

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. V. NO. 12.

HOBOKEN, N. J., APRIL 17, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

SMILES.

—Sportsmen never object to banging bare.

—The most dangerous kind of bat that flies at night is brick bat.

—Tchernischeff-sky is dead. Well, his name will remain a long spell yet.

—It is said that lobbyists go to Washington to read the constitution and buy laws.

—Many a young girl's life has been wrecked on the waves of her handkerchief.

—A female writer asks: "What will your son be?" Why a boy, of course, you foolish woman.

—To cure deafness, tell a man you've come to pay him money. It beats acoustic oil all hollow.

—The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

—Salt water will prevent the hair from falling out, but to prevent its being pulled out get home early.

—Chicago has a harrowing divorce case—"Plows vs. Plows." Opinions are divided, share and share alike.

—An organist at Litchfield, Minn., played "What will the Harvest Be?" as a bridal couple marched out of the church.

—A little boy, seeing an actress on the stage with her hair hanged and frizzed, said, "Ma, see how her hair sneezes."

—If Dennis Kearney would only wear his liver pad over his mouth it would do him more good than it would anywhere else.

—What straits are the most perilous?" asked the Sunday school superintendent, and a little boy spoke up promptly: "Whisky straits!" and the boy was right.

—"All things come to who will but wait." Not much. The fellow who borrowed twenty dollars off you last summer will not come to you if you wait five hundred years.

—"You promised to pay that bill yesterday," said an angry creditor to a debtor. "Yes," calmly replied the other. "but to err is human, to forget, divine, so I forgot it."

—"I kissed her 'neath the cold, pale stars," begins the song and an exchange says, "Seems to us it would be more satisfactory to perform the ceremony 'neath the cold, pale nose."

—"Tommy, do you know that your uncle Robert has found a little baby on his doorstep, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, mamma, and he'll be uncle Bob's step son, won't he?"

—A visitor in passing through a penitentiary, came upon a convict named Ice, and asked the keeper what he was confined for. "O," answered the keeper, "he froze on to somebody's property."

—We have the statement of the Northumbland Press that an old Shanghai hen in that place has been setting four weeks on a carpenter's hammer. She declares that she will hatchet if it takes all summer.

—A man in St. Johns, N. B., bought two barrels of potatoes, which were all rotten before he had them a week. They were called "Early Rose" and "Blue Nose," but he exchanged the names to "Goldsmith

Mid" and "Dexter," because they were such fast trotters.

—The New York Sun offers to bet \$10,000 it has so large a circulation, and the New York Star offers to wager \$50,000 that it hasn't. The Norristown Herald adds, "and what puzzles outsiders is to understand how they can borrow so much money."

—One of the old-time stage-drivers, who has been on the road over half a century, says that "life is put together considerably like a set of harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has to tug to pull through."

His Old Umbrella.

When you took a second look at him you could see a sort of grimness about him which convinced you that whatever he undertook to do he would accomplish or break his back in trying. About noon yesterday, when the rain fell fastest, he appeared on Woodward avenue under an old umbrella worth the price of its ribs. At the Opera House he placed the old rain-shedder in a doorway and took a position in another not far away. In about two minutes along came a citizen with his left eye watching for just such a chance, and he hawked on that umbrella with a chuckle of the deepest satisfaction. He didn't wait around there for the owner to appear, and he didn't care a copper whether it belonged to a Sister of Charity or an overgrown bondholder. As he started off the grim man followed. The umbrella-hooker had a walk of half a mile to reach his residence, and the grim man was close at his heels all the way. As the citizen halted at his gate the other detained him, and quietly remarked:

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Ah, yes—I never give anything to tramps," was the reply.

"I want you to take that umbrella back to the doorway from which you stole it!"

"This umbrella! Why, is it yours?"

"It is, and you must take it back."

"Well, you see, I couldn't do that; but I guess it has been worth a quarter to me."

"Will you take it back?" asked the man with the iron jaw.

"Why, no. What's the old thing worth, anyhow?"

"One hundred dollars."

"That's a good joke. I'll give you fifty cents and keep it."

"If you don't 'bout face and take that umbrella back to that identical doorway I'll mop you into every puddle of water between this and the corner, and when I let up on you your wife won't be able to find a button to identify you by!"

Thus quietly remarked the grim man as he unbuttoned his overcoat and displayed a chest like a bass drum. He had the strength of an ox and there was an "I mean it" look in each eye.

"Say, I don't want any quarrel with you," observed the citizen. "Take your umbrella and a couple of dollars."

"No, sir!"

"Say three."

"No, sir!"

"Say five!"

"The price," said the grim man, "will be one hundred straight dollars, and you must take the umbrella back. If I stand here in

the rain five minutes longer I shall charge one dollar per minute."

The citizen headed for downtown. He was too mad to raise the old umbrella, but carried it under his arm, while the grim man kept close behind. When the doorway had been reached and the umbrella replaced the citizen was about to turn away, but the other placed a hand on his revolver and said:

"Stranger, you are a good walker, and you have performed your share of the contract to my entire satisfaction. In the future it will be well for you to buy your umbrellas in the regular way, or take your walks between showers. You can now finish your excursion."

DRIESEN!

The Popular
Clothier and Tailor,

76 WASHINGTON ST., HOBOKEN,
Having just manufactured his
SPRING STOCK,

He is prepared to sell the same at lower prices than elsewhere.

A splendid assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Diagonals and Cheviots for Custom trade.

Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

SAMUEL EVANS,

Importer of

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,
also,

EXTRACT OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Raspberry Syrup, Essence of Peppermint
Ginger Cordial, Gum Syrup, Heiland
Bitters, &c.

Creedmoor Shooting Gallery.

First-class Billiard and Pool Table.

121 FIRST-ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

JOHN EVANS,

Wine & Lager Beer
SALOON,

No. 48 Bloomfield St., cor. First.

—†—
The Latest Improved Billiard and Pool
Tables.

WM. N. PARSLOW,

General Furnishing

UNDERTAKER

99 Washington-st., Hoboken.

Orders Promptly Attended to, DAY
or NIGHT.

THEY ALL DO AGREE
THAT

J. & W. OBREITER

164 WASHINGTON-ST.

BET. 4TH AND 5TH STS.,
Sell the

BEST CIGARS IN THE CITY.

CHEAP—SEE!

7 Connecticut cigars for . . . 25c
6 Mixed cigars for . . . 25c
5 Havana favorites for . . . 25c
4 Fine Havanas for . . . 25c
3 Genuine clear Havanas . . . 25c

Etc., Etc., Etc.,

Just out! Little Havana Champion,
5 cents each or 6 for 25 cents.
Extra inducements offered to box customers.

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DEALER IN

Teas, Coffees,

SUGARS & SPICES,

130 First Street,

Bet. Grand and Clinton, HOBOKEN.

J. C. FARR,

Successor to WILLIAM C. HARP.

Wholesale dealer in

LUMBER, TIMBER, BRICK, LATH.

Lime, Cement, Plaster, Sand, &c.,

Yard at Fifth Street Dock,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Keep on hand Yellow Pine Timber, Step
Plank, Ceiling, Flooring, &c.

WALLACE'S

Dancing Academy,

AT

WEBER'S WINTER GARDEN.

Cor. River and Third Sts., Hoboken,

Every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noon and Evening.

THE SOCIETY WALTZ TAUGHT.

The pupils' term commences with their
first lesson.

ADAM SCHMITT,

Boot & Shoe Store

138 WASHINGTON ST.,

Bet. 3d & 4th Sts., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Formerly 200 Greenwich St., N. Y.

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

Published Every Saturday by
MOYER & LUEHS
 34 Washington Street,
 HOBOKEN, N. J.

—No CORRESPONDENCE will be published unless accompanied with the name of the writer. Not necessarily for publication, but as a matter of security to ourselves.

THE "LITTLE ORGAN" AND BIG "WINDY."

The *Democrat* (?) devoted nearly a column to abuse of Mr. O'Neill in its extra of Monday. In one particular portion of the sheet it endeavored to connect that gentleman with a pamphlet issued on Saturday afternoon. Hoffman has accused no less than a dozen persons already with being the authors of the "scurrilous pamphlet," as he is pleased to term the anti-Besson document. This "beggar on horseback" calls articles scurrilous and men disgusting, and yet he claims to be editor of the *Hudson County Democrat* (?) a model sheet indeed! In the article referred to in the "official" extra this very select writer manages to crowd into about half a column more real-vulgar, indecent, and filthy language than would be tolerated in a year in any paper laying claim to respectability. He advised tax-payers to read the pamphlet, and, judging from the returns, they evidently did read, and were so impressed on discovering many mistakes in connection with the present administration, that they considered Besson a good man to defeat. Said pamphlet was very carefully perused by the attaches of this paper, and while no opinion regarding its effects on voters is expressed, yet every charge therein contained was a positive fact, true as the Gospel, and taken from the actual records of the city. We dare and defy either Hoffman, Besson, or Utz, to explain away one statement out of the many. We are also in a position to state that Mayor O'Neill knew no more about its issue than ex-Mayor Besson. Hoffman's reference in the same article to the "little organ of the ring" holding back its issue until the *Democrat* (?) was on the streets, is another evidence of the fellow's impudence. Was the "little organ," which both "Windy" and his master "Barney" has had good reason to fear in the past, ever influenced, or in any way controlled, by the issues of the more pretentious organ of the *renegades*? The ADVERTISER has always been issued on Saturday, and the *Democrat* (?) never until that morning; and the very fact of our enterprise, in explaining away the bulk of the contents of the regular sheet, compelled the issue of their "extra" on Monday. This sheet, although well paid for by Besson, who was really unfortunate in the possession of such friends, proved the strongest argument that could be used in favor of his opponent. "Polly" also claims we got the election printing, and hence supported the regular candidate. This is true, as far as it goes; but it happens that we favored O'Neill long before we ever thought of securing the official printing, and everybody knows our long-standing opposition to the vetoing Mayor. Again, the Democratic City Executive

gave their work to the ADVERTISER for many reasons. In the first place our bid was the lowest. Secondly, the paper is the only Democratic journal in town; and, again, its owners have never been known to sell out. We consider the above very potent reasons why we should get the contract, and so did the Committee. As regards our supporting the regular candidate, what other course could an honest party paper pursue? Mr. O'Neill has not as yet visited this office, and, to his credit be it chronicled, never suggested that we should write one line in his favor. Can this be said of his opponent, who really assisted in editing that select "extra," which accomplished so much toward his defeat. It is to be regretted that the "little organ" secured even the election printing. The *Democrat* (?) should have been favored in this instance. They would then be in a position to sell the "heading" of the ticket also, as well as the party. "They never give anything away." Oh, no! Cash down—every time.

The display of vulgarity contained in the few lines which "Polly" devotes to the editor of this paper is all the defence the writer desires. The true character of the fellow is so faithfully depicted that comment is unnecessary. If the *Democrat* (?), however, takes the fact of our securing the election printing so much to heart, we are sorry, because they will have many occasions for regret before the year is over. It will be excusable to close this article with the last sentence, taken from Hoffman's remarks in Monday's extra, on the pamphlet subject: "Such indecent attacks [of the *Democrat* (?)] did not hurt the party sought to be injured, but reverted back on the author [and defeated his friend, Besson]."

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

If any evidence was necessary to prove Besson's weakness last Monday it was certainly gratuitously furnished by the extra issue of the "official" organ. The vain attempts of the vacillating Hoffman to portray Besson's virtues and O'Neill's shortcomings, settled any slight chances of success which the former may have imagined he possessed. To be supported by "Windy" means certain defeat by the people. They cannot be influenced by a pauper whom they have cared for only to be insulted by him. Every item written by "Polly" and revised by Besson, who devoted the day to the task, was a lie and bosh of the writer's, and they knew it. The result was as might be expected, and unfortunate "Bridge" was killed by his friend "Windy" in the *Democrat* (?), while "the man who cuts" helped to bury him by shouting his praises in unintelligible language through the streets. It was a well known fact that neither Hoffman, Bayer, or Utz could favor O'Neill, being completely in the power of the ex-Mayor. The two former received too much of the people's money through Mr. Besson, and with proverbial selfishness, would re-elect him and get more, even though party, principles, and manhood be sacrificed. They were used to such contemptible business, and often before sold out. The "Emigrant runner" would be at sea in the Police Board without "Bridge" and his dictation, and from his inferior knowledge of the language and "Gus Williams" dialect would be so exposed to ridicule that, without the fostering care of the chairman, the position would be unbearable to the consequential Commissioner. He would be a nice man to delegate to Cincinnati! We think him so unreliable

that it is necessary to keep a very close eye on his local transactions, and the less he is allowed to roam as a representative democrat the better for the reputation of the party. No, Willie; guess you don't go this time. Democrats will send a respectable and honest Democrat. No renegades or mongrels will do to perform so important a mission. "Windy," Uz and "Barney" formed a real nice trio to back any candidate. The same gang supported Lavery and Mullins two years ago, and injured both gentlemen so seriously in this district, that the result was the very opposite of what was expected from a Democratic city. So it always was, and so it always will be. People do not recognize in either "Windy" or Utz Democratic leaders, but on the contrary, consider them very fickle and weak backsliders.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

The three questions propounded by the *Democrat* (?) extra last Monday are so simple and easily answered that "Windy" must have been hard pushed when he penned them:

Col. Lewis is against Mr. Besson. Why? John Stevens opposes the re-election of Mr. Besson? Why?

Captain Besson is working very hard for Mr. O'Neill. Why?

The fellow who presumed to ask three such undoubted Democrats as Messrs. Lewis, Stevens, and Chase why they support the regular candidate of their party must have lost the little common sense he possessed. These gentlemen have all great interests in Hoboken, and they favored O'Neill because they considered him, in the first place, a good Democrat, and knew he would make an efficient and careful Mayor. They opposed Besson because he was neither Republican or anything else at heart, and besides had proven himself very light. They opposed him because they knew him to frequently prostitute his position to gratify personal animus, as in the McDonough, Murphy, and Lewis cases. They were with O'Neill, it is to be presumed, because the "majority of the people," as well as the great majority of the intelligence and wealth of Hoboken was—for O'Neill. It is not surprising that "Windy" could not understand the position taken by three Democrats of that stripe who never sell out, and who act purely on principle. The "bloated" scribe has little acquaintance with this class of persons. He belongs to the professional speculator—always ready for an offer. In connection with this matter, a few questions might be put, and so as to verify all of the foregoing argument, we will also solve the same:

Why did Bayer, one of the proprietors of the Democratic organ, support Besson, the Republican candidate?

Why was "Polyglot," the editor of said official paper, so strenuously opposed to Mr. O'Neill?

Why did "Cutter" Utz work so hard to defeat Mr. O'Neill?

A glance at the cash book of the *Hudson County Democrat* (?) for a year past, and, more particularly, a glance at the ex-Mayor's ledger account will prove conclusively why "Barney" and "Polly" thought Mr. Besson the nicest gentleman in the world. As far as Uz is concerned, he never did amount to anything, and the way Besson manipulated him for over a year in the Police Board, thoroughly explains his dependent condition and weak character. Why don't the three worthies admit that they are, and always have been, for sale; and have never been Democrats—except for the purpose of surreptitiously aiding Republicans who were prepared to "come down" and see them.

JUST IMAGINE!

The Mayor never has any trouble with officials who do their duty. Who ever heard of any difficulty between him and Treasurer Bente, or City Clerk Alberts, or Police Com-

missioner Utz?—(Democrat (?) April 12th, 1880).

How strange! Did Water Registrar Murphy ever neglect his duty, and yet the ex-Mayor sent a scurrilous communication to the Council, containing the most vile remarks concerning this gentlemanly and efficient official. Did he ever fight with the Recorder, until the latter refused to submit to his uncalled-for interference. The same was the case with the Corporation Attorney. The Treasurer is very little about the City Hall, and besides Besson would not dare bother him. Utz is too much of a poltroon to assert himself, and was never known to oppose anything in his life. It is impossible to quarrel with a man who does precisely what he is told—no matter how servile and menial the work exacted of him may be. The City Clerk fortunately escaped up to the present coming in contact with his Honor, and whether this is owing to his amiable disposition or not remains a mystery, and will probably go down to obscurity with Besson.

LACONICS.

—Councilman Curtin was re-elected by only two majority, but John is just as happy as if it had been two hundred.

—Mr. "Patsy" Londrigan is being prominently mentioned for the position of Street Commissioner under the new administration.

—The Rev. D. B. F. Randolph will preach on "Young Christians in Society" at the M. E. Free Tabernacle to-morrow evening.

—The season of Prof. J. Wallace's dancing school at Weber's Winter Garden will close on Wednesday night with an invitation hop.

—"The Improper Use of the Tongue" will be the subject of the Rev. D. R. Lowrie's sermon at the First. M. E. Church to-morrow night.

—The Euterpe Musical Society gave an entertainment at Kapp's Hall on Monday evening for the benefit of the Silesian Relief Fund. The house was well filled and the affair a success.

—That "scurrilous pamphlet" must have hurt "Windy's" feelings, judging from the amount of attention he devoted to the work in that far more scurrilous and lying sheet, the "Democrat" (?) extra.

—That Cincinnati convention won't be composed of emigrants by any means, and it would be an insult to the party, and disgrace to New Jersey, to send a "runner" there. The "cutter" ought to have sense enough left to stick to the dock.

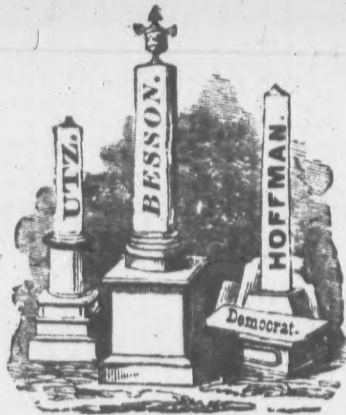
—The ADVERTISER, dubbed the "little organ of the ring" by the "big organ" of the back sliders, did all the election printing this year, and the "little organ" has much to be proud of. There was no counterfeit heading of the regular ticket this time. The silence of the "big organ" on this particular subject is undoubted evidence that the "little organ" faithfully fulfilled its contract.

—At a regular meeting of the Equitable Social Club, held on Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, John J. Devitt; Vice President, Theodore Muench; Rec. Sec., Otto Klem; Fin. and Cor. Sec., Frank Van Nostrand; Treas., Chas. Engel; Serg't-at-Arms, Julius Nelson. The club will soon begin making preparations for their annual summer-night's festival.

—The "official organ" calls ex-Mayor Russell's administration the most disgraceful the city ever had. It was during Mr. Russell's last term that the city printing cost only \$2,500 per annum. This did not suit "Barney." It was decidedly disgraceful for honest "Pop" to prevent the "Democrat" from over-charging. Mr. Besson was a highly respectable and economical Mayor. He managed to figure nearly three times this amount into the coffers of his special advertising medium.

—Two youths, named Charles Wirth and Wm. Mesenkoop, went to the Elysian Fields on Tuesday and played a game called "Jack-knife." The boys threw a knife in the air, and at the same time saying "wherever this sticks," etc. Wirth threw the knife up and Williams turned his head upward to watch the descent. As he did so, the blade of the knife struck him directly in the eye, inflicting a very painful wound. The injured boy was taken to the office of Dr. Nast, after which he was removed to his home. Wirth was arrested, but an investigation by Chief Donovan proved that the wound was inflicted accidentally, and he was discharged.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF



VETOED!!

By the People---For the People's Good.
NO BOLTERS RECOGNIZED.

"Bridge," "Polly," "The Cutter," and the "Official Organ" Buried.

"WINDY" SUPPORTED BESSON

Because the Majority of the People Did--Not.

\$500 OUT ON BETS,

And the Printing Bills not yet Received.

SUPPORTING A "BRIDGE" WAS THE "PARROT" AND "CUTTER;" THE STRUCTURE GAVE WAY, AND THEY ARE ALL IN THE GUTTER.

"Left, by a large majority!" was the verdict of the people last Tuesday, and, as we anticipated and predicted several weeks ago, the Hon. John A. O'Neill was made Mayor of Hoboken and the Besson clique completely "wiped out." The Democrats of Hoboken decided to be no longer trifled with or deceived by pretenders, and consequently the inconsistent howling of the distinguished (?) Coroner's "juror" or the ungrammatical orations of the "cutter" had no effect. The people of all classes—rich and poor alike—were aroused and united as one to overthrow a combination of mongrels, who were neither Republicans or Democrats, and who have endeavored to use either or both parties to further their selfish ends on more occasions than one in the past two years.

We do not propose to go into ecstasies over our victory—glorious as it was. We firmly adhere to the old saw and will practice that humility which is "so becoming in conquerors." Instead of taking any advantage of our fallen foes, we have, as the top of our columns will indicate, endeavored to show as much respect as possible, and will be as kind to their memories as the nature of their inglorious and ignominious downfall will permit. With us the victory is an old story. From the night of John A. O'Neill's nomination we knew he would be Mayor. We will consequently say nothing on this subject. Our new Executive understands his duties too well to make any mistakes, and we know he will never willfully do an unjust or wrong act. The business of the coming year we consign to his care with implicit confidence. We think, however, that poor Besson, who has discovered to his sorrow that he or his satellites did not own Hoboken, should be decently disposed of. The amount of money he lost in betting, together with the little printing

bill for "official" extras, etc., must leave him in rather a tight place, and the ADVERTISER will save him any further expense by gratuitously publishing his obituary, as follows:

To the memory of E. V. S. BESSON, ex-Mayor of Hoboken, who was completely crushed beneath an avalanche of Democratic indignation and the votes of a solid party, on Tuesday, April 13, 1880.

The deceased was an independent Democrat, Republican, Greenbacker, and a leader, for a short time, in this mongrel gang. His political death is due, in a great measure, to the exertions of his friends "Polly," "Barney" and the "cutter," who are also very sick from the effects of the struggle, and are not expected to long survive their master—yet their victim. If his conscience will allow "may he rest in peace."



A TOUGH CRACKER FOR "POLLY" TO CRACK

While the "official" editor is yet existing, he is so far gone that it is expected the above dose, administered by an outraged people, will finish him. He will never be able to swallow "that cracker," and when it is known that he will have to swallow many more unpleasant things before the year is out, his condition is indeed an unenviable one. For a small consideration, in the shape of patronage, this fellow and his "boss" sacrificed the Democratic party. That same party may sacrifice him before many months. He does not own the Court House any more than he did the voters of Hoboken. That 383 cracker will undoubtedly choke him yet, and it is suggested as an appropriate design for the plate on his casket.



THE COAT OF ARMS OF "BILLIE" UTZ. KNOWN ABOUT TOWN AS THE MAN WHO CUTS.

The career of the Police Commissioner, whose "coat of arms" we give above, is not particularly brilliant, and but for the part he has played in the recent campaign, there is little in his official life worthy of note. Two years ago he was brought to the notice of the then Mayor, Joseph Russell, and that gentleman, on the strength of Utz being recommended as a good Democrat, appointed him a Police Commissioner. This was the only serious mistake of Mr. Russell's administration, and has often been regretted since by himself and friends. Mr. Utz proved such a willing tool for Mayor Besson, who succeeded Mr. Russell, that he was re-appointed, and has since been a full-fledged Republican. He is as dead as a herring, politically, but he might yet squeeze into some office on a Republican nomination, just as his master did last year. Democrats of Mr. Utz's calibre are highly appreciated and always remembered by the other party. He went up like a sky rocket and was very brilliant in the Police Board for a short period. His drop will be all the more inglorious, and by the time his term of office expires he will be as obscure and as hard to resurrect as what's left of a spent sky rocket. His present ambition is modest, considering his standing in the community. He would like to go to Cincinnati as a delegate to the Democratic Presidential Convention. The fellow's cheek is simply superb after the record he has just made for himself. The ADVERTISER prophesied that John A. O'Neill would be Mayor, and the ADVERTISER now presumes to say that Mr. Utz will not be delegated on so important an occasion. Are Democrats blind to the fact that Utz has

been at the disposal of Mr. Besson even since the latter's election, and, being unable to think or act for himself, has carried out the dictates of a Republican Mayor to the letter? This is the sample of man who would like to represent the people of Hoboken at the coming Cincinnati Convention. Heaven spare us any such foreign disgrace. If we must tolerate such ignoramus, let us keep them at home. It would create a very bad impression in the City of Pork, and the verdict would be that we had not a Democrat in Hudson County who could speak English. Besides "Billie" is too good a Republican at heart to be entrusted with Democratic interests abroad. If Utz should go, Besson and "Windy" Hoffmann would have to go also. The former would be lost without his confederates. The Commissioner, like the other two already noticed, is in rather a sad state of mind, and the loss of the Cincinnati trip will finish him outright. His threats to cut, carve, slice, slash, pare, ect., have not added to his popularity, hence the knife is considered an appropriate design in case of his ultimate dissolution.

THE WHIP, A MOST POTENT ARGUMENT, IS DEDICATED TO "BARNEY."

Mr. Bernhard Bayer, one of the proprietors of the Democrat (?), was also a strong advocate of the weak "Bridge," and goes down with the general crash. There is little sympathy for this man because, of the whole quartette, he was the one who really derived the only money benefit in the shape of official patronage. He is deserving of no pity, his course being more than contemptible. He is now bordering on desperation, and it is a question whether it will be the political graveyard or the asylum. The WHIP once produced wonders in bringing him to terms, and is again suggested.

To the rather extended list we have just gone through might be added the name of William J. Wings, who belongs to the same category. He weakens any ticket his name appears on, consequently, while there was not a living show for his success, he materially strengthened the Democratic cause by his opposition.

To the straight and conscientious Republican candidates who fought as square fight, there is not a word to be said. They cannot fail, however, to acknowledge that it is rather a forlorn hope to oppose the Democracy of Hoboken while constituted as it was in this last struggle. The party has much to be proud of, and Hoboken can once more lay claim to being the principal Democratic stronghold of Hudson County.

VERY NATURAL.

If the editor of the Harrison Dispatch is a Republican, we can readily understand why he would try to explain the article in his paper which referred to "Windy" as "a thing of shreds and patches, who struts and clucks like an overfed gobbler." Though we have no more reliable authority than the Democrat (?), we don't doubt that Mr. Brewer visited Hoboken specially to apologize to the injured "Polly." All Republicans, whether editors or not, in recognizing the established weakness of their own, are anxious to court favor and make friends with renegades of any other party, for the use that they can make of such characters. The Republicans of this city are forced to accept "Windy" and "the cutter" as two of their most able assistants, even though they despise them as men.

THE TRUE COURT.

In making up Mr. O'Neill's Court Cabinet the Democrat (?) forgot to mention a few names, such as, the Hon. E. P. C. Lewis, Hon. James Curran, Hon. H. D. Busch, W. W. Shippen, Esq., Joseph Russell, Esq.,

Peter McGavisk, Esq., L. Stiaustney, Esq., Jno. R. McWhorter, Esq., H. Offerman, Esq., and "others of the like ilk." These gentlemen were all staunch friends and supporters of the Hon. John A. O'Neill, and we figure that combined they represent over three-fourths of the wealth and industry of Hoboken. Can Besson furnish any such list? Guess not.

THE RETURNS.

The following is the official vote as far as could be secured up to going to press. The full official canvass will appear in our next issue:

- For Mayor—John A. O'Neill, 1,533; E. V. S. Besson, 1,150.
 - City Clerk—Robert H. Alberts, 2,623.
 - Treasurer—August Bente, 2,679.
 - Assessor—John Doorley, 1,930; August Moller, 759.
 - Water Registrar—Michael H. Murphy, 2,641.
 - Recorder—Francis M. McDonough, 2,639.
 - Water Commissioner—John McDermott, 1,730; John Livesey, 950.
 - Freeholders—Ramon M. Cook, 1,616; Timothy Foley, 993; Wm. Wings, 750.
- FIRST WARD.
- For Councilman—Daniel Quirk, 325; Thomas M. Valleau, 257; James Kenney, 120.
 - School Trustee—Frederick Beltz, 395; Chas. B. Rudolph, 279.
 - Tax Commissioner—Frank Costello, 472; C. Schmidt, 204.
 - Commissioner of Appeals—Alfred Thomas, 362; John H. Terhune, 177; Julius Schlatter, 133.
 - Justice of the Peace—Samuel Webb, 529; Chas. H. Muess, 176.
 - Constable—William Bell, 385; I. D. Applegate, Jr., 278.

SECOND WARD.

- Councilman—John Curtin, 193; George P. Schinzel, 191.
- School Trustee—Stephen T. Munson, 219; P. H. Edmonston, 168.
- Tax Commissioner—Wm. H. Dilworth, 194; C. S. Shultz, 193.
- Commissioner of Appeals—L. Budenbender, 241; Thos. S. Fields, 189.
- Justice of the Peace—F. W. Bohnstedt, 373.
- Constable—Richard W. Dewey, 224; John Sturges, 164.

THIRD WARD.

- Patrick T. Plunkett, 510; Thomas Miller, 401.
- School Trustee—Edwin J. Kerr, 533; Samuel Archer, 362.
- Tax Commissioner—Daniel Donnegan, 606; E. Clinton Terry, 234; Wm. A. Macy, 89.
- Commissioner of Appeals—David Walsh, 672; Wm. Letts, Sr., 247.
- Justice of the Peace—John C. O'Sullivan, 862.
- Constable—George Simmermacher, 574; John Lewis, 341.

FOURTH WARD.

- Councilman—Frederick Kaufmann, 397; M. H. Downey, 302.
- School Trustee—Isaac Ingleson, 349; Edward Carroll, 214; James Harkens, 134.
- Tax Commissioner—Joseph McArdle, 339; F. Kammerer, 246; Arnold Mohn, 267.
- Commissioner of Appeals—James Clark, 445; Patrick Fenton, Sr., 251.
- Justice of the Peace—J. W. Moots, 408; S. Evans, 234.
- Constable—John Fanning, 396; Edward Stack, 282.

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CALL FOR PRIMARIES.

The Democratic Primaries for the election of THREE members of each ward to the City Executive Committee and SIX members to the First, Third and Fourth Ward Committees and also FIVE members to the Second Ward Committee, will be held on

Thursday, April 22, 1880,

FROM 6 TO 9 P. M.

First Ward Primary will be held corner Park Avenue and Second street.
Second Ward Primary will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall Washington street.
Third Ward Primary will be held at corner Fourth and Garden streets.
Fourth Ward Primary will be held at No. 100 First street, between Willow and Clinton streets.

JAMES DOLLARD, Secretary pro tem.

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