The Inter-Collegiate Convention.

The second annual Convention of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New-York City, at 10 o'clock A. M. of January 8th.

There were ten colleges represented, namely: Princeton, Hamilton, Cornell, Syracuse, Union, Lafayette, Williams, New-York University and Rutgers.

Col. Higginson addressed the Convention, and besides praising the efforts of the contest just passed, spoke very encouragingly of the future of the Association. He stated that the Convention had met to establish permanently what had heretofore been a mere experiment; to arrange for future contests; and to extend competition to broader fields. He then made some practical suggestions as to competitive examinations in scholarship.

The Chairman of the Standing Committee reported that six colleges—Williams, Lafayette, Princeton, New-York University, Cornell and Rutgers—had entered for the contest; and that he had in his possession letters from Amherst, Wesleyan, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Brown and Dickinson, regretting their inability to be represented. Eight essays had been handed in—two from New-York University, two from Cornell, two from Williams, one from Lafayette and one from Princeton. Five hundred dollars had been received from Mrs. J. J. Astor and one hundred from Mr. Dwight H. Olmstead for distribution in prizes.

The following resolutions were adopted on the recommendation of the Standing Committee:

Resolved, I. That the examinations be held in two departments only—in Classics and Mathematics.

II. That the Standing Committee shall arrange for a competitive examination in Greek, according to the following rules: Three judges shall be chosen by the Standing Committee from men of literary eminence who shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest, who shall examine the contestants and shall make awards of honor to the two most successful competitors.

III. That in the classics the examination be based upon one Greek play, to be announced as early as possible by the examiners; and, in addition, that the contestants be required to translate at sight from some Greek author into English, and from some English author into Greek.

IV. That the Standing Committee shall arrange for a competitive examination in mathematics, according to the following rules: Three judges shall be chosen by the Standing Committee from men of literary eminence who shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest—and shall make awards of honor to the two most successful competitors.

V. That the examination in mathematics be in Analytical Geometry.

One of the results which the Association hopes to accomplish is the establishment of fellowships similar to those now in existence at Oxford. The first step was taken by the appointment of a Special Committee whose duty it is to invite the co-operation of a board of gentlemen not members of the Association in raising a fund to be devoted to this purpose.

The following names were presented by the Committee on Nominations (on which Rutgers was represented by Mr. John H. Salisbury) and elected by the Association: President, L. Karge, of Princeton; Vice President, J. W. Elliott, of Hamilton; Secretary, James Kemlo, of Rutgers; Treasurer, I. L. Auerbach, of the University of New-York.


It was decided that the next contest should be held in New-York City, January 4, 1876, and the next Convention the day following the contest at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mr. Moulton, of Knox College, Illinois, who had come to the Convention for the purpose of addressing it, was allowed the privilege of the floor. He said that when the call for the Hartford Convention was issued the Illinois colleges had a project of an inter-collegiate contest between the colleges of three States. The western colleges considered the contest in New-York too distant for their participation. College associations had been formed in six western states, and Inter-State-Collegiate contests had been inaugurated, all the colleges of a state competing in a State contest, and the successful competitor being sent to the Inter-State Contest as the representative of all the colleges of a State. The colleges of the West were endeavoring to secure a national contest on this plan and he had been sent to the Convention to solicit its co-operation. He had conversed with the managers of the Centennial Exhibition, who heartily approved of the plan, and promised to give the contest a prominent place in the Centennial. He desired to present the answer of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association to the Western Association at its next meeting, when six or seven States and more than thirty colleges would be represented. After a prolonged discussion the Convention concluded that a participation in an Inter-State contest would be inexpedient at present; thereby implying that the time will come when it will be right for the Association to enter into such a contest. Does not this indicate,
THE TARGUM.

Gennaro.

Among the Indians.

[We have gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of making the following extracts from a private letter and presenting them to the readers of the Targum, knowing that their intrinsic interest is heightened by the remembrance in which the writer is held by his numerous friends here. It is dated San Carlos Indian Agency, Arizona.]

"From New-Brunswick I went to St. Louis and Omaha, thence to Ogden City, Utah, visiting Salt Lake City. I next proceeded to San Francisco, where I took the steamer and went down the Pacific to San Diego, Cal. From here I went by stage into lower California, then up to Yuma City, Arizona, which place I reached July 5th. Here I took the small steamer and went up to the Colorado River Indian Reservation and back to Yuma again, going thence by stage to Tucson. This ended 500 miles by stage. Leaving Tucson by carriage, after a 200 miles ride I reached my destination, San Carlos, Aug. 8th, 1874. Here I found myself at last in the mountain home, surrounded by the savage and the stranger, and over both I was immediately to assume supreme control. On this large reservation I was to be a "little" King, and to be held accountable for the acts of a thousand wild uncivilized subjects. Within these rocky fastnesses I was to live, perhaps to die; and as I passed the swarthy savages and savaged my "hackel" of logs and brush, the sensation was peculiar and yet pleasant. I was at rest after a continuous journey of over 4,000 miles. You can not well imagine the position of an Indian Agent without being once an observer. We are building very large, new buildings for the agency which it will take a year to complete. Every department of my reserve has been fitted out anew. I have just paid $1,400 for a team and buggy. The team consists of six animals and the buggy was built expressly for Arizona.

This was considered one of the worst of agencies, but I would not now exchange it for any other.

I have a clerk, a farmer, a mason, a carpenter, a blacksmith, an interpreter, a priest, a cook, a physician, a teacher and several laborers. I also employ from 10 to 100 Indians daily as well as Indian policemen.

We issue about 7,000 pounds of flour and 21,000 pounds of beef every week, with coffee, sugar, salt, &c., in proportion.

I have had some romantic adventures in arresting "bronco" Indians, &c. I have been scouting in the mountains alone with my Apache police. Night scouts are thrilling, you may believe.

I have been twice to Camp Apache. This is 60 miles over the roughest trail and among the worst Indians in the land. The first time I went I was accompanied by one Apache. I have also been down to Tucson on horseback—on this trip I took five Apaches."

J. P. C. '74.

College Materialism.

There is an old maxim, so covered with the dust of time that we fear we may be censured for dragging it again from its oblivion, that "charity begins at home." And we fully believe that the great defenders of the church too often fail to protect their own army in their endeavors to conquer that of their opponents. During the last half century the seeds of materialism have been scattered broadcast not only in our own, but in every land of the civilized globe. And that seed has been so means fallen on a sterile soil. The old hostility of France to Christianity has made her a willing listener to any philosophy whose object is to crush religion under the garment of a search for truth. In England such gigantic minds as Huxley, Tyndall and Darwin have strained every effort to uphold the principles of matter; while in America and Germany men of the deepest sagacity and highest mental culture have alike united in proclaiming the same faith. Nor is this all. The idea of some that materialism is chiefly confined to these great lights of science is both unreasonable and false. Starting as the fact may seem, there are hundreds of young men about us who are daily enlisting under the banner of Huxley and the others. Especially is this true in the colleges of our land. The mind of the student by continued application becomes at last able to grasp other and weightier thoughts than are contained merely in his text books. The tendency of the age to ignore Revelation and accept a so-called Liberalism more bigoted in its creed than the strictest sect which it condemns, invites the attention of the Literary Neophyte, who, alas! too often becomes entangled in its slyer snares. And it must not be supposed that this rationalistic libertinism (if we may use such an expression) is peculiar only to the larger institutions. In its progressive march it has gained followers from all sides and from all conditions; from the strong and from the weak, from the many and from the few.

It is not the object of this article to enter into any discussion of the principles of materialism. Its humble purpose is simply to warn those students of our own institution who are inclined to jump at conclusions without a careful examination of the facts. In an era like the present, when all things must conform to fashion, (opinion not excepted) to doubt is popular, and unbelief is essential in aristocratic society. But whatever may be the customs of the day, and however much the thoughtless in the blindness of their ignorance may accept every theory, because they are inimical to the time-worn doctrines of the church, truth, in all its noble and greateur will submit to no forms and bear none of the tyranny which the votaries of fashion so thoroughly adore. It is to this truth, this El Dorado of all knowledge, for which the philosopher and theologian have so long and patiently toiled, that we would invite the atten-
tion of the honest student. If the system of the materialist is true; if all things, animate or inanimate, in the realm of nature are just so many sticks and stones, just so much flesh and blood; if, we say, these things are true, any man who rejects them, whether be pagan or christian, is fit only for the pity of his fellows, and the cheerless comforts of the maniac’s cell. The difficulty and the danger is lest only the plausible arguments of the rationalist will be considered, while the other side will be condemned unheard.

The boast of the infant skeptic is, that science brings forth questions which religion fails to answer. Does it never occur to him that religion has likewise asked of science problems which she has never solved? We do not say this to array these two sisters (for they are nothing else) in hostility to one another, but the objection is not only unfair but unreasonable. Let the candid student carefully examine both sides of the discussion, and we have no fear for the result.

In conclusion we would respectfully call the attention of those of our Faculty who are interested in preserving the students under their charge from the influences of materialistic views, to the extent to which these opinions have attained in Rutgers College. Not that we think we have cause for apprehension as yet, but we feel that there are many who have leanings on that side from an idea that there is nobility in death which the fatal spark ensures. Notice briefly, with us, the practice as it is now in vogue.

Two students are returning from College. One of them being a smoker, desires to indulge in a cigar; but he does not like to do so unless he invites his companion “to have a smoke,” meaning at his expense. If both are not afflicted with the habit, then follows: “Won’t you take something?” The invitation is accepted, and they proceed down town, one feeling like a benefactor of his race, and the other under obligations to him. This obligated individual does not board in town, and feels called upon to satisfy the demands of his appetite before going home. He invites his generous friend to lunch with him. Both of these men probably felt it to be a nuisance to ask the other one, but so strong are the rules of custom that they did not wish or dare to violate them.

In travelling together one man seems to vie with an other as to who shall pay the most bills. This may be said to promote generosity, but it really creates a feeling of satisfaction in the person obliged, and often causes expenditures by these same persons which they are hardly able and ought not to afford.

The writer once heard a very intelligent and observing German say, in speaking of our American habits, that intemperance is much more prevalent here than in Europe for the reason, he thought, in part, of the common fashion of treating.

For example, a party of youths are in some place where liquors are sold. One of the number will invite the company, of which there are generally several, to drink with him. Few will refuse, because they do not wish to be thought odd, or do not wish to hurt the fellow’s feelings. After drinking, there probably will not be one who cares to remain under obligations to another, and there will likely follow as many repetitions as there are individuals present, and as our German friend so aptly said, “before they know it, they are drunk already.”

In College, in business, and in social life, both high and low, everywhere are we met with this real nuisance. It is just as reasonable to treat a person to the common articles of necessary clothing, as to invite him to share with you the merest luxury, for in the one case you may confer a benefit, while in the other you only contribute a gratification. It is not good taste, perhaps, to occupy the columns of The Targum with moral reflections, but it seems to us that this custom should receive our attention as students. Let us have enough moral courage and strength of character to exert our influence for an improvement in this direction.

At a regular meeting of the Rutgers Chapter of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, By the dispensation of an All-wise Providence we are called upon to mourn the death of our highly esteemed brother Willet Denice, Jr., of the Class of 1870;

Resolved, That in our deep felt loss of our all-wise Providence we are called upon to mourn the death of our highly esteemed brother Willet Denice, Jr., of the Class of 1870;

Resolved, That in our deep felt loss we recognize the hand of God.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends in this our common hour of trial.

Resolved, That we drape our badges for thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be published in The Targum.

J. H. Salisbury,
J. E. Lyall,
W. H. Van Sternbergh,
Committee.

The prizes at the Inter-Collegiate contest were awarded as follows: First Prize in Oratory, to J. C. Tomlinson, N. Y. University; Second, to W. D. Edmunds, of Williams. Prize for Essay on the “Utilitarian Theory of Morals,” A. Marquand, of Princeton. Prize for Essay on some character in Shakespeare, George H. Fisk, Cornell University.

Through Prof. Atherton an advanced course in Political Economy has been offered to the present Senior Class, as an extra study.

“A Common Nuisance.”

Our country having reached its present successful condition in so short a time, there are certain peculiar customs and habits acquired by the people, which are found in a “New-World” only. One noticeable example of this, is the fashion of “treating,” which arose from very laudable motives, and which, if practised in moderation would tend to develop fine feelings of generosity.

Resolved, That we do not wish or dare to violate them.

Resolved, That in our deep felt loss we recognize the hand of God.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends in this our common hour of trial.

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THROUGH Prof. Atherton an advanced course in Political Economy has been offered to the present Senior Class, as an extra study.

Amor
Seven Years in New-Brunswick.

Dear Targum—To-day we round off a period of seven years in New-Brunswick; think some of writing an autobiography. When one has been a student for so long a time in one place, he begins to feel not a little like a Patriarch, especially among the new comers. Indeed, here in Hertzog we seem to be an appointment of the building—a fixture; as much so as is the library or the hall clock. The Grammar School boys, by whom we are surrounded here, appear to regard us as a kind of relic of antiquity, and as for ourself, we hardly know of any other kind of life than the routine of duty here. It has been a standing question for the last six years among our country friends, "Are you not nearly through at New-Brunswick?" But the inevitable "no" has always been our answer, and is likely to be yet, for some months to come. Seven years; and one head still carries all we know.

Of course, during this time there have been many changes in ourself as well as in our surroundings, a few of which we might note. We cannot forget that morning, seven years ago, when we stumbled across those undulating commons, and for the first time beheld old Hertzog. It was then the color of a dirty yellow. The window-blinds were on the outside on the way they ought to be, if anywhere, and the lettering—"Peter Hertzog Theological Hall," over the main door-way, could be read, we suppose, for a quarter of a mile. The Hall had no Hector at that time. The duties of that office were delegated to a member of the Senior class, who divided his time between sounding the gong, collecting the bills, and smoking tobacco. On the morning referred to, we ascended the successive flights of steps leading to the Hall with ever deepening impressions of solemnity. Calling at the room of the Theologian, who, as we afterward learned, was about to sail as a missionary, we were surprised to find him just recovering from a "pig-back" ride with a classmate. Taking a few moments to readjust his toilet, he remarked, "Well, boy, come to study for the ministry, have you?" We replied in the affirmative. "Then you have really made up your mind to go through the mill?" He smiled a smile of pity, and said no more, but immediately returned to finish some writing at a very tall desk standing in the corner. He stood with his back to us. After some minutes, we ventured to interrupt the silence by asking the use for such a high desk. "Oh," he replied, without turning round, "this is where we grind out the sermons." Thus our first idea of student life was, that there was to be some kind of grinding done. As we pillows our head that night in Hertzog Hall for the first time, we could think of nothing but grinding. And we wondered if, when the mill had ground us, and we had ground our sermons, whether we too would feel like riding pig-back.

The next day we were taken down to the Grammar School and introduced to the ancient tongues, which, together with the mathematics were to be our boon companions for a twelve months. The school building then was not more than half its present size, and the corps of teachers included Messrs. Woodruff, Wilson, Griffin, See and Sharp. Prof. Reiley had just assumed the rectorship, and under his spirited administration the school advanced to that prestige which it now enjoys. We were not long in finding out that the Professor meant business, and to be unprepared in those days was to sit in mortal terror of a man who was determined to hold us to our level best. And we did study. It was not uncommon for the best minds to put in four and five hours a day in severe grappling with the aforesaid ancient tongues. In the Adelphi Society, an organization of superior strength and great popularity, we found a field for the exercise of our crude functions in debate and declamation. On the eve of our entrance into College, we, as a class, met for the last time in the capacity of Adelphians. We celebrated the event by eating two quarts of pea-nuts and a basket of apples.

We might go on to relate the incidents of a four years' course in College, some of which were laughable, some grave, some unique, but the limits of this article compel us to avoid details. Suffice it but to allude to the memorable visit of Daniel Pratt, the great American traveller, which occurred during our Freshman year. The eloquent, though incoherent speech of the General upon that occasion, delivered in Saenger Hall, has never to our knowledge been preserved. But by those who were present, we are sure, it must still be remembered as a most perfected effort,—in fact, wanting in nothing but sense. The admission to the hall for all, except such as paid their fare in brass, was ten cents. A member of '70 presided with commendable dignity. Of course it would be needless to designate in this connection those who carried fish-horns under their coats, or milk bells, or beans. And besides, such a designation might subject us to the charge of egotism. However, never in our life before, nor since, have we known the power of eloquence to call forth such demonstrative feelings from an audience. The blowing of the horns lent enthusiasm to the occasion, while the continued rain of beans seemed only to inspire the orator to higher and still higher flights, until both orator and people sank down in sheer exhaustion. And when presently the spell was broken, and by some unaccountable mystery the lights went out, no man, not even George Francis Train, was ever escorted to his hotel with such enthusiastic ceremony. The General has never condescended to come among us since. Dear old man! as we look back from this date to those ebullitions of an erratic mind, thou art seemingly but a picture of other vociferators, both in pulpit and forum, who make fools of themselves, albeit they have a show of earnestness.

Adverting to the changes which have taken place on the Campus during the last seven years, we are reminded of the erection of the Geologic Hall and the Kirkpatrick Chapel; of the repainting of the frame-work of the College, which was formerly white. Inside the main hall, a modern stairway has been substituted for a barbarous pile of stone steps, which had been hollowed.
out by the tread of generations, so that they resembled soup bowls. Among the environs of Hertzog, the spirit of progress is also manifested. But especially in respect to the internal arrangements of the Hall great improvements have been made. Under the popular administration of Dr. Garrettson and his estimable family, the social as well as the physical wants of the students seem to be fully met. If the last seven years is any augury for the seven years to come, the future of the institutions at New-Brunswick is certainly very hopeful.

Orion.

Reading.

There is nothing which has as great an influence in moulding a man's character as reading. By such means his thoughts are elevated or debased, his fine sensibilities rendered either more or less acute, his opinions correctly or incorrectly formed.

Amidst the large number of books which fill our public and private libraries, it is very often difficult to distinguish between the good and the bad. Histories, novels, books of every kind and description, are open for perusal to him who desires either pleasure or information.

Surrounded as one is by the corrupt and demoralizing literature of the day, the task of casting aside those books which debase and lower our natures, and of holding to those which ennoble and elevate our sentiments, is rendered still more laborious and perplexing. But as the result of the application of a high standard of morals in the choice of reading matter is of so great moment, the subject is worthy of serious thought and attention.

Many regard a general knowledge of things as the essential requisite for an educated man. Such are satisfied with getting a thought here and a thought there from the books over which they glance, without searching for the hidden truths which lie concealed beneath a mass of glaring but minor facts. Multifarious reading, instead of strengthening, weakens the mind. It is worse than idleness itself, and soon becomes an excuse for doing nothing, whilst opportunity after opportunity is given to increase the store of knowledge, which at best is very limited, whilst ideas rush in and through the mind a clear stream over unproductive gravel. If we look at the most successful literary men, we see that an entirely different course was pursued by them. Comte read but few books, but those few were well studied, and in consequence we find him to be one of the most able and acute metaphysicians the world has ever seen. F. M. Robertson says, "I read hard, or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books, and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution." The secret of the success of these men, taken as a type of a large class, lay in the fact that they read well. It behooves us, as College students, in our efforts to attain a high and noble position in after life, to ponder this idea, and as reading is the principal feature of our College course, let us lay a firm foundation, upon which we may build a lofty and magnificent structure, by carefully reading and studying those books which may be open to us.

We are told that the hidden fire, the latent power, of the Hebrew prophet was disclosed by the melody produced by the almost magic hand of the Hebrew minstrel. The strains of music brought forth from the soul of the seer what it had not placed there but what would have remained there had not the power of song awaked his inner being from its state of inaction. In like manner reading rouses the dormant energies of man and brings into action powers of thought and language which would have remained hidden and unknown had they not been excited by it from their torpid state. A student, surrounded as he is by books, in a sphere separated from the cares and troubles of the world, and unheedful of the future sorrows and anxieties to which every man is born heir, is particularly open to the benign influence exerted by reading. Let us as students appreciate the benefits to be derived from reading, and let us now, when time and opportunity are afforded us, zealously read such books as will lead us into a higher state of being. Let us imitate Pliny, "the Elder," who was so desirous of gaining knowledge that he never traveled without a book and a writing desk by his side upon which the extracts taken could be written.

Let us throw aside those works which merely please without benefitting. Let us, like the slave of Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the gems, collect and store up truths which will enable us to take a high position and ably sustain it in the competition of life.

At the recent reception of the students of the Columbia College School of Mines, on the occasion of the public opening of their new building the members of the winning crew in the Saratoga Regatta were each presented with a silver cup, "in token of the gratitude and admiration of their fellow students."

"A Senior's Question."

"Tell me truly, little darling,"
It was this a Senior said,
And the "darling," deeply blushing,
Answered naught but hid her head.
She was like the honey suckle,
Bloomine in some garden fair.
He was like the bee so busy,
Who would gather sweetness there.
You have heard how in Caucasus
Fires eternal constant glow
While the peak in chilling grandeur
Is encapped in ice and snow.
You have stood perhaps and wondered
By some deep, majestic river,
And you've sighed and maybe whimpered
For Prometheus and his liver.
You have read how nymphs and fairies
Helped Cupid in days of old,
Of the Genii and the Satyrs
You have oft and oft been told.
But this Senior whom we've mentioned,
Think, oh! think upon his plight,
Who would gather sweetness there.
For Prometheus and his liver.
You have heard how in Caucasus
Is encapped in ice and snow.
Faintly, sweetly, whispered "yes."
And his feelings you can guess.
For this Senior whom we've mentioned,
Think, oh! think upon his plight,
Who would gather sweetness there.
For Prometheus and his liver.
mountain peak,” would dazzle our mental vision and be lost sight of as we were dragged over the oft-traveled route through Greece, Rome, and Plymouth Rock, accompanied by Alexander, Cesar, Napoleon and George Washington, to this age of civilization, the 19th century, only to be plunged into a sea of boyish metaphysics; but these things did not happen as often as we feared they would. Indeed, the fearfully constructed expressions in which under-gradaute imagination too often finds vent, and the stereotyped allusions with which ideas of every kind are over and over again illustrated on the Chapel stage, were almost entirely absent. A few of the speeches were poor, none excelled orations pronounced previous to January 7th, 1875, but the average was higher than even the friends of the enterprise hoped it would be.

Both of our own representatives reflected credit upon Alma Mater, and though neither received a prize, we, their constituents, have cause for pride, in the marked practical common sense which distinguished the matter of their speeches, as well as in the dignity and grace which characterized their delivery.

Elsewhere may be found a full account of the proceedings of the Second Annual Convention of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association. The Convention at Hartford with a cautiousness of procedure not often connected with students' undertakings, limited the first contest to oratory and essay-writing, and, finding in its successful result a demonstration of the practicability of such contests and added evidences of their usefulness, the second Convention has, with the same discreet prudence, extended the field of the next contest to Mathematics and the Classics.

That the favorable aspect in which the idea of these contests has been introduced to the attention of some of our most eminent instructors really indicates our entrance upon a new era in educational history it is unsafe to predict at this early stage of what must still be considered as an experiment.

To say that it may give increased efficiency to our present system of education, or even to a certain degree revolutionize it, is not, however, too hazardous an assertion.

That these contests will, by the importance they seem about to assume, stimulate the ranks of scholars in every branch of study, from the teachers to the beginner, and by their exacting nature impel to the most painstaking labor, we firmly believe. Fellowships and possibly a National University are hinted at as results of the present movement; but if it fall short of these and become an institution among American colleges, even within its present narrow limits, it must raise the standard of scholarship and increase the efficiency of our colleges.

The N. Y. Herald, a journal whose distinguished literary discrimination admitted to its columns, in a recent discussion as to the real writer of Shakespeare's plays, articles, the authorship of which would be indignantly denied by a respectable horse, further exemplified its editorial ingenuity by publishing an article on the Inter-Collegiate contest headed "Prize Pigs," in which the contestants were compared to fat porkers at a county fair, and by implication likening the duties of the distinguished committee which decided upon the merits of the orators to those of a similar one at the aforesaid county fair, feeling rbs, scratching backs, and determining the avoirdupois of the contestants. Its report of the speaking fully maintained its reputation. The poor reporter's stock of words was evidently so meagre that he was compelled to borrow not only words but whole sentences from one of the speeches, in order to properly express his scanty ideas on the contest.

In company with three other colleges seeking admission to the National Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association, Rutgers has been quietly invited by the Association to keep her crew at home the coming summer.

Of course this is quite an obstacle to our participation in the next regatta, and is doubtless the only one which
could prevent our coming in first. That this action will result in good to our boat-club is the belief of some of those most interested in it. We have now a considerable sum of money on hand which, if judiciously expended, will place boating upon a firmer footing among us.

College Life.

No. III.

The world of thought which we create for ourselves in college may be considered a very narrow one, when we look at the influences constantly bearing upon us. We are here professedly for the purpose of developing and training our minds, books are our constant companions, and we are brought daily under the instructions of cultivated men. Yet, could an intelligent outsider listen to the conversation of a knot of students for a time, he would carry away the impression that their ideas were as much impregnated with gossip as those of any perambulating, tea-drinking dressmaker in a country village, and that their expression was confined to the language of slang.

O, ye highly cultured youths, who get together and discuss one another's peculiarities, or recount over and over again tales of undergraduate triumphs and professorial discomfitures, or rail at the poor, benighted town of which we are perforce citizens, or praise its fair ladies—some of whom, not all, remember well the first commencement day at old Rutgers and have “smashed our fathers' hearts” for generations back—or recite mother goose stories against each other for oysters; of what advantage to you is your supposed acquaintance with the literature of six or seven languages, your knowledge of great men and their deeds; of what avail the labored penetration into the mysteries of quadratics, geometry, conic sections, trigonometry, geodesy and the deep secrets of the Calculus; why have you swallowed such doses of chlorine, H₂SO₄, crucibles and specific heat; why have you so cheerfully caught cold in the Observatory, blinded your eyes with the Spectrum, ruined your clothes and your hands in the Laboratory and broken your necks in the Gymnasmium; where the profit of those tedious sessions of the great Philodorean and Peithesophian societies, of those four years of New-Brunswick and boarding house bills, if when you meet for a social hour you can converse, or do converse, on only the most trifling subjects and in language intelligible scarcely to the initiated?

Not that we would be understood as desiring the continuation of class-room discussions in our rooms or to burden with formalities that pleasant social intercourse which makes college life so enjoyable.

But we do not enough apply the discipline which we receive, to practical, living subjects. Some of our most proficient students are lamentably ignorant of the great questions of the day in our own and other countries. It is hard to find a student with any but a very limited knowledge of current literature. We are compelled to produce to the public gaze, twice a term, speeches, so called, supposed to be our own; but stale, oft-heard essays on the “Man of Macedonia,” or some abstruse subject about which the student can know nothing, are almost invariably brought forward; or if some fact or idea of present interest is made the subject of discussion, inspiration must be sought in the editorial columns of the newspapers. The trouble is not in the lack of powers, but in the, we had almost said studied, neglect of their use.

Where an occasion arises which calls for thought, we find ideas ready made and at hand, so we borrow them; when we meet together the easiest thing we can do is to gossip, so we gossip. Hinchcliffe.

Dunning is again the business of a select few. The claims of the Boat Club, Bible Society, &c., are so forcibly and graphically presented that the hands of the dunned naturally and instinctively sink into the depths of their pockets and thence draw out—a bill. In Memoriam.

S. Bassett Vreeland.

Now and again a new thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory comes back of the young life cut off so soon in the full flush of its cloudless youth.

It has been desired by some of his personal friends that a brief record of his life should be written by the old friend and companion who pens these lines and to whom he gave his utmost regard. “Bassie” Vreeland was born in Jersey City in 1853. He entered the Freshman Class at Rutgers College in 1870.

Here his frank, open manner, his noble, generous disposition, united with studious zeal, soon won for him the regard both of his instructors and fellow students.

Who does not remember his kindly eye, his firm grasp of the hand, and his hearty laugh? His classmates will remember them all. Oh! the old conversations in his rooms, the noise, the plannings and workings, the trials and triumphs and everything that helped to make up a joyous college life!

I remember his telling me once of his mother, of whom he always spoke with the greatest affection, saying, that whatever good he possessed he owed it to her teachings, and that the thought of her would uphold him in his troubles, at which times he seemed particularly gloomy.

I thought of this afterwards as I stood by his grave and saw the unutterable look of grief written upon that mother's face.

This is but a slight remembrance, yet it shows his gentle nature and thoughtfulness.

Some days he would be more than usually gay and exuberant, then his spirits would flow out in a pleasant stream that delighted one, if not for very sympathy.

No one can have seen him more genial, natural and cordial than I have seen him at those times. He had his faults, as who has not? Some grave ones I may admit. Sometimes they would almost master him, but then they were followed
by regrets that showed his instincts were delicate and refined.

He left college in 1872 at the end of his Sophomore year, and went to New-York to pursue the study of medicine at Bellevue Hospital. There he made many friends who recognized his ability and enjoyed his society. He made rapid strides in the studies of his chosen profession. Two years had passed away, and eagerly he looked forward to the time when he would soon graduate and receive his medical degree. Alas! for the uncertainty of human aspirations. He was soon after seized with diptheria in its most malignant form, and after a few days illness he died. The finite had reached the infinite. The mortal had put on immortality. His last hours were cheerful and happy; a tranquil smile stole softly over his face; it was the bright promise of the future shining over the ashes of the past.

On a cold wintry day, nearly the last of the old year, he was laid to rest at Jersey City Heights, there to mingle his dust in the same ground with that of his friend George Van Horne, who had preceeded him there a few days before.

A dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a firm friend, his memory will always live in the hearts of those who knew him best. This praise, which might be unmeaning flattery in another, is but a just tribute to his beloved memory from one whom he honored with his friendship, and to whom it will always throw something of sadness over the city where he first knew him, that it contains his too early grave.

S.

Some Harvard Juniors have been endeavoring to pass themselves off as young ladies by dressing in female apparel. The disguise was said to be so perfect that they could not be recognized. We have heard before of the effeminacy of Harvard students, and can readily appreciate the difficulty of recognizing them to be men when arrayed after this fashion.

The Freshmen are polling up in Webster's Spelling Book and Green's Grammar, preparatory to the contest for the Tunis Quick prize.

### Personalia.

- **Anderson**, '78, has left College.
- **Richard Herbert**, '78, has left College.
- **P. J. Fuller**, '74, comes in town weekly.
- **Cutler**, '76, has left College, having the bar in view.
- **Tom Clemens**, '72, is studying law at Elizabeth.
- **Snyder**, '75, is in business in New-York City.
- **John Miller, Jr.**, '72, is practicing law in Newark.
- **Sched Vreeland**, of '75, is studying law in Jersey City.
- **Lefferts**, '76, is studying law in New-York City.
- **Stoddard**, '74, is pursuing the study of the law in Jersey City.
- **Barnes**, '77, expects to leave College at the end of this collegiate year.
- **Daniel P.** is still travelling, and may be expected to visit New-Brunswick soon.
- **Trego**, '70, has resumed his position as resident physician at St. Peter's Hospital, Albany.
- **Schuyler Warren**, '77, has left College, with the "bear" but "bully" prospect of working in Wall-street.
- **E. W. Clark**, '69, we learn from the Gazette, Tokio, Japan, at the risk of his life, was instrumental in saving from destruction by fire the Imperial University of Japan.
- **M. H. Myers**, of Judge Strait's office, was admitted to practice at the bar this morning. All the applicants were admitted, but one of the three examiners, Hon. Henry Smith, approved of the admission of but two, on the ground that the others had not passed a satisfactory examination, Mr. Meyers and a Hudson gentleman being the two honored by this distinction.—Troy Times, 8th.

The Hudson gentleman referred to is Mr. Ezra D. Delamater, '71, who has pursued his studies in the law office of Beale & Benton.

### College Dots.

The catalogue for 1875 have at last appeared. Rutgers students number 188.

The meetings of the Literary Societies have been largely attended during the past month.

The Seniors have already begun to discuss the feasibility of a class-day, class supper, etc.

Only one moustache in the 1st College class. Well defined efforts—2. Tried, but abandoned in disgust—3.

The Treasurer of the Boating Association fund reports success in his task of collecting the $600 subscribed last year by the students.

Dr. Campbell says that less studying is done in College at the present time than was done five years ago. We think he is mistaken.

All subscriptions for the sending of a boat crew to the next regatta should be addressed to Mr. W. A. Van Zandt, New-Brunswick, N. J.

We found the Campus on our return transformed into a skating park. Nothing but the bracing nature of the atmosphere prevents numerous falls thereon.

A Junior received by mistake of the registrant the marks of the Class Dux. He determined to give up studying at once, but since his return the real facts of the case have dispelled his ideas of overpowering genius.

If slowness is one of the characteristics of the inevitable, we are destined to have at some distant period, we hope, before Rutgers completes her second Centennial, a respectable walk between the campus gates and the College.

The Committee of Arrangements of Hortzog Hall has refused to allow the twenty men chosen by the Board of Directors of R. C. B. A. to enter the Gymnasium connected with the Seminary, on the ground that James Snydam designed it for the Theologues alone.
Phi Beta Kappa elections from the Class of '75 are as follows: I. Z. Hattori, H. A. Hendrickson, James Kemlo, J. H. Salisbury, J. Preston, Scarle, O. H. Walter, J. E. Ward and C. L. Washburn.

An observing Fresh—"I saw in an Infirmary a young lady whose neck was so weak that she was compelled to have a frame about it to hold up her head."

An experienced Junior—"I have seen hosts of young ladies in the same condition, and they were not in an Infirmary either."

Prof.—Are you prepared this morning, Mr. — ?

Senior—Yes, sir, kind of prepared.

Prof.—Please explain what you mean by kind of prepared.

Senior—Well, I thought that between myself and yourself we might make a recitation.

Prof.—That will do, sir.

The College Glee Club still adhere to their determination of giving a concert, and hope, this term, to show what Rutgers can do in the way of singing. In addition to the members of the Club, a number of students will appear and take part in the choruses. The proceeds of the Concert will be expended to better the condition of the Rutgers College Boating Association.

A party of about twenty coming down on the "owl train" from the Inter-Collegiate contest fell into an animated discussion as to the justice of the Committee's decision. At last a Soph excitedly enquired, "Who was the first man, any how?" "Nicholas!" shouted half a dozen.

"Edmunds," came from the throats of a number to whom "St. Simon Sty­lites" had been the speech of the evening.

"Salkemislobury! Kemimonialbury!" cried some loyal but, of course, impartial sons of Rutgers.

"Adam," squeaked a Fresh, who had all the way been seeking such an opportunity for "airing" his knowledge, and the question was answered.

Syracuse University has been made the recipient of a gift of $20,000 from a citizen of that city.

EXCHANGES.

This season of vacation has to a certain degree reduced the number of our exchanges, but has not had a similar effect upon the quality of their contents.

The College Herald editorially appeals for the endowment of college journals. The idea is a good one and we hope its excellence may be properly estimated hereabouts.

The Magenta contains some very interesting reading matter as well as a spicy article entitled "The Colored Race."

The High School looks like a well-to-do village weekly. It soberly characterizes as a "deep laid conspiracy," the attempt of four boys to tie knots in a bell rope, or the resignation of Prof. Kellom, we are unable to determine which.

We almost dread to receive the Virginia University Magazine. Life is so short and the Magazine articles are so long that we are compelled to express ourselves thus. It realizes well, however, our idea of what a college publication should be.

The Niagara Index comes to us in place of the Index Niagarensis. It is remarkable for the numerous contents of its Index Rerum and its fearful typographical appearance.

The editorial on "Wit and Witticism," in the Union College Magazine should be read by every undergraduate editor. It is consistent with the dignified tone of this much respected exchange.

Among new exchanges we notice the Collegian, Cornell College, Iowa. It contains this wonderful and witty (?) conundrum. "Why is the Editorial Com. of a college paper like the moon? Because they are continually changing."

One of the newly born is The Alumnal Quarterly (Poughkeepsie--Female-Collegiate Institute). An interesting and sprightly infant, we venture to hope that under the maternal supervision of its editors, it may not lose any of its vivacity and freshness. With so promising an infancy, we can hardly anticipate the beauty and symmetry of its maturity.

The Illini has a very interesting article on "Heating and Ventilation," which we would be glad to reproduce in these columns, were it not for the maxim ("Originality") which we follow uniformly. The Illini is printed by the students of the Illinois Industrial University—and very creditably, too.

"The Story Corner" of the National Teacher's Monthly, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., contains a story to be read by teachers to primary pupils as a "Reward of Merit." We were much pleased with the article entitled "The Refinement of Education," in which the typical schoolmaster of a century ago, who in the words of Goldsmith was a man of "words of learned length and thundering sound," and of whom it was said, the hapless urchins "trace the day's disasters in the morning face," was compared with the teacher of to-day, whose very "failings lean to virtue's side," and whose "ready smile a parent's warmth" expresses.

Our western exchanges are wrangling over the recent Inter-Collegiate contest held recently at Wesleyan University.

We have received:


The gentlemen who do the photographing for Harvard College are rapidly acquiring fortunes. Their last order was for 15,000 photographs of the Class of '74, "and this too is vanity."
THE COLLEGE WORLD.

PRINCETON has received an additional donation of $100,000 from John C. Greene, for the enlargement of her Scientific Department.

The University of New-York proposes giving a banquet in honor of Mr. John C. Tomlinson, her successful orator at the Inter-Collegiate contest.

A new railroad is to be built from the village of Saratoga to the Lake—an evidence that the citizens of that place are anxious to keep the College Regatta there.

The action of the Trustees of Dickinson College, in removing nearly all of their Faculty without notification or trial, has been pronounced illegal by the courts.

Ohio has thirty-three colleges and universities, some of which have as many as 16, 12, 11, 8, and even 5 students. Consolidation is proposed. It would seem advisable.

A party of Juniors from Dartmouth College intend making a pedestrian tour through England and Scotland next summer. Their estimated expenses are less than $100 each.

The Juniors of Amherst College have requested Prof. Seelye, who has recently been elected to Congress, not to leave until they have received his course of lectures.

Hastings, a Harvard Sophomore, shot himself recently in a fit of mental despondency. He was a victim of overstudy. (There is little danger to be apprehended from our Sophomores on that account.)

The authorities of Yale College have refused to release Henry Ward Beecher from his engagement to deliver a course of lectures in that institution. Dr. Porter makes no account of the pending charges affecting his moral character, and declares that the College has the utmost confidence in him.

"ALL the girls are becoming vegetarians. They wear turn-up hats."—Ex.

TELESCOPE.

A MONUMENT to Liebig is to be erected at Munich. Nearly all monuments do that however.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Gospel snipeing" is the latest term applied to our Theological students who fill various Sunday appointments out in the country.—Lawrence Collegian.

THREE Massachusetts young ladies on hearing that the Seniors were about to begin ("Ben") Butler's Analogy, immediately left for home.—Packer Quarterly.

NOTABILIA.—The next Congress of the United States, which convenes the 5th of March, 1875, will have a majority of seventy in favor of the Democrats. Glory be to God.—Va. Univ. Mag.

A member of last year's law class called recently on a young lady, and, as conversation lags, he inquires, "Have you had a press to-day?" Lady blushes. "Have you had a daily press, I mean?" Lady—"Oh! I catch your idea"—(eye dear)—University Reporter.

Prof.—"What causes the Aurora Borealis?" Student.—"I knew, sir, but have forgotten." Prof. (excitedly)—"Great Heavens! The only man in the world who knew what the Aurora Borealis was, and he has forgotten it!"—Hamilton Lit.

"Miss Y., what do you think of the age of Chancer?" asked a friend of the young lady. "Why, I don't know; but judging from his appearance, I would take him to be about nineteen, if it is that green looking young student that boards down on this street."—Transcript.

There has been a separation between an up-town lover and his sweetheart. She presented him with her photograph, which he, on his bended knees, swore he would always wear next to his heart. While making his last Sunday evening call, he pulled out his handcuff from his back pants pocket, when, lo! the photograph fell at his lady's feet. She says he is either a liar or else his heart is not in the right place.—Ex.

A young lady in the East End, who has just returned from completing her education in Boston, wanted to kiss her old lover last night, and her mother objected. The daughter drew up her queenly form to its full height, and exclaimed: "Mother, terrible, tragic, and sublimely retributive will be the course pursued by me, if you refuse to allow me to place his alabaster lips to mine, and enrapture my immortal soul by imprinting angelic sensations of divine bliss upon the indispensable members of my human physiognomy, and then kindly allowing me to take a withdrawal from his beneficent presence." The mother feebly admitted that her objections were overruled.—Cincinnati Times.

PRACTICAL EXPLANATION.

"Charley, what is osculation?"

"Osculation, Jenny dear, is a learned expression, queer, for a nice sensation. I put my arm, thus, round your waist—this is approximation. You need not fear, there's no one here—your lips quite near—i then—oh dear! Jenny, that's osculation!"—Appleton's Journal.

STORY, WITH A MORAL.

A little dog sat under a tree, scratchin' away the fleas; Behind him was a great big hivo All full of bumbly-bees The bees they hummed, the fleas they nipped, The dog scratcht merrily, and rapidly the hours passed All under that shady tree. The dog was scratchin' merrily, When, turning up his eyes, Above him, high in air, a huge Big bumbly-bee he spies. The bee descended with a "zip!" And buried deep his fang. And soon that grove with yelps and howls And sounds discordant rang. Uprose he then, that maddened dog. And "wont" for Mister Bee, And to the threshold of his hive With many a bound bound'd he; Upset the hive and its contents, Out rush'd the swarm of bees, And soon that dog had heftier work Than scratchin' off of fleas!—

MORAL.

Now, when some covert enemy Attacks you from the rear, Be satisfied if any way Of him you may get clear; And never don't by no means Pursue him to his lair, Or worse than that, worried dog It may be yours to fare!—Ex.
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