

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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Eight inches.	17 00	26 00	35 00	55 00	90 00
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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Etc.

M. ISRAEL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Bugles, etc., corner Mississippi and Levee streets.

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

A. D. YEGA, Agent, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Liquors, Furniture, Hardware, Tobacco, Paints, Oils, Glass, Lumber, Bricks, Cuts and Wagons; Levee corner, Railroad Avenue and Mississippi street.

B. KERN & BROTHER, dealers in Western Produce, Fancy and staple groceries, Liquors, Hardware, Iron, Paints, Oils, Cuts, Plows, Saddlery, Shoes and Tinsware, Furniture, Crockery, Wall Paper and Home Furnishing Goods, Mississippi street, corner Crescent Place.

J. C. GORDON & SONS, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Saddlery, Crockery, Furniture and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods. Main Street, corner of House Furnishing Goods. Main Street.

M. TOBIAS, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Liquors, Hardware, Crockery, Furniture, etc., corner Mississippi and St. Patrick streets and No. 21 Railroad Avenue. Everything at lowest prices.

R. LANDMAN, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Tobacco, and General Merchandise, corner Railroad Avenue and Taylor street, one block from Railroad Depot.

J. NO. F. PARK, dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provision, Plantation and Household Supplies, Canned Goods, Wine, Liquors, Bottled Beer, Ale, etc., Dry Goods and Notions, corner of Mississippi and Claiborne streets.

M. LEVY, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Furniture, Hardware, Plantation Supplies, at Levee and Main street, Mississippi street. G. P. PATEL, Agent.

INSURANCE AGENCIES.

V. MAURIN, General Fire Insurance Agent, Mississippi street, over Fernandez's barbers shop. Depositions of all companies with over \$500,000 of capital. Policies issued directly from agency without delay.

HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

DEER-DAY HOTEL AND BARROOM, Mississippi street, first-class accommodation and reasonable prices. Western Union telegraph office in the hotel.

ROBT. E. LEE HOTEL, Crescent Place, near the Market House, J. S. Lafargue, proprietor. Bar and billiard room attached. First-class entertainment and accommodation.

CITY HOTEL, P. Lefevre, Proprietor, Railroad Avenue, corner Iberville street. Bar supplied with best liquors.

LIQUOR AND BILLIARD SALOONS.

THE PLACE, Gus. Isnel, manager, Corner Levee and Mississippi streets, Billiards, Liquor, Beer, Best Wine and Liquors, Fine Cigars, etc.

TINSMITH.

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

BARBER SHOP.

L. FERNANDEZ, Barber Shop, Mississippi street, near corner Levee, shaving, hair cutting, shampooing, etc., in most artistic style.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

FRIEDRICH DUFFEL, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, office on Claiborne street, opposite the Court House.

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

PAUL LECH, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Donaldsonville, Office on block below the Court House, on Atchafalpa street.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

C. GINGRY, THE PAINTER, shop at Cheap Tony's Store, corner Mississippi street and Railroad Avenue. House and Ornamental Painting in all its branches. Best work at lowest prices.

UNDERTAKER.

SCHONBERG'S Undertaker's Establishment, 21 Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Atchafalpa streets. All kinds of burial cases, from the pine coffin to the metallic or rosewood casket.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. BLUM, Milliner, Mississippi street, between Levee and St. Patrick streets. Latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, French Flowers, etc.; also, all kinds of Ladies' Underwear.

SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.

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

BLACKSMITHS & WHEELWRIGHTS.

SCHULER & BRENNER, Blacksmiths and Wheelwrights, corner Levee and Main streets, between Mississippi and Iberville streets.

JOHN McPEET, Boiler Making, Blacksmithing and Pipe Fitting.

MISSISSIPPI STREET, DONALDSONVILLE, LA.

All orders promptly and carefully executed.

M. W. DARTON, Civil Engineer & Surveyor.

(Parish Surveyor of Ascension.)

Will attend promptly to work in all branches of his profession, such as surveying, mapping, leveling for canals, bridges, rice flumes, etc., estimating cost of construction and construction same. Orders left at the Chief office will meet with immediate attention.

B. CHIRAME'S Fruit and Oyster Stand.

Crescent Place, opposite Market House, DONALDSONVILLE.

Bananas, Oranges, Apples, Grapes and other fruits in season. California Onions and other vegetables kept. Also, Raisins, Figs, Nuts and Candies. Finest Oysters the market affords at low prices. Families supplied on short notice.

Piano Tuning & Repairing.

A CARD.

THIS undertaking is done in nothing but his former customers and his friends in general that he will continue his business as

in which he bears the highest reputation at home and abroad as a thorough workman. On the 1st of the month of October, he will be removed through the post-office will be promptly responded to. Respectfully,

LEWIS VON HOFE, Riverside Hotel, Donaldsonville, La.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY J. C.

Sailing off life's troubled waters, In a craft both stanch and true, High above the clouds of heaven, Round the mighty waste of blue.

Twinkling lights on rocky headlands, Guided to along the shore, Through the darkness and the billows, But they lay to rest for evermore.

Long ago the loftiest mountain, Sink beneath the rising tide, Now through midnight's lonely watches Look we to the stars for guide.

We have weathered every tempest, And our men shall sail no more, Our brave vessel, torn and battered, Will in port at anchor lie.

Y. Y. Weekly.

CONSTANCY.

BY F. H. CONVERSE.

THE SAIL.

And lo! as he spoke on the picture bars, That he voyaged by the heaven's line, By the silver moon and the shining stars, To the world's end, and the shining stars.

"Men change," he said, "but I do not! Believing me, my own dear love! Affection like mine, as time will show, Has a strength that no power can move."

THE SAIL.

"No fear of death," he said, "I do not! For deep in this heart of mine, Is a love that will never dim or die, But will last for ages—like time!"

He gave her a ring and a fond kiss, While her tears fell and her heart was torn, As, with full ring words and in sore distress, He bade her a long farewell.

But the man in the moon, who had often viewed Such tender scenes, I ween, Winked knowingly then, as the lovers stood Beneath the silvery moon.

Two summers with blossom and bud were gone, Two winters with frost and snow; And when the man in the moon looked down On the whirling world below.

And what did he see? Why the lover had won A widow with wealth and fame, With a new-found plantation, and a new-found name, And a new-found name, and a new-found name.

Quoth the man in the moon: "It is exactly now As it was when the world began, No weaker thing than a woman's vow, Excepting the vows of a man."

These things have given the man in the moon Such cynical views of life, That this is the reason he lives alone, And never has taken a wife.

—Philadelphia Coll.

OUR LETTER FROM BROADBIRM.

Police Outrages—Devotion of Central Park and Broadway—Who Pays for the Democratic Whiskey? Official Corruption and Extortion—Another Brooklyn Scandal, etc., etc.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:

While the three factions, Tammany Hall, Irving Hall, and the County Democracy are fighting to see which one shall get the important city by the throat, our streets and parks, which the thieves of the Tweed ring left in the best possible condition, have become an unsightly ruin. Central Park, a few years ago was our pride. Its beautiful avenues and shady nooks were a constant delight to the thousands who frequented it, but it is no longer. It is now the rendezvous of tramps and blackmilers, who watch of an evening for ladies and gentlemen enjoying a quiet stroll and suddenly rushing out from their retreats accuse them of all sorts of infamous offenses, and then by threats of exposure extort money from them as the price of their silence. This would be bad enough if the thieves and blackmilers were not aided by the police. We have two sets of police in this city: The regular police, governed by the police commission, and the park police, ruled by the park commission. Instead of acting together, and aiding each other in furthering the ends of justice, they endeavor to outwit and thwart each other, and throw every obstacle in the way of each other's success. Only last week a gentleman was taking a walk with his wife. While in a lonely place a policeman rushed out of the bushes, and with a violent oath, at the same time flourishing his club, declared that he had caught them and would take them in. The gentleman naturally felt outraged and stood up in defense of his wife, only to be brutally clubbed, dragged to the police station, and thrown into a cell. Next morning when he was taken before a magistrate, and the true inwardness of the affair became known, the gentleman was discharged, and the attention of the park commission called to the outrage, and we expect to hear, in the course of a few weeks, that the policeman was perhaps over zealous in his duty, and they will politely request him to do it again. This is but one of many instances where the public have been subjected to outrage, and where all satisfaction has been denied.

Broadway, our great thoroughfare, is in wretched condition. The pavement which the Tweed ring laid in 1868 has never been repaired, and it is full of holes and gullies from the Battery to Union Square. The street commissioner has no time to look at it. He is busy looking up the frauds of his subordinates, for it now looks as if every public department was honeycombed with fraud. Thieves of the public funds have been going on for years, and nobody but the robbers appear to know anything about it. We are having an overhauling of the city's mazy ledger, and it is not pleasant reading for the tax-payers of New York.

We are asking ourselves who paid the \$20,000 that it took to carry the political leaders to Buffalo and back. They all wore diamonds in the latest style, nobby hats and shiny boots, gold chains big enough for an ox cart were by no means rare, and the display of diamonds would have delighted the heart of a Chatham street or Bowery Jew, who felt that in the ordinary course of his way events they would eventually find their way into his window. They were a hard-looking lot. Just such a crowd as you meet at rat pits and dog fights and slugging matches in the prize ring. Looking at the crowd I could not help asking myself, who pays for all this who paid for the whiskey, champagne, brandy, and cigars that these ruffians consumed? This is getting to be a serious consideration. Offices are made to pay so that an army of political heelers can be maintained. Barney Biglen, the baggage smasher of Castle Garden, makes a larger salary than the President of the United States, and the Sheriff of the county of New York receives over \$100,000 a year. In one way and another we use up in our city and county government nearly thirty millions of dollars, and in a few years they

have piled on us a debt of one hundred millions of dollars.

The grand jury has been trying to indict somebody for the frauds, and now we are met with the appalling fact that we have no prison large enough to hold the criminals if we indict all the swindlers and thieves in New York. To give you an idea of how things are done, or certainly were done up to a very little while ago, the Sheriff turned out for a consideration various departments under his control. Ludlow street jail was one of the most valuable bannazas, and was laid out, in round numbers, for \$25,000 per year.

The next question was how to get this money back, for of course it had to be wrung out of the poor wretches who were under control of the deputy sheriff in charge. Defaulters, swindlers awaiting trial, criminals about to be extradited to foreign countries, were all rounded up to this jail. The keeper had a boarding-house where board could be obtained at from fifteen to fifty dollars per week. He also had a bar where all sorts of drinks could be procured, and strict watch was kept to see that no contraband whiskey was admitted to jail. If a prisoner wanted to pass the night outside the prison walls he could do so, no matter what his offense, for \$100 to the keeper and \$25 to the deputy who accompanied him. In this way a Bank of England forger, who was awaiting extradition, spent over \$3000. Freed sent a little fortune there, and other well known criminals have spent quite as much. It has been estimated that Ludlow street jail was good for \$1000 per week, leaving a clean \$25,000 profit for the lucky holder of the berth. The question is how to reform it. I can only think of two ways. Either sink the island or blow it up. Either way has certain difficulties which I can not at present overcome. If we sink it how can we fill up the hole, and if we blow it up what can we do with the debris?

Brooklyn is a blaze of excitement again this week over another scandal, which has shaken it to its center. For many years there has resided there a physician who has with his family enjoyed the highest social consideration. He has children grown up and daughters married, and a wife who is honored and respected by all who know her. The doctor himself is a fine-looking man on the shady side of fifty. He was fond of music, and occasionally led in the choir. He was powerful on Moody and Sankey's hymns, he could "Hold the Fort" against a battalion, and his "Ninety-and-Nine" was almost equal to Sankey's. He was heavy at exhortation, and had a special gift of prayer. But a shadow came over his home, for his wife noticed that he was taking an undue interest in a young saint, who was also a pillar of the church. He went off with her to excursions and picnics, and some months ago he went off on a picnic with his little angel and he did not come back. Last week the heart-broken wife learned that he had married the girl in Rochester, and was figuring there as a bright and shining member of the church. He has brought ruin and disgrace on himself, on his girl, and on his family, but this week and the affair will go to the courts when we shall be regaled with the history of another ruined home.

I could not help remarking the other day, notwithstanding the fact that the big bridge ends in Chatham street, it is the only street in New York in which there is little or no change, the buildings looking exactly as they did fifty years ago. It is the great artery which connects down town with the treacherous human lives that crowd the east side. The street is narrow and dirty, and the houses have a decayed sort of air which tells of a former age. The Jew clothier, once so famous, has only a feeble hold there. He has moved his stock to other and pleasanter quarters. Even the pawnbrokers have fled. Sumner has moved up town, leaving only a small office at his former stand, and the Haris, once so famous, have abandoned the business. One brother is dead, and the other owns stocks and bonds estimated at millions; how many nobles have fallen.

By the way, there is quite a romance about the Haris, the issue history of which has never been written. Right in the middle of the street is a vacant lot belonging to the Haris. The fence is covered with posters and the inside is covered with a pile of ruined shoes, grown large. Over forty years ago there stood on that lot a building store, and above it was a lodging house where cheap lodgings were let to passing travelers. The Haris it was owned by the Haris, and several of the sleeping lodgers perished in the flames. But got his insurance, but from that day to this he has never built upon the lot. The property is worth thousands of dollars. Its value many times over has been paid in taxes, yet there it lays year after year, and the owner refuses to build on it. He says that he would lose his money if he built on it, and he would lose his money if he built on it.

Some say that at midnight, when it is stormy, the ghosts or those who perished in the flames, can be seen dancing among the ruins. This may be so, but I have never seen them.

The recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the Western Union cases, allowing litigants to issue a stock dividend which has been before declared unlawful, has created some consternation, for it now looks as if it could have captured the courts as well as the railroads and telegraphs.

The weather fortunately is cool, almost wintry, so that, although our mud is up, we do not actually explode. Business is booming, the theatres are crowded nightly, and the performances are exceptionally good, stocks still uncertain, and likely to continue so.

Truly yours, BROADBIRM.

From Eminent W. L. Almon, President of the National College, Halifax, N. S.: "Golden Liquid Beef Tongue is invaluable for fever, indigestion, and weakness, and is unsurpassed for female complaints." (See no. 104 of Druggists.)

Mr. Abram Martin was thrown from his horse and instantly killed while out hunting in Rapids parish.

Dr. G. N. Robertson, Elm Grove, N. C., says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters and find it all it is recommended to be."

Seven prisoners broke out of the iron cage of the parish jail at Plaquemine, and had removed all but one row of bricks from an outer wall of the building when they were discovered and their effort to escape frustrated.

A peculiar virtue in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is that it will cleanse and purify the blood from all impurities and morbidities, and therefore it cures skin diseases, and makes the complexion clear, and makes the hair grow again.

OUR GOOSEQUILL LETTERS.

The Centennial Episcopal Convention—Another Colored Bishop Wanted—Race Prejudice in the North—Truth Rivaling Fiction—Democratic City Nominations, Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, September 29, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:

Great preparations are being made for the meeting of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The opening services will be held in Old Christ Church, Oct. 5, for which admission tickets will be issued. This awakens greater interest than usual, because it will be the Centennial Convention; and with its two houses—the house of Bishops and house of Clerical and Lay Deputies—its sixty Bishops, four hundred or more delegates, English and Scottish represented by some of the highest dignitaries, it will present a striking contrast to the initial convention which was held in New Brunswick, New Jersey in 1774. Since that time, the General Convention has met seventeen times in Philadelphia, eleven times in New York, twice in Baltimore, and once in Cincinnati, Boston and Richmond. At that first assembly there were only seven States represented, only forty-five delegates, and no Bishops, because the Church had not yet succeeded in getting ordination. The rise and progress which the Church has made since she succeeded in planting herself in America is a grand theme for the centennial sermon. She might have done more if every man's heart had been in the work; if more clergymen had been willing to spend themselves in the waste places, in the wilderness, in heathen and savage countries; and if the rich had been more lavish in lending to the Lord; but she has done a great deal. New territory is being added all the while to her domain; her soldiers are constantly planting her banners in new and rude countries and the glorious gospel is every day giving comfort to souls heretofore buried in darkness.

Various grave questions will come up to be discussed and decided upon by this Convention. The prayer book has been revised by a committee of Bishops and priests of the high and low church and will be presented for confirmation. The idea is to be the prayer book as far as possible to what it was in the time of Edward VI. The name Protestant Episcopal Church is distasteful to many and that will be tinkered at. It was the English Catholic Church that was brought here and it was a silly relic that gave it any other name. But, by far, the most interesting question will be, what to do about the Negroes—how to effectually reach them with the ministrations of the Church. A conference of colored Episcopal clergymen was held in New York, lately, expressly to discuss the position of the colored people in the Church. It was presided over by Rev. Alex. Cummel, D. D. The Negroes are not satisfied with ordination of priests; they want Bishops. They would like Dr. Cummel to be Bishop with full power to preside over his color in this country. Now, in the Episcopal Church as far as the offices and duties are concerned, the white and colored clergy are on the same plane—prejudice is to be eradicated. The Church does not hesitate to ordain colored priests, but she does hesitate to whom she will give the mitre, whom she will clothe with authority. And well she may. Instance, the trouble that has grown out of the one consecration she gave Mexico.

The only colored Bishop consecrated in this country so far, is the Rev. J. T. Holly, D. D. He was consecrated in Grace Church, New York, and sent to preside over the missionary diocese of Haiti. Of course he is amenable to the Church authorities here. Dr. Cummel is scholarly, eloquent, accomplished and very gentlemanly. He is a graduate of Cambridge, England. He was at one time a missionary in Liberia, but now has a flourishing parish in Washington City. He was born free, but his father was brought to New York in a slave ship from Africa and sold on Broadway early in the present century. In time he bought his freedom and succeeded in making a good deal of money. He was ambitious for his son Alexander, and finding he could not send him to any of the first schools in this country, sent him to England. In England there is no prejudice of color—the shades of complexion are taken as a matter of course and it is no uncommon thing to see at a banquet, Whites, East Indians, Negroes, and Chinese on perfect social equality.

Speaking of color prejudice, it is certainly strong in the American breast. In the South it seems a natural consequence of the peculiar situation of things—the memory of former relations between the whites and colored people is still so fresh—but here in the North, where so much love is professed for the Negro, it is very surprising. There is no disposition here for social equality with him and none toward giving him office. Even as a servant he is only thought of as a denier resort. The idea seems to be that the country has an elephant on its hands and the only good place for it is the South—no welcome in the North. At Ocean Grove camp meeting the other day a large congregation listened with great pleasure to a colored man preach, but when dinner time came he was refused a seat at the hotel tables on the grounds. Why, it was only very lately that Philadelphia had a colored postman and at hint of a Negro Mayor or a possible Negro Vice President, the people are shocked. "What a Negro Mayor and a Negro Vice President! Never! That would be horrid!"

"Well, if it ever comes to having a Negro President, the Union won't last long. It will all go to smash!" are remarks I hear on every side. "Stop, stop," say I, "don't you know that the Negroes have held important offices in the South, ever since they had the right of suffrage thrust upon them? Louisiana had a Negro Governor and he was better, more honest than some of the white ones." And for answer they shrug their shoulders and say, "Oh, that is a very different thing." How so? Is Philadelphia a denier of the United States any better than Louisiana? Surely what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Did you

suppose when you made the Negro a citizen full-fledged in the twinkling of an eye, that he was going to be satisfied with that; remain just where you found him; never think and act for himself? If you did, you see your mistake now. He wants position, he wants to be first." Now, I have lived North, South, East and West, and after a great deal of observation I conclude that the South is the best place for the Negroes; that they have a better chance there than anywhere in this country. As laborers they are better off than any people in the world; have good wages, easy hours, comfortable homes and a climate, take it the year around, the most conducive to their comfort. Added to all that, there is more love and consideration for them in the South—more disposition to employ them. The hotheaded, old-time Negro philanthropists don't begin to manifest the genuine good feeling for them that the Southerners do; those who were once their owners. It is of course commendable in the Negroes to try to elevate themselves, but there is only one sensible way to do it. That is by education. Brain power and culture will work their way up. They can't be kept down. Let them ignore politics, until they are sufficiently cultivated and educated to judge for themselves instead of being run by political machines. Let them establish homes for themselves, become good citizens, and in time those who are worthy of position will get it.

There is an instance of a man, of this city, being confined in the State Insane Asylum at Norristown when, as has been proven, he was not insane at all. Some parties, his wife among the number, wanted to get rid of him and started the story that he was insane—got a certificate signed by two physicians, and succeeded in confining him for about two weeks. His own conduct and the interference of friends brought about his release. Now, does it not strike you as perfectly monstrous that in this nineteenth century, in this big, open, free country, such a thing could be done; that one could be the victim of such a conspiracy? You remember in the very interesting novel, Valentine Vox, a similar story is told of a man being shut up for years in a lunatic asylum, by relatives, for the purpose of getting his property. But that was a romance and in old-time England, not in wide-awake, justice-loving America. Dr. McDonald, who first signed the certificate, had been practicing several years, had been demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania and at one time was on duty among the insane in Blockley Almshouse, Dr. Hughes, the other signer—of a man's freedom, is a young practitioner. In self-defense, he says he never did think the man was insane, but as the law required two signatures he signed his name as a mere form. Then, too, he heard him abuse his wife; people said he was crazy and he feared he might be mistaken; better be on the safe side and shut him up. Could he have set up a lamer defense? Just as if there are not lots of men, outside of asylums, passing for sane, who abuse their wives; lots, whom people call crazy simply because they act a little differently from their neighbors, get out of old rules occasionally and wake up to new ideas and advance new theories. And show all things to say he gave his signature to "more form." Are signatures worth so little? Goodness, unreasoning, untruthful Dr. Hughes! Far worse than Dr. McDonald, who, it is presumed, acted only from stupidity and ignorance.

The Democratic City Convention met on Thursday and in the most quiet and satisfactory manner made nominations for City Comptroller, Coroner, and Clerk of the Quarter Sessions. No nomination was made for District Attorney. Not that there were no lawyers among the Democrats competent to fill the office, but because the members of the Convention chose to set aside all party feeling and acknowledge that there was no need to elect anybody in the place of Attorney Graham, who has shown himself exceedingly faithful and competent, and who was nominated by the Republicans. They knew, of course, that there would be small chances of electing any man that they might run against Mr. Graham, but nevertheless they showed the right spirit—a sincere adherence to independence in politics and a generous acknowledgment of merit. Mr. Page was nominated for Comptroller, just as was anticipated by acclamation. Everybody is pleased. The Committee of One Hundred will not only endorse him, but will work for him night and day. So they say. He has made a good Comptroller, is his own doctor, is free from rings and bosses, and does his work fearlessly and honestly. He is a good vote to Mr. Graham. Republicans will vote for him and Democrats for Mr. Graham.

The whole ticket is good—all competent, reliable men, but it is a foregone conclusion that the Republicans will carry the election with all save the Comptrollership.

PHILADELPHIA:

The political ward associations are organizing all over town.

President Arthur's bed room in the Executive Mansion is furnished in pigeon egg blue.

In 1880 there were 75 female and 62,982 male lawyers in the United States.

Butler took the Greenback pie and the Democratic cake in Massachusetts and hopes to capture the Democratic goose next year.

It is estimated that 40,000 Americans crossed the Atlantic this season and left in Europe at least \$2