THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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—BY—

L. E. BENTLEY, Editor and Proprietor.

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A CARD.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in notifying his former customers and his friends in general that he will resume his business as

Piano Repairer and Tuner,

in which he bears the highest reputation at home and abroad as a thorough workman. Orders left at the Riverside Hotel or received through the post-office will be promptly responded to.

Respectfully,

EMILE VOM HOFE,

Riverside Hotel, Donaldsonville, La.

A "POOR" RICH MAN.

BY J. H.

On a Summer morn—long faded
Into distance of the Past
In a chamber warm and shaded,
By an awful gloom pervaded,
A "poor" rich man breathed his last.

'Mid the outside beauty lying
Round his fair and stately home,
Sad and lonely he lay dying—
Only Summer winds were sighing,
Only raindrops broke the gloom.

All around was wealth and splendor;
Yet no weeper came to shed
Tears of sorrow, true and tender—
Such as only love can render—
By his solitary bed!

Hirelings, set to watch, had slumbered
As his dying breath he drew,
For they knew his hours were numbered,
And they cared not, nor were cumbered
With Love's servings, kind and true.

(Love had stood, perchance, and waited
To receive the dying breath,
Till the agony abated,
Till the spirit worn, belated,
Fled into the arms of Death!)

With observance high and stately,
He was borne unto his tomb;
And hired mourners, all sedately
Who had laughed aloud so lately—
Wore long faces full of gloom!

While the muffled bells tolled slowly
From the bellfry overhead,
And the "De Profundis" holy,
Sung by voices melancholy,
Sounded, for the silent dead!

Only when his head was covered
With the earth all brown and cold,
Pitying eyes at last discovered
One poor woman's form, which hovers
O'er the silent, voiceless mold.

Only one he has forsaken
And betrayed in her lost youth,
Came to mourn—as if o'er-taken
By her grief—as if to waken
Him to honor, love, and truth.

Yea, she wept as if despairing,
With a heart by anguish torn,
While the idle crowd, uncaring,
Some with bitter jests unsparing,
Mocked her! pallid and forlorn.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

HER FAIRY FEET.

"Bring me a tiny mouse's skin,"
The boisterous tanner cried;
"It must be as a rose-leaf thin
And scarce three fingers wide."

He sized the fragile tiny bit
Within his brawny hand
And cast it in the seething pit—
And so the skin was tann'd.

Then came a cobbler to his side
With tools that cobblers use,
And deftly wrought that mouse's hide
Into a pair of shoes.

"Tell me," I asked, "O, cobbler tell,
For whom these morceaux be?"
"A lover bade me build them well
For his true love," quoth he.

"Where dwelle this maid with fairy feet?"
In wonderment I cried;
The old man shifted in his seat—
And "Donaldsonville" replied.

LETTERS FROM GOOSEQUILL.

Riotous Students in Jefferson Medical College—Fighting Southerners Mr. Sharpe's Chivalry—Death of Dr. Marion Sims—Grand Wedding in "High" Life—The Theatres, Markets, Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:

Whether deservedly or not, medical students have the name of being a very rough, lawless sot, of whom boarding-house keepers in particular have a dread. The fact that there were three fights in Jefferson Medical College on Tuesday is not likely to awaken a very exalted public opinion of her students. The cause of the trouble was one of insignificance, but you know when the tinder is ready it is very easy to get a blaze. It has always been customary to number the seats in the lecture room of the college and assign those in front to the seniors, or second year students, and those in the rear to the first course students. In the hospital lecture room there is no such system, and consequently there is a rush made every day by the first course students for the hospital lectures, which are delivered immediately after those of the college, and a push and scramble to secure the best seats. Saturday evening the seniors organized a meeting and drew up a petition to the faculty requesting that the seats in the hospital be numbered, and that they be assured the advantage of seniority and rank. A lot of the first course students attempted to break up the meeting by shouting like madmen, throwing paper balls and calling for the previous question. Monday evening the first course students organized a meeting for the purpose of sending a counter petition to the faculty, and one of the seniors extinguished the lights and broke up the meeting. So, on Tuesday both parties were at daggers' points and a grand settlement was the consequence. Just as Prof. Rogers was about to begin his lecture on chemistry, Dr. Morton, a Philadelphian, the one who had extinguished the lights at the meeting of the first course students, stepped into the lecture room. Hearing ugly remarks about himself, he, as quick as a flash, bounded over all the benches to the front row of seats and began beating a man named Moyer, whom he supposed the one who had been slandering him. Dr. Morton is a tremendous fellow and Dr. Moyer very small, but in the heat of anger, size was not considered. Dr. Moyer sat still, as meek as Moses, and took the drubbing without offering any resistance. Some of his friends rallying around him brought about a general row, and Dr. Morton got out of it considerably worsted, his face all scratched and bleeding. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," shouted Prof. Rogers, "this must not be! Desist, I beg of you! Would you disgrace your Alma Mater?" But the good man's voice was as a whisper against a cyclone. It was not heard, and if it had been his words would not have been heeded. Another row took place in the evening. If there is the slightest peculiarity about a student he is nicknamed from the time he enters the college and never again hears his real name. For instance, there is Blossom, so called because of his red nose: Fire, because of his red head: Dukes, because he came from the same town as Dukes the murderer: Laughing Gas, because he has such an ugly laugh and laughs all the time at nothing: Gov. Hoyt, because he looks like Gov. Hoyt; Sawbones, Boston Dude and Tapertoes. Well, Dr. Jones (Gov. Hoyt) of Delaware was quietly passing into the lecture room when all of a sudden he found himself collared by one S. H. Sharpe, son of Gen. Sharpe of Mississippi, and nearly shaken out of his life before he could divine what it was all about. Sharpe heard that Jones had been telling tales on him to the faculty, and having his Southern blood aroused was about to demolish the poor man. "Hold on a bit," gasped Jones, "and I'll explain." Just then Robert Buck of Jackson, Miss., stepped up to assist his friend Sharpe, and said: "You needn't try to explain. You know you lied, so just say you lied about it and we will let it pass." "But I didn't lie about it. I didn't lie at all." It was a comical sight, truly—the frightened big man, the irate small one, and the meddlesome friend. After awhile the iron grip was loosened and Dr. Jones walked off as placid and unresentful as if no indignity had been offered him. On Wednesday the Dean, Dr. Barthalon, addressed the students on the subject of the disturbance very kindly, but very positively, and order and quiet have prevailed ever since.

There are about twenty-five or thirty Southerners among the 600 students of Jefferson, and the general impression is that they are not cowards—that they will fight. A friend of mine in the college was sitting in the lecture room the day after the fights, during the interval between lectures, when he heard a conversation behind him between two Northern men. One said "I'll just tell you, I would not like to get into a fuss with any of those Southern men." "Well," said the other, "if you do, just make up your mind to prepare for them." Mr. Sharpe won golden opinions for the chivalry he displayed on the cars *en route* for Philadelphia. Two roughs left a seat and passed into another car. After being absent sometime they returned and finding a lady in their seat demanded that she should vacate it for them. No one of the many gentlemen sitting around offered to defend the lady from the insulting rudeness offered her, except Mr. Sharpe. He, with the bravery and chivalry of a Richard Cœur de Lion, enrolled himself as the lady's champion. He forced the men to yield the seat to her and to leave the car. One of the men drew a pistol, but Mr. Sharpe drew one as quickly and held them at bay. Quite a little fracas ensued, and upon reaching Washington Mr. Sharpe was arrested, but soon released.

Gen. Jubal Early, seeing a notice of the affair in the papers, was highly pleased at the manly deed, and though a perfect stranger to Mr. Sharpe, addressed him a letter of thanks and sent him a gold-headed cane with the injunction to use it to knock down the first —— Yankee who interfered with him. Was not that a characteristic speech of the peppery old General? Knowing him as well as I do, I can appreciate it.

The Alumni Association of Jefferson College held a metting to do honor to the memory of that great and good man, Dr. J. Marion Sims, who lately in New York passed so suddenly and quietly into the other life. The medical fraternity here held his talents in the highest estimation and loved the man for his kind, genial manner and his large, truly charitable heart. New York, it seems, claims Dr. Sims as one of her great men, but he was a South Carolinian. He studied medicine and graduated in Charleston, took a diploma from Jefferson Medical College, and began his practice and made reputation first in Montgomery, Ala. He went to New York in 1853. In 1861 he visited Europe, and in Paris gained distinction on account of operations performed in the hospital before the great surgeons of that city. During the remainder of his life he passed much of his time in Europe and was considered as great an oracle there as here. An English Duke once sent for him, paid his expenses from New York and gave him a fee of $5000, and at one time he attended the Empress Eugénie. What will the rich, particularly the rich ladies of New York do now that there is no Dr. Sims to whom to refer their physical troubles? Strange, that a man whose talents and skill commanded the largest fees for so many years should have died poor. But fortunes are accumulated as much by saving as making money, and Dr. Sims did not save. He made money easily and rapidly, and spent it extravagantly. He was the greatest man America ever produced and is called the Father of Gynecology.

When a marriage can be gotten up on as grand a scale as that of Patrick O'Brien and Annie Dunn, which took place in our sister city of Pittsburg the other day, it is worthy of consideration. O'Brien is just 30 years old, is 7 feet, 11 inches high and weighs 296 pounds, but is so finely proportioned that he does not appear huge. Annie Dunn is 20 years old, is 7 feet, 4 inches high and weighs 313 pounds. Just think of having 609 pounds of flesh and 14 feet, 15 inches divided between the couple; of 70 yards of material and 8 yards of trail in the bride's dress; of the largest white kid gloves ever made in New York; of a reception attended by 14,000 people; of a cake nine feet in circumference. Just think, too, of having a whole museum to witness the ceremony. The snake charmers—minus the snakes, however—the lovely Aztecs, the Albinos, the acrobats, the one-armed girls and the no-armed boys, the fascinating, elastic skin man, the charming skeleton man, the hairy woman, the fat boy, the tattooed woman, the Chinese dwarf, and last and least, the midgets. Oh, yes, that was a wedding worth having. Who can imitate it?

The theatres have been doing a brisk business this season. Sheridan has been delighting crowded houses again this week in Marble Heart and Shakspeare's plays. He is particularly good in King Lear. Thomas is giving us the benefit of the finest of instrumental music, which is right well appreciated. Henry Irving will be with us next week and there has been a rush for seats. The sale of tickets began Monday and on Tuesday the advance sales were between nine and ten thousand dollars, about the same as Mrs. Langtry's last year. Mr. Irving says he will give a different play in every city; has selected Hamlet for Philadelphia and Othello for Chicago.

The markets are full of game and game dinners are the style. The menu is usually game soup, boiled fish, ducks, snipes, quail, woodcocks and tarrapin. You know, in Philadelphia and Baltimore no dinner or supper is complete without tarrapin. Canvas back ducks and deer are scarce yet; the ducks bring from $3 to $4 a pair and venison 25 cents per pound. Snipe sell for $3 per dozen and woodcock and pheasants $1 25 and $1 50 a pair. Pennsylvania furnishes but little venison now. Nearly all we have comes from Virginia and Minnesota.

FRAGMENTS.

Fine white china is more fashionable than colored or decorated ware.

The people here are disgusted with Mahone's effort to wave the bloody shirt.

The weather has been so hot for several days that fires have been discarded.

Daniel W. Voorhees will defend young Natt for the killing of Dukes. The trial will take place the first week in December.

There are two colored women lawyers in the United States. Mary Cary in Michigan and Louise Bryant in Colorado.

GOOSEQUILL.

When you suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, malarial affections, kidney disease, liver complaint and other wasting diseases. When you wish to enrich the blood and purify the system generally. When you wish to remove all feeling of weakness, weariness, lack of energy, try a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters and see how greatly it will benefit you. It surpasses all known remedies as an enricher of the blood and a perfect regulator of the various bodily functions. Ask your druggist.

Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son, the well known Philadelphia advertising agents, are to be complimented upon the excellence of their American Newspaper Annual for 1883, a book that should be in the hands of every advertiser in America. The Annual contains a complete classified list of all the newspapers, magazines and other periodicals published in the United States and Canada, a statement of their circulations and advertising rates, together with a brief description of the geographical location, commercial advantages, chief products and population of all the States, counties and provinces in the two countries, together with other statistics of interest and value to the business man. The price of the book is $3 per copy, carriage prepaid. Address, N. W. Ayer & Son, Chestnut and Eighth streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Opinion of Eminent Dr. R. S. Steuart, President Maryland Hospital, Baltimore:

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Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines health, and the constitutional vigor will return. Those who suffer from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse the blood, and restore vitality.

OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

A Handsome Young Parson's Pecadilloes—Anathematizing Sunday Nihgt Courting—A Grasping Monopoly—How are We to Live?

NEW YORK, November 24, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:

A few years ago a young minister appeared in Brooklyn and was installed as a pastor over one of the most popular Methodist churches in the city. He was an exceedingly handsome young man; in fact, altogether too handsome for the shepherd of a flock of lambs, with a large preponderance of ewes. Not that there was any thing wrong about this particular minister, for there was not; he toed the spiritual mark every time, and when weighed in the balance was not found wanting in any thing. But it is not a good thing to have the minister too handsome, otherwise the susceptible female portion of the congregation will be thinking of the minister when they should be thinking of their sins. This minister was not only handsome, but eloquent, and he had not been long installed in his new church when the house became too small to hold the congregation. The summer vacation was seized on to tear down the old edifice and rear a new temple in its place, and when the autumn leaves were falling and the vagrant congregation returned to the old altar to confess the sins and transgressions of the summer, they found the ceilings frescoed, a new gallery, new pews with broad hair cushions, that made them feel like a saint's rest. Stained glass windows, all full of nice, fat little angels, filled the interior of the church with the hues of the rainbow, while the organ, resplendent in the brightest of blues, the most brilliant of reds, and the shiniest of gold, was at once a wonder and delight, and, while in strict keeping with the rest of the edifice, was like any thing else but the staid old Methodist church, for which John Wesley had stood the pelting of rotten eggs at Moorfields, and Charles had just escaped a ducking under Aldergate pump. But the youthful pastor was evidently gratified, for every Sunday the church was crowded, and the only regret of the deacons and trustees was that they had no more ground to build upon. The minister had arrived at the summit of his hopes, but lions lay in the path. His wife, a beautiful, affectionate young creature, fell sick, and before loving hands could aid her she was gone. For weeks and weeks the young priest's reason tottered on the verge of insanity; no friendly aid brought any consolation to his desolate hearthstone, and even prayer seemed to have lost its power, for his heart was empty and his eyes were wet. The elders of the congregation shook their heads as they looked in his wan face, and they said, there is nothing left for him but the grave. He will never smile again.

About six months from the time of which I have been speaking, a consoling angel appeared to the young pastor, in the person of his cousin of the departed wife, and the new divinity made such excellent use of her time that after a reasonable period of mourning, such as society demands and the church expects, the young minister appeared a second time before the altar with a bride, wreathed in orange blossoms, and began life anew.

Then occurred the most radical change of all—the second angel was a Baptist, and the wedding bells had scarcely stopped ringing when Methodist Brooklyn was horrified by the announcement that her petted ecclesiastical darling was about to shake the dust of Methodism from his feet and be dipped in the Baptist church. His apostacy was complete, and it was no sooner finished than he was installed over one of the largest and most influential Baptist congregations in Brooklyn. Soon discontent began to manifest itself, and after a year of trial and tribulation, one-third of the most respectable and wealthy members of the church withdrew in a body and started a new congregation; and all I have told you is but a prologue to the pastor's present sin—one which overshadows every other malefaction and at present threatens his temporal, if not his spiritual destruction.

A week ago last Sabbath he preached a sermon on courting Sunday nights, expiating on the evil influences of this terrible custom, calling upon fathers and mothers of the congregation to use their authority to suppress it; threatening the anathema maranantha and the fires of Gehenna to those who refused to obey. The sermon was not a success; it raised a row in the congregation, and Deacon Miller's son, John, was heard to declare "that if he had to give up Sunday evenings with Jane Mathilda Summers or the minister's preaching, he guessed he'd give up the preaching," and this sentiment was loudly endorsed by a chorus of a hundred voices. The minister has had two trials at it and each one has been a success. But from the very nature of his calling he could not do his courting Sunday nights; he had lots of opportunities through the week day afternoons, which he worked with pleasure and profit to himself. He forgot that every poor fellow has not a popular young minister's opportunities, but one thing is morally certain and that is that his sermon on courting Sunday nights is the severest blow that revealed religion has received in Brooklyn for years, and that minister's usefulness is very much impaired.

While on the subject of churches, you should have seen the crush as Plymouth church when Henry Ieving and Miss Terry went over to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach. Irving thinks Beecher a first-class preacher, and Beecher thinks Irving a first-class actor; the pulpit and the stage have come together. Hooray!

On Tuesday the theatrical world was all agog when Irving acted Louis XI for the profession. One would scarcely think there were so many actors in New York, but they filled the Star Theatre from pit to dome. The performance is one of Mr. Irving's best and yet not good enough to be called great. It has almost become a custom for foreign actors to give their brother professionals a fine treat. Everybody seemed highly pleased and the affair was a pronounced success.

If any man doubts that we are gradually being throttled by monopolies, let him step across the river and to our sister city, Brooklyn, and see the fight now going on between the Standard Oil Company and a single gas company, which it is attempting to destroy. When the Standard Oil Company started in to form a gas syndicate, one by one they bulldozed the Brooklyn companies till they got them all to join in a ring to fix the price of gas at $2 50 per 1000 feet. One company alone resisted; they were supplying their customers at $2 per 1000, and were realizing a fair profit, and they did not wish to get in the folds of the anaconda. Then the Standard Oil Company, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, proceeded to lay gas mains all over the territory covered by the rival company, and they appeal to the cupidity of the citizens of Brooklyn by offering to furnish gas free for the months of November and December. I hope the sense of square dealing as well as of personal safety, which distinguishes our friends of the City of Churches, will not allow them to see a company crushed by such a worthless rival and such a shallow pretense. If our railroads and telegraphs, our gas and our grain, our vegetables and our meats, are all to be controlled by monopolies like the Standard Oil Company—the Jay Goulds, the Vanderbilts and the Armours—the sooner we move out and leave them the country to themselves the better. Stanley says there is room for a large population on the Congo. Tasmania and New Zealand have happy hunting grounds.

The interior of Australia may be full o the grandest possibilities, to say nothing of snakes and kangaroos. But snake or no snake, any country between Grinnell Land and the South Pole would be paradise for a free man, besides the United States, if owned and ruled by such a crew as I have named. Stand fast, oh Nasan of Brooklyn, stand fast, and let your light shine from the housetops, if it does cost you $2 a thousand.

The adjustment of the grand question of how are we to live, has passed beyond the pale of ordinary politics. One individual seizes our loaf of bread, fixes his price upon it and makes us pay it. Others seize our pork and our beef; another gets possession of our coffee; another of our tea. One gigantic pirate seizes all the great avenues of news; others get possession of our only means of light; one gets all the oil and the other gets all the gas. Even the tallow dips are levied on, and, worse than all, an organized band of robbers have seized upon all the highways over which the very means of our life must pass, and they levy merciless toll on everything we eat, everything we drink, everything we wear: the whiskey and beer that make us sick, the physic which don't cure us, the coffin we are buried in, and on the tombstone that record our limited virtues. How are we to live? that's the question.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

VILLETTE'S VIVACITIES.

Water and Politics—End of the Long Drouth—Discouraging Outlook for Cotton Raisers—A Thrice Told Tale—Renovation of Grace Church.

WEST FELICIANA, Nov. 12, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:

There are but two topics on hand at present writing in which the average West Feliciana takes any considerable interest. The first is the long expected and gladly welcomed rain, the second, politics. Of both I am happy to say that we have now *a quantum sufficit*. A little of the latter with me is like the small boy's first essay at tobacco, it goes a wonderfully long way. Party feeling here runs high, and one might as well hang one's self and be done with it as to swear neutrality; one side or the other you *must* take; it is impossible to "run with the hare and hold with the hounds," say the dominant spirts of the parish, and accordingly we are pretty impartially divided into Ogdenites and McEneryites, the sheep and goats, as either side may class itself and opponents. I imagine that never before since he was a wee child, has either gubernatorial candidate been invested with so many admirable attributes; or scarcely could worse qualities be imputed to either were he a regular out-and-out villain; that is, of course, as the sympathies of the respective followers incline. As for myself, I am proud to utter what a good many would like to say if they only dared to:

How happy we could be with either,
Were the other man out of the way!

Of water, at present we have enough and to spare, for which we are duly thankful. Of all famines one of water assuredly is the very worst, as we have had a sufficiently long experience to truthfully testify.

There are several springs around town, and upon these the citizens of St. Francisville and vicinity had to depend mainly for supplies of the fluid so dear to the heart of the temperance man. To any one at all inclined to indulge in romantic retrospections the crowd which for three months nightly gathered around these natural water-works, afforded food for fanciful thought: Rebekahs with their jars, pitchers, and often with pots, kettles and pans—as useful but less esthetic utensils—and Labans with flocks of—mules and horses, (one is sometimes obliged to sacrifice sentiment to truth since in our day camels, etc., are—well, rather scarce!) were as plentiful as raindrops are to-day. Happily, all this is past; the carrying to and from the spring is at an end, and we have gone back to the prosaic cistern. During the drough even the steam gins were obliged to draw upon the springs and bayous for water for ginning purposes; and no one can conceive the strait in which the order-loving housekeeper found herself when water ran short. To illustrate: one lady said that she found that she was compelled to limit herself to one pan of water per diem to use in washing vegetables. Accordingly, the cabbage received the first benefit; next, the sweet potatoes were washed; finally, the Irish potatoes were cleaned, and then that all-useful and much abused water was emptied into the goose-trough! There was economy for you. Another lady of my acquaintance, after washing the breakfast hominy strained the water into the dish-pan to wash the dishes, and so on *ad infinitum*. The make-shifts were all laughable and amply proved what an inventive people we are.

I am sorry to say that the cotton crop of this parish is wofully short. Only the planters who rent will come out ahead, and even some of those may be weighed in the balance and found wanting, if the "cullud brudder" has not made enough to pay his annual rent. The outlook for winter, spring and until the next crop comes on is dreary indeed. There is only one crumb of comfort to those who "from seeming evil can still educe good," and that is, that the present deficiency may lead them hereafter to place less reliance upon cotton, and more upon the mainstays, corn, pork, and potatoes. As the Judge said to the man whom he had just sentenced to be hanged, "May this be a lesson to you!" in like manner we hope this failure of the crops may be a lesson to our planters, but we fear it has come too late to benefit the sufferers. So many times since the war the same thing has occurred, short crops and following distress, and still our people have not learned wisdom; year by year Ephraim has returned to his idols, year by year the old story without variation is repeated, cotton and credit, failure and poverty. Are we less quick-witted than other people that we can not see what is ruining us, or have determined never to alter our present reckless course?

Our pretty little church here is undergoing a thorough renovation under the able direction of Mr. A. T. Gastrell, who has, in the last few years, executed some fine and lasting work in this and adjoining parishes. When Grace Church shall be once more thrown open to the public, which will be some time in January, we will challenge any parish outside of New Orleans to show a more elegant or handsome place of worship. For years it has needed repairs, but the congregation could not afford the requisite outlay. Lately, however, through the generosity of a person whose body now reposes in our cemetery, the amount was donated, and to her noble bounty we owe the restoration of our sacred edifice, whose walls too long have borne the marks of war's sacrilegious hand and the more insidious inroads of time. We take an especial pride in Grace Church. It is *the* building above all others in town. All new comers are first taken there to admire its chaste beauty and the surrounding grounds where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep." With pardonable pride we exult in our beautiful stained windows, our marble memorials, the carven pulpit and lecturns and the relics of our once glorious organ, which was partially destroyed by Federal bombshells. To this church in ye olden days, the sunny, prosperous days of *ante bellum* time, the wealth, the beauty, the chivalry and the piety of West Feliciana would meet on the Sabbath. What elegance and loveliness have passed down those aisles, upon whose floor the checkered sunbeams "fall in dim religious light." The innocence of childhood has consecrated the marble font; the holiness of innumerable bridals still lingers at the chancel, and more than all, the mysterious presence of our beloved dead, who have died in the Lord, haunts these sacred walls within whose barrier they entered for the last time ere borne away to sleep with those who had gone before. Is it strange, then, that we should reverence our church as a thing beyond its bricks and mortar, and set it apart as the Holy of Holies?

VILLETTE.

OUR GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

Nevada's population is steadily diminishing.

Alice Oates is about to marry a fourth husband.

Patti is constantly accompanied by four detectives.

New York has a Catholic Church for colored people.

California has 15,000,000 acres of land open for settlement.

The State House at Boston is being undermined by a colony of white ants.

The President has pardoned Sergeant Mason, who attempted to shoot Guiteau.

James Malley of Jennie Cramer notoriety is peddling lightning rods in Kansas.

Gould Vanderbilt celebrated his twenty-first birthday last week, and received $200,000.

An eagle, captured 1500 miles from land, was brought into New Bedford, Me., by some sailors.

Rich Japanese send their children to school in inferior garments so as not to shame the children.

Rev. Jonathan Haskell, the sensational revivalist, died in obscurity and poverty at Louisville, Nov. 19.

South Carolina has lost one of her "solid men." He was a wealthy planter and weighed 500 pounds.

The Chicago Board of Education is considering a proposition to make music one of the compulsory studies.

Mr. Edwin Booth has made enough money from his Boston engagement to pay for his new house in that city.

Mrs. Langtry was taken seriously ill while in her palace car at Hamilton, Ontario, from nervous prostration.

The naval parade, a procession of vessels twenty miles long, was a feature of the celebration, on Nov. 26, of Evacuation Day.

Ex-Senator Tabor offers to pay the expenses of all delegates to the National Republican Convention if it is held in Denver.

In the Territory of Washington both houses of the Legislature have voted to strike the word "male" from the election laws.

The first marriage of giants in America, and the second in the world, occurred at Louisville last week. The wedding ring was five inches in circumference.

The Pope has created Mr. Dawson, editor of the *News and Courier* of Charleston, S. C., Kn