THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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Donaldsonville Chief.

Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

Published Every Saturday, at

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—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Etc.

A. D. VEGA, Agent, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Liquors, Furniture, Hardware, Tobacco, Paints, Oils, Glass, Lumber, Bricks, Carts and Wagons; Loeb's corner, Railroad Avenue and Mississippi street.

BERNARD LEMANN, dealer in Western Produce, fancy and staple Groceries, Liquors, Hardware, Iron, Paints, Oils, Carts, Plows, Saddlery, Stoves and Tinware, Furniture, Crockery, Wall Paper and House Furnishing Goods, Mississippi street, corner Crescent Place.

JOSEPH GONDRAN, dealer in Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Saddlery, Crockery, Furniture and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods, No. 14 Mississippi street.

M. TOBIAS, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Furniture, Hardware, Crockery, Trunks, etc., corner Mississippi and St. Patrick streets and No. 24 Railroad Avenue. Everything at lowest figures.

C. KLINE, corner Crescent Place and Houmas street, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, Corn, Oats and Bran.

M. ISRAEL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Buggies, etc., corner Mississippi street and Railroad Avenue.

G. FEITEL, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Furniture, Hardware and Plantation Supplies, at the old Post-office stand, Mississippi street.

V. MAURIN, dealer in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Saddlery, Furniture, Crockery, Oats, Corn, Bran and Hay, Mississippi street.

S. WEINSCHENCK, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Hats, Boots and Shoes, and general Plantation Supplies, Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Attakapas streets.

P. T. BABIN, dealer in Choice Family Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Lamps, Oils, etc. Darrowville, near ferry landing, and opposite Donaldsonville.

LIQUOR AND BILLIARD SALOONS.

THE PLACE, Gus. Israel, manager, Corner Lessard and Mississippi streets. Billiards, Lager Beer, Best Wines and Liquors, Fine Cigars, etc.

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HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

PORT. E. LEE HOTEL, at Marx Israel's old stand, corner Mississippi and Lessard streets. Jos. Lafargue, proprietor. Bar and billiard room attached. First-class entertainment and accommodations.

SHAMROCK HOUSE, L. Wiese, proprietor, Mississippi street, opposite Lemann's old store. Board and Lodging at the lowest rates. Best Wines, Liquor and Beer.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Lucy Butler, proprietor, Crescent Place, near the wharf. First-class Board and Lodging at reasonable rates.

CITY HOTEL, P. Lefevre, Proprietor, Railroad Avenue, cor. Iberville street. Bar supplied with best Liquors.

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PHILIP GEIGER'S Confectionery and Fruit Store, Mississippi street, adjoining Lemann's old stand. Cakes, Soda Water, Nuts, Toys and Fancy Articles.

DONALDSONVILLE CONFECTIONERY, A. Grilhe, Mississippi street, near St. Patrick. Branch on Railroad Avenue, near Houmas street. Cakes, Fruits, Nuts, Soda Water, Ice Cream. Cakes, Ice Cream and Ices for weddings and parties furnished at short notice.

CIGAR DEALER.

JOSEPH EBERT, Dealer in Havana & Domestic Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, etc., corner Mississippi and St. Patrick streets.

JOS. THOMPSON, Railroad Avenue, next door to corner of Conway street, near the depot, dealer in Havana and Domestic Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, etc.

MILLINERY.

MRS. A. BLUM, Milliner, Mississippi street, between Lessard and St. Patrick. Latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, French Flowers, etc. Also, all kinds of Ladies' Underwear.

MRS. J. ... RIER, Milliner; all kinds of Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, Artificial Flowers and Fancy Articles, corner Mississippi and Lessard streets.

SEWING MACHINES.

Singer Sewing Machine DEPOT, corner Mississippi and Lessard streets.
B. H. Keyser.....Agent,
Mrs. Octavia Isley.....Saleslady.
CANVASSERS:
N. F. Bourgeois, Herman Bernard,
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C. L. Braud.
J. O. Rivet.....Plaquemine.

SOUTHERN SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, No. 155 Railroad Avenue. Agents for the "White," "Wilson," "New Home," "Wheeler and Wilson," "Victor," "New Davis," and "Sigwalt." Also manufacturers' agents for all kinds of Sewing Machine Needles, Attachments, Silks, Flax, Patterns, Oil, etc. Repairing of all kinds done and warranted.

LIVERY STABLES & UNDERTAKING.

SCHONBERG'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable and Undertaker's Establishment, Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Attakapas streets. Competition defied.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

B. RYBISKI, Apothecary and Druggist, Mississippi street, between St. Patrick and St. Vincent streets, adjoining Gondran's store.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, corner Railroad Avenue and Iberville street, L. Blanchard, proprietor. Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

SADDLERY---HARNESS-MAKING.

JOSEPH HISS, Saddler and Harness Maker, 159 Railroad Avenue. Saddles and harness of all styles and prices made to order. All orders for repairing and painting of Carriages and Buggies promptly executed.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

R. J. GREEN, House, Sign and Ornamental Painter, Railroad Avenue, near Claiborne street. Paper-hanging and Calcimining in superior style.

CABINET MAKING---UPHOLSTERING.

H. C. GRUBE, Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer, Railroad Avenue, near Mississippi street. Furniture repaired and varnished, Moss, Hair and Spring Mattresses repaired and made over, Cane-seat Chairs rebottomed. Orders for country work responded to promptly.

BARBER SHOP.

L. L. FERNANDEZ, Barber Shop, Mississippi Street, near corner Lessard. Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., in most artistic style.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

S. GOETTE, Boot and Shoemaker, Mississippi street, opposite Maurin's store. All work in best style at bottom prices.

TINSMITH.

LOUIS J. RACKE, Tinsmith, Mississippi street, at Lemann's old stand. Orders attended to with dispatch and satisfaction insured.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Frederick Duffel, R. Prosper Landry.

DUFFEL & LANDRY, Attorneys at Law. Office on Chetimaches street, just back of the Court-House.

EDWARD N. PUGH, Attorney at Law, Attakapas street, opposite Louisiana Square. Visits Napoleonville on Mondays.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, on Railroad Avenue, opposite Post-office; Henry Gartz, proprietor; new rooms and improved facilities for doing fine work; all styles and sizes of pictures from 50 cents upward; copying and enlarging from old and faded pictures a specialty.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

LAURENT L. COMES, Professor of Music, residence one mile below town. My prices are moderate and can but prove satisfactory to all those who are desirous of receiving a sound musical education.

SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.

SODA WATER MANUFACTORY, H. Hother, proprietor, No. 11 Mississippi street. Soda, Mineral, Seltzer and all kinds of aerated waters manufactured, and sold at lowest prices.

DR. J. B. VANDEGRIFF
OFFICE:
Attakapas street, near the Court-House,
Donaldsonville, La.

DR. W. M. McGALLIARD
Office in Crescent Place,
Donaldsonville, La.

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Donaldsonville, La.
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Practices in the Fourth Judicial District, comprising the parishes of Ascension, St. James, St. Charles and St. John Baptist—and the parish of Assumption. apr19

PAUL LECHE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Donaldsonville, La.,
Office: One block below the Court-House, on Attakapas street. my24-1y

H. S. LANG,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Donaldsonville, La.,
Office: On Claiborne street, near corner Railroad Avenue, formerly occupied by Morris Marks. my10-1y

John H. Isley, Jr., F. B. Earhart.
ISLEY & EARHART,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office: Opposite the Court House,
Donaldsonville, La.
Practice in the Fourth Judicial District (comprising St. Charles, St. John, St. James and Ascension parishes), and in the Supreme and United States Courts. my31-79

CHAS. ORERKAMP, Jr.,
Barber and Hairdresser,
Crescent Place, adjoining St. Louis Hotel,
Donaldsonville, La.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Dyeing, Shampooing, etc., in elegant style at moderate charges. aug1

THE PORTRAIT.

This is her picture as she was;
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart:—
And yet the earth is over her.

Last night at last I could have slept,
And yet delayed my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept:
For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walked with me
And as I stood there suddenly,
All wan with traversing the night,
Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearned loud the iron-besomed sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears
The beating heart of Love's own breast—
Where round the secret of all spheres
All angels lay their wings to rest—
How shall my soul stand rapt and awed,
When, by the new birth borne abroad
Throughout the music of the suns,
It enters in her soul at once
And knows the silence there for God!

Here with her face doth memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer:
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

Summary of State News.

Gleanings from the Press.

CALDWELL.

Columbia *Herald*: The grand jury found only two bills of indictment this term, one for assault and battery and the other for disturbing the peace of a public assembly.

LINCOLN.

Vienna *Sentinel*: The boiler in Mr. J. R. Grambling's mill, situated about three miles from town, exploded on last Monday, doing considerable damage to the machinery, house, etc. Nobody hurt.

NATCHITOCHES.

Vindicator: The river between this and Campte is navigable by this kind of craft only:

Reason?—Quarantine!

CONCORDIA.

Vidalia *Eagle*: Saturday night, at the Whitehall plantation, an affray occurred between Jake Kinney and Robt. Mitchell, which resulted in the latter receiving a very severe wound in the neck with a razor. It is thought Mitchell will recover. Kinney is now in jail.

ST. MARY.

Morgan City *Review*: Geo. Cumpston, the escaped convict supposed to have murdered Mr. Chas. Kent, has been recaptured. The body of Mr. Kent was recovered and an inquest held. After a thorough examination of the deceased, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

ST. MARTIN.

New Iberia *Sugar Bowl*: An affray took place at St. Martinsville, between Mr. Alfred Bonin, Jr., and Mr. Onesiphore Wiltz. They both met on the street on Sunday morning, and exchanged shots. The ball from Wiltz' pistol passed through his adversary's bowels, producing a wound that terminated his life about 10 o'clock the same evening.

CADDO.

Shreveport *Times*: On Saturday last a white man named Charles Custar, living on the Frank Logan place, on Cross lake, and generally known by the sobriquet of "Texas," was murdered by some party or parties while returning home from Shreveport. His body was found in the road with the face and head disfigured by wounds from a blunt instrument.

POINTE COUPEE.

Pelican: A colored man named Paulin St. Romain committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a shot gun. It seems that the poor fellow had lost his reason some time since but had apparently recovered. Last Saturday he borrowed a shot gun ostensibly to go out hunting. He had proceeded but a short distance when he placed the muzzle of the gun under his chin, pulled the trigger with his toe, and thus hurled his soul into eternity.

WEST FELICIANA.

St. Francisville *Sentinel*: In Bayou Sara, the new residence of Mrs. A. W. Roberts was lifted from its foundation, carried about six feet and deposited on the ground; a large stable in the yard of Mr. M. Rosenthal was blown down, and the wharfboat Louisville was blown from her moorings and badly damaged. In St. Francisville the colored school-house is now a mass of ruins, and the west gable-end of the large brick building, known as the Lebret house, was blown out. Damage to the cotton crop is estimated at thirty per cent.

MOREHOUSE.

Bastrop *Clarion*: We don't know of a single man who wants to represent Morehouse in the Legislature during the next four years....On the night of the 11th of July, the house of Mr. E. F. Buckingham, a worthy citizen of this town was set on fire. Abe Royal, a colored man, is now in jail charged with the crime....Hon. S. G. Parsons, Judge of this, the Fourteenth Judicial District, was stricken down on Sunday evening last with paralysis, at his home near Bastrop. He is now in a very critical condition, and no hope is entertained of his entire recovery.

We understand that a mule belonging to Mr. Reed, died of violent convulsions Tuesday morning about four o'clock. In connection with this incident we would state that a party of young men were out serenading in that part of town the night before.
—Hempstead Record.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 3, 1879.

EDITOR CHIEF:

It may be considered a good joke on commissioner Raum of the Internal Revenue Bureau who has done so much to suppress illicit distilling, that a distillery was discovered yesterday close to his office. Everything was ready in it for the manufacture of fifteen or twenty barrels of whisky per week, but actual operations had not begun.

A reduction of $3,500,000 of the public debt was made last month. Secretary Sherman says the increasing returns from the regular sources of government revenue will cause a very large reduction next year. The payment of over $25,000,000 under the arrears of pension act has made the reduction this year much less than it otherwise would have been.

Memphis is to be isolated. The National Board of Health has had its requisition for the necessary funds honored and will surround that ill-fated city with a picket guard to prevent all persons from entering the city except such as have had the fever. The utmost gloom hangs over the remaining inhabitants of the city. There is no hope of any abatement of the fever until frost comes to suspend it for this year. It is to be hoped that this first year's experience of the National Board of Health will enable Congress at its next session to legislate further and better on this great national question.

Ground was broken here yesterday on the New fair grounds. The whole district is interested in this movement, and it is determined to have annual fairs here which will bring people, stock and products from all parts of the country. President Hayes was present yesterday and expressed his interest in the work. The first fair will be held this fall.

Reports received at the State Department show that in all probability immigration from Europe to this country during the next year will be greater than ever before.

The Maine election will be over before this reaches most of your readers. Allow me to predict that there will be no election of Governor by the people.

OUR CORRESPONDENT STILL ON THE WING.

TORONTO, Sept. 3, 1879.

We left Chataqua after a pleasant sojourn for three weeks in its beautiful groves, among old and new friends, whose faces will live like a charmed mosaic in our memory through all life's coming years. A short ride by steamer brought us to Mayville, a charming little summer resort at the foot of Chatauqua Lake, and soon we were on board of a train on the Pittsburg, Titusville & Buffalo railroad, en route for the Queen City of the Lakes. Starting at an elevation of 730 feet above Lake Erie the distance to Brocton is a fearful down grade and is run with brakes on, to check the too rapid movement of the train. The view is most enchanting. The deep blue of Lake Erie far down in the near distance with intervening farm-house orchards, cultivated fields and woodland, charms the eye and makes a picture too entrancing to be soon forgotten. On we go passing Dunkirk and other smaller towns, including Angola, which has passed into history as a scene of the wildest horror, where near 100 persons were killed and burned, a disaster unequaled in the annals of railroad accidents in this county. Arriving in Buffalo, a city of 170,000 inhabitants, we find her smoking furnaces, foundries and machine shops, all in full blast, while her manufacturers in every department of trade are taxed to their utmost, with orders ahead that can not be filled in six months to come. Everything seems to be moving under a grand inspiration that evinces a revival of all kinds of industries. This point has always been a great commercial centre through which the vast granaries of the West have poured their wealth of cereals en route to tide water. It is no uncommon thing for steam propellers and sail vessels to bring into this port from three to five million bushels of grain in one day, which is in a few hours unloaded by her steam elevators, stored in her great warehouses or transferred either to canal boats, or cars and shipped to Eastern markets.

The Canada Southern railway crosses the international bridge at this point and runs westward to Toledo and Detroit with a branch passing northward down the Niagara river on the Canada side to the ancient village of Niagara. This route gives the tourist a view of the rapids, the falls and the suspension bridges vastly superior to that on the American side. Brock's monument looms up on the heights at Queenston and is an object of interest to travelers. A pleasant ride across Lake Ontario upon elegant steamers lands us at Toronto, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, the commercial centre of the Province of Ontario. One has not registered his name at the hotel before he finds himself in another country. The look of the people—their business habits and manners, the solidity and permanence of the public buildings, stores and dwellings, all betoken just such an atmosphere, social, business and political, as would be begotten under semi-British rule and influence. The impulsive Yankee can here learn a profitable lesson. "Haste makes waste" is a proverb not wanting in countless illustrations in our own governmental, business and social life. The Yankee, be he partisan or patriot, builds for the present, while the Englishman lays his foundation and constructs for the future. Better were it could we infuse into our national politics and business life the lesson of stability and conservatism that environs like a girdle of gold all interest both in England and Canada.

This city is wild with enthusiasm over the proposed visit of the vice-regal party, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne. The city is being decorated with triumphal arches, and platforms are erected on each side of the street for 10,000 scholars of the public schools and these distinguished dignitaries are to make their triumphal entry, flanked by this army of children. Of course a grand ball is to be given and public and private buildings will present a front of blazing gas jets. This ebullition of loyalty to these representatives of the crown is not mere gush, but a genuine evidence of deep seated affection for the noble woman who has for more than two score years worn the crown and bore the sceptre over that land upon whose empire the sun never sets. Canada suffers with the depression that has come upon the mother country, and is likely to find herself receiving a very large influx of England's restless operatives, while she has now quite enough for her own peace and quietude. Large numbers of the young men and well-to-do farmers have left both the Upper and Lower Province and found homes in Kansas and other Western States, and the hegira still continues. The Canadians smart under custom burdens, and as they are large consumers of American fruits, each purchaser of a basket of peaches pays twenty cents, which goes to swell Uncle Sam's exchequer. All other American commodities consumed in Canada pay tribute in custom duties equally onerous. Time flies and homeward duty calls your correspondent. There we shall in due time be heard from, in the capitol of our own, our native land.

SENTINEL.

Acklen's Maneuvre.

New Orleans Observer.

Hon. J. H. Acklen as "Louisiana's youngest Representative" and most society loving Congressman, appears to have "fixed" the machine Democracy of the Third District in the matter of his proposed party renomination. Don Caffrey of the late Convention, and "silver-tongued orator" of his party, etc., is supposed to have a strong hankering for the nomination. Acklen knows a trick or two and is determined to out-flank Caffrey. Though the election is not until next year, Acklen proposes to have the delegates of his district chosen and the party choice named at the Democratic State Convention, which will meet in Baton Rouge, on the 6th proximo. Most of the local country press are believed to have been subsidized by Acklen, and the matter, so far as the Democratic nomination goes, looks now as if Acklen will certainly obtain the party expression.

SURVEY OF AMITE RIVER.—The Clinton *Patriot-Democrat* says:

The Amite river is to be surveyed at once, with a view of rendering it navigable. Messrs. Douglass and Bell, Assistant United States Engineers, commissioned for the work, arrived here during the early part of the week, and have contracted with the Roark Bros., for three skiffs, to be completed by Monday evening next. The gentlemen expect, so we are informed, to complete the work in sixty or seventy days. Mr. Vic Levi has been employed to accompany them.

An exchange says "ladies should not be mingled with the rowdyism and drunkenness that too often occurs around the ballot box." Of course not, but would it not be better for the country to drive rowdyism and drunkenness from the polls and admit the ladies?—*Richland Beacon.*

Our Broadbrim Letters.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6, 1879.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The season of camp meetings is upon us and indeed it seems like a relief to escape from the sight of gilded organs, painted windows and velvet-padded pews, and under the free blue sky, and beneath the waving branches of the forest trees, to come back to first, simple principles in the pure worship of God. It was undoubtedly, with some such laudable feeling as this that the brethren and sisters of the African Wesleyan Mission betook themselves down to Canarsie last week for the purpose of holding a camp meeting. I don't know why it is that our white christian brothers and sisters of other denominations hardly seem to take kindly to our colored brother, but I notice whenever they have a camp meeting, whether at Ocean Grove, Black Island, Round Lake or Martha's Vineyard, as a general thing our colored brethren and sisters are left out in the cold. Shakespere speaks somewhere of the sable heavens, and evidently these christian people seem determined that their colored friends shall enjoy it all alone, by themselves. So I was not surprised to hear that the African Wesleyan Mission had determined to go into camp at Canarsie. It is true there was no grand stretch of forest trees, but there was plenty of clam soup, and the absence of greensward was more than compensated by the dilapidated floor of a previous dancing hall, which in by-gone days had trembled beneath the ponderous tonnage of the Dutch frows of Jamaica and East New York. The pulpit was a short counter, which in secular times has served as show-case for stewed eels, pickled tripe and clam chowder, while lager, and drinks less innocent, had passed over it by the punchon; and on one occasion (and that not long ago) the gospel tent had served as the arena for a cock-fight; and even more recently a couple of feather weight champions had pummelled each other for two hours and a half, the winner receiving, in consideration of two broken ribs, and a nose disfigured for life, the magnificent sum of twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, and the loser getting a broken arm and two years in the penitentiary.

Early last Sabbath morning, our colored friends might have been seen wending their way from all points of the compass to Canarsie. Though ostensibly a camp meeting, it was really a sort of spiritual pic-nic where the flavor of ham sandwiches was mixed up with the songs of Solomon, while schweitzer kase and bologna sausages gave zest to Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, and flavored the choicest passages of the Sermon on the Mount. Deacon Summers, of Zion's Temple, was on hand early in the action, and acted as master of ceremonies; he will be remembered as the gentleman who two years ago during a fight in brother Murray's church, knocked sister Brown clean through the front of the pulpit, and then swore in court "dat he nebber, nebber eben saw de lady in all his life." Brother Sloper opened the meeting with the announcement "dat he wanted ebry boy on dat grounds to behave hisself, and not let de white folks tink dat dey had a scamp meetin' dere instead of a camp meetin'." This witty sally was received with thunders of applause, and remarks from the audience, "de old man's head is lebel," "dat's de talk brudder Sloper, hit him agin, he ain't got no frens," and other expressions equally complimentary. At last the meeting was fairly opened; prayer was said, several announcements were made, and all the congregation joined in singing the stirring hymn, "I'se gwain' up to Hebben in a railroad keer." After thus getting his audience warmed up, brother Sloper made the announcement that a "kullecshun would now be taken up jess to pay de expenses." Immediately there was a rush for the adjoining bushes, and in less than a minute, one half of the congregation had vanished. Deacon Summers had secured an empty cigar box, which he fastened to the end of a broom handle, and proceeded to collect the contributions of the faithful. When the box was turned inside out, it was found to contain just seventy-two cents. Brother Sloper cast an eagle glance at the diminutive pile of copper, and said to the attending Deacon, "Brudder Summers, I guess de congregation dont 'zactly understan' dat dis yere kullecshun is fur gospel purposes, jess pass roun' dat box agin." A second attempt was made, and twenty-two cents more was added to the pile, which so disgusted brother Sloper, that he refused to pray any more for "sich a miserable lot of niggers," and so the camp meeting disbanded.

Rum has been actively at work during the past week, and the result is four murders, three destitute widows and fourteen orphaned children, who will undoubtedly become paupers on the city. New York and Brooklyn have been trying to reduce the number of rum licenses, but so far political considerations have overridden every consideration of the moral safety and happiness of the community, and rum, red handed, has stalked through our streets, attended by violence and murder. One of the murders occurred on Sunday, Michael Kelly killing Edward Ryan in a drunken brawl in front of a liquor store, and Patrick Kilbride attempted to kill John Kelly by shooting him at the conclusion of a drunken fight.

The neighborhoods where these murders were committed, are inhabited by the lowest class of Irish, and Kilbride, who shot Kelly, was one of the most noted ruffians in the city; time after time he had been sent to the penitentiary for wife-beating and murderous assaults. On Saturday he and Kelly had a fight in which Kilbride was beaten, and on Sunday morning he secured an old musket and shot Kelly as he was standing in his own yard. There have been no less than six accidental drownings, and three suicides, one of the most melancholy being that of Nathan Mayer, who hung himself on a tree at Weehawken, not far from the spot where Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr. Mr. Mayer was a highly respected gentleman, and only married a few months ago to the beautiful daughter of one of our wealthiest Hebrew residents. Financial misfortunes overtook him, and, in a moment of despondency, he took his own life.

Our Stock Market has been exceedingly lively, and for lack of outside gudgeons, the bulls and bears fell foul of each other, and succeeded in disposing of over twenty thousand shares of stock. Nobody appears to have made any money. The market fluctuated so rapidly that it seemed to be a game of see-saw, where the downs equaled the ups. Two millions, mostly in gold bars, found its way back from Europe last week, to pay for the provisions that we have been sending to our English cousins; the balance of trade is over two hundred and fifty millions in our favor. Brother Jonathan's clothes are getting too small for him—that long, swallow-tailed coat and those attenuated pants—will have to give way to a new suit, after the style of John Bull.

On Monday a child named Mary Quinlan, five years of age, was left alone in a room by its parents, and contrived to get hold of a flask containing a pint of bad whiskey which its father had left on the table. When the parents returned, they found the child in a beastly state of intoxication, and on Tuesday it died in the hospital. Another terrible warning of the effects of rum.

This has been a severe week for Coney Island, the bad weather affecting its patronage at least thirty thousand dollars a day. A violent storm on Tuesday night washed away the landing on the great iron pier, causing considerable anxiety for the structure itself, which, however, successfully withstood the fury of the tempest.

A remarkable case occurred in Brooklyn last week, which, as usual, comes to the front with a startling sensation. Some few months ago a notary by the name of Nagle died, leaving his widow a snug little fortune of about forty thousand dollars. Mrs. Nagle not being much of a business woman, got a man by the name of Wade to manage her affairs, and it was said that Mrs. Nagle, to drown her grief would sometimes take a lunar observation through the bottom of a whiskey bottle; in short, Mrs. Nagle got drunk. About three weeks ago, Mrs. Nagle suddenly disappeared, and after searching New York and Brooklyn through, they couldn't find as much as her garters. To all intents Mrs. Nagle was *non est inventis*. About a week after her disappearance a body was picked up in Martin's dock, being exposed in the Morgue, was identified by the agent Wade, as the body of Mrs. Nagle. A number of witnesses were brought from New York, female friends of the lady, and all of them sustained the testimony of Mr. Wade, and testified to the dissolute character of the deceased.

A lady closely veiled sat in the corner of the room apparently an interested listener. After the testimony was all in, and all the affidavits signed, the Coroner went and lifted the lady's vail and asked Mr. Wade and the other witnesses if they had ever seen that lady before. Tableau! There before them, in *propria personæ* stood the identical Mrs. Nagle whom they all swore was a ghost on the other side of Jordan. Wade got up and dusted as though the —— was after him, and the female friends and relatives made themselves scarce in less time than it takes to tell the story. Mrs. Nagle, it is said, has since got rid of her unfaithful agent, and now we are all trying to find out who the woman was over which the inquest was held. As yet we are all in the dark, but if I find out, I'll let you know in my next letter.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

SONVILLE CHIEF. DAVID ISRAEL, S. J. GREEN.

TAILOR

Ready Made Clothing, etc.