

THE TARGUM.

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"Sol Justitiæ et Occidentem Illustra."

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ET NUNC TENEBRAE.

As the night comes down with its shadows dim,
And the stars appear with their voiceless hymn,
As quivering, flickering, to and fro,
The trees' faint shadows come and go,
While goblin faces peer and crane
In through the half-seen window pane,
Alone in the darkness—alone am I—
Save the tender light of the days gone by.

What though the darkness round me fold,
And the night seem dreary, and dark, and cold?
What though the darkness seem to me
As black as the Stygian shadows be?
One touch of Memory's magic wand,
And I cease to think of the days beyond;
For tinged with light the shadows lie,
With the golden light of the days gone by.

Gone by forever! Forever past!
Though the soul's unrest find rest at last
In the land of rest—the land of peace,
The land where shadows forever cease:
The land where the light shall shimmer o'er
The soul, till the soul shall ask no more;
E'en there, methinks, the soul must sigh,
Sometimes, for the light of the days gone by.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

DURING the first quarter of the present century there shone in the literary horizon two men whose lives, both public and private, exhibit much similarity. These were Byron and Shelley.

Both men of congenial taste and a high order of intellect, though alike abusing the talents confided to them; both unhappy in domestic relations and hostile to society; both voluntary exiles, seeking happiness, which could not be found at home, in foreign climes; both atheistical as regards their religious sentiments; both deserving censure and applause; and, finally, both dying in the prime of life, in distant lands; show how nearly their tastes, dispositions and lives accorded.

But it is not the object of this article to trace out the analogy between the lives of the two poets; it but modestly aims to make a few remarks upon the writings and genius of Shelley. If the subject of our sketch has never enjoyed the popularity of Lord Byron, it is not that his writings are either wanting in beauty or poetic fire. Much that he wrote is unsurpassed by any modern poet. Possibly his works would have been more popular as well as more intelligible had not his Muse at times soared so high. His flights of imagination are so lofty, that it is not unfrequent for him to overshadow the main idea in the poem by allowing his fancy too wide a range. Thus in *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* such is the general obscurity, though there are many exquisite passages, that the reader's idea of the drift of the poem is so vague, the effect is marred and unpleasant. In the drama of *Prometheus Unbound* there is even more vagueness, but the tragedy of *The Cenci* is portrayed with great

vividness. The interest throughout is maintained, and though painful is yet intense.

The crime of the unfortunate Beatrice, whose beauty was the subject of Guido's pencil, forms the basis of the play. Count Cenci is delineated as one of the most depraved of humanity. He plots and earnestly prays for the death of his two sons. For Beatrice, his daughter, he entertains an incestuous passion, and she, driven to despair, conspires with her mother, brother and a Cardinal to effect his death. The deed is accomplished by two assassins, who smother the old man, and then throw him from a window that a fall may be supposed as the occasion of his death. The murder is scarcely completed when officers and guards enter the palace to arrest the Count upon heavy charges. It is discovered, and all the inmates of the palace apprehended. The crime is denied, and the suspected parties put to torture. Its commission is then admitted, and although earnest intercessions are made with the Pope for the life of Beatrice, she is executed with the others.

The sympathy for her misfortunes is so enlisted, that the crime of parricide seems almost justifiable, and the execution of death upon one so beautiful most culpable. The selection of this celebrated crime may have been unhappy for stage representation, but it had the impress of a master spirit.

Adonais is an elegy on the death of Keats, and every stanza is replete with feeling and thought, while the whole is clothed in a veil of true poetry.

Alaster, or the Spirit of Solitude, abounds in descriptions of wonderful variety and beauty. It represents a youth, whose imagination leads him forth to the contemplation of the universe. His thirst for knowledge is, at first, insatiate. The sublimity of nature is embodied in all his conceptions. But soon his mind becomes sated and he longs for a kindred spirit. The whole poem seems to be but an expression of the poet's own feelings and aspirations. *The Sensitive Plant* is a poem of great beauty, but so mysteriously obscure that all the reader's efforts fail to unveil the hidden meaning which lies buried beneath the most fanciful imagery.

Among Shelley's lyrical poems are some of inimitable grace. The address *To the Skylark*, ending

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now,"

furnishes an example, as well as *The Cloud* and *Marianne's Dream*.

Shelley's power of description is wonderful. He rivals the best artist in portraying scenery. His pen was like the chisel of Michael Angelo: a few strokes of either accomplished miraculous re-

sults. Some poets use many words, some sculptors many blows, and effect but little; but with these men neither words nor blows were wasted. The poets' mind was imaginative. Beings of almost celestial beauty and grace, ethereal images, and creations of exquisite loveliness float like indistinct visions before the eye of the reader.

The great defect in his writings seems to lie in their want of intelligibility.

Why Shelley has never enjoyed a greater degree of popularity is strange. If his views were adverse to those generally held by mankind, they were his own, and should have no influence upon a just criticism of his works.

When we consider the shortness of his life, and how much that life accomplished, we cannot but marvel at the greatness of his genius, and regret the accident which caused his untimely end.

Returning from Leghorn in a yacht, he was suddenly caught in a gale, and perished in the gulf of Spezzia. After a painful suspense to his friends, of eight days, the remains were washed ashore, burnt in classical style by Byron and Hunt, and the ashes then deposited in the Protestant Cemetery, at Rome, near those of Keats.

His works are a monument to his name, which time is not likely to deface.

SINE NOMINE.

THE PRINTER.

READERS, have you ever given a thought to what kind of a being the printer is? Take our word for it, he is the most curious as well as paradoxical being one could imagine. You may wonder how this could be, since a printer presents nothing to you which is anomalous. We will endeavor to prove what we have stated. Every printer has not only *coins*, but also a *bank*, exclusively for himself. Yet, notwithstanding this, he may not have even a cent, and may be in debt for the clothes he wears, and the house in which he lives. He may have any quantity of *small caps*, yet he may be an old bachelor, has never thought of matrimony, and may have no children whose heads will be sheltered by said *caps*; many persons might get over a great deal of ground by running fast, but he makes more progress by *setting* fast; he may forever be *correcting* his errors, and yet may be getting worse and worse every day; he not only sees *stars* but handles *stars*, in which case his arms must have been as long as those of the young lady who was in the habit of turning the hands of the town clock. He makes use of *shooting irons* both boldly and skillfully, and yet could not be convicted of murder, because he has never had a revolver in his hand. He uses a *dagger* as a practical means of argument, and yet may have never unsheathed a two-edged weapon in his whole life. He may be fond of *rolling*, yet he has never used this as a means of travelling, preferring a *Pulman* palace

car. He has a *sheep's foot*, but both his feet are human, a sure evidence that he is no descendant of Pan. He often has his *form locked up*, yet his eyes have never gazed upon the gilded ceilings of the Tombs or Sing Sing Prison. *Embraces* are his fondest delight, yet neither old nor young maid has ever put her arms round about him. He is able to move the *lever* which moves the world, yet like Archimedes is at a loss where to station it, and could no more move the world than the Commissioners of New-Brunswick can keep the streets clean. He is constantly in need of *lye*, yet like Washington, never made use of a lie, whose father planted quite a number of cherry-trees, just to test George's veracity. He may be making *impressions* on the learned minds of the people at large, yet be unable to say the alphabet backwards. No person can *stand* and *set* at the same time, he can *set standing*; is compelled to make use of *furniture*, having no dwelling which he must furnish. *Pi* in front of him, *pi* behind him, and *pi* on either side of him, and yet for the want of *pie*, would be a candidate for the poor house. He is a *rat*, and can be at the same time a man, the pest of rats, and a *rat* the pest of man. He *presses* a great deal, and may never win a fair lady, because his suit is pressed too gently. Being completely enveloped in *sheets*, could not tell the difference between a sheet and a quilt, and perhaps has slept on the floor all his life; he may lay his *form* on a bed, and yet become tired for the want of something on which to recline his form. He has tugged and worked at many a *case*, and yet is entirely ignorant of the labor either of doctors or lawyers. In his office is a little *hell*, yet it may serve as a place for divine worship; a *devil* incarnate is ever present, but the Devil never frequented his office, and he, notwithstanding all that has been said about him, *stands up* ever faithful to duty. Ho—Co—.

INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

THERE is a vast amount of it nowadays; men are intoxicated with temperance. Ask the modern teetotaler what he means by temperance, and he will tell you it is to "touch not, taste not, handle not, whatever will intoxicate." On the platform he will tell you that it is a sin to touch this "deadly poison," etc. (We need not mention any etceteras, they are so well known, so common place.)

The teetotaler tells you that the brewer and the distiller are children of the devil; cruel, hardened, heartless men, who live on the tears and groans of widows and orphans. He tells you that in the pledge and the society there is safety, but nowhere else; he teaches that temperance, (total abstinence from wines and liquors), is the foundation of religion, and of everything else good and worthy. And we say, in all this the advocate of teetotalism is an intemperate man.

We believe in temperance thoroughly and entirely. But what is temperance? Webster says: "Moderation, restrained or moderate indulgence, etc."

The good book says: "Be ye temperate in all things." If a man eat to gluttony, or smoke to excess, or keep late hours, or indulge his passions unrestrained, that man is intemperate, even though he touch not a drop of intoxicating liquor. And he who, on the platform, in the newspaper,

or in conversation, uses violent language, lets his tongue run away with his judgment, is as much an intemperate man as he who lets alcohol run away with his judgment.

They tell us that brewers and liquor dealers are little less than devils. These be wise men forsooth, but are they wiser than Jesus Christ? He *made wine and drank wine*, so that men called Him a "wine bibber." O, ye wise self-styled temperance men, pull out that beam from your eye, and then you can see to pull the mote out of the liquor dealer's eye.

The great vice of modern teetotalism is, that it is thrusting itself into the place of the Church. We have heard a lecturer elaborate a story of a young man, who was ruined by drinking wine at the communion table—inference drawn by the unthoughtful, "do not join the Church, but join the temperance society." We know of one who came near to the borders of the grave. A good man went to her, and strove to lead her to the Saviour of sinners, but all in vain; she belonged to a temperance society, and trusted to that for salvation. To speak of a person led to ruin by tasting wine at the Lord's table, before a promiscuous assembly, is infamous and blasphemous. There are, no doubt, cases in which men have been even so weak as that, but they are very rare exceptions. When Christian men sanction such work as this, what wonder that the worldly looking on, are led to believe that teetotalism is better and safer than Christianity? What wonder that one could resist the offers of a Saviour's love and mercy, and trust for her salvation to a temperance society, having been thus educated?

As long as the temperance cause is carried on by intemperate men, just so long drunkenness and crime will increase. Is it not time that men of sound judgment and cool reason take this matter in hand, and in a common sense way go to work to stop the ravages of this terrible evil? As an example of sound views on the temperance question, we quote a paragraph from Dr. Phillip Schaff, of Union Theological Seminary, one of the ripest scholars and deepest thinkers of the age. In his late edition of Lange's Commentary on the Gospel of John, he affirms that "to lay down the principle that the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is a sin *per se*, is to condemn the greater part of Christendom, to contradict the Bible, and to impeach Christ himself, who drank wine (He was slanderously called a wine bibber), who made wine by a miracle, who instituted the communion under the symbols of bread and wine, and commands us to commemorate the shedding of His blood by drinking of the fruit of the vine until we shall drink it anew with Him in His Father's Kingdom. There can be no higher and safer rule than the command and example of our Saviour; while on the other hand every principle of morals, or rule of conduct which reflects on Him *must* be unsound and mischievous."—John, chapter ii, 1, 11; Lange's John, note by P. S., p. 111.

We also refer the reader to the Princeton Review, (Jan. 1872), p. 93, to an article by Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, D. D., of Princeton, in reply to Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D., of Philadelphia, and to a sermon preached by Rev. Joseph T. Dur-yea, D. D., of Brooklyn, some time since, on "The Moral Grounds of Aetie Practices."

CHARLEWORTH.

THE SEMI-OCCASIONAL HEARD FROM AGAIN.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL—CONTINUED.

Do you remember, my dear Ed., the sleepless nights that preceded your first Freshman examination, and how many cans of that famous midnight oil, which one reads about, were squandered? Ditto your humble servant *et al.*, during the last days of their course at the Law School, about to pass their first and last examination and, Atherton-like, to sit on the front bench, unknown, unwept and—Targumless! Then, with our second diplomas under our arms, adieu to Columbia and *viva la shingle*—John Smith & Co., Attorneys and Counselors at Law!!

Two years ago, the Fall of '71, three of Rutgers graduates entered the famous Law School of this country, and to-day, the Spring of '73, are about to be dubbed LL. B.'s. During that time they have listened to the lectures of the lamented and illustrious Lieber, have laughed at the jokes and appreciated the medical jurisprudence of Dr. John Ordronaux, and have been *instructed* by the learned, jovial and popular Dr. Theodore W. Dwight. Of course everybody has heard of Dr. Dwight, the warden of the Law School and Professor of Municipal Law, who seems, like Dr. Murray, to be a born-teacher. As a lawyer he is at the head of the New-York Bar, and as an instructor he is universally beloved; each graduating class wishing their honored Professor a long and happy life.

The School at the close of the present collegiate year will have had nine hundred and fifty alumni, it having been founded in 1860. The present Senior Class is composed of 162 members among whom are Messrs. D. W. Harkness, of '65, Rutgers, and E. B. Williamson and Joseph Fischer, of '71. The Junior Class has 209 students, to whom belong Tunis G. Bergen, Jr., '67, who is a "civil lawyer," having studied at the University of Berlin and received his Ph. D. at that of Heidelberg; P. L. Vanderveer, a former classmate of his; John H. Leupp, of '70, and also a New-Brunswicker; John Miller and R. C. Oakley, of '71; H. S. Rokenbaugh, of '72; and G. W. Van Horne, of '74. Thus it will be seen that there are present at the School three hundred and seventy-one students, of whom ten are Rutgersites. In all there are one hundred and seventy-two graduates here, representing forty-four Colleges. Of these Yale has the largest quota, thirty-eight; Princeton has seven; Cambridge, Eng., has two; Harvard has fifteen; and the University of Havana, Cuba, has one; Heidelberg, Germany, has two; and the University of Jena has one—in fact, A. B.'s, B. A.'s, A. M.'s, B. S.'s Ph. D.'s, and even one LL. D., are congregated at Columbia, and we hope that the lawyers of '74 will remember this celebrated School.

OUR Janitor has commenced operations in the Campus. He assures us that it will present a beautiful and inviting appearance next Commencement. We can justly congratulate ourselves upon having as fine a Campus as any College in the country.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ALUMNI.

[IN LIEU OF PERSONALIAS.]

THE LAW

Is the favorite bait at which most of our A. B.'s nibble, and, as a general rule, are caught; or as the poet has it:

"Forth to the world old Rutgers' children go
To run the race of life—some fast, some slow;
All arts, all trades, from her disciples draw,
But most her scholars win their crowns at law."

But as we never could see the "why" of going to the "philosophy of the thing," as Dr. Cook used to say, the present Targumiad will belong more to the concrete than the abstract; and though graduates, unlike chickens, don't often come home to roost, it will be both our duty and pleasure first to protect home industry.

Hon. GARNET B. ADRAIN is one of the oldest and most successful of the attorneys of Middlesex. He graduated in 1833, was member of Congress from 1856 to '60, and is, as a whole, an independent politician. Among his classmates were Hon. JAMES R. HARDENBERGH, Surveyor General of California, lately a visitor at New-Brunswick; also Hon. ROBERT H. PRUYN, LL. D., of Albany, ex-Member of Congress, ex-Minister to Japan, and Trustee of the College; and Rev. Dr. WILLIAM REILEY, of Holmdel, N. J., the father of Prof. REILEY.

Then comes JOHN C. ELMENDORF, A. M., of the class of '34, and also one of the legal landmarks of this City. He is the Treasurer of the College. The class that was graduated two years later contained many of the prominent men of to-day. Justice JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, LL. D., of the U. S. Supreme Court, Hon. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, LL. D., U. S. Senator, both of whom are Trustees, Hon. COURTLANDT PARKER, LL. D., the recognized head of the Jersey Bar, and ex-Gov. WILLIAM A. NEWELL—all having been more or less New-Brunswickers.

EDWARD S. VAIL, A. M., and WARREN HARDENBERGH, A. M., belonging to the classes of '39 and '44 respectively, constitute a New-York law firm. Both have become honored citizens of this City—the latter being somewhat of a politician and a classmate with HENRY L. JANEWAY, A. M., a New-Brunswick merchant, and Rev. Dr. R. H. STEELE, pastor of the First Reformed Church.

GEORGE C. LUDLOW, A. M., one of the leading lawyers of this City, graduated in 1850. Associated with him were Hon. R. L. LARREMORE, LL. D., one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas of the City and County of New-York; and Rev. Dr. JOACHIM ELMENDORF, Trustee, and a popular divine of Albany, N. Y. Three years before Major-Gen. GEORGE H. SHARPE, late U. S. Marshal and at present Surveyor General of New-York, made his Commencement bow; and two years after the latter, Dr. HENRY R. BALDWIN, A. M., the leading New-Brunswick physician, and P. VANDERBILT SPADER, Esq., of this City, carried off their diplomas.

Ex-County Clerk J. ELMER STOUT, predecessor of Hon. C. S. HILL, together with Rev. ROB-

ERT R. PROUDFIT, Chaplain U. S. Army, were members of '54. The former will soon recommence the practice of law in Middlesex County.

Col. DANIEL R. BOICE, who has quite a history as a soldier and diplomat, received his A. B. two years later, and sometime afterward LL. B. from the Albany Law School, and is now practicing his profession at this place. In the same class was Rev. ALEXANDER McKELVEY, of Greenpoint, L. I., who preceded, in the Rectorship of the Grammar School and by one class in graduation, the ever popular Professor of Latin Language and Literature, Rev. D. T. REILEY.

Another New-Brunswick lawyer, ANDREW K. COGSWELL, a soldier in the Union Army in 1861, was a '59 man. Among his classmates were Hon. JONATHAN DIXON, Jr., City Counselor of Jersey City, as well as one of the legal lights of New-Jersey; Rev. Dr. T. S. DOOLITTLE, whose reputation as a minister and Professor of Rhetoric, Logic and Metaphysics, extends beyond this State; and also Col. JACOB J. JANEWAY, Lieut.-Colonel in 1862-5, and at present Superintendent of the New-Brunswick Paper Factory.

Hon. C. T. COWENHOVEN, A. M., Presiding Judge of the Middlesex Court of Common Pleas, with Prof. JOHN C. SMOCK, Assistant State Geologist, belonged to '62, the largest class ever graduated from Rutgers; and two years later WILLIAM H. LEUPP, A. M., left Rutgers. Chancellor HOWARD CROSBY, of New-York University, was at this time Professor of Greek.

Sixty-five sent forth Professors I. E. HASBROUCK and FRANCIS C. VAN DYKE; and also D. W. HARKNESS, of Jersey City, the first Scientific, who, together with Messrs. E. B. WILLIAMSON and J. FISCHER, of '71, will graduate from that excellent institution, Columbia College Law School, on May 14th, and become full-fledged New-York Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Sixty-six was also quite a local class—the lawyers, Surrogate WILLIAM REILEY, Jr., A. M., and JAMES NEILSON, A. M., and JOHN BAYARD KIRKPATRICK; and also the New-Brunswick carpet baggers, JOHN C. CARPENDER, A. M., a New-York broker, FLORIAN W. GORDON, A. M., connected with the Dime Savings Bank of Perth-Amboy, and Rev. HERMAN C. BERG.

To Sixty-seven belong the ex-New-Brunswickers—T. G. BERGEN, A. M., Ph. D., of Brooklyn, and P. L. VANDERVEER, A. M., of New-York City, both, at present, members of the Class of '74, Columbia Law School; and also CORNELIUS L. SEE, A. M., a Jersey City lawyer, who, in connection with a fair former New-Brunswickeress, lately embarked on the sea of matrimony (which expression we have seen somewhere before).

Everybody remembers the A. M.'s of sixty-eight, especially FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN, a Newark lawyer; and VAN RENNELAER WESTON, who seems to be playing the role of a Raritan Cincinnatus, rustivating at his villa during the Summer and drinking in legal lore at the "City" in the Winter. The brother of the latter, J. C. WESTON, '70, has unbuckled his classical armor and become a Civil Engineer in the office of City Surveyor T. N. DOUGHTY. ALEX. J.

SWIFT was a New-Brunswicker and Sixty-eight and is also a Civil Engineer in the West, having graduated first in the Class of '71 at the Troy Polytechnic. Sixty-eight was the class that started the so-called "yearly TARGUM," the predecessor of the present periodical—both Messrs. WESTON and SWIFT having swung the editorial quill. This class also had the first regularly organized Scientific Department, composed of seven students, among whom were Prof. A. E. BOWSER, of Rutgers; GEORGE HOWELL and F. W. VANDERVEER, Civil Engineers, both of whom may at present be found in the Pennsylvania Railroad office at Jersey City; and WM. E. KELLY, the proprietor of the National Iron Works of this City.

Only six of the sixteen A. M.'s of Sixty-nine are legal gents, and one of them, M. B. VAIL, a graduate of Columbia Law School and resident of New-Brunswick, has become a heathen Chinese on a small scale; in other words, a New-York tea merchant. E. B. JOHNSON, who received his A. B. from Williams College, and EDGAR BERGEN, are New-York attorneys; while JOHN T. VAN CLEEF, the excellent Master's Orator of last year, will in May next become senior member of the Jersey City law firm of Van Cleef and Van Horn. The latter is of Seventy fame and the inimitable "Don" of TARGUM renown. Most of Seventy's boys are yet embryos, with the exception of L. L. KELLOGG, a partner of Judge ENCOTT, New-York City; and WILLET DENIKE, Jr., who has taken quite a rapid hop, skip and jump up the ladder of fame, having been recently appointed Assistant U. S. District Attorney. His advancement gives great satisfaction to his friends and former classmates, who remember him as the orator of the class, and also to his superiors in office. He has charge of the criminal calendar of the District Attorney's office, and is bringing his accustomed energy to bear in "prosecuting," as may be judged from the fact that his life was lately threatened by one of the offended. The poet says:

"And he has prospered; is in great repute,
And 'mong the learned in law doth prosecute—
We greet him kindly and say Webster-like:
'Your fame won't stop here, Will it, Denike!'"

SINCE our last issue we have received "*The New Japan Primer*, Number One," and "*The New Japan Pictorial Primer*;" both of these being "Introductory to the New Japanese Readers;" all of which are edited by WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS, '69, "Professor of Chemistry and Physics in the *Mom bu nan ko tokeio*." There are three readers: first, second and third. He is also the author of *The New Japan Spelling Book*; *Universal History*; and *Letter Writer*. Most of these books have been published, and are now generally used throughout the Empire. It would be impossible to find a person better able to produce an efficient rudimentary system for instructing the English language to our Japanese friends than Prof. GRIFFIS, who, we know, in these little volumes begins at the very roots and, by working gradually and systematically upward, will at last unfold to the minds of his readers and pupils the beauties, and satisfactorily solve the perplexing enigmas of our language.

THE TARGUM.

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EDITORS:

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GEO. D. LYDECKER, '74, }

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

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be addressed to the Editors of THE TARGUM, New-Brunswick,
N. J.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

At the risk of touching upon a vein of thought
that is somewhat hackneyed in Rutgers, we venture
a few suggestions relative to College Journalism.
We have a right to speak. We take up
our pen, proudly conscious of the freedom of the
press, and in the hope of dropping a truth or two
that may bear consideration. We can hardly
expect to carry our readers *en masse* up to any
new point of literary interest, but if we can only
set some one to thinking, we shall be more abundantly
satisfied than if our sentiments are universally approved.

An experience of College life has gone far to
form some opinions concerning the matter in
hand, which, if to wiser heads may appear crude,
are nevertheless the fruit of honest conviction.
What should be the character of a College paper,
and how is that character to be obtained, are
questions of interest to friends of learning in general,
and to the students of Rutgers College in particular.
We have reference in this last remark to the ambitious fellows about us who have
not yet swapped their brains for the mere voluptuary's
sociality, who are looking and working for the days to
come when the pen in their hands may be a power to
burn like caustic, or to soothe the heart with the
mellowing influence of grace. With the sympathy of
such, we attempt a half dozen practical answers to the
questions before us.

A College paper, we conceive, should be emphatically
the organ of the students of the Institution. By this we
mean it should not purport to be written by the students
when a good share of its literary material is directly from
the pens of the Faculty. It is a lamentable fact in the
history of our own journal that the expedient above
inferred has had to be resorted to, to an extent we
hardly care to mention, in order to fill these columns.
These favors the students have not, perhaps, recognized
on the part of Professors, who with more arduous duties,
have not been unwilling to render assistance, though we
know, in some cases at least, it has been decidedly

against their notion as to how the paper should be
conducted. This failure on the part of students to make
their College paper their own especial organ is not a fault
peculiar to Rutgers. Some of our exchanges breathe the
same complaint. Now how is this to be accounted for, and
how is it to be remedied? We are not in a mood to say
harsh things on this subject, and would not if we were, for
we candidly believe there is no warrant for it. This neglect,
so far as we have been able to judge, is not criminal. It is
mere thoughtlessness on the part of some; with others it is
a foolish distrust of their own abilities; with still others,
(and these we count out), it is downright laziness.

Now a word to these several classes. Thoughtlessness,
on the part of you men of ability, is depriving some of
our College journals of a much needed commodity. *Make it a point*,
gentlemen, that your College paper shall have the benefit
of your services at least once a term. That Dr. Cuyler,
of Brooklyn, should for twenty-five years have contributed
at least one article a week for the press was because he
made it a point to do so.

Again, to our modest friends who would be startled
to see themselves in print, we invite your co-operation in
the use of the ink bottle. Some sensitive Hawthorne or
inimitable "Don," may be lurking among your crowd.
We cannot afford to spare him. Put away that blushing
cheek and remember what the prophet said in '69, that
"next to gold is brass." But to the lazy men we have
only a word to say. Friends, wake up while we say it!
If in the dim, ethereal future, the time shall ever come
when the humors of the body shall so commingle as to
produce for a few moments that exquisite feeling called a
mood, then, oh then, if you can seize the pen and dis-
pense for us a few rare strokes of genius, *do it*—till
that time we will let you snore.

But now, granting that the *esprit de corps* of the
College should be enlisted in this matter, what would be
the result? Why, plainly the Editors would not be obliged
to accept every article as a matter of course. The paper
would represent the best talent of the Institution as it
ought. To find a place in its columns would guarantee to
a writer some comparative distinction aside from that
which follows from the intrinsic merits of his production.
Thus it might become an incentive to the literary tyro
if he failed to get a hearing at once, to try again.

In reference to the matter of the paper, we may be
allowed a further remark. We have often met a would-be
contributor who was nonplused for a topic. To get into
this strait generally results in one of two things: either a
complete failure to do anything, or else a spasmodic attempt
at some lofty theme that is not at all well defined in
the writer's mind when he begins, and much less so when
he finishes. Now there are topics enough (and those of a
terrestrial nature) to the man who will give a little
attention to the matter, and keep his eyes open.

We deem it one of the functions of a College journal
to look out for the interests of the Institution of which
it is the organ. To do this, it should point out its
defects as they refer to the course of study, government,
or external affairs of the premises, and all this from the
student's point of view. This would have a tendency to

keep the Institution apace with modern improvements,
and prevent it from falling into that state of fixedness
to which it is liable. There are subjects enough of this
nature that would bear ventilation. We would be glad,
for instance, to see some discussion through these
columns concerning the Literary Societies of Rutgers.
It is evident to those who know anything about the
matter, that there is room here for improvement. It
might enlist the attention of other Colleges who are
experiencing similar difficulties. At least, we know of
no better way to institute a reform than to agitate the
question through the College press. Let some one who
has had experience in Peitho or Philo and who knows the
facts of the case, propose a plan of government that might
in a better measure carry out the ends for which the
Societies were founded.

We have mentioned this as a subject that might be made
replete with interest to the readers of THE TARGUM,
and, speaking generally, such topics are far more capable
of being handled than are those which College students are
too apt to select. If we were giving advice, and did not
think we needed it ourselves, we would say, beware of
vagueness. People read the daily newspapers because
they have the glow and sparkle of common sense, and
talk about matters of interest to mankind in a direct
and pertinent way. There is not much waste of words.
Let the writers of THE TARGUM take warning and save
the metaphors.

Another function of a College journal, and one that
should not be overlooked, is of a social character. A
live sheet cannot fail to bind more closely together the
various interests of an Institution, which are alike
subservient to its welfare. Who can estimate the social
tendencies of the daily newspaper which gives to our
citizens every morning an epitome of the doings of their
neighbors in all quarters of the globe? This cosmopolitan
feeling which manifests itself on the part of the people
in their eager desire to know the news of the world has
been for the most part inspired by the work of the press.
Transferring the analogy to the College, why should
not the students' organ have a similar effect in uniting
their interests, and the interests of the College? Yea,
more, we would not call him a true student in the noblest
sense of the term, who did not manifest a share of interest
in every department of his Alma Mater. No more so than
we would call him a good citizen who was interested only
in his own immediate affairs. That is a narrow view of
duty when a Collegian thinks because he has fulfilled the
requirements of the curriculum, he has fully served in
his capacity as a student. And yet this is apt to be the
case unless he is frequently reminded that the College is
a community in itself, and as a constituent member of
it, he is morally bound to labor for the welfare of the
whole. This feeling a College journal is calculated to
inspire. By it we are taught to be interested in what
is going on in the minds of our fellows, what their
desires, their experiences and their tendencies, together
with the various workings of the Institution in all its
departments.

It is to be hoped that the good work which we
believe THE TARGUM has already done for Rutgers,
is not to wane. It was founded in a revival

of literary interest, created, more especially, by one earnest leader who was not in the habit of being daunted in any enterprise he undertook. His facile pen was ever busy in its behalf whilst he was here among us, and still from the city of the Tycoon, as often as opportunity will permit, does he remember his mental offspring at Rutgers.

Thought and expression are the wedded forces that move the world. Fellow students! you in whose hearts there is a passion to persuade men and make them do your bidding, do not wait till you get out in the world. Begin now. Write! Think! and thus be fitted to wield a more powerful influence, while at the same time you leave a few foot-prints behind you.

EDITORS' NOTES.

THE question of consolidating the Libraries of the Literary Societies with the College Library, which is just now eliciting some attention, is a matter of importance, and should be well considered before action is taken. There is no doubt but that such a consolidation would contribute materially to the Literary advantages of the College proper. It rests with the Societies to determine whether such advantage would more than offset the detriment that might follow upon their organizations. It strikes us that the change is desirable.

THE following invitation card, handed us a few days since, will show the hilarious character of Rutgers graduates 40 years ago:

RUTGERS COLLEGE.

—1832—

The Class of Graduates request the honor of — Company at the Annual Commencement Ball on Wednesday evening, the 18th of July.

EDWARD BRINKERHOFF, }
WILLIAM FISHER, } *Man'gers.* { EDWARD PATERSON,
I. C. AUGUS. MANNING, } { I. STUART PATERSON,
 { CHARLES W. SWIFT,

New-Brunswick, June 20th, 1832.

AN ex-editor of the TARGUM heard from. The following circular which has been put into our hands is characteristic of our enterprising friend and predecessor:

"LECTURE! Mr. J. A. HARPER, of New-Brunswick, N. J., will deliver a temperance lecture, entitled: Rum, Ruin and Death, in Avery's Hall, Katonah, N. Y., on Thursday Evening, April 3, 1873, at 7:30 P. M. A collection will be taken up to defray expenses."

A COMMUNICATION from Rev. Mr. HAGEMAN, formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of this City, which we publish in another column, will undoubtedly be read with interest by his many friends here, especially the students, for whom his sympathies were warmly enlisted. It was written at our request, and is a cheerful response from a young man to young men.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that the Editors are not responsible for the views entertained by our contributors. On open questions it is but fair to allow the advocates of either extreme a place among our columns, if in a literary point of view their productions have merit.

THE PERILS OF HERTZOG HALL.

Facilis ascensus Averno, sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras Hic labor, hoc opus est.—VIRG.

It was once said, with a good deal of reason, that Vermont was a splendid State—to get away from. Hertzog Hall, on the other hand, seems to be, at some seasons, one of the worst places to get away from that human ingenuity can discover, with the exception, perhaps, of Central Africa. I speak that I do know, for, Messrs. Editors, I have spent an evening at Hertzog Hall! *Hinc illar lacrimar!* Let me endeavor to give you some idea of it.

Some little time ago I was moved to call upon an old friend whom a cruel Fate had compelled to take shelter under the roof of Hertzog. Beside this deponent, several others came in during the evening, all of them residents of the Hall. I wondered that students who roomed in town seemed so shy of the place, but did not wonder long. There were men there who would in a very few months be considered capable of providing spiritual nourishment for large and hungry flocks; there were grave and reverend Seniors in College—whose cloak of dignity seemed to drop from them as they crossed the threshold of the Hall; but young and old seemed only interested in one topic—the rules of the House. I found to my astonishment that embryo theologues in full bloom and soon-to-be dominies were cribbed, caged and confined by a set of laws at which a country boarding school for boys under twelve would have risen in open and flagitious rebellion; that every room in the house was provided with duplicate keys, one of each being in the hands of the Curator, who was considered to have the right of access anywhere, at all hours of the day and night; and that, reasoning from analogy, it was presumed that the Curator considered his privilege to extend to bureau drawers and similar places generally considered private.

While we were conversing the gas went out, and we were left in the condition of Moses on extinction of his candle. My friend ruefully informed me that it was eleven o'clock, which astonished me. I asked whether the hours were regulated there by a mysterious ebb and flow of the gas, due to some unexplained natural phenomena. No; it was one of the "Rules of the House" that the gas should be shut off at 11 P. M. Mine host apologized for not lighting a candle, on the ground that no lights whatever were allowed after bed-time, which was fixed at that time. Surely, I thought, what is sauce for the geese who still room in Hertzog, is sauce for the venerable ganders who make the rules under which they live. I remembered the beautiful story in the Arabian Nights, which tells how the young wife of Sheik Ahmed tried to persuade her olive branches to go to bed by quoting to them the familiar example of the early hour at which the little chickens retire, and how much she was astonished by their clamorous assurance that the old hen always went with them. And my soul was moved within me; oh! touching spectacle! As the young divinity students follow the dictates of the old proverb, and go early to seek tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, each venerable instructor enforces on his flock by his example a prompt obedience to the laws which he, in

the spirit of the Golden Rule, has laid down for them, and at once seeks his weary pillow, draws the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. But, when I joyously congratulated my auditors—whom I could hear but not see—on this pleasant position of affairs, I was told that this rule was a "jug-handle affair," if I may use the idiomatic illustration I received, "altogether one-sided." The rules which were made for students to obey, were not at all suited to the peculiar idiosyncracies of their instructors, who aggravated the natural wrath of their pupils by frequently indulging in general illuminations from cellar to attic, after 11 P. M. This was too much; I rose and started for the door as quickly as the worse than Egyptian darkness would permit. I was checked, and informed that the doors were locked at 11. Finally I compromised the matter by agreeing to leave by the window of one of the lower rooms. It was raining, and, as I hung a moment on the window sill, the harrowing thought crossed my mind that I had my good clothes on. I dropped, I splashed, and on coming to my senses found myself sitting in a puddle of water six or seven inches deep and very muddy. I draw a veil over my outraged feelings, but here I register a dark and bloody oath that in regard to Hertzog Hall—as the College song says—

"I won't go there any more!"

SIGILLUM.

INSTRUCTION NOT EDUCATION.

THERE is an immense difference between the object which a thing is intended to reach and its actual accomplishment. The object of all *real instruction*, in any branch of science or art, is *education*. The question is, are the institutions of our country, essentially and practically considered, institutions of instruction or of education. Do they succeed in imparting to the student not only a definite amount of determining knowledge, but is the knowledge so communicated practically applied to the mind in such a way as to draw forth from the mind its own potential resources, which have but to be touched that they may open. Let us see. Take mathematics, ably taught in the colleges of the country. What is its object? To arrange the faculties of the mind, to dispose thought, to reduce to logic human language and human ideas? Does it actually accomplish this? For some; surely not for all. How many students thoroughly understand and clearly conceive the problems of Euclid, the differentials of a Calculus.

Cannot any man of intelligent apprehension understand the orderly unfoldings of mathematics? Cannot mathematics be made so bright and plain to every student that he shall work them out in the terms of an educated life? A young man goes up to the board, chalks down an example, it is pronounced perfect, he goes back to his seat. How did he do it? His memory, not his understanding, performed the task. Will it do him any good? Not a bit. Take the Classics. Two pages of Greek three times a day in some of our Colleges are assigned to students. They cram, they memorize, they ride ponies, they interpolate. They are not to blame for that thing a bit. They have not time to get honestly and at the same time thoroughly such an amount. They can do nothing else. What does all this

amount to? Is this the sort of teaching we need—quantity at the expense of quality? Does it do any real good? Does it educate a student? Is it scholarship? Is this education? Is it the philosophy of language? Does it train men to think and feel in Greek, in Latin? "Beware of the man of one book." Beware of that student who studies for the sake of study, who studies everything and attempts nothing more, who understands everything, who memorizes nothing. He may not take first, for he may be called up to recite on that part of the subject which he has not reached. He will take first in the world.

Instruction must be made to tell; it must be utilized and applied so that truth shall elicit thought. This is education.

Go into a gymnasium. You see a certain set of instruments arranged for the development of the body by physical exercise. Is there any intrinsic, essential good in that *apparatus*? Not a particle. But apply it. Make it call forth power, and educate strength, and elicit elasticity, and you have Physical Education. The power is in real result. The real result is in the knot of muscle on the arm, the rounded breadth of chest, the elastic pose of figure and form.

There is very little intrinsic worth in instruction, unless at the moment that it is given it is made actual, made living, made reflective in an idea which is its own corresponding development.

We take in more than we give out. We ought to give out more than we take in. We ought to *think*, for instance, more than *read*—do both more than write. There is more in a man than he can ever succeed in *educing*.

The mind is a force which has never yet been exhaustively disproved or defined. Metaphysics is as yet a crudity, by no means an exact science in the hands of philosophers. But "there is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

In the "teaching of God in the great University of Truth" he instructs only as he educates at the same time. If he inspires a man, Inspiration is a well of water springing up to life. Character with God is a spiritual *Instruction*, Education is Life.

What a man can *do*, not what a man remembers, knows, apprehends, is the measure of all real success. Ability is the diploma of individuality. The man himself with a finer manhood put upon him by study and scholarship is the only expression of all that he has learned in College or Seminary, home or school. The hour calls for educated men—men who shall be able to articulate a clear and lucid analysis of their own minds, to dispose thought, classify phenomena of conscience, interpret the laws of Nature and Religion. Men who shall be able from such an understanding of the constitution of their own minds to apply themselves and their influence directly to the minds of others—men who shall above all have the "power of God" so strongly begotten in their souls as a force and a principle that they shall stand forth like the stars, "clear and alone," complete in the culture of a thorough instruction, developed upon the pattern of an elegant education. Then and then only shall instruction find its wedding-ring of gold on the finger of education that stands in marriage by her side; then

like those Persian birds that with one wing broken off could only fly when yoked together—so shall Instruction and Education, sanctified by the spirit and breath of God, "mount up" forever along the path of the Infinite, "with wings as an eagle, and run and not be weary, and walk and never faint."

S. MILLER HAGEMAN.

PATERSON, March 27, 1873.

MY DEAR TARGUM:—There is a proverb which says, "The wise are taken in their own craftiness," and now I want to tell you how this was literally fulfilled within a few weeks. There is situated on one of the hills in the City of New-Brunswick, overlooking the raging Canal and the picturesque banks of the Raritan, an institution where noble youth are gathered to receive instruction for the office of the Sacred Ministry. Now these said youth are diverse in temperament, manners and physical construction. Some are from the hardy North, some from the tricky East, some from the sturdy West, and others from the soft and sunny South. You will therefore understand, when all these elements are brought together under one roof, that it requires a wise head, a courageous heart and a strong hand to manage them, otherwise they will run riot and soon destroy the germ of piety which slumbers in their souls.

To give you an example of the course of life some of these young men are pursuing, let me relate a short experience among them; and I do not wish to give you the impression that we profess perfection, rather to show "to err is human," and how necessary that the utmost care should be taken in reference to the spiritual culture of those who are to stand upon the walls of Zion; for if the fountain be impure, how can it send forth pure streams?

One evening we went out to a missionary meeting, and on returning to our room at a seasonable hour, we found that some scoundrel had entered the room surreptitiously, and if ever there was havoc made in dwelling apartments, it was done here to the utmost degree. Bedsteads, bedding, wash-stands, bureau, chairs, boots, old clothes, bowls, pitchers, brooms, etc., all thrown together in a confused heap, as if by volcanic action; we gazed in astonishment on the *debris*, but finally recovering our senses, we quietly hauled out the bedding from the unsightly mass, and betook ourselves with it to other quarters for that night. We attempted to sleep, but oh! the horrible visions that flitted through our frightened brain, of crashing, and dashing, and smashing of furniture, when we suddenly awoke, and lo! "it was not all a dream," for there were the banging of doors, and the breaking of locks resounding through the long corridors. It was evident that some hapless scapegoat had returned near the hours of morning, and was butting for an entrance into the fold. The way of the transgressor is hard, and the poor fellow realized it for the remainder of the night as he stretched himself on the bare slats of an iron bedstead.

Another evening we invited our room-mate to go out with us to meeting. He said yes, he would go, and we both walked out together,

when suddenly he gave me the slip, and I was alone.

Now I think this was a clear case of misplaced confidence. However, after meeting I thought it my duty to search for the missing brother, (in some respects you know we are our brother's keeper); I called at one place, and a chum of his told me to go so and so. I went, and there I saw another brother, crouched in a corner behind a sofa: afraid of her papa, perhaps. Of course, I got no information from him, but *she* told me I might find my friend at my *hazard*; nevertheless, I continued my investigation on to another house, and there I found him whom I was seeking.

Sitting, O, so pleasantly,
By a cozy fire,
Making love so gallantly,
To his dear Saraia.

But he could not stay all night,
There was no room for him,
And she said it was not right,
To keep her darling Jim.

He went off, I know not where,
But Joseph staid behind,
Jim was caught in his own snare,
'Tis thus we often find.

In my next letter I will tell you of a little rum-pus we had, and although there was not any blood shed, yet there was a great deal of *water* spilled. Yours, fraternally, ALEXIS.

OUR LIBRARIES.

THERE has never been, in the history of our College, such great prosperity as during the last four or five years. Since we celebrated our centennial year, (1870), the Geological Hall has been finished and a new Chapel soon will be. Beside this the Trustees have taken decided action towards erecting a Dormitory, and, in fact, there is nothing around us which shows any signs of decay. Our numbers are increasing, new Professorships have been endowed, and important advances have been made in the general method of instruction. There is *one* thing, however, in which we can see but little improvement—that is, the Library. It is not adequate to supply the just and necessary demands of the students. Although there is soon to be a new room for it, yet this is not the essential thing. What the students of Rutgers want is books. How are our wishes to be satisfied? How is the library to be improved? Are we to wait until some wealthy alumnus comes to our time-honored City and presents our worthy President with a check for a few thousands, and tells him to invest the same in books for the enlargement of the library? Past generations have cherished the same hope, and it is still unrealized. No! if we want our friends to help us, we must first show an interest in the matter ourselves; then we can justly expect others to join us. Peithessepia and Philoclea both have libraries, which, for the same reason as the College library, do not do their respective members much good. Why not put all three libraries in one? It would not take away from the interest of the Societies. Even if it did, we could afford to suffer a little for the sake of our Alma Mater. Our societies need not *give* their libraries, but place them in the library

building, and let the owners of each volume be designated in the Catalogue.

These three libraries consolidated would make quite a large and respectable one, at least large enough to make it necessary to have a librarian, whose only business would be to attend to the giving out and receiving of books. Now when the libraries are separate, we cannot get books much oftener than once a week from any of them; but if consolidated, we will be able to procure them at any time.

The only difference from what now is, would be that all the libraries, instead of being in three, would be in *one* building, and instead of three *small* ones we would have one *large* one, doing us an infinitely greater amount of good. Should we resolve to do this, we have just cause to hope for aid from our alumni. Had not the students taken hold of the dormitory matter, undoubtedly we would have been no nearer to having a dormitory to-day than we were ten years ago. We need a good library as much as we do a dormitory, and if we take an active part in the matter, we *will* have it. Rutgers has many friends who stand ready to give us a helping hand. Fellow students, let us give this important matter a fair discussion, and after due deliberation—act. But remember, whatsoever we do, we must do quickly.

QUID.

"THE ANIMAL KINGDOM."

[THE following is a veritable copy of an original composition as submitted by our Freshman Class to the Professor for criticism. Duplicates of the same were handed in by all the members of the class.—EDS.]

The animal kingdom differs sumwhat from the kingdom of grate Briton inasmuch that it iz divided into different parts kalled sub-kingdoms, tha are split up az follows into the water kind wich iz az follows the klams and the fishes and the wales wich iz the biggest. then kumz the land animals them wich kreeps such az the hors and the man, but the man kreeps on hiz handz and neez then kumz them wich swims in the air, such as the be and egle which is the biggest ov birdz. al animals dont hav legs but sum hav mor'an others doo. and sum are a gud deel bigger'an others. az the eliff-ant wich iz sum sisez bigger'an the pismyre-ant. al animalz dont liv in the water, but tha du hav to liv whar thar iz air. sum dont hav no hart but we heer sum people sa that sum wimmin are hartless but we dont no how that iz fur we hav never dissektid um. most things what liv eksept wedgitables are kalled animalz. sum animalz lives bi eeting each uther and are called kaniballs. a grate meny animalz eat enithing tha kan git hold ov wile sum are more choice in thare grub. sum animalz swallo thure vittals hull and chaw the kud afterwarz like the sheap but the snaik dont du like the sheap. uther animalz hash up what tha eat with teeth wich iz in the mouth befour tha swallo it. most "interwiduals" in the animal kingdom hav bonez. birdz hav bonez and are kuvred with fethers tew, wile the turkle iz kuvred al over bi hiz bak-bone. in this feture tha are unlike but in uther respects tha are alike fur tha both sing and la egz. the kowz aint like a hors eksept tha are kuvred al over with har and hav 4 legz. kowz hav hornz most generally al-

waiz 2, horsez dont. kowz giv more milk than horsez du and are good fur the milk wich tha giv. kalvez dont giv no milk but are leetle kows. horsez are sumtimes fast trotters and are very usefull. the lokomotive iz kalled a hors but it aint the kind we are talkin about because the lokomotive iz not a animal. man iz a animal but sum on um noes mor'an al the uther animals put tewgether and shooked in a bag. he kan bild housez and make bukz and write kompozishuns and a gud many uther things but uther animalz kant kauz tha haint got no sentz tew think with. tha du things kauze it iz natiral for them tu du it. sum animalz are klean and sum haint. hogz are dirty katz aint so much so for they lik themselves, so duz a kow. thar iz a grate many things wich bares on this subjeckt but we dont think ov mensioning um now so in konklusion we wud sa that this kompozishion iz about the animal kingdom.

EVENING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Over the pine woods shone fair Hesper's lamp,
Soft in the West died out the evening's glow,
The trembling aspen by the quiet stream
Now murmured low.

From memory's twilight rise the visions sad,
The fond remembrance of a time that's fled,
The forms of Love departed hover round
And of the dead.

"Ye holy shadows! O, no earthly eve"
Alone I sighed, "can here our hearts unite."
Hesper had sunk—the aspens whispered griefs,
And it was night.

RUSTIC.

PERSONALIA.

ELTING, formerly of '75, has left Union, "to accept a position in a banking house in Nebraska City, Neb.

JANEWAY, '75, is traveling through Florida. We are of the opinion that he will find *deers* pretty wild there.

NEVIUS, '73, having returned from his Western trip, is now "loafing it" at his home, Stuyvesant, N. Y. He sends his regards and kindest wishes to his *quondam* classmates.

DANIEL SCHENCK, JR., a short time since so-journed in town to attend a Chi Phi reveling. He looked as hearty as ever, and was not materially changed, except as to a light black moustache.

DODGE, '75, has left College, intending to sail for Europe about the middle of May. To keep him in the path of undeviating rectitude, a suitable and an efficient guardian will accompany him.

QUICK, '74, sends us a letter from Farmer Village, N. Y. He doesn't go back on the TARGUM, for besides his cheering note there is a cheering greenback. Both are welcome. Won't some one else cheer us in the same way?

PROFESSOR ATHERTON, of Rutgers College, has been appointed by the President a member of the Board of Visitors, to attend the annual examination of classes in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The examinations are held in the latter part of May.—*Fredonian*.

ONE of the Seniors was accompanied to Chapel on Sunday by his son. Who of the other Seniors have sons whom they might bring to Chapel?

MR. GRAHAM TAYLOR, '70, son of Rev. Dr. W. J. R. Taylor, will be examined by the Classis of Newark on the 20th inst. Mr. Taylor is in the graduating class of the Seminary.—*New-Brunswick Times*.

QUERIES.

WILL the Seniors have a class day?

WHY isn't Mr. Thomas weeding his onions?

DID Mr. G., of '74, make a snow-ball on the Alps?

WHERE's the man who owes \$5 to the Dormitory Fund?

How were all the folks at home, especially your *sisters*?

WHAT was the cause of our boxing master's early departure?

WILL the Masonic Temple be completed in time for '73's Commencement?

WILL the Chapel be finished in time for dedication at Commencement?

WHAT impression did our buildings make on the minds of Miss Parks' boarding school?

IF a person has nothing to do, how long will it take him to write an article for the TARGUM?

OUR TELESCOPE.

SWEET HOME—a bee hive.

A LIGHTNING exchange commences an item: "As we go to press a man named Sullivan is being run over by a pony engine on the railroad"—*Ex.*

A WRITER in the *Miscellany* speaks of a man in that neighborhood who has named his pig Maud, "because it comes into the garden so much"—*Ex.*

"I AM convinced from personal observation that the best classical schools of Great Britain to day stand below the best in the United States"—*Prof. Boice*.

SCENE—A starlight night. *First Senior*.—Beautiful evening, isn't it, Jinks? *Second Senior*.—Yes, I hope it will be as fine an evening when the transit of Venus takes place.—*Ex.*

A FOND husband boasted to a friend: "Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night" "Did she, Bill? What did she say?" "She said, 'Well, old Beeswax, come to supper'"—*Ex.*

TRINITY College boys are manifesting much interest in boating this Spring, and have organized three crews, it being understood that the Faculty will pay for a trainer to fit a crew for entering the national regatta.—*New-York Times*

A DANBURY youth who could not sing or play, wanting to serenade his girl, whistled for half an hour under her window, the other evening, and when he got over the fence found about seventy-five dogs waiting to see what he wanted.—*Fire-side Favorite*.

TWENTY members of the Senior Class at Amherst, have given their names to Dr Hitchcock, as applicants for teachers' positions in Japan Schoolmastering for Japs is also the fashionable profession to which Wesleyans look forward.—*Williams Review*.

COLLEGE DOTS.

THE KIRKPATRICK CHAPEL "reports progress."

PHILO initiated five Freshmen on Friday, the 11th inst.

THE Grammar School will contribute nineteen Fresh. to '77.

THE ADELPHI is the name of the Literary Society of the Rats.

A. B. & B. S.—The Class of '73 will graduate forty Classicals and Scientifics.

As well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as to tell how tall V——e is.

SAID the Master's Orator of last Commencement:

"Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,
You take a pinch and that's enough."

R. W. BROKAW carried off the Junior Composition Prize in Peitho last term. Subject, "Intellectual Nobility."

WORK on the Chapel has been resumed with great vigor. It will, when finished, be comparatively the neatest building on the Campus.

OUR respected Professor, Dr. David Murray, will depart for Japan in the middle of May. He will leave a vacuum, which, we doubt, can be filled.

THE excellent article in our last issue, entitled "Constitutions are not made, but grow," appeared in full, a short time ago, in the *New-York Daily Witness*.

THE Society of Inquiry, of the Theological Hall, will hold its anniversary on May 5th, and be addressed by Rev. Dr. Talmage, returned Missionary from China.

THE University Nine and the College Eleven have been out at different times trying their muscle and getting good appetites. The Nine are anxious for good weather.

OUR popular Professor, D. T. Reiley, seems to have been thrown into politics, "Nilly Willy." He ran for "Chosen Freeholder," at the last charter election, and got—beaten!

THE Valedictory this year will be a Rhetorical honor, given to the best speaker and writer during the past two years, judged by the Faculty's notes. Many are called, but few chosen!

IN JAPAN.—There are four Alumni of Rutgers acting as Professors in the Government College in Japan: Rev. Henry Stout, '65; William E. Griffiths and E. W. Clark, of '69; and M. N. Wyckoff, of '72.

VIVA LA MEDICINE.—Henry S. V. DeHart, M.D., of '70, a graduate of the New-York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1873, has swung out his shingle on the corner of George and Washington streets. Drs. H. R. Baldwin and E. B. Young, of 1849, are also Brunswick physicians.

IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.—Three graduates served in the Rebel Army during the late war, of whom one, G. W. McNeel, Class of '60, of Gulf Prairie, Texas, was killed. The other two were C. R. Goodwin, '60, and A. B. S. Moseley, '61, merchants at Savannah, Geo., and Selma, Ala., respectively.

If it takes one foot to make an urchin walk over the Campus in a short time, how many feet will it take to make a stone-walk?

THE highest general averages obtained by the several classes last term were as follows:

Senior, HAWKHURST, 99.38; Junior, WYCKOFF, 99.44; Sophomore, SALISBURY, 100; Freshman, TAYLOR, 99.60.

SINCE the last issue we have been asked several times this question: "Who is the author of such a piece?" To such we would recommend the old saying—"Ask me no questions and I will tell you no lies."

THE Freshman who wanted to know if G——n and B——r were twins, was as bad as the old woman, who, on weighing shot, said:

"A quart's a pound
The world around."

THE Philoclean Society has chosen Dr. A. B. Van Zandt, and the Peithessophian Mr. H. B. Pierce, to act as Judges at the trial for Junior Orators. No better choice could have possibly been made.

PRIZES.—The contest between the would-be prizemen will soon come off. The Juniors will draw their erudite swords over "Periodical Literature," and he who will be voted best will carry off Mr. J. W. Schermerhorn's twenty dollars' worth of books; while the Seniors are about to put literary heads on each other on account of the Classical, Natural Science, Mathematical, Mineralogical and Composition Prizes. The subject for the latter is—"Centralization in the United States Government."

NEVER has any class in Rutgers kept a Glee Club alive, and in such a flourishing condition, as long as the Freshman. Some of the best singers in College are '76 men. As soon as the weather becomes sufficiently agreeable, and plenty of new and comparatively unheard of songs have been practised, they intend to sing in the principal towns in the State, and whatever compensation may be received it shall be devoted to the advancement of the Club. They have our best wishes, and with the talent they possess, shall they not be glorified?

REV. VERNON B. CARROLL, '68, struck a very curious match at Pottersville, N. J., about a month ago—the bride just turning fifteen, and the groom over seventy, and likewise demented. The singular conduct of the young lady can be accounted for only in this way—that at the marriage the groom promised the bride a dower of \$11,000. The pastor was at first very unwilling to perform the ceremony, but did it after many persuasive arguments were used. It is said, however, that shortly after they were "joined together" the bride absconded, leaving the poor old man minus a wife, \$11,000, and the joyful anticipation of a wedded life to comfort his declining age.

RUTGERS COLLEGE MUSEUM.—An alumnus, and one of the local editors of a city paper, recently gave a history and description of the Museum, from which we take the liberty of making an abstract. The specimens are at present "boxed" up in Van Neste Hall, whence they will be taken next summer and placed in cases

on the third story of the Geological Hall. The size of the room will be about 100 feet long, 40 wide, and 25 high.

The collection is the largest in New-Jersey, and owes its rise and progress to the energy of Dr. Cook, on whose arrival at Rutgers, in 1853, the whole Museum consisted of a few shells and an ore specimen. The "Beck Cabinet" was next purchased from the heirs of Dr. Beck, who was Dr. Cook's predecessor. Then came the "Natural History Society," also founded by Dr. Cook, in 1857, which gave it a real impetus; but the finishing touch was given by the gentlemen who compose the Geological Survey—Dr. Cook, Geologist; Prof. Smock, Assistant; Professor Bogardus, Chemist; and Professor Bowser, Civil Engineer.

The Natural History Department, among other things, contains monster Alligators and Crabs; a fine set of Antlers, obtained by Prof. Bowser, from the "North Shore" of Nova Scotia, after a ride of forty miles into the backwoods; "Recent Shells" from all parts of the world, many of them presented by Rear-Admiral Boggs and the Smithsonian Institution. Also, that remarkable section of the White Poplar or Tulip Tree, which, as old students will remember, was rolled into the lower College Hall some seven years ago, and was removed in the summer of 1870 into the Cabinet. It is eleven feet in diameter, and came from the farm of Rev. G. C. Schanck, Marlboro, Monmouth County. The tree was one hundred and fifty feet high, and the spread of its limbs was one hundred and five feet, having been the largest known in the East.

The Fossil and Geological Departments are something of which Rutgers may well be proud. They contain a complete series of rocks, besides most of the minerals and fossils of New-Jersey. Among the latter may be mentioned the famous Mastodon head, weighing five hundred pounds.

THE CHAPEL OIL PAINTINGS.—A correspondent of the *Fredonian*, some time ago, wrote: It may be of interest to some to know whom Rutgers immortalizes by oil paintings. Beginning at the north end of the Chapel and proceeding eastward, the first is Dr. John Ludlow, once Professor of Metaphysics; then comes the celebrated Dr. Livingston, President from 1810 to 1825, and founder of the Theological Seminary; the third is Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen, Vice Presidential candidate with Clay, and Dr. Campbell's immediate predecessor; Col. Henry Rutgers, from whom the College adopted its name; Abraham Van Neste, Esq.; Dr. J. J. Janeway; Dr. L. C. Beck; Dr. J. DeWitt; the late Dr. How, of this City; Dr. Condict, once President; Hon. James Parker; Dr. Proudfit; Dr. Gosman; Dr. Adrain; Dr. Broadhead; Dr. C. L. Hardenbergh; Dr. David Abeel; Dr. Cannon; the late Rev. Dr. McClelland, of whom it is related that, becoming disgusted one day in the class-room with "Optimism," he exclaimed, "If one eats a sour apple in Heaven, he'll get the bellyache!" Then comes Simeon DeWitt, the first U. S. Surveyor General, and one of the Class of 1776; the late Dr. Strong; Dr. Milledoler, the fifth President; and the sixth President, Dr. A. B. Hasbrouck. All of the above have in some way been connected with the College, most of them as Professors, many of them as Trustees, and some as Presidents. The collection is gradually being increased by gifts from the friends of the College.