



"AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN."

The years come, and the years go,
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Carrie! falling;
And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft, and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie! calling,
While autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky like cares—
But the old griefs die, and new joys are
born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years wake, and the years sleep,
And the past is full of sorrow,
Carrie! sorrow;
The thoughtless laughs and the thoughtful
weeps,
And each the fruit of his follies reaps,
For to-day is the fate of to-morrow,
Carrie! to-morrow;
But new loves tempt us to forget
The old, and old friends love us yet—
So the old griefs die, and new joys are
born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years laugh, and the years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Carrie! blowing;
As girlhood's days go dancing by,
And womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Carrie! glowing;
While love his nets for you prepares,
And looks to catch you unawares—
And the old griefs die, and new joys are
born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years live, and the years die,
And all they touch they sadden,
Carrie! sadden;
But still the heart can time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Carrie! gladden;
And well we have loved before,
In autumn we can love once more—
For the old griefs die, and new joys are
born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

—Albert Pike, in *The Vedette*.

LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

Forty-Five Miles Long and One Mile
Wide—Six Hundred Thousand
Bushels of Wheat and Ninety
Thousand Bushels of Oats.

FARGO, D. T., August 13.—You can imagine a wheat field of 30,000 acres? Thirty thousand acres of slender golden stems, each bearing a cluster of yellow heads, bowing and nodding as if in acknowledgment of admiring glances. If you cannot fancy such a picture, you perhaps will admit that it must be one of the most sublime scenes the human eye can witness.

I stood, this morning, at the centre of the largest farm in the world; the largest piece of territory ever cultivated under the direction of a single man. As far as the eye could reach,—north, south, east or west—there was nothing visible but the boundless blue sky, the reddest of red barns, the great awkward-looking threshers, with their smoke-begrimed engines beside them, the whirring harvesters, and miles and miles of wheat. If this farm were stretched out like a ribbon, half a mile wide, it would reach as far as from Chicago to Milwaukee. If it were in a single rectangular piece, a mile in width, it would be forty-five miles from end to end; and there is not a fence, not a tree, not a bush—only an occasional strip of green across the golden stems that marks a road or section line.

Near us was a little white house where the storekeeper lived—the commissary of a great army it is—and we inquired of the gentlemanly Mr. Mandell how we could get across to the office of Mr. Dalrymple. He impressed a mule team that happened to drive up for supplies, and sent us to headquarters.

There was a cluster of great red barns, an acre or two of cabbages, beets, onions and waving corn; a lazy-looking windmill that swung around as indifferently as if a regiment of thirsty men were not working in the field, and a cosy cottage, plain but comfortable. We rapped at the door, and were shown into the parlor. The room was handsomely furnished, with some evidences of luxury, but no more than are found in the houses of "fore-handed" farmers all over the west.

We asked for Mr. Dalrymple, and he came down from some room above; a slender, quiet-looking man, with a pen behind his ear, whom you would judge to be a schoolmaster or clergyman at sight. His hands were soft and white—more accustomed to the book or pen than the plough—and his face, were it not covered with beard, was not so much burned as mine. He met us cordially, invited us to spend the day and dine, and suggested that he would have a team hitched up to drive us over "the place." I noticed he always called it "the place."

In the meantime I asked him a few questions. The first one was as to the yield this year.

"It was a late spring," said Mr. Dal-

rymple. "At the time when we are usually putting in a crop the place for miles around here was covered with water from the melted snow, and you could have sailed a boat over a field where now there is wheat that will yield. I feared at one time that the crop would be a failure, but am very positive now that the average per acre will not be below twenty bushels."

"Have you sold your wheat?"

"Our plan is different from the ordinary method. We are sending about three train loads a day to Duluth."

"How many bushels is that?"

"About 30,000 bushels. We load a vessel at Duluth every two days and send it to Buffalo, where it is sold, on arrival, at the market price."

"What is that?"

"The price to-day," said Mr. Dalrymple, consulting a telegram, "is \$1.27 at Buffalo. Freights are about 27 cents; so it nets us about \$1 a bushel."

"What will your crop amount to?"

"I am expecting about 600,000 bushels. Besides this we have about 90,000 bushels of oats, which we keep for our stock."

"Do you keep stock enough to eat up 90,000 bushels of oats?"

Mr. Dalrymple smiled pleasantly and remarked that 800 horses and mules eat up a good many oats.

"How much does your crop cost you?"

"It costs us about \$6 an acre to produce a crop when we use our own stock and pay our men by the month; but when we hire men and teams by the day it costs us about \$8 an acre."

"What do you pay your men?"

"We pay \$30 a month for regular hands, and \$2 per day for extra hands during harvest."

"What machinery have you going to-day?"

"Two hundred self-binding harvesters and thirty steam threshers. These 200 harvesters turn out an average of 2,800 acres a day, and the threshers turn out about 30,000 bushels a day. As fast as it is threshed we bag the wheat, cart it over there to the cars, empty the sacks, and send away three train loads daily."

"Where do you keep your men?"

"If you had been here at five o'clock this morning you could have seen 800 men at breakfast. We keep forty cooks."

Mr. Dalrymple explained at length how this enormous business is conducted. The 30,000 acres under cultivation are divided into five divisions of 6,000 acres each, under superintendents, who are responsible directly to Mr. Dalrymple, the commander-in-chief. Each of these divisions is divided again into battalions, with a foreman or major, who has charge of 2,000 acres. Under him are three companies, each having a captain and cultivating a section, which is 640 acres of land. Each superintendent plants his crop and harvests it, reporting from time to time to Mr. Dalrymple, who directs and oversees the whole, but spends the greater part of his time at the office, planning and calculating for the best results from the smallest outlay. The superintendents are responsible for the good order of their men, stock and machinery, and there is a decided rivalry between them as to which can produce the biggest crop. When the ploughing commences in the spring the men go out in gangs, each taking 640 acres, under the direction of a foreman, who rides along on horseback to see that the work is done properly. Everything is in the military style.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

UNDERTAKERS' WRONGS.

An Effort to Right Them and How it Failed.

The fraternity of undertakers have had a startling revelation. They have reached the gloomy conclusion that they are being despoiled of their rightful gains. The craft has been invaded and the business of the select has suffered. Until about a year ago everything had been going on pleasantly. Then three or four individuals took it into their heads that they wanted some of the excitement and fun of an undertaker's life. They wanted to wear broadcloth all the year round, and sighed for the glossy plug and shoes of solemn squeak which complete the professional's uniform. These wicked bandits upon the profession chartered show windows, painted the frame black and hung out a few yards of gilt lettering, conveying the cheerful information that he who had a mind to procure a good fit inside. Then they branched out. When the doctors got a case nearly down to caskets an agent of one of these enterprising firms would happen around and interview the prospective mourners. He would hold out a cheerful view of the pompous trappings which his concern could supply, and offer to do the business at club rates—everything pleasant and agreeable, and all that. He would even, so say the "regulars," importune the candidate for posthumous honors

when the relatives proved obdurate. Now, these enterprising coffin drummers gathered in much of the bi-metallic currency of the commonwealth. They waxed fat, like unto the stalled ox, paid no deference to the "regulars" and cut down time-honored prices.

But pride goeth before a fall. The interlopers had nothing to speak of in the way of capital, save a pyramidal assurance. In this respect they were, so say the "legitimists," the boiled down essence of an unlimited number of book agents and life insurance flenders. Now, having no capital except of a facial nature, they were constrained to rent hearses and trappings from those who ran the business on a monetary foundation. Taking advantage of this weakness, the "regulars," with laudable unanimity, set to work to swamp the "speculators." They called a convention. A couple of weeks ago the momentous occasion came around. There were just sixteen regulars present, all told. They met in secret—or thought they did—in the awful recesses of a private morgue belonging to one of the conspirators. One of the piratical agents, however, discovered the plot. He used to be a police news detective on an extinct paper, and knew all that was worth knowing. He sneaked in the afternoon and assumed the role of corpse. That is to say, he laid himself out on a stretcher with the genuine articles, pulled a sheet over him and remained immovable.

By and by, after the members had all entered and bolted the door, Jimmy Mc-Finn was chosen Chairman. He referred, in feeling terms, to the sorrowful life of the undertaker. The profession was one of toll. A funeral director was constantly with the dead, always following in the gloom and shadow of the grave, leading a life of sacrifice. His reward was not here, but hereafter. His memories are of the living in affliction, the beautiful in death. Oh yes, it was a sad, sad life, and it was getting deucedly hard to collect bills, with hard times and these scalpers. That reminded him they had come there to suppress these fellows, saying which, he sat down, depositing his 300 pounds avoirdupois on the ex-reporter. The sham corpse grunted as he felt his waistband touch his backbone, but nobody seemed to notice it except the Chair, who arose and said that he hadn't understood that anything was laid on the table yet.

"The Chair wishes more room, Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms. Just bear a hand, and we'll lay this beauty, all right and tight, in the ice-chest over there," said he pleasantly.

The corpse wanted to groan, even though no one sat on him, and when they took him by the heels and neck and bundled him into the ice-chest along with a genuine corpse, he almost forgot to keep stiff. Then they shut the top down, and two of the members sat on it. Talk about keeping cool under difficulties! That sham corpse found no difficulty at all in it. And while his marrow was freezing and all his blood was congealing, the Convention solemnly proceeded with its deliberations.

Mr. Dray said that he had been much affected at what the worthy Chairman had said about the sorrows of an undertaker's life. It had never occurred to him that way before, and the Chair was entitled to great credit for finding it out. He would offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we do band ourselves together into a protective society for the purpose of starting out those vile leeches upon the profession who have no capital invested.

Resolved, Furthermore, that we do deprecate the habit of undertakers in allowing customers to escape them.

"Why," said he, "I have known a customer to 'shop' around among a dozen undertakers and then go home and make a pine box himself. This ought to be stopped. If people get an idea that they can be buried without an undertaker, where are we? Why, it's worse than cremation!"

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Mr. Dagger was very positive that the only way to close up the piratical undertakers was to sit right down on them. Each of those in the Convention had at least one hearse. Those outside had none. Presto! No hearse, no funeral; no funeral, no business. Did they take? They took and applauded gleefully.

The cost of a hearse is from \$1,500 to \$3,000. The plumes cost \$250 more. Black horses cost \$500, and the harness is a big item. Then there are the silver candlesticks and all that, which represented so much capital, all of which the outsiders were using for a paltry hire; whereas, if they couldn't hire them they would have to close up.

Then they signed a terrible obligation not to rent anything to any other undertaker outside the ring. The Convention adjourned across the street to drown professional sorrow, and the refrigerated corpse slowly raised the lid and rolled out of the ice chest. Mournfully he said

out of the back window without bending his knees, and went around the corner and hired a boy to build a fire under him. Things now looked promising for the regulars, but the enemy called a Convention of its own and sent around for the only undertaker in town who had a hearse and who did not belong to the "Regular" Convention. They talked him over in five minutes and gave him a long contract to furnish all the funeral trappings for the "Outs," and agreed to freeze out the "Regulars."

Thus the matter rests and the undertakers are "kicking." The intruding undertakers are driving a thrifty business, and the sly old gentleman who remained out of the combination divides fat commissions with them.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Died at the Age of 125 Years.

Mrs. Nancy Tims, of whom mention was made in these columns three weeks ago, and who is, perhaps, the oldest living being, is daily growing more feeble, and it now seems quite evident that she cannot much longer survive. Many of our citizens have called to see this venerable woman since her arrival here a month ago, and have listened with eagerness to her recitals of the long ago. For one and a quarter centuries Mrs. Tims has been a living witness of passing events. She was present at the battle of Brandywine, fought 104 years ago the 11th of this month, and assisted her mother to mould bullets for use of Americans in that contest. Her sixth and only living child, a son, is now ninety years old, and is a resident of Texas. Her youngest child, also a son, was accidentally killed in Weakley County, in 1843, at the age of twenty-five years. This wonderful lady, of such unusual longevity, is of small stature, perhaps never weighing over one hundred pounds, and until the past fifteen years, since which time she has been helpless, she exercised freely, doing willingly what her hands found to do. A prominent gentleman of this county, himself well advanced in years, remembers that fifty years ago Mrs. Tims was a very old woman.

Since the above was written Mrs. Tims died, and was buried on Wednesday evening.—*From the West Tennessee Whig*.

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FOURTH YEAR.....NO. 34.

Amusements. HOBOKEN. WAREHGS' GARDEN-Variety. NEW YORK. DALY'S THEATRE-Quills. KOSTER & BEAL'S-Concert.

HOBOKEN, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

Official paper of the city of Hoboken. Circulation second to no other weekly journal in Hudson County.

The "Eli Perkins" of the Democrat (Rep.) hints that his shun, Mayor Beson, is about to "double up." It is true, we congratulate him, and hope it will make a man of him. Ahem!

The Mexican loves to eat out of doors. -N. Y. Herald. "Out of doors" is a new article of diet, to us, at least. Nor has our contemporary mentioned whether this comestible should be used raw or cooked.

It seems singular, if not altogether inexplicable, that the only successful attempts to assassinate rulers, during the present century, should have occurred in Russia and the United States—one under an absolute despotism and the other under Republican Government.

The present State Fair just closed, at Waverly, has been the most successful for years. On Thursday over 25,000 persons were in attendance; the exhibits in all the departments were very fine, and the display of racing and other stock exceptionally fine.

Drawing has been introduced into the public schools, and, like any extra work without extra pay, has not been very well received. "Up to the present." We can hardly understand the opposition, since teachers were generally understood to be artists at drawing—salaries, for instance, even if the latter were small.

"Puttin' a head on" a person is a familiar and forcible expression at the present day; but the New York Herald surpasses everything in the "puttin' on" style, as follows: "A Marblehead Yankee knocked a man down for speaking abusively of baked beans." What we wish to know is, who put the marble head on that Yankee?

If Director McDonald is not mistaken, there are in his Board of Freeholders at the present time a lot of the most worthless and dishonest officials who ever had anything to do with our county affairs. Now call the roll and name the rogues.—J. C. Journal. And while you are about it Mr. Director-at-Large, tell us what your recsals have been doing. Name the offense as well as the offenders.

The Assembly Districts have been so changed around since the last election, that it would be in order to furnish every voter with a map of the county, and the particular section plainly marked out, underlined with the name in Italics. When we remember that, unfortunately, many our so-called free and enlightened citizens must have their ticket made up and read to them, these new complications are appalling. There is an object, however.

That royalty feels the pangs of bereavement, may be gleaned from the fact that Queen Victoria, by cablegram, ordered the English Charge d'Affaires at Washington, to place upon the casket containing President Garfield's remains, a magnificent wreath, composed of Neil roses, white carnations, jessamines and geranium flowers, with a card attached bearing the following inscription: "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American people. September 22, 1881.

Hoboken contributes its quota of condolence to the family of the deceased President by a communication from the Mayor, advising the Council of the melancholy event. The Council, in accordance with the recommendation embraced in the message, authorized the Committee on Finance and Salaries, Councilmen Timken, Miller and Kaufmann, to draw up suitable resolutions of sympathy for the bereaved family of the deceased, and in further concurrence with his Honor's wishes, adjourned on Tuesday evening without transacting any public business.

AMERICA'S SECOND MARTYR

The twentieth President of the United States, and our Republic's second martyr, has succumbed to the bullet of a senseless and stupid, though, we are certain, by no means insane assassin. At 10:35 P. M. Monday, after sustaining, for eighty days, physical suffering the most wasting and excruciating, James A. Garfield's spirit quitted its earthly tabernacle and entered that bourne "where the weary are at rest." It matters not to him now how the strife of unprincipled, warring political cabals, in their unworthy efforts to gain power and ascendancy, may terminate. The outspoken expressions of grief as well as the emblems of a nation's sorrow so universally displayed, proves beyond doubt the esteem with which the beloved departed was held in the estimation of his countrymen; while the messages of condolence transmitted across the Atlantic to the martyred deceased's bereaved family—emanating alike from crown-heads, statesmen, diplomatists, civic corporations, etc.—prove but too plainly the respect in which the name of James A. Garfield had come to be regarded outside the United States, the friendly relations he had contributed so much to cement between his own and foreign countries, and the detestation in which the dastardly crime of the cowardly assassin is held by all civilized people. But while expressions of condolence may help to soothe the poignant grief of the widow and fatherless family of the murdered President, aid, we feel well assured, of a more substantial character will not be lacking on the part of a generous and sympathizing people. Actions speak louder than words; and already the most positive signs of a great nation's sympathy, in a financial point of view, has been displayed on the part of our moneyed men at several of our money centres and marts of trade; and thus the survivors of the illustrious victim will be enabled to tide over all embarrassments incidental to this "vale of tears," and, at last, honored and deplored, they will join him whom the hand of a mercenary transferred to those blessed regions where "sorrow is unknown."

The family of the late President is deserving of the country's sympathy in more ways than one. To the indomitable energy and unflinching zeal of the father their elevation from a life of plodding obscurity is mainly due; the mother's studious habits and fondness for reading perhaps tending, in some degree, to spur on her husband in his path of noble ambition. But his was a hard time, indeed; for, from the time he became able to work, his summers were spent on the farm, from which his father had been removed by death, and his winters at a carpenter's bench. After several years of unremunerating toil spent in this manner, he took to the tow-path of the Ohio Canal, where he was paid pretty regularly in cash, and saved a little money during the three years he devoted to this occupation. Possessed of an insatiable appetite for education, he procured a small sum of money from his mother, a stock of provisions, and a few cooking utensils, and thus armed and equipped, he entered an obscure cross-roads seminary of learning, the Geauga Academy. Here he cooked his own food, taught country school, worked mornings and evenings, and during vacations at the carpenter's bench, and by pinching and serping, at the end of three years, found himself in possession of the entire amount of scholastic attainments the Geauga institution could confer, and just half as much money as would defray his admission for the junior year at college. Procuring a life insurance policy he left it in trust with a gentleman as a guarantee for the funds which he needed for a collegiate course. Everything prospered, all obstacles were surmounted, all difficulties overcome, by his perseverance and steady application to his studies, and in 1854 we find him graduating in Williams College, Massachusetts, bearing away triumphantly the metaphysical honors of his class.

Returning to Ohio, he entered Hiram College, where he became professor of Greek and Latin, and in about two years his energy and industry elevated him to the Presidency of the College. In 1859, Portage and Summit Counties elected him to the State Senate; and while discharging the duties pertaining to this position, the war of the rebellion broke out, and altered all his future plans of life. He spent the winter of 1861 earnestly advocating the passage of measures for arming the State militia. During the summer of same year he was elected Colonel of the Forty-second Infantry of that State. Taking the field in Kentucky, he was promoted to the command of a brigade, and by skillfully conducting a forced march, succeeded in surprising a rebel force under Humphrey Marshall, routing the enemy at every point. Transferred to Louisville, he hastened from that place to join the forces of General Buell, and succeeded in being in time to participate in the second day's battle at Pittsburg Landing. He helped to siege Corinth, operated along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, was appointed January, 1863, Chief of Staff Army of the Cumberland, and in the spring and summer of that year did honorable service in all the campaigns of middle Tennessee; and, for the conspicuous part taken by him in the dreadful fight at Chichamauga, he was rewarded with a Major-General's rank. Of his career in Congress, from 1863 to his nomination for the office of President of the United States, his greatest opponents, while opposed to him politically, must admit that his abilities as a legislator were both able and brilliant; and men of all shades of politics felt secure in the sagacity and conservatism of James A. Garfield to pursue a policy best calculated to subserve the interests of the country and the perpetuation of its republican institutions.

At a meeting of the Union Social Club, held at the Martha Institute, September 22d, 1881, the following resolutions and resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, in our grief, unite with our fellow-citizens, in the sympathies of our beloved Nation at the loss of its Chief Magistrate.

Resolved, That we also tender our condolence to the stricken family in this their hour of poignant grief.

Resolved, That the rooms of this society be appropriately draped in commemoration of this sad event.

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THE COMING MAN.

Chester A. Arthur has, by one of those unforeseen circumstances not to be guarded against, because not suspected, become President of this Republic; and it is a matter of very keen solicitude to many honored and trusted public men what will be the future policy of the new Chief Executive. It would be idle to deny that grave suspicion and harassing doubts attend him on his entering on the duties of his new position. His most particular political confidants and dearest public associates are men whose most publicly-proclaimed sentiments stamp them as the most ultra enemies of our cherished institutions. We are averse to publicly prejudging the future conduct of General Arthur; but would wish most earnestly to impress upon the new Chief Magistrate that the founding of his future popularity is in his own hands; and, decidedly in favor as we are of giving every man a fair trial before prematurely condemning him, we unhesitatingly affirm that if he but studiously eschews the insidious counsel of such radical advocates of Caesarism and Imperialism as Grant, Conkling and Cameron, he may yet attain to as great a degree of popularity and confidence as he is now the subject of suspicion and uncertainty.

CORKHILL AND GUITEAU.

Can GuitEAU be tried and convicted in the District of Columbia is a question now considerably exercising the minds of persons supposed to be well posted on the subject. Several of our most eminent jurists say he cannot; and they quote, in support of their assertions, the decisions of several of the Supreme Court Judges, a decision rendered in Washington being among the number. But District Attorney Corkhill says that GuitEAU will be tried in the District, the law there covering the case. If Corkhill knows of such a law, why does he not lay it before the public? Should GuitEAU escape through any blundering of the Washington lawyer, Mr. Corkhill will find himself in a very unenviable position. New Jersey's revised statutes are the only ones so far published which completely covers the case in point; and to Jersey—to make assurance doubly sure—GuitEAU should be sent for trial.

Proclamation by the Governor.

On Wednesday last Governor Ludlow issued the following proclamation, which for pathos and true genuine sentiments of sorrow for the family of the late President, has not been surpassed by any public document issued so far. The Governor's detestation of the crime, the assassin, and the motives which prompted the dastardly act is set forth in such manly and well-chosen sentences as to recommend the document to the hearty consideration of all genuine New Jersey men; and we feel certain that the recommendations of the proclamation will be strictly carried out:

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. The deplorable event against whose coming the people of this country has so earnestly hoped has reached us. James A. Garfield, the President of the United States, is dead. He died, not as have so many of his predecessors, in the fulness of years, with his labors completed, but at the very threshold of the proudest era of his life, in the prime of manhood and at the hands of an assassin, who struck but to gratify the basest personal malice and the most despicable personal hopes. Such a death is a national calamity and must cause universal grief. In detestation of the crime, in admiration of the heroism with which the stricken President met his fate, in the earnest hope that the Ruler of the Universe may, in His goodness and mercy, avert from us any repetition of so terrible a misfortune, and in manifestation of the sorrow which now fills all hearts, I, George J. Ludlow, Governor of the State of New Jersey, do hereby recommend that the people of this State do observe Monday, the 26th of September, the day appointed for the obsequies of the late President of the United States, by draping the public buildings in mourning, by the closing of places of business throughout the day and by assembling for prayer and other appropriate religious services in their usual places of worship at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Given under my hand and privy seal at Trenton, the 21st day of September, A.D. 1881. G. C. LUDLOW, Governor. Attest—JOEL NAAR, Private Secretary.

Sorrow's Tribute.

The sad intelligence of President Garfield's death was hardly announced in this city, when an almost universal feeling seized our citizens to display, by the only means left, their regrets for the fallen chieftain. The fire bells tolled for some hours, and many immediately made preparations for draping their premises in emblems of mourning. In this move our little city has certainly expressed its sorrow in more emphatic tones than any words from us could portray. The business streets and the public buildings, such as the school houses and City Hall, were very tastefully decorated, the former the handiwork of the lady attaches of our educational department, displayed all the good taste and originality for which women are noted in matters of this nature. The ferryboats and other vessels in the harbor carried flags at half-mast. Thus in a great way little Hoboken expressed its grief for the National calamity which has overtaken the American people.

A New and Successful Dodge.

A well dressed, polite and extremely agreeable talker entered Ritter's jewelry store on Washington street, Thursday afternoon about five o'clock, and in the most nonchalant manner imaginable, demanded his gold watch which he had left for repairs the day before. Mr. Ritter was absent, and his young daughter, who happened to be temporarily in charge, informed the stranger she knew nothing of the matter, and he would have to call again. About this time the scoundrel who had been eyeing a number of tickers lying on the work bench behind the counter, exclaimed "Oh! I see my watch there, and it must be ready because your father promised to have it in order for me by four o'clock at the latest; I am going out of town, and must have it." The change was to be \$125, which I am ready to pay. The little girl was not in the habit of delivering goods, and accordingly summoned her mother from an inner apartment. When Mrs. Ritter appeared, the fellow repeated his story in such a bland manner—adding that he was prepared to leave his address, etc., and give receipt; he was, besides, very sorry that Mr. Ritter forgot to mention the fact that he was to call after his time-piece, but since he was in a hurry to take a train he must have it. The lady very naturally was deceived by the scoundrel's suave manner, straight story, and respectable appearance, and handed over the "ticker," designated a handsome gold hunting case watch, valued at over \$200. The fellow paid \$125 and departed. Upon Mr. Ritter's return, some time later, he was apprised of the delivery of the article, and on investigation, found, to his consternation, that a watch belonging to one of his near neighbors and a good customer, had been given away for the small sum of ten shillings. The police were notified and furnished with an accurate description of the thief. He had several hours' start, however, and

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Union Social Club, held at the Martha Institute, September 22d, 1881, the following resolutions and resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That we, in our grief, unite with our fellow-citizens, in the sympathies of our beloved Nation at the loss of its Chief Magistrate. Resolved, That we also tender our condolence to the stricken family in this their hour of poignant grief. Resolved, That the rooms of this society be appropriately draped in commemoration of this sad event. Resolved, That we, in our grief, unite with our fellow-citizens, in the sympathies of our beloved Nation at the loss of its Chief Magistrate.

THE ASSASSINATION, THE DEATH AND THE MISFEASANT'S DOOM.

The following lines are the production of a gentleman of a literary turn; and, although, as a poem, they are not sufficient to suit the taste of some of our "aesthetes," they express the feelings of millions of people in the United States to-day:

After the assassination, July 4, 1881. Praise God, the sun has risen at last On this, our glorious nation, With the old flag floating at top-mast, An emblem of its salvation. For I was fearful that, like sea of thousands other, That our President's spirit might take its flight To greet its martyr's brother. For he, like others, was shot down By a lurking, malicious wretch, A man of honor and renown Was slain for envy's sake. But, praise the Lord, the flag is still Floating above half-mast, And hopes are entertained he will Withstand the terrible blast. Let us pray he will, for our country's sake, On his independence day, And while his friends around him wait, They trust in God and pray. Alas, they pray, may they feel, In sweet sensation, That God, through his mercy, will Restore their beloved companion; And let the nation, with one accord, Irrespective of tongue or creed, Supplicate the throne of God That our President may live. And while we celebrate this Fourth, With fervent prayers and tears, We will confide in Him who knoweth Our hearts' desires and fears. Then we pray, O Heavenly Father, In humble supplication, That Thou wilt revive our brother To attend to his position. And if Thou please to spare his life Till his hair with age are hoary, He, with his children and his wife, Will give to Thee the glory.

THE DEATH, SEPTEMBER 19, 1881. What is this I hear in the midnight hour, The fire bells' doleful toll, Denoting, I fear, the departure Of our beloved President's soul? Yes—he's gone, the valiant man has gone To his everlasting rest! Where pain and sorrow no more is known: Eternally with the blest. Let the sympathy mourn her departed loss With sympathetic tears, In honor of her noble city. Stricken down in the strength of his years, And while we mourn, with troubled heart, Through the length and breadth of the land, May every soul in love unite To obey the Lord's command. For the Lord hath called him from his pain To His rest in Heaven above; And there, exulting in the Saviour's name, He'll forever sing his love.

THE ASSASSIN.

What shall we say of the cowardly wretch Who dared to uplift his hand, To assassinate a man of worth, The President of our land? Suspend him alive upon a pole, Under the flag of the nation, And let him hang until his soul Departs to its destination; And while he hangs—the worthless wretch— May every eye and hand fetch Alights on his body and fetch The last of his flesh away. And when his flesh is all gone— The contemptible assassin— Let him hang up by the line Until the resurrection. HOBOKEN, Sept. 23, 1881. M. 360.

Result of the Autopsy.

The report of the eight physicians who made the autopsy on Tuesday in the case of President Garfield, proves beyond doubt that GuitEAU's bullet was the real and only cause of death. The ball, completely encysted near the mesenteric gland, could not be discovered until the abdomen had been completely exposed and dissected. The bullet broke the eleventh right rib, fractured the spinal column, and, without touching the spinal cord, lodged, however, in the mesentery, two and a half or three inches directly left of the spinal column. A pus cavity, formed "by the burrowing of the pus downward," led the physicians to believe that that channel was the track of the ball. We give an extract from the official report as follows:

"The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest complained of just before death. In reviewing the history of the case in connection with the autopsy, it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured, spongy tissue of the vertebrae, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed."

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Political Notes.

B. N. Crane has not been endorsed by any one, but himself, as a candidate for Sheriff. Who will be the next Judge, and what is the next Prosecutor's name, are the questions which are puzzling the legal fraternity of this county. The failure of the Republican State Committee of New York, when in session, recently, for the purpose of calling the State Convention, to pass resolutions of sympathy for the late suffering President, has excited much comment and indignation among Republicans throughout the State. The Executive Committee of the Jeffersonian Democracy of the State of New York met last Saturday evening in the Brower House, Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, New York, and decided to issue a call for a State Convention to be held in New York city on October 10th. It was also arranged that each Senatorial District should be represented by one delegate. The Tammany Democracy is fast completing its deal or bargain with that mongrel faction which calls itself Irving Hall. Filled in his attempt to provoke a quarrel with the regular Democrats at the recent State Committee meeting, the Tammany boss, the arch-traitor to his party, and ex-Senator John Fox, his feeble accomplice, are now endeavoring to so arrange matters in this city as to be able to unite at the coming election on all local nominations.—N. Y. Herald.

A "GRANZY" STEER.

On Saturday evening last, about 4 o'clock, one of a drove of "Texans" en route from the Jersey City abattoir to the place of embarkation for New York, while crossing Ferry street, this city, stampeded from the herd and went flying down the street, to the inevitable danger of all pedestrians on that thoroughfare. He had not proceeded far in his Alexanderian career before he was assailed by the inevitable "small boy," who, giving vent to his well-known signal, soon had a crowd of "Apaches" in the wake of Monsieur Brelum. The bovine used his legs to good advantage until he arrived at the corner of Bloomfield and Ferry streets. Here his youthful "exasperators" brought him to a stand, and *Front de Boeuf* showed very decided symptoms of not being braved with impunity by his juvenile tormentors. Wheeling round and eyeing with glaring optics the "solid masses" of his pursuers, he made a dash for the nearest group of his pigmies pursuers, and, so near did he come to impaling one of "the enemy" on his horns, that the intended victim of his wrath had to bask himself to a lamppost, and hang like grim death to such support as his hands could most readily find; his wrath upon the ground underneath him, which he spurned and pawed, with flaming eye and distended nostril, in baffled rage. A diversion being made in favor of "the man in the fies," the free rove of the Texan pastures betook himself to his gelatinous hoofs, and succeeded in reaching that piece of tempting verdure situated between the northerly end of Washington street and the Elysian Fields. Here he stood at bay, and showed a "bold front" to no less than two thousand "maddeners," who had followed him thus far. The crowd continued to increase momentarily until, at about half-past 6 o'clock, three sides of a solid square, at least twenty-five deep, had collected to see the "mad ox." One young man more precocious than the rest arrived at the "theatre of events," armed *cap-a-pie* with his revolver and goodly supply of ammunition. Placing himself at a pretty safe distance from the now perfectly tired-out animal, who seemed to wish nothing better than to be severely "let alone," he commenced "blazing away," and after expending six shots upon the wild "steed of the desert," succeeded in wounding the beast slightly in the leg. This roused the dormant energy of the bovine, which made a dash for the front ranks of "the enemy," and never did cavalry disperse an unorganized mob with greater facility than did this persecuted victim of his legions of taterdemalions. He broke through the cordon of his tormentors, and rushing down Washington street turned into Garden, where he took refuge in the yard of ex-Treasurer Kamena, where, thanks to the presence of a sliding gate, he was corralled, hawsered and finally turned into steaks for the benefit of such as are able to indulge their penchant for juicy *Sir Loin* flesh. The wonder is how the small boy on foot and the occupants of baby carriages, who had been encamped by their nurses on the "ridges of grim war," escaped the last charge of his Boviness, when the final break took place; and also where the police were employed during the excitement.

A "Fresh" New Yorker Sailed.

Charles Miller was one of the happiest Teutonic waiters at Manhattan Beach, up to a few days ago, but alas, the vicissitudes of life have rendered the festive Charlie the most wretched of men. After a season of uninterrupted bliss by the sad sea waves, he was unfortunately enough to visit Hoboken Thursday evening, arrayed in his best, and was so thoroughly "salted" as to make him unhappy for years to come. He told a very strange and rather extended story of abuse and wrong at the police station, which, condensed, sums up as follows: He had spent the evening in a saloon in Hoboken, near the ferry, he didn't know exactly where, and was extremely lavish in entertaining strangers whom he met. He claims to have bought up the productions of a small brewery before he decided on economizing. Just as soon as he declined to furnish more lager for his new friends, one of the party emptied the contents of a dish of herring and sauce over his person, pickling him from the necktie down to the boots, and ruining the appearance of the "new shirt." He could not name the aggressor, or even locate the scene of the attack, yet demanded the aid of half the force in hunting the fellow who "salted" him. Judging from his antics at the police station, and his anxiety to have every saloon keeper in Hoboken executed, he was just "fresh enough" to not suffer from a little "pickling."

Silver Wedding Jubilee of the German Evangelical Church.

The Hoboken German Evangelical Church has good cause to congratulate itself on the signal success which attended its twenty-fifth anniversary. The jubilee exercises for the occasion commenced on the 11th and continued until the 18th inst. On the opening day, Rev. Leopold Molin, pastor and founder of the church, delivered a very interesting historical sermon from the German words, "Een dracht maakt macht" and "Ebenzeer," in which he congratulated his hearers upon the flourishing condition of this church to-day. Religious services continued daily, conducted and participated in by clergymen of different denominations, and hailing from Jersey City, Union Hill, Jersey City Heights, Bergen Point, Brooklyn, and several other places on Long Island. The closing services were very interesting, the celebration of the Holy Communion in the morning bringing out a sermon from the pastor which brought the whole congregation together in the evening at a thanksgiving service, in which all united as with one joyful heart. Many valuable gifts were presented, including two beautiful collection boxes by Mr. Glaser, and an elegant massive communion table by the Ladies' Aid Society; and liberal collections taken up, which will exceed in the aggregate \$1,000. We congratulate the "German Evangelical" on these new indications of future prosperity.

Hoboken Members All Right.

The following will show the changes in the Committees of the Board of Freeholders, as brought about by Director McDonald's recent action: On County Institutions, old Committee—Conroy, Foley, Eagan, Kelsey, Govern, Parslow, Decker, Wandel and Edwards. New Committee—Haslam, Foley, Edwards, Parslow, Wandel, Shea and Munn. On Public Grounds, Court House and Jail, old Committee—Haslam, Kelsey, Edwards, Swift, Dwyer and Munn. New Committee—Haslam, Dwyer, Swift, Edwards, Govern and Eagan. We are flattered with the showing, since it proves conclusively that our representatives in the Board are above the suspicions of the Director, whatever those suspicions may be. Both Messrs. Foley and Parslow, though members of the old Committee on County Institutions, were selected to act on the new. Ninth Regiment Notes. Captain Griffith's canvass for the position of Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth is progressing.

The Garfield Fund.

The fund intended to place the lamented President's family beyond the possibility of want has already reached more than the sum originally intended. President Garfield died comparatively poor man, and this move on the part of patriotic and thoughtful citizens, will prove a very sensible tribute to his memory, as well as a substantial gift to the loved ones who were left not beyond the pale of want.

Yorktown Centennial Notes.

Vermont will be represented by the Governor and staff and two companies of about 200 men. Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, and his staff will attend, accompanied by the Fifth Maryland Regiment and two battalions. The Chatham Artillery, of Savannah, Ga., will be present at Yorktown. They will have with them two pieces of artillery captured from Lord Cornwallis. M. Edmund de Lafayette has accepted the invitation to be present in the name of his family, but he has not made known the names of those who will avail themselves of this invitation. The French Government has secured for its delegates, and all other delegations who will be pleased to join them, passage on a French steamer, which is to sail from Havre on September 24. Three steamers of the Iron Steamboat Company, of New York, have been engaged by the Pennsylvania authorities to convey the troops and representatives of that State to the celebration. It has been decided to have a press committee of one from each of the original thirteen States to represent American journalism at Yorktown, and Thomas T. Kinney, of the Newark Advertiser, has been selected for New Jersey. The Grand Lodge of Virginia, which has in charge the arrangements of the Masonic ceremonies at Yorktown, have sent invitations to all the Grand Masters of all the States and Territories to be present, and it is estimated that 10,000 will be present. W. D. Cowan, tailor, of Newark, has been awarded the contract for overcoats for the New Jersey National Guard, and has contracted to finish one thousand by October 10th, to be used by the Yorktown Battalion. The contract price is \$9.50 each. Two French men-of-war, the *Magicienne*, bearing the flag of Admiral Halligon, and the *Dumont d'Urville*, are ordered to New York. The last named will anchor in advance at Sandy Hook to await the steamer having on board the delegation, and will escort her to New York. The *Magicienne* will be at New York on the day of their arrival. By command of Gen. Hancock, Light Battery C, Third U. S. Artillery (Sigsbee's), has been ordered and started last week from Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, to Yorktown, where it will form part of the forces that take part in the celebration. The battery will go via Trenton, Philadelphia, Columbia, Pa., Baltimore and Washington, and, as far as practicable, will follow the route taken by Washington's forces in 1781. The following Prussian officers, representatives of Baron Steuben's family, will be present at Yorktown, as guests of the United States Government: Col. Von Steuben, Sev-

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The King estate, in Weehawken, has been the scene of eleven duels. Edmund W. Kingsland has been the Collector for Hudson county for thirty-eight years. The Governor Bullock, of Georgia, is making a tour in the North and has left his daughters to be educated in Utica, N. Y. Dan Rice, of circus fame, has been divorced from his first wife, and now the second is applying for a similar document. Judge Joel Parker, of this State, is probably the only man who can say he has spoken in every court house in the State. The late Isaac W. Scudder was the first representative sent to Congress from here after Hudson county was made a district. De-Governor Tilden was returned from the Catskills and Ligon at his residence, Greystone, and in the Hudson. He is in feeble health. Ernesto Rossi, the Italian tragedian, is on his way to this country, and will make his first appearance in Boston, as "King Lear," October 9d. Mr. George Lancaster has been confined to his home through a severe illness, but his many friends will be glad to learn that he is now convalescent. Mr. John Bessunger, the gentlemanly superintendent of Charley Kaesebehn's billiard and pool room, is on a flying visit to Montreal, Canada. Stott John Hancock's chair, the one in which he sat when he signed his name to the Declaration of Independence, now stands in St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, Va. Ex-Governor McClellan, of this State, is making a tour of Switzerland. On his return he will live in Gramercy Park, New York city, two doors from Samuel J. Tilden. The grave of Gen. Braddock, defeated near Pittsburg, in 1755, is a few miles east of Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa., on the old national pike. There is no monument or stone to mark it. Mr. Bart Holt and wife, of Stockton, Cal., are visiting at the residence of Mr. Milton Holt, a brother of the former, at 54 Bloomfield street. Mr. Holt is largely engaged in sheep raising near Stockton. Mr. James Urmann, of the Gas Company's Office, has just returned from a trip through the lower part of Canada. He was particularly interested and entertained while sojourning in the ancient and historical city of Quebec, and tells many pleasant anecdotes in connection therewith. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln has almost entirely recovered from her recent illness, and will spend the winter with her son in Washington. She does not like her son's appointment to a Cabinet position. "Secretary of War!" said she, when informed of his appointment, "then he'll be shot, sure." Thomas O'Reilly, of 330 Newark avenue, Jersey City, received in the war a wound in his head, which necessitated the operation of trepanning. He subsequently enjoyed excellent health in every respect. As a member of Henry Wilson Post, G. A. R., he participated in the sham battle which took place last week at the encampment at the Schuylken Park, where, under the excitement of the mock contest, he was attacked with congestion of the brain. He was taken home, and died on the following day. The death of Gen. Burnside recalls some conspicuous facts in the history of the Army of the Potomac. During the four years of the war that army was under the command of seven different officers. Taken in chronological order, they were Gen. McDowell, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Pope, Gen. McClellan again, Gen. Burnside, Gen. Hooker, Gen. Meade, and finally Gen. Grant, with Meade directly under him. Of the seven commanders, three are dead, namely, Meade, Hooker and Burnside. Of the other four, only McDowell and Pope are now in the service.

GENERAL NEWS.

At Pompeii, combs have just been discovered exactly like the modern fine tooth comb. The bronze balconies alone in Wm. H. Vanderbilt's new house, in New York, will cost \$60,000. A farmer in Middletown has sold the apples in his orchard for \$7,000, this season, to a New York speculator. The rains in south Jersey have been quite plentiful, and have entirely extinguished the forest and swamp fires. Three hundred people were thrown out of employment by the failure of the New York Silk Factory at Marion. The United States Government has fixed the valuation of coins which have had holes punched through them as follows: Dollars, 65 cents; half dollars, 35 cents, and dimes, 5 cents. The August gross earnings of the Central Railroad of New Jersey are stated at over \$1,000,000. Frederick A. Potts will probably succeed Judge Lathrop as President of this Company. A large new shoe factory was put in operation in Burlington, a few days ago. The manufacture of shoes has become a leading industry in Burlington, and gives employment to nearly 600 hands. A number of persons who left Long Branch about the first of the month have returned again, and are occupying their former apartments in the hotels. On Thursday the West End Hotel had 700 guests. One of the oldest landmarks in Mercer county, at Hamilton Mills, was destroyed by fire last week. It was known as "Tippler's Tavern," and was built in 1772, and was used as a public house since 1798. The Post Office Department has conferred authority on postmasters, not possessed before, to correct mis-directed letters, where possible, and forward them; instead, as has been the custom, of sending them to the dead letter office. The United States flag was raised at Middletown on Saturday last, the ninety-fourth anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and also the anniversary of the raising of a flag made by the ladies of Middletown in 1861.

On Saturday evening last, about 4 o'clock, one of a drove of "Texans" en route from the Jersey City abattoir to the place of embarkation for New York, while crossing Ferry street, this city, stampeded from the herd and went flying down the street, to the inevitable danger of all pedestrians on that thoroughfare. He had not proceeded far in his Alexanderian career before he was assailed by the inevitable "small boy," who, giving vent to his well-known signal, soon had a crowd of "Apaches" in the wake of Monsieur Brelum. The bovine used his legs to good advantage until he arrived at the corner of Bloomfield and Ferry streets. Here his youthful "exasperators" brought him to a stand, and *Front de Boeuf* showed very decided symptoms of not being braved with impunity by his juvenile tormentors. Wheeling round and eyeing with glaring optics the "solid masses" of his pursuers, he made a dash for the nearest group of his pigmies pursuers, and, so near did he come to impaling one of "the enemy" on his horns, that the intended victim of his wrath had to bask himself to a lamppost, and hang like grim death to such support as his hands could most readily find; his wrath upon the ground underneath him, which he spurned and pawed, with flaming eye and distended nostril, in baffled rage. A diversion being made in favor of "the man in the fies," the free rove of the Texan pastures betook himself to his gelatinous hoofs, and succeeded in reaching that piece of tempting verdure situated between the northerly end of Washington street and the Elysian Fields. Here he stood at bay, and showed a "bold front" to no less than two thousand "maddeners," who had followed him thus far. The crowd continued to increase momentarily until, at about half-past 6 o'clock, three sides of a solid square, at least twenty-five deep, had collected to see the "mad ox." One young man more precocious than the rest arrived at the "theatre of events," armed *cap-a-pie* with his revolver and goodly supply of ammunition. Placing himself at a pretty safe distance from the now perfectly tired-out animal, who seemed to wish nothing better than to be severely "let alone," he commenced "blazing away," and after expending six shots upon the wild "steed of the desert," succeeded in wounding the beast slightly in the leg. This roused the dormant energy of the bovine, which made a dash for the front ranks of "the enemy," and never did cavalry disperse an unorganized mob with greater facility than did this persecuted victim of his legions of taterdemalions. He broke through the c

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

The Question of Authorship Settled and a Base Lie Falsified.

Dr. Bennett says "the story of the origin of the hymns, 'The Sweet By-and-by,' is a short one and soon told. From 1861 to 1871 I resided in Elkhart, Wis., where I kept an apothecary store, and during that period was associated with Joseph P. Webster, a music teacher, in the production of musical works. I composing the words and he the music. Our first production was 'The Signet Ring,' our second 'The Beauties,' our third 'The Sunday School Cantata,' our fourth and last 'The Great Rebellion.' It was in the fall of 1873, when we were at work on 'The Signet Ring,' that we composed 'The Sweet By-and-by.' It was composed for that work, and published first in it. And this was the way we happened to compose it. Webster was an extremely sensitive and melancholy man, and very prone to think that others had slighted him. He was always imagining that some old friend had spoken to him coolly, and then dropping into bottomless despondency about it until some casual meeting afterward dispelled the illusion. After awhile I understood this weakness so well that I knew how to take it, and it gave me no trouble at all. On the contrary, I used to aid him in getting over these spells, generally by putting him to work, which I learned by experience was sure to relieve him. So one day in the fall of 1874—I could give you the day if I had the copyright here—I was standing at my desk in my drug store, writing up my books, when in came Webster looking uncommonly blue. I knew at a glance what ailed him, but said to him pleasantly, 'Webster, what is the matter with you?' 'Ah,' he said, 'nothing much. It will be right by-and-by.' 'That is so,' I said, 'and what is the reason that would not be a good subject for a song—By-and-by?' With that I snatched up a piece of paper and went to writing, and within fifteen minutes I handed him a paper with these words written on it:

"There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we may see it afar, And the Father stands over the way To prepare us a dwelling-place there. "We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall soar to no more; Not a sigh for the blessings of rest. "To our bountiful Father above We will offer our tribute of praise For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. "There, I said, 'write a tune for that.' Webster looked it over, and then turned to a man named Bright in the store, and said, 'Hand me my fiddle over the counter, please.' The fiddle was passed to him, and he went to work at once to make a tune. And I hardly think it was more than thirty minutes from the time that he came into the store that he and I were singing together the words and music just as you see them here, on the nineteenth page of 'The Signet Ring.' We liked them very much, and were singing our song, off and on, the rest of the day. Toward evening, Uncle John Crosby, as we used to call him, my wife's uncle, came into the store, and we sang it to him. He was deeply affected by it, and when it was ended the spirit of prophecy came over him and he said, 'That piece is immortal.' And he was right. "Has the song been copyrighted any by so many publications?" "A little. The tune is frequently written now in the key of G, instead of the key of A, which is no improvement. As to the words, I wrote a different repeat for each stanza. The first was 'We shall meet on that beautiful shore,' the second was 'We shall sing on that beautiful shore,' and the third was 'We shall praise on that beautiful shore.' As it is printed now, the first repeat is used for all three stanzas. Then, too, the Methodists have added two whole stanzas to the hymn. I can't repeat them, but I don't like them. "Were not you and Webster Methodists?" "No, sir. We were both liberals, but not members of any church. Webster has never been connected with any church, but I had been a Methodist in my youth, and until I was nineteen years old. "There is a story going around that you and Webster were drunk when you composed that hymn. Is there any truth in it?" "There is no. Webster was in the habit of drinking, but I know he wasn't drunk the day he composed that tune. "What has become of Webster?" "He died at Elkhart of heart disease, five or six years ago. His life went out like a flash. He was a married man, ten years older than I, and left four children. His daughter is traveling now, and singing 'The Beauties.' Webster used to advertise himself as 'author of Lorens' until he wrote 'Sweet By-and-by,' but after that he never said any more about Lorens."

AN EXCITING MELODRAMA.

The Hero Rescues Himself After Dreadful Sufferings.

The fifth act was lively. The stage showed the interior of a barn. There were two apartments on the lower floor, and a hay loft above. The hero came into one room, drank out of a bottle, and had delirium tremens. The actor suffered dreadfully. He saw hideous beasts, he wrestled with himself in the straw, he described a cemetery of open graves, he told about his supposed dead daughter, and altogether he made it as unpleasant as possible for himself and the audience. "Merciful heaven!" he cried, when the paroxysm was over, and he fell asleep. Then the wife dashed into the other room with the daughter. She expressed emotion as the freezing, hungry, despairing mother by dashing to and fro, flinging her arms wildly about and rattling in the circumscribed space like a pea in a pod. At length she took the little girl up a ladder to the loft to get warm in the hay, and was down again in a jiffy. As an acrobatic performance it had merit. "Merciful heavens!" she cried, and darted out into the storm to search for her husband. Then came a prayer by the little girl. There was the child praying above, unconscious of the besotted parent wallowing in the straw beneath. The hero awoke in mental and physical torture. He wished to die. "Merciful heavens!" he cried. His eyes fell on a halter. He would hang himself. He tied the rope round a beam overhead, climbed on a manger, and adjusted a noose. The horrified child implored him to stop, but he thought her voice was imaginary, and did not heed it. He leaped from the manger; the noose seemed to tighten round his neck; he made wry faces indicative of strangulation, and stifled exclamations by women in the auditorium denoted that they were thrilled. The child made an outcry and racket, and at length found an ax, which had been left in the loft to chop hay. She ought to have used it to cut the rope, and thus rescue her father. She lacked away vigorously, but without severing a strand. The hanging hero made fresh grimaces, drew up his legs, straightened them out, quivered, and did all he could think of to fill out the time. But still the ax didn't cut. I heard excited words from the author, as he suffered in the prompter's corner. Eventually the actor reached up and deliberately untied himself, and a roar of laughter by the audience drowned the voices of the characters as they crowded into the stable to close the play.—Chinwaddi Zingurs.

A REMINISCENCE.

The Exciting Declaration Made by Robert C. Schenck.

On one occasion on the floor of the House, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio was assailed in the bitterest fashion by a number of the friends of slavery, and charged with stealing negroes and sending them away from the District of Columbia, then, of course, within the slave dominion. After abuse of this sort had been heaped upon him for some days, he at last rose to a personal explanation and demanded the floor. At once from the Southern members there came cries of "Don't hear him! don't hear him! We object!" A scene of almost riotous confusion followed, and in the midst of it Schenck, broad-shouldered square-headed and powerful, rose in his seat and commanded silence by the intensity of his manner and the vehemence with which he said: "I have no personal interest in the matter. Mr. Speaker, no knowledge of the matters alleged; but when the honorable gentleman, my colleague, who has been so violently and gravely assailed, desires to make a personal explanation, he should be permitted to do so. Under such circumstances, sir, no gentleman would object."

Again, however, there came from different parts of the chamber cries of "I object! I object!" and again Schenck, with renewed emphasis, said: "I repeat, Mr. Speaker, that under the circumstances no gentleman would object."

As a result of Mr. Schenck's courage and pertinacity Mr. Giddings was allowed to make his explanation. When the scene was over there was much discussion as to who Schenck referred to when he said that no gentleman would object; and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who was afterwards Secretary of the Interior, communicated to him the impression, which was general in the House, that he meant Sidel of Louisiana.

"That is a mistake," replied Mr. Schenck; "I did not even know that he was in the House."

"Are you willing to make that explanation public?" asked Thompson.

"Certainly," was the reply; "I will do so with pleasure." The next day on the floor, Mr. Sidel, in accordance with the arrangement, rose and asked if the gentleman from Ohio referred to him when he said that no gentleman would object to Mr. Giddings' explanation.

"No, certainly not, sir," replied Schenck; "I did not even know that the gentleman from Louisiana was in the House."

Still Sidel questioned him, saying: "If the gentleman from Ohio knew that the member from Louisiana was in the House would he have made that remark?"

"That," replied Schenck, "is a hypothetical question, and I will not be questioned in that fashion."

Still the Southern member went on to interrogate him, and at last, entirely out of all patience, Schenck took the floor, against the almost violent efforts which his friend, Governor Vance, of Ohio, made to restrain him, and said: "It is evident that what the member from Louisiana desires to know is to whom I referred when I said yesterday that no gentleman would object to the explanation of my colleague. Let there be any further doubt upon this subject, I will say here and now that I meant and referred to the drunken member from Alabama, Felix G. McConnell."

As may well be imagined, this declaration created the wildest excitement in the House. McConnell, one of the most violent of the Democrats and pro-slavery men then in Washington, rushed down the aisle shaking his fist at Schenck, and for a moment it was believed that a personal encounter could not be avoided. With great difficulty order was at last restored, and the ordinary business of the House for a time resumed. Just before adjournment, however, Garrett Davis came over where Mr. Schenck was quietly seated, and said: "Have you a pistol, Schenck?"

"No," replied the latter, "I never carried one in my life."

"Well, you had better carry one to-day," said Davis, "for McConnell is swearing he will shoot you on sight."

"Still, I haven't got a pistol, and don't know where to get one," replied Schenck.

"Take mine, take mine," said Davis quietly, at the same time handing his friend a pistol. For some days after this Mr. Schenck wore armed. Three days later he met McConnell as he was walking down the eastern steps of the Capitol. The Alabamian was standing quietly on the porch, but made no demonstration as Schenck passed him, and so the affair ended.—Philadelphia Times.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

SCULLY'S Dining Room business having outgrown the capacity of his old place, has removed to No. 6 Newark St. (Reagan's old stand) which place has been entirely renovated, new conveniences added, and extra facilities afforded, both patrons and proprietor.

Eagle Hotel, Newark St., near Ferry.

HOBOKEN, N. J. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. Rooms by the Day, Week, or Month. Finest of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars always on hand.

JAS. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

MEYER'S HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, (Formerly Ureina's), 125 Washington Street, Corner of Third, Near the Hamburg and Bremen Docks HOBOKEN, N. J.

Sole agent for Thuringia Bier. Bottled for export use and delivered.

Charles W. Roedenberg, COLONADE HOUSE, ELYSIAN FIELDS, Hoboken, N. J.

NEWLY FITTED UP. Music Every Sunday Off Eleventh Street.

BLUMLER'S HOTEL RESTAURANT, (FORMERLY AMSBERG'S) Cor. Fifth and Washington Sts., HOBOKEN, N. J.

ROBT. BLUMLER, Prop.

WOLF'S HOTEL, Palisade Ave. Cor. Ferry St., HOBOKEN, N. J.

SACRED CONCERT Every Sunday afternoon from 3 to 11 P. M. Restaurant open from 6 A. M. to 12 M. Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

MAHON'S Wines & Liquors, Cor. SECOND AND WILLOW, Cor. Adams and First Streets, HOBOKEN, N. J.

Fred. Fincken, SAMPLE ROOM, 39 Washington Street, HOBOKEN, N. J.

CLAUSEN & PRICE Ale Depot. Samuel Evans, IMPORTER OF FINE WINES AND LIQUORS, Also, Extracts of Jamaica Ginger, Raspberry Syrup, Essence of Peppermint, Ginger Cordial, Gum Syrup, Holland Bitters, &c.

CREEDMOOR SHOOTING GALLERY. First-class Pool and Billiard Tables. 121 First St., HOBOKEN, N. J.

John Evans, WINE AND LAGER BEER SALOON, No. 48 Bloomfield St., cor. 1st.

AUGUST KAUFMANN, Wine & Lager-bier Saloon, Cor. Ferry & Madison Sts., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Anton Otten, Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars ALWAYS ON HAND. 219 NEWARK STREET. BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES. AGENT FOR Jersey City Heights Brewing Co.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—SALE OF lands in the city of Hoboken, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1881.

at the City Clerk's office, 97 Washington street, at 10 o'clock A. M., for arrears of taxes for the year 1880 for city, county and State purposes.

In pursuance of a motion of the Council of the city of Hoboken, passed JUNE 21st, 1881,

public notice is hereby given to the owners of the following described lots, pieces or parcels of land in the city of Hoboken, that they are required to pay to John McMahon, Collector of Revenue, the sum set opposite their respective names, for the lots, pieces or parcels of land in the subjoined schedule mentioned, being the amount of water rents levied against said property, and now remaining unpaid.

And the said owners are hereby respectively notified that unless the said arrears, together with the interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from DECEMBER 30th, 1880, and the cost of this advertisement, and all other costs be paid on or before SEPTEMBER 19th, 1881,

at 10 o'clock A. M., the lots, pieces or parcels of land, with the tenements and improvements thereon, will be sold at public auction on the said 19th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the City Clerk's office, 97 Washington street, in said city, for the shortest time that any person will agree to take the same in consideration of paying the said water rents so assessed and unpaid, with the interests and charges aforesaid, and all other costs and charges accruing thereon pursuant to and by virtue of the authority contained in the City Charter, ordinances and resolutions of the Mayor and Council of the city of Hoboken.

Dated Hoboken July 11th, 1881. E. V. S. BESSON, Mayor. ROBERT H. ALBERTS, City Clerk.

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And the said owners are hereby respectively notified that unless the said arrears, together with the interest thereon, at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, from DECEMBER 30th, 1880, and the cost of this advertisement, and all other costs be paid on or before SEPTEMBER 19th, 1881,

at 10 o'clock A. M., the lots, pieces or parcels of land, with the tenements and improvements thereon, will be sold at public auction on the said 19th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881,

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CORPORATION NOTICE OF THE EXPIRATION of the time allowed by law for the redemption of property sold for taxes for 1878.

Public notice is hereby given that on the 22d DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881, the lots or parcels of land in the following schedule were sold by order of the Mayor and Council of the city of Hoboken for unpaid assessments for taxes for 1878, and for the amounts respectively named in the following schedule.

And all parties interested are hereby notified that the time allowed by the charter of the city of Hoboken for the redemption of said lots will expire on the 22d DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881.

To redeem the said lots, the purchase money and the interest thereon at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum from the date of sale, the cost of advertising and cancelling fees of fifty cents must be paid.

E. V. S. BESSON, Mayor. ROBERT H. ALBERTS, City Clerk.

Table with columns: No., Name, Street, Am't. Includes entries for Wm Hunter, M Gulliver, M Durhan, etc.

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CORPORATION NOTICE OF THE EXPIRATION of the time allowed by law for the redemption of property sold for Water Rents from

NOVEMBER 1st, 1877, TO MAY 1st, 1878.

Public notice is hereby given, that on the 22d DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881, the lots or parcels of land in the following schedule were sold by order of the Mayor and Council of the city of Hoboken for unpaid assessments for arrears of Water Rents from

NOVEMBER 1st, 1877, TO MAY 1st, 1878, and for the amounts respectively named in the following schedule.

And all parties interested are hereby notified that the time allowed by the charter of the city of Hoboken for the redemption of said lots will expire on the 22d DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881.

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