

# THE TARGUM.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

"Sol Justitiae et Occidentem Illustra."

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RUTGERS.

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## PROCLAIM OLD RUTGERS TO THE WORLD.

New-Brunswick! loveliest city of the plain,  
Enhanced with beauty is thy broad domain;  
Each street familiar to the memory grown,  
With house and church, with health and plenty strewn;  
Endeared art thou for all thy many scenes,  
For glad some sports enacted on thy greens,  
For years of study, years of joyous glee,  
Home of my youth, return again to me.

Enchanted town! the love I bear to thee  
Exceeds all bounds of inspired minstrelsy.  
How often have I paused to view thy charms,  
When wandering abroad o'er cultured farms,  
Gazing on steeples as they pierced the skies,  
Watching the curling smoke in wreaths arise,  
Ling'ring to view the vessel plow the stream,  
And dwell with rapture on the pleasing scene.

One of thy haunts, more dear than all the rest,  
Food for reflection, by remembrance blest,  
Endeared to me by ties of strongest love,  
Grafted by friends, (some now remov'd above,)  
Bower of bliss—where hopes, yet unfulfilled,  
Grew to full stature; where the thoughts instill'd  
Into the mind by visions ne'er to be—  
I'll tune my lyre and sing alone to thee!

Old Rutgers! home to many a grateful son,  
Where study formed the mind for years to come;  
How many scenes and actions of the past  
Recur to me, and will e'en to the last;  
The shady campus with the onion rare  
Wafting abroad sweet perfume through the air;  
The College bell, calling each one to pray'r,  
Thence to resume the day's peculiar care.

The pranks committed heedless of result,  
The merry laugh or noises of tumult;  
E'en now I seem to hear and see them all,  
As my reflections happy days recall.  
O blest art thou, dear memory, for thy care,  
To keep enshrined the past, so fresh and fair;  
Who would fo' get the months and years gone by,  
Must be compelled by sad regret to try.

Vain, impo'tently vain, are words to tell  
That love old Rutgers, which I bear thee well;  
Try to forget thee! No, that could not be,  
For thou art firmly clasp'd in memory;  
Thou art endeared by ties of friendship strong,  
By scenes familiar, though absented long  
From all surroundings, yet within the heart  
I see portrayed the picture as thou art.

Live on! still send from out the well-timed hall  
Men of true learning, that each one and all  
May add new lustre to thy hallowed name,  
And for themselves gain honorable fame.  
May peace and fortune ever at thy side,  
With large success continue to abide;  
No blight to chill the hope in years to be,  
Rutgers shall yet win immortality.

Ye students who now frequent her old halls,  
The time is coming when the bell that calls  
Will cease for you—with studies all complete—  
Honors for some, for others sad defeat.  
Yet with the feeling that each task was done  
As best it could be, though you have not won,  
Go forth, and with the colors then unfurled,  
Proclaim aloud, Old Rutgers to the world.

## THE GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION.

At the request of the members of the Senior Classes for a geological excursion under the direction of Prof. COOK, three days were granted them by the Faculty for the trip, namely, May 9, 10 and 11. To avoid the inconvenience experienced by last year's class, meals were furnished by Mr. NORTHROP instead of by the owner of the boat. All the arrangements having been completed by a committee appointed for that purpose, the expedition left New-Brunswick, on the propeller "Sarah," on Thursday morning, May 9, at 9.15 A. M., taking along Prof. SMOCK, to assist Dr. COOK, who had not yet recovered from his accident. The party steamed down the river, not stopping, however, at Martin's Dock, as we had a very good view of the trap-rock from the boat. The first landing place was at Murray's Kilns, where we arrived at 10.15 A. M. After inspecting the brick yards and visiting the clay pits where the best material for fire brick in the country is obtained, we re-embarked at 12.30 and continued our course down the river. While stopping at Murray's Kilns dinner was prepared and the party sat down to partake of the first meal on board the "Sarah." Continuing our course down the river, which became quite a stream by degrees, we emerged into Raritan Bay and headed for the Highlands of Nevesink, where we stopped and inspected the marl formation, and also obtained a good view of the abrupt declivities of the shore, caused by the land sliding down into the bay.

Our next stopping place was at Sandy Hook, where we arrived at 3.30 P. M. After securing the boat to the wharf the party was taken in charge by Prof. SMOCK, who conducted them to the Lighthouse, about half a mile distant, the road leading through a species of forest made up of stunted evergreens which grow in the sand. Upon arriving there we ascended in detachments under the guidance of the courteous keeper. The view from the top is fine, and the light itself, with its beautiful mechanism, is alone worth the climb. Descending, we struck across to the beach, along which we proceeded to the fort, which is only partially built, at the extremity of the Hook. It is of immense size, built entirely of granite, and is a marvel of architectural and engineering skill. The sea wall is only partially finished, although some of the casements are roofed in. A number of enormous guns (ten and fifteen inch) are mounted in these, and piles of shot and shell are at hand. It was designed to make a fort of great strength, but the late war so upset all previous ideas, and the big guns having destroyed the value of stone fortifications, work has been stopped, and the whole structure looks like some huge ruin. We were told that three millions of dollars were spent upon the work. After collecting the stragglers we left the Hook at 5.30 and put for sea to afford the party the

opportunity of experiencing the pleasing sensation of sea-sickness. Fortunately for many, the captain did not go far enough for us to feel the effects of the rolling. Returning inside the Hook we passed through the Narrows and headed for Tompkinsville, Staten Island, where we arrived at 7 o'clock, P. M., having just partaken of our supper. Here we put up for the night, the majority of the party taking rooms at the Nautilus House. After reveling till a late hour and securing innumerable specimens of trap, this reverend Senior band retired to rest, well satisfied with their day's adventures.

On the morning of the second day, after having satisfied the cravings of our stomachs, we visited the Government depot for the manufacture of lighthouse illuminating apparatus. Specimens were also secured of serpentine and talcose schist.

Leaving Tompkinsville at 8.50 A. M., we next visited Forts Richmond and Tompkins, opposite Fort Hamilton. Spending an hour viewing the works, we embarked and steamed up the Bay, landing at the foot of Roosevelt-street, N. Y., where we examined the caisson of the East River bridge. The party descended to the bottom of the caisson, the others not having the courage to go down, as it had been reported that two men had died from the effects of the compressed air a few days before. Our three heroes, however, returned to us safe and sound, well satisfied with what they had seen and not experiencing any ill effects.

We left Roosevelt-street at 12.30, and steamed up the East River, passing Blackwell's Island, upon which is situated the Penitentiary, Lunatic Asylum, Poor Houses, &c. It was a noticeable fact that great interest was taken in these buildings, but whether any of the party were looking at them with a view of future residence is not known. Immediately after passing "the Island" we landed at Hell Gate, there to visit the works for clearing the channel. The gentleman in charge of the works took the entire party in charge, first showing them the various explosives to be used in blowing out the supports which sustain the roof. We were then conducted below and there examined the mining operations carried on under the bed of the river. After spending an hour here we returned to the boat, where dinner awaited us. As soon as all were on board we headed down the river and did not stop till Weehawken was reached, at 4 o'clock, P. M. After securing specimens of trap rock we returned to the boat and made for Peekskill, forty miles from New-York, where we arrived at 9.30 P. M., the captain having experienced a little trouble in finding the channel. Here bunks were secured for the night, after which several of the party started on a tour of inspection through the town. The journey was enlivened by college songs, and many were the curses mut-

THE appeal of Amherst College to the Massachusetts Legislature for the sum of \$100,000 has been rejected by that body.—*Ex.*

tered by the honest Peekskillers against that band of nocturnal marauders. After punishing *trap* the crowd disbanded, each one seeking his peaceful bed, there to dream of the deeds done in the flesh.

At 7 o'clock the majority of the boys assembled and partook of some breakfast. After waiting an hour for stragglers who did not come, we started up the river without them to secure some specimens of limestone and also see "Anthony's Nose." At 9.30 we returned to the dock, where we found the dilatory ones awaiting us. Taking them on board we left Peekskill at 10.15 and kept on down the river until we reached Sing Sing, where we stopped to inspect the State Prison. After making the rounds and seeing "how the old thing worked," we left the peaceful hamlet with tears of regret, and sat down to partake of the seventh meal at 2 o'clock, P. M.

We did not again stop until we reached Jersey City at 5.15. Here several of the party disembarked and took the train for New-Brunswick, where they arrived at 6.40 P. M., tired and sleepy, but well pleased with what they had seen. The remainder of this little band stuck to the boat and returned to the place of starting (by way of Staten Island Sound and the Raritan River,) where they arrived at 10.30 P. M., and with cheers and songs separated.

Many praises and thanks are due to Dr. COOK and Prof. SMOCK for the admirable manner in which they conducted the excursion, showing everything of interest, and explaining everything satisfactorily to all.

The thanks of the entire party are also due to the captain and crew of the "Sarah" for their kind and gentlemanly demeanor to the noisy guests, and also to the cook and waiters furnished by Mr. NORTHROP.

Altogether the excursion was a complete success, and nothing occurred during the three days to mar the expedition in any particular. It is our hope that it will be repeated every year until it becomes one of the established things of the course.

'72.

## ORATORY AND THE MINISTRY.

WHEN Christ called Peter and Andrew he significantly answered the question what he wanted of them by saying "to make you fishers of men." Afterwards, in their intercourse with Him, and in the experience of their labors, they came to understand more fully what was the meaning of His words. They saw how apposite it was to be called "*Fishers of men.*" To catch men; to draw them out of one element of life and lead them into another; to exalt them from an existence under the control of the low and basilar functions of their natures into the high-born freedom of the sons of God.

To accomplish this great work the disciples were to enlist all the art and skill that the fisherman employs in catching fish. They were, likewise, to adapt themselves as the fisherman does himself in times, manner and bait. They were to possess patience and perseverance. Everything that could move their hearers to a higher and better life, they were to present in the best manner. The figure used by the Master in this

call seems to be forgotten, in its real teaching, by many who have been likewise called.

Thus it is that the fishing for men languishes, while the fishers turn each to their own ways, to gratify an ambition, ride a hobby, or serve some equally selfish motive. They are like boys who, going to catch trout, and having been advised to go quietly and keep themselves out of sight, wade through the brook with a splash and a plunge, to the terror of the little fry and the contempt of the broad sided patriarchs of the stream.

They engage in discussions one with another; they play at battle-dore and shuttle-cock with the various shibboleths of their differing creeds; they wage fierce polemics and over their heads hovers the Dark Harpy; they thrust at each other with criticisms more penetrating than lance-tip, and shoot out words more poisonous than arrows.

In this article we wish to put in a plea for the cultivation of oratory by our clergy as an effective adjunct of pulpit power, and to deprecate that selfish and exclusive application to books which so often hinders a minister's practical, pastoral usefulness, and often leads to contentions, rivalries, degenerating into mere logomachies. The courses of studies which were effective two generations back, now are practically effete. The turtle did beat the rabbit once, but that was because the rabbit had a margin of time in which he ventured to sleep. Now the swift-hurrying urgency of the times demands that the rabbit keep awake and ply his utmost speed to keep apace with the period.

In fifty years the manner of life in enlightened countries has been metamorphosed. Gone are the days of the lazy sloop with its flapping sail; the stage-coach with its merry horn; flint-lock and carronade. Come are the days of yachts; express trains running at forty to fifty miles an hour; chassepot rifles, needle guns and Von Moltke's telegraph, which outstrips the French aide-de-camps and wins the battle of Gravelotte. All departments of life have been modified; where men walked they run now; here to-day and there to-morrow, coming and going with throbbing pulse as does the restless tide. We are fast becoming cosmopolitan, especially in our own country, where West and East meet. In their multiform pursuits, whether for profit or pleasure, men turn the world round and talk with each other as far off "as the East is from the West."

Into this restless, active, changing life the minister of Christ must go with the good news of the higher life. What he does he has to do quickly, before his audience have moved on. Sabbath audiences are like a school of trout—you get one throw at them and then they are off. Unless you can adroitly send among them a nice, delicate fly the probability is that your fishing that day will add nothing to your game. So with many of our Sabbath audiences congregated for an hour and a half; their dispersion, at its termination, is wide and immediate. Unless the minister can send among them quick, winning words, he probably will add nothing to his success, nor much, if anything, to their benefit. To try and arrest a godless man by giving him "Allyne's Alarm," is much like trying to fall a deer by throwing a stone in front of him. Men will not

stop to read; they must be halted by the voice.

The living voice of the live minister must fire the hot words of truth which by the breath of the Spirit of God shall first kindle the flame of Divine love in man's heart. Now, more than ever, is it necessary that preachers of the Gospel should be Boanergeses. Boanergeses because of their powers as *preachers*. Sons of thunder in their power to smite and cleave the rock hearts of men, not their rock heads.

Mightier than sword or pen is the voice of man, and we believe that by it, under God, the successful work of coming ministries is to be performed. We are to study books wisely, and men more, to go down among them and walk with them as did Christ, "showing them out of dark and over rough places;" to preach to them a gospel of Hope; life as their highest good and eternal life as their original inheritance, leading them to our Father's house, clothed and in their right mind. We can conceive of no power greater than this, either bestowed or acquired. Happy is he who, possessing it, cultivates it, and is thereby wise in winning many souls, for he shall shine as the stars forever and forever in a higher and purer atmosphere, while at the same time he sends forth into the world living epistles known and read by all men. "Covet the best gifts"

PHI.

## UNITED STATES MINT.

THE great motley crowds thronging our railway trains and our steamboats may be roughly distinguished into the men who observe and the men who don't; the men who "go to see" and the men who are "on business."

To the latter of these two classes of travelers, probably, all cities appear pretty much alike. A grown-up village, more bustle and despatch, and less gossip and loitering than in a country town. Paved streets, lined with endless rows of dwelling or business houses; horse cars and omnibuses running in all directions; churches and places of amusement in all variety, to suit every station; the population on the *qui vive* in general; in short, a mere centre of civilization and improvement" would about accord with their general estimate of one and all of them. They have no time to observe peculiarities, and scarcely notice such as fall directly in their way.

The other set of travelers are intensely interested in the varied aspects of the cities they visit. They recognize the fact that different minds have had the planning of each city, and that they severally partake of a common harmonious arrangement not found in them all. That such travel more profitably to themselves than the others there is no doubt. It is well worth the trouble of extra vigilance to be able to describe with facility the places and buildings one has visited.

As a minor exponent of the latter class, then, I visited, not long since, the City of Brotherly Love, the Quaker City. You might, with equal propriety, call it the City of Parks, City of Brick Houses, Rectangular City, for these are noticeable characteristics. I have not space to write about the social appearance, though I would like to enlarge on the appearance the greater part bears of being a village on a large scale. Houses here are built for comfort and one family, and



not for "high" and a dozen families, as in New-York. In this way Philadelphia covers an immense section of country.

Of course I went to "see the elephant." As it happened, there were several to be seen. Fairmount Park, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Eastern Penitentiary, Girard College, Navy Yard, new Cathedral, Masonic Temple, U. S. Mint, Academy of Natural Sciences, Independence Hall, *Public Ledger* Building, &c. None of these, however, were of equal interest to the Mint. To behold the old, cracked "Liberty Bell" was the fulfillment of a long anticipation, but the rarest treat was to be permitted to enter the building where we could see the

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled."

I visited this building with a Philadelphian born, one who knew "all about it," and was acquainted with the gentleman in charge of the cabinet of coins and medals. "Dr. —, this is Mr. —, from Rutgers College, ahem!" "Ah, yes! would you be pleased to inspect all the departments?" After murmuring that we would be pleased, Dr. — presented us to another gentleman, who proceeded to pilot us on our tour, stopping us ever and anon to tell us many interesting facts about the various processes we beheld going on. We follow our guide first to the Smelting Room for the "baser metals." Here, in huge cauldrons over huge furnaces the alloys are formed for our nickel and bronze coins. It is a tedious and not specially picturesque operation, and we linger but a moment to pass on to the adjoining Gold and Silver Room, where the precious metal is purified by fire and amalgamated. Our escort directs our attention to the floor as a great triumph in the way of a gold saving apparatus. We see nothing extraordinary, except that the entire area is covered with large squares of iron cross-bar grating. This, we are told, catches and safely secretes an astonishing quantity of gold particles, as the refining is carried on. Before this portable floor was introduced the precious dust was suffered to be lost; but now these squares are taken up once a year and the floor swept; \$50,000 worth of gold has been taken up at one such sweeping. Of course, some gold is lost while it passes through the various stages, but it is a very small percentage of the whole. They smelt in large quantities, say a million at a time, to have as little waste as possible. What loss there is, is allowed for, and it goes to the Government.

Every precaution is taken that there shall be no squandering or embezzlement. The workmen have been found trusty and some of them have grown old in the service; still, an old gentleman has been placed there, as overseer, for further security. He comes up and walks before us

"Washing his hands with invisible soap  
In imperceptible water,"

as we enter into the room as far as the railing will allow, and he eyes us with that scrutinizing glance acquired by the service of years. We would not like to have him suspect us, and try to ferret out the truth with those eyes. We feel relieved now he has passed us. But he is turning round and coming back; we don't want to stand another of those glances, so we proceed next

to the Rolling Room, where the bars are reduced to plates with wonderful ease and rapidity. Other processes are also going on, but our guide is pointing to the engine which drives these various machines. He is evidently proud to speak of its excellence, to judge by the waving of his hand and his glowing utterance. It is of eighty horse-power and of English pattern, the only one of the kind in the United States. To us it seems to "work like a charm," easy, noiseless, irresistible. A few steps take us to the Coining Room. Engines seem to be a favorite topic with our guide, for he takes us to one in this room and "expatiates free" on it as the first object of interest. It is the most perfect in the country, he says, the large fly wheel is properly balanced and perfectly true. We bring it in range with a bar of the window and see that it does not swerve the least to one side or the other in its revolutions. This engine drives coining, stamping and milling machines. The executive capacity of these is almost incredible; \$20 gold pieces, for instance, they coin at the rate of sixty a minute, some of the smaller coins ninety a minute. All these are operated by women, who have here constant employment, though often they have no work to do; and some ply an industrious trade with a sewing machine, others read, and many—talk.

We next pass through the Weighing Room. All the bullion that comes in is first weighed here. This balance is the largest in the establishment and looks like a mammoth apothecary's balance, with its "easy moving nature." A five-cent piece turns its ponderous arm as readily as a ten-pound weight.

As we have now gone the round of the departments of the Mint, we repair again to the Cabinet of Coins and Medals, where we are shown another balance of the most perfect make. It works on agate, and has a beam of nearly five feet. It is capable of weighing any weight between the 20,000th part of an ounce and 1000 ounces. Another curious piece of workmanship draws our notice; it is called Baron Sequier's Assorting Machine, and consists principally of a cylinder with a great number of teeth on its convex surface, something like a threshing machine. This revolves very rapidly, and the coins to be sorted are slipped in. If of the standard weight they pass straight through into a draw; if too heavy, they are thrown to the left; if too light, to the right. The whole is turned by a crank, and by this ingenious though simple piece of mechanism one person can do the work of many.

The Cabinet of Coins is a magnificent collection, embracing those of all nations and all ages. Here may be seen, properly arranged in glass cases, specimens of the most remote antiquity, some of them coined eight hundred years before the advent of Christ. Thousands of visitors come from all quarters to inspect and examine. While we were there we met and made the acquaintance of Professor Rhode, of the University of Berlin, Prussia, who, with his son, was making a passing visit to this institution. He spoke English with considerable ease and fluency, though he considered it necessary to apologize for not speaking well, and expressed his interest in what he saw.

It is not my intention to give a descriptive cat-

alogue of the coins, for that were an interminable task indeed; but some of the most noted ones are worth mentioning. The student of the Bible will here see the Jewish Shekel of Simon Maccabeus, coined B. C. 145. It is silver and worth fifty-eight cents, about the size of a cent and twice as thick. On one side is a pot of manna and on the reverse Aaron's rod budding. Here also he will see the "Widow's Mite," the smallest of ancient coins, of Greek or Syrian bronze. This one was found in Jerusalem, near the site of the Temple.

The archaeologist can here feast his eyes to his heart's satisfaction on a copious assortment of gold and silver coins of empires, republics and monarchies long since passed out of existence. Coins of Darius, Alexander the Great, Tiberius, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Cleopatra, Haroun Alrashid, Alnaser, last caliph of Bagdad, &c., &c., all such, though differing so widely in origin and date, yet here to be seen all together, and at one view.

The curiosity seeker will also find enough to gratify his fancy. The ancient currency of Burmah, a gravel stone encased in brass, on which a forced value was set, seems too ridiculous to be called money. Near by are specimens of the African shell money, of a beautiful pink tint, forty of which were considered equal in value to a slave. Then there is the famous "cut money" of Chili. At first, for convenience, the government cut the dollar into quarters; then private enterprise did the same, and some unscrupulous ones cut too many quarters. Also any quantity of African golden trinkets, arm and ankle clasps, pipes, charms, nose rings. Three golden images found in Central America, in Chiriqui graves over which there was so much excitement in 1858; they are rude designs of a man, a bird and a reptile. Many crystals, ores and precious stones, as opal, chalcedony, agate, are arranged for easy inspection. These alone are worth a small fortune to possess. But the Chinese and Japanese coins are considered the most unique of the whole collection. Principal among these are the Chinese bar ten gold taels, value \$23; Japanese Cobang, two-thirds gold and one-third silver, oval-shaped and thin; and Obau, a rare medal, worth \$75. The coiner puts his certificate of value on it in the shape of an ink inscription. Of U. S. patterns they of course have the series complete for every year from 1793 till 1872.

Now for a last word on the outside of the building, as it appears to us as we turn for a last look on our homeward way. As a specimen of street architecture, it is quite an ornament. The columns and entablature are of solid marble; the rest of the building is of brick, faced with marble ashler. The structure is of the Ionic order, taken from a Grecian temple at Athens. We haven't an adjustable square of feet in our eye, so we are no great hand for dimensions; but for further information, we would advise all interested to go and "enquire within."

ULFILAS.

THE venerable MARK HOPKINS, President of Williams, has resigned, and is to be succeeded by Prof. P. A. CHADBOURNE, formerly President of Wisconsin State University. President HOPKINS, will, however, continue to instruct in intellectual and moral philosophy.—*Ex.*

## THE TARGUM.

BABCOCK &amp; JOHNSON, Publishers.

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## EDITORS:

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[Editors elected the last Wednesday but one of each Term.]

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INDULGENT readers, we trust you will not consider it an unpardonable offence if for once we deviate from the accustomed style of editorial address and omit to mention those items of College news so familiar to you all.

We feel assured every reader of THE TARGUM has grown weary of the old story of base ball and boating, and while we do not know that we can present anything new or strikingly peculiar, (unless we should mention the nomination of Horace Greeley as our next President,) to render more attractive our monthly journal, yet we hope the attempt, should it not prove altogether a failure, may merit your approval.

We just remarked that we feared it would be impossible to present anything new or strikingly peculiar. But we spoke without reflection. Not that what we are about to say is at all novel, but it is characteristic. In our last issue we made known our wants to you, and thought that you would give them your consideration. But we have been mistaken. It has been our experience, and we doubt not our predecessors', that THE TARGUM is supported by a very few students. It is indeed a difficult task to obtain the number of articles requisite to fill its columns. Each man feels it his neighbor's duty to contribute, and not his own.

Is not this a striking peculiarity? It strikes us so, and it would you, kind reader, if necessity compelled you to see it.

We need the hearty co-operation of you all to render our paper a credit to the institution it represents. Could you be induced to entertain such a feeling, we could then hope to place our journal in the foremost ranks. We beg each student will consider this matter and give it the attention it deserves. It is with regret that we witness the closing of another year. It reminds us of the separation that must soon occur, and tells us now to speak the last farewell to Seventy-two.

True, you will be with us once again, but not as students. The tie which links you to the pleas-

ing associations of academic life must be severed. The bell that for four years has daily called, has but a few more strokes for you. Though we feel sad at parting, yet we are confident that in the broad arena of life you will not fail to gain honor for yourselves and the institution. With such assurance we would shake you by the hand and express our best wishes for your future happiness and success.

Do not, however, suppose that old Rutgers has no more claims upon you. She has many; and among them we hope you will not forget an occasional contribution to THE TARGUM; if not for its support, to give us some inklings of the great world without the sphere of College life, for we shall always be interested in your welfare. We would close these desultory remarks with a few words regarding the critical condition of our literary societies. It is to be deplored that they have so degenerated.

Fellow-student, ask yourself the question, have I not helped their decline by not performing the duty I owe to them? If we would not have them make their demise, we must exert ourselves to prevent the occurrence.

Every true student realizes the advantages that accrue to him from such organizations when properly conducted. It would be a disgrace not only to the members, but to our College, should these necessary educational advantages become extinct. We hope men interested in their success will come forward and re-establish the former prosperity they have enjoyed.

But we are wearying you, and that you should not longer be detained from perusing letters and more interesting matter, we will drop the pen till another issue.

S.

A FEW days ago we received a pamphlet entitled, "Replies by Prof. LAWRENCE S. BENSON to Profs. QUIMBY, CHAUVENET, ALLEN and BLEDSE." Prof. BENSON is the author of a work on Geometry, in which he ignores the ancient method of Euclid of proving propositions by the illogical "*Reductio ad Absurdum*," and adopts the strictly logical plan of using only direct demonstrations. By this method he comes to several novel conclusions, many of which indeed are contrary to the results which have for ages been considered as true. For instance: he affirms that the area of a circle is equal to  $3R^2$  and not  $\pi R^2$  as has heretofore been accepted as correct. In this pamphlet Prof. BENSON attempts to refute the arguments which have been advanced by the above named mathematicians, who affirm that his results are false. The book is well worthy of the consideration of all men interested in scientific investigations.

It affords us great pleasure to notice the *College Spectator*, of Union, a new monthly publication, beginning with April. It is an eight-page journal, well printed and well edited, and will appear in connection with the *Union College Magazine*, a publication occupying the foremost rank of College journalism. We greet the *Spectator* joyfully, and hope that the enterprise may be a complete success, and also that we may class it among our list of exchanges.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang off agley."

And thus has fared the class day of '72. Owing to unforeseen and unavoidable events the members of the Senior Classes have been obliged to abandon the project, much to the regret of all concerned, and especially to those who had parts to perform. The main thing to be regretted is that the citizens of N. B. are deprived of hearing and reading the literary effusions to which they otherwise would have been regaled, had not Providence interfered and prevented the exercises. We trust, however, that it is all for the best. Happy, thrice happy, are they who can resign themselves to their fate with the calmness and fortitude of these men of '72.

WE have just received the *American Farmers' Advocate*, a large sixteen-page paper, in every respect worthy of the patronage of the farming community, being especially valuable as the official organ of the Agricultural Congress. It is published at Jackson, Tenn., and we hope that hereafter we will be able to class it among our list of regular exchanges.

AFTER a long silence we have again heard from J. W. SCHERMERHORN & Co., by the receipt of their popular monthly magazine. It is with pleasure that we again welcome this excellent publication, and we trust that hereafter we will receive it regularly.

At a meeting of the Faculty and Students of Rutgers College, held May 7th, 1872, the President, Rev. Dr. CAMPBELL, announced the intelligence of the death of DANIEL S. SCHANCK, Esq., of New-York City. He referred in terms of grateful eulogy to his many and liberal benefactions to the College, and his active and friendly interest in its behalf. He reminded the meeting that it was owing to him that the College was provided with the building for the Astronomical Observatory, which in recognition of his gift is called by his name. In common also with other friends of the institution, Mr. SCHANCK had also been a liberal donor to the general endowment funds of the College. It seemed appropriate, therefore, that some action should be taken which should make manifest the feelings of those connected with an institution which he had so greatly benefited.

Wherefore it was ordered that the following resolutions, together with a minute of the other proceedings of this meeting, be transmitted to the family of the deceased and be published:

1. *Resolved*, That the Faculty and Students of Rutgers College have learned with the deepest sorrow of the death of DANIEL S. SCHANCK, and hereby put on record their recognition and appreciation of his many liberal benefactions to this institution and of his friendship towards it.

2. *Resolved*, That our heartfelt sympathies are hereby tendered to the family of the deceased in their deep sorrow which has fallen upon them.

3. *Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and of our sorrow at his death, the Chapel be draped in mourning for thirty days.

W. H. CAMPBELL, Chairman.  
DAVID MURRAY, Secretary.



## BE YOURSELF.

IN these natural bodies of ours the great Creator has designed us to act a certain part in the world. He has given us minds capable of judging for ourselves, and acting according to the dictates of our conscience; to be our own selves, and not to act the part of another, to appear what in reality we are not.

It seems strange that while it is so much more difficult to imitate, yet many persons perpetually do so. Men frequently display heroic efforts to submerge all originality in the swelling tide of imitation; when if the same effort were made in perfecting their natural abilities they might attain to a much higher degree of excellence. Nature possesses the same principle of life, yet each of its diversities maintains its distinctive individuality. Why, then, should man, the noblest work of God, wish to sink his individualism and become but the ghostly echo of some one else? The main point is not what one seems to be, but what one really is, and yet how few dare to be just what they are? All their best energies are exhausted in concealing themselves in the disguise of some coveted ideal, and thereby attempt to shorten the road between desire and attainment.

Misfortunes may overtake you, making past prosperity but a scourge, and testing the friendship of those who formerly seemed to be true friends, for how often with the thermometer of fortune does friendship rise and fall? But if you dare to be poor and be your honest self, you shall still find a rare friendship, here and there, which can bravely stand by you in the storm; while those who smiled yesterday in your excess of fortune desert you in peril; their courage fails them at the critical moment when you most need their aid—and this desertion is disguised under the name of prudence—a taking care of one's own reputation.

But we rejoice that there are some who possess true heroism, who dare to be and act for themselves, who possess heroic firmness and constancy which misfortune can never chill; adversity only strengthens the fervor of this friendship. If men but had the courage to act out of their better impulses, to follow the instincts of the heart, and not the suggestions of the head—like Damon and Pythias of old; if friend would stand firm to friend, misfortunes would spend themselves in vain.

Be yourself! Why not? Nature knows no affectation. It seems to be the tendency of the times to raise the works of art upon the ruins of nature. But all the beauty and harmony of life is destroyed by making such efforts to rise superior to nature.

If the counterfeit of anything is desirable, the thing itself is infinitely more so; and the best way to exhibit any coveted virtue is to really possess what you seem to possess. It is far more difficult to make good the pretence of an excellence than to have it. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than to be moving about like a marvellous fable from day to day doubtful as to whether one is in the body or out of the body—living an unreal, fictitious life; a faded metaphor; a shadow of somebody else. No matter what eccentricities you may have, stand out in the grandeur of your own self-hood, "wrapped in the solitude of your own originality."

Be yourself! In religious belief, study, think and decide as one who is individually responsible. In politics, shift not your opinion with every change of administration. Let principles, free and liberal, determine your action, and let your vote represent your independent self.

There is but one perfect model for imitation—a life so beautiful in its simplicity that all may pattern after it—a life in which truth, love and kindness dwell. Those who live such a life are the only truly happy. They are perfectly content to be and act themselves, whatever be their's knowing that

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,—  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

SEMPER IDEM.

## A STUDENT AMONG THE COAL.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—We were looking at the process of loading the coal when my pen stopped, with the promise of something more about this great staple. Lest we pass some things worth seeing above ground, let us obey the summons of our kind conductor to a small brick building, removed from all others. It contains a single donkey engine, beautifully constructed, slowly and constantly at work. It is the guardian of the wooden structures all about it. It stands ready to pour a stream of water, in case of fire, wherever it may be needed upon the premises. The pipes that lead from it are double, a pipe within a pipe, so that, if the inner one leaks or bursts from any cause, the water is safely carried to its destination. It has considerable power and will throw water over the top of the breaker, 136 feet high. Besides this it drives water to another smaller shaft, that is being sunk 2800 feet to the southwest.

The moving power of the breaker is contained in a separate building, where six large boilers are hissing with their impatient contents. They are about putting six additional boilers into this building, to meet the increasing wants of the establishment. I must add to this enumeration of buildings a large carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, lumber house and stables. I go thus into details to show the expense of raising coal.

Now if you are ready to descend into the "blackness of darkness," you had better lay aside that nice coat of yours and run the risk of being as well received in the regions below as if arrayed in your best broadcloth. There are two modes of entrance. We may go a large half mile to the East, near the Lackawanna, and enter a slope to Van Stork's breaker and pursue our way under the city to a spot somewhere underneath where we stand, or we may step into one of the cars that are constantly passing up and down the shaft. Choosing the latter as the easiest, we go down, down, down the deepest and blackest hole we can ever wish to enter. When we arrive at the bottom of the deepest vein, (for there are three veins), we have passed through 69 feet of earth, 191 feet of rock, then a layer of coal six feet in thickness, then 90 feet of rock to the second layer of coal nine feet thick, then 121 feet of rock to the third layer or vein, which averages usually about 14 feet, making in all 500 feet in depth. This depth varies in different localities even down to 300 feet. The first vein is called the Diamond, the second the G, and third the Clark

vein. Now we are at the bottom, we seem at first almost in total darkness. The coal absorbs so much of the light of our lamps that we dare not move, lest we fall into some deeper "inferno." At length our eyes become so adjusted that they do us some good in moving about.

Beginning at the shaft, the miner drives what is called the "gang-way," which he keeps as nearly as possible to a water level. If he finds that the rock beneath him descends he changes his course, however crooked may be his pathway, till he has pushed it as far as suits his purpose. He then commences another, called the air-way, and runs it parallel to the other, cutting through the partition between the two every forty or fifty feet.

From the side of the air-way he commences a chamber from thirty to forty feet wide. Leaving a partition some fourteen feet in thickness, he drives another chamber, and so on according to the number of miners employed and the progress of the work. These chambers are kept as near a water level as may be, that the water may find its way to the gang-way, and thence to the pump, which occupies a part of the shaft. Here permit me to say that the shaft at the Cayuga mine is 10x32 feet, and is divided into four compartments. Two hoisting ways, one for the pump and one for the air.

To ventilate the mine the air is forced along the gang-way to the end, another crosses into the air-way, and returns to give fresh air to all the chambers. This free circulation of air is of the greatest importance to the miners, as the carburetted hydrogen or "fire-damp" would so accumulate as to expose them to frequent explosions. As it is, every chamber must be examined by the "fire-boss" with a safety lamp before the miner enters with an open light. A short time since, in one of the mines in this place, a miner, disregarding the warning of the "boss," entered a chamber with an open light and paid dearly for his temerity. A boy, the other day, was sadly punished for disobedience to orders. He was forbidden to ride on a mule-car he was driving, as it brought his head, with his lamp, too near the top of the passage-way, where the gas, being lighter than air, clings to all the indentations in the top of the passage. Too lazy to walk, and reckless of the consequences, he mounted the car, well satisfied with the wisdom of the arrangement. He passed along safely for a time, when presto! he found himself *lying* on the track on which he ought to have *walked*, robbed of his hair and the skin of his face and hands.

The sad disasters that have occurred in the coal mines by fire at the only place of escape, has led to the passage of a law requiring two openings to each mine, or two ways of escape. The result of this is, that neighboring mines have been connected together by passages cut in the coal. This has been done to avoid the great expense of opening a new shaft from the surface. Some idea of this expense may be formed from the fact that workmen have been steadily employed on the Brisbin shaft, 11x32 feet, now being sunk, for four months, and they have reached only 102 feet in depth. The rock above the coal is a gray sandstone, laminated, and in places so cemented with iron that its hardness and toughness renders progress exceedingly slow. Below the lower strata of coal the conglomerate is reached, and this always indicates that farther search is useless.

## KIND WORDS.

THERE is no vice more prevalent in our world than fault finding. We see it everywhere; in every station of life, among all classes of people; men are watching each other narrowly, not generally to see what is beautiful in character and life, but to search out deformities. Human nature is sadly imperfect; no man is without grievous faults, and however great powers one may possess, they are always offset by great weaknesses.

Why cannot the good of humanity be noticed sometimes without the evil, and thus the bright side of human nature be set forth and burnished? We go to hear a great preacher; coming from the crowded church where he has been earnestly and successfully expounding the truth, the first words of comment are usually words of fault finding: "Pretty good sermon, but not much depth or originality; not chaste in style; uses too many adjectives and expletives; not practical; not very very sound in his views," etc. Why not hide these faults in the mind and speak of the excellent?

A politician has eloquently presented his views before an assembly, has made a strong case, and nobly defended the tenets of his party. Listen to the comments from one who may chance to differ from him—not a whit of good will you hear, generally the censure is very severe. "A pretty man! drunken loafer! Why, my father knew his father when he was poor as a rat; he was drunk half the time; never provided for his family; not respectable, etc., and this son is an exact copy of his sire!"

A college student takes a prize or gets an appointment; he has labored hard for it and well deserves the honor. But listen to the comments thereupon: "Did you hear —'s speech?" "didn't amount to much;" or, "he didn't write it;" or, "the committee were prejudiced;" or, "favoritism," or something else.

How few large-hearted, whole-souled men we find! Men who will exaggerate rather than understate the merit of their fellows.

O! if we could be rid of this mean spirit of envy, which is ever exalting self and pulling down others; if we could be rid of this pharisaic spirit which says "I am better than thou," and obey the Savior's gentle command, "Love thy neighbor *as thyself*;" if we could bear with one another's faults and foibles, what a little Heaven our world would become.

Eternity! thou mystic and awful silence; in the light of thy revealings, many a heart-buried influence will be brought to view. Men will stand like "wonder-wounded hearers;" amazed, speechless, as they listen to the stories of unburdening hearts. Some with joy unspeakable will hear how an encouraging word, dropped by them and then forgotten, made an immortal life glorious; and others with grief will listen to the sad tale of how some thoughtless, censoring word made an earthly life gloomy and aimless, and a transepulchral existence a long, long misery.

Kind words! They fall upon us like evening dews upon the flower; they refresh us after the heat and dust of the day; they send their stilly whisperings far into the silent dream land, as they hover over us like gentle spirits from the far away; they fling over life a roseate hue and

make the joy flowers spring along our pathway. Kind words! Precious treasures! more beautiful than rarest jewelry.

Scatter these lovely gems, O! fellow-mortal; make your pathway radiant with them; for the more you strew them about the larger will be your supply; you will grow richer and richer till you come to where life's long road ends by the river's bank; then when you have cast them all away and stepped into the stream of Death, many will come with the tenderest love to grasp your hand and say "good bye!" And blessings will sound over the river till they are lost in the angel chorus on the other side.

Oh! it will be sweet in those autumnal days when life's shadows begins to lengthen toward the tomb, to feel that all along the pathway of a life are strewn these gems of kindness which will sparkle long after the body has gone to decay and the spirit is resting in the home of the blessed.

CHARLWORTH.

## THE TARGUM.

HAVING been honored by one of the editors of THE TARGUM with an invitation to contribute an article for the May number, and having promised to do so, I find the day on which I promised to hand it in fast approaching, and the promise still unfulfilled. The first thing necessary in order to prepare an article is to find a subject, and since I have no time to lose I will use the name of our College organ, and attempt to note down a few thoughts, knowing that while it is too hot to admit of deep thought, it is also too hot for deep reading or close criticism. Under ordinary circumstances students, and especially contributors, have a right to criticise whatever appears in our paper. But let our friends always read our productions with the largest charity, and by way of encouragement send us an occasional article to show us how "the thing ought to be done." Remember that many of the pieces you see in the columns of our paper are the first efforts of some student in giving his thoughts or ideas to the public. While you smile at our faults, it is no more than right that you should give us a fair chance. As the title of this article admits of a wide range of thought, we will inform our readers that it is an exceedingly warm evening, and that bugs and other winged animals are about as thick as is pleasant—in fact, a little more so. Now buzzing against the lamp, now diving into the ink, or perhaps two or three settling themselves comfortably—to them—in one's hair, or very dexterously dropping down one's collar. By the time ink, hair and neck are freed from these creatures, one feels like anything but writing for THE TARGUM. We students already begin to complain of hot days and hard lessons, and wonder whether the professor will not think of these weighty considerations and assign shorter lessons. Yet who would forego the pleasures of the opening summer? I say opening summer, because the two extremes of spring appear to me too widely different to be classed under the same name. According to the general acceptation of the term, it means either snow and mud, rainy days and stormy nights, dreary and lifeless fields, with leafless trees through which the whistling wind causes one to shiver at the very sound, or

the scorching sun of the last of May, with green meadows teeming with life in a thousand forms, with trees in full leaf and fragrant with blossoms. But let us take courage, for while poring over stupid lessons is irksome enough, the pleasant evening stroll about town is all the more pleasant; and then vacation will soon be here, when we shall all commence carrying out our long thought-of and talked-of plans for the summer.

VIC.

## HOME.

"GOOD-BYE: going home?" Mockery! So many ask me that. They know I have no home. Have they not been told that other feet now cross the threshold I used to cross? But I forgive him for asking that question. It is so natural to give vent to feeling in such an expression, and while his own soul is filled with the all-absorbing thought of home, he cannot help but ask, "going home?" He little dreams of the feelings aroused within the orphan's breast, of an intense earnestness infusing the whole inner being. He sees no tears—those pattering tears that run off the eaves on our neighbor's grounds, but the trembling hand, the fixed eye, the quivering voice, tell of other tears that have stolen noiselessly through their conduits until they reached the cisterns lying round about the heart. He cannot see the tears that the homeless weep inwardly, with unchanging features. He cannot recognize thoughts which fill a soul that thinks of home—a word finding no echo within the orphan's breast. He does not see those same fountains opened that were so well nigh exhausted in weeping for Father—for Mother—for a home. Now all gone, no more to earth.

Such is a sad parting. Two students bidding each other good-bye on the last day of the College year. One, full of bright hopes and joyous anticipations, going to his own home circle where he shall meet those he loves. Father greets him with the welcome shake of the warm hand. Mother stands ready to give the returning son a kiss, such as a devoted mother only can give. Sisters and brothers, all happy, full of gladness that the absent one has returned. Waiting hearts leap with joy; expected moments are realized, and purest happiness reigns complete.

But where is the other, and whither gone? The cars move rapidly away, bearing his student friend away, where he could not go himself. Anxious in feeling, deep in thought, with saddened heart he returns to the same old room to think—to cry. No home on earth. No joy for me that another will meet as he opens the gate to see his own blessed kin. No pleasures waiting for me that wait for him and have been carefully prepared by loving hands and hearts. No pleasant days, bright, happy days, to spend with the loved ones of a family circle. No; the orphan student finds his home, if home it is, under circumstances far different from these. Has he no comfort? No soul experiences? No higher life? That heart, dear reader, so heavy with earthly trials, so darkened with the clouds that a kind Providence would cast about it, has something indeed which earth cannot take away, something which strengthens in times of greatest weakness, which encourages in times of deepest doubt and despair, reviving the dying grace and making the darkened all filled with joy—a Heavenly Father in an Eternal Home.

PRORSUM.



## FAITH.

Though cold and dreary winter's snows,  
Though storms around our dwellings chime,  
Thou bringest summer and the rose,  
In thy good time.

Though high upon the yielding sand  
The wild waves dash in rage sublime,  
The waters sleep at thy command,  
In thy good time.

And though the night is dark and dread,  
And wretchedness is joined with crime,  
The morning breaketh o'er our head,  
In thy good time.

And if my heart is burdened sore,  
E'en while I sing my simple rhyme,  
I know my joy will come once more,  
In thy good time.

M. L. D.

THE BENEFITS DERIVED FROM  
SLANDER.

A CERTAIN brilliant writer of the day has remarked that nothing seems to succeed in the world now unless it has first been well cursed. There is a kernel of truth here which it may be well for us to pick out. At least it might be applied as an antidote to the splenic disorders that sometimes afflict really deserving youth.

Who has not felt the sting of injustice in the very hour of successful effort? Who, as he reached the fruition of well-earned victory, has not had his pleasure marred by the venom of some irascible malcontent? It seems to be the relief of human nature to backbite a successful rival. Pity that one could not enjoy a little distinction without coming in contact with the effluvia of "sour grapes." But so it is. There always have been soreheads in the world, and it is probable there always will be. Neither are we able to say that the College world is any beautiful exception. In fact, the ambitious student may find in his four years' course here a type of what he may expect hereafter.

The sooner, therefore, he learns how to be cursed without being cowed, the better. If he goes out into the world thoroughly versed in the art of meeting opprobrium gracefully, he has gained a great point. So far, then, from descending on the spirit of envy, we would "turn the tables," and say, let it come. At first it may produce hypochondria, but if the man have stamina and a will that is not easily baffled, he will soon come to regard it as a necessary dose to his moral health. He will learn to gauge the amount of spleen vent upon him as an index of his real importance. Alas! for the man that hears naught but the universal verdict of "good fellow."

The sapling that grows quietly behind the hill is not half so glorious as the oak that stands upon the cliff amid the storms.

So, then, fellow-student, whoever you are, if you can catch an inspiring thought from the dribblings of this pen, *do it*. If you stand questioning the oracle within you that would impel you in some given direction to lead your fellows, *go ahead*. The world is already glutted with common-place, but it always has a market for superior worth. It demands no more than your best efforts in an unrestrained way. The fault

of many educated men to-day, we trow, is too great preciseness. Their productions must not come forth till the edge has been ground, rubbed and polished till it is altogether "too thin" for service, and is admired only as a work of art.

Bring out your latent talent! Give it forth to the world in its genuine simplicity and with all the energy of an earnest soul. But be assured that you will have a host of ill-fated satellites that will "hang fire" upon your skirts. Yet if your course be true, if it be worthy of a man, then you will stop ever and anon amid the dust and smoke of battle to thank your enemies for that vindictive spite which has been to you a continual goad to honor and the instigator of an independent manhood most highly prized.

ORION.

## THEOLOGICAL.

THE chair of Systematic Theology in the Seminary, recently made vacant by the death of the lamented Dr. BERG, has been temporarily occupied by the Rev. Dr. WOODBRIDGE, Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government, who was appointed to fulfil the duties of the department during the year now drawing to a close. In addition to the duties of his own Professorship, Dr. WOODBRIDGE entered upon the arduous task of preparing a system of Theology to meet the wants of the students in the department so unexpectedly thrown upon him. His lectures, which, from the limited time and for the great convenience of the students, have been printed, have appeared from week to week, and when bound in book form make an octavo volume of one hundred and ninety-one pages. The difficult and extended work which he has so successfully accomplished, forms a complete analysis of Systematic Theology. The clearness and conciseness of its definitions, the natural and logical arrangement, and division of its general plan, and difficult subjects, and the vigor of style, and grandeur of expression, that pervade the whole work, enriched as it is by the results of long and careful study of history, and the fruits of ripe scholarship and mature thought, make it at once an invaluable compend to the student of Theology, and a fitting exponent of the Theology of the Reformed Church.

THE NEW-JERSEY MICROSCOPI-  
CAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society, which was organized four years ago by Prof. VAN DYCK and another gentleman of this City, and which now numbers fourteen enthusiastic, working members, held its third public "Conversation" on Tuesday evening, May 7th, in the Chapel of Hertzog Hall. About two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present by invitation. After the exhibition of many curious and interesting microscopical specimens, Prof. VAN DYCK, the President of the Society, made a short address, welcoming the audience to their entertainment, stating the origin and progress of the Society, and making a few remarks upon the development of microscopical science. The occasion was highly interesting and instructive, and the efforts of these gentlemen were greatly appreciated by the audience.

RUTGERS COLLEGE BIBLE  
SOCIETY.

THE anniversary of this Society was held in the College Chapel on Wednesday evening, May 8th. The devotional exercises were conducted by the President of the Society, Mr. HART, of the Theological Seminary, prayer being offered by Prof. DOOLITTLE. The Treasurer reported that he had collected from the faculties and students of the Seminary and College the sum of one hundred and eleven dollars, which is much larger than the contributions of many years past. An address was then delivered by Mr. WM. H. HOFFMAN, of the Senior Class, who set forth the elevating influence of the Bible upon the nations of the earth. He was followed by Mr. J. A. VAN NESTE, also of the Senior Class, whose theme was the influence of the Bible upon the heart and life of man. Mr. ASHER ANDERSON, of the Theological Seminary, then followed in an address in which he pointed out the dangers which threatened not only the Church but also the Government and free institutions of the nation, arising from a corrupt press, the alarming growth of socialism and communism combined in internationalism, and in the perversion of the ballot to the furtherance of the designs of the Romish priesthood. He claimed that our only hope was in spreading abroad the principles of the Word of God.

WE regret to bid good-bye to our graduate and friend, Rev. H. C. BERG. Regretting his departure, we are glad, however, to know that he has been called to the pastorate of the Reformed Church of Rocky Hill. His temporary connection with the interests of the Y. M. C. A. has assured us that wherever his hands find work it will always be marked with an earnest desire to do his Master's will. He has a good field in which to labor, and our prayer is that those talents, with which God has so abundantly blessed him, shall be the means of releasing many souls from the power of sin, to lead them into the purer light of the Gospel of Christ.

THE anniversary of the Society of Inquiry of the Theological Seminary was held on Wednesday evening, April 24th, in the Second Reformed Church. The exercises of the evening were opened by devotional services conducted by Drs. DEWITT and WOODBRIDGE. The Rev. WM. RANKIN DURYEE, of Lafayette, N. J., an alumnus of Rutgers, gave a masterly production upon the subject, "Reflex Influence of Foreign Missions."

BASE BALL.—The first game of the season by the Rutgers Base Ball Club was played on Monday afternoon, May 6th, at Rahway, N. J., with the Franklins of that place. The game was well played, the score being 26 to 37 in favor of Rutgers. Our boys did very well, taking into consideration that they have had but little practice. We hope that they will continue as they have commenced.

It is reported that an absent-minded '72 man, being asked by the Registrar "What will you have?" astonished that gentleman by replying mechanically, "Whatever you take—a gin sour."  
—*Cornell Era*.

## PERSONALIA.

[Contributions for this column are earnestly solicited.]

DIXON, '73, has left College.

PAGE, '73, is teaching school at Little Washington, N. J.

CHARLES T. ELTING, '75, Scientific, has left Rutgers and has entered Union College, N. Y.

LUTHER BARTON, '70, is studying for the ministry in the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. City.

C. K. JONES, '70, has changed his residence from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Orient, Suffolk Co., L. I.

G. R. GARRETSON, '70, we understand, will sail for Europe shortly. We wish him a pleasant voyage and a safe return.

AARON BENSON, '71, who was compelled to leave College on account of weak eyes during his senior year, is now in the Theological Seminary.

GEO. S. WILLITS, '73, who left College at the end of the first term, Junior, is at present engaged in mastering phonography, preparatory to becoming a professional reporter.

## COLLEGE DOTS.

BUT little interest is manifested in our literary societies.

WHY is it that so little interest is taken in boating matters?

THE onions in the campus are flourishing. They seem to glory in their strength.

THE Trustees of Cornell University have concluded to admit women.

EACH member of the Senior Class has received a catalogue of the Columbia Law School.

THE *College Herald* comes to us enlarged by four pages. It is in a prosperous condition.

WHERE is the Japanese Embassy which was to visit New-Brunswick? And the echo answers—where.

A MEMBER of '75 recently entered the confectionery on Church-street and inquired for *corn-colored cakes*.

THE Seniors leave on Tuesday, May 21st. They will be absent until the Sunday before Commencement.

A FEW days ago we heard a man professing to be a scholar exclaim: "I do love to read the *New Testament* in the original *Hebrew*."

WANTED—To know whether the Junior who took two strange ladies through the College buildings has ascertained their names yet?

A FEW days ago Dr. COOK came near having a serious accident. He was thrown out of his carriage but fortunately escaped with only a few bruises.

"WHAT music shall I have?" is a question much asked by those who are to figure at Commencement and Junior Exhibition. Shall we have DODSWORTH or GRAFFULA?

THE august authorities of Raritan Bay Seminary have returned THE TARGUM without even condescending to open it. Do they mean war, or has this ancient institution given up the ghost?

A FRESHMAN entered Cornell's and wanted an eighth of a pound of candy. He was told that they did not sell so small an amount. "Well, then," said the philosopher, "give me half a quarter!"

THE *Yale Courant* is of the opinion that every College which is large enough should support two periodicals, one to give the College news and the other to be devoted to the expression of the literary spirit of the institution. We entirely agree with it.

THE following appointments have been made for Junior Orators:—ROBERT ADRAIN, FREDERICK E. ALLEN, JOSEPH W. SUTPHEN, GEO. S. KNICKERBOCKER, J. DEWITT PELTZ, ALFRED D. MINOR, S. OAKLEY VANDERPOEL, Jr., HENRY D'ERESBY WESTON.

MR. A, in Scott's photograph gallery, sees a picture of a pretty young lady and purchases it. On his way homeward he meets his classmate B. to whom he shows his prize. Mr. B. immediately recognizes it as the picture of his landlady's *servant girl, Bridget*. The feelings of Mr. A. can better be imagined than described.

DELTA UPSILON CONVENTION.—The thirty-eighth annual Convention of Delta Upsilon Fraternity will be held at Western Reserve Chapter, Hudson, O., on the 15th, 16th and 17th of May. The oration will be delivered by Prof. R. B. WELCH, D. D., of Union College, and the poem by Rev. F. U. LOVE, of New-York. Rutgers Chapter will be represented by C. ROCKEFELLER, '73.

MRS. PARKS, of New-York City, has opened a fashionable seminary for young ladies on the property of the late widow Kirkpatrick. We understand that she has some thirty scholars. When the warm weather comes she can turn them out to grass, as there is a large lawn surrounding the house. Stampedes may be expected; we therefore advise all students to provide themselves with lassos, whereby they can render efficient service on these occasions.

A MAN out West owned a horse which had a bad habit of occasionally sitting down on its haunches, like a cat, while under the saddle. One day this man was riding this horse along the road, when he met with another man, also mounted and traveling in the same direction. Falling into conversation with the stranger he soon ascertained from his talk about dogs, guns and game, that he was a sportsman. The two men rode side by side until they came to a narrow bridle-path through the woods. This they both entered, but the man with the eccentric horse took the lead. He had followed the path but a short distance when he beheld, far ahead among the trees, the form of a deer. Just then his nag very coolly sat down. A brilliant idea struck him; turning to the approaching sportsman, he told him that the singular attitude of his horse indicated the presence of game, like the

pointing of a dog, that there must be game ahead, probably deer. The sportsman advanced, when lo! a splendid buck leaped across the path and bounded swiftly away. This greatly excited our sporting friend, and he became very much interested in the sitting horse. Being assured by its owner that pointing game was one of its regular accomplishments, he eagerly offered his own horse, although a much finer looking animal, in exchange for it. The offer was accepted without much hesitation, and the trade immediately effected. The ride was then resumed. All went well until a small stream was reached. While fording this the sportsman's newly-acquired beast seated itself in the water, a proceeding not at all comfortable to the rider. The latter began violently to express his astonishment and indignation, but the former owner of the accomplished steed calmly remarked: "Why, that's nothing surprising. He points fish just as well as any other game."—*Ex.*

## OUR TELESCOPE.

"GOD made us men," was inscribed upon a wagon filled with women at the Fifteenth Amendment jubilee in Louisville.—*Reporter*.

A JUNIOR told the professor, the other day, that the nodes of a planet's orbit *retrograde forward*.—*Ex.*

THE Yale College Choir expects to sing at Gilmore's Jubilee.—*Ex.*

Does that of Rutgers?

A NANTUCKET storekeeper advertises for sale, "Quart bowls of all sorts and sizes; ninepence apiece, and various prices."—*Ex.*

A WESTERN lawyer included in his bill against his client—"To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, five dollars."—*Ex.*

AN Irish paper concludes a biography on Robespierre with the following sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children except his brother, who was killed at the same time."—*Ex.*

"How is your husband, dear?" asked one lady of another. "O, he is in a very bad state," was the reply. "And pray what kind of a state is he in?" persisted the other. "In State Prison."—*N. Y. Citizen*.

A GENTLEMAN lately entered a shop in which were books and various miscellaneous articles for sale, and asked the shopman if he had Goldsmith's Greece. "No," said he, "but we have some splendid hair-oil."—*Ex.*

AN Arkansas landlord thus profanely advertises his hotel in the local papers: "And Joseph wept aloud, and he said unto his brethren, 'I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?' And his brethren answered him, 'You bet; the old man is doing bully, for he boards at the Cosmopolitan.'"—*Reporter*.

A '72 MAN, we are tempted to give his name, reading at the top of a poster the sentence "Honi soit qui mal y pense," turned to his walking companion and inquired "what is the meaning of that sentence?" To the somewhat surprised look of the Junior he ventured the explanation "I'm getting rusty in Latin."—*Era*.