

THE TARGUM.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

"*Sol Justitie et Occidentem Illustra.*"

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RUTGERS.

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A GRANGER'S SERENADE.

Oh come, my love, and live with me,
And keep my cottage in the glen,
As patient as a bumble bee,
And busy as a setting hen.

Oh rest beneath my fragrant bower,
Where sweet stramonium doth entwine;
Come smell the gentle cauliflower,
And cull the mangel-wurzel vine.

Ah listen to the rural songs!
The pea shall wind his magic shell,
As echo plaintively prolongs
The warble of the pimpernel.

Beyond the vermicelli row,
I hear the bull-frogs sigh again,
The cackle of the Durham ewe,
The bellow of the Berkshire hen.

Oh come, love, come! the morn is fair,
I'll celebrate the day with thee;
I'll merrily dig the Bartlett pear,
And shake the ruta-baga tree.

My sweetest! I am fond of mush,
And thou wilt set some out for me;
We'll early saw the currant bush,
And tap the cranberry-jelly tree.

We'll pull the wool from off the calf,
The cotton-wood its fleece shall shed,
So at the winter we will laugh,
And gayly weed the oyster bed.

We'll blithely hoe the winter wheat,
We'll chase the eggs the squirrels lay,
And when the bantam hog shall bleat
We'll feed him with some clover hay.

All savory game to thee I'll bring,
The burdock knows my spear is sharp,
I'll shoot the dolphin on the wing,
And hit him in the peicarp.

Then come, my love, and dwell with me,
And beautify my lonely den,
As patient as a bumble bee,
As busy as a setting hen.

P. W.

OUR CHAPEL.

WE feel pretty safe in saying that no College in the country possesses a finer one. It had long been expected, and when it was said that the money requisite for its erection had been liberally bequeathed by the staunch friend of Rutgers, Mrs. SOPHIA ASTLEY KIRKPATRICK, our hearts swelled with honest pride in our Institution, and we treasured away in our memory, always convenient for recall, the revered name of our benefactress. She has gone, but her name shall remain dear to every friend of Rutgers, until Time shall fade away into eternity. This one deed shall always proclaim her to have been one of the strongest friends and advocates of Christianity and Education. This object of her liberality shall stand as a strong bulwark against conflicting systems of false religions; it shall be as a beacon-light guiding the youth of the land over the Jordan of vice, ignorance, and superstition, into the land of virtue, enlightenment and christianity.

Her name may be engraven on stone, as a passing tribute to her generosity, and her generous gift recorded in the archives, but deeper, far deeper, is her name inscribed on the heart of true religion, which the tempestuous storms of life cannot efface, and her gift is remembered in Heaven, whose cause she espoused so well in this praiseworthy act, and shall she not be rewarded with a coronet of everlasting glory?

The Chapel is a very handsome and imposing structure, costing about \$65,000. The architect, Mr. H. J. Hardenbergh, of New-York City, evidently did his utmost, for the building is one of his proudest achievements in that branch of art. It is in the French Gothic style of the fourteenth century, and built of New-Jersey brown-stone. The south-front entrance is a fine porch of five arched openings of heavy stone. The doors open immediately into the auditorium, and the view is extremely cheerful and fascinating. The interior is finished off in hard woods. The seats are made of artistically cut walnut and cherry. The walls are covered with a delicate tint, contrasting beautifully with the wood and the stained windows. The roof is an open one, of walnut and stained pine, and is supported by graceful cross supports and vertical iron columns, painted to correspond with the fresco above the pulpit. Tastefully upholstered in dark purple, and on either side of the pulpit are daisies for the Professors. Across the opposite end runs a wide gallery, in which is the organ, and seats for the choir. The size of the Chapel is 45 by 60 feet, and is calculated to hold five hundred persons. The room, as well as the whole building, is heated by steam. The bareness of the wall is greatly relieved by some two scores of portraits of deceased Trustees, Presidents and Professors. Back of the Chapel, on the first floor, are the President's and Trustees' apartments, and directly over is the Library, which is of the same size as the Chapel. The alcoves are two stories in height and each has a separate window.

On December 3d, about eleven o'clock, the dedicatory service began. The Chapel was tolerably well filled with Trustees, alumni, students and friends of the College. Dr. Campbell presided. The invocation was delivered by Rev. Dr. Jewitt, after which the College choir sang an anthem in a commendable style. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, of New-York City, was introduced as the first speaker, and he presented a contrast between the Rutgers of the past and the present. We are sorry that space will not allow us even to give brief synopses of the addresses made on this occasion of thankfulness. We will, however, give the names of the speakers: Hon. John A. Lott spoke in behalf of the Trustees; Dr. Woodbridge followed for the Theological Seminary, on the relation of science to religion in education; Dr. W. J. R. Taylor, of Newark, represented the alumni, and Dr. Kimball the friends of the Col-

lege. All the speeches were replete with gratitude to Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Dr. Van Gieson, who was to speak for the General Synod of the Reformed Church, and Cortlandt Parker, Esq., for the lay alumni, and Governor Parker, were unable to be present. The dedicatory prayer was made by the venerable Dr. Abeel, who is the oldest clerical trustee. Dr. W. J. R. Taylor pronounced the benediction, and the assemblage withdrew.

The Chapel was opened for morning services December 15th. To each class is allotted a sufficient number of seats, and the students of each class sit in alphabetical order, so that Chapel-sloping will soon be held as a thing that was. Go on, Rutgers, you are doing well. K. K.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

ONE principal cause of the want of virtue and of the immoralities which abound in the world, is undoubtedly ignorance. We should find abundant illustration of this remark were we to take a survey of the world as to its moral state, as delineated in the history of nations, and depicted by modern voyagers and travelers. If we look more closely, and take a view of the every day scenes which meet our eye, what do we behold? A mixed scene of bustling and confusion, in which vice and malevolence are most conspicuous, and most frequently triumphant. When we contemplate the present aspect of society, and consider the prominent dispositions and principles which actuate the majority of mankind, the boundless avaricious desires which prevail, and the base and deceitful means by which they are frequently gratified; the unnatural contentions which arise between husbands and wives, fathers and children, brothers and sisters; the jealousies which subsist between those of the same profession or employment; the bitterness and malice with which lawsuits are commenced and prosecuted; the malevolence and caballing which attend electioneering contests; the brawlings, fightings and altercations which so frequently occur in our streets, ale-houses, and taverns, and the thefts, robberies and murders which are daily committed—when we contemplate the haughtiness and oppression of the great and powerful, and the insubordination of the lower ranks of society; when we see widows and orphans suffering injustice; the virtuous persecuted and oppressed; meritorious characters pining in poverty and indigence; fools, profligates and tyrants, rioting in wealth and abundance; generous actions unrewarded; crimes unpunished; and the vilest of men raised to positions of dignity and honor, we cannot but admit that the political as well as the moral world presents a scene of disorder and discord. How, permit us to ask, is this condition of human affairs to be ameliorated? Must not the antagonistic politi-

cal parties make principles not men their motto? We candidly think so, for some one of fertile intellect has kindly anticipated us in saying that "man in his highest earthly glory, is but a reed floating on the stream of time, and forced to follow every new direction of the current."

None but persons in the ultimate stages of despair would cling to a reed as a drowning man to a straw, for the purpose, on the one hand, of protection and safety, and on the other of depriving death of his victim. The interest and confidence of the people should be securely clinched to the soundest timbers in the Ship of State. Man always prosperous, would be giddy and insolent—always afflicted, would be sullen or despondent. Hopes and fears, joy and sorrow, are therefore so blended in his life as both to give room for worldly pursuits, and to recall from time to time the admonitions of conscience. If a political party should make men their motto, and should consent to be governed by the fleeting passions of a unit in the millions of God's rational creatures, to such a degree would their interests, protection, and confidence be on a more sandy foundation. Would it not be better to have certain principles placed high above the caballings, and Tantalus-like, out of the reach of the avaricious clutches of political men, which would serve as a beacon-light, towards which it should be the earnest endeavor of every leader of the people to float onward the Ship of State, through the difficulties and dangers of a new government? It then should be the duty of all members of both parties, not to nominate a man for the reason that he is a leading Democrat or Republican, thus making his own person and principles their sole motto, but let them cast a ballot for a man whom they think will live the nearest and adhere the closest to the principles considered as right. Again, when we look around us on the world, we everywhere behold a busy multitude intent on the prosecution of various designs, which their wants or desires have suggested. Of this incessant stir and activity, what is the fruit? In comparison of the crowd who have toiled in vain, how small is the number of the successful? Or rather, where is the man who will declare that in every point he has completed his plan, and attained his utmost wish? No extent of human abilities has been able to discover a path which in any line of life leads unerringly to success. Would it not then be absurd to place a man at the helm who relies wholly upon the probabilities of the perfection of his plans, and would it not be better, even though our plans might be frustrated, to have as our guide through the dark valley of difficulties, certain principles which would remain unsullied either by man, time or circumstances? The uneducated, and to be sure they are the larger portion, do not take into account the principles involved, but vote merely for the man. The principles are of two classes, corresponding to the parties. Of these, both may be right, one right and the other wrong, or both wrong. It is hardly possible that both should be right. Since the man elected is the representative of his party's principles, in the second case he would either be or not be adapted to govern. In the third case, he would be entirely unfit. Thus we see that our affairs are in a precarious condition, because parties first consider a leading man, and succumb to his principles, instead of considering first some high and right principles, and then the man, according to his agreeing or not with them.

ECCENTRICITY.

GREAT men are proverbially eccentric, and in truth, if such were not the case, there would be no great men at all, for all would be alike; and all being alike, no one could be considered to excel any other. Men must in some way have their peculiarities. They must be different from each other in customs and habits in order that the results of their labors, which are always modified by their own dispositions, may be different also. Were not men thus eccentric, we could have none in any profession to stand out preeminent over others, who by the authority of their high positions could exert that influence which we find men successfully employing in all stations of life. Were it not for this, we would have no great orators. Gough would not be himself were he deprived of those eccentricities of imitative and descriptive power by which he excels all others.

The author, had he not his own peculiar style of writing, could never hope to be preferred to others who are able to write as well as himself; nor could the painter ever attain any great success if all pictures were equal to his own.

These, which may be termed the *higher* eccentricities of successful men, are worthy of imitation as they exhibit themselves in the performance of the duties of the high vocations in which these men are engaged. They may be taken as examples, to be held before the mind's eye, and followed in anything in which it may be thought necessary to have such a model. They will serve as teachers to all who but carefully follow them, and, in time, will assist the untiring student to that success which he strives to gain, in whatever calling he chooses to imitate them. They will never prove hurtful if properly understood, and applied in the way best adapted to the peculiar circumstances of individual cases, but will ever be before the person not only as an example to take pattern after, but also as a stimulus to attainments which would be unreachd after if the person had no such incentive to action.

There are other eccentricities, however, which are far from being worthy of imitation. These often appear to the greatest disadvantage in men truly great in other respects, and lead people to dislike those whom they would admire for their talents, did they not possess such peculiarities.

They are those of habit which almost every man has in some degree. Like the *higher*, these *lower* eccentricities are known as widely as the fame of the person in whom they exist; and it is but natural for a person imitating another's example, to imitate everything, vices as well as virtues, supposing all to be virtues. Care must be taken not to fall into any hero-worship which would thus carry one away by shutting up his sense to everything good as well as bad, and would lead blindly along to a hidden fate. A discrimination between good and evil, and right and wrong, must be clearly made, and thus far one must be his own master, to act according to his own conscience. In College, we find some students who have an idea that greatness is a thing of habit, and can be acquired by following the peculiarities of great men.

Because an old minister is known to be very careless in the disposition of books on his study floor; and because another noted character is careless of his personal appearance; or because

some one else smokes and plants his feet on the stove or writing desk when absorbed in reading, these students think themselves worthy of praise if they do likewise. They neglect to imitate those eccentricities which are useful, and only take to themselves what will be hurtful to them all their lives. They drink only the dregs from the bottom of the cup, out of which all the pure, sparkling liquid has been poured. And yet, these are they who expect to soon stand among the great, the distinguished of men! From great men we expect high and noble examples to be shown forth, but it is the curse of greatness which is very prevalent, that men conceal the real pearls which they possess, by their attempts to show what only gives strong evidence of their folly and weakness. RUSCOE.

MISDIRECTED EFFORTS.

LABOR is necessary and glorious, but there are proper directions in which it must go out, or it proves a curse. There are men who have lived and labored, speculated and written, and left behind them ponderous volumes to show how arduously they have studied, and through what intricate paths they have pressed their way; yet for all their unremitting toil, they are unhonored. They have plunged into some hidden avenue, lost themselves in jungles of speculation, torn themselves with briers of doubt, been bitten and poisoned by serpents of skepticism, and finally, after wasting gallons of ink and reams of paper in describing their journey have left the path through which they travelled blacker than Egyptian darkness.

Of this class are those philosophers who search "this world and the two adjacent,"—to find an argument for materialism; or to prove that there is no external world; or that in reality we do not exist; or that man is only another and a higher species of ape. And for all their Herculean efforts, they are worthy only of scorn.

Long continued effort is admired, but when a man spends forty or fifty years of his life in trying to prove an absurdity, he is worthy of no more respect than that lunatic who should spend his life in trying to prove that "the moon is made of green cheese."

Of this class also, are those Theological speculators, who instead of being satisfied with the simple story of eternal life by Jesus Christ, plunge into some ponderous doctrine which God only put in His word to show men how very limited their faculties are, and to prove His own divinity, and there they flounder and flounder, and get farther and farther away from the clear light.

We would not join in the popular cant of the day against theology, but only assert that those who are forever searching into the hidden things of God, and leading men away from the plain and simple doctrines of salvation, are not only dishonoring God, but spending their labor for that which will neither profit themselves nor any one else.

In the same class we would place those scholars who having become enamored of some branch of knowledge, pursue that branch for their own selfish gratification, unmindful of the great, hungry, pressing multitude who look to them for intellectual food.

We want to see the world grow better; to see

men lifted Godward and Heavenward; and to this end we want arduous, whole-souled, direct efforts. We want philosophers like Dr. Ried, who rose so grandly above the gross materialism of his time, and gave battle to the giant skepticism of Hume; true men, who will tear away the mysticism of unbelief, and teach that life, both here and hereafter, is a reality.

We want theologians who will know nothing but Christ and Him Crucified. We want scholars who will bring all their powers of intellect and heart into the immediate service of their fellow men.

Every man should, in the very outset of life, choose his field of labor, and then fling himself, heart and soul, into his work. "This one thing I do!" should be his motto. But whatever his work, it should spring *only* from love of his fellows, and desire for their good. With this for a starting point, he should enter upon his work, and pursue it till death bid him pause; then will the world be the better for his having lived.

CHARLEWORTH.

NAPOLÉON III.

SUCCESS is life depends upon pertinacity of purpose. To be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of an object, is the strongest assurance that it will be gained. That task is quickest disposed of on which the mind is wholly concentrated; that pleasure is the most enjoyed into which we throw ourselves with the greatest zeal; that life alone fulfils the great end of its existence, and best discharges its obligations to its followers and to its Maker, which sets before it some definite object, and steadily, despite all obstacles and discouragements, pursues it to the end, which aims high and never gives up the contest. A man of talent may raise himself to a certain eminence by ordinary effort in this way or that, but any man, by the untiring pursuit of a definite purpose, may far outstrip his more promising competitors. This is exemplified in the life of Napoleon.

Springing from a family whose fortunes had been shattered by their own vices, and whose name and memory were almost execrated by their countrymen, it seems that he could have set himself no task more difficult than to ascend the Imperial seat of France; but this he accomplished. He was poor, but he aspired to use a nation's wealth as his own, and his aspirations were gratified; in exile, but his ambition reached to the throne of the people who spurned him from their presence, and he steadily pursues this end, until the beggar is become an Emperor, and he whom no man obeyed or feared, by his decree shakes the very foundations of the world. Flattering as his prospects might be in other directions, they could not turn him from the path which he had marked out before him. The indifference, the coldness, and the enmity which he at first met with, Strasburg and all its attendant discouragements, could not obstruct his onward footsteps. He had a definite purpose in life; he steadily and unreservedly pursued that purpose, and therefore he succeeded. But his brilliantly successful career came to a sudden and decisive stop, and the scene in the garden of Ems was the signal of his overthrow. The causes of his fall readily discover themselves to the student of human nature. When in the depths of his scheming, plotting brain, he first formed the project of gaining the

crown of France, despite all scruples of honor and patriotism, he then and there incorporated in his character a trait which, although it undermines and destroys every good principle, yet in the line of life which he had chosen, was essential to his success, and at the same time dangerous, for it threatened his destruction at every step of his career, and made his fall eventually inevitable. This was selfishness. Another element in his character was indecision. A born conspirator, whose mind was always engaged in cabals and plots, he wandered undecided among his numerous schemes, and when compelled to adopt one or another his decision was often rashly made. A certain degree of rashness pertains to a successful career in any case, and indeed among such a people as the French it might be considered as a requisite to success. But when it exists in the character to such a degree that almost every action is performed unadvisedly, the danger becomes great that our blind guide will cause us to fall into the ditch.

Thus far we discover the elements of his character to have been a determined and uniformly directed perseverance, an absorbing love of self, a lack of decision, and a rash bravery of manner, which frequently conceals the cowardice of the heart. As to moral principles, he had none. A selfish man is necessarily unprincipled. A rash man may, in a critical moment, sacrifice his principles to gain anything which may seem to be within his reach; but a selfish man deliberately roots out of head and heart every better principle which may stand in his way. Therefore, we find Napoleon to have been a bad man. His career cannot be looked upon with satisfaction, nor the conscientious man regret his overthrow. His talents were great, and his opportunities numerous, yet he accomplished nothing for humanity, nothing for his people; but rather like the falcon on his prey, he seized upon his already bleeding and unhappy country, and never relinquished his hold till he left its torn remains to be the prey of the Germans and the Commune. BETA.

REVOLUTIONS—POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

HUMAN beings have ever been most easy subjects of error. Every new doctrine that is preached, however false or revolting, or absurd it be, will always find enthusiastic votarists. So also in the political world. No matter how great a tyrant the man may be; no matter how much he may oppress the weak, he will yet ever have about him a crowd of sympathizing admirers to share his gains and stimulate him to still greater excesses.

It may, therefore, be truly said, that revolutions, of whatsoever nature, are but the natural consequents of human error.

It does not, by any means, follow from this, that all revolutions are evil in themselves, nor, on the other hand, that the causes producing them are always justifiable causes. Often these convulsions in the political and religious world are the wicked designs of some ambitious leader, while equally true again, they are often the natural results of tyranny and oppression.

As an instance of the former class, we may cite the great religious revolution accomplished by the ambitious energy of Mahomet. Great reformer as he undoubtedly was among the scattered children of Isreal, we cannot for a moment doubt that his grand aim was not so much the amelioration of the condition of his countrymen,

as a burning desire for wealth and fame. For this, with koran and sword, he ravaged the most fertile countries. For this, he sacrificed the lives of thousands, and for this, and this only, he bound stronger than with chains of iron the minds of millions of his own and other countrymen. To-day, as we gaze at the monument which he has reared for his fame, we cannot but wonder at the success of the plans, and the wonderful genius of the impostor.

But, as before remarked, there are revolutions of a far different and far more praiseworthy nature.

When, in the sixteenth century, the minds of all the inhabitants of christendom were groaning under an infinitely worse than imperial slavery, when to make a discovery in science was sure to be rewarded by death, and when potentates of the most powerful nations trembled at a bull from Rome, who then, when monarchs quailed, would dare to rise in opposition to the *Lion* of the Eternal City?

Yet one did presume to rise and demand truth for falsity, and the religion of Jesus Christ in sincerity for the mockery which then bore His name. At this day, we enjoy the fruits of the revolution then begun by Martin Luther. Nay, we will not say begun by him, but by the Blessed Spirit choosing him as its instrument.

Thus, as the revolution of the sixth and seventh centuries was one originated and accomplished by ambitious schemes for personal advantage, that of the sixteenth was begun and finished by those motives which alone can characterize and justify such a proceeding, the love of liberty and truth.

If we turn from religious history and enter more particularly upon the many stirring events of like nature, as those above mentioned, in the political world, (although the two instances already cited belong inseparably to political history,) we will find cases fully justifying our first statement, that all revolutions are the results of human error.

Read the thrilling story of the French Revolution. How the heart sickens, and blood runs cold, when we see the inhuman barbarity then executed. The faithful father and lovely daughterlike sacrificed to the blood-thirstiness of a cut-throat mob. And why was this blackest page on history ever written? Why was it necessary that the land of sunny France should be so overclouded? That the roadside, where, above all other countries, the violet should bloom, should run deep with blood? What else was it than the fatal consequences of human error?

The struggle begun at Iexington, and which resulted so gloriously in emancipating this mighty nation, is no exception to our first general statement. But, as the French Revolution in the political world, may, so to speak, be linked with Mahomet's in the religious; so ours, acting for truth and liberty, and not for selfish ends, may, in like manner, be considered in its branch of history as corresponding to the regeneration of the Church in the sixteenth century. The error in our case was committed by our oppressor, and only when compelled to it as a last resort, did we take up arms to defend ourselves, our homes and our country.

Thus all revolutions spring from mistakes, and evils committed by one part of society upon another, or by the ambitious designs of some crafty leader. They are but the result of "man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world." They are not, however, so much the work of art, as the natural results of certain causes. Like "Constitutions," they are "not made, but grow."

AMOR.

THE TARGUM.

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RUTGERS COLLEGE,

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

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

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

PRINCETON COLLEGE has again been heard from, not through its venerable President, who is ever on the alert to advocate opinions, propose plans, and secure means, with a view only to the upbuilding of his own institution; but this time through one of its undergraduates, who strongly proposes a movement, comprehensive in its nature and an equal source of advantage to every College in the land. In an article, which appeared in the New-York Tribune during the early part of this month, he proposes inter-collegiate contests in scholarship, essay-writing, and oratory. A contest of this kind would indeed be in strong contrast to the last inter-collegiate struggle—the “College Regatta.” Then, notwithstanding much was said about mind as well as muscle, and thought quite as well as a strong pull being represented in the race, many were the voices raised against it. Conservative men, as if for the first conscious of the great interest felt by Colleges in these regattas, and the amount of time spent in physical training and general preparation for them, proclaimed that Colleges were forgetting the real object of their existence, and sacrificing the cultivation of mental powers to that of physical. Celebrated physicians wrote numerous articles, setting forth the dangers to which the contestants were subjected, and many outcries were raised against the evils occasioned by such contests. But be these complaints as they may, just or unjust, no one, however conservative or narrow-minded, can raise even a plausible objection to the contest now proposed.

No important College duties would be sacrificed to those calculated to divert the mind of the student from his studies, and unfit him for making progress in them. There would be no sudden transition from the commencement stage to the race-boat, and the sounds of the graduation exercises would not be lost among the shouts of the friends of the College crews, echoing across the river or lake. No such contrast would exist. Being a brain-race instead of a boat-race, wholly a competition in the regular subjects of a College

curriculum, this contest would render necessary to the contestant a change in his general course of thought and action, only as to *degree*, not as to *kind*. It would be a literary contest, the same as those already existing in most Colleges, but open to all, and its honors so much greater, that even the indifferent would have an incentive to put forth their best efforts. The Tribune article referred to above, contains many valid reasons why there should be such contests between our Colleges, and a few remarks as to the manner in which they should be conducted. In substance, the writer claims that the plan for these contests would be subject to no difficulties, especially those conjoined with boating, a generous rivalry and friendship would arise between the graduates and under graduates of nearly all the Colleges, and the successful competitors would be amply rewarded in liberal prizes, as well as in a deserved and honorable reputation. Besides, such inter-collegiate contests would “produce a higher culture, and advance the cause of liberal education in our country.” The most important prizes should range in value from five hundred to one thousand dollars, which are not too large, when the value of prizes already established in some institutions of learning is considered. The subjects should be indicated one year previous to each contest, and men of national reputation chosen as judges. In order to obviate the evil which might result from too large a number of contestants, an open contest should be held in each College, and two or three chosen to represent it at the inter-collegiate contest.

The proposal of such a radical movement as this, undoubtedly startles many at first, but it is hoped that after deliberation, professors and students will see the want of such contests, will exhibit the proper interest, and make a start towards arranging some plan for them. Then will the friends of education and progress, who always in the past have rallied around our Colleges, and bountifully aided their worthy enterprises, render also to this project the hearty support it needs and deserves.

ALTHOUGH much precious time and valuable space have been used heretofore by Editors of THE TARGUM, in writing and publishing their “Salutatories” and “Valedictories,” and our readers have been bored sufficiently with the never varying sentiments contained in them, we do not think our duties completed, unless we indulge slightly in the old custom, and take this privilege of expressing our thanks to the students and graduates for the generous support they have given us while occupying the Editorial chairs. It was both a source of pleasure and regret to us to have on our table more material than was necessary to fill the columns of our paper—pleasure, because there was so much from which we could choose, and thus were able to present the TARGUM in an appearance more attractive than a scarcity of original matter would have allowed us—regret, because the unavoidable rejection of some of the articles naturally caused disappointment to the writers. Not being infallible, we do not claim to have always exercised the most correct judgment in our selections. We have done, however, the best our feeble understandings and inexperience would permit us. We have judged

with unprejudiced minds, always with the view to the interests of the paper we were elected to edit. Hoping that nothing but a bright halo may surround the duties of the future Board of Editors, we lay down our pen, and resign to them the trust to which we have endeavored to be faithful.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE TARGUM will enter, next month, on its sixth year, and it is to be hoped that subscriptions will come in lively, so that even the Directors, those Targumical nuisances, who are continually dunning one for the almighty dollar, may sing out “enough.” Five years ago our paper came into existence through the perseverance of some of the members of the good old Class of '69; and we submit, that it would be a burning shame for the students of our College to allow that monthly to breathe its last, which was welcomed into life and nourished for years by those who have long passed from our College halls. It was started at the nominal subscription price of seventy-five cents, and during the first year over *twelve hundred* copies were struck off. Why shouldn't we circulate the same number in 1874?

And, furthermore, we don't see why it should be a monthly at all. Why can't it be issued semi-monthly? The advantage to be derived therefrom can be seen at first glance. The paper could then be made a real organ of College news and spirit. The little College items which now creep into the City dailies, and become terribly stale before the month rolls round, would then first meet the public eye in the TARGUM. Who says “aye?”

THE Annual Freshman Prize Speaking, in Philoclean Hall, was listened to on the evening of December 5th, by a large number of the members of that Society. There were seven contestants, who spoke in the following order:

- 1st. E. REILEY. Subject, “The Corsican was not Content.”
- 2d. H. VEGHTE. Subject, “Irish Aliens.”
- 3d. T. VREDENBURGH. Subject, “Horatius at the Bridge.”
- 4th. H. M. T. BEEKMAN. Subject, “The American question in England.”
- 5th. A. S. BRINKERHOFF. Subject, “Last hours of Socrates.”
- 6th. E. A. HOLDRIDGE. Subject, “Death of Napoleon III.”
- 7th. J. Q. VANDERVEER. Subject, “Emmet's Vindication.”

The Judges, JOHNSON, '70; ALLEN, '73; and GASTON, '74; after a short consultation, announced, through its Chairman, that they had awarded the prize to Mr. BEEKMAN, and also that they considered the speaking one of the best Freshmanic efforts ever witnessed in Philoclean Hall.

THE TARGUM is about to undergo a change. Not in size nor dress, which are very desirable improvements, but in the number of the editorial corps, which hereafter will be six instead of three, and we may safely say that the newly elected Board, consisting of Messrs. DURYEE, T. E. DAVIS, LYDECKER, RUNK, '74, and KEMLO and WASHBURN, '75, will improve its columns correspondingly.

SKEPTICS IN COLLEGE AND SEMINARY;

WHY, AND WHY NOT?

WE venture to say, that if the truth were known, the amount of skepticism prevailing in the College would be startling. And not only in the College, but also, though probably to a less extent, in the Theological Seminary. We are forced to this conclusion, not only from some years of actual experience and observation, but from personal conversation with fellow students. The thing is not, as the unsophisticated may suppose, a cruel viper that appears once or twice in a decade. It is more like an hundred-headed hydra. It is a paralysis that cripples the soul instead of the body. It makes men irresolute, despondent, miserable. Take a class in College that has reached its Junior or Senior year. What is the measure of its spiritual barometer as compared with that on the day of entrance? Is it high or low? Ah! you say but that is the progress of thought. It indicates a vigorous intellectual life in the College. Well, perhaps it does, but it means also a decay of conscience and a progress toward a reckless state of indifference, from which we unceasingly pray that the good Lord will deliver us. Is there nothing alarming in the fact? Is there no hidden meaning when my friend tells me that Mr. So-and-So in his class is very different now from what he was when they were Freshmen? Perhaps, not less kind, perchance far more polished, but *then* he was held in by restraints, now with little regard for aught else, declares in deed, if not in word, that he is his own God. In this last sentence we have covered the extreme view of the case, and write with a sense of pain, and in no spirit of arrogant contempt.

Others there are, who, unwittingly, have been led into a maze of doubt, from which they would gladly be freed. Not openly bad—not prominently good. They are marked by a listless demeanor, lack of enthusiasm, or a hopeless look. Many of these are christian men, in Seminary as well as College. Do these statements appear to some unwarrantable? Then tell me, my credulous friend, what is the significance of students for the ministry taking back seats in a public prayer meeting? Is it all modesty? What does it mean, that young men, who, in the Grammar School a few years ago, gave promise of usefulness in the high calling, have finished their College course and sought other spheres? Was it a crafty trick? We are not inclined to judge them thus. They may have been responsible for falling into a darkened state, but since they are in it, we commend them for their honesty.

Again, what is the *status* of the College prayer meeting? Is it healthy? Does it pulsate with spiritual life? Now, if these indications mean anything, they mean that the axe of doubt is laid at the root of the tree. The men in these institutions who are under a cloud are not a few. We sympathize with them from the bottom of our heart. We sympathize with them because it is not altogether their fault. We sympathize with them because they get no credit for their sincere desires to be out of the mire, and feel as they once did. We sympathize with them again, because good men do not concern themselves to find

out what it is when they must know that something is the matter.

O, deplorable state of religious hum-drum and cant! We know of nothing that will give nerve to some shrinking spirits, color to the eye, vigor to the life, but an overturning that will show up all the shams down to the roots of Christian faith. It seems to us, almost, that the vilest sinner would be willing to pray for it. What if we do live among the very schools of strictest orthodoxy? An orthodox theology with a heterodox life—*cui bono*? We have long been splitting hairs among the rubbish of negative opinions. Who will come down to us from Professorial chairs, and with a clear head and *warm heart* infuse into us some of the positive power of a stalwart faith, born of Christian experience? The tinder is ready for the fire. Students of latent powers and crippled energies will be men then. They are only pigmies now. They will know what callings to pursue. They will know where they stand. They will know what it is to live. Then there will be a return to the high authority of conscience, and loyalty to it will be in better odor than loyalty to the devil. May God speed the day.

ORION.

76 GLEE CLUB.

WE must acknowledge that we feel immensely proud of its success. It has existed since the entrance of the class, and its existence has been a great benefit to its members, and to the College in general. It is said that exhibitions of its musical powers will be given next term to the public. We can say without the least hesitation that the concerts will be largely patronized, for its ability to make them appreciable is undoubted. Some of the members of the Club went to Flatbush, L. I., December 11th, and gave a trial exhibition. In commenting, the *Kings County Gazette* says: "The young men composing this Club are entitled to great credit for the excellent manner in which they rendered their College songs, among which were, "On the Banks of the Old Raritan," "Stars of the Summer Night," "The Bull Frog," "All Together," "The School-Master," "Bow-wow-wow," and others. * * * Their singing was vociferously encored by the audience, and graciously responded to by the young men." The Club was treated, magnificently, and another concert will be given there, upon the urgent request of the citizens, in January. We hope this will be but an iota to the success it shall achieve. At a recent meeting, the following officers were elected:

Prex.—W. R. TAYLOR.
Vice-Prex.—J. LEFFERTS, JR.
Secretary—HAYDN C. KELLY.
Treasurer—J. D. PRINCE, JR.
Leader—W. H. OSBORNE.
Executive Committee—E. E. COLBURN, LEROY BRUMAGHIM, and C. C. VAN DEUSEN.

OWING to a misunderstanding of the Constitution of the TARGUM ASSOCIATION, the men whom we named in our October issue as Directors of the TARGUM, were not constitutionally elected, and another election has been held which resulted as follows:

PETER D. STAATS, '74.
P. T. POCKMAN and J. E. WARD, '75.
L. VREDENBURGH, Jr., and W. H. OSBORN, '75.
G. Z. SNIDER and ———, '77.

The officers of the Association are:

PERRY J. FULLER, President.
P. T. POCKMAN, Secretary.
PETER D. STAATS, Treasurer.

SCIENCE.

OF all the most powerful words in our language, there is perhaps none which carries with it greater force than Science; for when men perform certain deeds with no fixed motive for so doing, and are at all closely questioned, or when there is a new article to be vended, about the reliability of which there is some doubt; or, when a doubtful word or sentence is employed, the answers will almost invariably be, "it is done in the cause of Science," or "it is purely scientific." Who can say ought against such an argument?

Great advance in the number and in the improvement of the sciences has been made within a comparatively short time, for the sciences as known by the ancient writers are seven, viz: Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy and Music. Now, instead of seven, the number is almost unlimited, and nearly every occupation is either almost or entirely reduced to a science, as agriculture, navigation, mining, and many others.

There are many who claim that some of the modern sciences are nothing of the kind, as for example, medicine, which, because of some of its uncertainties is often called only a very good collection of improved theories. Although there are cases where medicine seems to contradict itself, yet there are enough cases where the theories are proved to be unmistakable facts, so much so that it must be classed as a science, inasmuch as "science is a method of knowing."

The word science, although a sadly abused one, is as comprehensive and as good a one as there is in the language. The abuse is seen every day in the familiarity with which such persons as "patent medicine venders," prize fighters, gamblers and imposters generally use it. The vile nostrums of the one "are compounded in a strictly scientific manner." The others fight, play, or do any and everything scientifically. You can be "scientifically swindled" or relieved of your watch and pocket-book, and find it so recorded in the next morning's papers, if not in the light of a good joke, at least, as very neatly and scientifically done.

On the other hand, how expressive and appropriate does it sound to hear of the scientific discoveries of some chemist, or philologist; the scientific manner in which some farm is conducted; the skillfully scientific operation of one of our eminent surgeons.

The modern systems of education seems to be rapidly changing, and to have science more as their foundation than has hitherto been the case. The study of the classics was at one time almost the only one pursued in our Colleges, and at the present day it is studied to a considerable extent, but is in part, substituted by a more extended course of scientific studies. This is true of all our American Colleges, excepting those devoted especially to a scientific course.

In marking out a course of study for the education of youth, let there always be a sufficiency, but not a superfluity of science, and do not overlook the benefits which are to be derived from a thorough linguistic course; and when this happy medium is discovered, or something which will answer the same purpose, then, and only then, will we have a perfect course of study, which we can follow, and from which we are sure to derive the greatest benefit.

E. D.

EVENING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

When the orb of day was setting,
On the mountain side I stood ;
Saw the fleecy, golden netting,
Evening's mantle o'er the wood.

Dewy drops of heaven's distilling,
Pacify earth's yawning breast ;
Evening bells, their vespers trilling,
Weary nature lull to rest.

"Feel this stillness of creation,"
To my throbbing heart I spake ;
Copy this sweet relaxation,
To thy rest thyself betake.

Flowers, rich in beauty growing,
Slowly now their eyelids close ;
And the brooklet's waves are flowing
Noiselessly in calm repose.

Now the sylph her labor ending,
To her leafy bower doth hie ;
And the slender reed is bending
Neath the slumbering dragon fly,

Cradled in the rose-leaf swaying,
Lies the beetle clad in gold ;
Flocks, their shepherd's voice obeying,
Homeward journey to the fold.

Sheltered in the dew-damp clover,
Now the lark seeks out her nest ;
Timid doe and antlered rover
In the wooded glens find rest.

He, to whom is given a cottage,
To its genial hearth will come ;
He who eats a stranger's pottage,
In a dream is wafted home.

Now a voice, all fear dispelling,
To my weary soul speaks peace ;
Whispers of that blissful dwelling
Where all toilsome labors cease.

LAUNISCH.

NONSENSICAL NOTHINGNESS.

IN accordance with the advice of Haven, "Better a subject about which you know something, than one about which you know nothing," we have taken as our theme, *nothing expressed nonsensically*. You may perhaps wonder, and wisely too, how we are to write about nothing. We intend to do it digressively, by considering collegiate epithets as *nonsensical nothingness*. What, will you please inform us, can partake of the nature of *something* in collegiate epithets, other than mere associations, which, to non-collegians, are meaningless? In fact, in all trades and pursuits, nonsensical nicknames spring up, which are known only to participants. We intend to consider the epithets of Rutgers College only. Collegiate reader, you must pardon us, if in our hurried transit through the firmament of renowned names we should collide with your popular epithet. It is all in a joke, and as the Editors have urged us to write something concerning the College, we have concluded to write as we have chosen.

Here in College, as elsewhere, we have any quantity of "Bobs, Jacks, Petes, Toms, Daves, Eds; Charley, Pitzzy, and all the others that end in y; Pill (y), Billy, and all the others that end in ly, with the rest included, "present company however, always excepted." In the creation of the world, God said "Let there be light," and there was light. That he intended by light, the sun, is evident from the fact that even now we have in our midst "sunshine." The derivation is from a logical judgment.

— is light,
Sunshine is light,
— is sunshine.

Nothing could be more appropriate. Ever with a smiling countenance, he makes joyous the sorrowful, and lifts his fellow travelers out from the "Slough of Despond."

Whoever thought that Daniel Boone would stalk in our midst? Does he? No! but his grandmother, of masculine gender, strides up the aisle with his seven-leagued boots, as if evading the dagger's "thrust." "Sweet William" has given him the name also of "Kentucky Ranger." I must tell you about "Sweet William alias Sweet William Bill." He is one of those dear little boys that wouldn't harm a fly if it were out of his reach, and every gate would swing as uniformly as ever, if "Pony Gat" were standing near. This little fellow threw a twenty pound boulder from the third corridor down to the main floor at one o'clock at night once, but he has been sorry for it ever since. He is said to be the author of

Peter be nimble,
Peter B. Quick.
Peter jumped over the candlestick,

The class of '74 is divided up in wards, and the most motley as well as most fortunate crowd is in the Second Ward. There are six persons in this ward, each of whom go by the name of "Second Ward," besides their class-room names. They are: Handsome, Slimmy, Stick in the Mud, Flipper, Shorty, and Passaic Bill. What a catalogue of names! These are the "high privates in the rear ranks." with

"Azimuth" in front of them,
"Shoe-Blacking" behind them,
Chined and polished,
"Brick" to the right of them,
"Old-clothes" to the left of them,
"Nobby," well furnished,
"Bub," in the van-guard.
"Eph" in the rear-guard,
Volleyed and thundered,
"Tardy," "the mechanical,"
"Sissy," the angelical,
Stood up and blundered.

In the third rank come the "Knights of the Mystic Cross," with the bearded man as Don Quixote. Chinese are also in the ranks, as their names will testify: "Ich bin yang-yangen," "Ching-Ching," "Eat a muchy ricey," "Chow Wing," and all the other Orientals that end in *ing*. The whole caravan is led by a band whose chants and songs, "altogether," have charmed, and perhaps encouraged the awakened citizens of the seaport town of New-Brunswick. Included in the members are, Royal Warbler, Ed. the Fair, All Important, Billy the Rover, Boot-Jack, and Reverend. Two of the most appropriate names are "Clothes-Pin," and "Telegraph Pole." The former is long, lean and lank; the latter is longer, leaner and lanker.

It is queer from what small sources names will arise. A word spoken sometimes thoughtlessly; an action in the class-room; the clothes you wear; the food you eat, as "Pie-Biter" will testify; the places you frequent; the companions you have; the place in which you live, and even the seat you occupy, is often the origin of a name which will cling to you through your collegiate course. The nick-names are used to such

an extent that your real name is unknown to three-quarters of your fellow-students. As you are called in College, so in society in general. No one is exempt, if only the occasion be given. It will not do to boast of having no epithet, for the one to whom you brag will immediately coin you one, and never has mineral coin circulated as rapidly as this nominal coin. This is always at par, thereby perpetuating its circulation. The Professors, too, have their epithets; but a revelation of such would not warrant their approbation. Students in general think that "Prof. So-and-So," and "Dr. How-do-you-Do," are too long names, and as nothing else will do, they usually coin names of one syllable.

We have not as yet exhausted our vocabulary, but as the space allotted to us is already filled, you must excuse us, dear Editors, from wearying your readers with a long recital of mere names.

PUNK-HOKY.

THE latest thing in Sealskins seems to be somewhat effeminate. A member of the Junior class appeared on Church-street a few days ago, walking with a young lady, and wearing a sealskin hat, which was most tastefully adorned with ribbons and bows. Some unfeeling youth has suggested that the above-mentioned hat might possibly be the property of the young lady in question, given to the young man by her to wear, so that she might have the privilege of kissing him, in accordance with the old established custom. This, of course, cannot be so, as we have too high an opinion of the Junior's character.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Cup and Gown*, of Columbia, is no more, being superseded by the *Acta Columbiana*, much improved in appearance, size, and quality.

VICK'S *Floral Guide* is handsomer than ever, and we advise all our readers who love flowers to send for it.

We append a complete list of the exchanges which have been received during the past term: *Annalist, Pen and Plover, Beloit College Monthly, University Reporter, Cap and Gown, University Magazine, College Herald, Western Collegian, Proof Sheet, Tripod, Scribner's St. Nicholas, College Journal, Fire-Side Favorite, National Protestant, Scientific American, Brunonian, Nassau Literary, Hamilton Literary, Denison Collegian, Union College Magazine, Tyro, Yale Courant, Literary Magazine and Record, Cornell Era, Bates Student, College Days, Amherst Student, Magenta, College Argus, Lafayette Monthly, Madisonensis, Owl, Williams Review, College Mercury, Dickinsonian, Vassar Miscellany, Our Students Record, The Student, Central Collegian, Chronicle, College Record, College Courier, Lawrence Collegian, College Spectator, University Record, University Herald, The Geyser, Vox Humanita, Port Jervis Weekly Gazette, Newspaper Reporter, Rural Gazette, Wood's Household Magazine, Illinois Schoolmaster, High School Budget, Newark Manufacturer, Proof Sheet, State Sentinel and Capital, Somerset Gazette, McKendree Repository, Typographic, Blackburn Gazette, Packer Quarterly, American Journalist.*

MY FIRST CIGAR.

'Twas down behind the Laboratory,
One afternoon this fall,
I took a card of matches
And drew it 'cross the wall.
And as the sulphurous flame arose,
Prophetic in the air,
I carefully applied it
Unto my first cigar.

Stretched supine on the grassy bank,
I gazed into the sky,
E'en there the purple wreaths of smoke
Were curling gracefully,
Oh, what was there at such a time
My happiness to mar?
Alas! A sudden qualm proclaimed
It was my first cigar.

I've stood upon a steamboat
And sailed across the Bay,
Then leaned far o'er the quarter rail
And thrown myself away,
But I never knew a wretchedness
That could with that compare,
When down behind the Laboratory,
I smoked my first cigar.

—Brunonian.

PERSONALIA.

PRICE, '74, is expected to return next term.

O. H. HOFFMAN, '51, is Principal of a Preparatory School at Lebanon, N. J.

STUBBS, '76, has left College, and is studying Surgery with Dr. Morrrough, of this City.

WM. H. DILL, '62, is now Principal of the Freeburg Academy, in Pennsylvania.

C E. BARNES, '68, is Assistant Engineer on the Hudson River Bridge, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CASPER, '76, has been obliged to leave College on account of ill health, and has gone to Florida to recruit.

REV. F. H. STUBBS, '66, has just received a call to be Assistant Rector of the Church of the Beloved Disciple.

A. W. BROWN, formerly of '77, is now outward bound for Greece, as Private Secretary of WAIT, United States Consul for that country.

JAMES K. BARTON, the Mathematical Instructor, at the end of this term, will make his tutorial bow. Prof. ROCKWOOD, of Bowdoin College, then steps into adjunct professorial duties. Dr. MURRAY's place is kept open for him until his return.

THE next Masters' Orator will be Rev. WM. H. LAWRENCE, who delivered the Philosophical Oration on Commencement Day in 1871. This gentleman is at present a Methodist dominie, stationed at Titusville, a few miles from Trenton. A year ago he gave promise of making a second O'CONNOR, but the Law was too slow a profession to satisfy this "Young America's" ambition, and therefore he is now making rapid strides towards his "D. D." It is rather a remarkable fact, that the same rapid metamorphoses, in regard to this world's pursuit of happiness, happened also at about the same time as to the Secundus, JOHN W. CONKLIN. The Class of '71 has now six ministers. Ten lawyers are all that are left to conspire against the pockets of a trusting community.

TELESCOPE.

STEALING SWEETNESS—kissing through a veil.—*Ec.*

AMHERST offers a prize of \$1,000 to the Class that is most regular at the Gymnasium, and gives the best Exhibition at the close of the year.

A FRESHMAN was attended by father, mother and sister, at his examination. When the result was announced to be satisfactory, the father asked Prof. ——— out, "to have something!"—*Ec.*

A SENIOR was guilty of the following: "What is the difference between the sun and a shooting star?" "One is a sun (son) and the other a 'darter.'" He still survives.—*Orient*

MILTON was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman.—*Ec.*

UNDER "answers to correspondents," we notice the following:

"HANNAH L.—There are various kinds in use. Some are made of light spring steel, some are rubber inflated, but the most common in use are made of copies of newspapers, generally 'back' numbers."

HON. DANIEL PRATT, G. A. T., C. O. D., &c., visited Dartmouth recently, and delivered a lecture on "The Harmonious Vocabulary Laboratory of Governments considered Physically, Morally, Organically, Oratorically and Sonorously, especially the latter."

"MY son," said an anxious father once, "what makes you use that nasty tobacco?" Now the son was a very literal sort of person, and, declining to consider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied, "To get the juice, old codger."—*Ec.*

THE *Amherst Student* says: "Another colored student has entered '77. The class now has three, and in spite of all prophecies to the contrary, they are treated with as much consideration as any member of the College." Correct; why should it be otherwise?

THE corner stone of the Jubilee Hall of the Fisk University at Nashville has just been laid. The colored singers of the University made enough money with their concerts to buy twenty-five acres of land, eight acres of which are in the square, forming the site of the hall.—*Malisonensis.*

"That's where the boys fit for College," said a Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school house. "Did they?" said she. "Then, if they fit for College before they went, they didn't fight afterwards?" Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

SCENE, Professor's house—ring at the doorbell; Mrs. Prof. appears. Colored individual: "Madam, I desire work." Mrs. Prof.: "Well, what do you want to do?" Colored individual: "Any variety of manual labor would suit me, but I prefer to work in the Professors' yards, in order to identify myself with the University."—*Cornell Era.*

THEOLOGOMENOUS TRAGEDY.—SCENE X.—*Newly arrived Theologue* (vacantly wandering about the Campus, to brother Theologue who is initiated)—"Can you tell me where Yale College is?" *Bro.*—(with sarcasm)—"The Alms-house is over that way," (pointing south.) *N. A. T.* (suspiciously)—"I asked where *Yale College* was, will you tell me?" *B. T.*—"O, excuse me, the Jail is in that direction," (pointing west.) *N. A. T.* (bitterly)—"Indeed, then how came you here?" *Exeunt omnes.*—*Yale Courant.*

THE University of Michigan has a new Commencement Hall, which will seat three thousand persons, and if crowded, can accommodate four thousand. The hall is part of the second floor of a new building just erected by the State at an expense of \$105,000, and is 89 by 128 feet in size. The building in which it is located has a front of 147 feet, and a depth of 149 feet, and is surmounted by a dome 140 feet in height. This building exactly fills the space between two older ones, each of which has a front of 100 feet; thus making one huge building 347 feet in length. The building was formally opened on November 5th.—*College Mercury.*

WE clip the following from the *Brunonian's* Poetical Contributions:

CROQUET.

The sun was low in the western skies,
That beautiful summer day;
And I stood like a fool and looked in her eyes,
And didn't know what to say,
While she insisted 'twould be very nice
To have a game of croquet.

She wore the nobbiest sailor hat,
And, was dressed in a white pique;
And I'm very sure I didn't care that
If her nose was retrousse,
You may take my word for it (*verbum sat*),
That she could play croquet.

She seemed to take a malicious delight
In monopolizing the play.
She knocked my ball from left to right
In a most provoking way,
Till at length I remarked with a good deal of spite,
"Confound croquet!"

"Your turn at last," she cried as she missed,
"Every puppy must have his day,"—
"Aha!" I shouted, "the balls have kissed;
Why shouldn't our *lips*, Jennie, pray?"
A "glance shot" from her eyes, and I caught her wrist,
And gave her a "tight"—croquet.

The sun went down in the western skies,
The heavens were growing grey;
I sat in the shadow and looked in her eyes,
And thought of something to say,
And what I whispered (as you may surmise)
Had nothing to do with croquet.

THE Catalogue for '73-'74 have been published, and distributed among the students. They are quite neat in appearance. Prof. G. ROCKWOOD, Ph. D., has been added to the Faculty. He is expected to take his place at the beginning of next term. We hope that he may be as popular, and have as good success as Dr. MURRAY, whose place he is to fill.

The number of students on the roll is 182. The number at present attending College, 173.

COLLEGE DOTS.

PROF.—What is mightier than the sword?
Fresh.—Cheese!

THE winter vacation extends from December 24th to January 8th.

THE students are fearfully tight in consequence of the panic.

DR. DOOLITTLE is one of the Editorial corps of the *Christian at Work*.

THE Song-Book needs more subscriptions. Alumni and friends, assist us.

It is rumored that the TARGUM will, next term, shoot out under different aspects.

WE have a Sophomore who possesses a movable upper jaw. His christian name is *Jawge*.

QUERY.—In which crusade and year were the Knights of the Mystic Cross established?

PROF.—Side question—How is the earth divided?

Fresh.—By wars and earthquakes.

BETA TAU, the Junior Society, possess a splendid badge, which makes an excellent appearance on the vest of its members.

A FRESHMAN writes home: "Father, please send me a rabbit-trap and a piece of new carpet to say my prayers on."

THE "Delta Upsilon Fraternity" (anti-secret) has established a new Chapter at Syracuse University, with a membership of twenty.

We wonder if it is an impossible thing to have the Boat-House opposite the City. It would insure a larger amount of practice at the oar.

THE following is very conspicuous in a room near 74 Bayard: "Those who expectorate on the floor, can not expect (t) to rate as gentlemen."

WE lately received a challenge from Princeton to play a game of foot-ball, but owing to the disorganized condition of the Association we were obliged to decline it.

DR. TAYLOR LEWIS, of Union College, it is rumored, will begin a course of Lectures on "Modern Infidelity," next term, and continue them through the year.

OUR Scarlet "Ensign" was adopted in 1869, and at the Commencement of that year it waved from the College building. Before that time we were without "colors."

A SENIOR told an under-classman that if he wished to know whether he possessed side-whiskers, he should stand in the sun, and if they cast a shadow he was one of the thrice-blessed.

A GRADUATE tells this: There used to be a musician in town by the name of Sharp, and on the door-plate it was engraved as "D. Sharp." A College wag added to it one night "is a Flat," which was, alas, too true.

UPON the arrest of a student, a Policeman testified as follows: "He called me a black-leg, a rum-sucker, a brute, a villain, a Brandeth's pill-box, and a thief, not honest enough to eat with a silver fork at my own table, all of which I certify to be true."

How remarkably true was the saying of Hon. John A. Lott, in his dedicatory address that the Dutch were a slow people. Go to the rear, Boat Club! you have testified enough to the truth of this. Give the Dormitory and the flag-walk a chance.

"It feels quite embracing to-day," said a young lady to a Senior. A few minutes after, with a treacherous red spot on his cheek, and an oath on his tongue, he swore the bloodiest vengeance against every woman that didn't have a full command over the English language.

A SOPHOMORE met his paternal at the train, the other day, and both went into a hotel together, to deposit their baggage. The bar-keeper seeing the Soph., and it being the time for his daily visit, accosted him with: "Have your usual drink, sir?" much to the astonishment of the parent.

A GENTLEMAN, at a dinner-table, expatiating on the merits of several recent plays, remarked that he had just heard Enoch Arden, and—"I beg you pardon, sir," said a Junior, "but what instrument did he use?" Genius, like murder, always will out.

SOMETHING horrible for the future generations of Fresh and Sophs will shortly happen. The second volume of Fischer's Latin Manual will shortly appear—by the beginning of next term. It is rather tough that poor Freshies, from whom the shades of Part I. is just flitting away, should now be compelled to dive into Part II.

THE following touching epitaph was discovered on a tombstone in a graveyard a few miles from this City:

"The boiling coffee on me did fall,
 And by it I was slain;
 But Christ has bought my liberty,
 And in Him I will rise again."

AFTER a cruel dismissal, a Sophomore soliloquises thusly: "Worthier men than I have failed, but by continued perseverance have gained their object, and why shouldn't I?" My motto, hereafter is:

If at first I don't succeed,
 Try, try again,
 I'll work until my breath is out,
 For darling Sarah Jane.

THIS beautiful tribute to his ideal of perfection is found on the fly-leaf of a Senior's diary: "Ida L. Sanborn—brunette—nineteen years of age—peculiarly handsome—unique physique—wears No. 3 shoes—despises stays—in height, five feet and two inches—twenty-two inches around the waist—abhors cats and dogs, and withal takes a wonderful liking to me. Noble Rutgers, she is to be thy daughter."

Query—How does he know all this?

A FRESHMAN was sent on an errand by his sister, and, upon entering the store, seeing that a young lady was to serve him, with modest politeness, asked her, "Have you any limb-ins?" She mistaking him for a foreigner, sent him to a fruit stand. Here a gentleman stood ready to serve him, and with brutal indifference the Fresh asked for a pair of leggins. His sister caught a bad cold the next day walking through the snow to Church.

WE clip the following from a recent *Fredonian* :—

"Psi—Will meet at Salem, Dec. 30th, to consider the establishment of a Chapter at Rutgers. Its existence is claimed to be as old as Free-Masonry, and is the most profoundly secret of all Fraternities."

This matter is a great mystery to us, but can be partly accounted for by reading the February number of a '71 TARGUM.

SOME one relates, that in the days of "Schmidty," the predecessor of the present janatorial genius, two students were rushing down the old stone-stairway, which used to adorn the main entry into the College. One of the above upset a pail, which Mrs. Schmidty had conveniently left there. "Oh!" said student No. 1, "you have kicked the bucket." "No," says No. 2, "I have only turned pail!"

THE New-York *Tribune*, of June 19th, 1873, in an article upon Rutgers Commencement, says: "The Campus will be handsomely laid out by the citizens of New-Brunswick upon completion of the Dormitories."

The cure for all our pains is presented to us. The condition of our walks, which is insufferable is to be improved, and they are to be scientifically "laid out in a handsome manner by the citizens of New-Brunswick!"

It will be an unmerited punishment to deprive us of our high-toned, unpaved walks, for the still more ridiculous and shoe-breaking brick sidewalks, so common in this City. We thought all students were desirous of an improved condition of our Campus walks. It has been the hobby of all our criticising and complaining fellow-sufferers for years past. But the prospect before us. Ah! The brick sidewalks! It is sufficient.

We consign the subject to oblivion, hoping no student in the future will be rash enough to even think of it, much less agitate it, and bring such an infliction of suffering upon us and ours.

E.

A FRESHMAN sends us the following translation of Mary's Little Lamb. As we wish always to encourage rising genius, we publish it without a struggle. The following is our only pastoral poem of the nineteenth century, transposed from the metric to the prose order. Mary was the proprietor of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outward covering was as devoid of color as congealed atmospheric vapour, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young Southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the seminary attendant, when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genius ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferated. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the preceptor answered.—*Cornell Times*.