

THE HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

VOL. VII. NO. 5.

HOBOKEN, N. J., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE NEW R. C. CHURCH,
Known as "Our Lady of Grace," One
of the Most Commodious Temples
of Religion in Hudson County.
A MONUMENT TO PERSEVERANCE.
Enterprising Pastors and a Liberal
and Devoted Congregation Per-
form a Noble Task.

A CONDENSED REVIEW.

In placing our fourth local sketch before our readers, which consists of the new Catholic Church of "Our Lady of Grace," we experience some pleasure from the fact that, as far as the cut is concerned, we present the elegant building as it will be—not as it is. It is pretty generally understood that the new church is not completed by any means, much of the exterior ornamentation remaining to be added. The exigencies of the case compelled the finishing of the interior as promptly as possible, and a visit will satisfy the cultured eye that nothing has been left undone in this respect, the frescoing alone being worthy of special attention.

Before furnishing any detailed account, however, of the building as it at present appears, it will be admitted as an appropriate introduction to review briefly the past history of the congregation and the numerous struggles and triumphs which alternately lead to the accomplishment of this great work.

Only few, if any, members of the church are living to-day who can remember the first mass celebrated in this city long before its incorporation. Under the circumstances, it is not an easy task to furnish correct data in every instance, but is nevertheless a pleasant duty which we will endeavor to discharge to the best of our ability.

Prior to 1850 (as near as we can learn) the Rev. Father Rogers, the first permanently located priest deputed to this vicinity, resided in Wright's building, (over what was then a drug store) which still stands on the southeast corner of Washington and Newark streets. A small chapel was improvised in an apartment adjoining, and here mass was celebrated every morning but Sunday. On the latter day the celebration took place in a more public place located on what is now Church Square. The building referred to was occupied during the week as a town school, but on Sunday was devoted entirely to the various religious denominations. The Catholics occupied it at an early hour and the different other sects following according to their hours of service.

This district was in those days a portion of St. Peter's Parish, Jersey City, and the lot of the pastor then as compared with the present was not an enviable one by any means. It was related by an old resident who was solicited for information on this subject, that it was not an uncommon thing for the priest to travel to Fort Lee to celebrate a mass for the few of his flock who resided in that section, and that frequently sick calls came from beyond Union Hill and were promptly responded to also.

This, indeed, sounds like a story of a clergyman's life in the wild regions of the Far West; and as we glance about us to-day we can hardly realize that many live in our midst who can remember such occurrences.

It is also understood that even earlier than the date we write of, the few, though staunch Catholics, could furnish no better accommodations to their pastor for sacred services than the parlors of their own houses, Mass being frequently celebrated in the sitting room of the old Napoleon Hotel on Washington street. The first Sunday class was organized about this period, and held forth for some time in the homestead of the McKean family, a large and pretentious building of its time, located where Mecher's building now stands, and extending to Bloomfield street. The late James Tallon, Sr., was the first teacher, being assisted by members of the McKean family and others, whose names it is impossible to ascertain. It is understood that when the Sunday school and church were later established on Church Square, the naughty boys of the past used to lay on their backs on Washington street and roll down the grassy slope to divine service, as it were.

Some years later Colonel John Stevens

dedicated the plot on Hudson street (known now as Hudson Square Park) for church uses, the only provisions necessary to secure a 50x100 lot were that every church making application would have to prove itself established with a bona fide congregation when a quit claim deed would be granted.

The present Church Square, according to the legatee's original grant was to be the public square. A map of early Hoboken, at present on file in Hackensack (which was the county seat of Hudson County at the date whereof we write), shows this to be the condition of things. This order was reversed, however, by the executors, and we think judiciously, from present appearances, and instead of the Hudson street plot being Church Square it was vice versa.

Shortly after this date, Father Cauvan, a thoroughly enterprising clergyman and clear-headed business man, succeeded Father Rogers. He had been in charge of the parish a brief period, and while bravely struggling against numerous obstacles, he none the less decided to secure a suitable church building for his faithful followers, who were daily increasing. To this end no more feasible opportunity presented itself than the standing proposition of the Stevens estate, and the reverend gentleman was accordingly among the first who applied, and was granted a deed to a 50x100 foot plot on Church Square. Selecting the northeast corner of the square, bounded by Willow and Fifth streets, as the most suitable site remaining (the Dutch Reformed people and the Methodists having already secured theirs) he proceeded to consult with the more prominent members of his congregation in reference to the building to be placed thereon. This consultation lead to doubts as to whether the title to the ground was clear or not, since the location was not Church Square according to the map and record, yet Church Square was the property mentioned in the deed. In the intention of the executors the change was understood; but what future trouble might ensue was also carefully considered.

The Methodists already erected their church, and the Dutch Reformers had their foundation partly laid and their material on the ground, when Father Cauvan consulted a lawyer, named John Dunn Lettel, residing on Bloomfield street, who, being a trustee of the Reformed Church, took an active interest in hunting up the records, and finally decided it would not be safe to build.

The ground was later claimed by the city authorities, and the trustees of the Methodist Church were notified to remove their edifice. They felt safe, however, and positively declined. The city government was anxious to improve the land, but could not do so while any property remained thereon, and a bitter fight was the result.

In spite of this feeling on the part of the Council, some few members were found who warmly espoused the church people. Public opinion was pretty equally divided and citizens generally very much interested in the struggle.

A good story is told of a certain Councilman who had a note of \$50 coming due the day following the evening that the church question was to come before the board. While out endeavoring to meet funds or secure a delay he fell into the hands of the Philistines and, on one pretext or another, was delayed until the session was over and the resolution carried by a small majority favoring the removal of the Methodist church building from Church Square. The absentee was wild, being a staunch church member, but, as the story goes, managed to meet the note, which was some little consolation.

This settled the fate of the Dutch Reformed and Catholic churches and Father Cauvan immediately purchased at a reasonable figure, owing to the other mistake, the lots on the southwest corner of Willow and Fifth streets, where the old church now stands.

The old saying, "It is an ill wind that don't blow somebody good," can be applied to the present case. The Reformed Church trustees had exhausted their funds in purchasing material, only to learn that they had no ground to build on, and were in a sad plight when the Catholic pastor, who had secured his land, but lacked material, came to the rescue by purchasing the lumber, brick, etc., for which they had no further or, at least, present use.

It will thus be seen that the first Catholic Church of Hoboken is composed of Dutch Reformed material, and the combination evidently proved a good one.

We now come to the laying of the corner stone of the old church, which, under the supervision of the enterprising pastor, was accomplished on the 17th of August, 1856. Great preparations were made, and the ceremonies and parade before and after would do credit to a later day. The Hibernian Society, of Jersey City, was invited to join forces with the society in Hoboken, and the presence of the Right Reverend Bishop Bayley, of this Diocese, was also secured.

The Bishop visited this city in the morning as the guest of the lamented General Cook, and was entirely unprepared for the demonstration which awaited him. As the hour fixed for the ceremony approached Father Cauvan secured a coach and, as the pair were about leaving the Cook mansion, His Lordship was startled by sounds of martial music and the approach of a large body of men wearing regalia, who escorted the coach to the corner of Willow and Fifth streets. This incident is still recited with pleasure by many Hobokenites, who pronounce the interest manifested by all classes as truly surprising.

The history of the little church, not long ago deserted, is too familiar to every one of our citizens to need much mention. It is dear, and ever will be, to the memories of its congregation. Many of our most beloved and respected friends left it only to rest forever. Many of the happy couples of to-day were united within its portals. Many of the most admired and favored pastors, long since dead or permanently separated from friends, spoke within its sacred precincts, and while its walls stand, sad, yet fond, recollections will cling about old St. Mary's Church.

The next page in the history of the parish brings us to the new building, or, as it is termed, the Church of "Our Lady of Grace." The congregation had increased to such an extent that more space was a necessity, yet, owing to the condition of the finances at the time, in connection with the size of the congregation, a building of such cost and magnitude as the present was thought inadvisable.

We can best give an accurate account of the present building, together with its dedications, etc., by quoting from an article published in the Jersey City Argus

square, with the upper part and spire transferred to an octagonal shape, with pinnacles and flying buttresses at the corners. There are three front entrances, the grand centre or main door being eleven feet wide in the clear, having five columns on either side, embellished with caps of richly designed foliage. Above this is a triforium, surmounted by the large main rose window, all executed in Ohio sandstone. The side doors are similar, only somewhat smaller, and are surmounted by large, three-light windows. The other grand points to be viewed on the front of the structure are three large pinnacles, the highest over thirty feet, each surmounting a niche worked in stone, the largest of which is intended for a fifteen foot statue of the Virgin and Child, and the other two for life size figures. None of said niches are yet finished. The crowning of the larger one will be extremely elaborate. The gable of the building is transposed from the square to the octagonal, to compare with the steeple, giving the upper portion of the building quite a graceful appearance. There is one spacious gallery, 24x50, intended, with a small apartment adjoining, for the use of the choristers and reached by a solid stone winding stairway. Particular attention has been paid to the interior decorations. The ground work for the walls are soft broken colors, principally drab, yellow and green, stone pattern. The most prominent points of all mouldings and ribs are heavily gilded. On both sides of the altars the walls are most artistically shaded to represent a damask tapestry or screen hanging in graceful folds, and appropriately relieving or toning the brilliancy of the main altar. All the wainscoting, pews, pulpit, communion and choir railings and other permanent furniture, are very novel de-

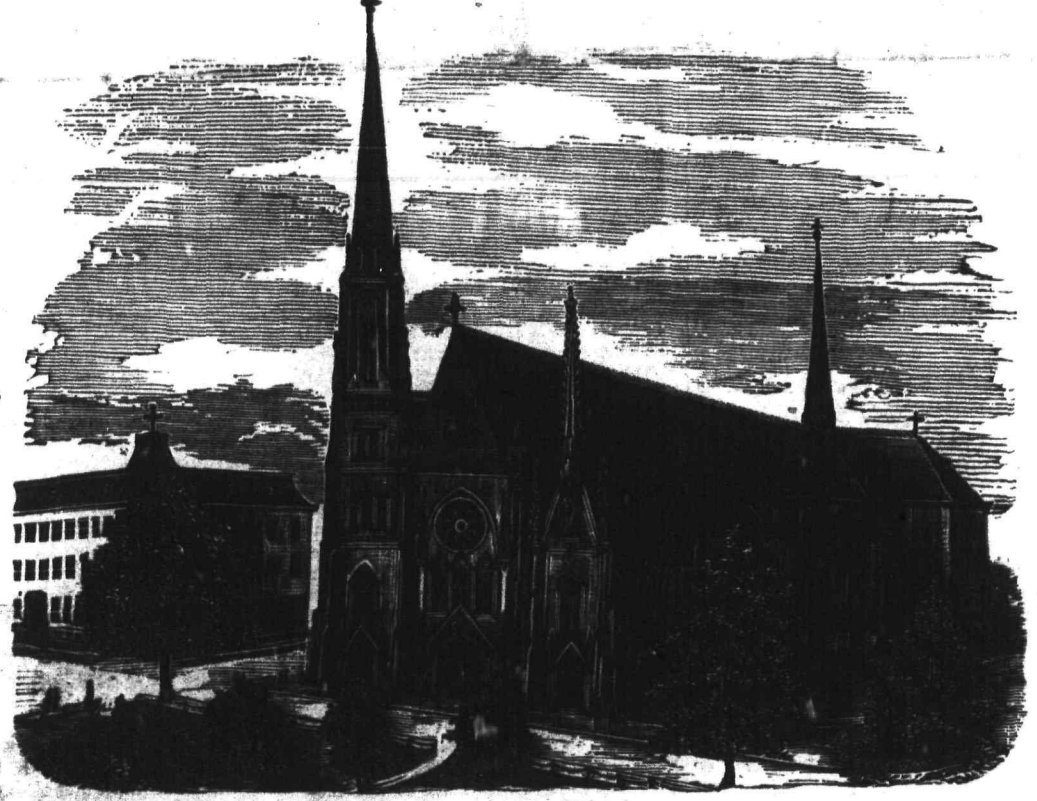
nearly forty feet in height and about twenty-five in width. The Mensa, or lower table, is of solid French walnut with richly carved panels and otherwise decorated. The broidel, or second part, containing the Tabernacle, is also composed of imported walnut, and contains four points ornamented with groups of angels. A large niche and stand surmounts the Tabernacle, intended as a repository for the blessed sacrament during benediction services. This is in turn surmounted by a much larger niche, which contains a life-size figure of the Virgin and Child. On either side similar arrangements are made, and the statues of St. Patrick and St. Peter occupy the positions. The three latter figures, stand under grand canopies, which serve as a base to their lofty pinnacles, the center one of which contains still another niche and a figure of the Sacred Heart. On either side of the Tabernacle, guarding as it were the sacred contents, as well as on both sides of the central figure stands a pair of angels. Without seeing the altar it might be supposed that there was quite a profusion of statuary, but that is not the case. There is not a figure too many, nor could one be removed without spoiling the general grand effect. The upper portion of the structure consists of neat brackets, stands, pinnacles, spires, etc., resting on a ground of the very finest scroll work, all richly gilded and relieved by delicate tints of blue and crimson. The building when completed will cost over \$150,000, which must be considered reasonable when compared to other churches of lesser magnitude. The Monastery in West Hoboken, for instance, was erected at a cost of about \$300,000, or nearly double, and yet the difference in the price of the materials would be trifling, one contractor agreeing to erect the Hoboken church in stone for

representing Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey, and including Vicar General Quinn, of New York; Very Rev. Father Albinus, Provincial of the Passionists Order; Rev. James M. Corrigan, President of Seton Hall College; Right Rev. Father Clarreau, Provincial of the Jesuit Order, and the Very Rev. Goekelja, S. J. President of St. John's College. The much regretted Father Cecil, who was master of ceremonies, came next, accompanied by his assistant, Father De Conditto; Fathers Killen and Downs, Deacons of Honor; Rev. P. E. Smith, Sub-Deacon; Rev. P. Cody, Deacon, and Bishop Corrigan, the Celebrant. After walking solemnly through the building, while the clergy intoned the Litany of the Saints in the Gregorian chant, the solemn Pontifical Mass was commenced.

As the first notes of the Kyri from Mozarts 12th were heard, His Grace, Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, Primate of America, entered the sanctuary and occupied a throne on the Epistle side of the altar. The sermon of the day was delivered by His Grace, who announced as his text: "I have chosen this place for myself as a house of sacrifice that my eyes and my heart may remain there forever." The musical portion of the ceremonies were under the direction of Professor Neuendorf, of the New York Philharmonic Society, and the honor of rendering the opening solo accorded Mr. M. T. Judge, of this city. Several prominent county and city officials were present, who were invited to attend the grand banquet which followed in the school house adjoining. The evening benediction closed the services for the day, and the dedication ceremonies were probably without a parallel in this county.

The parish contains, according to the last census only 6,100 souls, and the financial statement of January 1, 1880, showed the debt on the church property, including \$8,300 on St. Mary's Hospital, to be \$109,211.18, which was reduced in one year to \$102,936. It seems a very large sum for so small a congregation, yet they have, in connection with their pastor, accomplished wonders already, and are still making such gigantic efforts as must ultimately lead to success.

Messrs. M. Foley and Bryan Smith were for many years trustees of the church, the latter retiring only on its completion, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Keresey. We have endeavored to furnish a true account of this parish and its career for nearly forty years, and if any misstatements occur they are due more to the difficulty of securing information on the subject than to any intention on our part.



about the time of its completion, September 22, 1875:

"The site upon which the present structure stands was purchased in the year 1873 from the Hoboken Land & Improvement Company by the Rev. Father Cauvan. It was not until two years afterward, on February 7, 1874, during Father Duggan's administration, that ground was broken for the building, the nature of the soil necessitating the piling of the lot, which had to be covered with a broad stone coping at an unlooked-for cost of \$10,000. The corner stone was laid on July 4, 1875, with imposing and appropriate ceremonies. From that time forth the work went on bravely in spite of the hard and trying times, the small, though willing congregation responding nobly to every call, until now they have the gratification of seeing completed a building which not only the present, but generations to come can and will be proud of. The building measures outside 300 feet in depth by 114 1/2 in width, the interior being 80 feet wide in the nave, and 102 in the transept. It is divided as follows: Three naves, transept, sanctuary, two side chapels, sacristy, oratory and baptistry attached to the front vestibule. The pews are arranged to form five aisles, two on either side and the main one in the centre. The ceiling is supported by twelve huge cluster pillars, each comprising four large and four small columns, and each column bearing a rib of the ceiling. The side aisles are lighted by twelve large windows, the transept by six, the sanctuary by five, while each side chapel has three bearing representations taken from sacred subjects. The remainder of the windows are of the best imported French stained glass. The front of the building will have a main steeple intended to be 210 feet high, but not as yet completed; the lower portion will be

signs and of selected white ash and French walnut; where panels occur they contain some very exquisite carving. The ventilation of the premises is as complete as modern science and the very latest improvements could make it. The walls contain a number of flues, and the windows two revolving ventilators each. Openings in the keystones of the grooving connect with pipes and convey the foul air through the dormer windows of the upper roof, and finally a huge shaft has been constructed to run to the full height of the steeple, which assists in purifying the atmosphere within. As can be seen, particular care has been paid to this most important feature, owing to the immense capacity of the building, which is capable of seating 5,000 persons.

The building is heated by direct radiation, the radiators being placed along the walls. The steam is furnished by two boilers 14x3 1/2 feet each, contained in a solid brick engine house located some distance in the rear and north of the main structure. The lighting of the building is as complete in detail as all the other attachments, and consists of four large five-jet brackets to each of the twelve columns, making a grand total of 340 lights in the body of the church, besides two extensive candelabra, richly gilded, of fifty lights each, placed within the sanctuary to give effect to the grand altar and surroundings. The main altar, a most artistic and graceful combination of rare woods, gold and statuary, is well worthy of the prominent part it plays as the most beautiful and attractive of the many embellishments of the sacred building. It was specially constructed in New York at a cost of \$5,000. It is next to impossible to furnish any idea of its beauty by a written description. It must be seen to be appreciated, and is certain to command admiration. It is

\$1,000 more than the price agreed on for a brick structure. The church has been pronounced the largest and grandest in the State of New Jersey, and considering the quality of the material used, one of the cheapest. The base is composed of well dressed trap rock with blue stone water table, the walls are of North river hard and Philadelphia pressed brick, the trimmings of selected Ohio sand stone, and the roof of slate ground, with an iron cresting partially gilded. The style of the building is the German Gothic of the fourteenth century, and on the plan somewhat of the ancient cathedrals. The outside appearance does not as yet very forcibly convey that idea, as many of the most elaborate and antique touches are yet to be added. It can be surmised from the complete and satisfactory manner in which the most minute details have been carried out, that great care was taken in the awarding of contracts, and only the established and respectable mechanic dealt with. The most important plans and specifications were by F. G. Himpler, the superintending architect and principal director of the whole work, a gentleman well and favorably known, who has for years made a specialty of church and college buildings both in this country and in Europe, may well class among his grandest efforts the new Hoboken church known as "Our Lady of Grace."

On Sunday, the 9th of November 1878, the interior being completed, the church was dedicated with imposing ceremonies by the Right Reverend Bishop Corrigan, of this State. The sacred edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity long before the hour announced for the offering of the services. Shortly after 10 o'clock a procession, headed by the children of St. Mary's School, followed by the altar attendants, the acolytes, assistant master of ceremonies, about thirty priests,

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

FOURTH YEAR NO. 5.

Amusements.

HOBOKEN.

WEBER'S GARDEN-Variety.

THEATRE COMIQUE-Variety.

NEW YORK.

BOOTH'S-100 Wives.

HUNNELL'S MUSEUM-Curiosities.

HAVRELLY'S 14TH STREET-Hobbies.

STANDARD THEATRE-Billie Taylor.

DAILY'S THEATRE-Childrens at School.

HAVRELLY'S FIFTH AVENUE-Fans.

WINDSOR THEATRE-Legion of Honor.

TONY PASTOR'S-The Rite of Tom Yano.

BJOU OPERA HOUSE-Sixes and Sevens.

HAVRELLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN-Tourists.

NEW YORK AQUARIUM-Murray's Circus.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE-Joshua Whitecomb.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS-The Bird Man.

THEATRE COMIQUE-Mulligan's Silver Wedding.

HOBOKEN, MARCH 5, 1881.

Landladies don't like "promising young men."

It looks as if New York would not get a place in the cabinet, "all on account of Eliza" Conkling.

Rents have been raised in New York. The tenants should "buyout" by coming over to Hoboken to live.

March galloped in like a roaring lion. But who cares? A fine day would have been too big a surprise party.

That creature who was "fair as the beautiful snow" must have been a decided brunette, judging from the present appearance of the "beautiful."

The Canajoharie Courier comes to us this week with a new heading, which contains a view of the Canajoharie Falls, New York, a beautiful spot in the vicinity of the town.

A medical lecturer assures us that gently rubbing the nose will induce a cheerful frame of mind. This is, perhaps, the reason why the Esquimaux rub noses instead of shaking hands.

The weather clerk is certainly opposed to the erection of the new City Hall building. An attempt at continuing the work has already in two instances been followed by severe storms.

Those scientific fellows would have us believe that the world is progressing—and yet in one of the ante-diluvian ages oysters used to be seven feet long and weight one hundred and fifty pounds.

Prince Frederick William Victor Albert married Augusta Victoria Amalia Louisa Maria Constance, daughter of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, at Berlin, on Monday.

Ben Butler says he has retired from politics and will, in the future, devote himself to the practice of his profession. Butler's liking for politics received its death-blow when he failed to get the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts.

The walking match in New York is a disgraceful fizzle, and seems to be run simply in the interests of the gambling fraternity. The public should religiously keep away from walking matches in the future. That is the only way to kill them off.

The Cape May Star wants a law passed placing the property of inebriates in the hands of a guardian. In our opinion this should be a law all over the United States. No persistent inebriate is capable of managing his business or himself.

Our brother editor of the Asbury Park Journal must be an object of awe to his fellow-quill-drivers, after the following evidences of liberality and extreme wealth: "The bill of Dr. H. S. Des Angers against the township for services, which was laid over at the last meeting on account of some irregularity, has been paid by the Asbury Park Journal."

Young man! if you have sat all winter around the stove at the village grocery, and earned not a cent, brush up for the canal business. Remember the route is open from the tow-path to the White House; but without energy and snap you will never enjoy the privilege of dispensing the offices among a patriotic people—Canajoharie Courier.

W. D. Howells has been appointed Minister to Switzerland that he may, according to the Evening Post, have opportunity to devote himself more closely to literary work. We have all along been of the opinion that the foreign missions should be filled by literary men. For ourselves, we are willing to take the consulship of Hong Kong, and devote ourselves to the study of Chinese.

There is considerable agitation in Pennsylvania and New Jersey about the bills introduced in both Legislatures to dam the Delaware River above the navigable waters at Trenton. We should think that the average legislator is perfectly competent to express an unfavorable opinion of water without the aid of a bill. But why this hostility to the upper waters of the Delaware?

The real estate agents are actually complaining, not on account of empty houses, but owing to being unable to supply the demand. The number of people from New York seeking homes in this city is unprecedented, and rents, the agents insist, must advance. This would seem inconsistent. There are plenty of vacant houses, and it is not the time to take any advantage. Such a course might result in a reaction.

THE PRINTING QUESTION.

The present edition of the ADVERTISER contains the proceedings of the last session of the Common Council, and it will be in order, from this time forth, to consider our paper the official journal of Hoboken. We state these facts, not in a boastful spirit by any means; but we are pleased for the sake of the additional and valuable information it will afford our readers as well as for the pecuniary benefit to ourselves (and the labor it will save the present official editor).

We do not, in the slightest degree, glory in our rival's failure. Technically speaking, we had no rival—the ADVERTISER being the only paper complying with the demands of the Mayor and Council, and bidding for the contract according to law. Under certain circumstances, we can afford to excuse the ex-official journalists, and extend our sympathies, providing, however, that they admit their non-competing for the work was due to ignorance. This is, perhaps, a costly means of securing even our sympathies; but if, on the contrary, they pursued that course with a full knowledge of the rights and prerogatives of the Mayor and Council of this city, then they are entitled only to our ridicule, and justly deserve condemnation from every honest citizen.

We are, naturally, pleased at our success, and yet it has been brought about in such a just and straightforward manner that we can hardly explain how the result could be different, unless by a lower bid from the proprietors of the Democrat. The city officials knew the law of the case; knew our right to compete; knew their duty toward their constituents, and faithfully observed all and every feature. No advantage was given; no barrier was placed in the way of the only other competitor. It was a simple question of who can do this work cheapest and best, and the ADVERTISER alone responded.

The business manager of the ex-official paper, Mr. Bayer, decided to ignore the mandate of the authorities and insult their power and the authorities in turn were obliged to completely ignore Mr. Bayer, since he afforded them no opportunity to do otherwise. Apart from the saving to the taxpayers under our contract, there is another advantage, perhaps not generally known.

The main object in publishing the proceedings is that the transactions of the Councilmen may reach the greater number of citizens. This will be accomplished from this issue of the ADVERTISER for the first time in years, and thus another condition, complied with heretofore neglected. We attach no blame, however, on this score, to the ex-official journalists. Of course, they could not force people to read their paper, much less purchase it. In our case, we claim a bona fide list of yearly subscribers, and a circulation second to no weekly paper in Hudson County.

As an offset, and by way of informing the few who may have read the slipshodings of the ex-official editor, Mr. Hoffman, on this subject some weeks ago, wherein he stated that to award us the official printing would lead to an extravagant and unnecessary outlay of \$20,000, etc., we propose to give a brief synopsis of our proposal and its conditions, as approved by His Honor Mayor O'Neill and seven Councilmen. We have agreed and furnished bonds to publish all the official proceedings of the city at 35 cents per legal folio for the first, and 20 cents for each subsequent insertion. The rate allowed by law for this work is 60 cents per legal folio, and the rate paid the Hudson County Democrat (?) for over three years was 50 cents per legal folio. It does not require a very brilliant mathematician to see that we are 15 cents per legal folio lower than the Democrat's rate, and 25 cents less than the legal figures. Now, if any slight-of-hand performer or professional algebraist can point out to us where that \$20,000 is to come from he can have every dollar and "no questions asked." Or, a more favorable proposition, if a person exists who can prove to our satisfaction that 35 cents is more than 50 cents, that individual is welcome to our receipts for the balance of his natural existence. Yet ex-official Editor Hoffman asserts the above, and if he is half as clever a mathematician as he is a linguist, we certainly feel uneasy about the solution of the 60-50-35 problem.

As we figure, however, and intend to figure, we propose to publish the proceedings of the Common Council and save our taxpayers from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per annum—and we want state, either. We are not expressing such facts in the hope of any credit from our friends or the taxpayers generally, nor do we desire it to be understood that we are "cheap Johns," or under-cutters, by any means. We consider the price fair, because we allow something for the advantages which will accrue from outside sources on the strength of publishing the minutes. We also consider it will make our paper more popular with our subscribers, and, while we return thanks to our friends who have assisted us by sound advice and otherwise in this matter, we insist that citizens generally, from the lowest to the highest, owe their thanks to the Mayor and Council for saving so much on this one item of official printing alone. Every man in town contributes in a greater or lesser degree to this outlay, and in the same ratio should appreciate the careful and economical action of their representatives in this instance.

"BEWARE, SHE'S FOOLING THEE." We are about to deviate. We are going to stray from our usual line of subjects. We cannot help it. A case has occurred to an unprotected youth in our midst which necessitates a few words on this (to us) foreign theme. Foreign, perhaps, because we don't wear diamond rings; or foreign because we are not specially attractive; or foreign, may be, because we avoid contact; or, more probably,

foreign because we are avoided. There may be many other reasons, and we might continue for columns without succeeding in deciding why the subject of woman is foreign to us.

We confess a partiality for the sex, but endeavor to discriminate; and it is with the intention that others should be warned that we struggle with a heretofore strange and to our minds, mighty subject. All mammals cannot afford to accompany their "dutifuls" around the country, and should a little advice from us serve instead, and save even a few paltry diamond rings to the juveniles who can't live without them, our mission is complete, and we will gladly drop this pleasant, though rather ticklish effusion.

We are not afraid of the class of female we ridicule for many reasons. In the first place, we have no diamonds; secondly, if we had, we might present them to good friends, but we would never lose them "in the snow," and thirdly, we would avoid that kind of snow. We admire and respect woman, and so should every man. We consider the gentler sex the stronger, when occasion requires, and know how often, by their example and advice, great and good things have been accomplished. Many men would prove failures but for considerations due some good, noble woman, or the anxiety to be great and successful for her sake; but we do not mean such ladies as have no other recommendations than a pretty face, and no higher aspirations than to victimize the unsophisticated youth.

We know such characters, who lack everything else, are necessary to society—necessary evils, if you will—but none the less absolutely necessary—if for no other purpose than to prevent an accumulation of diamonds in any one family. They are also necessary because such jewel monopolizers are of about the same calibre and require, in fact, seek, affinities. They, as it were, secure the precious bauble by some means or other—such adornments being often sported at the cost of great economy in diet, in difference to hotel bills, tailor bills, etc. These sacrifices, necessary to possession no doubt, tend, more than anything, to the unpleasantness of losing the "article in the snow." Perhaps the "snow flake" wanted to fit it on and see how it would look, and the "snowflake," or something just as fresh, "longish of her, could not resist." Well! it's a very funny story how so much snow could get in through the roof of a railroad passenger car, especially when it was not snowing on the outside. Had we not undoubted evidence of the young victim's veracity, we would be inclined to think some mistake existed. It is a dreadful warning, however, to young men who wear diamonds, yet can't take care of them.

BRILLIANT, MERRY AND SOCIABLE

Was the Annual Masquerade Ball of the Unique Social Club.

The third annual masquerade ball of the above popular organization, Tuesday evening, attracted the largest attendance with which Old Fellows' Hall has been honored in a long time. For hours before the opening of the festivities the scenes in the vicinity of the building were well worthy of observation, and many a passer-by hesitated to inquire "What's up?" About 10 o'clock the grand entrance, headed by Prince Carnival and the various committees in dazzling costumes entered, and marched about the spacious dancing apartment, performing many elegant and graceful evolutions, which tended to display the many beautiful, unique and humorous wardrobes to advantage.

The music comprised selections principally from the latest and most popular burlesques and, rendered by Eckert's orchestra of ten pieces, was a decidedly pleasant feature of the evening.

Major Weerner was fully competent in his line to vie with the other contributors and spread a table which received the fullest justice, and resulted in securing numerous compliments for the caterer.

The hall was appropriately decorated, many large luminous figures gracing the walls, besides a profusion of flowers, bunting and other ornamentation.

The maskers alone must have numbered in the neighborhood of two hundred couples, besides a large number who were not in character. The ball room, ladies' refreshment room, bar room and galleries were crowded, yet not the slightest difficulty was experienced in dancing. This fact is attributable to the superior management and strict attention of the floor manager, assistant, and their committee.

After considerable difficulty, we succeeded in learning the names of a few of the most faithfully represented characters and the wearers of some of the most elaborate costumes. There was not an objectionable suit in the room, and all are really entitled to worthy mention, but it is utterly impossible, under the circumstances, to specify so many. Mr. Fred. Goat, as Prince Carnival and floor manager, wore the most magnificent costume; August Brenner, his assistant, presented Charles II., and looked regal; Messrs. Charles Zang, Otto Wilhelm, James Galloway and Charles Offenbacher, in suits of the Don Carlos regime, looked very attractive. President Theodore Krebs, as chairman of the reception committee, chose to be a Faust, and his assistants, Messrs. L. M. Pope, First Seeger, George Schroeder, Al. Kieselbach, Fred. Murken, E. Sief, W. Staats, R. Schmidt, C. Teves and T. McMahon, represented Spanish Troubadours.

Among the guests we recognized Henry Beckmann as a Hamburg letter carrier; Chris. Kock, as Japanese; Martin Spohr, an Irish waiter; Master Gus Becker, as a mischievous baby; John Schroder made a dignified looking Prince; Charles Weber faithfully represented "ye citizen of ye olden time"; John Callahan made an excellent Uncle Sam minus the chin whiskers; John Garwick was funny as "Moriarty, the cop"; John Oldsen looked dashing as a Continental officer; Jas. Chaplin impersonated a colored song and dance man; George Mohlmann might easily have been mistaken for Coolidge; Sydney Todd was estunged as the Royal Midby; Henry Wallace looked good as Mephistopheles of that possible; Henry Luchs and Charles Oldsen were decidedly quiet in their impersonations of Uncle Sam; Henry Smith characterized the Dutchman to advantage; Ed. Hunt looked fine as a Prince; Fred. C. Luchs made so many changes during the evening that we can more truthfully report him a comatundum character, but his last, as a Marquis, was his nearest; Len. Schroeder was humorous and true as an itinerant linker.

Of the ladies, Miss Tillie Jaencke, as Princess Carnival, wore an elegant costume and looked charming; Misses Selma and Adelle Moltz, as lady pages, were very neat; Miss Tillie Schroder, as a preacher, was the best disguise on the floor and deceived her most intimate friends; Miss Wilhelmina Pope looked cunning as a chambermaid; Miss L. Haefter dressed richly as a Polish Princess; Miss Lizzie Galloway appeared to advantage in a riding suit; Miss E. Strathmann wore a costly Turkish court costume; Miss Jeanie Davidson looked charming as a hindress; Miss Cross faithfully portrayed the Spanish dancing girl; Miss Alice Davidson was neat as the evening star; Mrs. Charles Offenbacher was dignified as Lady Washington; Misses Annie and Mary Cook were attired as Polish court ladies; Miss Annie Brecht attracted attention in a rich Harlequin suit; Miss M. J. Pierson made a neat Red Riding Hood; Miss Bertha Lind looked splendid as a Princess and Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick was bewitching as a French Cook.

The festivities continued until daylight, and to much credit cannot be accorded the Uniques for the unselfish manner in which they provided for the enjoyment and comfort of their friends.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

At 1:30 P. M., yesterday, James A. Garfield became President of the United States. The reports of the pomp, display and extravagance indulged in would, a few years ago, result in disgusting the level-headed American; but things have changed. Old Andrew Jackson went unattended, with his address in his pocket; but we learn that the whole tribe of Garfield and Hayes, from the baby up, were honored with places on the platform. The appearance of Japanese and Chinese legations in full court and fantastic costumes would suggest a coronation instead of an inauguration.

After taking the oath, President Garfield delivered his inaugural address, which treated fully on sectional, religious and other questions of National importance, and, if only carried out faithfully, may tend to benefit the country at large.

HE FEELS BAD.

We are pained to learn that the usually amiable Albert, the ex-official editor, is parading Hoboken pronouncing our success the result of a conspiracy to "down" his paper, as he calls the Hudson County Democrat (?). The blatant agent, at Kaegebeln's, Thursday evening, tortured several friends of ours with a recital of his wrongs, and made a perfect idiot of himself. He insisted that the Mayor, Counsel, Corporation Attorney and another distinguished lawyer knew nothing of law as compared with his and Mr. Bayer's legal attainments; that we had no circulation; that our paper never enjoyed the services of an editor, and that, generally speaking, there was only one journal and one journalist in the county (the Democrat?) and Mr. Albert Hoffman. Evidently the ex-official scribe feels sore. He probably realizes that, at last, county officials have discovered that his influence in this section as a politician is about as light as his calibre generally, and may treat him accordingly. Poor fellow!

Lost.

Yesterday, as Master John Holt was returning from school, he accidentally lost a handsome silver medal bearing the inscription, "Do Right." The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at 54 Bloomfield street.

Surprising a Parson.

Last Wednesday evening, as the Rev. J. E. House, the esteemed pastor of the Methodist

THE LAND LEAGUE.

The meeting of the Land League, Monday evening, was well attended, and seven new members were admitted.

Mr. O'Hara, financial secretary, reported eighteen members whose names appeared on the roll and who had not yet paid initiation fees.

The President appointed a committee of three—Messrs. McGavisk, F. Hughes, and Michael Ryan to go on the delinquents and request settlement.

Mr. Meighan, chairman of auditing committee, reported the accounts of the treasurer and financial secretaries correct.

The President reported that at request of the committee he attended a meeting of that body at Jersey City, in conjunction with the presidents of five other branches, for the purpose of comparing the manuscript Constitution and By-Laws submitted by the county executive with that of the Buffalo convention, and for having the sentiments of the different branches, through their presidents, in regard to the same. He stated that as a result of that conference, the Constitutions were declared in harmony, and that a majority of the branches had adopted them, and he recommended that this branch take steps in the same direction, as it would tend to the universal welfare of the cause if all branches act in harmony. He considered an executive committee necessary to see that this purpose.

A reconsideration of the former action of the branch in regard to the matter was moved and carried.

Mr. J. C. O'Sullivan then moved that the Buffalo Constitution and By-Laws be adopted. Mr. John Meighan was called to the chair, and the President took the floor.

A lengthy discussion ensued, which resulted in the adoption of the Buffalo Constitution.

There was other important business for consideration, but as the hour was late, it was laid over until next meeting.

A full attendance of the members is requested, as important business will be considered at the next session.

The Arion's First Sociable.

The Arion Social Club is a young organization composed of ladies and gentlemen who are destined to become popular. The Arions held their first sociable on Thursday evening, at the residence of Miss Kate Bates, 338 Willow street. About twenty-five couples were present, and the affair was a grand success in every particular. The intention of the Arions is to hold sociables every two or three weeks at the residence of some member of the club.

The gentlemen furnish the music, and the ladies the refreshments, which makes it easy on the "boys." It will be long before the pleasant impressions produced by the first sociable of the Arions will be effaced from our memory. Among those present we may mention the following: Mr. Charles Hulford and Miss Kate Bates; Mr. John W. Birch and Misses Adelle W. Bates and Libbie Griess; Mr. Gilbert Hatfield and Miss Grace Child; Mr. George Vanderynck and Miss Emma Hart; Mr. John N. Luchs and Miss P. F. Lovelidge; Mr. Myron Wurtz and Miss Lizzie Gibbs; Mr. David Thornhill and Miss Frances Schmersahl; Mr. Joseph Tracy and Miss Susie Idell; Mr. Albert Tissot and Misses Susan and Mamie Applegate; Mr. Edward Coons and Miss Corbett Barton; Dr. Henry B. Rue and Miss Ella Child; Mr. Charles Fosdick and Miss Maggie Russell; Mr. Frank Huxter and Miss Minnie Stiles; Mr. Edward Barkeley and Miss Jeanie Barkeley; Mr. Albert Calisch and Miss Ranie Pteroz and Gussie Gurken; Mr. John McDougal and Miss Laura Rogman; Mrs. Davies, and Miss Crane; Mr. August Windlich and Miss Cornelia Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Nurse; Mr. Gustav Ahlstrom and Mr. Harry Ackerman.

The Lewis Will Case Ended.

At the March term of the Court of Errors and Appeals which began in Trenton on Tuesday, the Lewis will case was brought up by ex-Chancellor Williamson, counsel for the legatees, who moved that the decree of Chancellor Runyon be dismissed. Ex-Attorney General Gilchrist said that the contestants of the will had entered into a compromise with the United States under which they were to receive a quarter of the residue of the estate and he thought the appeal should either be dismissed or the decree affirmed. Mr. Williamson had no objection to either course, and the decree was affirmed. It was at once entered in the Clerk's office, and subsequently Mr. Gilchrist, having had a copy of the order furnished him, stated that he did not wish it understood that in agreeing to the confirmation of the decree the executors of the will acquiesced in the compromise, but intended applying to the Court of Chancery or some other court for instruction in the matter. The case will come up in the United States Circuit Court upon a petition of the executors for instruction as to their disposition of the estate. District Attorney Keady will then insist that as the Chancellor's decree—that the Officers of Belfast, Ireland, and the Groves, of Jamaica, W. I., are entitled to the bequests named in the will—the executors shall proceed to divide the estate.

Board of Education.

The Board received an invitation to attend the ball of the Andrew Jackson Pleasure Club, on March 10, which was accepted.

Miss Sara A. Cunningham, principal of the female department of School No. 3, asked the Board for one month's leave of absence, with as little reduction of pay as possible. She said she desired to recuperate. The Board gave her leave, without pay.

Patrick Sullivan, engineer of School No. 4, sent in a bill for \$8 30 for 2 1/2 nights overtime. The bill was ordered paid, after opposition by Mr. Reid, who characterized it as a "skin" bill.

The monthly pay roll and expenses, reaching nearly \$6,000, was passed, and the clerk ordered to draw on the Council for that amount.

Mr. Reid's motion to keep the night school open until the 12th inst. was adopted.

Third Ward Democratic Club Election.

The Young Men's Democratic Club of the Third Ward, which is one of the strongest organizations in this city, met on Thursday evening, at John McCombs's, 187 Willow street, and finally perfected their organization by the election of the following officers: David H. Walsh, President; George Simmermeyer, Vice-President; John J. Mitchell, Secretary; Samuel Overton, Treasurer; John Cassidy, Sergeant-at-Arms. These gentlemen are eminently fitted for their positions, and we have no doubt that the club will become a power in city politics if they act harmoniously together. Something like this has been wanted in all our wards. We want young blood to stir the old fogies up to action.

Third Ward Democratic Committee.

Last Saturday evening the members of the Democratic Executive Committee of the Third Ward, organized at Ex-Chief Kenney's saloon, Washington street, by unanimously electing Gustav Hauser President. The new Chairman returned thanks in an appropriate manner, and more substantially recognized the compliment by toasting the success of the Democracy. Lewis R. McCulloch, Clerk of the School Board, was elected Secretary, also a very judicious selection, and Thomas Fields was elected to the vacancy in the First Ward.

GENERAL NEWS.

Morris county is the only one in the State out of debt.

Halfway voters have decided on a compromise of 25 cents on the dollar. The town owes \$2,000,000.

Dr. John Deimund Russ, a distinguished philanthropist of this State, died at his residence at Pompton, on Wednesday last, at the age of eighty years.

An exchange says, "The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad is ready to pay off now the \$573,000 seven per cent. Morris and Essex construction bonds, though they are not finally due until 1889."

The excitement at Fairhaven, this State, over the recent burning of the colored school house, continues. The negroes insist upon sending their children to the school for whites, and the whites object.

The White House china, which was not long ago furnished, is described as having designs representing the kinds of food which should go on each dish, so that you may eat an oyster and see a pictured shell, and so on.

The coercion bill has passed the English Parliament and wholesale evictions are expected to follow. Let the Irishmen come to America. They can never expect just and equal treatment under a government which favors their oppressors.

New Yorkers, over six feet high, have formed a social organization, rivaling the fat men's club, and had their annual banquet at Delmonico's. Some witty speeches were made, which would seem to disprove the theory that tall men are stupid.

A Washington correspondent says that the reason why legislation is neglected and why there are so many absentees, is that Congressmen, especially, are very dissipated, and that nowhere have they such opportunities for raking and gambling.

A Jersey City boy named John Augustus Mohr, is a living skeleton. He is thirteen years old and weighs only twenty-five pounds. He has taken no solid food for two months, and is not expected to live. The rumors about his father's cruel treatment of him are unquashed.

The people of Boca, Nevada county, Cal., being troubled by tramps sleeping in barns, woodsheds, &c., went to work and erected a "tramp's house," put a fireplace in it and fixed it up so that these impudent individuals could have a place where they could be comfortable without infringing on their neighbors. At times the house is well patronized.

Peter Buckeus, a Justice of the Peace of West Hoboken, was arrested on Monday night last for being implicated in the forging of a will, by which a Mrs. Pfaffer was to obtain possession of the property left by one of her boarders, named Steiner, who died in her house. A man named Eichhorn is suing for the property in the Brooklyn courts.

A white oak tree near the Quaker Church, in Warren county, this State, over 100 years old, was cut down some time ago. It was five feet in diameter, and contained 3,000 feet of lumber, and a sufficient quantity of stove wood to keep a family for nine months. It took two men two and one-half days to cut it down. In the top of the trunk a swarm of bees had made their home, and the owner received three pairs of combs.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

You must use fatty food this month and drink tea or coffee to face the weather. Don't drink beer.

We have received a poem entitled "Spring," which we will publish as soon as our gas meter throws out.—Hudson Dispatch.

Jay Gould, when a boy, invented a rat trap, and ever since then he has devoted himself to catching mice, like the cruel old cat he is.

Senator-elect Sewell, of this State, is a man of sweet disposition. He can say a compliment to a lady without making her husband jealous.

The churches burn, but the mortgages are fire-proof, sighs a high religious authority, in bewailing the confusion caused by fire and finance.

New York women are agitating the question of women's clubs. It is to supply the need of working women for both reading and social amusement.

However people may laugh at weather prognostications, everybody reads them and watches for their fulfillment or failure.—East Orange Gazette.

City Clerk Alberts had intended to visit Washington, D. D., to witness the inauguration ceremonies, but was detained owing to the sickness of his eldest boy.

Federal army.

There is no other instance in the country of a mother having eleven sons, and all of them in the army.

We see in a western exchange that a Carson, Nev., newspaper man died of too much editing. This has never been the case in Montgomery county—no, no, but the fourth and first two fingers on the right hand of some of the editors have become crippled for life.—Staunton Courier.

Miss Emma Abbott says: "The voices of American girls are far too cold. They lack feeling, soul and expression, because, mainly, they have extracted chests and dots on chocolate caramels. I was stark crazy when I was in love." Miss Emma is an American girl, and it is understood.

The last Montana yarn is to the effect that the cold was so intense last week in Madison Valley that the wind was unable to blow, and ducks, prairie chickens and other feathered game, in endeavoring to reach the icy basin, were frozen solid in the air, where they will be compelled to remain until the spring thaw.

A citizen of our city said to a young man who visited his daughter, that he couldn't afford to have so much coal burned in the parlor stove evenings; the young man must come less often, or quit earlier, or furnish his own coal. Next day two tons of coal were purchased by the young man and placed in the citizen's coal-house, with a big sign over the pile, reading, "For use nights only."

The wife of the late Senator Matt Carpenter is the daughter of ex-Governor Dillingham, of Vermont. Mr. Dillingham, brother in law of the Senator, says: "Senator Carpenter was taken into our family when very young. My parents attended to his education. My mother was all that a mother could be to him. At that early period he would often trot his wife, who was then a little child, upon his knee and tell her that he would make her his wife."

The ladies of the present beat anything on record for the use of nonsensical and meaningless adjectives, as perfectly splendid, perfectly ridiculous, perfectly awful, etc. We heard recently of a young lady Sunday School teacher saying to her pupils that if they read the Bible and studied the catechism when they died they would go to Heaven, and they would be perfectly splendid, and if they did not do so they would go to Hell and that they would be perfectly ridiculous. Buckle down, folks!

SPORTING NOTES.

Dr. Carver expresses a desire to meet Capt. Bogardus, with shotguns, in England.

A New York turf association has been organized for the purpose of pooling profits on bookmaking. Front seats \$25 each.

Mr. Wm. Bartell, our enterprising livery man, has leased a new stable on Sixth street, near Bloomfield, which will be devoted to boarding purposes only.

Mr. Thomas Miller won the final game of the pool tournament, on Wednesday evening, at Councilman Mohan's hall, and was awarded the gold medal.

Dr. John B. Irving, who died at West Bergen on Washington's Birthday, at the ripe old age of eighty-four, was one of the organizers of the American Jockey Club.

FERRY TIME TABLE.

Table with ferry routes and times. Includes 'Hoboken Ferry Boats' and 'Hoboken Ferry Boats' sections with departure and arrival times for various streets.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Table with weather data for Hoboken, March 5, 1881. Includes maximum/minimum temperatures, wind directions, and precipitation.

CITY ITEMS

Local news items including 'Sheriff Toffey will draw the April term of jurors on Tuesday next', 'The Democratic primaries will probably be held on or about the 20th of this month', and 'The Grand Lodge, Knights of Honor of New Jersey, will meet at Vineland on Wednesday, there will be two days session.'

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

STATED SESSION. Stated Session, held at the Council Chamber, No. 97 Washington street, on Tuesday evening, March 5, 1881. Present: Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Plunkett, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent: None.

By the Committee on Fire and Water: M. Parley, repairing Engine No. 1, \$100.00. R. Phillips, repairing Engine No. 2, \$100.00. On motion of Councilman Criss the report was received and the claims ordered paid by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett.

By the Committee on Finance and Salaries: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett. By the Committee on Printing and Stationery: William Mehan, building stretcher for use at Police Station, \$10.00. On motion of Councilman Quirk the report was received and the claim ordered paid by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett.

By the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings: On motion of Councilman Criss the report was received and the claim ordered paid by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett. By the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings: On motion of Councilman Criss the report was received and the claim ordered paid by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett.

By the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings: On motion of Councilman Criss the report was received and the claim ordered paid by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett. By the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings: On motion of Councilman Criss the report was received and the claim ordered paid by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Criss, Curtin, Kaufmann, Mehan, Quirk, Timken and Chairman Buckley. Absent—Councilman Plunkett.

TEAS AND COFFEES. The Latest Arrival. New Crop Teas. SELECTED COFFEES, JUST ARRIVED. Excellent New Crop Teas. Oolong, Yung Hyson, Japan, Eng. Bkfst, Gunpowder, Mixed, Imperial, Old Hyson. Good Teas, 30, 35, & 40c. per lb. It will pay you well to call and examine our New Crop Teas before purchasing elsewhere.

THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE.

A Tale of the Frontier War.

BY L. M. H.

There is no exaggeration in the following sketch, the instance narrated having actually occurred during the border war of Kentucky.

A more beautiful and quiet scene than the clearing on the Elkhorn, which smiled and sparkled in the light of a cloudless sunrise on the 27th of April, 1793, could not have been found between the Kentucky River and the mountain.

The entire clearing consisted of about forty acres, girded on every side by the dense forest, excepting on the east, where a broad opening appeared, and the blazed outlines of a road were visible for a rod or two, leading apparently to some adjacent settlement.

The cabin was of double size, for it contained two families. Its occupants were two brothers, Hosea and Jesse Cook, their wives and children, and a youth of seventeen named McAndre, who assisted in the farm work.

Hosea's household consisted of his wife, Miriam, like himself, a native of New England—a woman of commanding stature and personal strength, and their daughter Alice, a golden-haired beauty, with a face that smiled all over, then in her seventeenth year.

Hope, the wife of Jesse Cook, was a rosy, comely daughter of Virginia, younger than her sister-in-law, with two boys of six and three years old at her apron string. Young McAndre was a fine, handsome young huntsman, whose father had been killed in an encounter with a party of Wyandotts, near the Blue Licks, in the memorable era of the West, in the year 1782.

Just as the sun's red disk became visible above the upper line of the forest to the east, the door of the cabin opened and the brothers passed out. The scene before them was one of perfect repose. The morning mist had already lifted from the stream, and was slowly sailing upwards, while not a breath stirred the surface of the swiftly gliding water.

They were both unarmed, and would have laughed at the idea of carrying weapons to protect themselves against the Indians, so confident had their long exemption from any attack or molestation rendered them. But their dream of security was destined to be suddenly broken.

"Too nearly, deadly aimed, to err," cracked from a clump of maples about forty yards in advance of the nearest point of woods, and Hosea Cook, who was in the act of chopping, sprang in the air and straightened as he descended, fell with his face upwards quite dead.

Jesse, though struck by three bullets, and mortally wounded, started in a staggering run for the cabin, and fell a few feet from the door, at the very moment that thirteen Wyandotts, painted and plumed for war, leaped over the cover with a whoop of demonic exultation. For one moment the inmates of the cabin were panic-stricken. But in the next instant the youth rushed out for the purpose of bringing in the body of the wounded man. He seized him by the shoulders, and was in the act of dragging him toward the threshold, when an old Indian, who had reserved his discharge when the volley was fired, took deliberate aim at the young man and shot him through the brain. He fell dead across the body of Jesse Cook.

Had the savages rushed upon the cabin at that moment they would have encountered no resistance. The door was open, and the women completely unnerved by the unspeakable horror of the scene. But the savages stopped, when they reached the body of Hosea Cook, to scalp him. They knew that all the males of the household had fallen, and that it was utterly impossible for the women and children to escape. As to any attempt at defence, they had no dream of it.

The three females, who with arms outstretched towards the bleeding bodies of their protectors, and eyes dilated with horror, stood huddled together on the threshold, felt rather than saw their only chance of avoiding immediate massacre was of availing themselves of the respite which the bloodthirsty malignity of the savages had allowed them. Rushing from the cabin, Miriam Cook grasped the corpse of her brother-in-law in her powerful arms, while at the same instant Hope and Alice seized each one arm of the unfortunate youth, McAndre, and in the next instant they had

darted back with their burdens, and barred the door. The cabin was of solid structure, built of immense logs of chestnut and oak, and completely impervious to rifle or musket shot, except at three points where narrow loop-holes had been left for the convenience of reconnoitering or firing upon the fiendish enemy. These holes were about three feet from the ground, and barely large enough to admit the play of a rifle barrel so as to command the whole front of the building. The door was formed of two thicknesses of heavy white oak plank, equally impenetrable as the walls of the cabin itself.

Having deposited their dead upon the floor, Miriam, Hope and Alice began to prepare for vigorous defence; their faces no longer wore an expression of terror. The brows of the two matrons were knit with determination, and their eyes sparkled with the instincts of revenge. Alice was no longer the timid maiden of yesterday. Her lover (for she had given her whole heart, and was soon to have given her hand to McAndre) and her beloved father lay dead side by side—the demons were in the act of scalping and mutilating the body of her uncle outside—and something of the tigress flashed in her eyes, half blinded as they were by tears. The two children alone exhibited signs of fear, but it was only exhibited in their bleached faces and quivering limbs. They neither shrieked nor wept, but sat in the corner of the cabin, with their arms locked together, intently watching the varied movements of the females, as they piled chests and benches and firewood against the door, in order to make stronger the weakest point of defence.

Miriam Cook was the first to speak. After assisting to secure the door, she had knelt down at one of the loop-holes to reconnoitre. But the very instant when she applied her eyes to the aperture, the group of savages who had been engaged in stripping the body of her husband, and hacking it with their knives and tomahawks, opened on the right, and left one brawny fellow, in the war trappings of a chief, who advanced two or three steps, and shook the bloody scalp of the victim derisively above his head, while the whole party joined in an infernal yell of scorn and exultation.

"My husband's rifle!" she shouted, springing to her feet and rushing across the cabin, she tore the weapon and accoutrements from the wall. But in trying the piece with the ramrod, it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing but musket balls, which her husband had purchased a few days before, to run into bullets suitable for his rifle. The powder-horn was full, but of what use was the powder without the balls. Dropping the weapon, she wrung her hands in despair. Suddenly an idea struck her—she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion bit it in two. Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle protruded through the aperture, and covered the body of the chief, now advancing at the head of the party towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle as the sun fell upon it, and he stopped, but before he had time to make a rush, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from the distance had cleared away, she saw him clutching at the air in the vain effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands above his head, and, whirling quickly around, fell upon his face. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam as she saw the effects of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing the rifle from the loop-hole, she commenced reloading.

The Indians remained motionless for a few seconds, transfixed with astonishment, and then, lifting the body of their chief, withdrew to a respectful distance from the cabin, and the inmates half believed their peril was over. But they were deceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, range the savages clustered together and appeared for several minutes to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their pow-wow, having apparently agreed upon their action, the whole gang took open order and dashed at full run, with wild yells, toward the dwelling.

As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was stationed at another loop-hole, again discharged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandott, shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks with an involuntary shriek of agony. The others kept on, and, reaching the cabin, six of them clambered on the roof, while the other five commenced firing on the door and cutting openings in the logs.

Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a blaze. The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable.

There was a hogshead half full of water in the house. Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft, and Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below, by which she contrived to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out, while she herself enveloped, and almost suffocated by steam and smoke, was invisible to the assailants. At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians observing that the efforts of the besieged party were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had been burned in the roof, to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing within a few feet of the opening, and in an instant she whirled the empty bucket around her head, and with a swing of her arm, struck him directly in the forehead with the sharp end of the staves. She heard the bones crash and the victim groan, a moment after which he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two remaining savages tearing the upper logs of the chimney off, and presuming they intended an entrance that way, she ran down stairs to prepare for them. "The feather bed! the feather bed!" she shouted, as she reached the lower room, and this much-prized article in a frontiersman's inventory of household chattels was quickly brought forth and thrown into the huge fireplace.

A Remarkable Case.

The infant daughter of a well-known citizen of Orange, this State, who was taken ill a week ago with spasms, was given a cathartic and soon after began passing pins, needles, etc. This continued throughout the week with the following as the outcome: Ten lima beans, forty-five pins, five needles, three half needles, seven hair pins, three large safety pins, five tacks, one shingle nail, three buttons, half of a hickory nut, one large pebble, one match, half of a wooden tooth-pick, one steel pen, part of a shoe-buckle. Incredible as this story seems, the truth of it is vouched for by the father of the child, which is but seventeen months old, and by the family physician, one of the leading practitioners of Orange.

By this time one of the Indians had fairly got in the chimney, and the other one was about to follow. "Trust the lighted brands into it, quick," said Alice, and in a moment clouds of stifling smoke from the burning feathers were ascending the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame him, and he fell heavily on the hearth-stone. In the meantime, Miriam had grasped the rifle and held it ready for his reception. Scarcely had he touched the floor, when the iron-bound point of the breech crashed through his skull. The other, who had caught a whiff of the vapor in time to avoid a like fate, hastily descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indians were now killed, but these casualties only added new fury to the remainder. They well knew that the cabin was occupied by women only—and nothing could be more degrading in the eyes of these swartly warriors than to be battled by a parcel of squaws. They now furiously assailed the door with tomahawks. To this proceeding the inmates could offer no resistance. In striking the savage who had fallen down the chimney, Miriam had broken the lock of her husband's rifle, the only one they had, and now, handing the weapon to her sister-in-law, she armed herself with the axe of the young McAndre, which stood in the corner, and prepared herself for the last extremity. Alice betook herself to a very formidable weapon, the slaughter-knife of the establishment, and thus armed, the three women ranged themselves on either side of the door, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

In half an hour the Indians had nearly cut two planks out of the door, beneath the bar, a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture. They brought heavy pieces of wood from an adjacent pile, and using them as battering rams, soon beat in the weakened portion of the door, at the same time driving the articles which had been piled against it into the middle of the room. Taught caution by the losses they had sustained, they did not immediately attempt to enter through the aperture, but thrusting in and crossing their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design—that of killing or maiming some of the occupants, and getting in under cover of the smoke.

Before the deafening sound had ceased, the feather-crested head of the Wyandott warrior parted the smoke cloud that had obscured the interior; but as he rose from a stooping posture on entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous force, cutting through the shoulder and collar-bone into the chest. He dropped with a wild cry, half defiance, half agony. Another savage followed, and another, each to sink, in turn, under the axe of the courageous matron. The fifth she missed, but instantly she grappled with him, and held him powerless in her arms while Alice plunged the knife in his bosom. Of the next two that entered, one was disabled by a severe blow on the head from Hope's rifle, and the other very nearly decapitated by Miriam's well-directed axe.

Of the thirteen warriors who had left their tribe for the war path a few days before, only two were un wounded and capable of service, and they, seized with panic at the havoc made among their companions by the "long-knife squaws," abandoned the charge and fled back to the village. To the wounded left behind no quarter was given. To have spared them would have been treason to the dead. Miriam's axe and the long knife of Alice made short work of them, and this duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding at once to Frankfort. The next day, a hundred mounted frontier men assembled, and after bringing in the bodies of the Cooks and McAndre, started for the nearest Wyandott village, to take a wholesome revenge.

The Origin of the Bang.

America has so seldom given Europe a new fashion in return for the many it has received that a great deal of quiet comfort has been taken out of the supposition that the feminine custom of "banging" the hair was borrowed from the Indian squaws of our Western Plains. True, the feminine Indian is a marvel of hideousness, while her bang, when she has one, lends to her ugliness an air of irredeemable animalism and abject depravity; but if only becoming devices were fashionable there would be very little new to record in ladies' journals or to display at churches and theatres. It now appears, however, that the bang is not peculiar to the American Indians, it being quite common among the savages of New Zealand. This fact being admitted, the method of the advent of the fashion in England may easily be surmised. Returned convicts brought this latest sweet thing in hair to their lady friends, who were glad to adopt it for the very reason, probably, that New Zealand's belles did—it saved them the trouble of combing and arranging their front hair. How the fashion spread to the higher orders need not be asked, for whatever is wild, peculiar and unnatural in woman's appearance may always be safely trusted to make its own way in the world.

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