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Amicus Humanis Genitrix.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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Shaving, Hair Cutting, Dyeing, Shampooing, etc., in elegant style at moderate charges.

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The undersigned is pleased to inform the public that, having filed the bond required by law and received his commission from the Governor as an AUCTIONEER, he is now prepared to execute with promptness and satisfaction all business in the auction line with which he may be entrusted. Furniture and articles of every description stored and sold on commission. Apply to or address,

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Corner Chetumches and Mississippi Streets

Donaldsonville, La.

A complete stock of Pure Chemicals always on hand. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

"The lost and found!" why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our onward road!

God's angel o'er our pathway crost, Looked on us all, and loving them the most, Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost, they are within the door That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing. With angels bright, and loved ones gone before, In the Redeemer's presence evermore, And God himself, their Lord, and Judge and King!

And this we call a "loss." Oh, selfish sorrow Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith! Let us look around, an argument to borrow, Why we in patience should await the morn, That surely must succeed this night of death!

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path. The thorns and thistles wherewithal we turn, What trials and what tears, what wrongs and what strifes, and what strife the journey had. They have escaped from these, and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done, Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach. While with the raging waves he battled on, Was it not joy, when every sorrow seemed gone, To see his loved one landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand, A little child, and hushed by the well, To wash from off her feet the clinging sand, And tell the tired boy of that bright land, Where the long journey past, they longed to dwell!

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had, Drew near and looked upon the suffering slave, Then crying, "Give Me the little lad, In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad, I'll bring him with Me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfish and wrong? "Nay, but the woe I feel he too must share!" Or rather, bursting into grateful song, She went her way rejoicing and made strong To struggle on since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death has made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust. No outward sign or sound our ears can reach, But there's an inward, spiritual speech, That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down— Take up the cross, where they broke off the strain: So journeying till we reach the heavenly town, Where are laid up our treasures and our crown.

And our lost loved ones will be found again.

Our Broadbrim Letters.

Holiday Weather—Swindling Stock Firms Exposed—Mysterious Disappearances—Misplaced Charity—A Biblical Quarrel, etc.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1880.

EDITOR CHIEF:

It really seemed as if 1879 was trying to see how badly it could behave, when it bade us good-bye on the last day of the year. The countryman was right who said "city folks have no business with snow, they don't know how to use it." We have no use for it here in New York, where it only serves to make the detestable streets more execrable still. Just before noon of the 31st, the snow began to fall; late in the afternoon it changed to a sort of driving sleet, and by night the streets were one vast glare of ice, rendering locomotion dangerous if not impossible. Falling horses and somersaulting pedestrians crowded all the great avenues, adding to the general confusion; and, I regret to say, that notwithstanding the sacred associations of this holiday time, profanity, with a big D and a huge G, was by no means uncommon; but as the traveler's legs flew from under him on the unstable and treacherous pavement, the command to "swear not at all" was forgotten for the nonce, and the most powerful forms of obscenity, though sandwiched with forcible and profane adjectives, afforded only temporary relief for sore heads and bruised limbs. In spite of the dread-ful character of the travel, the streets were crowded with people making purchases of presents for the new year. Our old friend Santa Claus had not quite found the bottom of their purses, but a little still remained to make the hearts of their friends and relations glad. New Year's was a general holiday; open house was kept by the majority of house-holders, while all the great officials, as well as those who expect to be great, in prospective, dispensed a most generous and lavish hospitality. Friday brought with it the usual number of aching heads and repentant drunks, and it is to be hoped that before 1880 expires, that some of the victims may seek safety in a blue ribbon, under the generalship of Francis Murphy, and that the New Year of 1881 may find them uttering the prayer—"Lead us not into temptation."

I told you so, I told you so! Six of the swindling stock firms have come to grief that have been flooding the country with thieving advertisements, and there is a rod in pickle for more of them. For months I have sounded the alarm through your columns, but it was only this week that the great New York dailies awoke to the fact that a band of organized pirates in Wall street were robbing the people all over the United States of

millions and millions of dollars. All of you have seen the advertisements of Lawrence & Co., where \$5 or \$10, put up on stock margin, in thirty days would realize \$100. Did it ever occur to the flats that if the chances of gain were so tempting and sure, Lawrence & Co. would be more than mortal if they did not keep it themselves, but the owners of over \$1,000,000, in sums varying from \$5 to \$100, seemed to think that Lawrence & Co. were a sort of good geni, who gave new lamps for old ones, and whose special mission it was to give \$5 gold coins to poor people at 25 cents apiece. When will people learn common sense? Whenever you see an advertisement in the paper where a man proposes to give you five or ten times the worth of your money, you may be sure that that man is a liar and a thief. Thanks to Anthony Comstock, it looks as if these vagabonds would have their swindling business broken up for the present; but you may be sure that it will only be for a little while, for the profits are so large and gulls are so plentiful, that it will not be long before they turn up with some new scheme, of which I will try and give you timely warning.

A pleasant piece of intelligence comes from the report of the morgue of 320 men and women missing during the past year; how many dropped out of sight for whom no one inquired, and of whom no record remains, will never be known—perhaps fully as many as were reported; and now the question comes, what became of them? I alluded to this matter nearly a year ago; then there were less than 200 reported, now there are 320. Many of the cases have an air of horrible romance about them, at once startling and terrible. An eminent artist in Brooklyn was engaged one evening on a drawing; he had on at the time a common working blouse, and his supper was almost ready on the table; he heard a boy in the street crying the evening papers, and stepped to his door to get one—that man was never seen again, dead or alive. There seemed to be no cause for self-destruction, his family relations were all that could be desired, and his income from his profession ample, but if he had been dropped in mid ocean he could not have been more completely extinguished. Another man, an eminent merchant, bids his friend goodbye in front of the Astor House at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and starts for his home in Brooklyn; he, like the artist, was never seen or heard of after. What seems particularly strange is, that only a small percentage of these lost people are from the country; out of the 320, New York furnishes over 200. It is a terrible thing to think of, this sudden wiping out, but it only illustrates the precarious chances of life in a large city, and it may be that the escape of the old fogey Blair, whose would be assassin are now doing the State some service, may furnish a partial key to the disappearance of this grim army, which the board of vital statistics dismisses under the brief heading of "missing."

About eighteen months ago a man walked deliberately up to a show window and broke it; and then quietly waited for arrest; he made not the slightest attempt at escape, but boldly proclaimed his guilt. When taken before the Judge, he was asked why he had done it, and he replied that he was starving and took that means of getting into jail rather than perish in the street. Public sympathy was at once aroused, and there was a general rush to his rescue; one sent him a new coat and pants; a kind hearted woman baked him a mince pie, another sent him a roast chicken, while many sent him money and other presents from different parts of the city. Everything went on swimmingly for three or four days, when one of the sharp detectives happened to see him by chance, and it turned out that he was an old State's prison bird, who had done the same thing a number of times before, and who was just out of jail. A person would naturally think that one such lesson would be sufficient, but last week a fellow by the name of Howard startled the town by smashing a window and stealing some things to save his wife and child from perishing. Again the people got a craze; merchants rushed forward to bail the man, who represented himself as a poor, sick carpenter, out of work. The Judge on the bench had the wool pulled over his eyes, and in 24 hours collections were taken up in his behalf which amounted to over \$700. Enough of furniture and provisions were sent him to stock a respectable charitable asylum; he, too, was smothered by a sharp detective,

who recognized the unfortunate carpenter as an old and experienced thief, who had passed several terms in the State's prison, and at that very time he was wanted for another offence which may send him up again. It is a dreadful damper on many people who are charitably inclined, and many a poor sufferer will go unrelieved on account of the trick played by this villainous fraud.

Mr. Beecher and the Bible Society are at loggerheads about the Scriptures. It is now pretty generally conceded that King James' Bible contains many flaws which the lovers of that good book wish were not there. A band of learned men in England have been at work many years hunting up the errors, typographical or constructive, which have crept in during the many centuries which it has been the guiding star of the Christian Church. Some thousands of these errors had been expunged by a body of scholars selected by the Bible Society, and the revised edition went forth to the world with its sanction and approval for seven years. It was then attacked by Dr. Spring and Bishop Breckenridge, and the Bible Society was induced to undo all its work and return to the old and imperfect form. Mr. Beecher ventilated this subject in a sermon a week ago, and a very polite exchange of compliments have been passing between him and Dr. Porter, of Yale College, which, if reduced to simple King's English, would seem to indicate that one was a soft head and the other a fool; probably this is not the exact form, but it looks very much like it.

Col. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, has left us, and one-half of our young bucks and fair damsels are in mourning. The girls fell in love with Campanini and Del Puente, and the fellows went wild on Mlle. Valeria. The opera season, though not as successful as the season of '78, was still far from a failure. The fact is that the gullible Colonel of Her Majesty's contingent has contrived to keep his hot water with everybody ever since the opening of the season. First he quarreled with the musicians, then with the singers, then with the directors, and lastly with the press. He would make a first-class director for the Royal Opera of Timbuctoo, where he could slash off a prima donna's head, or cut a leader's wizen if he grew contrary, but he finds that his lines have not fallen in pleasant places in this Great Republic, where even a Colonel of Her Majesty's contingent ranks about the same as a green-grocer, and a Major-General is of no more account than a respectable haberdasher or carpenter. We are consoled, however, for the loss of Mapleson by the presence of those genial authors and gentlemen, Gilbert and Sullivan. Their new opera of the Pirates of Penzance is already a pronounced success, which the majority of the critics think even more deserving than Pinafore. One thing is certain, that they have walked right into public favor, and every one rejoices in their success.

The markets are steady and stocks are firm, and it now looks as though the boom might last through the first month of the new year.

Truly yours,

BROADBRIM.

Opelousas Courier:

The store house of Mr. S. R. Walker, in Washington, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night last. Most of the goods were saved, but we have not heard whether the building was insured or not. A few days ago, on Plaquemine Ridge, in this parish, a young man by the name of Miller, who was subject to epileptic fits, was drowned in a pond of water not more than six inches deep, while watering his horse. He was seized with one of these attacks at the time, dropped from the saddle into the water, face downwards, and must have perished immediately. The committee of our late railroad meeting, to raise a subscription of \$20,000 and secure the right of way from Vermilionville to Opelousas, are making very encouraging progress in their work. Up to this date, \$8000 have been subscribed in Opelousas alone. The "right of way," we understand, has been secured without difficulty, from Opelousas to Vermilionville.

Next year New Jersey will present the anomaly of a State with a government that is no longer supported by taxation. The coming report of the controller will show that the taxes on railroads and the funds now invested, the income of which is available, will afford sufficient income to pay all expenses for the coming year and leave a surplus without a State tax. Gov. McClellan will, it is said, incorporate in his annual message a recommendation that no State tax be levied hereafter.—Ex.

Our Washington Letter.

The New Year—Postmaster-General Key's War on Swindlers—A Gigantic Broker's Fraud—Marine Matters—The Electric Light, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

EDITOR CHIEF:

One by one the floating sands of the old year were numbered with the buried past, and the great hand on the dial plate of time signaled the birth of the new born year. Out upon the still air of midnight millions of silvery-tongued bells rang joyously, telling the sleeping world that 1880 with all its hidden wealth of love, or its crushing load of sorrow, had come as a new experience in life's great mystery, a new legacy to every living being. It is well to step joyously over the threshold into this new lease of life. The old year was better than we knew and blessings always brighten as they take their flight.

"Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown, Strange we always slight the violet Till the summer flowers are gone."

With all the gathered wisdom of the past ring, ring the bells in lofty spire and lowly turret. Let their echoes sweep across the continent to cheer and gladden fifty millions of human hearts. The dead year began with dark shadows, commercial depression, want and suffering, but in its life a low promise streamed athwart the nation's commercial horizon, which now spans the coming years, and over its great sweeping arch is written in unmistakable characters unparalleled commercial prosperity.

Let us then arise to duty, Blessings lie along our path, Let us save the wheat, the rice, (Cast away the worthless chaff, Let us find our richest corn In our labor day by day, With a patient hand receiving All the briers in our way.

The good that has been accomplished, and that will be accomplished, by Postmaster-General Key's starling-out war on specious swindles can scarcely be estimated. Thousands of men in this country carry on extensive business with purchasers and clients whom they have never seen. Their business is legitimate and honest, but it suffers more or less from a comparison with these fraudulent concerns which are the object of Postmaster-General Key's attack. The lotteries, and many other confidence schemes, that Judge Key has throttled, very truly plead that their business has been the source of an immense revenue to the Government, through the Postoffice Department. But if this plea was worthy of consideration, it might be answered that, by debauching the mails, and abusing business confidence, they have diverted a much larger revenue that would have accrued to the Government through the channels of legitimate business. If men all over the country, whether they want to make a purchase, prosecute a claim, secure a patent or a pension, could believe that advertisers do just what they advertise to do, business through the mails would be immensely augmented, and the vexed problem of the elimination of the superfluous "middle-man" would be in a measure solved, confidence would be restored, and a much better class of advertisers would find the press an indispensable medium of communication. Judge Key's work is not yet complete, but it is progressing, and is doubtless already reaching in healthful extirpation far beyond the so-called firms that he has denounced of power to gull green-horns through the mails.

A gigantic broker's swindle has recently been unearthed in New York. Some time ago the attention of the Postoffice Department was called to a circular purporting to be issued by "Lawrence & Co., Bankers and Brokers." It was filled with seductive words and accounts of poor men who had become suddenly rich through stock speculations. One instance in particular was given of a