

# THE HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

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HOBOKEN, N. J., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## OLD TRINITY CHURCH.

With an Interesting History Dating Prior to the Incorporation of Hoboken as a City.

PICTURESQUE AND SUBSTANTIAL.

A Career Extending Over a Quarter of a Century Crowned with Success.

A FEW EXTRACTS.

Having reached the third issue of our enlarged paper, and being assured of the success of introducing local sketches, prompts a continuance, and this edition will present Trinity Church to our readers. As we have been in the habit of qualifying, or rather supporting each week's illustration with our reasons for such selection, we will pursue the same course in this instance.

We understand from many of our friends among the pioneer residents of this city that the picturesque little church on the corner of Seventh and Washington streets takes a most prominent position as the oldest in Hoboken. It is also memorable from the fact that at the time of its completion it was the grandest church edifice in this section, and is to-day the prettiest and as substantial as any building of its kind in the county.

The cut we present must be familiar to every resident. It is a true picture of the church and parsonage on the front as they appear in their summer garb, surrounded with well-kept grounds, embowered in shrubbery, and almost hidden by ivy foliage.

The eighteenth day of December, 1880, saw the twenty-fifth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone, the occasion being properly observed. We have been kindly loaned a brief history of the prosperous career of Trinity Church and parish, prepared recently by the present efficient Rector, the Reverend George Clark Houghton, who is now enjoying the third year of his pastorate. We can best furnish a true account by selecting from that gentleman's production the most important features, regretting that our space will not permit a more extended review.

The township of Hoboken was organized April 16th, 1849, and the city of Hoboken was incorporated on the 28th of March, 1855.

The history of Trinity Parish is therefore very nearly coincident with the history of the city, the incorporation of the latter taking place only a few months previous.

During the summer of 1853 there had been some considerable discussion, among a few earnest churchmen, as to the desirability of enlarging the church's influence and usefulness in Hoboken by the formation of a second Parish in a more northerly part of the city than that occupied by St. Paul's Church, which was situated on the corner of Third and Hudson streets. The city was growing rapidly, as was seen by the fact that it had trebled its number of inhabitants in less than five years, and it was predicted that, in a short time, a parish church in the upper portion of the town would be an absolute necessity.

On the 16th of September, therefore, and in response to a request from several persons (hereafter named among the vestrymen elected), by the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese, a number of individuals resident in and about Hoboken met in the Town Hall (over the old engine house corner First and Washington streets), and organized the Parish of Trinity Church by the election of the following-named gentlemen as wardens and vestrymen: John W. Van Boskerck and Wm. P. Wright, wardens; A. L. Van Boskerck, L. J. Van Boskerck, M. V. Banta, Wm. Hindaugh, Hazleton Walkley, James F. Mellis, Daniel Wadsworth and Peter Ritter, vestrymen. On the same evening the vestry met, and elected the Rev. N. W. Camp, D. D., Rector.

On the morning of the 18th of October the first service was held in the parlors of the Rector, who resided on the west side of Washington street, one door north of Fifth street. The congregation consisted of about fifty persons. In the evening a congregation of one

hundred and twenty-six persons gathered in the Town Hall.

The morning and evening services were held in these places respectively until the building known as Odd Fellows Hall was sufficiently completed for the purpose, and on the 6th of March, 1854, the services were transferred to that hall, and continued to be held there regularly until September 7th, 1856. At this time the congregation consisted of only twenty persons.

It was ultimately determined in October, 1855, to build a church in accordance with the design submitted by architects Deutsche and Dietz.

Work was begun in November. On the 18th of December following the corner stone was laid by the Right Reverend Doctor Doane, Bishop of New Jersey.

There were present with the Bishop in the procession, which assembled in Odd Fellows' Hall, where the Congregation worshipped, the new rector, the Rev. John William Clark, the full vestry, the Rev. J. W. Ward, first rector of St. Paul's Church, Hoboken; Rev. Vandervoort Bruce, rector of St. Paul's Church, Hoboken; Rev. N. W. Camp, D. D., first rector of Trinity Church, Rev. Joshua Smith, Rev. Edward O. Flagg, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Rev. Stephen Douglass, Rev. Richard Cox, Rev. D. O. M. Johnson, and the Rev. Dr. Robertson. A large assembly of citizens joined the members of the congregation in the solemn service.

The corner stone is laid at the north, eastern corner of the present building, and has the inscription: "A. D. MDCCCLV."

The building of the church progressed slowly. The "plan" was cruciform, but the determination was to build only the "Nave," which would accommodate about 500 people, and as the demand for sittings should arise, add the arms or transepts. The material used was blue stone, and built in the exterior, in Gothic style. The frontage is 52 feet, with an elevation of 56 feet, terminating in a bell-gable. Its present depth is 79 feet, to the temporary east or chancel end, which is adorned with a beautiful stained glass window, made in England, the gift of the Rev. John W. Clark, rector. The church was completed in August of the same year, and the first service held therein was on the 7th of the following September.

Permission had been given on the 7th of May to Wm. P. Wright, Esq., senior warden, to build a Memorial Chapel on the southeast corner of the church ground, facing on Seventh street, and this work was completed and presented to the corporation of the parish on the 8th of November, 1856, and dedicated to holy uses two days later. It was built in such manner that, at some future day, it can become the south transept of the church. The little Chapel is a memorial of Grace Wright, only daughter of Wm. P. Wright, and bears on the north wall, a bas relief of a child, and the following inscription in marble: "This Chapel, for the religious instruction of the young, was erected as the memorial of an only child, 1856. Here shall the lambs of Jesus Christ be fed in blessed memory of a dear one, dead."

This tablet is the last work of the celebrated American sculptor, Mr. Crawford, who, at that time, 1856, was in Rome. Mr. Crawford died before his work was entirely finished, and the completion was entrusted to his friend, Rudolph Rogers. When it was in readiness it was shipped to this country on board the ship Argivo, which was wrecked off the Island of Corsica, on the 2d of February, 1859. After lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea for six months, the tablet was recovered and sent back to Leghorn, repaired and reshipped to America. It reached Hoboken safely in August of the next year and was put up on the north wall of the Chapel. The inscription on the tablet was written by the late Bishop Doane.

During March, 1860, the organ gallery was built, and the organ, which had been ordered the year previous, from Westfield, Mass., was completed and put in its place. In June of that year the church was entered by burglars and numerous valuable articles were carried off.

On the 6th of March, 1863, the parish lost another of its founders, a most active and faithful worker, James F. Mellis, vestryman for three years, warden seven years, treasurer nine years, and Superintendent of the Sunday School from its beginning, who will be remembered as an honest man, an humble-minded christian, and a zealous, liberal friend of Trinity Church. A memorial tablet in the church suitably commemorates his decease.

During this year and the year following the ladies of the congregation, aided in their efforts by a committee of the vestry, succeeded in raising a sufficient sum to meet every encumbrance on the church property.

In 1864 steps were taken to build a Rectory and School House. The first step was a most promising one—the ladies, ever foremost in good works, raised the

required amount to purchase the ground upon which the rectory stands, and obtained pledges for a thousand dollars towards the building. Had it been thought advisable to delay the much-needed building until the amount necessary to complete the work had been pledged, or advance it well on towards completion and insure so necessary a result, much anxiety and a large debt would have been escaped. But the promoters of the undertaking and the vestry, deemed the present needs paramount, and the work progressed to a final completion in 1866, leaving a debt (subsequently decreased by contributions amounting to \$2,000) to an amount not exceeding \$12,500.

In 1865 the Rev. N. Sayre Harris resigned his duties as rector, duties faithfully and wisely fulfilled during the period of more than nine years. He was succeeded by the Rev. Frederick Fitz Gerald in November of the same year. The Rev. Mr. Fitz Gerald's work in the parish was not without much anxiety and heavy burdens, yet no incumbent of Trinity Parish had brought to the church a humbler or more devoted spirit, a gentler or more generous manner, a wiser or more unselfish management of the care of souls committed to his trust. His ministry was very brief, yet his memory is a cherished one to those among whom he labored. He died on August 31st, 1868. After the funeral service on Sunday, Sept. 2d, the clergy present, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Young, now Bishop of Florida, passed resolutions of condolence for his family and the Parish.

On the 12th of Nov. 1866, the Rev. Reuben W. Howes, Jr., was called by the vestry, and accepted.

Among the many improvements made on the church property during the next eight years, the pavement of the sidewalk, the Belgian pavement in the street, and the organization of the boy choir in

their labors, was set in its place on the 18th of December last—a gift of the surviving members of the school. Some other minor improvements have also been made.

The foregoing facts are taken from the history of Trinity Church and Parish as written by the present pastor. Mr. Houghton's modesty regarding his own labors and share in the present prosperous condition of Trinity prompts a few remarks from us on this head. He claims to have found few, if any, obstacles to surmount on his assuming the management of the parish, owing to the arduous labors and great successes of his predecessors. We know, however, that no gentleman who has been connected with the church since its founding has done more to perfect and develop the many features introduced by others than the present incumbent. It takes considerable tact and constant attention to even direct the affairs of a parish of the magnitude of Trinity, and how well the present Rector has and is performing these functions is best learned from the kindly and general good feeling existing between him and his congregation. The Sunday school, with its two sessions and about thirty attaches, consisting of officers, organists and teachers, is indirectly under his management. Though the church music is in good hands and under able directors, the pastor's advice and assistance is sought. He is also President of the Church Guild, an association devoted to social and literary matters, and is also at the head of the Ladies' Missionary Society and Industrial School, organized recently and at present having about twenty-five members. It will be readily seen that to successfully conduct the affairs of this church a decidedly active man will be kept busy.

The cost of the structure, including ground, carpenter's and mason's work, furniture, fixtures, etc., up to the date of

the infant department being entirely in charge of Miss L. E. Robinson.

The choir is composed as follows: J. T. Ackerman, organist; James P. Dod, master; Walter Sherwood, secretary, and eight adult and eighteen junior choristers.

The Guild commands particular attention from the Rector, who presides over its deliberations. The other officers and committees of this association are as follows: Mrs. Charles T. Kroeh, First Vice-President; Miss L. E. Robinson, Second Vice-President; Mr. John Stevens, Treasurer; Mr. Alfred Burhorn, Secretary; Misses Belle Craig, Lung, Lizzie Miller, Bayles, Clara Seidler, Nellie Herbert and Clara Montague, Board of Managers; the Rector, John Stevens, Alfred Burhorn, Mrs. Charles T. Kroeh and Miss L. E. Robinson, Advisory Committee.

The Ladies' Missionary Society and Industrial School—organized only one year ago—owing to able management, perseverance and harmonious work, ranks prominently among the institutions connected with the church, is conducted as follows: Pastoral Charge, the Rector; Miss Reed, President; Mrs. Henry Morton, Treasurer; Mrs. William Plumer, Secretary; Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Wm. Plumer, Mrs. Henry Morton, Mrs. L. W. Elder and Miss Reed, General Committee; Mrs. F. B. Ogden, Mrs. Hobart Canfield, Miss Nellie Herbert, Mrs. G. B. Lynch, Mrs. A. R. Leeds, Mrs. J. B. Pulis, Mrs. Battelle, Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Augusta Hermann, Teachers; Mrs. Kroeh, Mrs. E. P. C. Lewis, Mrs. Duer, Mrs. Dod, Mrs. G. C. Houghton and Mrs. Waefeler, Associate Members.

The following ladies and gentlemen have been honored with the "Grace Wright Medal," presented yearly to the Sunday School pupils noted for general excellence and attention: 1857, Mary

for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to have him put in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him. The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand, and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew.

This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up at Yreka. Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the high seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the captain of the ship. But the Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head. Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.

### Sand Lot Fashionable News.

(San Francisco News-Letter.)

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Kearney gave a feed last week to some of the leading members of the Sand Lot. The company, which numbered a score or less, sat down to the meal about 7 P. M. and consumed at least half an hour in their feast of edibles and flow of beer. The table was spread in the back yard of the Kearney premises, and consisted of long boards propped up on barrels, with fringes of straw peeping out beneath (the straw having been spread on the ground to keep the damp from the feet of their guests), and was covered with a fine array of cracked crockery and polished tin cups.

From the adjacent clothes-lines and top of the board fence paper lanterns were hung, which brilliantly lighted the entire lay-out, and displayed the rings of the beer mugs, which decorated the tablecloth to the best advantage. After the repast, which consisted of corn beef, cabbage and potatoes, baked and boiled in their jackets and without, the company indulging in several barn-door jigs, the festivities winding up with a general shindy, which created such enthusiasm that the police put in their appearance and escorted several of the guests to the station-house for the night. Those who were not so honored remained to help Denis draw up a series of resolutions, to be submitted at their next meeting, for the immediate suppression of the bloated police force.

### Honor Among Thieves.

The idea of honor which prevailed among the gamblers of a hundred years ago seem to have undergone a decided change for the worse of late years. The most recent instance of this is the refusal of Captain Chichester to pay a bet of \$500 which he had lost on a horse race through an agent named Brewer. He was sued in one of the Superior Courts for the amount, and a judgment was given in default, the defendant not appearing. He thereby acknowledged that he had no defense to make. Had the bet been made directly with Brewer, the English statute, which makes debts of honor irrecoverable at law, would have made it legally void. But the Captain had commissioned Brewer to back a certain horse for him. The horse lost, and Brewer paid the bet and naturally looked to his employer for reimbursement. Chief Justice Grove, before whom the case was tried, clearly stated the law to the effect that betting in itself is not illegal, although keeping an establishment for betting purposes is. This principle is of much importance to English stock brokers, as most of their transactions partake of the nature of gambling, and if they could not enforce payment by their clients of the losses made in their behalf the Stock Exchange might as well close its doors.

### The Power of the Eye.

A story is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion-tamer, now dead. On one occasion, while in a bar-room, he was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. He said: "It is by showing them that I'm not the least afraid of them. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said:

"You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me and I won't say a word to him."

Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself gradually, got up and came slowly across to the lion-tamer. When he got close enough he drew back and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clear over the chair, with the remark:

"You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

### FACTS.

Moving for a new trial—Courting a second wife.

No one is more profoundly sad than he who laughs too much.

Vermont has a pig with a trunk. Now look out for a hog with a carpet bag.—N. O. Pledge.

An Oil City man traded off his gun for a dog, because he wanted to "get something to boot."

No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

"What is fame?" asked the Philadelphia American. Fame is the result of being civil to newspaper men.—Boston Post.

It was a young housekeeper who set the cake she had baked for a surprise party out of doors one cold night to be frosted.

Eggs at fifty cents a dozen in this vicinity, and the hens are seriously thinking of striking for sea-sick saucers.—Phil. Chronicle.

Evidently this is not the winter that Venor ordered. The goods not being as represented, should be at once returned.—Boston Transcript.

Square umbrellas have been introduced in Paris, but some one says they are just as bad as the old kind, because they are never round when wanted.

A medical writer asks: "Does position affect sleep?" Well, rather; if you're hung up by your trousers on a spiked fence, you won't sleep very soundly.

A newspaper gushing over a recent painting says: "In front stands a rustic maiden wrapped in her own thoughts." The scene is laid in latitude 1 deg. south.—Yale News.

Mrs. Barker says she believes it now—believes that this is to be a year of wonderful phenomena—for Barker went to lodge meeting the other night and came home sober.

The Elmira Free Press says the women of Michigan declare that they are going to vote, and to begin with, insist that every ballot shall have a bird and a scorpion around it.

A mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street; that's what papa does with his."

It is enough to bring tears to the eye of a broken sewing-machine needle to see how many shoe dealers are willing to sacrifice the "very best custom-made misfits" for the merely nominal price of \$10 a pair.

Puck gives this scene at Tiffany's: Wm. H. Vanderbilt loquiter: "Give me another half-pound of diamonds, but larger ones. The them up more securely. The string broke off the last bundle and half of them tumbled out."

An article in an exchange is entitled "Shrinkage in Hogs." It can't refer to the breed that occupy two seats apiece in a railroad-car. They don't shrink. They expand—spread out—diffuse themselves, so to speak.—Norristown Herald.

An Englishman, who went to see an Irish friend, knocked at the street door and asked, "Does Mr. McGuire live here?" "He does, sorr; but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-morrow," was the response, "he'd have been dead a fortnight."—Ec.

A correspondent writes to know the best method of feeding cattle. We are hardly able to advise. You might place them in rocking-chairs, put napkins around their necks and feed them with a soup ladle; or take 'em into the kitchen and let them eat with the hired girl.

Father (to his little son, who has just handed him his teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month): "This report is very unsatisfactory. I am not at all pleased with it." Little son: "I told the teacher I thought you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

In some of the islands of the South Pacific, where the clam attains a great size, diving for clams is one of the occupations of the natives. At some of the church fairs in the United States, where the oysters are usually of small size, diving for oysters in stews is one of the amusements of the natives.—Puck.

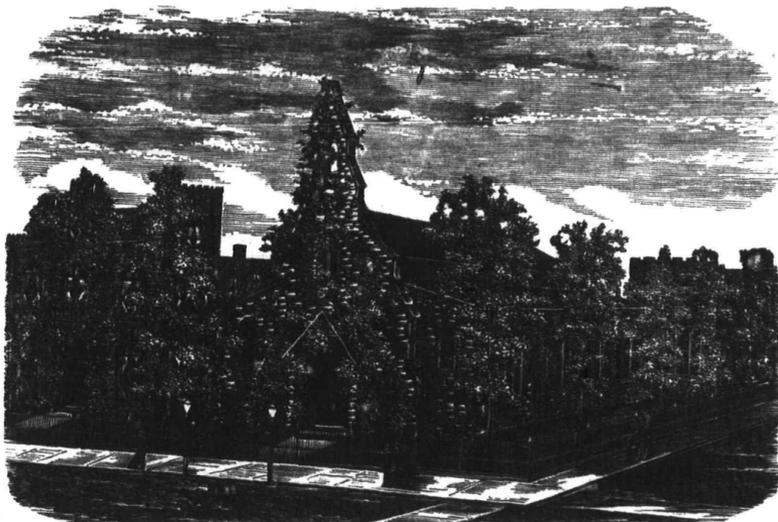
A stockbroker returning to his office the other day after a substantial luncheon with a client said, complacently, to his head clerk: "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes sir," replied the clerk, significantly, "and he looks different to the world."

Carving isn't fun. A young man was invited to carve a turkey at dinner recently, and before the knife was finally taken from him he had upset a glass of water, wrenched his shoulder, shot the turkey across the table into a lady's lap, and nearly jabbed a man's eye out, and it wasn't a tough turkey either.—Albany Argus.

An ingenious mother, who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at the table, has at last discovered a method of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before his neighbor at the table, and of course each cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.—Chic.

He stood with his back against the front door of the street car. Everyone else had a seat and he anxiously watched each face for symptoms of getting out for over three miles. It grew wearisome, and he finally shifted his weight from one foot to the other and exclaimed, "By me soul, have none o' yoss any homes to go to?"

We are inclined to think that Le Duc's ambition should be gratified, and that there should be a Secretary of Tea. To be sure, we haven't much native tea, but then we have a Secretary of the Navy, though we have very few ships. Besides the Secretary of Tea could take charge of China matters and the sugar crop as correlated subjects.—Puck.



1868, may be mentioned. In the following year the lot (20x30 feet) in the rear of the rectory was bought.

On March 9th, 1874, to the very great regret of wardens, vestrymen, parishioners, and a large circle of friends, outside of parochial limits, the Rev. Reuben W. Howes, Jr., resigned the rectorship. His successor, the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, was elected the following month.

On the 7th of October, 1878, the Rev. T. Hodgson resigned the work which he had so faithfully and efficiently discharged during the preceding four years and a half, and removed to the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, where he had been called as the Dean of the Theological School. The Rev. Mr. Hodgson was universally beloved, and his resignation was most deeply regretted.

On Christmas, 1878, a brass altar cross and a white altar cloth, were presented to the church by the wife of the retiring pastor.

On the 22d of October, the present incumbent was elected rector, and assumed the duties of his position on January 1st, 1879.

In the summer of 1879, the church floor was removed, an air cellar of four feet excavated, and four ventilators cut in the side walls of the foundation, and a new and thoroughly substantial floor laid. The chancel has been altered, the railing set back, the step lowered, the gates opened from the centre of the chancel. The whole church, pews and aisles, has been re-carpeted; the choir-room (10x12 feet) built as an addition to the vestry-room, the grounds laid out and embellished with trees and shrubbery; the rectory repaired and painted; and the first payment made upon the purchase of the lot in the rear of the church and rectory.

A new and beautiful (south) window, in memory of all who have at any time during the past twenty-five years been connected with the Sunday School, either as pupil or teacher, and now rest from

its consecration, on October 3, 1858, was very modest, in all amounting to \$13,929.11. Nearly all of this amount was promptly paid, a small balance only on the ground purchase remaining. The present indebtedness will be accounted for by the vast improvements, additions, etc., made since.

Several valuable and useful presentations have been made at various times by members of the congregation, notably two church seals by W. P. Wright, one of the first and oldest wardens. The same gentleman also, in 1858, presented four tablets made by Cox & Sons, London, and containing the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and an Ambo, or Rouble Lectern, at present not in use.

From Miss Sophia Stevens a Lectern, Bible and a number of prayer books, besides a handsome contribution toward securing the trees and shrubbery for the enclosure. The Rev. Mr. Harris donated the font and an altar cloth.

The corporation of the church, as at present constituted, numbers in its ranks some of our oldest and most respected citizens, and is as follows: Rev. George C. Houghton, M. A., Rector; Messrs. Michael V. Banta and Hon. Frederick B. Ogden, wardens; Messrs. Wm. Plumer, W. H. Dilworth, John E. McWhorter, Henry Morton, Ph. D., John M. Livingston, Charles T. Kroeh, A. M., B. Franklin Hart, Wm. Moffatt, John Stevens and E. P. C. Lewis, vestrymen. Mr. Wm. Plumer has been treasurer since 1872, while Mr. John M. Livingston has discharged the duties of secretary since 1873.

The Sunday school is superintended by the Rector, who has able assistance from Messrs. John M. Livingston and J. R. Stevens, treasurers; John Aspinwall, secretary; Messrs. Sherwood and Burhorn, librarians, and the Misses Currier and Livingston, organists, besides five male and about twenty female teachers,

Brown; 1858, Fanny Mitchell; 1859, Florida Wood; 1860, Mary Mossy; 1861, Frederick W. Stevens; 1862, Mary L. Elliott; 1863, Hannah Childs; 1864, Marion Kanna; 1865, Richard Palmer; 1866, Agnes Currie; 1867, Marie T. Hedges; 1868, Emily Hall; 1869, Mary Julian; 1870, Virginia Harry; 1871, Harriet Obermeyer; 1872, Stephen Woods; 1873, Wilson O. Ostendorff; 1875, Matilda Van Minden; 1876, Annie A. Chabert; 1877, Hattie E. Hill; 1878, Emma Machold; 1879, Mary Moffat; 1880, Henrietta Burhorn.

Mr. W. N. Parslow is the present sexton, and ably performs the duties of a responsible office, which was held by the gentleman's father many years ago.

The following statistics, dating from the foundation of the parish, may not prove uninteresting: Baptisms, over 700; Confirmations, 328; Communicants, 700; Marriages, 160; Burials, 350; Offerings and Receipts, \$135,000 00.

As a fitting close we return our sincere thanks to the Rev. Mr. Houghton and others who kindly assisted us in compiling our brief history of Hoboken's oldest church building and its successful career.

### The Ladies Wanted Some Breakfast.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough, and the ship was behind time. It was 10 o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stinky Captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for the ladies. The captain turned his back, flattered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up the deck.

The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something

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Communications must be accompanied by the true name and address of the writer in order to receive attention. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

(Entered at the Post Office at Hoboken, N. J., as second-class matter.)

FOURTH YEAR.....NO. 4.

Amusements.

HOBOKEN.

WEBER'S GARDEN-Variety.

THEATRE COMIQUE-Variety.

NEW YORK.

BOOTH'S-100 Wives.

BUNNELL'S MUSEUM-Curiosities.

HAVENLY'S FIFTH STREET-Hobbes.

STANDARD THEATRE-Bille Taylor.

DAILY'S THEATRE-Neddes and Pins.

BIQU OPERA HOUSE-Widow Bellot.

HAVENLY'S FIFTH AVENUE-Oliver.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS-Oliver.

TONY PASTOR'S-Pic-Bats of Penn Yarn.

HAVENLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN-Tourists.

NEW YORK AQUARIUM-Murray's Circus.

WINDSOR THEATRE-Our German Senator.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE-Berg's Daughter.

THEATRE COMIQUE-Mulligan's Silver Wedding.

HOBOKEN, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

Any rumor or statement that this paper is not printed, published and circulated in this city are prepared to refute with affidavits. What next? Perhaps we don't live here!

What's the matter? No new job "put up" for U. S. Grant this week-the poor man will starve.

Wonder if it will rain, snow, freeze and thaw before light? If not, it will be a welcome change in the weather.

A cremation society with \$20,000 has been started in New York. We would rather go into a cream-ating society with that much wealth.

Wreckage has accumulated to such an extent on the ocean that many accidents are feared during the equinox, and warnings have been sent out.

The lot of a sanitary inspector is not an enviable one by any means. Wherever anything disagreeable or dangerous to health exists, there his duty calls him.

"Civil Service" rules have been adopted on the Third Avenue horse car line, New York. So severe are they that a man has to be little less than an angel to pass muster.

Mark Twain advises young authors to publish their own books. They would be quite willing to do so, but very few of them being worth over \$200,000, they don't feel as if they could stand the expense.

General Hancock's acceptance of the invitation to attend Garfield's inauguration was a graceful way of showing that his defeat had not soured his genial temper and that he bore his late antagonist no ill will.

The mob who are selling Mr. Garfield to not introduce wine at the White House are probably in favor of old rye or Bourbon, or the quiet. What do they expect the man to do, take every calder across the street when he can have a supply at somebody else's expense on hand? Guess not! He ain't that kind of a rooster.

Senator Matt Carpenter, of Wisconsin, died Thursday in Washington, after a lingering illness. One by one the founders of Republicanism are passing away, until scarcely a corporal's guard is left. There is one quality they have which can be commended, and that is their earnestness-they were terribly in earnest in what they did.

The Macon, Ga., Telegraph is a sensible paper. It says: "Georgia will not prosper until Georgians apply themselves to the development of their resources. If we are thrifty and law-abiding, we will attract capital and immigration. If the south will shake off its lethargy and go to work, it won't have to ask Congress for money."

The Obelisk is all fixed now; but it is dangerous to go anywhere near it on foot. The mud in that vicinity is said to be of the mud-lake species and very plentiful. The Park cab drivers and commissioners evidently have made a combination-one furnishes the only safe conveyance to the monument, and the other the mud which keeps pedestrians away.

Chicago firemen have invented an open box which, as soon as the handle which opens it is turned, rings out a sufficiently loud alarm to be heard at night several blocks away, and until it has ceased to ring the regular fire alarm signal can not be given. This box ought to come into practical use here, where the department is so often fooled by false alarms.

Jay Gould seems unlimited in his ambition. He wants to be both a railroad and a telegraph king. He seems to be getting railroad after railroad in his clammy grasp. He has his claws on two New Jersey roads-the Central and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. It is easy to see what all this will lead to if the people do not combine against monopolies. Half a dozen men will hold the destinies of a great country in the hollow of their hand.

Some members of the New York press, who profess to criticize the future actions of prominent men, should feel a little ashamed of their prophecies in reference to the Honorable Charles Stewart Parnell and his confederates. The charges of desertion, etc., were hardly published before the agitator and his friends were back at their posts, either instructing the masses or holding their own in the House of Commons. Not a word on the opinions of the great New York press can make such men turn aside. The journalist may be mistaken, but the true patriot is never a traitor.

GOOD TIME COMING.

We have noticed in the past few weeks several wagons, loaded with household effects, coming from New York to this city, and were somewhat surprised, as we had been prepared for the reverse. After some inquiry, we learned that several longshoremen from over the river have settled in this city owing to the late strike on the Hamburg-Bremen docks, which necessitated the employment of outside labor. From among the many who obtained work during the strike of our own laborers, about fifteen have already engaged apartments here and are doing well.

While we are pleased at such indications of progress, we do not desire that our own people should be sacrificed, and we don't find such to be the case. The number of new settlers so far, though small, is constantly increasing, and furnishes evidence that we are not, as a city, retrograding, and this, considering numerous rumors to the contrary, is flattering.

The longshoremen, as a class, are a species of mechanics thoroughly posted in their own business and its surroundings, and have a very good idea of its future here. In permanently locating in our city they have not done so without consideration, and we think they have made no mistake.

With the exception of during the temporary excitement consequent to the recent strike, our longshoremen have always had a reasonable share of employment. It is the exception to see large crowds of brawny men lingering about our water front day after day seeking a job. This slight is the rule on West and Southstreets. Notwithstanding the increased amount of labor to be performed in the latter locations, the numbers ready and willing to do the work are excessive.

The increase of residents in any location must necessarily add to its trade and prosperity, and, in a general sense, benefit the city. We are also informed on good authority that the next twelve months will see five additional manufacturing concerns in our midst, not including the new silk factory, which is already a settled question.

These industries, besides employing a number of our own people, will necessitate considerable skilled help, familiar with the different trades to be introduced, and will, no doubt, induce many to take up their residence here.

The benefits are all prospective, of course, but bright prospects in the near future when supported by good grounds are at least cheering, and we can afford to await their development.

We see nothing particularly to howl about the times are hard, but no worse here than elsewhere.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

In another column will be found a letter from "Citizen," in which he lays bare one of the most flagrant abuses at present in our midst. That the abuse exists there is no doubt, and that it should continue is a shame. The only trouble seems to be in locating the responsibility, and if that can be accomplished a remedy may be found, or at least some little modification of the wrongs at present inflicted on our letter carriers. That they are faithful and conscientious in the discharge of their duties has never been questioned, and yet it would almost seem reasonable if they were at times forced to neglect portions of their work.

It is all very fine to talk about "soft Government jobs," etc., but in this instance it won't apply. The carrier gets a steady salary, to be sure, but not an extravagant one by any means, particularly where contributions, etc., are deducted. In return for this, four men are expected to collect and deliver three mails per day, taking in the whole city on each trip. This is no "dog trot" or "go-as-you-please" style, such as pedestrians get big pay for, but a regular "go-as-fast-as-you-can-pace" and keep it up, too.

We agree with "Citizen" that reform is necessary, but, as we said before, hardly know where to apply for a change. We don't, particularly, object to people enjoying easy positions, if their comfort was not secured at the cost of a living death to others. The postmaster must be acquainted with the above facts, and if not, he should be, and if in his power should apply a remedy without awaiting any suggestion from "Citizen," or any other source.

We are informed, and the source is reliable, that one of the young men employed in the post office department recently suffered from swollen limbs, caused by almost continuous running.

This savors a good deal of the tan bark track, and is not at all creditable to our boasted humanity, or the representatives of a so-called considerate and just administration.

We know positively that about the holiday season and at other periods, mostly during the cold spell, the letter carriers are obliged to be out in all kinds of weather. We also know that the peculiar nature of their business prevented donning comfortable or heavy clothing, and consider such drawbacks sufficient to make their calling anything but enviable; but this latest discovery would stamp the treatment they receive as not only unjust, but brutal.

Oh! for a society for the prevention of cruelty to man-now that the animals, women, and children have been provided for.

THE DAY WE DON'T CELEBRATE.

Washington's birthday was very quiet. Iy observed in this city, and really, outside of a meagre display of flags, bunting, etc., and the suspension of public business, there was nothing to indicate that last Tuesday was the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the greatest of the great men this country ever knew. The man who

even-to-day is remembered as being

"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" would seem to have lost his grip, at least as far as this section of the country is concerned.

The city was crowded with strangers, mostly from New York, and this being the case every Sunday, it cannot be considered an event. Some of the fire companies, who never lose an opportunity for pleasure, had impromptu entertainments at their houses, and others paid the fire "laddies" of New Durham a visit, and were well received and entertained.

The two places of amusement were crowded. Nothing whatever of a martial or public demonstration was noticeable; even the small boy, who ought to particularly do honor to the little fellow who never told a lie, was unusually quiet. The toy pistol and pop-gun were silent, and not a single finger, ear or eye was sacrificed to perpetuate the memory of the immortal George. Such base ingratitude from the youngsters, who generally require only the slightest excuse to bring out their fire arms, is unaccountable, unless it be that the rising generation of to-day cannot appreciate the good boy of one hundred years ago. We do know for a certainty that many of our juvenile friends doubt the "little hatchet" story, and, from their own experience, are inclined to consider Washington's father the nicest man of the two.

We regret, however, to observe the great excitement and expense our people are enduring just at present in their anxiety to do honor to the very indifferent counterfeiter who will shortly take his seat as President. This, while the memory of the dead hero and statesman is almost entirely forgotten, or remembered only as a good speculation on the advantages the occasion offers for increased trade, should be disgusting to the true American, who must cease to be loyal the moment he forgets the name or fails to honor the glorious memory of the immortal Washington.

NATURE AND THE DOCTORS.

It is a well known fact that the best of doctors are little more than the handmaids of nature, and that the science of medicine is yet in its infancy. Nearly all medical discoveries have been made by intelligent physicians watching nature's processes, effecting a cure. The old fog doctors, who have patiently gone through college, and after that learn nothing, but apply certain rules to certain cases without regard to the patient's constitution, and without heeding the warning so freely given by nature was rapidly losing their custom. We commend to the attention of these gentlemen the following case, which, if true, throws some new light on that scourge of eastern cities-diphtheria, and would seem to suggest a cure for most cases which now prove fatal.

A young man in the west, whose arm had been amputated, was recently attacked with the disease before the limb had healed. To the surprise of his physician, the matter incident to diphtheria appeared on the arm where it had been severed, in place of depositing itself as usual in the throat, and the case proved to be a very mild one. The doctor profited by this strong intimation from nature, and when next called to visit a diphtheritic patient he blistered his chest. There most of the deposits showed themselves, and the patient speedily recovered. Hence it is inferred that the disease generally affects the throat on account of the thinness of its lining, and not because it is any part of its morbid law to do so. When they blister the epidermis, the tenderness of that portion of the body draws the virus in the system thither, instead of to the throat, as ordinarily.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES.

The House adjourned on Tuesday out of respect to the immortal Washington and, organized as a Committee of the Whole, had some fun singing and declaiming.

The question of a general revision of the State laws is attracting more and more the attention of our solons. The clever correspondent of the Argus says of the laws: "As it stands now, those parts of it which can be comprehended clash. The rest is an incomprehensible muddle."

Senator Hobart, who is pushing his "biennial sessions" resolution, is also eager for a constitutional commission.

The general county bill, which is designed to relieve Jersey City of its Boards, and vest the chief power in the Mayor, has reached its third reading in the Senate.

Governor Ludlow has earned commendations from every quarter for his veto of the bill restoring the rights of citizenship of Joseph B. Cornish, one of the members of the Warren County ring.

The House is going to look after the morals of our youth who play pool for drinks. The bill, introduced by Mr. Robinson, puts a stop to boys playing cards, billiards and pool in a place where liquor is sold.

Mr. Curran's engine-house bill has passed, and only awaits the Governor's signature to become a law.

The sunken lot bill has passed a third reading, and is in good shape to go through. Lawrence has elevated railroad on the brain, but keeps his bill in his pocket. He doesn't think the times propitious just now.

On Thursday the House passed the Senate Concurrent Constitutional Commission.

The House passed a bill to raise the school revenues by a tax of \$4 on each child in the State; 90 per cent. to be paid back to the different counties who raised it, and 10 per cent. to be used at the discretion of the State Board of Education. The two-mill school tax, of course, abolished if this bill becomes a law.

The committee to investigate recent sales made by the East Jersey Proprietors will soon get to work. The Proprietors claim valuable property under a grant from Charles II.

A New Lodge.

Grand Dictator W. C. Morris, of this city, and B. H. Van Ness, District Deputy Grand Dictator of Essex County, instituted a new branch of the Knights of Honor at Newark last Tuesday evening. The new organization was christened "Americus," and over fifty were present, who expressed a desire to join. The rules of the order permit only forty charter members, and consequently only that number were enrolled. The prospects of the new lodge are very promising.

A TRAVELING STORY.

From New York to California and Back to Hoboken.

An Incident of Capt. Busch's Journey.

The following we clip from an exchange as an evidence of how news flies about the world, as well as for the reason that it contains a brief opinion of one of our most prominent citizens, as volunteered by a California editor. During Capt. Busch's recent visit to the Pacific slope, and while being shown around by his numerous friends in that quarter, he made the acquaintance of many journalists. On his return home the Evening Telegram published the Captain's views on the Chinese as he found them in San Francisco. Later, through the exchange system, the article in the New York Telegram reached the office of the Donnellville Mountain Messenger, of Sierra County, California, who reproduced the article in question, with comments. A few days ago the California sheet reached us, and we give the whole story below:

"We clip the following from a recent issue of the New York Telegram, which will be perused with interest by our readers, as Colonel Busch is a brother of our old friend and timer, A. C. Busch, Esq., of Sierra City. The Colonel would have visited Sierra City and Downsville, had the roads not been in such miserable order for traveling during his trip over the continent. His weight has been over 600 pounds, but has been reduced by judicious dieting to 470, while his brother only marks 240 on the scales. The Colonel is very popular in his jurisdiction and wherever else he is known, and has for years been agent for the leading railway lines that have the most of the freight and passenger traffic throughout the eastern part of the Union. He also acts as a head baron for the immigrants from the more populated European countries to this side of the Atlantic, and once in his charge, those deserv'g and industrious people need entertain no fear of anything but the most hospitable reception and treatment in their journeyings for a new home in the vast domains and fertile farming lands of America."

Colonel Busch, of Hoboken, ex-President of the "Fat Men's Club," ex-member of the New Jersey Legislature and a celebrated gastronome, has just returned from an extensive trip to the Pacific Coast. He is a keen observer of men and affairs, and his views on the Chinese question are full of interest. To a Telegram reporter this morning, he said: "My trip was very enjoyable. During my stay in San Francisco I made a careful examination of the Chinese question and investigated the actual life of the Celestials. In the company of a police officer and one or two German friends I visited the Chinese quarter. The actual filth, disease and death fostered in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco make it possible at any moment for plague to break out in this country, which will sweep through the United States like wildfire and destroy our white population."

"Why, I cannot tell you how they live. In one room I found 300 Chinese huddled together like pigs, breathing an atmosphere that would kill a white man, living on food that a dog would refuse. They were in abject filth; not as the Chinese of our Eastern cities are, comparatively clean and well fed. In that one quarter there were fifty deaths from small-pox in a few weeks during my stay. The doctors and city officials said they could not keep the inhabitants, the houses or the streets clean where the Chinese are quartered. They are without morals, and I was told of vices they practice which would shock a savage. I visited a 'Joss House,' and saw them worshipping a big wooden idol with black hair on its face. It was the perfection of paganism, and would shock the sensibility of an enlightened and Christian people. At the burial of their dead they roast a fat pig and place it on the grave or tomb where the body rests, and after dark the 'hoodlums' steal the meat away and eat it. I visited an opium den, where the smokers were more dead than alive. In the dim light of their smoky lamps their sallow, shrunken faces looked like shriveled dead men. The stench from this den drags to the street, and I was glad to get away."

"The worst exhibitions of vice in New York can give you no idea of the degradation I witnessed. They are said to be law-abiding and not quarrelsome, but their vice habits are exceedingly dangerous to America from a sanitary point of view. The feeling of dislike for the Chinese among the whites of San Francisco has developed into hatred, and is shared not only by one class, but by all, high and low. Even the employers do not like them, although they will work for almost nothing. I am satisfied that the moral American public see of them the greater will the dislike become, and as they never can be made good citizens I think we are far better without them. This is my opinion after seeing them as they are."

It is reported that Mr. Busch will lecture at Old Fellows' Hall on the Chinese question.

The assertion that Mr. Busch intended lecturing in Old Fellows' Hall has not as yet been realized. We would be pleased to hear the mammoth Busch tell what he knows about the diminutive Mongolian.

THE QUARTETTE'S NIGHT OFF.

Which is Thoroughly Enjoyed by the Club and Its Friends.

The last two weeks have been among the liveliest experienced in this rather lively town, for many years. Every evening one or more social entertainments were the order, and in spite of this crowding things all seemed to be well patronized. The event, however, of the past week was the annual masquerade ball of the Hoboken Quartette Club, known as the oldest and most respectable German singing society in Hudson County. Monday night another grand success was scored by the members of this organization, when at least one hundred and fifty couples appeared at Old Fellows' Hall, to do honor to the occasion, besides heartily enjoying themselves. The hall was brilliantly illuminated and the decorations of a very unique and humorous order. The costumes were so elegant and the characters so varied, that special mention would not only be unjust, but next to impossible. Several of the city officials attended and participated in the festivities until a late hour. Professor Dysik's full orchestra charmed all, with selections from the latest gems of dance music and made his department a feature of the entertainment. Major Woerner, amply supplied the wants of the inner man, and spread a table which has seldom been equaled in Old Fellows' Hall. The members of the various committees were untiring in their efforts to please, and certainly have reason to be gratified at the result.

President H. Baum, was chairman of the floor arrangements, and with the aid of Messrs. E. Krammer, W. Muller, W. Koethgen, and C. Dorband ably discharged the duties of the position. The reception of guests and other matters, were judiciously entrusted to Messrs. C. Stein, Schultz, F. Harris, W. O. Kuempel and F. Mauser, who also gave satisfaction. Messrs. Fred Schoenfeld and Charlie Kauffman were the orators of this occasion, delivering many neat little speeches beginning with "prossit." Taken all in all, we are pleased to notice that the time-honored club contains the proper material for the fullest development of good feeling, and pleasure, and never displayed it to better advantage than on the occasion of their last ball.

The Land League.

The Hoboken branch of the National Land League held its regular meeting at St. Mary's School Hall, Monday evening.

President Minton being absent, Mr. Patrick McGinness was elected temporary chairman.

Ex-Mayor McGavisk reported, as chairman of the delegates of the Executive Committee, that the mass meeting on Wednesday evening at the Catholic Institute, Jersey City, was a great and thorough success in every respect.

The secretary was directed to notify the press of this city that the next meeting of the League will be a very important one, and solicit the publishers of such papers to mention this fact through their columns, so that a full attendance may be secured.

The Treasurer, Mr. Boneman, reported on hand funds to the amount of \$775.

A vote of thanks was accorded the Hoboken Advertiser for its past support and the favorable notices extended to the movements of the League in this city.

President Minton, who had just arrived, made a short address, reviewing in a condensed manner, the very flattering success of the cause in Hoboken.

The meeting then adjourned until next Monday evening, at the same place, when a full attendance is desired, as very important business will be introduced.

A Military Conundrum.

The following is a portion of the instructions applying to the participation of the Ninth Regiment in the inauguration ceremonies:

"This Regiment will assemble at Old Fellows' Hall, on Thursday, the 15th day of March next, in full dress with knapsacks and overcoats rolled down on blankets in knapsacks with one-day's rations in haversack to proceed to Washington, D. C., to participate in the inauguration of the President elect of the United States. The hour of assembly will be announced in subsequent orders."

If you want to know nothing whatever about the above, just persevere frequently. It is an exact copy of an order issued to the members of the Ninth Regiment, and, as far as we can learn, pertaining to their departure for Washington. Colonel Hart, or some other colonel or brigadier, is the author of the conundrum, which has been puzzling the bold soldier boys for some days. We believe the intention is for the men to put on blankets and roll up their haversacks and place themselves in their knapsacks. Some of the members, however, have a different solution to the problem, and believe they are expected to put their full dress in their knapsacks and go down to Washington with their rations and blankets alone, a la "big blum." Whoever perpetrated this cruel joke on the regiment has at least succeeded in producing a conundrum which leaves the "13-15-14" nuisance far in the shade.

A "Rustic" Gathering.

One of the most pleasant social features of the week, in which many of our citizens participated, was a reunion of old friends at the residence of Mr. C. W. Bang, at No. 31 Hudson street, New York, last evening. The genial hostess on this occasion is a sister of Messrs. George H. and Hannett E. Lancaster, of this city, and hence invitations were accepted by several Hobokenites. The party was, properly speaking, intended as a gathering of old friends who had rusticated together at Saybrook, Conn., last summer, and was a genuine renewal of past and pleasant experience. Among the guests we noticed G. H. and H. P. Lancaster and Miss M. Lancaster, Mr. Skidmore-Stoville, Mrs. C. W. Maybin, Mr. A. Houghton, from this city; Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Day, of Saybrook, and Mr. and Mrs. Decker, of N. Y. A sumptuous supper was provided and followed by music, dancing, toasting, etc. Miss Lancaster, of this city, proving much amusement by her life-like imitations of a notably anxious, to enhance the pleasure of their guests, and succeeded admirably. The two social hours were approaching when one of the country guests made the startling request, "Get that boat," which was accepted as an invitation to catch the 3:30 train. Another "Want to know" "When's Stevens?" and that worthy not being on hand, there was no disposition to "tramp seven miles home," so the very pleasant gathering was brought to a close with an appropriate parting chorus.

Marion Calisch Safe at Home.

The return of Miss Marion Calisch to her home at No. 213 Bloomfield street, on Thursday morning, was as mysterious as her sudden disappearance some time ago. Miss Calisch is a modest-appearing, attractive girl of 17, well educated and a teacher in the Kindergarten conducted by the Society for Ethical Culture in New York. She said that she knew nothing of where she had been since January 19th and that she found herself sick in a house where she was kept by a white woman and a black one. She could not tell where the house was. Finally she was taken out in a carriage and she screamed so loud that her abductors became frightened and opened the carriage door, out of which she jumped into the street. She wandered about until she was accidentally encountered by a gentleman who noticed her agitation and inquired her name. Upon learning it he recognized the case to the New York police and Miss Calisch remained with them until her parents came after her. She suffers much from nervous prostration, and had to be attended by Dr. Braunstein. She is unable to see any one, and will be confined to the house for some time. The Calisch family believe implicitly in the truth of the girl's story.

The A. P. C.'s Surprise.

One of the most social and select gatherings of the season was the annual supper of the Atlantic Pleasure Club, tendered to Miss Mattie Ackerman, at her residence, No. 132 Bloomfield street, on Monday evening. The club had the affair in preparation for some

time, and consequently it was a complete success. The dancing began at 9 o'clock and was kept up with spirit all the evening, the music being particularly good. No small feature of the surprise was the supper, which was set by Mrs. Ackerman and three sons, Chris., Jacob and Charles. The committees distinguished themselves in their attentions to everybody's wants, and Mr. Joseph Letts was indelibly imprinted in his efforts to wreath the company's faces with smiles. It was not until long after midnight that the party broke up. The committees were composed of the following gentlemen: Floor-Ernest Henschel, Phil. Daub, J. W. Miller and W. R. Brennan; Reception-H. L. Jewell, L. C. Calisch, W. Lohsen, J. Archer, C. Peavy and C. T. Bauer.

Turners Dancing.

The members of the Hoboken Turn-Verein very appropriately selected Tuesday evening for the purpose of receiving their friends, as they do annually. The time was well chosen and resulted, not only in a good time secured, but also served as a fitting celebration of one of our greatest days. The attendance was very large, indeed, and the accommodations of Old Fellows' Hall severely tested. The guests were as jolly as their number was large, the unique, humorous, and grotesque costumes presenting a moving tableau of shapeliness and color well worth seeing. Professor Eckert's music kept every one in good humor, and dancing was only interrupted to afford an opportunity to enjoy a very substantial repast furnished by Miss hostess Werner. The festivities did not close until a late hour Wednesday morning, and were brought to a successful finish, by the following gentlemen, who comprised the various committees: P. H. Weiss, Emil Fuchs, Emil Jungfer, Otto Fuchs, John Schroeder, Ex-Officio, Chas. Steinhilber, Geo. Hilliges, Jul. Stille, S. Schlegel, C. Stoffle.

GENERAL NEWS.

Delaware has only 512 public schools, with an average attendance of 75.

Railway proposes to repudiate, in violation of her Southern terms.

Fog Harbor is said to be suffering from an epidemic of small pox, and all public places are closed.

Groveland had an explosion in Deweller's fireworks factory on Wednesday which killed seven persons.

Weeks-laden has just got \$1,000 from the Erie Road, back taxes on lands under water for which they refused to pay.

A farmer in Westchester sent his mother to the poor house. He could make a good wild animal to put in some menagerie.

The lark placed in the Delaware, between Bordentown and Trenton, to improve navigation, were swept away by the recent flood and ice gorge.

A new company has purchased twenty-four acres of ground from the Hazard Powder Company at Conestoga Hook and will erect large-smelting works at once.

A "Bugs' Ten-cent Brigade," and a "Ladies' committee on public conduct," have been established in connection with the inauguration ball at Washington.

There is a wild man in Wall street, for speculation among young men. New Mexican railways are the present rage. Palmer, Sullivan and Gould, are back of it all.

Jefferson Davis recently told a correspondent of the Springfield Republican that his history of the war was not finished by any means, and that he intended the labor ahead of him.

Newark is about to ask the State for an appropriation for the establishment of an Industrial School in that city, and pleads with the country members to be decently liberal forces.

West Virginia's Volcanic, emitting warm air and a bad smell, is suspected of being the resting place of a defunct rascally. This is coming down from the sublime to the ridiculous with a vengeance.

Two Spanish beauties rode home from a ball, in Paris, in a close carriage. They were almost suffocated by the flowers worn on their dresses and hair, and were with difficulty restored to consciousness.

A New Orleans minister tore up the floor of his church when he resigned his pastoral charge, so that the congregation which came to worship the next morning had to seek spiritual consolation elsewhere.

Some one writing in favor of a State Intermediary prison, estimates that "crime increases in New Jersey at a ratio four fold greater than our population, greater even than in France by an immense percentage."

The last system proposed for the improvement of the Mississippi river, is the construction of dams and reservoirs, sufficient to hold water enough to maintain a depth of at least four feet in the channel. The cost will be \$1,500,000.

An old man rapidly acquired \$200,000 worth of property at Metairie, Iowa. Feeling that he would soon die, he wrote letters to his relatives in the East, soliciting aid to carry him through a hard winter. The only response was from a niece, who sent him \$20 out of her earnings as a school teacher, and to her he left his entire estate.

Senator David Davis, says a correspondent who has known him for nearly thirty years, can safely be said to be the most extensive landowner in Central Illinois, and his total wealth, at a fair estimate, can be placed at \$2,000,000. His taxes amount to about \$27,000 yearly. When he opened a law office in Bloomington he possessed only a few hundred dollars. Feeling convinced that there was a great future for the West, he invested all his money in land, the greater portion of which he



CAPTAIN CAMLION.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

In the month of May, 1864, we were encamped under Grant, on the bank of the Rapidan. The opposite side of the river was held by Lee's forces. Our regiment—the 29th Massachusetts—had fought in many of the bloodiest battles of the war, and comparatively few of the original volunteers now survived. Camlion, Fred. Belton and myself, however, still held together, and neither one of us, in all the dangers to which we had been exposed, had received a wound.

Our acquaintance antedated the war. We had been classmates in Harvard University. I remember we used to nickname Camlion "Captain" long before the war of the rebellion was thought of. He was tall, strong and serene, with a dignity about him, half boyish and half manly, which made him respected as well as loved. He was President of every college society to which he belonged; he pulled the heaviest oar in the University crew. No exertion tired him, and no provocation put him out of temper, though I do not forget his encounter with Fred. Belton. It was, indeed, the beginning of their friendship. Fred was a Virginian by birth, though he afterward fought on the Northern side; he was full of fun and humorous mischief, but subject to ungovernable outbreaks of passion. One day he undertook to play off a practical joke on Mrs. Clapper, our laundress, who was more than suspected of using chemicals in her washing, to the detriment of the fabrics committed to her charge. Fred, who was something of a chemist, hit upon the ingenious device of saturating one of his shirts with a mixture which, when brought into contact with the ingredient Mrs. Clapper was accused of using, produced an explosion which utterly upset her and her wash tub, and, besides rendering the poor lady almost idiotic with fright, injured her rather severely on the face and hands. Fred related the incident with great glee at the supper table that evening. We all thought it funny and laughed, all except Camlion.

"You ought to beg the woman's pardon, Belton," he said. There was an immediate silence when his low, but powerful voice struck in, and everybody turned toward him as he sat with both hands resting on the edge of the table and his face, which was the type of the young Grecian Hercules, slowly reddening. Fred, laughing, fancied at first that Camlion was chaffing. But in a moment the latter added, "It was a blackguardly thing to do."

Thereupon Fred jumped up, white with wrath. "Will you take that back?" he called out.

"I say it was a shameful and cowardly trick," was Camlion's answer.

Belton snatched up a heavy bread knife that lay on the table and hurled it with all his force at Camlion's face. It struck him on the cheek, a little below the right eye. It was a murderous act. We all rose confusedly to our feet, anticipating a violent sequel; for Camlion could have shaken Belton's heart out of him with one hand. He alone remained seated, however, pressing his handkerchief to the deep gash, while he kept his glance fixed at his assailant.

"Of course, that makes no difference, Belton," he said, after a pause.

Belton, who was by no means a bad fellow, had no sooner done the deed than he was sorry for it, and manfully said as much on the spot. "I don't care a fig about this," answered Camlion, quietly, "but," he added, with the grim tenacity which was a feature of his character, "you ought to make it up to Mrs. Clapper."

The upshot was that Belton yielded, and presented Mrs. Clapper with \$25 and a handsome apology. But the incident roused a good deal of discussion, and opinion was for a while somewhat divided as to Camlion's behavior. Some declared that he ought to have sent the Southerner a challenge; but most of us felt that a duel would have been a gratuitous absurdity for a man like Camlion; and it was a sign of the general confidence felt in him that no one ventured to intimate that the fact of Belton's being a notoriously dead shot had anything to do with the pacific termination of the affair. Camlion himself never alluded to it in any way, but, as I have said, the two men afterward became firm friends, and Belton, who had before belonged to the fast set, gradually mended his ways under Camlion's influence, and joined the athletic party.

Another follower of Camlion's—and he had many, though his intimates were few—was Frank Capel, also a Southerner, and a well-mannered, pleasant fellow enough. He was chiefly noted, however, for his fanatical devotion to a certain famous sister of his, to whose praises his friends were obliged to listen in season and out. She was, according to Frank, the cleverest, most beautiful, most fascinating creature above ground. Her dancing, her riding, her music, were all perfection; and Frank used to declare that she could beat even Fred. Belton hollow at shooting.

"Why, I've seen her," Frank exclaimed, "take her revolver and put a bullet through each of the five fingers of my glove while I was throwing it up in the air ten paces away from her."

In short, she was the ideal of all that woman can or might be, and we looked forward with interest to her promised appearance on our class day.

"We'll introduce Camlion to her, and she shall make her an offer of marriage," said Belton, with a chuckle.

The joke of this suggestion lay in the fact that the else heroic Camlion was what is called "afraid" of young ladies; that is, he could seldom be got to open his mouth in the presence of any woman who was not over thirty and married; and if brought to bay, he would stammer and blush like a school boy, and stand twisting his great hands behind him and glancing anxiously this way and that for a chance to bolt. To imagine him carrying on a courtship was too daring a flight of fancy for anyone but Belton. With children, however, Camlion

was completely at home, and he would spend hours of uproarious happiness in a nursery, tumbling his gigantic frame about on the floor amid the screams of delight of the small people. He treated them with ardent reverence and abject forbearance, and they loved him unreservedly.

Our class day came around at last—the longest and loveliest day of summer—with its "spreads" in the men's rooms, its dancing on the college green, its illuminations in the evening, and its various other diversions. Miss Capel was there, and beyond doubt she was, in appearance at least, nearly all that Frank had declared her to be. But for my own part, while recognizing the bewitching brilliance of her face and manner, I found her slender lips too satirical and her clear brown eyes too unsympathetic to command my entire fealty. She was one of those women who, as a bare return for condescending to exist in the presence of a man, demand from him a devotion scarcely distinguishable from slavery. She was witty, rapid, and at once subtle and daring. There was in her, I fancied, more of intellectual appreciation of passion than of passion itself. She seemed to think that the proper place for her arched foot was on the neck of the rest of humanity. She had never been opposed, much less rebuffed or humiliated; she expected that your eye should fall before hers. Her figure was tall and lithe, and nobly proportioned; graceful, erect and alert. But I was brutal enough to think that some of the ear-boxings which she had doubtless administered to her slaves at home might have been wholesomely returned to her own defiant head. Fred. Belton, on the other hand, considered her "divine," and "squired her about most inveterately; she accepting his homage in good part, and laughing with him, or at him, quite affably. For several hours he was a general object of envy. At length, catching sight of Camlion, he whispered a few words to his beautiful companion, who glanced at our serene Hercules, and nodded her head. A moment later he had been brought up and presented.

"See you again in half an hour at Harvard Hall," said Belton, and was off, chuckling to me, "We've cooked old Camlion's goose for him this time, at all events."

Perhaps he had, though not in the way he imagined. What induced Miss Rosalind absolutely to lay herself out to captivate Camlion of all men? Was it from a subtle feminine perception that no woman had yet won him, when yet he was worth any woman's winning? Was it, perhaps, that she was really impressed by something in the man's noble, simple nature that revealed to her possibilities she had never till then suspected? Or was it a mere whim, because she was weary of being worshipped, and wanted to have the novel sensation of finding herself on the soliciting side? I cannot say; but, at all events, she did it—how effectively and lastingly no one knew until years afterward. Meanwhile, it may be remarked that she and Camlion did not make their appearance at Harvard Hall, where Fred. waited for them until his patience was exhausted. On the contrary, they kept together by themselves all the rest of the day and evening; and it was not until the illuminations were over, and most of the merry-makers had dispersed, that Belton came across them, wandering arm-in-arm under the trees at the outskirts of the college grounds. They met his rather discomfited greeting very composedly.

"I thought you two must have decamped for good," he exclaimed, with a reproachful look at the lady. "You know, Miss Capel, you were engaged to dance the first waltz with me at the hall, and afterward to come to my spread, and—"

"I found better employment," interrupted Miss Capel, with a glance of superb insolence.

Her white hands, which Belton noticed were ungloved, were clasped over Camlion's mighty arm, and now she looked up at him, in the bright moonlight, with what seemed to Belton an expression of secret intelligence. Camlion bent toward her and said something; but in so low a tone that Belton did not catch it. Miss Capel then turned to the latter and demanded brusquely whether he knew where her brother was.

"I came to escort you to him," was Belton's reply.

She allowed her hands lingeringly to leave Camlion's arm; they confronted each other for a moment, their eyes meeting.

"Don't forget," she said to him at length, almost in a whisper.

"I shall be there," he answered, lifting his hat as he spoke.

After another pause she turned away from him slowly and began to move toward the college, quite ignoring Belton, who nevertheless walked beside her. He addressed several remarks to her, to which she vouchsafed no answer whatever. At last, being piqued, he said:

"Well, Miss Capel, I hope you have enjoyed your visit to Harvard and the men you have met here."

"I have met only one man here," she replied, facing him imperiously. And this was all he got from her that evening.

Next morning Camlion was not at breakfast; but some hints of his adventure of the previous evening had leaked out, and Belton had to sustain a good deal of chaff about the manner in which he had been "cut out." As for Miss Capel, it was well known that she was staying with her brother and father at the Tremont House in Boston. After breakfast, curiosity or idleness carried me around to Camlion's rooms. I was surprised to find him hurriedly packing his trunk, his usually healthy countenance terribly pale and drawn. I asked him what was the matter.

"I'm going home," he said. "I got a telegram this morning—something very bad has happened to my father." I muttered my sympathy. Presently he resumed.

"You were introduced to—Miss Capel, I think? Will you see her before she goes, and tell her—say I would have come if it had been possible; and—I hope I may see her again some day?"

I promised that I would do what he asked, and soon after I bade him good by. We did not meet again for some years. When I called on the Capels to deliver his message, they were not in, and I did not have

another opportunity of discharging my commission. In the course of a few days the newspapers contained the information that, something having gone wrong in the banking house of which Camlion's father was manager, the latter had committed suicide.

"By Jove," exclaimed Fred. Belton, when he heard the report, "I almost wish it had been me. Dear old Camlion!"

When Camlion and I found ourselves together again at the outbreak of the war, he was much matured in appearance, though his boyish simplicity and gentleness were unchanged. I had heard, in a vague way, that he had devoted himself, not without success, to paying off the liabilities which his unhappy father had incurred. But contact with men and the world, and the great preoccupation of his struggle to atone for the sins of the dead, instead of embittering him, had brought his strong nature into a more cheerful frame, and his quiet geniality made his companionship more than ever delightful to me. But once, when I asked him, half jocularly, whether he had no thoughts of getting married, he looked at me very gravely, and answered, in his deep, straightforward voice:

"I never met but one woman whom I could have married, and I gave her up long ago. Do you remember Miss Capel?"

This led to my telling him how my message had failed to reach her, and the intelligence seemed to produce a great effect upon him. He murmured to himself several times: "That may have been the reason," and became totally uncommunicative on the subject. I do not know whether Fred. Belton ever heard of this conversation; but for my own part, the stirring events that were daily happening around us soon put it out of my head.

As I began by saying, we were encamped on the Rapidan River, just below that terrible series of battles in the Wilderness which ushered in the close of the rebellion. Meanwhile there was an ominous quiet in our neighborhood; the only exception being a rather annoying one in the shape of sharpshooters on the Confederate side of the river (which was there about three hundred yards wide), who unerringly picked off any one of our men who ventured to show so much as his elbow on the Federal bank. As he had established himself opposite the only spot in the couple of miles where it was practicable to water our cattle, his presence was particularly inconvenient, and we expended an apparently disproportionate deal of trouble in our efforts to dislodge him, but nothing had any effect. As ill luck would have it, there were no guns available at this point, it was in vain that we peppered the place whence the deadly shots proceeded with our rifles. Every day several valuable men were lost, until at last the question, What was to be done? became a serious and pressing one. The unknown marksman never was known to miss, and all that any of us ever saw of him was the puff of smoke from the muzzle of his weapon.

One afternoon Fred Belton came to my tent (I was surgeon to our company) in a state of such manifest discomposure that at first I thought either the Colonel had been killed or the mysterious sharpshooter captured. It turned out to be quite another matter, however.

"What do you think?" he began, in an excited undertone. "Whose house do you suppose is a mile off there, on our left? And without giving me time to hazard a guess he went on: 'The Capels, as sure as you sit there. And whom do you suppose I saw? Miss Rosalind herself, as I'm a living sinner! She rode up on horseback just as I was palavering at the front door for provender. By Jove, she's more divinely handsome than ever! And oh, my wig, didn't she give me a rating, though! Whew!'"

"What did she scold you about?" demanded I, amused.

"For being a Virginian and fighting on the Northern side. I tell you she made me feel like a born sneak and blackguard. A little more, and I believe I should have rattled again and joined the Johnny Rebs. 'If I were a man,' said she, 'I would make it my business to catch such creatures as you and hang you!' It's my opinion if a few hundred women like her were to enlist on the Rebs' side, we should be thrashed out of our boots in a month. But luckily there's not another woman like her on the planet."

"You'd better look out or she'll make a conquest of you in more ways than one," said I, laughing. "By the way, this news would interest Camlion. Does he know?"

"No; and I don't mean to tell him," returned Belton, rather sharply; and after sitting a few minutes longer he got up and left me in apparently no very good humor.

That same evening, however, he appeared again, this time in a preoccupied mood, and with his pipe in his mouth. The conversation presently turned upon the ever-active sharpshooter, and after a few remarks had passed Belton suddenly exclaimed: "I've made up my mind to kill that fellow, and I've thought of a way how it may be done. I guess I'm as good a shot as he is, and if I can get sight of so much as a square inch of him he's settled!" He then went on to unfold to me his scheme, which appeared feasible, though there were certain obstacles in the way. After we had discussed it for a while he said: "Do you know why I want to shoot him?"

"From patriotic motives, I trust," was my reply.

"That's very well, so far as it goes; but there's something else. I believe I know who he is—or what he is, at all events. I believe he's the man whom Rosalind Capel is going to marry. From something she said to-day I'm certain she knows him and that there's something more than ordinary between them. And I don't intend that she shall marry him if I can help it."

I did not much like this attitude of Belton's and I told him so; but he took my strictures in such ill part that for the present I judged it best to say no more. Plainly he was in love with Miss Capel. I devoutly wished that she was out of the way, but before breakfast time next morning I was destined to hear of her again. It was about the hour of sunrise when Camlion, who had been out on picket duty during the night, entered the tent, his face flushed and his

blue eyes kindled with repressed excitement.

"I have seen Miss Capel," he said, going to the point at once, as his custom was. "There was an alarm at my outpost two hours ago, and one of my men fired. We heard something fall, went out, and found a rider entangled with his horse, which was shot dead. I knew her in a moment, though she was in men's clothes—a blouse and high boots. She had lost her way, and had stumbled on us in the darkness. Their house is near here, she says. It was a narrow escape; if she had been killed—I could not have borne it! I wish this was over."

"Was she armed?" I inquired, feeling more uneasy than I cared to confess.

"No. Why should she, poor girl? She had been to see some friends of theirs somewhere up the country. I gave her a man to see her safe home." He had spoken the latter sentences in a low voice; now he looked suddenly up and said, with deepest emphasis: "I would give my life to know that she loves me still as I love her! She did love me once. There's no other woman in the world for me."

"You must bear in mind that she's a red hot rebel," I ventured to remark.

"On the contrary, she's more than half inclined to our side," returned Camlion eagerly. "She told me almost as much. In her heart she loves the Union best."

This unlikely assertion increased my misgivings tenfold; but before I could make up my mind what to say I was summoned to attend another victim of our mysterious enemy on the opposite bank. The man was mortally wounded; but before he died he was able to state that he had seen his executioner—a young fellow, with a straw hat and a dark blue jacket or shirt, who parted aside the bushes and looked across at him, the smoking rifle in his hand.

"If anyone with a good aim had been with me," added the poor chap, "we'd had him potted then, sure!"

They were his last words. But it was not the first time the terrible sharpshooter had been said to have shown himself under similar circumstances; and it set me thinking again of Belton's scheme of the night before.

At 5 o'clock that afternoon the officers and non-commissioned officers of our company were to meet the Colonel; I was also present. And as I anticipated, it was Belton's scheme that was the subject of discussion; the long and short of it was as follows: A volunteer was to be found to show himself on the bank, and take the enemy's fire. Belton meanwhile was to conceal himself close at hand, and as soon as the "young fellow in the straw hat" appeared out of his ambush to see the effect of his shot, Belton was to put a Mule ball through his head. There were only three things that might interfere with the successful prosecution of this plan: the lack of a volunteer prepared to meet almost certain death; the possible omission on the enemy's part to reveal himself; and finally the chance that Belton might, after all, miss his aim. Nevertheless, the Colonel gave his consent that the thing should be tried, in default of any better suggestion; and the following morning was appointed for the experiment.

At 6 o'clock I saw Camlion leave his tent and set off in the direction of our left. I had already noticed Belton heading the same way about a quarter of an hour previous; and putting this and that together I awaited the issue with some suspense. But before 7 o'clock Camlion returned, passed me with a strange look on his face and without returning my greeting, and immediately re-entered his tent, where, as was afterward inferred, he must have spent the greater part of the night in writing and arranging some papers. What had happened (as nearly as I could judge from subsequent developments) was this: He had started with the intention of calling on Rosalind Capel at her house. The way lay through a wood; but just before emerging from it into the open ground in front of the house he saw a man and woman standing beneath the shade of some trees about fifty yards away. The man was Belton, the woman Rosalind. Belton was apparently speaking eagerly and excitedly, Rosalind occasionally replying briefly, and moving her head as if in assent. After a minute or two, Belton ceased; she extended her hand to him, which he grasped in both of his, and raised it to his lips. The next moment he had drawn her to his breast and kissed her face passionately and repeatedly, she not resisting. When Camlion saw this a hoarse cry broke from him, and he strode forward a step, with fire in his heart. Then he stopped; a cold and torpid feeling came over him; he turned about, and sluggishly at first, then more rapidly, made his way back to camp.

A little before noon next day Camlion, Belton and myself, and another man, Haydon by name—a reckless, daredevil fellow, who had volunteered for the post of danger on the occasion—moved silently and cautiously down toward the fatal spot on the river's brink. The adventure was kept a strict secret, for since the night previous there had been whispers of treachery in the camp, and we knew not where to look for the traitor among us. It was, of course, indispensable to the success of our plan that the sharpshooter should have no suspicion of there being more than one person in the neighborhood. Keeping heedfully behind cover, we crawled along, and at length lay hidden in the bushes a few yards from the place. Then Camlion, with Haydon in his charge, slipped a little way down toward the left, until they were concealed from our sight by the intervening shrubbery. Belton got his rifle in readiness, and I made my preparations to do all that could be done for Haydon, as soon as the enemy's bullet had struck him. When I last caught sight of the poor fellow there was a droop about the corners of the mouth, and a yellow pallor in his cheeks, which showed that he was not insensible to the gravity of the situation. But Camlion had taken care to bring a flask of brandy along with him, and a quiet, sturdy, steady cheerfulness of demeanor that was, perhaps, a better cordial still.

Left to ourselves, Belton and I had nothing to do but wait; and we did wait for what seemed to us many intolerable minutes. The river lapsed smoothly and silently by; a bird skimmed over the surface; a breath of wind rustled the leaves over our head. I began to fear lest the suspense should make Belton's hand unsteady. Just then a half-smothered exclamation reached our ears from the direction of our unseen companions, and almost simultaneously with it the sound of a heavy step passing from the bushes to the open margin of the stream. The time was come. Belton crouched with his rifle at his shoulder; our eyes were fastened on the opposite bank. Suddenly a white puff of smoke leaped forth; a sharp, flat report like the cracking of a whip, then the

low, unmistakable thud of a bullet striking its quarry. The stricken man staggered and fell, still out of our sight; could we have had eyes for him then? But all depended upon our absolute immobility during the next few moments. The white smoke drifted down to windward. Before it had passed away I saw the figure for which we were lying in wait emerge quietly from its covert on the other side and stand revealed. At the same instant the bang of Belton's rifle rent the stillness; yet I had time to remark something inexplicably familiar in that alert, graceful form—something not compatible with the blue, belted blouse and high boots. And what happened next? To me it all seemed like an ugly, tumultuous dream. I remember leaping down through the bushes to the water's edge. I remember seeing Haydon, alive and unhurt, supporting Camlion's dying head on his knee, while he tore open the front of his uniform and disclosed the shirt stained with blood. I remember Belton, with glistingly face and sobbing breath, tearing loose the painter of a small skiff that was moored close at hand and putting off with frantic haste across the stream. And I knew—but how I cannot tell—that he was going to fetch the body of the woman he loved, and whom he had slain. For the famous sharpshooter of the Rapidan was Rosalind Capel.

She was still living when he brought her in, but she had been hit mortally in the right side, and was fast bleeding to death. But she smiled as we lifted her out, and her voice, though very faint, was distinct and composed.

"Lay me by Captain Camlion," she said. "I shall like to die beside him. Had you no more worthless men in your army, but you must time me with a man like him!"

"I was the one you were to have had," said Haydon, "but at the moment the Captain flung me down and went forward himself. It was too late to help it then. God knows I am sorry!" and he burst into tears as he said it.

Rosalind smiled strangely, and moved her hand until it touched Camlion's.

"Captain Camlion acted like the hero he always was," she said, now almost inaudibly. "I loved him—never anyone else—never you, you double traitor!" she added, turning her darkening eyes on Belton, who knelt in voiceless despair before her. "Last night you sold your adopted country for a kiss." Her eyes half closed for a moment, and she breathed stertorously. She opened them once more, turned her face toward Camlion, and made an effort to lift his hand to her lips. I helped her to accomplish her purpose.

"Thanks!" she whispered. "I am not fit to kiss his mouth; but—if he were alive—I would ask his leave—and—his pardon!"

She did not speak after this, and in a few minutes she died very quietly.

Among Camlion's papers was found a letter to Belton, explaining his object in sacrificing himself. "You are my friend," it ran; "I will not stand between you and her, now that I know you love each other; but I shall never find a better time or cause to die in than this." Poor Belton! He was acquitted by the court-martial appointed to try him on the charge of having given information to the enemy, but I fear there was that in his memory which made the remainder of his life more bitter to him than any death.

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