

# THE TARGUM.

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## Tanhauser.

THE beautiful legend of Tanhauser is as follows: A French Knight, riding by the side of a mountain, was attracted by a lovely woman. From her matchless beauty he knew her to be none other than Venus. She beckoned him to her; leaving his horse he followed; she led him into the heart of the mountain and into her court. Here he passed seven years in revelry and debauch, then he longed once more for the purer pleasures of the upper world. He prayed to the Virgin, a rift was opened in the mountain and he was released. He hurried to the church and made confession; but his sins were too black, the priest would not absolve him; he went to another, and a third with no better success. Then he appealed to the Pope. Urban IV. then occupied the chair of St. Peter; he was a hard, stern man, and exclaimed, "Guilt such as thine can never be remitted; sooner shall this rod in my hand grow green and blossom than that God could pardon thee!" In despair Tanhauser returned to his former life. When he had gone, the Pope in amazement discovered that his rod was putting forth buds; he sent in haste after Tanhauser, but it was too late, he was never after heard of.

A truth of mighty import dwells  
In this grand legend old;  
A truth which eloquently calls  
To-day, for utterance bold.

A man of passions wild and strong  
Is tempted into sin  
By merry days and nights of song,  
By splendor, lust and wine.

Cloyed by his pleasures, he anon  
Longs for the true and pure,  
The fairer sunlight, heaven born,  
The joys lasting and sure.

He turns his weary, longing face  
Unto the Temple's gate,  
Surely he there will find a place  
Where love and mercy wait.

But coldly looks the church on him,  
So vile, so mean, so low;

He notes the look, despairs, and in  
Remorse leaves that pure fold.

A single word, a loving word,  
A glance, a pitying tear,  
A whisper of God's tenderness  
Then might have quelled his fear,

And made him feel his heirship to  
A Heavenly Home and throne,  
Filled his whole life with thankfulness  
And crowned his death with song

Church of the Living God, beware  
How you despise the least  
Of these weak, erring, little ones  
Who turn to you for peace!

Learn from this legend quaint and old  
How far God's mercy goes,  
And limit not His grace and love  
When it so overflows.

CHARLWORTH.

## College Oratory.

ORATORY the world over, is not conspicuous for uniformity of style, and while the exhibitions of oratorical ability on the College Chapel stage are not wanting in diversity, they in addition embrace characteristics peculiar and striking. Now and then students are favored with a display of College oratory which merits praise; but, for the most part, it cannot be judged with too great severity. A style is in vogue uninteresting and even offensive to hearers, and most certainly injurious to the speaker himself.

Some delight in treating of subjects utterly devoid of practical bearing, meaningless, to themselves and their fellows. Others discuss dead issues, either because they are behind the age, or find deposited on their book-shelves a huge mass of material from which they can gather a few facts and thoughts and carelessly combine them with little effort of mind or body. Some again, are ever meddling with ancient times, and disturbing the repose of ancient men. They are not satisfied with the modern customs, habits and dispositions of society or with our present civilization, and their highest ambition is gratified when they can succeed in

pouring into our already overloaded stomachs another dose of ancient Greece, Rome or Persia. It has been observed that the howling over Alexander was enough to make the poor man turn over in his grave. We certainly need "more light," but not upon such topics. Others again will deliver an address composed of a number of high sounding terms, a quantity of startling figures of speech, interspersed with a few choice poetical quotations, and instead of edifying their listeners, or making them believe that they are in the presence of inspired geniuses, they disgust and even torture them. Much more might be justly said about the *matter*; but space must be left for the *manner*, which oftentimes is equally obnoxious. It does not awake the strongest or the tenderest emotions to see a student indulge in an extravagance of gesture, slinging his arms regardless of fitness, and moving his body as if suffering with dyspepsia, or to hear a monotonous rant, tones that sound like voices from the tombs, or alternations of sobs and yells. Who has not heard "the lugubrious groans" or painful squeals of a speaker which seem to have come up from the "caverns of his stomach just after a struggle with coffee and buckwheat cakes?" Such are some of the defects of the present style of College oratory. They can be remedied, for they are mostly due to either laziness, carelessness or lack of interest.

The mental activity of this age is unprecedented. Scores of vital, practical problems, questions and themes, appeal daily to the individual mind for solution, discussion and treatment. What student has not a few thoughts upon these, which he can clothe in simple, clear, and forcible language? What one is not capable of saying something worth listening to, and able to deliver it so that it may be understood and appreciated? To think close-

ly and connectedly is at first difficult ; but this power of mind increases with each effort. A simple, concise and intelligible style of writing is the best, and can be acquired with moderate care and practice, and continued exercise in elocution under proper direction cannot fail to secure proficiency in the art. We must cease to be satisfied with doing poorly, and must endeavor to make each succeeding attempt a better one. By these means many may attain to oratory in its highest sense, when it becomes the most fascinating and one of the highest and most useful types of genius.

Students, especially those gifted with natural ability, should strive for this excellence. A true orator is a thinker, a scholar, a debater and a declaimer. And who has more inducements to enter the arena and make the struggle than the College student? No advantages are denied him. A voice comes from every page of his text-books, from every class-room lecture, from every College duty, inviting him, urging him, nay, compelling him often to *think* ; a scholarly atmosphere surrounds him, and he has but to breathe it. Access is given him to the debating hall where intellects are sharpened and readiness of speech acquired ; and ample opportunity is afforded him under good instruction to excel in declamation, to become skilled in investing his words with a depth of tone—a rich and tender harmony. Ah ! but you say, perhaps, that the grand days of oratory are past ; that its power, its glory, and its pride are gone forever ; that the long prevailing tendency to undervalue oratory, and the birth of that power mightier than the sword—mightier than an army of orators, and which is changing the whole world, have sunk the orator to the ordinary level of men. Yes, in part it is true. The power of oratory has been partly supplanted by that of the press ; but should it suffer from the unjust sentiment cherished towards it? The passionate desire of our country for material advancement and the consequent corrupting influences brought to bear upon our legislators has made eloquence influential in effecting base objects and forwarding the interests of

scheming politicians. But that is no argument against oratory. It is rather the unmanly timidity in honest hearts and strong minds, and the failure to acquire facility and power in expression which give to these abusers of a rare gift their preposterous importance. Fellow students ! oratory to-day has a mission, although we may never behold such triumphs as sprung from it in the past ! It has a glorious field of action, in which nothing else can equal it ! The press may speak to a nation (a man to to an assembly only)—but it can not fill the place of the true orator. The newspaper may be full of argument ; but the eloquence of the stalwart frame, now clothed in purple figures, now in the fine linen of choice diction, cannot be reproduced. Many are the occasions afforded for the display of oratorical talents. What is more effective than the impressive eloquence of the man endowed with a far-reaching intellect, a good heart, and a patriotic feeling, when the nation's honor is bound up in some political issue? In critical moments when the clouds of war begin to gather and the country must be *saved*, what is more needed than he who speaks to the heart and passions, who not merely convinces, but *carries away* the hearer. The millenium has not yet dawned, and the great contest between truth and falsehood must continue, and as the forces on either side concentrate around the citadel the warfare will become more fierce. What need then of pulpit orators, to defend the faith, to convince and to persuade ! In view then of what has been said, in view of what we may become, in view of the inspiration that comes from the eloquent dead, let us abandon loose modes of preparation, and sluggish, ranty, and ludicrous styles of delivery, despise our past efforts, confine ourselves to subjects suited to our mental capacity, and ascend the chapel stage well equipped, and with hearts full of enthusiasm. Success is then certain, and there is hope that the future will give birth to orators who shall rank with the greatest of the past. While liberty survives oratory cannot die, and while a few only hope to sway multitudes, every one should

be able to stand undaunted before his fellows and give an account of the faith within him.

### " Rutgers Continentals."

NEVER since the days of Col. Kellogg has the College Campus presented such a grand spectacle of military pomp and martial array as was exhibited at the biennial parade of the Rutgers Continentals. It was such a surprise to all connected with the College, not even the Faculty being cognizant of their existence. When they sallied forth in pristine magnificence, with shining arms and glittering breast-plates, everybody wondered, and wonderingly queried how they obtained the guns? The Freshmen were completely bewildered with the sight, being totally unacquainted with war-like affairs except as laid down by Xenophon. Now in order to understand the rise and progress of this mysterious affair, go with me in imagination to North Campus, which is the most favorable spot for our observations. As the clock in the town struck ten, on the morning of November 13th, persons could be seen assembling from various quarters, in the basement of Van Nest Hall. It was evident from their manners and conversation that something extraordinary was brewing. After a lapse of half an hour they sallied forth in double quick time, for the Geological Hall, against which they stood, as flat as postage stamps basking in the bright rays of cheerful Phœbus. Great Caesar ! what a turning out was here. But lo ! as if by magic, each man possessed a gun bayoneted, and it may be loaded. At this eventful crisis General Limestone stepped forward, and with a voice like Balaam's Ass addressed his sturdy cohorts in much the same words as Xerxes used before crossing the Hellespont. " O comrades, I am about to speak in order to desire this of you, that you would acquit yourselves like brave men and not disgrace your former exploits, which are great and memorable. May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever fail to defend the honor and fame of '76." At the command of " atten-



tion company," every man rushed pell mell for a place in line—at the same time shouldering his musket—despatch being an essential in the manual of arms. At the command of "forward march" each man stepped off with the right foot (which is also according to Upton's tactics) whistling the Mulligan Guards, in which they can almost boast the far famed powers of Orpheus' lyre. This heterogeneous file of classical militia, led by their windy potentates, presented a most formidable appearance with the pillars of Hercules at the head. Some carried their guns on their shoulders, others held them erect, while still others embraced them affectionately with their elbows, thereby threatening disaster to their neighbors in the rear. Let us glance along this irregular line, and see if we recognize any familiar faces. Foremost we find little Dave and big Pete, Titans of '76. Then comes Sunset C. with his calm, tranquil countenance, illumined with the flush of excitement, followed by our Tenor with victory perched upon his bayonet in the form a dead sparrow. Halloo! there is Buck, but since he has spoken by calling us a "bad man" we will pass him by. Next in order, W. B. G., author of the "Broken Chain." Another hasty glance and we discern the open physiognomy of H. C. K., ycleped "Knight of the Mystic Cross." O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name." "The Lilliputian Cornelius" now attracts our gaze, who makes up for his briefness, by striding to such an extent that you would have believed he possessed the seven leagued boots of Jack the Giant Killer. Lo! there is *Oi Kakoi* with his musket *à-la-mode*, immediately behind whom is the hero of our last calithump, he who gave utterance on that memorable night to this beautiful sentiment of our school-boy days:

"Oh dear, Professor, don't take me,  
Take that fellow behind that tree."

And according to Harkness, "Price is always put in the ablative," so we find him the last case in this declension of heroes.

In the words of the poet this was "A sight to dream of, not to tell." Then followed a series of evolutions

that were really excruciating. They ordered arms and carried arms; they presented arms and trailed arms; they faced to the right and they faced to the left; they marched and counter-marched by two divisions and by single divisions; by battallions and by sections; they marched to the right; they marched to the left; in quick time and in slow time; they passed through the movement of "load nine times—load," but just at this ill chosen juncture the officer-in-chief *pro tem.* of the Rutgers forces arrived upon the scene, he who is wont to inculcate upon the youthful brain of students the great Atomic system, taught by Moschus before the siege of Troy; but which, however, they are prone to imbibe most sparingly. In winged words of eloquence, intercepted with numerous soul-stirring tropes and figures which I cannot enumerate, he endeavored to persuade them to run up the white flag of peace, throw down their arms, and return in quiet to their text books. But such a marvelous metamorphosis could not be accomplished even by the wonder working sword of Harlequin; for all of those heart-rending entreaties were held in philosophic indifference; while the order was given for a double quick march to the other side of the Campus, where they passed in review before the various classes and Professors assembled in the front rooms of the main College, each man striving to excel his neighbor in hyperbolical bursts of patriotism. Thence they proceeded with stately tread to the armory, around which they marched and counter-marched to those soul inspiring tunes, "Balm of Gilead," "Mulligan Guards," "Where's Your Mule?"—the touching portions of which were emphatically emphasized by thumping their muskets upon the floor. At the command of halt! disband! each man marched up to the rack and deposited his gun with as much self-complacency as if disposing of his checks at the counter of a soup house after having regaled himself with a hearty meal. Then followed a series of cheers, accompanied by the characteristic Bow! wow! wow! loud enough to have demolished the walls of

a modern Jericho. And as a dainty morsel commonly follows a feast of good things—so they cap-sheafed the events of the day by a genuine war-dance around a real camp fire, upon which was roasted in effigy the body of a captive. Thus ended one of the most successful and impressive military drills that Rutgers has ever beheld. Long live the Class of '76. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of the Faculty."

X. Y. Z.

### Error vs. Truth,

OR THE CONTRAST BETWEEN DARWINISM AND REASON.

[It is well known that one of the Faculty is opposed to giving us holidays and vacations. Let him peruse the following, composed by a Senior during the Thanksgiving respite, and if he does not become a convert to our views on this subject, we will—we will—"never say die." Let those striving for the Moral Philosophy prize of \$35 look to their laurels. This man has assuredly a vocabulary which will mystify even the canny Scotchman, and force from him the coveted prize.]

The *furore* occasioned by the novel and startling theories of Darwin, Huxley and similar scientists, has passed away, and men are now ready to think intelligently and weigh calmly the arguments advanced by the defenders and opposers of evolution, natural selection and kindred topics. On this account, and because the suppression of an ambiguous and paradoxical science is a feasible and commendable undertaking, I am emboldened to transmit these few lines, only asking for them a candid and careful perusal. The error in Darwin's system clearly seen by any philosophical mind has its origin in arbitrary diction or the figure of a mental hallucination or fabrication. This occurs frequently in science, and especially when the scientist transcends his province, and is also further superinduced by the unsystematic, ambiguous and symbolical use of language which semi-civilizes the counselling and cognitive faculties and renders inane and inept many of the noblest truths of the cosmos. With

this same difficulty, which was insurmountable to Darwin, and which has made him the laughing stock of the illiterate and the astonishment of the erudite, I have to contend, but if I can rise superior to it and can by axioms supporting the symbols of intelligence and knowledge systematically, sympathetically, mathematically, intelligently, scientifically and carefully, by exaggerating or obfuscating truth in a unique supertranscendent and strictly and positively homogeneous manner, I shall feel that this incomparably protean subject will assume what Huxley calls a "protoplasmic *peau de chagrin*," or in other words the spectral imagery concealed in a mystery and occasionally revealed by way of *ad captandum* shall produce convolution of the brain and guide in the way of truth according to the ratio of its exercise. Huxley's definition of life rests upon such a ramified basis that it not only savors of materialism but is absolutely shocking to common sense. He makes no distinction between nucleated protoplasm and unnucleated protoplasm, and fails at the same time to differentiate between the spheroidal and discoidal systems or the discombobulatory or recondilimentary operations observed in all forms of life. The definition of life which is given below and whose paternity I cannot wholly claim obviates these difficulties, while at the same time it is so plain that the untutored may comprehend it in all its fullness and rest forever assured of the celesto-mentalico resources fundamental to himself and the laws of being. What then is life, is the question of all questions and one which heretofore has been answered to the satisfaction of 1-50 of the teeming millions of the earth. In answering the question we look at life from the only proper standpoint, viz: by the photo-molecular imagery of the camera obscura by which way of procedure it is evident that it is a dormantization, a focalization, a polarization and a co-operation of combined intelligence and molecular motion obedient to chemical, physiological, psychological and mechanical laws, mathematically, hydrostatically and superscientifically adjusted. This is a

brief formulation of life, but of course it is susceptible of analytical and synthetical investigation. When considered analytically we see as previously indicated that it implies ultimates, centres, functions, forces, molecular and unimolecular, visible and invisible, transient and permanent and immanent, (the last a new one just discovered) hyperbolic and transmographical, &c., all of which are located in the basis of intelligence or in the cavity of the medullary principle. Looking at life synthetically we sectionize the *camera pensa* of the cranium into three chambers or modified identities or hemispheres. The first one called the anterior located near the eyebrows contains the functional parts of the perceptive and retrospective faculties, just back of this and in close juxtaposition is the alternating functional group, while above it yet closely connected with it is the very dome of thought, the temple of life itself, indicating by its position its superiority over all the rest.

THEOPHRASTUS BOMBASTUS PARAKELKUS.

#### Musical Treat Extraordinary.

THE presiding genius of Burletta and Opera Bouffe has ransacked the domains of fairy land and mythology—even further—for the subjects of his art. Aladdin, The Forty Thieves and Sinbad have awaked to his touch. He has not spared the Biblical account of the Deluge—and we blush to say that in Paris even the Creation has been brought on the stage, with Adam and Eve in the traditional summer costume (Summer coming just before the Fall). But happily all this is now to be changed. Music has been married to immortal verse. New-Brunswick will soon enjoy the first representation of a new Opera founded on the historical tale of Mary and her little lamb. It is to be produced in the Opera House, on the evening of February 31st, 1875, by the entire strength of the Choral Society, under the *baton* of its accomplished *chief*. (Amateurs in the *arte musicale* will be glad to learn that the College Choir will positively *not* take part in the performance). Below we give a brief

synopsis of scenery, incidents, &c., only adding that the Society, with the far sighted generosity so characteristic of that body, have placed the tickets at the low price of \$7.50 each. Engage them early, as there will undoubtedly be a rush to secure seats.

#### ACT 1: SCENE 1.

Common near New-Brunswick; view of City; College Gymnasium and Dormitories in the distance (very much "in the distance"). Enter Marie with her lamb. Applause. (Audience will please be particular about this.) Early milk wagon passes "with milk from the College Farm." Real wagon engaged at great expense. Enter two Sophomores "doing a constitutional" before breakfast. They eye the lamb wolfishly.

#### CHORUS OF SOPHOMORES.

Lamb, lamb, beautiful lamb,  
Pleasant with spinach and early peas;  
Who'd eat bacon and ham  
When he could gobble such grub as these:—  
Juicy kidney, tempting chop,  
Cutlet sweet, and fragrant hash,  
Frothing vintage of the hop,\*  
Mild cigar, and brandy smash!  
When such viands crown the board,  
Lamb! thou art indeed adored!  
Lamb, lamb, beautiful lamb, etc.  
\*i. e. Beer.

#### SCENE 2.

Enter two hungry Theologues in hot pursuit of the lamb. They are checked by two "peelers." Exeunt Theologues, singing:

The man that hath good Butcher's Meat  
And giveth his neighbor none,  
He shan't have any of my B. M.  
When his B. M. is gone!  
When his B. M. is go-o-one,  
When his B. M. is gone, etc.

#### ACT 2: SCENE 1.

Marie, with shining morning face, repairs unwillingly to ——'s boarding and day school for young ladies. Unexpected entrance of lamb immediately after. Shrieks of admiration from soprano voices in various keys. Chorus of young ladies: Air—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

"Oh! goodness gracious mercy my!  
Now, don't you touch him: let me try.  
Oh! what a beauty! Oh! Mari—  
A, isn't he a Darling!  
Oh! ze itty tootsey wootsey!  
Pitty, itty, hootsey, pootsey!  
B'ess his pitty, itty, snootsey!  
Isn't he a Darling!"



Lamb enjoys it: stands it—like a lamb.

## SCENE 2.

Enter Preceptress! Sensation!!  
Tableau!!!

Preceptress, *recitativo affetuoso*.

"Can this be real my optics now behold—  
A male crea-ture across this pure thresh-old?  
I am sur-prised! Young ladies, bear him hence,  
His life's not worth the sum of 18-pence  
Should he remain within these virgin portals,  
Which are debarred to aught but female mortals?"

Chorus of lamb (incredulously)  
"Baa!" Preceptress glares indignantly,  
and "reaches" for him. Lamb promptly  
retires in good order. Exit lamb.

## ACT 3: SCENE 1.

Lamb keeping guard before the  
school. Entire police force of the City  
undertake to make him move on.  
Lamb shows fight. Peelers desist, of  
course, and retire to arrest a tramp  
around the corner.

## CHORUS OF PEELERS.

Oh! the City watchmen guard the City  
Through the watches of the night,  
If the passing bummer has no grit, he  
Finds his chance with us is slight.  
But whene'er we meet a gang of roughs,  
Who have practiced at "the bar,"  
We run away, we run away,  
We run away, we run away,  
To show how brave we peelers are!

## SCENE 2.

Lamb still at his post. Enter Col-  
lege Nine on the way to the ball ground.  
They practice throwing base ball at  
lamb. Lamb never flinches, for he  
knows they can't possibly hit him.  
Exeunt College nine, singing:

I love a liner, red hot liner,  
I love a liner, hot from the bat:  
I'll catch a liner, a red hot liner,  
I'll catch a liner, if it knocks me flat.  
Oh! the world shall watch our capers  
As we rake in long sky-scraper's,  
And get all our names in the papers,  
We heroes of the College Nine!

## SCENE 3.

Lamb still at his post. Enter Col-  
lege Crew carrying their new six-oared  
shell "Rutgers," followed by Sime with  
baggage, marked "Rutgers Crew, Sara-  
toga, N. Y., via Salt River, direct."  
Treasurer tries to get a subscription  
from lamb. Lamb declines to be  
fleece. Solo by Treasurer:

O we'd like to recommend to you our amateur  
committee,  
It's him that takes the book around, and hasn't  
any pity;

Put down your names at once, and when you  
can, conveniently,  
Just call around and settle up, and pay your  
little V.

## FULL CHORUS.

Will you, will you, will you, will you pay your  
little V?

Will you, will you, will you, will you pay your  
little V?

## SCENE 4, (AND LAST.)

Dismissal of school. Chorus of young  
ladies:

"Down with the school house,  
We'll have school no more!  
While we'll rally round the lamb, girls,  
Rally once again:  
Shouting the battle cry of mutton!"

Triumphal reunion of Marie and her  
lamb. Preceptress smiles on them from  
the front stoop and says, "Bless ye!  
my children." Red Fire! Tableau!!  
Masonic Hall statues may take places  
in the lobby at 10 o'clock. J.

## Peithessophia.

THE annual debate of the Senior  
members of the Peithessophian Society  
for the Reiley prize, took place in  
Peitho Hall, on Friday evening, the  
4th inst.

The question, "Is it for the best in-  
terests of this country to have but two  
political parties?" was discussed with  
considerable animation. Mr. B. V. D.  
Wyckoff, in opening the debate on the  
part of the affirmative, alluded to the  
fact that only once or twice have more  
than two political parties been in ex-  
istence in this country, and derived  
from their history an argument against  
the multiplication of political interests.  
"Principles, not men," must be had in  
mind in the selection of candidates for  
office. If there be more than two po-  
litical parties, principles are often dis-  
regarded, while the man is exalted.

Mr. L. J. Lockwood, in supporting  
the negative side of the question, point-  
ed out the valuable services which the  
Liberal Republican party has rendered  
to the country, in the recent elections,  
and maintained that a third party was  
necessary in order to preserve the bal-  
ance of power.

Mr. James Kemlo summed up for the  
affirmative, and in the course of his re-  
marks showed that third parties have  
usually originated among soreheads, and  
men more anxious to secure their per-  
sonal aggrandizement than to promote  
the public welfare. The condition of  
France, where political parties abound,  
was cited as furnishing an example of  
the evils resulting from a great diversi-  
ty of political interests. His strongest  
arguments were that the people are not  
intelligent enough for more than two  
parties; that a third party is contrary  
to the genius of our institutions and in-  
consistent with good government, and  
that a number of parties would divide  
the Union by sectional hatred.

The debate was concluded by I. Z.  
Hattori, who denounced the idea of hav-  
ing but two political parties as contra-  
ry to all our principles of free govern-  
ment. It had been remarked that  
three parties destroyed the balance of  
power, but he was unable to see why a  
table having three legs would not be  
better balanced than one having but  
two. In answer to the argument that  
the existence of numerous political par-  
ties in France has resulted disastrously  
to her interests, it was asserted, and  
with authority, that the great differ-  
ence of national spirit between France  
and America would not justify the com-  
parison. A strong argument in favor  
of a third political party was based  
upon historical evidence, particularly  
the results of the Free Soil party,  
which was the first to agitate the ques-  
tion of slavery.

The committee of award, consisting  
of Messrs. Sutphen, Reiley, Van Allen  
and Hoffman, pronounced Mr. Kemlo  
the ablest debater, though they could  
not refrain from giving honorable men-  
tion to Mr. Hattori.

YALE refuses to enter into the liter-  
ary contest with the so-called "smaller  
Colleges." How about having entered  
into a boating contest, and having been  
beaten in her own specialty by one of  
the so-called "smaller Colleges?"  
Will she dare to enter the boating con-  
test again?

# The Targum.

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THE position in regard to the Inter-Collegiate contest taken by Yale, Harvard, and Columbia, is not surprising, when the circumstances are considered. These Colleges happened on celebrity, and are like the man who is wise enough to stop risking when he has drawn one prize in a lottery. They are like some men in our (and indeed in every) College, who have some reputation for ability, yet who never try for prizes, and affect to despise all efforts to gain them. They are afraid to expose their weakness.

Let Yale hear of a boat race, and immediately she is in arms. But when

she receives a challenge to a contest in oratory and essay writing, she attempts to conceal her weakness by an assumption of superiority. Such a subterfuge is "too thin." We understand her dilemma, and would help her out, if it were possible. But the only course of action which would be honorable on her part, is a frank acknowledgment of incompetency. What is the use of dodging the issue? Yale deceives no one but herself, if she is in earnest. The facts of the case may be stated thus: By entering into competition with other Colleges, Yale has nothing to gain, and all to lose; nothing to gain, because a victory would not increase her acknowledged fame; and all to lose, because a defeat would dispel the popular delusion concerning her efficiency as an educational institution. Again, by entering this year, she would feel in honor bound to remain another year, when a competitive examination in scholarship is contemplated. A defeat in this would be the most galling to her pride—and it is possible she might get one. And what then?

She has characterized this contest as an effort after notoriety by the smaller Colleges. For ourselves we plead guilty of a desire for the renown of our institution; but we seek it by legitimate means. We desire an open and fair trial, with impartial judges. But this is not simply an "effort after notoriety;" it is a generous emulation between the Colleges for that just and noble fame which is founded upon intrinsic excellence. And if Yale despises such fame, she is welcome to do so.

THE honorable committee whose judgment will determine which of the representatives of the competing Colleges is superior in oratory, is composed of William Cullen Bryant, Whitelaw Reid, and George William Curtis. When we learned the points on which their decision in regard to the merits of the orations would be based we were somewhat surprised. As announced, they were: First, Original Thought; second, Style; third, Method of Treatment; fourth, Delivery. The query, "What is oratory?" immediately sug-

gested itself. On consulting Webster we learned that it was "the art of public speaking in an eloquent and effective manner; the exercise of rhetorical skill in oral discourse." This is not an attempt to convict the committee of incompetence, nor to accuse them of unfairness; for such attempts would prove futile. But we are at a loss to comprehend how a just judgment of *oratorical* power can be reached when such a low estimate is placed on delivery. Two prizes are given for essay writing. Is it right to turn the one intended for oratory into a third, by giving to qualities which belong exclusively to composition three fourths of the merit which determines the decision?

To us it seems as if the elements of criticism might better have been as follows: First, Quality of Tone; second, Articulation; third, Force; fourth, Stress; fifth, Emphasis; sixth, Inflection; seventh, Expression; eighth, Original Thought; ninth, Style; tenth, Method of Treatment. Our plan takes note of the elements of delivery, as well as those of composition; and we think that a just judgment of *oratory* involves the recognition of these points.

WITH this number two of the editors terminate their connection with THE TARGUM as editors. We are the first two who have completed a full year under the new Constitution, which, it is but just to say, receives our hearty approbation. We will inflict no valedictory. THE TARGUM speaks for itself. We wish simply to express our sincere gratitude to those associated with us on the editorial staff, to those who have had the business management, and to those who have contributed and subscribed. With words of thanks on our lips and in our hearts, we make our farewell bow.

SINGLE copies of THE TARGUM are for sale at Morgan & Shivler's and Terhune & Van Anglen's bookstores. This arrangement has been made for the convenience of those who do not subscribe, and also for those subscribers who want extra copies.



### Class Spirit.

ON account of the great revival this subject has experienced among us, we doubt not but that those who have original speeches to deliver will leave the heroes of Greece and Persia to remain in their tombs, and turn their attention in another direction for subject matter. If this really does happen, what a blessed season of quiet those ancient examples of bravery and heroism will receive.

No one can deny that a nation measures its strength by the unity of feeling existing among its people. The old maxim "in union there is strength," has been used from age to age, yet it is none the worse for wear, and every organization proves its truth in every undertaking.

As every class of people in the world combine themselves in some manner for mutual protection, so each class in the College world believes that in order to have an existence it must have an organization for the protection of its members from real or fancied wrongs. This class organization and class spirit seem just as necessary to us students as government and patriotism do to people generally. Why not? Do not the leaders in the College world become leaders in the field of action after they have bid adieu to their Alma Mater? And why should not the principles and the spirit be there instilled which shall fit them for the positions after which they are striving?

One Professor may lecture about the evils connected with class spirit until he is hoarse, and if the students feel wronged in the least they will have a class meeting and resolve to "slope" him until his throat has healed, if not longer. Another may say that class-spirit can be broken up, but if he makes the attempt he is most likely to have his midnight rest broken by a band of serenaders. Another still may by threats or promises induce some weak minded one to become a betrayer of his classmate, and to dissolve some petty plot in which he himself is involved.

Although that Professor has succeeded in turning one man against his class,

yet he finds to his sorrow that he has turned the whole class against himself.

Therefore we say, candidly, that if the leaders of a class are disposed to do what is right, that class will have a glorious record, but if their inclinations are of a contrary nature, then many dark blots will appear in its history. The wise Professor will not attempt the impossible task of destroying the class spirit, but he will strive to instil into their minds right principles, and direct them into the paths of wisdom which "are paths of peace."

A. H.

### "Ye Gentle Theologues."

THE Faculty of the Theological Seminary are: Rev. S. M. Woodbridge, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Government; Rev. J. DeWitt, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature; Rev. D. D. Demarest, D. D., Professor of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Rhetoric; Rev. A. B. Van Zandt, D. D., Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology.

There are nine students in the Senior Class, sixteen in the Middle, and fourteen in the Junior—making a total of thirty-nine.

The new Library building erected by Col. Sage is complete in its adaptation to the purpose intended. The Library, consisting of 20,000 volumes, has been moved in.

The students residing in Hertzog Hall are all in classes in gymnastics, and are under the instruction of Mr. Daniel Van Pelt, who is a thorough although an amateur gymnast.

The Rector of the Hall is Rev. John Garretson, D. D. The popularity of his administration is surprising, considering how many *sage* men, *quick* in discernment, have declared the absolute impossibility of a Rector gaining or keeping the good will of the students.

On Thursday, Dec. 3rd, the Divinity students descended to the level of common mortals, and partook of a turkey dinner. If they had been College students, they would have drank a toast to Dr. Garretson; but, as it was, they expressed their pleasure in a speech and motion, which were responded to by the

Doctor with one of his jokes, causing applause and laughter.

"Welcome to Hertzog Hall" in evergreens greets the eye on entering. It is a suitable reminder of one who has gone *alone* from our midst, to be a "stranger in a strange land." The memory of John H. Wyckoff will be fragrant long after these evergreens, the remains of the reception given to him, shall have withered and died.

If Tyndall wants a test of prayer, we advise him to visit the chapel exercises in the Seminary. Every morning and night prayers are offered for the Rector, his children, grandchildren, and descendants to the ninety-ninth generation.

*Loquacious and Ill-informed Theologue*—"Doctor, are there in existence, at the present time, any remains of Noah's ark?"

*Facetious Classmate*—"Yes, the smoke stack and paddle wheels."

Sacrilegious merriment.

### The "Rat-Trap."

Examinations are to be rigidly carried out at the end of each ten weeks. Prof. Cooper will do the examining for the 1st and 2d classes in Greek, Prof. Reiley in Latin.

Dr. Lockwood has been "doing himself proud" by his articles in the *Popular Science Monthly*. The Rats enjoy a luxury in his ministrations which they appreciate better every year.

The prospective Freshmen do not intend to go into College unable to sing the College Melodies. They have organized and keep in constant practice a Glee Club, whose meetings are a steady source of wonderment to their neighbors. Rumors prevail among them that a wood sawing machine is operated in the Grammar School building in the afternoon and the odd noises come from it. 'T is n't; it's the Glee Club, probably.

WE have been asked several times what TARGUM means. Prof. Griggs, its first editor, told us that it meant "interpretation of college life." The name was proposed by Sam Bergen at a college meeting.

### Unity in College.

THERE were some very practicable and sensible hints contained in an article by "Hinchcliffe" in the November number of THE TARGUM, deprecating the tendency of students to engage in too extensive undertakings. The principle of "united we fall, divided we stand," is as erroneous in College as in other life, for although individual character is largely developed by College discipline, that detracts nothing from the fact that "in union there is strength."

In our experience with the different enterprises in College which have so signally failed, there has not been an instance when individual effort was lacking, but all have felt the want of unity. The Temperance Society has lost its former vigor, not from dearth of personal interest in the cause, but because of non-co-operation of the members as an aggregate. The Song Book was not wanting in individual effort, but it sank bodily out of existence, as it was not upheld by the *whole* College. The Boat Club, the Glee Club, and THE TARGUM Association owe their present successful condition not so much to the efforts of those controlling them, as to the hearty and unreserved support received from all, both members and others.

In our organizations let us preserve our personal independence of thought, join hands for the attaining of one common end—success—and there is nothing too great, provided it is in reason, for us to accomplish. Let us give our Alumni cause to feel proud of our competency as students, rather than to sneeringly suggest the need of "purchasing boats and placing us in them."

E. D.

THE eccentric revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, once preached a sermon on the text from St. Paul, "I can do all things." "No, Paul," he said, "you are wrong for once. I'll bet you five dollars you can't," and he laid down a five-dollar bill on the desk. He continued to read, "through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Ah, Paul," he said, "that's a very different thing; the bet's off."—*The Chronicle*.

### College Dots.

PROF.—What did Des Cartes say?

Student—*Cogito, ergo sum*—I know myself.

DR. CAMPBELL returned to College after the Thanksgiving recess, entirely restored to health, we are happy to say.

PROF.—From what do we get quinine?

Student—From hickory nuts.

Prof.—Yes, yes; not exactly.

MESSRS. J. H. SALISBURY, '75, James Kemlo, '75, and P. H. Milliken, '76, have been elected as delegates to the Inter-collegiate Convention.

A SUM of money is in the hands of the President, who will devote it to the furnishing of a reading-room, independent of the Library, for the use of the students.

PROF. WM. E. GRIFFIS, '69, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture in the Second Reformed Church, on "Inside Japan," Friday evening, Dec. 11th.

THE prize given by Philo to the best speaker from its members in the Freshman Class, was this year awarded to Mr. F. Collier. '78 was well represented, in point of numbers, and the speaking was perhaps up to the average on such occasions.

A PRIZE consisting of the interest on \$500, is to be offered hereafter to that member of the Senior Class who passes the best examination in Moral Philosophy at the end of his course. It is called the Elizabeth Appleton Memorial Prize.

It is estimated that 1,900,000,000,000 bricks have been consumed in the sidewalks in this town. There are consequently none left for the inhabitants to get in their hats, and hence the proverbial steadiness of students.

CONSTABLE, bantering lawyer (graduate of Rutgers.)—"The lawyers will all go to the bad place on account of their crimes?"

Lawyer—"No; the lawyers will all go to the good place, and there will not be a constable there to put them out."

THE Treasurer of the Bible Society authorizes us to state that he will begin dunning immediately after the holiday vacation. He wishes us to publish a homily on "The liberal soul shall be made fat," but we will spare our readers such an infliction.

A VERY handsome and faithful picture of the late Rev. Thos. DeWitt, D. D., of N. Y., has recently been presented by his children to the Trustees of the College. It will be placed at once in Kirkpatrick Chapel. Dr. De Witt was for thirty-four years a member of the Board of Trustees.

THE R. B. A. have determined to put a crew in training at once, and to collect immediately the money already subscribed. W. A. Van Zandt, '76, has been appointed to perform this task, and has already begun with a success creditable to himself and indicative of a disposition on the part of the members of the Boating Association to carry out the plans for Rutgers' representation in the next regatta.

DR. COOK's classes have been transferred from the "amphitheatre" to the old rooms in Van Nest Hall, over the hall of the Philoclean Society. No more can the "orchestra" be filled with horse chestnuts, snow balls and geological specimens, *alias* stones and brickbats. Instead of these innocent diversions, the "war dance" and "thunder storm" have been revived with redoubled enthusiasm by both Seniors and Juniors.

THE Juniors went into chapel a few days ago before the Professor of Rhetoric, who was to hear them speak, appeared. They united in a grand jubilee chorus, and during its performance the Professor arrived but was unable to enter, because the chapel had *accidentally* got locked. He pounded—the chorus waxed louder. Again he attempted to be heard, but in vain. He was about to give up in despair when he heard an innocent voice within exclaiming, in surprise, "Silence! somebody's at the door and it is locked." The whole class thronged around to see *what was the matter*, and the Professor was admitted, *to their relief*.



## Personalia.

JOHN OPPIE, '74, was in town on the 7th.

WAITE, '77, is traversing the "briny deep" as a sailor.

LABAW, '69, is at Blue Mountain, Ulster Co., N. Y.

WM. A. CHAPMAN, '73, is engineering at Morristown, N. J.

BERRY AND MILLS, '74, are at the New-York Medical College.

CUTLER, '76, expects to leave College at the end of this term.

BROOKE, '72, is engaged in laying out the course of a "rivulet."

WALDO, '77, is studying medicine with Dr. James, of Rahway.

GIBBS, '77, has entered the Freshman class at Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

LEROY BRUMAGHIN, '76, is engaged in the retail grocery business at Albany, N. Y.

C. F. STILLMAN, '73, is a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y. City.

J. H. JACKSON, '71, and G. P. Suydam are practicing law in Plainfield, N. J., under the firm name of Suydam & Jackson.

E. C. PEARSON, '68, is devoting a portion of his time to the study of analytical and applied chemistry at Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

REV. F. J. MUNDY, '76, has resigned his charge at Ocean Port, and accepted a position in "The Children's Educational Relief Association" of New-York City.

DEWITT PELTZ, '73, was in town lately. He visited the Senior class in German, and complimented it by telling Dr. Meyer it was "very promising."

A. J. SWIFT, '68, has left Troy, N. Y., the bridge on which he was occupied being finished, and he at present has charge of a railroad division at Dubuque, Iowa.

THE following gentlemen have been elected as editors of the Scarlet Letter: From Delta Upsilon, J. H. Salisbury; Delta Phi, T. D. Swift; Zeta Psi, E. H. Duryea; Delta Kappa Epsilon, H. Gillespy; Chi Phi, W. A. Newell, Jr.; Alpha Sigma Chi, W. P. Watson.

## Telescope and College World.

THE faculty of Williams College have become alarmed at the mania which prevails among the eastern institutions for boat and foot races, finding that they are of so absorbing and intrusive a character as to pre-occupy the mind and make other occupations distasteful. Measures have accordingly been taken to check it.

AMONG the 1,176 students at the University of Michigan there may be numbered ninety-two ladies in the several departments. When they are all assembled to hear a lecture in the college halls, the sittings assigned them are pointed out to strangers as the Art Galleries of the University.

THE New-York Alumni Association of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society celebrated the 30th anniversary of the organization of their Fraternity, Thursday evening, Dec. 10th, by a banquet at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Some 80 or 90 members of the Fraternity were present, including representatives from 15 different Chapters. The speeches were interspersed with society songs, and the festivities were prolonged to a late hour.

A METHOD by which persons with short memories may sing songs that have been partly forgotten, and also supply rhymes, is suggested by the following:

"Oh, if I had a lumty tum lumty tam loo  
In the land of the olive and fig,  
I would sing of the lumty tum lumty to you  
And play on the thing-umy-jig.

And if in the lumty tum battle I fall,  
A lumty tum 's all that I crave;  
Oh, bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,  
And plant thingumbobs over my grave."

—*American Educational Monthly*.

A JUNIOR in Oberlin College asked excitedly the other day, "If a man should go to Italy and be born there, would he be a better musician?"—*College Argus*. "We think he would, sure's he's born."—*Chronicle*. "We should rather think how it could."—*Madisonensis*. "We think it does."—*Trinity Tablet*. "His second childhood would undoubtedly make him more proficient in the rendition of nursery melodies."—EDS. TARGUM.

## Exchanges.

WE look over our exchanges for the last time. Some duties connected with the editorship have been wearisome and disagreeable; but we have always turned our attention to this department with pleasure, and we leave it with regret. Our exchange list is large, and at first it seemed impossible to review so many papers. We quickly selected our favorites, however, and will long remember the happy hours spent in their perusal. We have learned one thing, and that is, that there are some college papers which put on a great deal of cheek, and think to pass muster for *savants* and master critics, by attacking publications of acknowledged merit, from whose ability and excellence their own littleness and worthlessness receive a perpetual rebuke.

If the *Yale Courant* had prefaced its criticism of the TARGUM's "visit" with the words A JOKE, we would not be quite so much at a loss to grasp its meaning, although, to tell the truth, the point of the "Joke" would be as "viewless" as the "orb" to us. But if it is fishing for an explanation of the lines

"'Twas here he forged those chains with which  
to curb  
The mightiest sun within its viewless orb,"

We will give it a little instruction in astronomy: Since by Newton's discovery, the places of the stars and the recurrence of celestial phenomena could be predicted years before, to within a fraction of a second of the true time, he might well be poetically said to have "forged chains" wherewith to prevent their flying from a central controlling power into trackless space. Again the laws of gravitation which he discovered and applied, might, by an imaginative mind, be called "chains" which hold these bodies in their respective orbits. To give another example of how completely the poetic element can be wrenched from a passage by Courantine criticism, we would submit the following: Milton paid a visit with the eye of Fancy to the realms of Pandemonium, and thus meditates on Death:

"What seemed his head,  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."  
"Seemed his head" is good and "likeness of a kingly crown" sublime; but

we doubt if grim Death could have swung a cradle with any credit if he had only a "seeming" head.

Cannot the *College Spectator* bring itself into notice by any other means than by underestimating a paper which is its superior in literary ability and attractiveness? It says that THE TARGUM "cannot be placed among the average of college publications." In marked contrast with this opinion, are the criticisms of other papers. *The Madisonensis* says: "THE TARGUM is a spicy sheet, and welcome to our Table;" "the paper is a credit to the institution, showing both good management and hard work." *The Aurora* says: "THE TARGUM presents a good appearance, is neatly printed and carefully edited, and abounds in college news and items of interest to every student." *The Register* says: "THE TARGUM is a live college paper, replete with useful information, admirably written essays, and a record of events transpiring in the college world, so complete and happily grouped as to make the publication at once popular, and a desideratum to all interested in the thoughts and ways of students' life." We might quote other compliments, but our purpose is not self-laudation. It is sufficient to say that the *Spectator* is the only college paper that has spoken evil of us.

*The Wells College Chronicle* expects that we are polite enough to yield to it in editorial superiority. We are grateful to our fair friends for the compliment. If in their presence, we would undoubtedly satisfy their expectations, but seated in our "sanctum," with no gentle influence near, we can steel our hearts sufficiently to leave the question unsettled, *i. e.*, neither to claim nor to disclaim editorial superiority.

*The Philomathean* is welcome. The sentiments expressed in its editorial we heartily endorse. On its editorial staff are the three men who left the Class of '75 of Rutgers, and entered the Class of '75 of the University of New-York— "Frank" Slade, Arthur Hoffman and "Judge" Lott.

### Obituaries.

VAN NESTE—Died, at Jacksonville, Florida, October 31st, 1874. JAMES V. D. VAN NESTE, of the Class of 1862 and a member of the Delta Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity.

At a meeting of the chapter, held Nov. 10th, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Whereas*, ZETA PSI has been called upon to mourn the untimely decease of Brother JAMES V. D. VAN NESTE, a member of this Fraternity;

*Resolved*, That while we bow to Him who has called him hence, we cannot refrain from expressing the feeling that our Fraternity has lost an honored Brother and its members an esteemed and valued friend.

*Resolved*, That while dwelling on the loss that death has made in our own, we would not forget the sorrow of that other circle which Providence has so deeply afflicted; and that we tender to them the heartfelt sympathies of this Chapter.

*Resolved*, That the Ritual of mourning be observed, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the several chapters of the Fraternity, and also published in our College paper, THE TARGUM.

E. H. DURYEE,  
I. D. VANDERPOEL, } Committee.  
W. L. SKINKLE,

ALDIS—Died, in New-York City, November 13 1874. CHARLES JAMES ALDIS, a graduate of the Class of '65, and a member of the Phi Chi Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

For the third time has death entered our ranks, and taken from thence a beloved and honored brother. Cut down in the prime of life, with a future full of promise, we feel his death to be a loss, not only to our Chapter, but to the whole Fraternity.

While we deeply lament the loss, it is with sincere gratitude to Heaven that we can testify our appreciation of his merits, and with sad pleasure bear our record to his manly worth and sterling integrity.

To the relations and friends of the deceased brother, in this our mutual bereavement, we tender that sympathy which brothers alone can feel.

Softly o'er memory's harp strings,  
Float sad melodies, one by one—  
Not glad peans now, but dirges  
For our brother lost and gone.  
But though our badges and lodge-room,  
Be enshrouded in sombre crape,  
All this is mere outward semblance—  
Not these—but our hearts we drape.

GEORGE M. WILLIAMSON,  
DAVID MURRAY,  
WILLIAM M. STILLMAN, } Committee.  
HALL OF PHI CHI,  
NEW-BRUNSWICK, DEC. 1ST, 1874. }

VAN HORN—Died, at Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 29th, 1874. G. W. VAN HORN, a member of the Class of '74, and of Zeta Psi Fraternity.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in his all wise providence to remove from this life our beloved brother GEORGE W. VAN HORN; be it therefore

*Resolved*, That in our affliction we recognize the hand of our Heavenly Father who doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That in his death we have lost a brother, whose qualities of mind and heart presaged a brilliant future, and were alike an honor to himself and our Fraternity.

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect for the deceased brother, we tender the heart-felt sympathies of the Fraternity to the afflicted family.

*Resolved*, That we observe the usual ordinances of mourning, and a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to each Zeta Psi of the Class of '74, and be published in the College paper.

BRO. SAM. M. WOODBRIDGE,

" H. DODGE,

" E. M. CULVER,

In behalf of the Delta Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity,

RUTGERS COLLEGE, Dec. 1st, 1874.

### Married.

LABAW—MOSHER—At Griggstown, N. J., Nov. 26th, 1874, by Rev. R. G. Williams, Rev. GEORGE W. LABAW, '69, to Miss KATE B., daughter of D. H. Mosher, M. D.

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Prof. D. T. REILEY, Associate Rector.  
Jan., '75.

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Signed, HIRAM LEAN,  
WM. MAIN SMILLIE, } Judges.  
JOHN C. M. RICE,

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