

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1885.  
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### DEMOCRATIC COUNTY MEETING.

The annual Democratic County Meeting will be held at the Court House in the borough of Mauch Chunk, on Monday, the 17th day of August, at 10 o'clock p. m. It will be the duty of the delegates to meet at the different townships and boroughs in the county, fix the time of holding the county nominating convention, and select a county committee to serve for the ensuing campaign, and transact any other business upon which it has power to act.

### DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The Democratic County Committee of Carbon County will meet at the Court House, in the borough of Mauch Chunk, on Monday, the 17th day of August, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon to transact business of importance.

### THE GRANT FUNERAL.

SERVICES HELD ON MOUNT MORRISON.

On the mountain brow by the Eastern Outlook a gun boomed suddenly at 10 o'clock this morning. The shock of the reverberations was yet on the air when a loud report shook the earth and started the birds in the trees. The artillerymen had begun firing thirteen guns to mark the death of General Grant's last day upon the mountain. In quick succession and at short intervals the guns were fired. The guests at the hotel and the family of the cottage were started by the reports, but the meaning of the guns' booming was quickly suggested to the waking ear. Many arose as soon as they could to see the weather outlook for the day. On the mountain summit were thick gray walls of fog on every hand. The death of the general's departure came slowly. The night seemed hesitant to release him to the changes of the day. Misty clouds moistened the cheeks of the plumed artillery men down by their guns on the bluff. The trucks of the old pins and needles appeared suddenly at short distances to those early astir. The valley was a blank sea and the slope of the mountain summit disappeared beneath it for some distance. The peering rays of the early light had ceased long before this wet twilight in cloudland. The trees and the air seemed holding their breath.

The soldiers received orders to break up camp and in less than twenty minutes all the tents had disappeared from among the trees and were packed away in boxes ready for shipment. Down on the mountain side at 5:45 o'clock a bugle rang out on the still air. It was the assembly call for trumpeters. Fifteen minutes later the buglers of the four companies of troops were sounding the reveille, and as the last strains floated over the mountain they were swallowed up in the booming of the gun that every half hour through all the day has been telling the value of the significance of the day. Then the soldiers, in full uniform, stood at parade rest for roll-call, down where the battery of guns were planted, close by the path of General Grant's last ride to the lookout. At 7 o'clock the stock of the gun was ready to be hoisted on the mountain and down the slopes. The put of the heavy smoke from the muzzle floated into the clear air. The family at the cottage were astir as the muffled rattle of the cannon and the booming of the guns and guests were moving at the hotel. The mountain train at six o'clock had begun bringing up people, and every hour thereafter the little engine drew up at the depot. The funeral car to carry the remains of the mountain to Saratoga came early and lay waiting the burden it should carry. The bustle of an active day had begun early and when it was eight o'clock the sun had cleared a way for itself. The clouds hung low over the mountains, and the plain lay bright and fresh and green beneath the voice of the cannon's echo like rattling thunder on the forests below.

Last night the family, in a group and alone, had taken their last view of the remains of the dead general, and to their grave up his body to the nation. At 9 o'clock the family, with the exception of Mrs. Grant, repaired to the hotel for breakfast. The family entered the funeral parlors, and preparations were begun for the funeral. The arrangements were busy, and so was Singsinger Dawson, who was receiving suggestions from Colonel Fred Grant. The funeral will be held on the mountain at the cottage at Colonel Grant's residence. General Grant had been frank packed yesterday in the event of his declining to go with the remains, but he concluded not to do so. At 10 o'clock the door of the Grant cottage had been thrown open and a white shroud was poured in steadily for over an hour. About 9 o'clock the head of a long line of bugles, wagons, omnibuses and various kinds of vehicles appeared climbing up the steep incline from the eastern outlook and soon the area in the vicinity of the cottage was thronged with horses and wagons and farmers with their wives and families.

At 11 o'clock the funeral train brought General Grant and a number of distinguished officers, the two companies of regulars being drawn up in line to receive them. They proceeded from the station to the cottage in the following order: General Hancock and Colonel Jones, Admiral Rowan and General Sherman, Senator E. B. Kirtland and General Ingalls, Senator M. H. R. and Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, General M. M. Cook, Miss Drexel, her aunt and cousin, dressed in deep mourning.

On the same train came the *Loyal Legion*, a dead Passed Assistant Paymaster (Gilbert A. Robinson), Paymaster Brigadier General Chas. A. Carlton, Paymaster George De Forest Mackay, Major Richard W. Colver, Captain Clarkson and Augustus M. Clark and Captain Belmont Hunt.

At ten o'clock the services at the cottage were held in the presence of over a thousand persons. The choir and music settings were provided for the ladies under the trees in the grove before the cottage. Those who failed to secure seats shaded under the umbrella. The ceremony opened with the reading of Psalm No. 90, which was followed by an impressive prayer by Bishop Harcey. The hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," was followed by the whole assembly present with fine effect. The New Testament was read and delivered his sermon. His text for the text Matthew 23, 21: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

### Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Great men have died before. Since the war closed, warriors and statesmen have passed away whose names have resounded throughout the world. Time and again our city has been shrouded in mourning for the nation's mighty dead. When Lincoln fell and Garfield died the metropolis of the nation was draped with the ensigns of woe. New York has ever been ready to pay her proper tribute to the living and the dead. But never before in her history has she been bowed with grief like that which saddens her to-day. All along the great thoroughfares buildings are draped from the roof to the sidewalk, and not with the common drapery usually used on occasions of mourning, but fine stuffs, rare and costly, such as are only used for the greatest kings and potentates. Broadway from the Bowling Green to its other extremity is one continuous pageant of mourning; the designs are elaborate and beautiful. But it is not alone in the palaces of our merchant kings that the ensigns of grief are displayed; all through the bye streets where the laboring classes live flags are at half-mast and mourning emblems flutter from the windows.

Poor work girls on their way to their daily toil, wear black and white ribbons in their hats; laboring men whose poverty forbids a more elaborate display wear a little bit of crape pinned on to their breasts as an emblem of respect and grief for the nation's greatest soldier. The display on the various newspaper offices has never been surpassed—all personal griefs and personal differences being forgotten and silenced in the general manifestations of sorrow. New York feels sensibly the honor which has been accorded her, of guarding the old hero's ashes, and there is no doubt that ere long a fitting monument will be raised over his remains, in which will be combined all that wealth can give, genius inspire, or love and gratitude dictate. The death and funeral of General Grant are the only topics of conversation. Everywhere his portrait in a hundred forms meet you in every window—some of them being exceedingly life-like and truthful.

Our hotels are full of visitors who have come from all quarters of the Union to join in the nation's tribute of respect. Not only our hotels are full, but private hospitality is taxed to its utmost to provide for the multitude that has poured in upon us from every quarter. But New York has flung wide her hospitable doors, glad of the opportunity to offer shelter and meat to those who come on such a holy and praiseworthy errand.

I have frequently had occasion to speak of our great watering place Coney Island, which this year is scarcely a shadow of its former self. Cappa with his magnificent band is at Brighton, Gilmore, the incomparable, at Manhattan Beach. Paul Bauer, the gentleman who found his way to the Penitentiary for selling pipes, has fitted up his immense caravansary in magnificent style, and his orchestra is made up of Vienna ladies—that is theoretically—for while a very enchanting young lady swings the baton in front and an equally ravishing angel toots upon the flute, and five or six airy divinities, who would turn the scale at two hundred and forty, set their feet going with their fiddles, yet here and there from among the shrubbery the bearded face of a man peeps out, and between the pieces you catch the odor of a profane pipe, and while I am willing to concede that any member of the lady orchestra, might with propriety indulge in a mill cigarette, yet there must be a line of demarcation somewhere, and nine stops at a Dutch pipe.

"Man proposes but God disposes." Speculators were gradually getting possession of the beach at Coney Island, and if their plans had been allowed to succeed, in a little time it would have been about as expensive to get a sight of the sea as it used to be to get to Niagara Falls. The speculators put up their fences, their bathing-houses and pavilions so that the ocean beach was gradually being shut out. But last winter the storm king took the matter in hand and in a single night he knocked the labor of months into smithereens. Bath houses, wharves and music stands disappeared like houses of cards, and now the ocean beach is free to the multitude again. To this however, there is a partial exception in the case of Manhattan Beach. Manhattan Beach is the toney end of the island, and it wishes the public in general to understand, and the denizens of Brighton Beach in particular, that it wants no connection with the people over the way. This is the establishment that imitated Judge Hilton at Saratoga, and served a general notice on the tribes of Judah and Israel that no Hebrews need not understand, and what is more they flourish and wax fat. And while speaking of the Jews, have you observed how they are coming to the front in the arts? They are almost in control of certain quarters of the musical world. Little Solomon, the author of "Polly," etc., has grabbed that pearl of great price, Lillian Russell. Sidney Rosenfeld is another. The gentleman who supported Miss Davenport in *Pedro*, is a son of Israel of the most pronounced type. M. Masse, the celebrated bass soloist, is another, and we know dozens of painters and sculptors from whom great things may be expected. Aronson, at the Casino, has made it one of the most fashionable resorts in the city. So that you must not think that the Jews of New York are exclusively engaged in the sale of old clo.

They are among the heaviest manufacturers of clothing in the country. It goes for a saying that they are among the foremost and best of their kind. Certain lines of trade they command almost without a rival. Their churches or synagogues are among the most beautiful and costly in the city. No charities are more comprehensive than those of the Jewish church, and while ostensibly founded for those of their own faith, the suffering Gentile, cast out of his kind, would not be turned from their gates. On all proper occasions the Jews are found among our most public-spirited citizens, and it is quite possible that Judge Hilton and the proprietors of Manhattan Beach may have occasion yet before they die to re-

### Dreadnought's New York Letter.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

In Brooklyn this week a man and wife came into Court, each claiming a divorce. The man on the ground of excessive cruelty, and the wife on a plea of non-support. The gentleman carried in his pocket these beautiful, of hair which his loving spouse had torn from his head, and the lady swore that her derelict husband had only given her twenty-five cents in six months. She admitted throwing a soap-bowl at him and hitting him over the head with a stove-lifter, but claimed that it was under unusual provocation, and swore she would do it again if he said her mother squinted. The wife turns the scale at 205 pounds and the husband is about 103. The wife who is suing for support has \$40,000 in her own right, and her husband has a salary. She has the matrimonial venture four times and looks as though she could stand it four times more without serious injury. No disposition has yet been made in the case; in the meantime let us hope she will not suffer.

We have had a respite of weather for three or four days—it has been delightfully cool.

The Hudson River has constricted to have a large picture of General Grant in front of their building draped with mourning. The decorator was full of business and quite unable to fill the orders that were pouring in upon him, so that he had to paint a picture of General Grant as the only topic of conversation. Everywhere his portrait in a hundred forms meet you in every window—some of them being exceedingly life-like and truthful.

Our hotels are full of visitors who have come from all quarters of the Union to join in the nation's tribute of respect. Not only our hotels are full, but private hospitality is taxed to its utmost to provide for the multitude that has poured in upon us from every quarter. But New York has flung wide her hospitable doors, glad of the opportunity to offer shelter and meat to those who come on such a holy and praiseworthy errand.

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once did Johnson return to Raleigh to gaze upon the house where he was born, and that was after he had become a man whose name was known to every nation under the sun. They do say that Andrew drew man away from home at an early age, and we all know that he afterwards became President of the United States.

Of course this is no argument in favor of boys running away from home, but isn't it just possible that Andrew, if he hadn't run away, would have risen no higher than to be postmaster at Raleigh?

The other day I was forcibly reminded of the good old song of "Close by the mill, Lives a little yaller gal, Her name is Nancy TIL."

The reminder was a field—a "patch" might sound better and be more accurate—of sugar cane, waving its spray-like top in the sunlight. Close by it was a field of corn, and contiguous to that was a large garden filled with small fruits, melons and vegetables. A field of cotton was growing luxuriantly in a neighboring field, and I could not help taking off my hat in respect to a land so generous that it furnished all of man's needs so bountifully.

MINERAL DEPOSITS. Last week a mineralogist showed me a specimen of iron ore that was 95 per cent. pure iron. The richness of this specimen can more fully be understood when it is considered that a blacksmith has converted the ore into the purest iron at his forge.

Within fifty miles of the lands on which this iron is found lie rich veins of coal. A railroad is opened to within twenty miles of the coal fields. It seems that the day is not far distant when the richness of the mineral deposits and the comparative cheapness with which they can be manufactured, will make certain parts of the Old North State rich beyond present comprehension.

IMPROVED STOCK NEEDED. More blooded stock is needed at the South. There are too many run-out, played-out and sorry specimens of cows running at large, and too many long-nosed, racing and folkling hogs to be found on every hand. The breed is poor, poor, poor, and would be a mercy if they were all to "run down a steep place into the sea." We want some good blooded swine and kine—we need them, and it seems almost criminal in a man from the North to purchase and keep such stock. I am glad that there are some sections here where the stock line is being drawn, and where the good is rapidly supplanting the bad. May the day be hastened in the earnest desire of all who believe in improvement.

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AMERICAN LANDMARKS. NIAGARA, ONT., July 20, '85. My reader, did you ever on a calm summer's night, listen to the doleful and prophetic battle cry of two feline warriors, as they awaited with impatience and mutual tail whippings the "inevitable hour" of mortal combat? And in that pensive mood, so common on such occasions have you ever been able to distinguish in the aforesaid battle cry the outline of words which seemed to express some particular emotion or anguish of your soul? I think you have, at all events it is a fact, even though it be not new to the world.

Last night I sat amidst the ruins of Old Fort Missisauga. The full moon, which had just begun to look over the rim of the eastern horizon, lit up the dark recesses of the dismal old castle, pouring bars of weird light out through the narrow casements, and shedding her pale gleam away across the restless lake, whose waves, like the pulsations of some troubled bosom, beat with a muffled "hush," "hush," on the beach below.

What more was needed to produce, even in the soul of a stoic, the pensive mood? Certainly nothing but the voices of the feline knights, which soon came in a series of long-drawn howls, coming from a gloomy corner of the old fort.

As I have said before, a cat fight by moonlight is a wonderful language of human emotions. It throws a halo of solace around the lonely waltz of a death bed; it is a balm for homesickness, and adds ten per cent. to the romance of any love scene. But as I mused among the ruins of the old fort, I was neither dead, homesick nor lovesick; I was only thinking of the sad history of this Poor Old Niagara. So that to what the cat fight said to me, "Poor Old Niagara!" And all day long as I have been wandering among its desolate old ruins everything has seemed to say to me "Poor Old Niagara!"

In the month of December 1813 the village, which was then called Newark, was burned by the American Army, and it seems never to have unearthed itself from the ashes. The old Fort Missisauga, which is now going to decay, was built from the bricks of the chimneys and ruins of the town after the conflagration. The early history of the place is strangely obscure, although it is known that from the time of the first French discoveries, up to its destruction in 1813, it was the most important town of Canada, and should be to-day, for, having the advantage of a fine harbor and being surrounded by all of the resources necessary for the growth of a city, there seems to be no reason why at this day she should be caught napping, but such is the case, and like most of the Canadian towns I have visited along the old frontier, Niagara seems to have settled down to a quiet rest, careless of the future, and contented with dreaming over the eventful days of the past.

Turn where you may, in this old village, and you stumble on to some interesting relic. Just a little way out from the town, on the bank of the river, is the remains of Old Fort George. It has but little of a warlike aspect left; nothing but a few slender towers, who look as

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if they had been besieged here since the Revolution, are left to garrison the place; but the heavy work which would surround it will remain for ages. Half a mile away, across the broad parade ground stands the old barracks and quarters which were occupied by the famous regiment of Butler's Rangers, and on the inside of the old St. Mark's Church, is the following memorial of their leader:

"FEAR GOD; HONOR THE KING." Colonel John Butler, his Majesty's commissioner of Indian affairs; born in New London, Province of Connecticut, 1728. His life was spent honorably in the service of the Crown. In the war with France for the conquest, he was distinguished at the battle of Lake George, 8th Sept., 1759, and at the siege of Fort Niagara, and his capitulation, 25th July, 1760. In the war of 1776 he took arms in the defence of the unity of the Empire, and raised and commanded the loyal American regiment of Butler's Rangers; died here 1796." And on another tablet in the same church is this: "General Black, deceased 5 Aug., 1782." Among the many peculiar old stones in the cemetery near the church, are seen two ancient looking English slabs, bearing the names of Charles Morrison and George Forsyth, which were used by the Americans in 1812 for meat boxes, still wear the marks of the axes, as if they had been cut there but yesterday. In this town the first provincial Parliament of Upper Canada met on the 17th of Sept., 1792, in the 32nd year of the reign of King George III.

But perhaps the most interesting and important spot in the vicinity of this place, is Fort Niagara, standing on the American point just across the river. A part of the 12th U. S. Infantry are stationed here, and one would hardly suspect from the good condition of the place, that this was one of the oldest forts on the American continent. Within the main enclosure are five strong stone buildings, the foundations of which were probably built by the French Jesuits, early in the 17th century. American history tells us that as early as 1688, posts had been established at Frontenac, Niagara, at the Straits of Mackinac, and on the Illinois river; and by some of the residents here it is claimed that the building called the Castle, is the oldest French structure in America. I think it hardly safe to consider this as authentic history, but we need not depend on legendary statements for the proof of Fort Niagara's antiquity.

In the building now used as a magazine, is seen the cell where the Masonic traitor, Morgan, was confined before being drowned in the river. Beneath all of the older buildings are found these strange gloomy dungeons, and as I stroge about through their dark and musty vaults, all of the thrilling sensations which I felt when a boy, in reading the old legends of Westphalia, came back to me.

The most prominent defect which the aesthetic Oscar Wilde found in the main enclosure are five strong stone buildings, the foundations of which were probably built by the French Jesuits, early in the 17th century. American history tells us that as early as 1688, posts had been established at Frontenac, Niagara, at the Straits of Mackinac, and on the Illinois river; and by some of the residents here it is claimed that the building called the Castle, is the oldest French structure in America. I think it hardly safe to consider this as authentic history, but we need not depend on legendary statements for the proof of Fort Niagara's antiquity.

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