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RUTGERS.

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ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Hast thou seen a radiant maiden,
Whom the angels call LENORE?"
Thus I heard a Freshman raving,
As I passed his open door.

Ho! said I, art thou demented,
Cease thy howls thou verdant youth;
Have two souls by love cemented
Burst asunder, say, forsooth.

And the Freshman's face did lengthen,
With a look so very sad,
That I said, his nerve to strengthen,
O thou art a bo(h)nnny lad.

And then a tale he did unfold,
Of losing all that he had loved,
Which to my mind most plainly told
The hapless Freshman had been "shoved."

And then his words grew most sublime,
By turns he maddened, swore and raved;
He said a beauty most divine
Had all his heart and soul enslaved.

Her eyes were like the starry pearls,
Her every smile like sunbeams rare,
Her auburn locks in dangling curls
Have crossed my pathway like a snare.

In short, the "Fresh" had loved and lost,
But who was she he called Lenore?
O many a weary walk it cost,
O many a mile did I explore.

At last I found that maiden rare;
O rare was she beyond degree;
Nor in my lifetime do I care
To chance again her like to see.

But list, I've something yet in store,
I'm sure 'twill put you in a fidget;
This maiden's name was not Lenore,—
I heard her mother call her Bridget.

Of French descent this maiden sprang,
She taught three pigs to grunt in French,
And "Pat Malloy" in French she sang,
While her father worked in a sewer trench.

Why had the Freshman been bereaved?
Indulgent reader please take heed;
A letter came, "Fresh was relieved,—
Lenore had three large hogs to feed.

MORAL.

When "Fresh" engagements make, to meet
Their blooming damsels on Church-street,
This question I would recommend,—
My maiden, hast thou hogs to tend?

PEITHO.

CONVERSATION, AN EDUCATIONAL AGENCY.

THE model student is usually conceived of as a solitary worker. Alone in his room during his sacredly guarded study hours, he pores over his works, wrestles with the problems assigned him, and carefully lays up in his memory the doctrines and arguments about which he is the next day to be questioned. Having mastered his task, his work for the day is over. He has his lessons, and is now ready for recitation.

We find no fault with this method, but sug-

gest the introduction of an additional and supplementary agency. We mean conversational discussion of the topics of study. Will not the student be more likely to feel at home in the lesson of to-morrow if he has talked it over with a thoughtful and studious class-mate to-day? It may be that great freedom is allowed in the lecture room for the asking of questions, expression of opinions, and urging of objections, but this does not fully take the place of this supplemental and more private agency. On the contrary, this freedom will furnish material for this outside, conversational review. By this means, a more clear understanding of important points will be secured, arguments be weighed, opinions sifted, objections tested, and results be fixed firmly in the memory, and become part of the mental being.

There is a special call for this, and a peculiar interest in it may be expected, when ingenuous young men have reached an advanced stage of their course, and subtle questions of mental science, problems of political economy, principles of constitutional law, doctrines of moral philosophy, or Christian theology, are the subjects of daily study.

No Professor, who is worthy the name, will claim infallibility, give his views "ex-cathedra," or feel injured if his "ipse dixit" be not considered all sufficient. He is, in company with his pupils, a searcher after truth, though their chosen and trusted guide in the search. He well knows that truths received on human authority solely, do not always have a permanent abode in the mind, and rarely produce their legitimate fruits fully. They must be rooted in solid and convincing reasons, which must be received along with them. Therefore, if he be thoroughly loyal to truth, he cannot object to the application of the sifting process to his teachings. Gladly would he learn that every student was in the habit of spending an hour every day in talking over with his fellow-students the questions that come up in his department. This course, pursued from an ardent love of truth, and in a manly, docile spirit, is very different from that of the conceited sciolist who thinks that his mental independence can be established only by a contemptuous rejection of the results of the labors of all who have gone before him.

But besides the immediate effect on the work in hand, a most important and influential talent will thus be developed—the talent of talking well. Good conversationists are more rarely found among liberally educated men than good writers or orators. Many a one can, in his study, write a profound treatise, or can, unabashed by the multitude, deliver an eloquent oration, who is dumb when sitting among a few friends familiarly discussing some topic of interest. He may have plenty of money in the bank, but no change in his pocket. As the foundations of

thorough mental discipline and development, and of power for the communication of thought by the pen or public address, must be early laid, and all preparatory studies connected with these ends be faithfully used, so must the talent for conversation be, during the same formative period, assiduously cultivated.

DELTA.

THE CHAPEL.

It has been noised abroad, beyond peradventure, that Rutgers is to have a Chapel. I say beyond peradventure, for it has been resolved by that most honorable body who have guided our Alma Mater through her centennial with such glorious results, that this shall be, and rest assured the laws of the Medes and Persians were not less changeable:

For when they will, they will you may depend on it,
And when they won't, they won't, and there' an end on 't.

With great joy we welcome the change, and vote in the affirmative with an overwhelming majority; yea, we fling our caps high in air upon the consummation of a plan so devoutly wished, so earnestly longed for. Our campus is to rejoice in another ornament, and we sincerely hope it may be an *ornament* in every sense.

The Geological Hall, though a source of congratulation in itself, cannot be considered an architectural success. Not being adepts in this science, we cannot show how near windows should be placed to harmonize with the general effect, nor prove that a building needs some relief to make it pleasing to the eye; but we do raise the question, whether the builder intended that it should be as great a curiosity without as within.

There is another consideration that should have some weight in the erection of College buildings. To be well educated is the paramount object of our desires. Every expedient is employed to train the mind to think with clearness, celerity and correctness. Should not our eye receive some cultivation? To be sure we have the honored portraits of our distinguished Professors of former time, of which and of whom we are justly proud; but is this all sufficient to educate the eye? Does not our Scientific Department demand more than this? Especially those who as architects and engineers intend devoting themselves to construction. Our buildings should be gems of architecture, and each a perfect model. The style, the type of any order best adapted to the wants of the case, but let it be pure.

To this end we would beg the building committee to award premiums to the best plans, and invite the competition of the most celebrated architects. For in this way alone are we sure of combining the useful and ornamental. Let our Chapel be all that fancy can paint or heart desire.

FESTINA LENTE.

WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE—WHO TEMPTED THESE.

In our last we attempted to notice some of the pleas by which, in our College days, young men would try to excuse themselves for practicing deception in recitation and examination. Fallacious as all these defenses were, their existence revealed the prevalence of an evil, concerning which one could not fail to ask how came it to assume such proportions? What were the temptations among which so many made shipwreck of integrity, and who is responsible if in any of our Colleges of to-day, class standing is purchased at the price of honesty?

Parents do not realize to what temptations they subject their sons, when they hurry them into College before they are fully prepared, thus gaining a year in time, but losing all opportunities for thoroughness, and exposing the youth to temptation greater than he can bear. We appeal to any alumnus to take a retrospect of his College days, and see if he cannot number among his associates a score whose course was thus rendered valueless, if not ruinous.

Professors are not without fault in this matter. A father naturally sees his son's abilities through magnifying glasses, and at his recommendation and earnest solicitation the youth is permitted to enter, in the hope that by brightness, coupled with diligence, he can make up all deficiencies, and soon stand on equality with those having the advantage in preparation. Finding himself unequal to the task, he must either disappoint the hopes of parents and teachers, or maintain his position by dishonest practices. The former he will not; the latter, in most cases, he does.

Desire to please the pride of parents has prompted many an ambitious student to excessive labor, resulting in ruined health; and has proved the snare by which many more have become entangled in the meshes of deceptive tricks. We could cite cases, at thought of which the heart grows sad, but it were useless; every parent believes his son a genius, and an exception to all precedent. In the day of judgment many will discover their mistake.

We know it is natural for students to try to throw the blame of their wrong-doing upon their Professors, and yet where among Christian young men deceit was so universal that he who would not act a lie was regarded as singular and unduly scrupulous, there must have been something wrong in the management. We call to mind an occasion on which a Senior preparing to preach the gospel of truth, and regarded by all parties (God knows his heart, we do not) as a worthy young man, argued the case with a youth just entering College, assuring him that no one thought of going through College without cheating his way. If I thought such customs held sway at the present time, I would say, God forbid that any young man over whom I have any influence should ever enter College. I tremble for the men who must appear before the throne of God, burdened with the responsibility of an institution where such principles were learned.

Some things that our Faculty might have remedied, we believe tended that way. To many of us it seemed evident that the lessons assigned during the earlier part of the course were longer than students of average ability and preparation

could master; hence, to the majority there was offered the alternative, intriguing or conditions, the former usually preferred.

Putting students upon their honor sounds so plausible that oftentimes a professor is induced thereby to excuse himself from watchfulness, and we have even heard professors state that it was not their business to be spying out misdeeds; true in a sense, but more largely false. The professor who cultivates between himself and his pupils a spirit of mutual watchings, the one to catch, the other to dodge, will, of course, but make matters worse; but he who can quietly take cognizance of all that transpires in his room, checking every dishonest tendency, may make his eye a safeguard against temptation and a power for good. Is it not thus God governs the world? He places before us the highest motives to uprightness, and gives force to all his commandments, by assuring us that the eyes of the Lord are in every place. We have known young men to make recitations regularly week after week from books held open by themselves or others, obtaining high marks on the record of scholarship, and passing examination by leaves from books, or slips of paper. Seeing such things, we could not wonder when students argued that the Professors winked at dishonesty.

The system of marks has its advantages and its evils. Where not carefully guarded, it tends to promote fraud; and that tendency might be put as an offset to a large share of the benefits accomplished thereby.

It is not probable that Professors in our student days knew the extent to which deception prevailed. Students would not be likely to tell of their own faults unless their confidence was personally sought, yet many who lacked the courage to be honest and bear the consequences of a lower average grade, while others succeeded by dishonesty, would have rejoiced if the Professors had vigorously enforced means for correcting the evil. It did seem strange that a Faculty, composed of men of ability and high Christian character, should allow such practices to prevail without devising some means for thwarting Satan's schemes. Did they realize what it was to have full nine-tenths of the young men entrusted to their care form habits of deceit and guile? I trow not. They sometimes expressed a wonder that God's spirit was not manifested in the College with converting power. It would have been more becoming for them to have been surprised that God's curse was withheld. Jeremiah, looking upon a vision of such deceit, breaks out with: "Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord: Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" To what should young men be converted when the practices of professing Christians were such that a youth coming from home with principles of worldly truthfulness, must resign his integrity before he could participate? Does Satan meet with any success in his efforts to thus beguile students nowadays? We have reason to believe that our Colleges will bear examining.

SENEX.

WHY do young ladies want to go to a neighboring popular Seminary?

Because it contains a *Strong, Garrison, for Pretty*men, and all their friends.

CLEVER AND DULL PEOPLE.

THERE is a rage for cleverness in these days. Clever people are admired. They "get on" in life and make people talk about them, both of which are pleasant things. Cleverness may be dear-bought, in the young especially so. The pearl is a serious matter for the oyster, its production being the result of a disease. And so cleverness in the young is very often achieved at the cost of their physical and even their mental health. Clever boys are admired, and sometimes they are made prodigies of to the delight of parents. While boys who are not above mediocrity are left uncared for and unknown. This displays, not too true, the workings in social life as regards the care and instruction given to children, but has it not in a certain sense, an application to College life. Here clever and dull are brought face to face, and associate together, both toiling to reach the much wished for goal over the rugged road of science. The clever, by rapid and mighty strides, speed onward under the rays of prosperity, while the dull plod on, tortoise-like, against wind and storm. Here the clever are talked about by their fellows, and oftentimes are made prodigies; but we do not speak in such pleasing terms when we make mention of the dull ones in our midst, but more disparagingly as—what idea does that fellow entertain in coming to College? What does he expect to accomplish? It would be far better for him to follow some trade or physical employment rather than expect to achieve any honors in the literary world.

In such a manner have we more than once, seated in our rooms, during an evening, talked about the dull ones. But while this race between the clever and the dull (in some notable instances) has proved in the end to have been between the hare and the tortoise, yet, upon investigation, we find a regret for misspent moments, a reconsecration to duty, and an indomitable perseverance. The dull, in reading the biographies of these notable persons, cannot wait with folded arms, saying, "every dog will have his day," therefore my great expectations shall find a fulfilment. But in order that his heart's desires may be met, he must find in his breast that mainspring of action which actuated them to overcome the accumulated difficulties of many misspent moments.

Ye dull Freshman, or whoever you be, if coming from some country school, where you were petted and talked about for being clever, be not discouraged if you find yourself dull in College, (for one must need find his match some time during life); neither fold your arms in idle content, but be active, diligent and persevering, for this has been the key-note to the success of others before you. In the world the field of enterprise is widened, and the road to honor, to usefulness and happiness is open to all who will walk therein.

W.

A SENIOR, who is in the habit of cramming up in class, when called on to recite out of the regular order, told the Professor that he had not had time to read over that part. Another Senior, being mistaken for one of the "Brethren," and being called on to ask the blessing, answered, "Not prepared."—*Argus*.

A REVERIE.

The wild grass waves its lonely head,
Above this cold and humble bed :
The moon-beam, ev'ry murmur fled,
Sleeps here.

The night-dew glistens on the clod,
By many a careless footstep trod,
And one lone rose-bud decks the sod
So dear.

Sweet flower ! that with retiring grace
Breathes its lorn fragrance round the place,
And strives to cheer, with hermit face,
The tomb.

Sweet flower ! when summer's with'ring blaze
Its blasting energy displays,
My tears shall nurse, despite the rays,
Thy bloom.

Yet fades a sweeter bud below,
Of brighter blush and richer glow,
Decreed in lovelier bloom to blow,
And die.

QUINCUNCTUS.

"HAMLET."

EVERY author of any renown generally has some one production by which his greatness may be especially observed. Thus Chaucer, the father of English poetry, though author of many poems, owes more directly his fame to his great offspring, the "*Canterbury Tales*," and that work will preserve his name when his other pieces may have fallen into oblivion. Again the Fairy Queen is the beacon light which causes the name of Spenser to shine forth, though his other works are almost entirely unknown.

Though this be true of Chaucer and Spenser, yet it can hardly be said of Shakespeare that he will owe the permanency of his fame to any one production. Many of his pieces will always proclaim their great author's genius with almost equal power. Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear and several others rise up like so many mountains to preserve their creator's name from the blighting hand of forgetfulness; yet as in the material world one high mountain peak is overtopped by a higher, so among the mountains of Shakespeare's intellect, one towers higher than another. It is, indeed, a difficult thing to give the palm of superiority to any one play of Shakespeare. Different pieces have their adherents, who eagerly contend for the object of their choice.

Yet Hamlet probably deserves the first rank if any distinction is to be made. In this play, the author, to use his own words, out-Herods Herod, by his purity of thought, clearness of language, felicity of plot and strict adherence to human nature. So grandly has the author soared into the heavens of imagination that many passages of this tragedy have become as familiar as household words, and he has furnished a well of inspirations, from which the orator, and even the minister may not scorn to drink. Let us now approach and examine, with diffidence on our part, this noble work of the human mind.

In the beginning, the author rivets our attention by what from another would only excite our contempt. With Horatio, we seem ourselves to see the ghostly apparition, as it stalks along, clothed in the well-known suit of armor, speechless and majestic. Again, when Hamlet, the

loving son, first sees his father, we can well imagine his trepidation when he cries,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us,"

then resolves, whatever may come, to follow where'er the ghost beckons, and when shortly it speaks and tells the horrid story of the still more dreadful murder, how like the serpent with the bird does the author fascinate us with his words of terror:

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars start from their spheres."

And when the ghost goes on to tell the crime how witheringly does he speak of "that incestuous, adulterous brother," and "most seeming virtuous Queen"

At this point, the plot more clearly breaks in upon us, when after the interview with the players, Hamlet reasons with himself how best to discover his uncle's guilt. Then truly the author shows his knowledge of humanity by these words: "I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play, have, by the cunning of the scene, been struck so to the soul that presently they have proclaimed the male-factions." After this his resolve to try the King with a play, comes his soliloquy acknowledged by all to be one of the grandest triumphs of human genius. To attempt to describe this is utterly beyond my power and wish. Suffice to say, that it will always stand forth proudly as long as the English language shall exist. But to pass on, space will only allow us to give a cursory notice of Hamlet's instructions to the players, where in a few lines Shakespeare has said what has taken others volumes to express.

Before closing, we must notice Hamlet's interview with his mother at his death. In the former case, after convincing himself of his uncle's guilt, he accuses his mother as an accomplice; shows her, in inimitable language, the enormity of her crime, and exhorts her to lead a better life in the future, little conscious how soon they both were to end their existence. In the scene of Hamlet's death, how sad do our feelings become. Here are two young men, one burning with fancied wrongs, the other consumed with sorrow, brought together by the machinations of a treacherous, wicked King. Crime is added to crime. To make more sure his work, a sword dipped in poison is to be given to Laertes, and drugged wine to Hamlet, which finds another victim. After both are incurably wounded and Hamlet has killed the King, these young men die with mutual forgiveness on their lips, and go hand-in-hand to meet their Judge.

In reading this and other works of Shakespeare, one cannot help but be forcibly struck with the amount of good to be derived from them. Not only can we derive amusement, but also we may obtain knowledge from these living pages. Here human nature is truthfully portrayed. While the prince of English poets truly paints Vice, "that monster of hideous mien," ambition never to be satisfied, avarice ever grasping, jealousy that destroyer of human happiness, and shows strongly to what they lead their victims; on the other hand he points out what blessings follow the practice of virtue; and on those who read his works he cannot but exert a good influence, both intellectually and morally.

P. Q.

STUDENT LIFE.

As the bright warm sunlight beams into my room this afternoon, the thought forces itself upon me how pleasant is the life of the student. Reclining in my easy chair, in slippers and gown, with feet perched upon the table, the smoke of this exquisite "Lone Jack," wreathing overhead in graceful curls and ringlets, with lessons for the next recitation prepared and nothing to do but read the poems of Horace and Virgil, or enter with Demosthenes into his denunciations of Philip. Surely, such exquisite pleasure is little less than bliss complete. There is nothing to equal, nothing to be compared to the happiness of a life of celibacy among books. Taking down one volume, we are in imagination brought into the lecture-room, and listen to Sir William Hamilton as he discourses learnedly on the beautiful, the good and the true; beautifully elucidating and simplifying every point by an illustration strikingly appropriate. Other books lying near offer to us the great truths of the world concerning the natural sciences, and we are delighted with the discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and others. If we wish lighter reading Hawthorne offers us his *Scarlet Letter*, Dickens his *Pickwick Papers*, while Shakespeare, Moore, and a host of other poets and dramatists, furnish us with delectable tit-bits, with which to regale ourselves. What a gay, glorious, "free and easy" life it is. No care burdens the brain; no troubles encroach upon the sanctity of the mind's quiet. Sad, but no more sad than true, that there are those who do not appreciate these privileges, who are so blind that they cannot see the beauties that lie just beneath the covers of books, and have only to be studied in order to appear in full view. Occasionally we see a man of unstable character who has in an unfortunate moment deceived himself by concluding that there are other pleasures greater than these. On inquiry, we find that his susceptibilities have been trifled with by some fair maiden, and a few weeks later a paragraph in one of the dailies, in the column of marriages, recounts to us his sad fate. Reflection tells the remainder of the story giving the reason for his poor success in this or that department of his studies, and accounts for his numerous flunks. The moth sees only the brilliancy of the gas flame, but knows not that oxygen and carbon are uniting in just the right proportions to effect his destruction. Thus the poor, infatuated fellow who forsakes his books, too soon beholds the joys, but sees not the troubles of married life. For a short time all will go well, but what will he do when household cares and family duties come upon him. How will he reproach himself when, in a comfortless, littered room, he spends sleepless nights walking the floor with a squalling young one, driven almost to despair because catnip-tea, paregoric and soothing-syrup have proved ineffectual in curing the various aches to which baby flesh is heir. Imagine his horror and dismay when measles threatens one, whooping-cough another, and the physician refuses to attend until that other little bill is settled. Grocer, butcher, tailor, and others send in accounts of a similar nature. Yet, notwithstanding these things, there are some, it is to be feared, now in College who are entering into similar paths. Let such avoid the path of the transgressor, court their books, regale themselves with "figaros," and drink and enjoy life's cup while it is filled to the brim.

TRIP.

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.

WE now present to our readers the last issue of the TARGUM under the present Board of Editors. Time has passed so rapidly since we assumed the Editor's chair, and endeavored to make the TARGUM the true exponent of our College, and so little has occurred in College affairs, that we have not much news to present. At this season of the year the students are necessarily prevented from engaging in out-door amusements, and are generally occupied in reviving the various organizations which have been for the past two or three months in a dormant condition.

We are glad to learn that measures have been taken to reorganize our Ball Club, which achieved so great success during the last year, preparatory to an active campaign in the Spring and Summer months. In this matter the Directors should be sustained by the whole College, who should contribute liberally towards the support of this organization, and we look with pleasure upon all attempts that may be made to place our Ball Club on a firmer basis. Again, our Boat Club needs the unanimous maintenance of the students to prevent its dissolution. In former years, it has reflected credit upon its managers, and if properly sustained it will do so again. It is understood that an effort will be made by the Boating Association to increase the funds in the treasury by the introduction of entertainments, the proceeds of which are for the benefit of the Boat Club. This seems like a good idea, and it is to be hoped that the students will lend their aid to make this a complete success.

At the usual time, the Sophomore Exhibition took place in the Chapel, which was filled to overflowing with students and friends of the College, none of whom were backward in manifesting their approval of the exercises. The want of a commodious Chapel was keenly felt, but we feel happy to state that this want will soon be supplied.

We would take this opportunity to request of our Scientific students a fuller attendance on the meetings of the Newtonia Literary Society. So far they have not taken sufficient interest in this

matter, but we hope a reform will soon begin.

The term is rapidly hastening away, and examinations will soon be upon us; but to those hardworking, industrious students, of whom there are not a few, there is nothing to fear; but with others who believe in the enjoyment of the present, regardless of the future, the case will be different. All, however, have our best wishes, and we hope they will meet with success; but since preaching is easier than practice, we refrain.

As Editors, we have now performed the duties imposed by the office, and await the decision of our fellow students. May their judgment, however, be modified by leniency for this our first attempt at journalism, as our predecessors do, and successors will testify to the difficulties attending the Editor's position. Our contributors deserve our thanks for the promptness and manner in which they have done their part, and we would urge upon them the continuance of their contributions to our successors, to whom we relinquish this office, hoping they will meet with complete success.

V.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

OPINION in regard to teaching by means of lectures appears to be somewhat divided. Some think that it is a waste of time, giving only a partial view of the subject which it attempts to teach; and that giving knowledge, condensed in a "nutshell," presses out all the juice, and leaves but a dry, tasteless mass. This is all well enough so far as it goes, and the fault lies not so much in this objection as in the way in which the subject is regarded. It appears that those of whom I have just spoken as objecting to the lecture system, must have taken an entirely wrong view of the whole subject. Even "College-bred" men have been found who, after four years of hard study, have not found out what was the design of the lecture which their Professor read to them. They are in much the same situation as the country boy, who having visited New-York City, for the first time, upon being asked what he thought of it, said he "could not see the city because of all the houses." They expected to find much, and when it was presented to them they were not aware of it. After having had our attention called to the subject of lectures, and having examined it somewhat closely, our conviction is that it is that part of the College course which should be most highly prized. Ask almost any educated person in what the benefit of a College course consists, and he will answer that it is to show you what there is to learn, how to learn it, and where to find it to the best advantage. Some object to receiving knowledge by means of lectures because they think that the time occupied in re-writing them is lost. Almost every one remembers better what they hear than what they read, and some persons can repeat almost entirely a piece which they have written. This applies not only to writing their own thoughts, but also to what they copy or note down from what they hear. We must confess that we cannot comprehend how the copying or re-writing of lectures can be a loss of time. Supposing the lecture to have been delivered too rapidly to be written down entire, recourse must be had to "catch words," and the student takes the lecture to his room a

mere skeleton. What is the result? The student has been obliged to concentrate his whole attention during the hour, and note down such words or passages as he deemed most important or most likely to suggest a thought. Now, as the student seats himself at his table, with his notes before him, and writes out his lecture, who can deny that he is engaged in the most beneficial mental discipline one can conceive of? A "catch-word" here, a sentence there, interspersed with numerous lines, dashes and dots to indicate how much is left out, he is compelled to put on his "thinking-cap" and exercise the power of abstraction, and confine all his attention to the one thing before him. It is astonishing how a little practice in this way will enable one to connect a whole train of thought with a single word. And now, after the student has rewritten his lead-pencil notes, he has really written an essay on the subject of the lecture. In this, we hold there can be no doubt, that the surest way for a person to find out what he knows about a subject and to fix that knowledge in his mind, and learn to express it, is by writing on that very subject. If students would give more attention to writing on the various subjects they are studying or reading, we would find more exact and profound scholars. Most truly does "Bacon" say: "Reading maketh a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As to conciseness, that appears to be the very thing we want. Nothing can be more appalling to the student first entering into the mysteries of metaphysics than the remembrance of a shelf full of formidable looking volumes, bearing the names of Bacon, Hamilton, Reid, Brown, Locke, Kant, Hegel, and others with names too long and hard to write. Who can find time amid the work and frolic of College life to wade through all these? To our mind, outlines are to the mind what wholesome, nutritious food is to the body; it nourishes without clogging and burdening the system with useless material. Outlines of a subject serve as a frame on which to build in later years. Concerning the completeness of the lecture system, let us remember that very few of us master all departments of learning. Even those who have devoted years to any one branch, confess that their knowledge is still incomplete.

Considering the subject in this light, we cannot help feeling thankful to the Professors who after weeks or months of reading and study on any subject, brings to us the result of their labor in a few lectures, at the same time directing us to the fountain-head, so that should any of us in after years have the time or inclination, we may go and explore the rich fields for ourselves.

VIC.

A FEW students, assisted by some of the most talented musicians and amateur actors of the City, have formed a Minstrel Troupe. Their entertainments are for the benefit of the Boat Club, and considering the object and pains taken to make it a first-class entertainment, we hope all students and friends will attend promptly at Greer's Hall, on Wednesday, March 27th.

WE have received the most complete catalogue of vegetable and flower seeds from Mr. James Vick, we have ever seen. Persons desiring the ornamental or useful will do well to give him a call.

EXCLUSIVENESS.

THE desire to protect ourselves from the injurious or offensive conduct of others is a natural one; it leads us, when obtruded upon, to resist. The customs of a ruder age demanded this method of ridding one's self of annoyance, but a more polished state of society seeks to accomplish the same object by preventing the annoyance, and thus obviating the necessity of its redress.

Among those of warm-hearted and impulsive natures, the tendency is to make friends with all and believe every one virtuous till he is proved otherwise; on the contrary, among those of a less ardent temperament, the disposition is to hold themselves aloof, and make far fewer friends than acquaintances. Some nations are proverbial for the latter; the Englishman looks with distrust on strangers, fearing that their social position may not be equal to his own, which to him is a source of the keenest annoyance; on this account, Englishmen have the reputation among foreigners of being cold-hearted and haughty, although it is well known that when among friends they are sociable and hospitable. Americans, unfortunately, resemble the English too much in this respect, and, in isolated towns particularly, a would-be aristocracy strive at all hazards, to maintain the dignity of their elevated position, by treating with cool disdain, and sedulously excluding from their circle those who, either in brains or wealth, and far oftener the latter, do not come up to their standard; this is more to be deplored, since these are often educated, sensible people, and miss by their conduct many opportunities of doing good, and sometimes of getting good.

This is very noticeable with respect to College students; these are composed of two classes: the children of wealthy parents, whose average talent does not rise above mediocrity, since a great incentive to diligence is wanting,—and poor boys who, catching a glimpse of the vast world of thought, strive to satisfy the earnest longing after a higher and better life, and to prepare for acting a manly part in the world which lies before them, by such means as are made available to them by our Colleges. The former class readily gain admittance into good society—their birth is a sufficient passport to social position; the other class, with minds and hearts thirsting, not only for the knowledge of the past, but to hold communion with the living, acting present, are debarred from the society of any except those with whose tastes theirs are totally incompatible. The effect of this must be either to repress the expanding germ, the noblest impulses of the soul, to render the man, although intellectually developed, a misanthrope and social nonentity, or to drive those of warm and sunny natures to find their pleasure among those who seek to lead them to destruction. For all this, the better classes of society are responsible. Who can tell how many a generous heart and brilliant intellect have been turned from the paths of rectitude by the neglect of those, who by one kind helping word, or a kindly manifestation of interest in him, might have saved him to the world and himself? The student comes from home at a time when every impulse is glowing with youthful vigor. How easily, when far away from the influences of the

family, can he be guided for good or evil! The feeling of desolation which a student experiences when cast for the first time among strangers, must be removed by some means, and how many there are ready to lead him astray. It is an actual duty incumbent upon those among whom he is placed, to see that his whole nature is not perverted, and he himself led to ruin.

But, it is said, students are so rough and unpolished, totally unendurable. True, in many instances, but the cause is very apparent. Those who are naturally insupportable, by reason of vulgarity or the like, can easily be taught that it must be remedied, if they are continued in good society, while the numbers of those who would really receive benefit from this course, would be out of all proportion to the discomfort experienced on the part of their benefactors.

New-Brunswick is, pre-eminently, a centre of intelligence and Christianity, but the exclusiveness of its circles of society is well known; in view of the facts presented, one would think the two to be irreconcilable, but both must be taken for granted.

The professors and their families are, in a peculiar manner, culpable for the neglect of these duties. Their office is not accomplished when they have stuffed a certain number of facts into a student's head; the incipient man is intrusted to them for the education of both mind and heart, and a professor can easily judge who would be most likely to be benefitted by social intercourse with the intelligent and educated, and can, without being invidious, act accordingly. The good accomplished in an individual case, might be incalculable, while all would receive undoubted benefit. This is a subject which has not received the attention it merits, and its importance may be an excuse for this humble attempt to bring it to the notice of those who have it in their power to effect, by their example, a change in this respect. The writer is aware that "sour grapes" are often the cause of these complaints, and would therefore ask, in addition to disclaiming any motive of the sort, the candid examination of the subject by those interested, which will, without doubt, end in convincing them that these complaints are not altogether unfounded.

RUSTIC.

SOLITUDE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews.—BYRON.

SOCIETY has its pleasures, and the busy world, with its noisy clatter, its great heart-beat, its bounding life, and glowing warmth, fills the soul of man with joy.

There is pleasure in the glare and dazzle of the banquet hall, in the pressing of hands, in the intoxication of the dance, in the wierd or comic masquerade, in the club supper with its songs and jollity. It is utterly false to say there is no real enjoyment in the jovial world. But the man whose heart beats in intimate sympathy with nature, loves to leave the haunts of men sometimes for the quiet grove or the lonely mountain retreat, where the birds furnish music, and flowers

distil their sweetness in the air, as though to make him glad.

To be alone, all alone, amid nature's marvelous solitudes; to tread where mortal footsteps seldom come; to leave the artificial world outside, and worship at nature's inner shrines; to hold converse with the Creator through the grand creation; on the summit of some mountain crag, to lose oneself, and on the eagle pinions of imagination, soar away to the heights of loftiest sublimity, and with grandeur all around, in the deep blue heavens above, and in the rocky caverns beneath, to listen to the whisperings of the spirit's God, as down from the sweet land of saints' repose and angel joys, where living waters leave the flowery banks, they come like sweetest incense.

The true lover of nature and of nature's God, is "never less alone than when alone." To him the very silence is full of voices; they whisper to his heart, they thrill his very soul; he holds converse with the lofty, the pure and the good, not in the world's dialect, that is too poor when he ascends into the higher regions of emotion and spiritual enjoyment, but in the unspoken language of the soul.

O! solitude, there are charms in thee which the thoughtless never know. Amid thy hidden shades and still retreats is found deeper joy than all the gay tinseling and glittering jewelry of the world can furnish. There the deathless spirit takes its farthest flights into eternity, and almost catches glimpses of the beyond.

If men would retire oftener from the world and converse with nature for awhile, they would come back to the business of life stronger, purer, and better. When spring comes with her buds or summer with her flowers, snatch a brief season, fellow student, and spend alone with nature.

The quiet grove or mountain retreat are colleges where the student may listen to instructions more profound and more congenial than the farthest attainments of earth's proudest universities can ever afford.

CHARLWORTH.

IN an obscure corner of the Escorial Library, in Spain, was lately discovered an old, worm-eaten manuscript, dating back to the days of the Gothic occupation in the eighth century. It is valuable to the antiquarian, not merely on account of its age, but as showing that the cavaliers of those days could express the sentiments of love in as feeling a manner as modern gallants. Only individual lines can be deciphered on account of its imperfect state of preservation, but these are sufficient to show its beauty. Of a few of these lines, literal translations have been made by a distinguished scholar. The invocation is particularly fine, although in these days it might be considered somewhat irreverent. It begins

"Fair spirit, heavenly dove!"

Of the rest we select the following couplet as giving a good idea of the whole:

"When I'm away and o'er the sea,
Then lady dear, I'll think of thee."

As our intention is only to direct the attention of those interested in antiquarian research to this curious manuscript, we will refer them for the rest, to Mr. C. H. Verdantique, Brooklyn, N. Y., who takes especial pleasure in showing his copy to all lovers of ancient science.

"CUT BEHIND."

EVERY true ex-urchin will, no doubt, readily recall the boyish days when this phrase was used by him with a sort of savage delight. Every one can imagine a bright, crisp morning, carriages with spinning wheels, whose spokes glisten like splinters of the sun in a cracked pane of glass. Roan horse, flecked with foam, bending to the bit, his polished feet drumming the hard, smooth road in challenge of any horse that thinks he can go as fast. Three boys running to get on the back of the carriage. One of them, with a quick spring, succeeds; the others leap, but fail, and lay sprawling amid a raised cloud of dust. Piqued at their bad luck, no sooner have they struck the ground than they shout to the driver of the carriage, "cut behind."

Human nature is the same in boy and man. All running to gain the vehicle of success; some are spry, and gain that for which they strive; others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall, crying out against those who mount, "cut behind."

A political office rolls in view. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is run. Only one of all that number reaches that for which they run. No sooner does he gain the prize and begin to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out, "Incompetency," "Stupidity," "Fraud." Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country "cut behind."

There is a chance for some one, by a skilful stroke, to become vastly rich. It is a golden chariot rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug. Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother a washer-woman! I knew him when he blacked his own shoes. Pitch him off the back of the golden chariot! Cut behind! Cut behind."

It is strange there should be rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like other people. Like all other classes they have a liver apiece, and here and there one of them a spleen. In all cases, the epigastric religion is higher up than the hypogastric, save in the act of turning a somersault. Like others, they eat three times a day, when they can get anything to eat. Besides this, it happens that we find them racing for some professional chair or pulpit. The privilege of preaching the Gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. But only one mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes out: "Not the right man for the place! Can't preach! Not entirely sound in the faith! Now is your chance to 'cut behind!'"

A fair woman passes. We all admire her beauty. He that says he don't, utters what he knows to be false. A canting man who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used, instead of listening to the sermon, to keep squinting over towards the pew where sat Old Brown's

pretty daughter. Whether God plants a rose in *parterre* or human cheek, we must admire it, whether we will or no. While we are deciding whether we had better take that dahlia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it, but just winks at him, and he surrenders, with all his telescopes. The fair woman in society has many satellites. The boys all run for this prize. One of them, not having read enough novels to know that ugliness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up: "She paints! Good looking, but she knows it too! Splendid form, but I wonder what the price of cotton is! Won't she make him stand around! Practicality worth more than black eyes! Fool to marry a virago!"

In many cases success is a crime. "I don't like you said the empty bucket to the full bucket. 'Why?' asked the full bucket. 'Because,' said the other, 'you are going up, and I am going down!'"

We have to state that the man in the carriage on the crisp morning, though he had a whip-lash with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not "cut behind." He was an old man; in the corner of his mouth, a smile which was always as ready to play as a kitten with a string. He heard the shout in the rear, and said: "Good morning, my son; that's right, climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive. Was a boy myself once, and I know what tickles youngsters."

Thank Heaven, there are many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young man, clerk in a store. He has small wages and a mother to take care of. For ten years he struggles to get into a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and says, "Trying to get up, are you?" and by the time three more years have passed, the boy sits right beside the old man, who hands over the reins and says, "Drive!" for the old man knew that would tickle the youngster. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in, and a horse not too skittish. When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he'll have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a life-time, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

QUICUNCTUS.

DEAR TARGUM—With anticipated pleasure we look forward from month to month for the return of your cheerful face, and are grateful for your words of counsel or reproof or instruction, as they may be suited to our case, and as you are the champion of progression, truth, justice, liberty, equal rights, in fact the whole catalogue of virtues, we beg to enlist your sympathies in a righteous cause, one which is much abused by the educated lords of creation on one side, and degraded savages on the other, namely, that of "suffering woman." Please do not become alarmed, and fly off in a tangent, but rather may you be as the

great center around which we shall cluster in harmonious attraction.

It is indeed with trembling hand that we pen our first letter upon this most important subject. We expect ridicule, hootings and scoffings, and are fully aware that some persons would be delighted if they could place their crimping feet upon us, and make music with their gritting teeth; however, if you approve us, we shall be satisfied.

What wonderful developments we have had during the past few weeks, in the City of Churches, concerning the public speaking of a worthy woman in an orthodox Church; obedience, submission, silence, say the wise conclave, is the great Apostolic doctrine. Indeed! What astute interpreters of the sacred oracles; but who is Paul or Apollos or Cephas? It is Christ that is above all. Can we err if we follow Him? There is no instance where He has forbidden a woman to teach, preach or pray either in public or in private.

We understand that there are in Rutgers College young men preparing to become preachers and instructors to the people, that are yet so fully imbued with the spirit of antiquity, that they would consign every woman in the country to the loom, the kitchen and the garden. Yes some, we hear, have invoked curses upon the heads of those who hold that woman is man's equal in every department of life.

In the beginning they were equal—one flesh; by the fall they became subject—were in bondage; by the Incarnation they are redeemed—restored. No longer in bondage, but free, having no master but the Lord of glory.

Why is it that there is so much objection to a woman holding an honorable position in any department of State, when a Queen rules one of the greatest nations of the earth—and what man can surpass her in general culture and wise judgments. What objections shall a Synod or General Assembly of learned men raise against educated and pious women for telling anxious hearers about a wonderful Saviour, when we have the example of Anna, not only a prophetess, but a preacher of the revelation of the truth of God. Luke, 2: 38.

Are men afraid that women may take their rights? Must we pass through years of strife and suffering before the Egyptians shall let us go? Friends, brothers, members of a venerable, yet vigorous institution of learning, give us a helping hand to free us from the yoke of despots. We ask not the right of suffrage for to rule, but for protection. We desire equal rights, that for equal labor we shall receive equal pay. We seek only that which our country declares to be self-evident—inalienable rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It cannot be that another century must begin its cycles before the last semblance of falsehood shall be wiped from our national character, and we hail with joy the breaking down of caste in China and Japan, whereby woman is now to be raised from ignorance to knowledge and refinement. May this goodly land of America show to the world an advanced civilization—a true form of government, wherein equal rights are guaranteed to all, without regard to sex, race or color. More anon.

EVANGELINE.

THE BIG SIX SERIES.

No. I.

The tolling of the College bell
Pronounced my labors done,
A fizzle, goose-egg and a full
Were the laurels I had won.

Hash next demanded my attention,
Which I could not refuse,
Then thought it good for my digestion
To take a smoke and snooze.

Within a pipe which cost one cent,
Lone Jack was doing his best,
When morpheus beckoned, and I went
Into his fond embrace.

But while I slept I thusly dreamed :
A table near me stood,
Around it sat six boys who seemed,
For such occasions, good.

This six comprised both lean and fat,
Some short, and others tall,
At eating none of them were bad,
But one could beat them all.

Then lo, a voice to me did speak,
Take this knife in your hand,
Plunging it in that can of meat,
Give some to every man.

I seized the knife, as I was bid,
Within my trembling hand,
A second it gleamed above my head,
Then plunged into the can.

I tore away the top with fear,
Which created quite a stir,
For to our longing eyes appeared
A smashing big lobster.

The plates were filled, mid a hurrah,
And soon nothing was left,
Except one large malignant claw
Which fastened in my flesh.

I screamed and kicked with all my might,
To get the villain loose,
Then morpheus at my cries took fright,
And broke my little snooze.

When lo, my pipe had overturned,
It was not a lobster's bill,
The fire had burned clean through my pants—
It hurt, I feel it still.

I look'd in vain the boys to find,
But not one was in sight,
Then clearly came before my mind
The scenes of a certain night.

TAD.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

It may be interesting to the readers of the TARGUM to know that the Directors frequently receive letters from Alumni, containing, besides the much desired "dollar," highly flattering opinions regarding our literary organ, and the best wishes possible for its success.

If it were advisable they would be published, yet we trust your faith in our words, as regards the truth of the statement, will enable you to realize the fact that the friends of the institution have not forgotten us. Their encouraging words should be an incentive for all to put forth efforts, so that we may more justly merit the high commendations which our paper not unfrequently receives.

We say to all, "keep the ball rolling." Don't let your spirits droop. If we put our shoulders to the wheel, we soon will have many others to help. The portentous cloud which for a long

time has been hanging over us, is being gradually dispelled by the bright and life-giving words which come to us from the sons of the College, and also by the energetic efforts which have been put forth by the students themselves, until their thoughts and energies have been embodied in the form of an association firm, and lasting we trust.

All the "outside shows," as one calls them, will receive, we feel confident, a hearty support, if our friends see that we are really in earnest.

We would suggest, as a passing conviction, that if there were more student-like articles contributed, filled with genuine College spirit, (which by the way is rather a scarce article at present; I do not call deviltry genuine College spirit; if I should, I would be compelled to confess that "the supply is greater than the demand,") and fewer philosophical discussions, and also fewer sophomoric productions on "action" and the like, the paper would be more generally read, and as a necessary consequence would have a more extended circulation. I would not have you infer that these productions, in themselves, are unworthy of consideration, but that they are better fitted for the society hall or class-room. Such articles should not be discarded altogether, but let there be less of them.

The Editors, I think, would find it a much easier matter to obtain articles if they should say to those of whom they solicit contributions, that a learned dissertation or prosy essay was not wanted, but something which will interest all. Perhaps there would be a number of *worthless* articles presented, but we can trust to the good judgment of the Editors in their selection of the best. We are glad, however, to see an improvement in this direction, plainly evinced in the last few issues of the "TARGUM."

"MODERATOR."

MUSICAL.

NEW-BRUNSWICK has been highly favored this winter in a musical point of view. Under the auspices of the Choral Society of the City, a series of ten Organ Recitals have been given in the St. James M. E. Church, most of which have been held on Friday evenings.

The music has embraced historical recitals from the masters, which have been ably conducted by the organists of the City, Professor GARLAND, Messrs. WM. E. KELLY, '68, WILLARD P. VOORHEES, '71, and last, but not least, Miss. E. A. BEAVERS, interspersed with distinguished soloists from abroad, on the violin, flute, trombone, bassoon, cornet and French horn, together with duet and chorus singing. The programmes each evening have contained interesting biographical notices of the authors from whom the selections were made. One of the most pleasant features of the entertainments has been the low rates of admission, being but twenty-five cents for a single ticket, and only twenty cents when purchased by the package, thus affording all classes the opportunity of enjoying these rare musical treats. The thanks of the community are certainly due to all who have thus contributed so largely to the enjoyment and happiness of the people, and especially to Rev. Mr. HARTRANFT, the able conductor of the Choral Society, to whose personal supervision, and indefatigable labors the success of the Recitals is largely indebted. The

students and citizens of New-Brunswick cannot better express their gratitude and show their appreciation of these efforts than by giving their hearty support to the grand Concert which the Choral Society expects to give early in April.

COLLEGE DOTS.

THE Faculty are about to publish a general Catalogue of our Alumni. It will go to press in about a week, and be ready for distribution very soon thereafter.

THE snow is now all gone from the Campus, and no more is desired by those who have any objections to being hit by more than a dozen snow-balls, all at once.

OUR College walks are in an excellent condition for sore feet, and will probably remain "soft" until Summer, when it is to be hoped a substantial stone-walk will be laid from the College door to both gates.

THE Seniors have decided to have a "Class Day" immediately after their examinations. The committee of arrangements has submitted a programme which was accepted by the Class. The speaker's will be announced in the next issue.

BEHOLD the meditative air of the Seniors. They are about to write an essay for the Senior Prize, upon the "Imagination—its Nature, Uses, and Abuses," and are trying to think how, as Freshmen, they used to abuse it in giving excuses. Perhaps our present Freshmen can help to refresh their memories.

MR. S—Just been taking a peep in Butler's Analogy.

Classmate—How innocent he looks. I would like to see his countenance when caught in a hen-roost.

Another—So would I; he would say he was there to convert the hens: (from the roost to a pot-pie.)

THE annual period for mischief has now arrived, and the College is slightly disturbed by the antics of those who have no regard for the comfort of our President. He spends his vital energies for the good of the College, and all should contribute to lighten his labors. So let us give vent to our "animal spirits" upon the Campus, and in the day time, and by all means refrain from injuring the property which benefits us.

A PROFESSOR, instructing the Seniors on the subject of heat, remarks: "The frost has in some places entered the ground to the depth of eighteen inches."

Mr. G—"Doctor, a man told me he had measured it two feet deep. Is not that more than eighteen inches?"

Professor—It is a fair question, and shows your arithmetic is improving. *Very encouraging.*

G—vamoses.

THE new arrangement of the College Library is now completed, and books can be taken therefrom upon application to the Librarian. New acquisitions are being gradually received, and we may hope to have soon a valuable collection of books. The new arrangement is very complete, and the thanks of the College are due to Prof. ATHERTON and Mr. HASBROUCK for their earnest and efficient labors.

PERSONALIA.

A. A. BOOKSTAYER, '66, has resigned the Pastorate of the Reformed Church, of Scotia, N. Y.

EDGAR BERGEN, '69, was in town a few days since. He is practicing Law in Brooklyn, L. I.

SAMUEL J. ROGERS, '59, received and accepted a call from the Reformed Church, at Port Jervis, N. Y.

SEYMOUR R. SMITH, '68 has recently been elected a director of the Hackettstown National Bank.

J. A. DAVIS, '65, formerly Missionary, received and accepted a call at the Reformed Church, Palisades.

JAMES RUSH MARSHALL, '71, is in the Architect's Office, in the Treasury Department, at Washington, D. C.

REV. H. UTERWYK, '58, was installed as pastor of Third Reformed Church, Holland, Michigan, Sunday, January 31st.

REV. EDWARD BENEDICT, '68, who graduated at the Episcopal Seminary, in New-York City last July, is located at Springfield, Mass.

DANIEL G. VAN MATER, '73, who left College at the close of his Freshman year, is studying medicine with Dr. Shackleton, at Mattewan, N. J.

EDWIN FIELD, '70, has been attending the course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New-York City, during the past winter.

E. P. JOHNSON, '69, — NEVIUS, '67, and J. CHURCH, '67, have been recently married. Evidently Leap Year tells, as there was one widow in the case—or a widow in one case.

BOATING.

THIS is an exercise, or sport, which is not entered into with as much enthusiasm in Rutgers as it ought to be. The first thing that every new student who enters College ought to do, is to join the Boating Association. The fees are small, and it is within the power of nearly every student to afford them. Students, when they come to College, almost instantly join the Literary Societies, and why not join the Boat Club? True, the Literary Societies are for the improvement of composition and declamation, which is certainly a great inducement; but then the Boating Association is for the improvement of the physical powers of the student, and while he may think a great deal about his studies, he should not forget his health. It ought to be the aim of the officers of the Club to get up a race every year, as it is generally thought to be the great feature of Commencement Week. To be sure, there has been a race every year except last; but there ought to have been one then. Now let there be a race this year. Don't let us wait until we receive a challenge, but let us send a challenge to some crew of muscle, so that the race may have plenty of excitement in it; so that it will be almost neck and neck, and not a one-sided affair from the start. All the crews that Rutgers has turned out have been good ones, and with a little more training they might have been first-class. It really seems a pity that such a fine crew as last year's was,

had no opportunity of trying their skill at the oar. One great need of the Association, in fact we may say the greatest, is the want of funds with which to buy more boats. If each class had a boat, how nice it would be to have an annual regatta; to see all the boats drawn up in line, and the crews just waiting for that magic little word, "go!" and then to see them coming back on the home stretch, each crew striving its utmost to be the first to reach the goal.

And there is no reason why we cannot have just such a regatta. The greatest obstacle in the way is how to get the boats? But if every student would subscribe something, no matter how little, it would amount to quite a sum, and then let every one of us try to get a few donations from friends, and the total would place that difficulty out of the way. Then, in every class a good crew can be raised, in fact, more than one in many, and as this is all that is wanted, the regatta is before us and within reach. Now let every student who has any interest in rowing, see if he cannot raise more money for the Club than every other one, and then Rutgers will be able to stand as high in the Rowing World as any other College in the United States.

RENEX.

OUR TELESCOPE.

FORTY Sophs, at Yale, have been conditioned in Trigonometry.

FIFTY American Colleges admit women, and still they cry for more.

THERE is quite a cry for more copy among the College papers. We echo.

LAFAYETTE and an Eastern College have fifteen compulsory exercises a week.

THERE is a Professor of German, at Cornell, who can swear in seven different languages.

THE Princeton students were first allowed, next requested, and finally ordered to attend Gymnastics.

DANIEL PRATT, Great American Fool, is said to have in press a work called "The Prattville Mental Horizon."

THE Skull and Bones Society, at Yale, owns a hall which cost \$45,000. The Scroll and Key, its rival, is building one to cost \$75,000.

A RECKLESS youth in one of our French classes translated, "Mon Dieu, que les femmes sont betes." Oh dear, what beats the women are."—*Era*.

A SENIOR, who was creating some confusion in the class, being called upon to recite, remarked *sotto voce*, "Satan always finds something for idle hands to do."—*Ex*.

PRINCETON COLLEGE now has five fellows, each with a salary of six hundred dollars a year, pursuing the higher studies in Princeton, New-York, Edinburgh, Berlin.

THE following is an extract from a Poem on

Only a baby
'Thout any hair,
'Cept just a little
Fuz here and there.

[Exchange.]

THE *Cap and Gown* says, the Seniors and Juniors were entertained by the Sophs and Fresh. We would remind our lower classmen that if they wish to follow suit, now is the accepted time.

A PROFESSOR stopped a Junior for correction while he was reciting the other day. The Junior heard him through patiently, and then continued with his translation, which read, you lie, sir."—*Amherst Student*.

THE Trustees of Princeton College have offered their chair of English Literature and Rhetoric to Prof. John S. Hart, long the successful Principal of the Philadelphia High School and of the State Normal School of New-Jersey.

THE *Volante*, of the University of Chicago, successor of the *College Times*, is welcomed among our exchanges. She says, that after the conflagration, the University enlisted sixty of the students to protect the ruins.

SCENE between a professor and another professor's wife:

Professor—Madam do you know what the Freshmen did to your husband this morning?

Lady—No! You alarm me, sir. Pray tell me. Oh! those horrid Freshmen, what have they done?

Professor—Madam, I dare not tell you; but it was fearful. They gave him hell.

The frightened and loving wife rushed home, and trembling, begged her husband to tell her all about it; and was quietly informed that the Freshmen had presented him with a beautifully bound volume of Dante's *Inferno*.—*Mercury*.

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, Williams Vi-dette, The Acorn, McKendree Repository, The Trinity Tablet, College Courier, Lafayette Monthly, Irving Union, College Herald, The Simpsonian, The Volante, 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, Tachagrophy, Observer Almanac, The Princetonian, The Leisure Hour, Our Own Fireside, Our Young Folks' Illustrated Paper, Washington Transcript.*