Go Forward.

Having launched upon the ocean
Of some great life enterprise,
If the waves in wild commotion
Seem to say, “Go back! there lies
Danger great and fearful onward—
You'll be wrecked if you proceed;
Thousands have already founders
O! take heed, in time take heed!”

Stand amid the raging billows,
Firm, unflinching, fearless, stand :
With your bark still headed onward,
To the waves this answer send:
“True a thousand barks were founders
On this vast and awful sea,—
But a thousand more have landed
In their port successfully.”

On this voyage there will meet you
Days of sunshine, days of gloom;
Days when Hope’s bright form will greet you,
Days when grim Despair will come;
Days when every prop seems failing,
And you wish for speedy death,
Days of calm and peaceful sailing,
When there’s joy in every breath.

Look not back with longing shoreward,
Think not of the port you’ve left;
Welcome care, and pain, and trouble,
If success attend your way,
But a thousand more have landed
And their zeal intenser grows.

“Load Your Bomb Shells.”

DEAR TARGUM,—In your last issue I
noticed an article entitled “College Materialism,” in which the writer charitably warns “those students of our own institution who are inclined to jump at conclusions without a careful examination of the facts.” No one will deny that hasty conclusions are dangerous, but my disagreement with the writer’s statement of facts concerning College materialism induces me to write this letter, which, I believe, you will be good enough to insert in your next issue.

“Amor,” (the writer of the article,) remarks that in an era like the present, many of our students are inclined to follow the banner of Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin, whom he ranks among materialists, “without careful examination of the facts.” I, on the contrary, am afraid that many of our students do not take the trouble to examine those distinguished scientists above mentioned, and their fellow laborers, “without careful examination of the facts.” Why does one call those scientists materialists? Did he come to the conclusion after his careful examination of the facts? No. It cannot be so, for the facts seem to be contrary to his conclusion. Then the probability is that he calls them so to conform to the fashion of the time and the place, where the development theory is looked upon as a “Devil’s Theory.”

I will not enter upon any discussion on the principles of the development theory, but allow me to quote a few passages from the writings of the Evolutionists to show that the development theory is not necessarily materialism. In his remarkable discourse, on “The Physical Basis of Life,” which has been so violently attacked from all quarters as a gross and brutal materialism, Huxley says plainly, “I individually am no materialist, but on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error.” Without quoting his recent works, we will pass to Prof. Tyndall, whose philosophical view has excited bitter discussions lately, here and in Europe. In his address on “Scientific Materialism,” he speaks thus: “I do not think he (a materialist) is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions explain everything. In reality, they explain nothing.” Then further he says, “The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages.”

In regard to Mr. Darwin, I must confess I cannot find any trace of materialistic views, in his writings, and I will be grateful if anybody will show me where it is.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I have written thus far not to defend the banner of the development theory, for the handful of my knowledge does not justify me in taking such action, but simply to show what is commonly called materialism may not be so in reality.

Again, speaking of our College, “Amor” says that there are many who are now sailing on that dangerous sea of materialism unknown even to themselves. Indeed, I am astonished to hear for the first time in the four years of my College life that there are so many materialists among our fellow students. But who are they? Echo answers, “Who?”

Before I conclude this letter, let me ask each candid student of our institution, if the leading philosophical questions of the present day, materialistic or otherwise, are brought before us importantly and frankly, and examined carefully? Without true knowledge of his enemies, one will never become a conqueror. The citadel of modern skepticism is well fortified with facts and reasons, and the empty shells of “bad men,” “materialists,” “atheists,” and all such repulsive names sent forth from the Christian camp can make no effect.

“Believe in God,” said Cromwell, “and keep your powder dry.” But let us rather say, “Believe in God, and load your bomb-shells with facts.”

AN UNBELIEVER IN MATERIALISM.

The New-York papers say that King Kalakaua was nearly crazed at seeing on the streets so much bustle. We wonder whether he was looking in the vicinity of ladies, and if so, we don’t blame him.—Argus.
Music in College.

The attention of some of our best institutions of learning has recently been called to the importance of introducing vocal music into the College curriculum. At first thought, the questions arise, Will it be productive of good? Is it practicable? First, then, as to its benefits. Beyond a doubt, it would be an indirect but efficient aid to oratory. One of the greatest hindrances to success in this art is a poor voice. Many of our students seem to possess in a high degree all the qualities of a good speaker except a good voice. They are deep, clear thinkers, brilliant scholars, finished writers, and spirited, but fail to vest their words with a compass of voice, a depth of tone, a rich and tender harmony without which half the charm and power of an orator is lost. In how many cases can this defect be remedied by practice in vocal music. Few can afford to take private lessons in elocution, and fewer still have ambition to adopt the ancient methods of training the voice, but every one has the love of music implanted in his soul, and while taking delight in its cultivation would at the same time be ridding himself of a most serious drawback to his success in an art, if not higher, at least more useful to him in his professional work.

Students should receive instruction in vocal music also because of its usefulness as an accomplishment. It is an essential feature in public worship. Every one has occasion to use it, and to those who are looking forward to the Gospel ministry it will be almost indispensable. Many a gathering for prayer has felt the need of some one who could carry through even the most antiquated and familiar tunes. Few, if any, young men will jump from the Seminary into a large City Church, with its singing arrangements complete and independent of its pastor; and it is doubtful whether students who cannot sing, and do not learn while in College, ever will.

Again, instruction and practice in vocal music will raise the standard of College music, exerting a wonderful influence upon College songs, the Glee Club, and the Choir. This last institution, especially, needs building up. True, more perfect and pleasing harmony marks its efforts now than heretofore; but the topmost round of the ladder has not yet been reached. Let music be taught during our course, and no difficulty will be experienced in selecting good singers and efficient leaders for the Choir, and our public exercises will not be marred by poor singing. These are a few of the more apparent and direct benefits to be derived from the study of vocal music in College. There is no need of entering into a discussion of its elevating or intellectual influences, and it only remains to answer the question, "Is it practicable?" If Rutgers were a University, and rich, we should urge the establishment of a corps of Professors to teach music, both vocal and instrumental, and as it is, there seems to be no inconsistency to ask for a permanent Professor of Vocal Music. At any rate, the "powers that be" would probably give their cooperation to any plan the students might propose for obtaining some proficiency in this direction. Small termly contributions from each student would provide a fund sufficient to secure the services of a teacher six or seven hours each week. The students could be divided into classes, if desirable, and the exercises held in the afternoon so as not to interfere with other College work. There is nothing to hinder students from devoting two or three hours each week in this way, and the pleasure afforded by it would keep up the enthusiasm, and make it permanent. An hour could not be spent so enjoyably, and at the same time so profitably. But while there are many things which might be said in favor of this subject, it is better to stop here for the present. The article is written not to propose any well-defined plan, or to treat the subject fully, but with a view to awaken an interest in it, or at least a discussion among the students as to its merits and demerits.

For Rent.—A small house in the western part of the city, suitable for a young lady with a woodshed on behind.

—Ex.
garded to the value of money, and the evils of the credit system, and apply them personally. But don’t be downhearted. Your ship will come in; you’ll soon have another book or some old clothes to sell. Something will turn up. Keep on the right side of your rich relations and be at peace.

Micasbeer.

The Sophomore Exhibition.

Just at the middle of the Sophomore year, and but little after the completion of one-third of the College course, comes the first opportunity for the student to display to admiring aunts and cousins and the world at large the vast attainments made by him since “his father sent him to Old Rutgers.” Upper classmen and even Freshmen look upon Washington as a historical character remarkable for being the Father of the Hatchet Story, and his Country; but to the Sophomore the greatest achievement of the great man’s eventful life was accomplished at the beginning of his career in the discovery, creation or whatever you may please to call it, of his birthday. To him, G. W. would have lived in vain had the family Bible been lost, or his mother mixed up the ages of her boys.

Like the old farmer who exclaimed “How handy it is that Independence happened to be declared on the same day that the Fourth of July came on,” the Rutgers Sophomore inwardly congratulates George Washington for his extraordinary good fortune in hitting the day of the great “Ex.” for a birthday.

And then there is another feeling which the Sophomore experiences about this time, and that is that the Sophomore Ex. is the greatest epoch of College life. Junior Ex. is decidedly inferior to it, for its lustre is speedily dimmed by the greater glories of the Commencement exercises which it immediately precedes, and at Commencement itself there is such a crowd and so much confusion that everything is at once forgotten, and so the Soph., reasons himself into the belief that all the substantial fame a College course has to offer must be won by feebly

mincing Daniel Webster and Grattan on the famous 22d. Nor do we fear that the men of ’77 will resent this free expression of opinion. Their Ex. has passed, and every one of them is now looking toward the Junior Ex., which already has assumed such gigantic importance in the Sophomore mind as to dwarf decidedly the memories of Monday, February 22d, 1875.

This recent “Ex.” is considered to have been an entire success——by Sophomores.

H. M. T. Beekman occupied the unenviable position of being the first speaker. His full voice, a little too harsh perhaps in some of its tones, assisted him in overcoming this disadvantage, and he left upon his retirement a favorable impression upon the audience.

Mr. Beekman was followed by Mr. G. Z. Snider, who, while not exhibiting as much animation as was desirable, displayed a voice, clear, smooth, and in every way agreeable.

Mr. J. Q. Van Derveer spoke in a forcible manner, and commanded the attention of the audience, but, like his predecessors, lacked life in his delivery.

Mr. A. S. Brinkerhoff acquitted himself well in his inflections and emphasis; but the gestures which accompanied this gentleman’s effort were very similar to the spasmodic, meaningless gyrations of an infant’s arms. From the time he made his bow, (quite, a performance itself,) until his retirement, everything about him that was loose, whirled, swayed and vibrated unceasingly.

Mr. H. W. Vanderpoel spoke very well, though his action did not much excel what we may imagine Demosthenes’ to have been.

Mr. C. H. Polhemus failed, as did most of his fellow speakers, in displaying the one great requisite of oratory, animation.

The last two speakers had to face a tired audience, but Mr. E. A. Holdridge, nevertheless, succeeded in interesting them. A little monotonous at times, he yet possessed, as none of his predecessors did, the faculty of throwing himself into entire sympathy with his subject.

The last speaker was H. Voght, who, possessing all the feeling of the previous speaker, surpassed all his competitors in the other attributes of the orator. To him was awarded the first prize, and to Mr. Holdridge the second.

The judges were Rev. E. Wilson, William Bailey, Jr., and S. Van Benschoten.

The “rakes” were, as usual, miserable, pointless, and flat.

The music was conducted by Prof. Schneeveis, assisted by Prof. Geitner. Dr. Campbell, in the absence of Prof. Doolittle, presided. The programme was as follows:

Overture, “Martha.” Von Flotow.

Invocation.

“Ave Maria”—Schubert.

“The American Question in England.”

Flute Concert——Rink.

G. Z. Snider, Monsey, N. Y.

“The Death of Slavery.”

Jubilee Overture——Viber.

J. Q. Van Derveer, N. North Branch, N. J.

“The loss of the Union Irreparable.”

“Ever more lost.”—Geitner.

A. S. Brinkerhoff, Woodbridge, N. J.

“Burr and Bleenhamassett.”

“Songs from Home”—Gungl.

H. W. Vanderpoel, Albany, N. Y.

“Duties of an American.”

“Adelaide.”—Beethoven.

C. H. Polhemus, Middlebush, N. J.

“The Standard of the Constitution.”


E. A. Holdridge, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

“Eulogy on Washington.”

“William Tell.”—Rossini.

H. Voght, Harlingen, N. J.

“Webster’s Reply to Hayne.”

“Lohengrin,”—Wagner.

Benediction.

Tannhauser March——Wagner.

The time for the delivery of the Vedder Lectures has been postponed. They will be delivered by Prof. Taylor Lewis, LL.D., of Union College, and probably in Kirkpatrick Chapel. The subjects are as follows:

I. The Fearfulness of Atheism.

II. The Denial of the Supernatural.

III. Cosmical Objection to the Scriptures, Astronomical and Geological.


V. The Kingdom of God, or the Greatness of the Bible Theism as Compared with the Physical or Philosophic view of the Kosmos.
On the Banks of the Old Raritan.

COLLEGE SONG.

BY HOWARD N. FULLER, ’74.

My father sent me to Old Rutgers, and vowed that I should be a man; Thus I was settled down, In that noisy College town, On the banks of the Old Raritan.

Chorus:

On the Banks of the Old Raritan, my boys, Where Old Rutgers everywhere shall stand; For she not stand Since the time of the flood, On the banks of the Old Raritan.

As Fresh, they used me rather roughly, But I the fearful gauntlet ran, And they shook me so That they turned me inside out, On the Banks of the Old Raritan.

I passed through all these tortures nobly, And then, as Soph, my turn began, And I hazed the poor Fresh so That they longed for Heaven, I know, On the banks of the Old Raritan.

And then I rested at my pleasure, And steered quite clear of Prex's ban, And the stars their good-bye kissing Found me not from euchre missing, On the banks of the Old Raritan.

And soon I made my social entree When I held full many a wicked plan By which my cunning art Slew many a maiden's heart, On the banks of the Old Raritan.

Then sing aloud to Alma Mater, And keep the Scarlet in the van For with her motto high Rutgers' name shall never die On the banks of the Old Raritan.

The Newspaper Press and College Men.

In the language of popular opinion or of newspaper criticism as regarded as a correct estimate of the character of College students, there is no class of the community which possesses more striking peculiarities, and none in which are combined so many of the sins to which flesh is heir. The experiences of the newly fledged alumni and the undergraduate seem to afford the writers of the daily press an almost inexhaustible fund of ridicule and censure. Drawing about them the cloak of their own worldly wisdom, our critics patronizingly comment on our weaknesses and foibles. They talk knowingly of our first efforts, and seem to take a sort of fiendish delight in the prediction of our downfall, and the disappointment of our hopes. They take frequent occa-

sion to expatiuate on our enthusiasm, our day dreams, our conceit, as though these were the peculiarities of College students, and not the common failings of youth. In fact, they leave but little room for any redeeming traits of character we may perceive possess, but with this unfair and entirely one-sided judgment leave the world to draw its own conclusions.

But why confine these strictures to College men? Are their faults of such a nature as to warrant this distinction? A College, it is often said, is in itself a little world. Such is the diversity of character, social position, wealth and ability here represented, that it is impossible to array the College world, without including a much larger class whose experience of practical life may be more extensive, but who differ in no respect in those habits which are commonly attributed to collegians alone.

Are College men conceited? So are they. Are they enthusiastic? So are they. Are they hopeful, ambitious, eager for applause? These are but the common failings of men.

But there would be little satisfaction in criticizing defects so generally acknowledged, and so universally prevalent. The subject is already exhausted, and even in its special application to College students, we confess it has become decidedly stale. Fancy the Editor of the Tribune, prefacing a recent article on the character of the average alumnus, with some such title as this: "Moral reflections on the follies and weaknesses of youth." Yet every sentiment directed against the student will apply with equal if not greater force to the great masses of young men. But then, such an article would not take. Popular prejudice and popular jealousy against Colleges and College-bred men must be satisfied, and this is the way in which it is done.

We are told that Dr. Noah Webster never ventured to coin but one word—demoralize. One of our noble Seniors, trying to imitate him, plainly showed how his four years course had "demoralized" him by using the term "expatriated."
The Regatta.

The Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association met at Hartford, Conn., Jan. 13th. Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Wesleyan, Williams, Princeton and Trinity Colleges were represented. Amherst and Brown were readmitted to the Association. N. Y. College, Hamilton, Union and Rutgers were refused the privileges of membership—the latter by a vote of 6 to 3—Princeton, Williams and Columbia voting for us. At the afternoon session, Hamilton and Union were readmitted, and the Amherst Student says Rutgers would probably have been admitted also had her representatives been present. Saratoga was chosen as the place of the next Regatta. After making some important changes and additions to the rules governing the race, the Association adjourned until April 7th.

Delta Kappa Epsilon,
Hall of Phi Chi.

Since it has pleased an All-wise Providence to call from earth by death our beloved brother, Rev. John Hanlon, of the Class of 1863:
Resolved, That we in our deep felt loss recognize the hand of God.
Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased in this their deep bereavement.

Resolved, That our badges be draped for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent his bereaved family, and also published in the next issue of our College publication, The Targum.

A. L. Titsworth,
G. M. Williamson,
A. A. Titsworth,
Committee for the Chapter.

The Freshmen are getting beyond us. We can very well understand the "why and the wherefore" of calling Cicero, "Kikero," but when such an abbreviated form for Thucydides as Thicksides meets our ears, we are compelled to admit either that our education has been very deficient in the matter of abbreviations, or that headed should be substituted for the "sides," and the word thick-headed applied to that hasty and unobserving Fresh.

Demosthenes, Socrates and Tomlinson.

At the complimentary dinner, in honor of Mr. Tomlinson, of the New-York University, many pleasant things were said of the graceful orator of the Cid. But enthusiasm seems to have got the upper hand of judgment in one or two instances, at least, as when one gentleman, waxing eloquent, expressed his pride that "while Greece had her Demosthenes and Socrates, we have our Tomlinson."

Honor to whom honor is due. But really, gentlemen of N. Y. U., is not this rather far-fetched?

Mr. Editor.—Is not "Orion" in error regarding the time of Daniel Pratt's last visit to Rutgers? I remember seeing him one morning, and I think it was some time after the memorable meeting over which a member of Seventy presided. It was at the close of the first hour, and the Great American Traveller was on his way to Dr. Campbell's house to make a call, or perhaps, as he had his satchel in his hand, to make a visit. The students then just coming from the first recitation caught sight of the great man and ran to greet him with their wonted enthusiasm. For a moment he hesitated, undecided apparently whether it would be right for him to permit such adoration, but it was only for a moment. He turned and fled from his devotees. The Washington train was just moving away from the station, and on this Daniel jumped, being aided by friendly hands from the car platform. As I say, I think this visit was subsequent to the Sanger Hall meeting.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will not Websterize the spelling of Daniel's favorite title of "traveler." Like Charles Sumner and many other great men, he follows Worcester, as I know, because I have his autograph. He gave it to me in 1866 or 1867. "Orion" speaks of Daniel with great kindness, but he fails in proper respect. He gives him only his title of G. A. T. In addition to this, he has the degrees of A. S. S. and C. D. O. D. As Rutgers has never, so far as I know, bestowed a title on this great man, would it not be well to grant him a U. N. H.—use no hooks? M. New-York, Jan., 1875.

Poem.

Christian, as on life's cold sea,
On thou goest to the end,
Dost thou never seem to be
Left without a heavenly friend.

Dost thou never feel as though
Christ himself had gone away?
Left you, why you do not know,
Left you hardly strength to pray.

Fearful brother, tempest-tossed,
Nearly shipwreck'd mid the storm,
Do thy brilliant hopes seem lost,
Is there no o'er shad'wing arm?

Brother, thou who once wast sure
In the burden of the fight,
Now with feelings vile, impure,
Gone to ignominious flight.

Truant, canst thou longer be,
When a Christ has died for thee?
To thy native home return
Lest his fiery anger burn.

Christian, bear up underneath
All the trials you must share,
"Be thou faithful unto death,
And a crown of life you'll wear."

Amor.

The great "Brain Race" of the Ohio colleges took place in the Academy of Music, at Akron, Thursday, Feb. 4th. About eight colleges were represented, all within a stone's throw of each other. The contest we believe, was purely oratorical; that is, there were no essays, and according to the Cleveland Leader's report, each orator should have received a first prize. The representative of Heidelberg College was the successful contestant, and this decision of the judges makes him the representative of Ohio in the Inter-State Collegiate contest, which is to be held at Indianapolis next May. It seems a good sized audience was present, and, with the sweet music of the Apollo Club, everything passed off pleasantly.—Ex.

The memorial volume of Harvard University, now being prepared, promises to be one of the most remarkable books ever issued from an American press. It will contain a complete history of the College and its athletic sports, together with a description of the professional schools, and other departments. The plan of the book is so comprehensive as to be almost cyclopedaic.
This is about all the capital we have to begin with.

We have not a boat house in a convenient place. We have not proper or sufficient racing boats, practice boats, or pleasure boats. We have not money, nor a half dozen practical oarsmen; men acquainted with the various methods of rowing, training, etc. We have not very much enthusiasm.

These things might be reasonably supposed as requisite means to secure the great desideratum—a crew at Saratoga. But no! A crew at Saratoga is the first thing to be secured and the others will follow in course. Six hundred dollars are subscribed—four hundred for a boat, two hundred for the expenses of the crew; (expected to be rather economical,) and fifteen men chosen to wait until a gymnasium turns up for them to practice in. After we have got things started in this hopeful style the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association puts a quietus on our farrasil proceedings by refusing to admit us to its membership. In the reaction of feeling, from this unexpected, and yet, from the first, probable event, we have begun to feel that to put on a roof is not the way to begin a house, nor to send crews around the country the first duty of a crippled, struggling, infant boat club.

If we do not lose sight of this truth, Rutgers Boating Association may grow into what its friends hope for it, and Rutgers College needs.

Of course, the first thing needed is money. We have looked too much to the Alumni for this, while they naturally have waited for some signs of life among us. And the Saratoga excitement has taught us, perhaps, a valuable lesson in respect to this. It is, that we can raise quite a respectable sum of money among ourselves if we will only try. An effort is now being made to raise money for the Club, but it is meeting with very indifferent success.

This should not discourage us in the least, for there are peculiar reasons at this time for its failure. The boating spirit of the College has been dampened by its late disastrous misdirection. Money is scarce, and the calls for it are more numerous now than at other sea-

sons of the year. And then it is harder, it seems, for us to unite on sensible projects than on foolish ones.

There are some who advocate simply the purchase of boats, but a majority desire to secure a boat house near the Albany-street bridge, either by moving our own, or selling it and buying a new one. This last plan has the approval of the members of the Faculty, and will meet with their pecuniary support, provided they can be assured that we really mean to carry it out. Could we give the same assurance to our Alumni, we doubt not but that they too would give us substantial assistance.

Friends of the Boat Club, we might have spent all the money of R. B. A. in sending a crew to Saratoga, and almost certainly have had nothing left but the mortification of defeat. The same amount wisely expended will place boating among us on such a footing that friends who really wish to help us to better things, will not fear to trust their money with us, and thus we shall secure to future classes and to Alma Mater an association capable of attaining the only legitimate objects of a College Boat Club—exercise, health and pleasure for the student.

There is an old maxim that "Sinner walk in slippery places," which, if it were to read "all who walk in slippery places are sinners," would be strong evidence that we as students are extremely immoral. What a time we have had this term slipping up the College campus to Chapel and recitation rooms, against the bracing air which sweeps over the hill from Hertzog. The hill of science has always been represented to us, in theory, as a rugged, jutting prominence, presenting many barriers to the ascending traveller; but how different we find it in practice about half past eight in the morning. We commence the ascent, and before we have traversed half its height, we log to grasp one of those jutting prominences we have heard of, that we may maintain the height already attained; but we long in vain, for none presents itself, and down we go. This anomaly is due entirely to the poor
condition of our College walks. We have a beautiful campus, and those who have it in charge seem firmly to believe the adage, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," but surely the beauty and symmetry of our College grounds may be greatly enhanced by having the walks laid out systematically, and then paved their whole length with "blue-stone;" to say nothing of the much greater advantage and benefit it would be to all who use them. We feel that every one would be rejoiced to see the above accomplished before the return of Spring in its destruction of the Winter's soil.

Exchanges.

The Yale Courant calls for a history of Yale College similar to the one about to be published of Harvard. A file of the Courant, if it only extended back so far, would be as complete a history of everything pertaining to Yale as one could desire.

The Trinity Tablet is another journal which makes its columns a complete repository of College news. The January number contains nothing else, except Mr. Bryant's Poem, "The Two Travelers."

The Irving Union has successfully tried a little "inflation." We congratulate the Union upon its prosperity, and also upon the attractive character of its contents.

The College Spectator has a new board of Editors, who, perhaps, taught a lesson by the severe castigations the Spectator has received from the College press generally, or perhaps because of a courtesy which we do not believe is entirely wanting at Union, disclaim all responsibility for the past contents of the paper. We trust they may be successful in restoring to the Spectator its former good character. We were pleased to notice among the new Editors the name of Mr. J. E. Woodbridge, formerly of Rutgers, '76.

The University Herald presents an excellent appearance, and is fully up to the average of College journals in the merit of its contents.

The Tyro, Woodstock, Ontario, has given us the impression that it is Sunday all the time up in Canada. An appreciative article on Daniel Webster, and a very fine essay on "The Graves of St. Helena," make the December number valuable.

The Tyro, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is very different from its Canadian namesake. It tells us that a bell in Philadelphia "was cracked while pealing forth the cry of Independence;" congratulates itself that George Washington died without heirs; proves that animals possess reasoning powers; informs its readers that its editors don't like molasses candy; scratches hereby at the Yale Record; makes admirable selections from Hawthorne, Mrs. Browning and other distinguished attendants at the Collegiate Institute, and is on the whole an entertaining member of the fraternity of college papers.

The Chronicle, Michigan University, is one of our best Western exchanges.

The Oberlin Review has as interesting an advertising department as any of our exchanges.

The Yale Lit. and Hamilton Lit. are berating each other in a dignified manner.

Among new exchanges we welcome the Roanoke Collegian, and the Collegian, N. Y. College. The last is a promising infant, though, as we have five or six "Collegians" on our exchange list, we do not like its name.

The American Educational Monthly increases in value with each number. Terse, pointed discussions on various educational subjects, and a complete summary of educational intelligence make it indispensable to the teacher, and the thinking student.

The Oxford Undergraduates Journal is welcomed to our table. It is carefully edited, and contains much interesting matter.

The Athenaeum is perhaps as handsome in appearance as any of our exchanges. The last number is filled exclusively with Williams College news.

The University Record is publishing a series of articles on "Buying Books," by Prof. J. H. Gilman. We intend to give them a permanent place in our scrap-book.

The last number of the College Mercury is quite readable.

We have received:


"Vo ist mein little dorg gone to," is the mournful ditty of the Seniors, sorrowing for the pup, which so fondly and unremittingly claimed relationship, manifesting its affection for them by following them from room to room, but which at last (oh! how cruel,) was unceremoniously shown to the door with its poor little feet hanging down so calmly (?), and its feeble cries so faintly (?), reechoed by the class. But never mind. That dog didn't howl when once the grip of death was loosened from his throat! Oh, may be not!
Personalia.

See, ’77, is in a law office in Jersey City.

Merchant, ’77, is also in business in New-York.

Bloomfield, ’75, is at the Columbia Law School.

StuBbs, ’76, is studying medicine in New-York.

Charles Dorance, ’73, was in town a few days ago.

L. J. Ryerson, ’72, is studying law at the Columbia Law School.

Prof. Wm. E. Griffis, ’69, is a contributor to Lippincott’s Magazine.

Vergite, ’75, is engaged in agricultural pursuits at his home in Raritan.

Hon. John Hooker, ’33, is a member of the State Senate from Paterson.

Jefferts, ’76, visits New-Brunswick occasionally. He was in town on the 23d.

Rev. Edward Lodewick, ’69, has received a call to the Church of Pascack, N. J.

Rev. Isaac L. Kip, ’55, has accepted a call to the Reformed Church at Peekskill, N. Y.

H. N. Fuller, ’74, “Ex-Commissioner of Bloody Deeds,” is now a Notary Public.

Hon. A. A. Hardenbergh, ’48, has been elected a member of Congress from Jersey City.

Rev. James Le Fevre, ’54, was recently installed as Pastor of the Church of Middletown.

Mundy, ’76, is Tutor of Greek! Latin!! and Mathematics!!! in Jacksonvile, Fla.

P. V. Huyssoon, ’73, was in town on February 26th. He is at present a disciple of the law.

M. R. C. Peck, ’73, is studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y.

Mr. E. Colburn, ’76, has been compelled to leave College temporarily on account of weak eyes.

Robert S. Woodruff, formerly Principal of the Grammar School, has been elected to the Legislature.

Griffin, ’75, intends delivering a temperance lecture before a North river audience sometime during the present term.

Rev. T. W. Chambers, D. D., ’34, is to be one of the Examiners in the Inter-Collegiate contest in Greek next year.


Bradley, ’76, is suffering from an unsuppurative inflammation of the parotid glands. In other words, he has the mumps.

N. W. Voorhees, ’47, has been elected Clerk of the New-Jersey Senate. The same gentleman is also Cashier of a newly organized Bank at Clinton, N. J.

College Dots.

The Board of Trustees met in regular session February 2d.

Dr. Campbell delivered his lecture on “Proverbs and Wise Sayings,” in Somerville recently.

A Prof. recently stated that the “place where everything is melted” is only fifteen miles from New-Brunswick.

Class in Chemistry.—Prof.—We have now the Class of—? Intelligent Student—Class of ’77, sir. (Class applaud.)

Daily prayer meetings have been held in the President’s room during the whole of this term. They have been fairly attended.

The fifteen men chosen by the Boat Club to practice preparatory to the choice of crew, &c., in the Spring, have chosen as their Captain Mr. H. Mil-liken, ’76. They have secured conditionally the use of the Grammar School Gymnasium, and thus far have been doing their work faithfully and creditably.

The Juniors seem to be unable to discriminate between Natural and Mental Philosophy, if we judge by the interchange of the terms spherical and mental aberration.

Coasting parties have been especially popular among students and others this winter. Hand-sleds long enough for two can be seen frequently even in Theologues’ rooms.

The first blood was spilled in the new Gymnasium two weeks ago. A Targum Editor “broke his head,” which fact accounts for any deficiencies in the present issue. He is recovering.

Numerous hirsute appendages of various cuts, colors and vigor of growth adorning the countenances of certain ambitious upper-classmen, admonish us that Commencement and Junior Ex. are drawing nigh.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed as usual by religious services in the Kirkpatrick Chapel. Addresses were made by Prof. Rockwood of the College, and Prof. Woodbridge of the Seminary.

The question for the next Inter-Society debate is in reference to the present jury system. Philo will contend that it should be abolished, and Peitho will endeavor to show that it should be preserved.

The next Inter-Society Debate is set down for March 6th. Philo has chosen as his representatives on that occasion Messrs. Salisbury, ’75, Miliken, ’76, and Searle, ’75. Peitho has chosen Messrs. Kemlo, ’75, and Stuphen and Cox, ’76.

Our friends at the “Hall” indulged in a straw-ride a few nights ago, but perhaps the least said about the size of the sleigh and the number of the party, the better. “What was the hods as long as they were ‘appy,’’ if there was some crowding. Judging by the hour of their return, it must have been a very pleasant party, and an agreeable deviation from the regular course of the Theologues.
THE TARGUM.

Taylor Hall, one of the finest buildings of Racine College (Wis.), was destroyed by fire Thursday, Feb. 4th. Loss $75,000, insured for about $30,000.

Every student at the Washington and Lee University, is required to sign a pledge that he has neither given nor received assistance during an examination.

The Columbia College students have re-elected Capt. Rees, who commanded their crew last summer, and are sanguine of repeating their victory next year.—Ex.

Williams has already chosen candidates for appointment to the next Inter-Collegiate contest. They are ten in number, and subjects have been assigned them.

A liberal hearted man in New-York has generously given to Racine College four Billiard tables, which will take the place of two of the Bowling Alleys.

Eight students have just graduated from the Yale Medical School. The prize of $50 for the best report of chemical lectures was awarded to Mr. J. J. Newcomb, of Litchfield, Conn.

Out in Wabash College, Ind., when they "callithump" a Prof., he treats the crowd to a basket of apples. Here the Prof. points hammer handles at our heads, and the smallest men in the crowd get fined two dollars.

Wellesley Female College, Wellesley, Mass., will be opened Sept. 8th, 1875. It is under the care of a Board of Trustees, of which President Porter, Chancellor Crosby, Dr. John Hall, and several other prominent educators are members.

The game of billiards seems to be growing in favor among collegians. Princeton runs four tables, and Racine College has formed a club under the management of an executive committee, who have decided that any member of the Faculty and any student of the College may become a member of the club by paying an entrance fee of five dollars.

The Winter's Wind.

The winter's wind as it sighs and moans,
And shakes every limb till it twist and groans,
Has a varied chorus clear and strong.
Which it loudly swells as it sweeps along.

It beats the rocks with an angry surge,
But sings for the flowers a mournful dirge,
It roars as a cataract just let free,
And dies in a trembling agony.

At once it comes from the cannon's throat,
Or the plaintive swell of an organ's note,
From the piercing wall that is shrill and sharp,
Or saddest strain of an Aeolian harp.

Where the iceberg lifts its hoary head,
And fields of eternal snows are spread,
Is its native haunt, where strong and free,
It plays with the fullest liberty.

As it breathes forth its chilling breath,
The flowers all wither, and droop in death,
And the power of its awful blast is such
That the plantlet falls at its very touch.

Its path is marked by a desolate drear,
The trees are all stript with the blight and the sore,
And sorrow and tears, you, grieving and sighing,
Accompany its march with the wail of the dying.

The measured sweep, and the mournful howl,
Seem to darken the clouds with an angry scowl,
And the humble notes of the snow-bird's lays,
Reminds us now of the saddest of days.

W. T.

Telescope.

Arma virumque cano is translated by a Shurtleff Freshman. The man with a dog in his arms.—Ex.

This is the way a marriage is chronicled out West: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of two with power to add to their number."—Ex.

Why is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through, and easily shut up.—Amherst Student.

Why is a Sophomore like a microscope? Because, when seen through, small things are revealed.—Ibid.

Scene, the Montpensier Collection. Brown—Why do they call that picture a Madonna? Smith—Because so many criticisms are made on her, you know.—Magenta.

An exchange asks: "Can the watermelon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, with a Theological Seminary near by, containing a hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?"
THE TARGUM.

[February, 1875.

One of our Sophs lost his Trigonometry lately. The finder reports that he found the following written on the flyleaf:

- Volo hunc librum
- Ese in Inferno
- Eco mathematics
- Vehementer sperno,
- In quia ulum bonum
- Ego nonquam cerno."—Ex.

At an evening party a few nights since, a young gentleman and a young lady sat together in an unfrequented corner of the room, discussing the merits of mince pies and plum pudding. The young lady expressed a great aversion to both, but the gentleman said he liked them, and was particularly fond of plum-pudding, whereupon his companion exclaimed, "Oh! then you're like little Dicky Dout, aren't you?" The young man looked surprised, but stammered out, "I think you mean Jack Horner!"—Packer Quarterly

Some questions in the classical examination of Freshmen seeking admittance at Abnormal College, April 1st, 1874:

"Did the myth of Jupiter's descent in a shower of gold originate in the fact of his being a reigning sovereign?"

"Did Achilles after his immersion in the Styx originate the phrase 'no heel-taps' explore the paradox that his wound 'on the heel' could not be cured."

"If Julius Agricola in his invasion of Caledonia penetrated to Forfar, did he go twice two far?"

"May the unprofitableness of literature among the Romans be inferred from the statement of Sallust that they did not possess the price of admission to the opera (non operas pretium est)?" Or is the phrase only a delicate mode of putting it for 'dead head' tickets?"

"Does the fervent exclamation of Anna, 'O luce magis dilecta soror', show that she loved Dido more than her other sister Lucy?" (Bewildered Querists.)—Acta Columbiana.

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Wm. Main Smillie, Judges.

John C. M. Rice,

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