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A Fragment.

It was a glorious eye in spring,
All balm and beauty; each young star,
From its blue resting place afar,
Bent downward on its silver wing,
Like a bright spirit; the sweet South
Breathed perfume from its rosy mouth,
And the wild birds, as if they fain
Would witch the sunshine back again,
Made lovelier music; evening’s hymn
Mingling all gentler sounds, the moon
Of moonlight waters, and the tone
Of the stirred greenwood branches dim,
Went up to Heaven; each dewy flower
Bent mournfully upon its stem,
As if in grief, that unto them
Had been denied that gift of power,
A voice. At twilight’s Sabbath hour,
I stood upon George’s shore
With a fair being, such as he,
The pilgrim bard of Italy,
Perchance might dream of and deplore
That vision that would come no more.
A glorious eye, that might outshine
The fairest star in Persia’s Heaven;
A rose’s lip, to which was given
A voice like Mommon’s, all divine;
A brow, whose beauty might beguile
Prometheus in his chain awhile;
And a light form, that to the eye
Seemed a new world’s divinity.

I stood in silence, yielding up
My very spirit to the power
That in that glorious vapour hour
Fiung at night’s shrine her incense cup.
I had no earthly feeling, all
Bound unto nature’s glorious thrall,
Each gentle thought that came and went
Like star beams through the stirless air,
Lying so full of beauty there,
Were born of that free element.

And if I sighed, it was for wings
Like a young eagle, wild and free,
To soar, where evening’s holy things
Gathered along night’s canopy.
I turned, that radiant face was there
Lifted in beauty, with a smile
Resting upon its lip the while
Such as an angel’s lip might wear,
And gloriously that starry eye
Flashed back the night sky’s brilliancy;
She seemed a Peri, winged for flight,
And pausing till some sign were given
In the included depths of Heaven,
To seek again that world of light.

To read thy thoughts, fair girl, this hour,
That red lip moved: “I wish I knew
If all our nursery talk were true
About the moon; this very minute
I think I saw the man that’s in it.”

Alas! for love’s sad worship: wo
That the young heart can find below
No worthier idols; the sweet flowers
That cheer as in life’s earlier hours
Fades in the Spring time: stars whose beams
Gladden our boyhood’s later dreams,
With their soft beauty, side by side,
Go out in Heaven at eventide.

And woman, whose deep love should bless
Our grown up heart’s sad loneliness,
Whose Parian brow, and glorious eye
Might watch a angel from the sky,
To linger from his song awhile;
Sweet woman will forever be
Of vanities the vanity.

Japanese College Life.

College life in Japan (not the colleges established lately but those of the pure Japanese system) like American College life has its own sphere distinct from the outer world. It is indeed the pleasant spring of one’s life. His habits and disposition assume their permanent form and colors during this critical season.

To show how Japanese spend their College life, let me first briefly describe the different sorts of students.

One of the first class, studies from early morning till late at night and never has a good appetite. It seems as if he imagines that books well studied and digested would nourish his physical system as well as his intellectual power.

The second, quite opposite to the first, thinks that to study is to injure himself, so he seldom opens his books and for the most time very busily engages himself in smoking tobacco. I say very busily, because he uses a small pipe the mouth of which is only about three eighths of an inch in diameter and requires a new loading every two minutes. “Shogi,” similar to chess, and “Tobachi,” the most popular game among Japanese students, occupy the remainder of his time.

Number three, is an accomplished scholar of histories of the old Japan. He studies and remembers that such and such were the names of the generals and their leading subordinates; that they had so many thousand infantry and cavalry; that they arranged their forces in this and that order; that they maneuvered, attacked and fell back in certain ways; that in one particular movement some leading officer fell; that so many soldiers were killed and wounded on each side, and all such accounts of old stories; but he is surprisingly ignorant of the present age. Ask him, if you doubt this, what was the cause of the revolution of 1868. He would hardly know if there happened really such an event. This antiquarian is very singular in his behavior. Every morning, it makes no difference whether it is a snowy December or a windy March, we find him standing out doors with his face lifted up toward the sky, evidently looking for some unknown beings whom he fearfully adores or a paradise which he calls “Takamaga Har” (the fields in the sky). Now and then he claps his hands twice in succession and makes a very profound bow. I tell you he is a believer in the Shinto religion.

One can easily tell that the fourth student is a ladies’ man by his fine but feeble sword and gay and costly silk dress. He is not at all an admirer of any kind of literature, except cheap novels and song books. He says that one must study human nature, and novel reading is the best for that purpose. Whenever there is a service in a Buddhist temple he seldom neglects to attend, and humbly and solemnly he bows before the proud looking idols of various materials. Does he really believe in this superstitious religion? Do not the philosophies which he studies convince him not to believe in such a superstition? Does he not simply worship the gods in order to...
maintain his reputation among his society? To these questions, truly but impiously, Mr. Addison well answered in his Spectator, “Hypocrisy” is the foundation of our education. By the way, this student does not flirt with young Misses in the street as much as some of our boys do here, not because he is better qualified in the moral education, but because Japanese Misses are generally too bashful to respond to him promptly.

When you meet the fifth student, do not provoke the hero, for he is always ready to fly at you. His long and heavy sword, kept in its red scabbard, means he can do bloody business. His most favorite companion is a bottle of “Sake,” and if ever we find him sober, it is because he has lost the confidence of all, even Sake-sellers. He proudly respects the words of a Japanese hero: “Great men never care about such small matters.”

Number six neither injures himself by overwork nor ruins himself by neglecting, but quietly surveys the past, future and present. Sintoism is rather too loose, Buddhism too corrupt, and the only thing he can admire is the philosophy of Confucius. “Old ladies of both sexes” consider him a decidedly dangerous young man, having no religious belief.

The above completes the catalogue of the principal characters, though I can easily add to the list some minor ones. The next time I will try to give some further accounts of “Japanese College life.”

About Books and Authors.

“Goldsmith wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll”—showing that those who wield a facile pen are sometimes poor conversationists. The centennial of the poet’s death occurred a few weeks since, hence this allusion in primo. He will be remembered for “The Traveller,” “The Deserted Village,” and the “Vicar of Wakefield,” the last of which was written to pay his house rent and save himself from being turned out of doors. He is not so generally read now as formerly, though we think he ought to be. And this leads us to put in a plea for a better acquaintance with the finer spirits in literature. The masses of our people are lamentably below their privileges in this respect. We are a nation of readers, and may be divided into three classes, (1) those who read trash; (2) those who rise no higher than current literature, and (3) those who appreciate and commune with the best authors.

The pabulum of the first is found between yellow covers and in sundry weekly newspapers. It is the veriest hash and slops; vitiates the affections and ought to be shunned and loathed by everybody. That of the second is more wholesome, but, for the most part, it serves merely to entertain or amuse, rather than to instruct and inspire. For those who are content to remain on a lower plane of thought and feeling, this department may suffice, but it is no stopping place for those who would live and breathe in an atmosphere of genuine culture. Especially the men and women who are called in companionship to fill literary and professional spheres, can hardly afford to be ignorant of these master minds. Even from considerations of their own personal enjoyment, they should be stimulated to spare no pains to come into sympathy with rapturous emotions and soul-stirring thoughts. But beyond this, not as passive receptacles, but as active agents in a world of thought and feeling, we need the wholesome exercise of these authors upon our faculties. We need more frequently to take down old Homer that we may become imbued with “freshness, freedom and fire.”

It is said that the phlegmatic Gibbon made the Iliad his constant companion while writing his history of Rome, and thus whatever there is of vigor in that stalwart work we may attribute to the fluid bard of Chios. We need to become saturated with the Inferno of Dante not merely to learn the characteristics of mediæval thought, but to have imparted to us that white heat of intensity; for this man, who was said to have gone through Hell, like Byron, did not know what it was to be lukewarm. And the many-sided Shakespeare, the prince of literary geniuses, so subtle, so comprehensive, who can look too long upon his pictures of humanity, and revel too freely among his idiomatic and noble English? Milton, too, who has soared so high in imagination severely grand, demands of us earnest study. The fact of the matter is, we need hardly go beyond a few minds to get all that is really valuable in literature. But we must get beyond the first department, and we must get beyond the second department substantially, if we would do this. Periodical or current literature is in its nature evanescent—formed only to die. On this point an eminent thinker and theologian has some words so applicable that we do not forbear to quote. The “periodical,” he says, “is like a polypus. The polyp propagates itself by sprouting and swelling, like a vegetable. Cut a polyp into two halves, and these two halves complete themselves, and become two polypi. Cut each of these two into two, they become four perfect polypi; and so the process goes on ad infinitum. And this is the process in periodical literature. A very slender idea, or thought, is bisected, and these parts are exhibited, each as a complete whole and the entire truth. These, again, are subdivided by another journalist, and re-exhibited, and thus the polyp-process goes on, until a single idea, not very solid at the beginning, is made to propagate itself through page after page. One man writes a book, the whole of which does not contain a thousandth part of the truth that is to be found in some standard work. Another writes a review of this book. Another writes a review of this review, and so the work goes bravely on, from month to month, and year to year.”

The true path, then, for the intelligent boys and girls of this day, not only for their own happiness, but for their influence upon society, would seem to be toward a choice literary cultivation. But as to the manner in which this is to be done, they are liable to err. They cannot do it at a leap; it is
a process, and they must patiently bide their time.

During our Freshmanic period we thought to accomplish the feat of taking in a brace of standard authors at a gulp, but the meat was too strong for us. We were not prepared for it. That was an era of very large literary plans and correspondingly small gains. We tried the masticating process again and again, but, it is needless to say, failed. Yet, we were not alone in this matter. We had some aspiring classmates, and in this connection we recall a very unhealthy schedule that adorned the sanctum of one of them. It was placed on the outside of his door and provided for reading and study during nineteen hours, interrupted only by meals, College recitations and one hour for exercise. This flaming announcement soon became a subject of remark, and the older students were accustomed frequently to stand outside and con it over in thunder tones. Whereupon it became too great an annoyance to the inmate, and it was withdrawn.

The mistake of those days was, that we were in too much of a hurry. The classics and mathematics of the College course were steadily but surely paving the way to the study of literature thereafter, and would that we had given better heed to them. We think what one fails to read in college outside of the line of study, is not much loss. Let the young people lay hold of every opportunity in which they can discipline their faculties. Let them strike for cultivation, regular, persistent thorough, and in time the authors will fall into their hands as naturally and as fitly as the nursery rhymes fill the sphere of the child.

Reverie.

Reverses are hollows in the mind's pathway, into which it is very apt to slip. It does not go down with a sudden fall, but—a boy sliding down a sand-bank—slowly, almost unconsciously, but so blissfully. As the boy makes no account of his clothes being soiled, or his lessons unlearned, so the mind heeds not the loss of time, nor the enervating effect of its dissipation. It has slipped its collar, broken loose from care and discipline, and luxuriates in its stolen freedom. There is great danger of this mental waywardness becoming chronic. What is the antidote? I do not propose to write out an extensive prescription, but only to suggest a general principle. When that recreant boy goes home, what happens? His mother's diagnosis is instantaneous, and she applies the remedy externally, upon the part most indicative of contact with the dirt. So, when the mind is caught "wool-gathering," it must be punished. Give it an hour's extra work upon that branch which is most distasteful to it, Mathematics, History, Greek or Hebrew. Make it penitent, and "promise not to do so any more." To-night, just after supper, being comfortably settled in a rocking-chair, my thoughts went tranquilly sliding away, and the inditement of this "Targumiad" is the punishment I have inflicted. Is it not sufficient? This is about their drift, a fine example of logical sequence. "The wind has been very fickle to-day. How closely the English oarsmen watched its changes on the day of the Cambridge-Oxford race. With wind a little stronger, and water a little rougher, Oxford would probably have won. How uncertain the events of our futures are. They are even more so than the weather, since 'old probabilities' has his wiry limbs stretched over the land. His feet are down in Florida, and when his corns hurt it will be a good day for fishing. One arm is up in Maine, and when he feels twinges of 'rheumatiz' in it, he orders sails reefed and umbrellas carried. He puts up a wet finger westward, and when he feels a mountain breeze it is time to hang out clothes. But how little does the knowledge of the uncertainties before us affect our courses of action. We take years of life for granted, we take opportunities for granted, alas! too often we take eternal happiness for granted," etc.

THE NAMES OF THE OFFICERS OF THE BOATING ASSOCIATION WERE HANDED IN TOO LATE FOR PUBLICATION.

Etymological.

Schnapps.—The late Dr. Mahn, of Berlin, who had charge of the etymologies of Webster's Dictionary, says that this word is Dutch and German. He is greatly mistaken. The word has neither a Dutch origin, nor has it ever been or is it now used in Holland. It is used in Germany, but no etymology beyond this is suggested in Webster's unabridged. I submit that the word is of Russian origin and was introduced into Germany after the return of Napoleon's army from its disastrous expedition. De Fontenay, author of a work entitled Voyage agricole en Russie, says that the Russians distil a certain liquor from rye, which they call schnapp. This word has probably been corrupted into the German schnapps.

Savanna.—This word is generally supposed to be derived from the Spanish Savana, (Latin Sabana, Greek Saban.) This derivation is also given in Littre's Dictionnaire de la Langue Francaise. The preparation of this masterly work was a stupendous undertaking, lasting twenty years. As the various parts were published, Littre gathered up such additional information as he had overlooked and embodied it in an appendix, to be attached to the last volume. Among other interesting afterthoughts of this appendix there is one on this word Savanna. He says that its resemblance to the Spanish Savana is purely accidental, it being an American word according to Roulin, who cites the following passage from Irving's History of Columbus: "Verdant plains, called by the Indians Savannas." Turning to the passage here referred to, I find that precisely the words which would decide the matter, "by the Indians," are wanting. Where Roulin has found those words I do not know, but I cannot find them. At this passage, Irving refers in a footnote to Las lasas whom he constantly quotes in his "Columbus." It would be interesting to know what Las lasas says about it, but very difficult to ascertain, insasmuch as most of his works exist in manuscript only.
Strange, but True.

We went to hear a certain "popular young preacher," one Sabbath evening lately, and stumbled upon a revelation, so strange and startling, that we feel like sharing our amazement with the readers of the Targum.

For awhile the preacher absorbed all our attention, but finally there was a "let up," and we availed ourselves of the opportunity of looking about upon the congregation. Almost all were strangers; finally we cast a glance backward, toward the seats apportioned to those who boast of African descent. Our gaze had not rested there long before a sight met us, which made us forget everything else there—ye gods! could it be possible? We rubbed our eyes; we looked again; yes, there could be no mistake, there, straight as a broomstick, and with a face ten degrees longer than old John Calvin's, surrounded on all sides with clouds and darkness, supported on either hand by a young damsel of Erebusian hue, looking straight ahead, at the preacher who seemed determined to knock him over with denunciations and threats of the law, (doubtless he thought he had his eye on a peculiarly "hard case,") we beheld a certain editor of a certain paper of one of our New Jersey Colleges!

It is said that when Canon Kingsley first heard Mr. Beecher preach, he was overcome by his emotions; he wept; he wrung the great man's hand and could not say a word; he had not dreamed of such power. This is just about the way we felt when we espied our friend the editor, in such a position. Our mind went to questioning.

We knew he was an advocate of social equality; was this a means of showing his idea of the brotherhood of the race? If so, what a revelation! what noble impartiality! Our friend grew large in our eyes. What a stand to take, and here too, in this city of caste, What courage, to have the sneers of all New Brunswick's fair ones! But then other questions arose; might not Mr. Editor have taken that position with another motive? he was surely in a grand position for flirting, with a dusky maiden on either side and others all about. We decided in favor of the former view when we saw his dignified bearing. We have seen long faces ere now, but never one so long as that!

So we set it down as a noble act: an example of heroism. But, notwithstanding all this, our emotions so far overcame us, that we were obliged to leave suddenly, in order to escape an explosion.

Moral: Young gentlemen, beware what you do in corners, for it may be proclaimed on the housetops.

Extract from a lecture delivered at Newark by a member of the Class of '85.

Panama.

We were unable to enter Panama, yet had a glimpse of the town. It is a walled city, though its walls offer no protection. They show what the city once was and how it has fallen. The walls are in ruins.

Panama is an old town. If you saw it you would need no further proof of this statement. The inhabitants think it the oldest town on the Western Continent. Probably it is, but it is not the only oldest town. Once it was great, but now it has lost its greatness, and is little else than a relic that links the past centuries with the present. The city once had great wealth and power and was the largest on the American Continent; now, we are told, its population does not exceed fifteen or twenty thousand, and these are the dying branches of some great families of the past, and who live, like many in our country, on the reputation of dead ancestors. Well is it for the living that ancestors are dead, or they would be disowned.

The buildings that we could see were all of stone, and appeared old enough to count their history by centuries. In architecture, they were neither Gothic, Ionic, Doric, or any other ico that we remember seeing, unless tumble-down-ico. All were more or less of * that style.

We saw ruins of what were said to be castles. We took the statement on faith; yet had we been told that the ruins were of an old lime kiln we would have believed it just as soon.

Every place in the world is noted for something; so is Panama; but we forget what it is. Beautiful ornaments called pearl ornaments are produced there, but just as pretty ones may be found elsewhere. We once thought it was noted for Panama hats, but are not so sure of, that now.

While waiting on the steamer in Panama Bay, a "noble" of the town came on board with Panama hats for sale. When we saw him coming we wished a certain hat in our trunk had been given away before we left home; for here we were where Panama hats were made, and, as a matter of course, might be bought for a song. How we wished now for an opportunity to send home a few dozen. How friends would prize them. We knew of scores of them who would gladly take two or three apiece. We would willingly spend a dollar or two, may be five, for a few dozen of first-class Panama hats. The opportunity soon came. The "noble" approached us. He appeared like a June flower that had forgotten to bloom until frost came and then wilted. "Would we take hats?" "Yes, certainly." He smiled sweetly: ah, the nobility of that smile! It seemed a relic of his family's former greatness; yet we could not help thinking that it resembled that of a Chatham-street clothes man. We would willingly give a dollar, or may be two, for a few hats, and thus help him back towards his former nobility. But how our countenance fell when, in answer to the question about price, he pointed to some hats, saying, "these three, these five, these nine, and these ten dollars apiece." Our remarks were brief. We wondered if he thought us a fool or was certain of it; and then began to whistle. It was no set tune, nothing from the old masters, but something original and impromptu. We did not not buy hats there. The "noble" offered few suggestions, and we had none to give. We parted. We did not see him sell a hat. We do not mean to go to Panama to get our hats in the future.
Our Family Clock.

I don't know how it is, but ever since my boyhood I had a special reverence and respect for our family clock. I remember that good old timepiece, quite worn out with age, having witnessed many changes and revolutions in State and family. How solemn and dignified did it send forth its lessons of warning in long, hollow, measured ticks—according to tradition it had been in our family from time immemorial; its history was that of our family; my grandfather had delivered it to my father with the express command: "My son, do indeed respect this monitor, he was to me a friend indeed."

Over the dial plate, in golden letters, the mysterious words were engrafted: "Una ex his hora mortis." "One of these is the hour of death." This sentence used to puzzle me more than anything else. After my father had explained to me this Latin phrase and added a few, earnest, practical comments of his own, from that time that clock was to me the most awful, dreadful piece of furniture in our house. If, perchance, the dusk of evening found me alone in the little ante-chamber where our clock had its solitary place, I was vexed and tortured by the story told me by one of my father's servants, that a grim, fierce-looking man, called Death, in a wiry, magpie frame, was sitting inside the wooden box, turning and moving its wheels and cogs. With quivering hand, trembling like a leaf, I once ventured (I don't know whence I mustered so much courage) to open the wooden box which enclosed the work. On tiptoe, holding my breath, I silently and cautiously removed the catch, when, to my great astonishment, instead of finding a horrible reality, I saw a long, wiry, unostentatious pendulum swinging to and fro.

And now, after our clock has come in the possession of others, to repeat unto them the same solemn admonition, even now, while the fancies of childhood are gone, I do believe more firmly than ever that, figuratively speaking, meagre, grim Death, is sitting indeed inside this wooden box and is turning its wheels as he pleases. Now, when sometimes in solitary moments, I imagine the sound of our timepiece to fall upon my ears and the solemn inscription "Una ex his hora mortis" rises out of the charnel-house of the past, I cannot forbear replying in a friendly tone "Una ex his hora vitae," one of these is my hour of life. Then when in my fancy I attempt to roam in another region than this earth, and my eyes are open to its surpassing beauty, then, I say, it seems to me as if our old, venerable family clock has totally changed; its solid, mahogany enclosure seems to me to be transformed in a garment white as snow, and its old-fashioned top seems to resemble a beautiful, luminous halo.

And not only our family clock, but every timepiece is teaching us the very same lesson. Every clock is a wooden index on the road of life, pointing with its slender hands "To the Grave."

Truly, does it not betray a very careless disposition to disregard such an index? Is it not foolish in us to slight it, and to drive like a racehorse in the arena of life without knowing our end or goal?

Astonishing it is, to notice how some very learned men seem to be ignorant on this point. As some one has said: "I know of good mathematicians, whose iron safes and shrewd bargains can testify to the accuracy of their calculations, who are yet entirely at a loss to find x in this simple equation 1:

\[ 0; 1; x. \]

That is (according to a statement not found in Davies' University, or Robinson's Higher Progressive Arithmetic), "One hour is to eternity, as a good or bad action to the required number."

It was this kind of arithmetic with which Moses tried to make his people familiar, when he taught them "So to number their days as to apply their hearts unto wisdom."

Yes, seasons, opportunities may wane, but as long as man, who is destined to be eternal, walks this earth, time will remain the gem of life, the true stone of the philosopher, which can turn the miry clay into gold.

Our Family Clock.

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Upsilon.

Where is R. T. A.

It may be a mistake, but my previous ideas of a temperance association were—not that it is a means by which a body of young men, who have never had any inclination to intemperance, may publish to the world their bold determination to give up the cup and its attending evils while in College, but that its duty extended beyond signing the pledge and consisted in taking an active part in mitigating the evils of intemperance.

It is surely the duty of a college association to do something to prevent its spread especially among students.

Our College is not so free from this vice that there is no need of working against it.

Are the young men who have been drawn from their duties by its evil influence, to be let alone?

Is nothing to be said to them to warn them of their danger?

They are under the delusion that they can abandon the habit, probably at the end of their College course, perhaps sooner; but facts prove quite the contrary.

Here, then, is a work for active temperance men.

During the struggle throughout the country between temperance and drunkennes, it would be folly for our College association to think that it has escaped the necessity of vigilance.

Would that it could! but we know there is work for it to do.

If the end of a temperance association is not gained, when its constitution is drawn up, signed by its members, and dues paid, let it organize a crusade and rush the demon from the campus.

C. J.

A CERTAIN Senior of our acquaintance came home from "down town" rather late. Wishing to arise early the next morning, he left a note on the table for his chum to call him early, and in order that it might not blow off, placed two dictionaries upon it. He then went to bed with his stove pipe hat and boots on, and woke up next morning wanting to know who had been playing tricks on him.—Yale Record.
THE TARUM.

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THE TARGUM.

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

The new term on which we have just entered promises to be one of activity in every department of College life.

During the present Spring and early Summer days, there are always inducements offered to shirk regular assigned duties and engage in out-door recreations. We have grown weary of burning the midnight oil over quiet games of whist, and the leaves of the dictionary, mathematical table, and abstruse metaphysical work; and long for tete-a-tete walks under a May moon, etc. Still the incentive to take a high grade in scholarship before entering on the long vacation will prove a sufficient inducement to keep the student steadily at his task.

Into the short month left them the seniors will no doubt crowd all the labor possible, and it will be to them as profitable as any previous term, in the quality, if not quantity, of the work accomplished.

We were exceedingly disappointed at the failure of the song book committee to accomplish their purpose; after doing all in their power to secure the desired result it must have been mortifying for them to find that their repeated calls met with no response from the students.

We hope the work will be continued at no far distant day, and be speedily brought to a successful issue. It would be desirable to have a revival of interest in some of our college organizations. We are heartily tired of the question, "Why don't the students take hold and go to work?" It seems like some played out conundrum that no one has been able to answer. And yet we can't help hoping that some able man will take hold of the boat club, or ball club, and bring back life to these well-nigh defunct organizations.

Somewhere the numerous officers we elect every year accomplish apparently nothing, although their united exertions must amount to something! Hitherto we have sincerely upheld the doctrine that party lines are good and necessary to maintain the esprit de corps of the College, but it would seem as though another course were desirable and necessary. If the students of Rutgers want to strengthen their own interests, and give their Alma Mater a high and honorable place among sister institutions, they should drop all party feeling and work honestly for the college organizations irrespective of any party feeling whatever. As for these hypothetical associations whose existence in the shape of a long list of officers and directors we are so particular to maintain, they might as well die out entirely; they only help keep up a bitter feeling between partisans that is doing more harm to the good in our College than can be estimated. Never more than at the present time, has our College needed a binding togetherness of the earnest men in the institution to uphold the good, and root out the evil influences that are at work.

We have never had the pleasure of witnessing a College election in any institution but our own; if, however, they are generally conducted on the plan to which we are accusomed, and the confusion varies with the number of students, the scene of an election at Yale, Princeton or Cornell must bear a striking resemblance to pandemonium itself.

We hear a good deal about the noisy demonstrations that accompany an exciting vote in the lower House of Congress, but we are sure such a display would hardly bear comparison with what we experience at our elections. That there is no actual necessity on such occasions for the stamping, yelling, standing on the backs of chairs, singing, whistling, clapping together of books, boxing, wrestling, throwing of chalk, and other cheerful accompaniments that some appear to regard as essential, must, on calm reflection, be apparent to all.

A plan has been suggested to us, which, while it is faulty, still compares favorably with the present defective system.

It proposes the doing away entirely with the formality of nominating officers, and in fact with meetings of students for the purpose of elections.

It supposes that the constitutions of the several organizations definitely state, the different officers to be elected, whether they are to come from different classes, and the time for holding an election.

The plan is as follows:

When the time for holding any election has arrived, the presidents of the associations give public notice on the bulletin that he has appointed Messrs. A, B, C, and D tellers to receive the votes of the members for officers of the association, and that they will be in attendance at a certain place, for a given time, to receive the ballots. Then as each member deposits his vote his name is recorded, so that on no account a member may cast more than one vote. When the stated time has elapsed the ballot box is closed, the votes are counted and the result made known. Should there be two interests in the association antagonistic to each other, the President is to represent them evenly in his appointment of tellers.

We doubt whether this plan would be favorably received; nevertheless for the sake of variety it would be well to try it for once, and, should it prove a success, then the Targum may for once be named a reformer.
Would it not be better for the Alumni and friends of the Targum to assist the editors rather than to criticize them? They all wish to see the Targum improve, and to take a high position among College papers, still they do not lend their aid and thus enable us to raise it to a higher standard. There are two important things which we at the present are greatly in need of, and which are necessary for the support of the Targum—money, and articles for publication. Both are needed, and we hope that our Alumni will sympathize with us, and send us contributions, either of a financial or literary character, and thus relieve the editors from much care and labor.

Messrs. Editors—Why would it not be a good plan for The Targum Association to have their elections at the beginning of the term instead of at the end? The interest which an election for Editors creates throughout College is already a source of considerable benefit to the finances of the Association, and if the elections were held after we have had a season of pecuniary as well as physical recuperation, instead of before it, we might expect that every one in College would be a member of the Association.

The American Educational Monthly, for April, is upon our table and is a valuable number. "How to Teach" is a suggestive article. For the student who is forming his style of writing the article on "Misapplications of Adverbs" contains many invaluable hints. The "Monthly," as usual, contains a complete summary of educational intelligence.

One of our "paternals," during vacation, received an interminable Life Insurance circular with envelope addressed and stamped for reply. His pious son, ever active in good works, quickly appropriated this and enclosed to the Insurance Co. forthwith, a tract on "Swearing on the Ferry-boat."—The moral stock of insurance companies has since gone up.

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**THE TARGUM.**

**We.**

Who are we! What are we! Do we rise in the morning the same as we lie down at nights? We are heaping children, become of school-boy age, young men and maidens, men and women, "old folks," gray haired and toothless, all so gradually that no change is noticed going on. Are we constantly the same? Strange, yet it must be so. We start, are carried forward, come to the end of life, remember and can look back on the path we have followed, yet we are not the same as we started, every year has brought us a change; we are not the same and yet we are the same. Who and what are we? Not one particle of our former selves remains, for physiologists tell us that every seven years our entire physical structure is renewed; even our dress has been changed many times. Nothing apparently has remained the same, except our name—and even that may have taken unto itself a handle—we are no longer Susie Bell or Johnny Green, but Mr., Mrs., Dr., Judge, or what not. Is that all that remains of time which was? No, there must be more. There is more.

Time brings to us one and all, its ordinary consequences, consolations, developments. We ourselves alter very little. We talk of this man or that woman, as being no longer the same person whom we remember in our youth; we remark, deploringly often too, changes in our friends; but we don't perhaps stop to calculate that circumstance has only brought out, not created, the quality or defect, latent before.

To-day we are selfishly languid and indifferent in the possession of what but yesterday we were in ardent and selfish pursuit. This feeling the precursor, that but the successor. Scornful and weary, we cry vanitas vanitatvm; it is but the lassitude of the sick appetite palled with pleasure.

The needy struggler of the present moment will continue his career a few months hence an insolent and successful parenu. Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamus in illis. Mental changes are like gray hairs and wrinkles, they

fulfil the plan of growth and decay. This bald pate was once covered with flaxen curls. That which is snowy white now was glossy black once. The sluggish, carefully stepping obesity of to-day, was bounding, boisterous, rosy health a few years back. That calm weariness, benevolent, resigned and disappointed, was ambition, fierce and violent, a few years back, and has only settled into submissive repose after many a battle and defeat. Is it not awe-striking, when, in times of pleasure and hilarity of our budding manhood at college, you sit down occasionally to a graver reflection—to think how you, in the relation of a few years, though seeming a long way ahead now, will have consummated your success or your disaster; how you may be holding a marked station or a hopeless and nameless place in the crowd; how many struggles of defeat, success, hidden crime, noble self-denial, remorse, to yourself only known, you will have passed through; how you may have loved and grown cold, wept and laughed again, how often!—to think how you will then be the same you whom you know now, whom in childhood you remember, before the voyage of life began. "Life is a voyage." Yes it is. It will be prosperous in your case: you will be riding into port, colors fluttering all over the rigging, people hurrying and guns saluting, and you the lucky captain, will bow from the ship's side, and there is a care under the star on your breast which nobody knows of. Or you will be wrecked, the gallant barque of your pride gone down, and you yourself lashed, hopeless, to a solitary spar out at sea. The sinking man and the successful one will each think about home, very likely, and remember the time when they were children. You will be alone on the hopeless spar, drowning out of sight and hearing; you will be alone in the midst of the applauding crowd about you; such is life, and still the world wags on.

**PETER THE SCRIBE.**

A FRESHMAN defined a miracle as "something you don't see every day."
THE TARGUM. [April, 1874.

Alma Mater.
TUNE—Oft in the Silly Night.

Deep in our heart of hearts,
Enshrined in love unbroken,
"Old Rutger," name imparts
A joy by lips unspoken.
The hands she clasped in friendship's grasp.
The hearts she linked forever,
The counsels wise she bade us prize
Shall part from memory never.
Thus in our heart of hearts, &c.

Throned on her hillside throne,
The waving elms above her,
Dearer for long years flown,
The queen of those who love her,
She sits to cheer her warriors dear
For life's brave conflicts burning,
And crowns with fame each victor's name
When to her feet returning.
Thus in our heart of hearts, &c.

Who is Asleep?

What a commotion there would be
if this question should be asked by a minister in a pulpit!
It is most probable that a general stir would be the response.
Each person would deem it his duty
to look after his neighbor, and what
intense satisfaction would reign if each
one should find his neighbor as much disturbed as himself, and to allappearances as sleepy!
The same question, asked in almost
any company of people, would meet
with the same unspoken, but very evident reply; for all men hate to be
called asleep. In whatever assembly
they may be; whether the service
is interesting or uninteresting; whether
the general tendency of the people is
toward sleeping or keeping awake;
none will be found who desire the imputation of drowsiness.
A sense of shame at finding one's self exposed to the gaze and ridicule of those who are observers, seizes upon all; and rather than answer manfully they would try to completely shirk the answer by dodging the question. The same question, to come nearer home, might be asked of many, very many, whom we meet in College life. And not only of single persons, but even of combinations of students in any cause whatever; whether for social or intellectual culture in the society, or for physical exercise in the various clubs. We all know that every College has its organizations which exist in name only, and which might very justly be called asleep; and that our own College is no exception to the rule. The present object, however, is to ask—Who is asleep in our societies? Overlooking all clubs which have failed of their object or are likely to fail, we come to these organizations to which so many belong, and in which all ought to be interested. Our societies are well furnished with everything that can tempt to the improvement of the privileges which they offer.

There are some men who attend all meetings; who are always in their places and at work. They gain a reward in experience, and in the respect which their fellows have for their faithfulness; as well as a reward in the knowledge of having benefited their society. But there are others who perhaps cannot attend.

Cannot they yet work? More especially would I refer to one department of the work which they might do.
Our societies have many and good prizes offered to stimulate men to a high grade of culture. These prizes are mostly in the line of oratory and essay-writing, and are free to all.

By trying for these, individual honor may be gained, and the reputation of the society maintained. A failure to keep up the competition might indicate lack of ability, and the blame would rest on the society, which would be considered of little use as an educator of its members. It is not the fault of the society if no knowledge is obtained by connection with it; but rather the fault of the individual.
Men leave college, grumbling of their societies as useless money-eaters; and if asked whether they ever availed themselves of the privileges of the society, they will perhaps tell you that they never tried for the prizes at all.

Would you let a single man, or several men, drive the whole machinery of your society? The prizes have been contested for by too few men.
The appointments have been made when only a few tried for the honor; and yet you will step out of College and call your society connection a useless, expensive burden. Whose fault is it? Can you ask "who is asleep?" and not feel that you are aiming a shaft at yourself?

Ruscoe.

Personalia.

C. Rockefeller, '73, was in town a few days since, and was looking extremely well.

Fred. J. Potter, '72, has found that "it is not good for man to be alone" and consequently has taken to himself a wife.

Outska, '76, has left College and returned to Japan in accordance with the orders of the Japanese government.

Rev. J. A. H. Cornell, D. D., '38, has accepted the call from the Reformed Church of Coeymans, Albany Co., N. Y.

Rev. J. M. Wagner, '53, who on account of ill health, resigned the pastorate of the Ger. Ev. Church, Brooklyn, has, at the urgent request of his people, recalled his resignation.

C. L. D. Washburn, '75, one of the Junior editors of the Targum has been very sick for some time with the typhoid fever. We are however pleased to learn that he is slowly recovering.

Rev. J. W. Schenck, '70, of West- Ghent, N. Y., met with a serious accident a short time since; his horse becoming frightened, ran away, and threw him from the wagon injuring him severely.

E. F. Brooks, '72, was married a few weeks since to an estimable New-Brunswick lady. He was, if we are not mistaken, the first of the graduating class of '72 to embark upon the sea of matrimony. We wish him much happiness.
College Dots.

Prof. (delivering lecture to Senior class) "John Locke caught the spirit of liberty from the Puritans."

Sen.—"Professor is that very contagious?"

Class roars, and professor says "now, gentlemen."

The anniversary of the Rutgers Bible Society will be held in Kirkpatrick Memorial Chapel, on the evening of May 6th. Addresses will be delivered by T. E. Davis, ’74, representing the College; John H. Wyckoff, ’71, the Theological Seminary; and Rev. J. G. Van Slyke, ’66, the Alummi.

The class of ’74 has three men studying medicine with Dr. Baldwin of this city.

Eight of the University Ball Nine have already been chosen, the names of whom we append:

W. Kip, Captain,
E. F. Ross,
E. Potter,
W. Whitehead,
R. F. Fisher,
W. H. Price,
A. Johnston,
L. Brumagin.

A junior who resides in Hertzog Hall has renounced his intention of studying Theology. One of his associates, on learning of an expected visit of a pious aunt to our friend, while John was at the depot awaiting the arrival of his relative, embellished his room with numerous bottles with suspicious labels, glasses, spitoons, etc.

On the arrival of the devout lady and her nephew, their feelings may be imagined, and his protestations ceased to have effect when a Soph. entered, with "Jack, have you forgotten to mix me the—lemonade?"

An interesting game of base ball was played on the College grounds, Wednesday afternoon, between the classes of ’75 and ’77. After an unusually long game, ’75 were victorious by a score of 23 to 21.

The Freshman Base Ball nine is one of the strongest class nines in College, and consists of the following members:


A junior who prides himself as being a descendant of Shelley, from whence his poetical genius, wrote the following lines in a classmate’s lock:

"The sentiments of a noble mind,
Whose mighty station none can find,
But those its value daily prove
And find the rich reward in love."

A Sophomore, endowed with more of common sense than of poetic talent, wrote underneath:

"The above lines are
The sentiments of a beastly fool
Who never set his foot in school,
And those who at his manner look
Will see he’s never read a book."
College World.

The Law School of Columbia College has developed in thirteen years from a nucleus of 25 students to a present membership of 450.

The President of Cornell University says the young women there average 10 per cent. better on the examination papers than the young men.

There will be no class-day exercises at the next commencement at Amherst Agricultural College, the Seniors having voted to dispense entirely with class-day.

Amherst College has furnished more ministers and more missionaries, in proportion to the whole number of graduates, than any other college in this country.

Williams College has chosen Rev. Geo. Raymond, of Philadelphia, as successor to Prof. Bascom in the Department of Rhetoric. Mr. Raymond is a cultivated and genial gentleman, studious and energetic.

Two Colleges have been established in the Turkish Empire, founded by American citizens; one at Beirut and the other at Constantinople. Both are in the Turkish Empire, founded by

Our exchanges are growing more interesting as boating and ball-playing are becoming the important topics of the student. We would gladly notice all exchanges of this month, for all are deserving of praise, but space will not permit us.

The Trinity Tablet has an article on "Saratoga Sinners" in which we think the right view of the coming regatta has been taken. We agree with them that those students "who cannot have themselves at Saratoga, will not be likely to do so at Springfield or Worcester or New-London."

The Williams Review is always gladly welcomed as one of our best exchanges. "Vague Expressions" in the last number was excellent.

The University Missourian laments the fact that the "Speech of Sparwens to the Roman Gladiators" has not been declaimed in the College Chapel nearly a month. It is afraid the speech will lose its popularity by this negligence.

The Tripod, of North Western University, reminds the Faculty of that institution that "advertising pays," and "suggests that a few nickles could be profitably disposed of by advertising in the Tripod."

We would here kindly say to our Faculty, that "money spent in advertising is never thrown away," and we think it would be of great benefit to advertise our College in the Targum.

The Yale Courant is much improved in external appearance by the addition of an outside cover. The new board of editors have assumed their positions, and, judging from the last issue, the Courant will hold the same high rank among College papers during the coming year, that it has held through the preceding year.

We must confess our inability to comprehend the meaning of the allusions to the Targum, in the Courier, under the Exchange Reviews, especially the last few lines in that column.

The Philomathean wishes us to explain the meaning of the word Targum as applied to our paper. At some future day we shall attempt to elucidate it more satisfactorily than we are able at present to do. It is a Chaldaic word signifying "an interpretation." We have very frequently thought while attempting to interpret the meaning of some of the articles handed to us for publication, that it was the most applicable name that could be found.

Telescope.

Student to Professor of Geology:

"To what age do I belong, Prof. ?"

"Don't know: have only learned to classify rocks, not bricks."—Ex.

A senior took a certain lady for cream recently, and showed his prodigious appetite off to advantage, by eating three saucers to her one.—Dickinsonian.

A freshman is exulting over how he made April fools of his instructors last Wednesday. He got his lessons unusually well, and then when called upon, sang out "Not prepared."—Ex.

An exchange says that a Michigan man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.—Ex.

A Vermont woman undertook to paint the cellar stairs. She found a pail of paint and commenced at the top, painting herself into the cellar, and had to crawl out of the cellar window.—Ex.

A cook in a family asked an Irish fellow servant to bring her the spider. After being absent some time, she returned, stating that she "could not find a spider, but she had caught a father long legs."—Tyro.

Scene: Greek Recitation.—Prof. S.—What was done with the body of their general, killed in this battle?

First student (guessing).—Burned it.

Prof. S.—Wrong; next.

Second student—Buried it.

Prof. S.—No.

Third student—(who has just waked up).—Don't know.

Prof. S.—Right. There doesn't anybody know.—Harvard Advocate.
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