Colleges in bewailing a common loss. Daniel Pratt, G. A. T. (in future) President of the United States, and adjunct Professor of Idiosyncratical Nomenclature, in all New England Colleges, has been forced by poverty to hide his candle under a bushel. Manchester, N. H., recognized the General's claim to consideration, and has shown him the inside of one of its public buildings. Doubtless the authorities acted under instructions from General Grant, whose chances for the next nomination would have been materially lessened had not the G. A. T. been summarily jugged.—*Argus*.

CURIOUS stories are told of blunders made by Oxford undergraduates in the Scripture examination, which, as a mere matter of form, they have to pass before taking their degrees. It is told of one that when asked who was the first King of Israel, he was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to show the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scripture was, he added, confidently, "Saul—also called Paul." Another was called upon to mention "the two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking." The undergraduate thought for a moment and replied—"Balaam's ass." "That is one, sir. What is the other?" Undergraduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit up his face as he replied—"The whale! The whale said unto Jonah—'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"—*Ex*.

COLLEGE DOTS.

FIVE of Rutgers students are in Japan.

STUDENTS growl because Schmidtty does not keep paths clear.

THE last Trustees' meeting was one of great event to the College.

SCIENTIFICS prepare for drill; the drill-room is nearly finished.

THE Geological Hall is fast nearing completion, and presents a fine architectural appearance.

AN organ-grinder entertaining the College was requested to leave by Prex., but before leaving a Strong man of '72 stepped up and rewarded him.

THE report of the Scientific School furnishes an account of the condition of the school and an interesting account of Dr. Cook's researches in agriculture in England, Sweden, Norway and Holland.

DR. ORMISTON lectured to the Theologians on Miracles, and lately visited the Seniors in President CAMPBELL's room. After recitation he addressed the class with some very pertinent remarks.

THE Editors for the *Scarlet Letter*, published by the Secret Societies, have been appointed, as follows: J. F. Randolph, (Pres.), E. W. Strong, J. Burroughs, C. Steele, C. Rockefeller. It has been decided to enlarge and improve it generally.

SCENE IN A STUDENT'S ROOM.—Time 10 P. M.
1st student, (a late caller), loquitur—"Cold, very cold, out."

2d student, (wanting to retire, stands at the window looking at the sky,) loquitur—"Clear out."

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 Phi-Rhonian, 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, Tachagrophy, Observer Almanac, The Princetonian, The Leisure Hour, Our Own Fireside, Our Young Folks' Illustrated Paper.*