

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

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HOBOKEN, N. J., AUGUST 21, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

A BIT OF BATTERY HISTORY.

It was near the sunset hour, July 20, 1680. Mynheer Von Hardhoppig was driving his cow down Broadway. He endeavored to turn her into the gate of his modest cottage-yard, located where now stands the Equity buildings. On the porch stood the youthful Fraulein Von Hardhoppig with her milk pail. She was just turned seventeen, and her short, Dutch petticoat revealed a pair of symmetrical Dutch ankles and calves. 'Twas then the fashion, and all thought well of it. Alas! 'tis gone now, save at Long Branch and other fashionable bathing beaches. Of her own accord, Mynheer Von Hardhoppig's cow, Katrina, had that evening come down the Bowery, a then beautifully shaded lane, lined with sassafras and blackberry bushes, but a darksome and some said ghost haunted place after dark.

But Mynheer Von Hardhoppig's cow took this evening a fit of obstinacy into her head. Refusing to enter the gate, she lowered her horns, kicked up her heels, and, with that cumbersome vivacity peculiar to all cows when they essay to be vivacious, she cantered down Broadway and over the Bowling Green to the Battery. Here were gathered the heads of most of the first families of the city. Then, as now, they were gossiping about each other, and giving it to each other hot and heavy behind each other's backs. Some were filling the air with profanity on account of the clams sold them that day by Pietrus Hans Vanderbilt, from Staten Island. They were not fresh, live clams, but clams consumptive and pale of hue. And others were growling that Jacobus Van Schuyler, the milkman who kept two cows, skimmed his milk too closely, and others charged him with pumping in it. Some complained of the poor cabbages vended by one Hobokus Suydam, who eked out a living by raising this useful esculent; and Peter Stuyvesant, the deposed Dutch Governor, raising his trusty oaken staff aloft and slamming it vigorously against a bench, swore he would lay it over the head of one Rip Van Willets, of Long Island, if ever again he sent him such a vile lot of musty eggs from his farm.

Another knot was discussing the breeches made them by Wilhemus Onderdonk, the tailor, which they complained were scant of cloth in the seat, and moreover the stuff was at times scorched through the slovenly hands of Dolph Kipp, Onderdonk's assistant in his vocation. Others still were watching a ship coming up the bay and shaking their fists at a sailboat making its way towards Staten Island. The ship was the Dayvongeldt, from Amsterdam, laden with Holland's gin and bricks. The sailboat contained Pietrus Hans Vanderbilt, chuckling over his fraudulent clam sales for the day and answering the abuse of the burghers by defiant blasts on his fish horn. The bricks in the Duyvongeldt were for Hans Van Skimmerhorn's house. Hans Van Skimmerhorn, the cow doctor, was erecting a house away in the depths of the Manhattan forest, where now stands the Metropolitan Hotel. People called him reckless thus to bury himself and his young wife at so great a distance from the city. The Duyvongeldt was the first vessel from Europe for three months.

But to return to the cow. Round the Battery boat plunged the cow of Von Hardhoppig, and up Broadway again she ran

with Von at her heels, to the amaze of all the honest burghers seated on their stoops, smoking their pipes, and shadowed by the thickly twining honeysuckles. She ran through the stockade at Wall street, turned a sharp angle down an Indian trail at the corner of Fulton and Broadway, and then down Fulton to the swamp. Here Von Hardhoppig could no longer follow her.

The swamp was an impenetrable jungle of cat briars, grape vines and blueberry bushes. It was now quite dark. Busily sang the bullfrog. Shrilly piped the tree toad. Drowsily droned the locust and vigorously chirped the cricket, all intent on their evening's serenade. Von Hardhoppig, panting and perspiring, stopped on a little hillock where now stands the Tribune building. He saw his cow Katrina disappear in the gloomy swamp, and with a hard, round Dutch oath betook himself back through the silent woods over the site of the present Post office and Herald building.

He trudged on until he reached the stockade at Wall street. The English sentry on guard bailed the Myneer. But the Myneer could not speak English. He would never learn the tongue of his conquerors. Richard Smith, the sentry, deeming him an enemy, prepared to fire. He loaded his musketoon with care, and after planting it on the forked iron rest called out to a comrade:

"John Lackin'grace, I pray thee bring me a brand from the fire in the guard room. I see an enemy in the gloaming." John after knocking the ashes from his pipe, brought the coal as desired.

Richard first applying this coal to his port fire, lit it and then touched off his Remington, which, exploding, knocked both Richard and John over the ramparts back into the fort. The ball flew wide of Mynheer Von Hardhoppig and lodged near the present corner of Maiden lane and Broadway. Just then the Fraulein Von Hardhoppig, alarmed at the prolonged absence of her father, rushed into the stockade from the other side, crying, "Dunder und blixen! you shoots mein fader! O, mein fader!" But the ball had missed the Von by half a mile.

A week afterwards the *Nieu Amsterdam Dunderberg* came out with an extra narrating the entire occurrence. Those were good, easy, slow-going times. But the Fraulein "shook" Richard Smith for shooting at her father and it is for this reason that the Smiths of New York have ever since found it so hard to marry into any of the old Knickerbocker families.

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HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 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.

FOR PRESIDENT,
Winfield Scott Hancock,
 OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
William H. English,
 OF INDIANA.

WHO FOR GOVERNOR?

As the State Convention approaches, the friends of the numerous aspirants become more energetic and the candidates themselves proportionately anxious. Since our last writing the most prominent and strongest man for the office, according to the Hudson County Democrat (?), has sensibly withdrawn. Mr. Abbott, the gentleman to whom we refer, does not want the nomination, being pretty well satisfied that he could not secure it. He is sufficient of a politician to not allow himself to be made a tool of by a few designing blatherskites, who would drag his name before the Convention only to have him slaughtered. He has, probably, owing to our many suggestions, gone over the past records of some of his most staunch supporters and found the truth of our statements, that any man, no matter how spotless, advocated by the "official editor" and his followers will be teetotally "left" by the people of this city, and will stand only a poor chance throughout the county.

"Al" Hoffman asserted a few weeks ago that half of the State of New Jersey was in arms for Mr. Abbott; that the people would have no other; that the State government needed such a man, etc., etc., and in the face of all this Mr. Abbott does not even make a struggle, but throws up the sponge before the fight begins. He has evidently little faith in "Al's" predictions, and how could he feel otherwise when it stands boldly out that this presumptuous idiot advocates any and everything that may suit his own ideas, and proposes by weak and nonsensical bosh to bring others to his views. It would have been a good thing for Mr. Abbott to have paid this scribbler to keep his mouth shut, or, still further, to have purchased his opposition. The people of Hoboken, at least, will swallow nothing prescribed by the "official organ" crowd, and candidates have found that out to their sorrow before to-day. It would not be at all surprising now to see the Democrat (?) come out and eat crow in the Shippen matter, and announce that gentleman as the fit and proper person, the only one, in fact, to fill with credit and ability the gubernatorial chair of New Jersey. Of course, he stated differently in the past, and did all in his power—not much, by the way,—to prevent any such result; but then, as he has often done before, he could admit that he was mistaken, or he never meant it, etc., or resort to other mean subterfuges, of which he has always many at hand. Why does not Hoffman

surprise his few readers for once; tell the truth and admit that when he published Mr. Shippen as a non-candidate he did so on his own responsibility and without consulting that gentleman; and when he accused him of being a non-resident he was lying and he knew it. For Heaven's sake, "Windy," try and convince your few score of readers that it is possible for you, in an emergency, to be truthful, and admit that you have basely lied and misrepresented this gentleman unauthorized. You know now and have known for months past that he was a candidate for Governor. You also know he is not or never was a non-resident of Hoboken unless a few weeks sojourn over the river can deprive a man with such interests at stake in this county of his citizenship. You know he has a pretty good show for the nomination if he is not a politician or as cunning as your favorite, and you also know if he gets the nomination he will be elected "by a large majority, and don't you forget it."

GEN. HANCOCK is emphatically the candidate of the people. A laboring man whose attention had been called to some Radical attempt to slander the General unconsciously voiced the sentiment of the masses by his reply: "I don't believe the newspapers, but I do believe Gen. Hancock." This implicit confidence, this perfect trust in the man is a proof of his popularity which everywhere manifests itself among those who, for want of a better name, are called "the working classes."

The "Atlantic" Regatta.

The commodious barge "Walter Sands," aided by the tug "Egbert Meyers," took a large and decidedly select party of friends from this city on last Saturday to attend the twenty-third annual regatta of the Atlantic Boat Club, which took place at Pleasant Valley. The sail up the river, though short, was exceedingly pleasant, Eckert's efficient orchestra furnishing music—when they felt like it. On reaching the rowing grounds, little time was lost, when Charles Moeller, W. Emerich and J. D. Goetchus started as competitors for the junior single scull championship, which was won by Mr. Moeller in good time. The senior scull race followed, and was won by John Hogemeyer, in his neat shell, the "Louise," time 8 minutes 45 seconds, beating F. J. Emerich and James Reed, to the surprise of many, the latter being the favorite at the start by big odds. The pair-oared gig race was a walk-over, in 8 minutes 43 seconds for J. D. Miller and J. A. Rosenbaum, with J. B. Benson coxswain. There were three entries for the four-oared barge race—"The Hannah," "Lovely" and "Spendthrift," which was won by the former in 8 minutes and 36 seconds, mainly owing to the excellent steering of H. Offerman, Commodore of the club, who held the lines. The four-oared shells were next announced, and "A. Dupignac" and "J. Russell," named after our worthy ex-Mayor, came to the score. The former took the lead and held it until near the turning point, when poor steering left her far behind her rival, which made a pretty turn and came home winners in 7 minutes and 13 seconds. The "Russell" was manned by J. D. Miller, stroke, James Reid, and W. F. and H. Rudlich.

When the aquatic portion of the day's sport was ended the barge proceeded up the river several miles, not returning to Hoboken until nearly 10 o'clock. During the sail ex-Mayor Russell, who had acted as judge and starter, made the presentation to the winners. A large number of guests from New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City were present, together with nearly all our city officials and their families, and such as had no families of their own were well supplied with members of the softer sex from some other men's families. Members of the Racket, Everett, and Schubert Glee clubs were present and added much to the home trip by rendering many beautiful selections, the former, as usual, "taking the cake." Chris Thorn was referee and M. H. Murphy satisfactorily filled the position of time-keeper. Taking in all, the boys of the "Atlantic" have every reason to be proud of their twenty-third annual regatta, and their guests will long retain pleasant recollections of the day.

GRAND RALLY.

Banner Raising and Ratification Meeting at Which Several Prominent Orators and Statesmen Assist.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

The immense and elegant banner of the Hancock and English Central Campaign Club of this city was flung to the breeze with appropriate ceremonies in front of Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening. As the netting was stretched over the street, to patriotic music, a large quantity of fireworks was set off, and assisted by a powerful calcium light, exposed the elegant and well finished portraits of the candidates to good advantage. Cheers rent the air, and Washington street was ablaze with bon-fires. The several eminent gentlemen taking part, together with a large number of spectators, next took possession of the commodious lecture room of the hall, when the meeting was called to order by Mayor O'Neill, who presided. His Honor, in a few concise and well chosen remarks, which elicited applause, explained that the object of the meeting was to ratify the regular Democratic nominations made at Cincinnati, namely, Winfield S. Hancock and William H. English. He was cheered to the echo, and closed by introducing

COLONEL DAWSON, OF NEW YORK.

The Colonel stated that he intended only to deal with facts and principles; that principles make men, good or bad; the great object of political meetings was to mislead men; he intended simply to lay bare facts and allow men to draw their own conclusions. He would not say one word that was not the truth, and defied contradiction from Republicans, if any were present. He then went pretty fully into the frauds, of one nature or other, practiced in years back by the Republican party during Presidential campaigns, and dwelt particularly on the gigantic and bare-faced cheat of 1876. He continued in this strain for some minutes, and then launched on the De Gollyer and Credit Mobilier matters, and paid a glowing tribute to General Hancock's statesmanship. Music followed, after which the Chairman arose and presented the

HON. CHARLES H. WINFIELD,

who stepped forward amidst loud applause and, addressing the large audience as "My friends," said: "I will make no set speech and I know you will excuse me. I am an old friend and visitor of yours and consequently we will have a little social talk. James A. Garfield, as you know, is the offensive representative of the Republican party which cheated Samuel J. Tilden out of the Presidency four years ago. This same man, who is now a candidate for the most exalted position in the gift of the American people, was one of the visiting statesmen to Louisiana, and had assigned to him the returns of the parish of East Feliciana. You know how he retired to a private apartment with said returns and so manipulated them that when they came before the Returning Board the count was thrown out and a large majority of Democratic votes sacrificed, and later, gentlemen, this same Garfield sat as a member of the infamous Electoral Commission and adjudicated on the very evidence he himself had manufactured. I remember reading of an almost parallel case in England, and the verdict of the King's Bench was that the perpetrator be laid by the heels. Fellow Democrats, I do not know exactly what laid by the heels means, but let us lay out Garfield and his tribe by the heels in November. The Republican party has always tended to stir up the passions rather than convince the judgments of the people. They cry solid South, which means everything detrimental to the North, and means a continuance of power for a party

of carpet-baggers who fill their offices. By what right does Hayes occupy the Presidential chair to-day? Was it not through the votes of three Southern States? And yet these same people say to us to-day: 'Put forward the man who gave us the hardest and most stripes during our difficulty and we will prove our patriotism and fealty to the Union by granting him our hearty support.' Let us repeat Col. Buford's request, made on the Heights of Gettysburg, when, after General Reynolds' fall, he sent the following message by courier to General Meade: 'Everything is in chaos here. We want a controlling spirit. For God's sake, send us Hancock,' and we now repeat, for God's sake, let us have Hancock." The eloquent speaker was frequently interrupted during his remarks with bursts of applause. Mayor O'Neill next introduced the

HON. E. F. McDONALD,

who was heartily received and made a stirring and striking speech, as follows: "Fellow Democrats—There is no greater or important issue than the one we are collected here this evening for the purpose of considering—the coming Presidential campaign. The issue of four years ago is unfinished and must be fought over again. When you consider the terrible results of the struggle of 1876, when the majestic voice of the people was hushed and their claims ignored, the perpetrators of such outrages possess not the proper qualifications to represent this great and glorious nation. Their cry then as now is, 'We want a strong government; we want such a government as France overthrew and England and Russia now possess. A government that would crush out the rights of the people and elect Grant for a third term,' which means Imperialism of the worst type and which would tend to trample under foot the precedent laid down by the immortal Washington. You may not have given this subject the consideration it deserves, but remember it lacked only a few votes in the Chicago Convention to place U. S. Grant in a position from which nothing but the above misfortunes would result. Let us glance at the principal actor in this attempted usurpation of our rights, one of the most brilliant lights in that so-called model party, the Hon. Roscoe Conklin. We all remember how this fellow was chased by an indignant husband, armed with a shot-gun, at whose house he was a guest, and charged with seducing the latter's wife. Is it not natural that such a character would be anxious to foist on the people the terrible injustice which was attempted at Chicago. How does it come that James A. Garfield, with his very dishonest record, was selected from a party containing so many Christian statesmen? A man who accepted \$329 for his share in the Credit Mobilier steal, and now explains it as a loan. This charge has been admitted by himself and his party, as well as the \$5,000 on the De Gollyer pavement job, which was paid to influence his vote so that the Treasury might be robbed of millions. The latter is said by Republicans to be simply a retaining fee as counsel for De Gollyer, and is so explained by Garfield. Remember, fellow-citizens, the present Republican candidate was at the time a representative of the people, and yet sells himself out and represents the rascally pavement scheme, and attempts to injure the very interests he has sworn to protect. If he had no other crime, did he not go down South in 1876 and, as a visiting statesman, perjure himself and take a prominent part in robbing the great majority of the American people of their rights? We fought the Republican party for years ago on fraud and corruption, and it still continues. We opposed Sheppard, Babcock, Williamson and many other robbers, who capped their villainy by stealing the Government itself. We have put a man of spotless reputation in nomination. Not because he was a brave soldier, for beneath the helmet and uniform of the

warrior beats the heart and brain of the statesman—a man who in peace exclaimed: "The army must be subservient to civil law and the will of the mighty American people." We glory in following a man whose name is sufficient to draw many over to our ranks, who are obliged, though staunch Republicans in the past, to leave what is now left of a hopeless wreck. We will have no more bloody shirts. Gentlemen, the man who shed his blood on the field of battle to save and perpetuate this glorious Union has thoroughly disrobed our rivals, and they stand forth to-day before the country in their hideous nakedness. Now, my friends, the State of New Jersey should give our candidate from 15,000 to 20,000 majority, and we should be careful to select men for Governor, Congressman and Senator who will poll vote for vote with Winfield Scott Hancock in November. Mr. McDonald closed amidst rousing cheers, and was succeeded by

J. H. LIPPINCOTT, ESQ.,

who delivered a short address only, and after arraigning the Republican party and its 150,000 office-holders, stated that the right of government had been stolen from the people and must be returned to the people. He laid particular stress on the necessity for selecting fitting associates from this State to take a place on the ticket with Hancock and English, men who would be in every degree worthy of this great honor. In the matter of the Gubernatorial nomination, he favored a candidate who would be from the people, and for the people, and not the choice, favorite, or representative of any clique or ring.

The next speaker introduced to the audience was the brilliant young counselor, the

HON. ALLAN L. McDERMOTT.

Mr. McDermott is a quaint and original orator. His style is his own, and he succeeded in holding the attention of his auditors from the moment he took the platform until he retired. He remarked that on the 4th of next November his party would cut a large Democratic watermelon and on that occasion every Democrat in the country was expected to be present and take a part. They all had rights which he hoped to see them assert. About the best thing he knew of Garfield was his advocacy by the spotless Secor Robeson, of New Jersey. Secor vouched for James A., and, of course, Ulysses S. would vouch for Secor. The people wanted no President who had no better advocates than Robeson and Grant. Secor was poor and so was the ex-President when they first met; but after the former had built a few ships for this beautiful government he did not know himself. He likened the Republican party to a small town out West, which was almost deserted, and had actually advertised for settlers. The trouble with the forsaken city was that they needed a little more purity and good society, and this was all that was needed in hell. So it was with the Republican crowd; they needed more purity and good associations. He referred to the Tilden fraud, and claimed that it was not only perpetrated on Mr. Tilden, but on the whole country, and that the people of the United States were expected to repudiate this outrage next November at the polls. He referred to Mr. Tilden as one of the greatest and most brilliant statesmen of this nation, and that his name was worthy of a place next to Washington in the history of the country. He dwelt at some length on the Gubernatorial question, and argued that the next candidate should be a man who was never known to in any political way affiliate with the Republicans, or who had ever been in any way connected with any public ring, even though such ring hailed from Washington. He claimed that under a Hancock administration the American people would live in harmony and peace with themselves and the whole world, and American commerce

would rule the seas, and that in four years Americans would love and admire the man as much they do at present the memory of the name which stands first on the Declaration of Independence, that of John Hancock. Mr. McDermott was frequently applauded while speaking, and retired to make room for the last orator of the evening.

W. D. DALY, ESQ.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, Mr. Daly explained, he had no desire to longer keep the audience, and simply hoped that the many truths stated during the evening would be seriously considered, and he wanted Democrats to get out and work for their candidates. He was satisfied New Jersey would long have reason to be proud of her contribution toward the election of W. S. Hancock and W. H. English.

Mayor O'Neill then declared the meeting adjourned, and the visitors, accompanied by a large number of prominent citizens, retired to the spacious dining hall, where refreshments awaited their coming. The meeting was the most successful held in this city in many years. The room was crowded to repletion during the evening and the utmost decorum prevailed from the beginning to the finale. To much praise cannot be accorded Mayor O'Neill, ex-Mayor Russell, Water Registrar Murphy, Councilmen Mehan and Kaufman, and Freeholder Cook, who had charge of the arrangements. The club meets every Thursday evening.

A Pleasant Reception.

Mr. David Hogg, one of the original members of the old Foster Quartette Club, of this city, which will be remembered by many as having no equal in this State and few superiors even in New York, in its day, visited his old haunts last Monday after an absence of many years. Mr. Hogg had spent a long time in the far West prospecting, and his return was indeed an event to his friends and companions of yore, who, though taken by surprise, made the reunion a happy one indeed. The old Racket Court Club room, the scene of so many just such happy affairs, was never filled with a more musical or happier party, nor were the very many beautiful selections which the "boys" know so well how to sing ever more thoroughly appreciated or better rendered than on this occasion. Mr. Martin Vincent Mack introduced "The Little Widow Dunn," and in company with Mr. Emtee gave "Mr. and Mrs. Mullone" with good effect. "The Heart Bowed Down," not heard in a long time, and "My Pretty Jane" were sang by Mr. Hogg, who has not forgotten his voice any more than his friends. Mr. W. T. Jacques was heard in Fritz's "Lulaby," a piece peculiarly adapted to his very high tenor voice, and "Big Beau" favored with several very short yet sweet solos—so low as to be scarcely heard—on a miniature trombone, which he carried in his pocket.

Music, witicisms, toasts, and humor, freely interspersed with refreshments, reigned supreme until long after midnight, and it was the "wee sma' hours" before the wanderer could even temporarily sever himself from the friends known and loved in the far past. Even strangers who were present were much impressed by the good feeling displayed.

Councilmanic Notes.

An unusually large crowd was attracted to the Council Chamber Tuesday evening owing to the announcement that the several bids received for the erection of the New City Hall would be read. The figures for the mason-work were as follows: Landers & Carroll, \$33,950, less \$100 if the rear balcony is omitted; Thomas Smith, \$43,500, less \$140 without the balcony; Dan'l. Benson, \$38,735; D. F. Bohnstedt, \$40,890, and T. Foley, \$37,970. J. McGrane's bid for the carpenter work was \$20,700, less \$600 if the gallery ceiling

of the armory is not put on; F. Muller's, \$18,966, with an allowance of \$600 for said ceiling; L. Meinster's, \$19,680, less \$820 for ceiling; H. A. Bonyng's, \$21,500, and W. H. & F. W. Kane's, \$19,972, less \$500 for ceiling. They were all referred. Property owners on Monroe street petitioned that their sewer be raised to the proper grade. A petition was received signed by a number of prominent business men requesting the Council to take some action to prevent New York peddlers from selling in this city without a license and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Several property owners on Willow, between First and Second streets, who petitioned for a sewer a few weeks ago, expressed a desire last evening that the Council should take no action at present. This was brought about by the knowledge that they would be assessed for the improvement. A ten-inch box draw will be placed at the intersection of Second and Madison streets. The City Clerk was directed to advertise for bids for the improvement of Jefferson street, and the meeting adjourned.

Good-Will to All.

It was anticipated that a rival organization would create trouble at the picnic of the Good Will Pleasure Club at Otto Cottage Garden, Tuesday evening, and extra precautions were taken by the police. Such, however, proved to be a delusion, and the members and friends of the Good Wills had a very pleasant and quiet time. A feature of the affair was the waltzing of Peter Chadwick and Lizzie Flood, of Jersey City, who took the first prize of \$50, George Born, of New York, received second money, \$25. The floor was managed by William J. Dowden, President, assisted by Malcom C. Murray and several other members of the club. The boys thoroughly personified their title by showing good will to all. It is understood that William Wright, of this city, is prepared to challenge the winner of the first prize to waltz, schottische or polka for \$100 a side at any time or place.

LACONICS.

- Who stole the bell?
- Who brought it back again?
- Take the "Marion" if you wish to enjoy a pleasant trip to Rockaway.
- There will be a free chowder supper at Evans', 48 Bloomfield street, to-night.
- The Rev. D. R. Lowrie will occupy the pulpit of the First M. E. Church, as usual, to-morrow morning and evening.
- The Councilmen held a special meeting on Thursday night. The contract for the masonry work on the new City Hall was awarded to Sanders & Carroll.
- There will be a grand tub race and other sports at the Elysian Fields this afternoon. Members of Engine Company No. 1 will be the promoters of the fun.
- Tickets are out for the annual picnic and summernight's festival of the John J. Flynn Association to be held at the Otto Cottage on Tuesday evening, August 31st.
- Rev. Charles N. Reuss, pastor of the German M. E. Church of this city, will preach to-morrow morning and evening in the M. E. Free Tabernacle, Park avenue and Fifth street.
- The Grocers' Guard composed mostly of Hobokenites have perfected arrangements for their annual picnic to take place at the Union Hill Schutzen Park on the 25th instant.

Wm. Ryan had one of his hands severely burned by the explosion of a fire rocket at the mass meeting on Thursday evening, and will not have the use of it for several weeks.

Assistant Water Registrar Perry who has just returned from Martha's Vinyard where he spent his vacation with his family, denies seeing any sea serpents about the boarding house.

The young rowdies who assaulted the police Saturday and Sunday evenings, have discovered long ere this that such lawlessness does not pay. They were all promptly and severely dealt with.

—A couple of Jersey City practical jokers on

Thursday tried to fool Coroner Parslow by ordering a wagon and ice by telegraph for a body that was coming from Connecticut, but "Billy" wouldn't have it.

—Captain Van Holland of the cat boat B. H. S. O. T. V. denies that he ever tested the speed of his vessel against an ocean steamer, but does not take back the assertion that he has the fastest boat in Hoboken of her class.

—A policeman on duty at Odd Fellows' Hall, Thursday evening, pushed aside a number of small boys who were grouped about the entrance with the reminder that "this was no Republican meeting and boys were not admitted."

—The neatest, cheapest and promptest place in town to get a good meal is at Scully's restaurant in rear of the Eagle Hotel. Mr. Scully is a competent and agreeable caterer from New York, and has supplied a want long felt by business people in the neighborhood of the ferry.

—The second annual picnic of the Isaac Ingleson employees will be held at Dittmar's Park this afternoon and evening. The following are the officers: President, William Barnitt; Vice President, Louis Martin; Secretary, Chas. Turner; Treasurer, Isaac Ingleson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Cavanagh.

—The police are anxious to receive that proposed increase of salary, and the experience of many of the force for the past few days would justify their claims. When men have their clothes torn from their backs and receive bodily injury at the hands of lawless ruffians, a little extra compensation would no doubt prove some consolation.

—Henry Schafferwitz, for many years a boarder at the Duke's House, was found dead in his room Tuesday evening, where he had retired the night before apparently in the best of health and spirits. Mrs. Hunke has left the funeral arrangements to Undertaker Crane, the body having been temporarily removed to that gentleman's establishment. The cause of death is supposed to be apoplexy.

—A large and handsome Hancock and English banner will be stretched across the street from the store of James Lannigan, No. 143 Newark street, on Monday evening. The following gentlemen will speak: The Hon. Jno. A. O'Neill, Hon. E. F. McDonald, Hon. R. F. Rabe, Hon. Allan L. McDermott, James Minturn, Esq., and others. Last night a Democratic campaign club was organized at the above-named place.

—Mr. W. J. O'Toole, a life-long resident of Hoboken and a promising young business man, started last night for Colorado Springs as private secretary to Governor W. J. Palmer, who has assumed the presidency of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company. This is a very responsible position for so young a man, and speaks well for capability and character. We wish our townsman success in his new home and business in the far West.

—Weber's Germania Garden was crowded during last week, Alice Bateman and Willis Pickert, clever song and dance artists, being the principal attractions. They are the strongest team in their line of business in the country. Miss Maggie Willet, a neat and finished serio-comic, became a great favorite from the first night, and will probably remain. Max and Martha Miller still continue to charm, and are nightly received with bursts of applause. Several others of lighter calibre also prove attractive, and a number of new faces will appear next week.

WANTED—A smart, intelligent American boy. Apply to

T. J. SCULLY'S

Eagle Hotel Restaurant,

Newark Street.

NEW

Dining Rooms,
EAGLE HOTEL,

NEWARK ST., HOBOKEN.

New York Styles and Prices.

T. J. SCULLY,

PROPRIETOR.

PROPOSALS**HOBOKEN CITY FIVE PER CENT. BONDS.**

Sealed proposals for the purchase of sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000) worth of Hoboken City Bonds, in the sum of \$1,000 each, will be received at the office of the City Clerk, at the City Hall, No. 97 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J., up to 7:30 o'clock P. M., on Tuesday, August 24, 1880.

The above to be coupon or registered bonds, at the option of the purchaser, to run thirty (30) years, and to bear five (5) per cent. interest.

The Mayor and Council reserve the right to reject any or all bids as they deem for the best interests of the city.

Proposals to be addressed "To the Mayor and Council of the City of Hoboken, N. J." and endorsed "Proposals for Bonds."

ROBERT H. ALBERTS,
City Clerk.

WEBER'S
GERMANIA THEATRE,
AND
Summer Garden,
NOS. 68 TO 74 HUDSON ST.,
Hoboken, N. J.

The largest and best ventilated place of amusement in the city.

New company every week. Change of programme every Monday and Thursday.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

SOILED SOLE LEATHER
and **SARATOGA TRUNKS**

—AT—
Less than cost!

—AT—
Bazar du Voyage,
No. 1 WALL ST.,
New York.

J. HAMILTON, Jr., Prop.
J. H. PRICHARD, Manager.

JOHN F. O'HARA,
Furnishing
UNDERTAKER,
129 Washington Street,
Bet. 3d and 4th Sts., Hoboken.

Orders Attended to. Day or Night.

HEXAMER'S**HOBOKEN**

Riding Academy,
BOARDING, LIVERY,
Sale & Exchange Stables,
103, 105, 107, 109, 111 Hudson St.
74, 76 & 78 RIVER ST.,
Bet. 2d and 3d Sts., Hoboken.

The leading equestrian establishment in America

Fine and well-trained ladies' and gents' saddle horses to let.

All kinds of horses for sale. Terms moderate

THE GREAT**Atlantic and Pacific****TEA CO'S****Teas and Coffees****Are the Best.**

For Strength and Flavor they are
Unequalled.

Their New Season Teas for 50
Cts. per lb. are excellent.

Sugars sold at actual cost.

Handsome Presents given to all Patrons

THE GREAT
Atlantic and Pacific
TEA COMPANY,

58 WASHINGTON-ST.,

Bet. 1st and 2d Sts. Hoboken, N. J.

55 NEWARK AVE., Jersey City,
Branches of the largest importers and
retail dealers in the world.

100 branch retail houses in the U. S.

IMPORTING HEADQUARTERS AT
35 & 37 Vesey St., New York
Don't Fail to Call.

Carpet Felt

Will preserve your Carpets,
prevents dampness in base-
ments, and makes less noise on
Floors, thus preserving Health
and Cheerfulness.

FOR SALE BY

N.Y. Roofing Co.

28 First St., Hoboken.

Grape-Vine Sample Room.

NO. 35 WASHINGTON ST.,

Cor. Newark Street, Hoboken

First-class Wines, Liquors & Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Best Pool Table in the City.

John M. Fleming, Prop'r.

PLUNKETT'S**WINE ROOM,**

93 WASHINGTON-ST.

Hoboken.

ISAAC INGLESON,

DEALER IN

Virginia Pine
and **Oak Wood,**

AND MANUFACTURER OF

PATENT

Bundle Kindling Wood.

Cor. Jefferson & First Sts., Hoboken.

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 Pool and Billiard Table.

121 FIRST ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Boats to Let

By the HOUR, DAY or WEEK, at rea-
sonable rates, at the **HOBOKEN**
BATH BRIDGE.

Pleasure and Fishing Parties supplied
with suitable Boats.

Shipping promptly attended to.

HENRY GILSTER,

PROPRIETOR.

PROTECTION LODGE,
NO. 634,

Knights of Honor,

Meets 1st, 3rd and 5th Mondays of each
month at

80 and 82 Washington Street.
(Crane's Building.)

G. MEINERS & CO.,**WATCHES**

AND

JEWELRY.

152 WASHINGTON ST.,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

THE PLACE TO BUY

REFRIGERATORS

AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES IS AT

Condit's Housekeepers' Emporium,
136 WASHINGTON STREET.

Also the Largest Assortment of

KEROSENE AND GAS STOVES

May be Seen in Practical Operation Every Day. Baking on Saturday.

Also, Crockery & Housefurnishing Goods
AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Don't Mistake the Name and Number,

EDWARD A. CONDIT & BRO.,

136 Washington Street.