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THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-TRIPLE SHEET-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1869.

### SLUMS.

MISERY BY MOONLIGHT.

THE

IN

Bedford, alias Alaska Street-A Night Tour Through the Domain of Depravity-Some of the Denizens "Interviewed."

What has been Done and What can be Done for their Regeneration -A Christmas Dinner for the Ragamuffins.

Our City Fathers will persist in being visionary and whimsical at times. Almost everybody has heard of Bedford street, has justly conceived it to be the very quintessence of degradation, has fetched a sigh for the wretched creatures who burrow in its moral and physical filth as the rabbit burrows in the ground, has declared that it is a disgrace to the city, has gone so far as to say that something or other ought surely to be done towards rooting out the dens of vice, the hotbeads of disease, and the abodes of squalor with which it and the surrounding locality abounds. What a master-stroke it was, then, for Councils to wipe out utterly and forever the shame which its existence cast upon a great city, by changing with one grand act of legislation the name of Bodford street to Alaska! The old name had become unsavory; it was a stench in the nostrils of the community, an offense in the eyes of all decent people. The new name is as cool and refreshing as a delightful breeze floating down upon us on a stifting summer's day from the land of icebergs and sea-lions. It is true that Alaska street now figures ouite as prominently in our police reports as did Bedford street before the Councilmanic masterstroke, but, then, Bedford street is no longer a daily rebake to decency and order, and nobody imagines that Alaska has taken its place. Moreover, there is a fitness in the change that will strike the most thoughtless of readers. The name of Alaska becomes the locality. All the nobler instincts, all the kindlier sentiments, all the purer ties of nature have been utterly and effectually frozen out of the hearts of the recking multitude packed into its confines by poverty, and disease, and filth, and villainy, and the heartless extortion of the men who own the feesimple of the desecrated soil. But the change in the name of the principal thoroughfare of this desperate precinct has not wrought a corresponding change in the place itself, which remains essentially the same as it has been for years-"a common sewer of vice, corruption, and degradation," as Judge Peirce recently described it, after a personal inspection.

#### Misery by Moonlight.

Late on Monday evening, in company with the Rev. John D. Long and Officers McCullough and Dougherty, of the Seventeenth discrict police, we paid a visit to the locality, about an hour being devoted to an inspection of the south side of Bedford street, between Sixth and Seventh, directly opposite the Mission House. To faithfully depict all the scenes of wretchedness witnessed during that short and contracted tour is quite impossible. A perfect picture of human depravity, as it here exists, cannot be imparted by pen and ink ; there are certain lights and shades which are too fleeting to be fastened upon the canvas, there are depths of depravity of which we are not suffered to speak to ears polite.

### On the "Kinchin Lny."

A little to the west of the Mission House, on the opposite side of the street, is a dilapidated frame building, which is one of the most notorious dens in the neighborhood. When Judge Peirce and the Grand Jury visited the locality recently, they found this establishment bolted and barred against them, and an opportunity to inspect it was wanting. It was therefore determined that we should make a beginning here, before the alarm had been given, and up

### "Have you no trade?"

"Yes, I have a sort of a trade; but it's of no use to me except in summer time. I'm a brickmaker." "How, then, do you raise the money for your rent, if you've been doing nothing lately ?" "Well, a few days ago I got some patent blacking,

and to-day I sold a dozen boxes, clearing seventyfive cents on the dozen. That's not much, but it's better than doing nothing. I have been trying to get a little money together so that we could buy some furniture and move up town. I don't like this sort of a place, and want to get out of it as soon as possible.

"We hope you may succeed. Good-night." "Good-night,"

And we took our leave, impressed with the fact

that this man at least might possibly be living below his instincts, and that he had in him the making of a sober, honest, and industrious man, if he could but succeed in getting the better of his miserable fate. But the changes are sadly against him, even if he. has any true ambition to better his lot in life.

A Party by the Name of Johnson. As we turned from this hovel, Mr. Long pointed to

the entrance to the cellar of the building standing in front of it, and said :---"Down there lives a negro by the name of John-

son. I want you to see him; he is one of the most desperate, depraved, and unscrupulous villains to be found in the whole neighborhood, and has lured more young white women to ruin than any other man on Bedford street !"

A rap on the sellar door brought the "party by the name of Johnson" to the surface. "Walk down, gen'lemen," he exclaimed, in a

husky, rattling, lisping, wheezy voice, "walk down, and help the ole man along a little, if you can."

Down we went, but the stairway was so steep that it was almost impossible to make the descent face forward. The "party by the name of Johnson" had preceded us, and seating himself upon a chair without a back, drew his bony hands over an uncovered stove, which stood almost in the centre of the place, apparently without chimney communications, and then awaited developments. Opposite him sat another "man and brother," whose sole occupation was an effort at warming his fingers, while in the background, on the floor, lay a well preserved and one-armed negro woman, and on a settee at the side reposed a bloated white man in an uneasy slumber. The light shed upon the scene by a solitary candle contended with the lurid flame of the coals, but together they did not suffice to illuminate the dreary apartment sufficiently to bring out all its features. Squalor and filth and woe, however, were so indelibly impressed on its occupants and their surroundings, that there was no need for more light to cause the heart of the beholder to sink within him.

Johnson, the head of the household, presented within himself a study which absorbed all our attention. He pretended to be sightless, and a single glance at his eyes was sufficient to show that there was a measure of truth in his pretensions. The palate of his mouth was gone, and this was the cause of the peculiar husky lisp which rendered his articulation so difficult and ludicrous. One solitary snag of a tooth graced his upper jaw, and when his thick lips were parted, and his garrulous tongue in motion, his countenance presented a more striking likeness to that of a chimpanzee than of a human being.

"Johnson," exclaimed Mr. Long, as soon as the party was fairly on the floor of the hover, "Johnson is one of the greatest scamps that 1 know of." "Now, now, now, Mithter Long," lisped and

wheezed the wretch to whom this disreputable character had been given; "for what point do you abuthe me tho ?" "Why, Johnson," was the rejoinder, "you know

you have committed every crime forbidden in the decalogue, unless it is murder."

"Did you ever know me to commit murder, thir ?" "No. I never did : but -----"Jutht the, thir; he thanh he never knew me to

commit murder. Did you ever know me to thtea! ?" "Steal". Why Johnson, you know you are one of thefgreatest thieves that's going."

"Ashief ! Now on what point, Mithter Long, do you accuthe me of being a thief? Can you prove that I'm a thief ?" Then, rising to his feet with a show of indigna ion, and pushing back from his forehead the dirtbegrimed slouched hat which had hitherto partly oncealed his features, he began to gesticulate with imphasis, and ran on volubly :---"Gen'lemen, he thayth I'm a thief. But on what point? thay I. Thith ith my houthe, and I pay rent here, and a man can threak nith mind in hith own nouthe when he ith called a thief. Now, on what point doeth he thay I'm a thief? I go out to beg, for the ole man mutht get along, ye know; and when I theeth a gen'leman 1 thay to him, 'Will you give the ale man a thent to help 'im along ?' An' if he give the ole man a thent I thayth, 'Thank'ee;' an' if he don't, I thayth, 'All right, thir,' and wait for the nektht one, an' if he give the ole man a thent, doeth that make me a thief ?" "But that is not all, Johnson," interposed Mr. Long. "You are a notorious old liar, and nobody can believe a word-that you say." "Now, gen leman," resumed the hard-pressed defendant; "he thayth I'm a liar, but on what point ? thay I. Did you ever know me to commit a faithehood ?" "I scarcely ever knew you to tell the truth. Besides that, you are quarrelsome, and abuse your wife. Only the other night you were arrested by Officer McCullough here for tying a rope around your wife's neck or waist and attempting to drag her up the steps of this cellar." "Did you hear that, Mary Jane?"-turning tol the woman, who had risen to a sitting posture during the preceding colloquy-"Did you hear 'im thay that I had tied a rope around your neck or your waitht and tried to drag you up thtairth? Now, Mary Jane, you're in your own houthe, and can thpeak your mind, for pay rent here and thith is my houthe. Now, Mary Jane, tell the gen'lemen, did you ever thee me with a rope around your neck or your waitht, tryin' to drag you up thtairtn? Thpeak out, an' thpeak your mind. Mary Jane, thus appealed to, grinned all over, and sputtered out:

'You don't mean to say," we exclaimed, "that yon can read French and Spanish, do you ?" "If he had his eyes, he means," roared Mary

Jane, from her bundle of rags on the floor. "If I had my eyeth, genlemen; thertainly, I mean if I had my eyeth."

"You've got a great many things in that head of yours, Johnson," we remarked, at this point. "I aint got nothin' in my head, thir, and never

had, thir. "We mean in the inside, and not on the outside. "Oh, yeth! I thee now what you mean. I never had nothin' in my head on the outthilde, thir; I'll give any man a dollar for everything he findth in my

head, thir.' "How did you lese your cycsight, Johnson?" we inquired.

"By fightin', thir,"

"And how did you lose your palate?" "By fightin', thir."

"And how did you lose your front teeth?"

"By fightin', thir." "What a terrible fighter you must have been

your time! Where did you do all this fighting?" "On the Pawnee, thir, in Mobile bay. A thplinter from the mainmatht thtruck me on the forehead; here'th the thear, thir"-baring his head for the first time, as he resumed his seat.

And then, after some further conversation in much the same vein, the "interview" with "the party by the finme of Johnson" terminated and we withdrew. The "ole man" carefully closed the shutters leading into his underground den as soon as we were fairly out of it; but half an hour later we again encountered him, waddling down Bedford street as briskly as if he could master Spanish in print with the same readiness as he could with his tongue.

"Jutht out for a little air, gen'lemen," he said, in answer to our salutation; "an' to see if 1 couldn't pick up thomethin' to help the ole man along, for the ole man mutht get along thomehow, ye know."

Brief Notes of Misery. Time and space forbid that we should narrate in such detail the incidents of the whole tour through this hot-bed of depravity. In another cellar, which we soon after entered directly from the street, we found a white man and three white women, the former as blind as a bat and inclined to be indignant at the intrusion. But he was soon quieted, and then grew quite communicative, hopping about the barren foor with the assurance that he "had seen the day when he could dance a jig with any of us, and do a hard day's work with the best of us." But this, alas! was "before he had lost his sight." One of the women found in this squalid and filthy apartment was a lodger for the night only. She lay sprawling upon the floor in a corner, without any covering but a tattered dress, and was too drunk to articulate with clearness. But she was not too drunk to beseech us to relieve her of a child less than a year old-a bright and cheery little creature, whose silvery laugh sounded strangely in this wretched abode.

Into still another cellar we went, and there, pent up within a space not more than six feet by twelve size, we found a white man and three white women, grouped about a red-hot stove from which came such stifling fumes of gas that the atmosphere was almost overpowering. And yet, a little shrivelled woman, whose every hair stood on end, declared that they "didn't mind it." The building above this terrible hole contains at least a dozen rooms, into each of which is crammed an entire family at an average weekly rental of \$1.25. And the man, a negro, who owns the property, is said to be worth at least \$60,009. Until within a few months past he was a regular minister of the Gospel, but last spring his case was taken in hand by his fellow-preachers, who suspended him from his pulpit functions; but further than this, we understand, no definite action has been taken.

In another rickety building were found in one of the first floor rooms a black man and three white women; and in the attic, strewn about the floor. almost as thick as they could lie, were five white women and two boys, the latter alone being provided with an apology for bed-clothing. One of the women had evidently been surpassingly beautiful in other days, and even by the dull glimmer of the candle could be discerned remaining traces of the attractions of face and form which had wrecked both sent abroad. The contributors to the South Sea | Missions, however, cannot be made to appreciate this fact, and hence the Bedford Street Mission limps along, doing as much good as it can with a few thousand dollars a year. The Rev. John D. Long, the missionary in charge of its labors, informs as that they are even now so hard pressed for money. in carrying on their ordinary work, that they have not the means for replenishing the stock of coal, IMMENSE WINTER STOCK which will be exhausted with the first of the new year. The mere statement of this fact should suffice to bring a generous response, and if a greater quantity of fuel is received than the direct wants of the mission require, there are hundreds of shivering wretches in the neighborhood on whom the surplus can be bestowed, and the aggregate of human suffering thereby measurably relieved.

But something more than mere missionary labor is required to wipe this blot from the face of our fair city. Bedford street must be rooted up; its miserable hovels and vile dens must be torn down, and their place must be supplied by buildings that are more fit for the habitation of human creatures than for the wallowing of unclean beasts. During the past two or three years the Board of Health, with the pestilence staring them in the face, have done much towards improving the condition of the locality, and of late the Building Inspectors have lent a helping hand by ordering the demolition of some of the more dilapidated structures, a few of which have been succeeded by buildings which are decent without and comfortable within. Against their interference, however, the owners of the property strug gle desperately. The profits reaped by these extor-tionists are almost incredible, and hence they resist any action on the part of the authorities which compels them to increase the amount of capital already invested, without a corresponding return. Not long since, through information furnished to the Inspectors by the instrumentality of Mr. Long, a miserable shanty was ordered to be demelished. The proprietor at once called upon the missionary, and, in a great rage, demanded to know his reasons for thus tampering with the personal concerns of another. He vented his wrath in blasphemy and abuse, and finally, in excess of passion, laid his hand upon Mr. Long's shoulder. Within an hour he was confront ing Mayor Fox, and when held to an account for his indiscretion, repaired to his haunts in a very tracta-

ble mood. Of Mr. Long's fitness for the labor he has in hand. a visit to the mission and a tour of the neighborhood in his company, by day or night, will afford sufficient evidence. He is feared as well as respected by all the wretches and desperadoes into contact with whom he is daily brought. For the most part they listen patiently to advice and rebuke alike, and do not molest him in his earnest labors in their behalf. But now and then the missionary encounters a castomer who proves a little refractory, and his task does not always present a monotonous freedom from personal danger, as a case in point will show.

Catching a Tar-tar.

One evening recently there strolled into Bedford street a man in sailor's garb. The jolly tar was more than half-seas-over. In truth, he had found bimsel quite out of his element, and his eye not meeting the expanse of water to which it had been accustomed, he had attempted to set himself affoat in a more villainous liquid, with a flattering show of success. A crowd of bummers followed close in his wake, with an eye to a wreck and the flotsam and jetsam attendant upon the catastrophe. When the unsteady mariner reached the neighborhood of the Mission House, the attention of Mr. Long was attracted to him, and an effort determined upon to save him from his greedy and gloating followers. Two worthy young gentlemen who, zealous of good works, were devoting an evening to the reformation of the locality, contrived to drag him into the main room of the Mission; but the vile stuff which he had been imbluing had transformed him for the time into a sluggish and almost lifeless mass of fiesh, and when the threshold was once passed he fell heavily to the floor. The crowd of bummers, disappointed in their prospective plunder, gathered about the entrance. peering in with such sintster looks that in was feared they would attempt to take possession of their anticipated victim by force. So it was deemed advisable to remove the insensible man to the yard

the rear, where he would be more difficult of ac-

cess. This was with much difficulty accomplished.



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Every Carment in the Creat Brown Hall Was Made to be Sold,

a creaking and winding stairway opening upon a narrow alley we accordingly made our way. There was some little delay at the door of the vilest room in the whole vile structure, but an entrance was finally effected through the imperative demand of Officer McCullough. The apartment proved to be about ten feet by twelve in diameter, and its only occupants at the time were four white women. The elder of these, who was the reputed mother of two of the young girls, was reclining carelessly upon a filthy lounge, which, with a small table, a solitary chair, and a low stove, comprised the outfit of the place. This woman has the reputation of being fairly unrivalled in the iniquity of her life, but during our stay she was garrulous but respectful in her demeanor.

In the chair by the stove sat a young girl who has recently figured in our police reports. In company with a young man she was not long since taken into custody because of an assortment of boots and shoes which were found in possession of the twain. They gave the names of John and Jennie Claypole, and their examination before the alderman proved that they are fittingly so named, being life-like counterparts of the famous Noah and Charlotts who have been so offensively dished up by Dickens in "Oliver Twist." John was, like Noah before him, "on the Kinchin lay," while Jennie aspired at times to the pursuit of the "igher art."

"What are you doing here, Jennie ?" inquired the officer.

"Oh, I'm still on hand," she responded. "You took John down to Delaware, but none of the whipping post for me."

"Suppose I am come fer you now." "I guess not; I've done nothin'."

"Didn't you steal those boots?"

"You know"-indignantly-"I didn't steal them

boots.' "Well, I won't disturb you now."

"You'd better not."

"Are you staying here all the time." "Oh, no; I'm only on a short visit."

The dialogue was getting monotonous, and we soon terminated it by departing. Stepping at "The Continental."

Up another narrow alley a few steps distant we were then conducted, and introduced into an open space in the rear of a frame building. On one side stood a small frame shanty, about five by seven feet In superficial area and not more than six feet high. On a previous visit two or three years ago we had inspected the same structure, which then rejoiced in the title of "The Continental," it being at the time devoted to lodging purposes. The landlord of those days was a venerable African, who kept a ferocious dog and eked out a miserable existence for himself and his canine companion by "taking in and doing for" sundry outcasts at the rate of ten cents per night, cash in advance. A tap at the door caused it to open quickly, but there was no chance, no need to cross the threshold. At the rear was a shelf on which were a few bits of crockery and a lighted candle which threw a flickering giare over the inmates. Sitting upon the floor opposite the entrance was a white woman, and by her side lay a sleeping infant. Right by the door sat upon the floor a young man, extorting a grain of comfort from a clay pipe. Between him and the woman was a low charcoal stove, and so closely about it were anddled the inmates that neither of them could nave turned about without turning its glowing contents upon the floor.

"What do you pay for the use of this place ?" was our first query, after the customary greeting.

"Twenty cents a day," answered the lord of the castle in a tone of voice and with a manner that was entirely free from repulsiveness.

"Do you pay your rent every day ?" "Yes. It is easier to pay twenty cents a day than it is to let two or three days run together."

"The owner would probably set you out if you didn't pay up promptly every day."

"No, I guess he would trust me; but I don't want to be trusted, if I can help it."

"What do you do for a living ?" "Well, I ain't been doing much of anything lately;

but I do anything I can pick up."

"I guess I didn't see you with a rope around my neck; for if I had I would ave been choked to death, most like."

This vindication seemed to satisfy the party by the name of Johnson, who, ignoring altogether the alternative of the charge preferred against him, branched off upon another subject :--

"You thee, gen'lemen, I've been a great traveller in my time. I followed the thea for nigh about twenty-five yearth, therving thome of the time ath thteward, and thome of the time ath cook, and thome of the time ath theaman. I've thailed all over the world. In 1848 I wath in California, an' in 1849 I wath in California, an' in 1851 I wath in California, In---

"What," interrupted one of the party, "did you do with all the gold you picked up in California ?"

"Oh, I thpent it eathy enough, an' I had a lot of it, more'n enough to thingle thith houthe with,"

"You must have been very fortunate," spoke the interrupter again.

"I thaid more'n enough to thingle thith houthe with, because, ye know, I wouldn't uthe any of it to thingle a how the with ; don't ye thee?

And with this sally the party by the name of Johnson grinned a broad and ghastly grin, and gave a low and rumbling chuckle of delight.

"Well, where else have you been, Johnson?" was put in query.

"Oh, thir, I've thailed around Cape Horn three timeth; in 1853 I wath at Valparaltho; in 1842 I wath at Hayre-de-Grathe; in 1847 I wath in the Mediterranean; in 1855 I wath at Cadith; in 1859 I wath in the Thina Theath; an' all through the war I wath in the navy lightin': I can thepeak Frenth and Thpanith ath eathy ath I can Englith."

"Give us a few specimens of your French and Spanish."

The party by the name of Johnson was only too obliging, and rattled off both tongues volubly until he was stopped.

"I thee you don't underthtand 'em, gen'lemen,' he said, with another ghastly grin and comforting chuckle. "But I can thpenk an' read an' write Frenth ap' Thpanith ath eathly ath I can Englith."

oody and soul

But we have written enough, as we had surely seen enough, to convince the good people of this good city that in their very midst there still exists a spot which is a shame and a disgrace to the community by whose apathy it is tolerated. The single square through which our tour extended is but a type of the whole locality, the population of which is numbered by thousands, all sunk to the very depths of depravity.

A Grand Inquest and Its Meagre Fruits. On the evening of Saturday. November 27, Judge Peirce, accompanied by District Attorney Gibbons and the members of the Grand Jury, visited Bedford street and its vicinity, under escort of Sergeant Duily and other policemen. It is needless to say that these officials were horrified at what they witnessed, and the result of the inspection was a formal presentation of the case to the Grand Jury by the Judge on the following Monday. From his personal observation, the Judge rightly divined that the rum traffic was in the greatest measure responsible for the misery and crime he witnessed, and in his charge to the Grand Jury urged them to do all in their power to inaugurate a reformation by attempting to break up this traffic, as far as the provisions of the law would allow. For the selling of liquor without a license, or to minors, drunkards, and persons known to the dispenser to be of intemperate habits, an indictment can be found under the statutes now in force, and almost without exception the traffickers in the vilest of vile compounds who are in the main responsible for the degraded condition of the inhabitants of this section of the city, will come within these provisions. Such action as Judge Peirce recommended has already been taken by the Grand Jury, who have indicted a number of the most notorious dens in the infected quarter.

But of what avail will it be if a conviction is had upon each and every true bill so found ? The suppression of one of these vile sinks leaves hundreds undisturbed, and by the time the second is uprooted the first is as firmly grounded as before. If the population of the Alaska district could be shut in from the rest of the world, and whisky declared contraband of war, it might be possible to improve its denizens both morally and physically. But so long as they cannot thus be effectually blockaded from the assaults of the rumsellers, it is apparently a hopeless task to make a serious attempt at reformation on this basis; and if no more feasible project can be devised, the conclusion is inevitable that the fith and wretchedness and sin of Bedford street are but the chronic sores upon our social system which, fostered by an inherent and ineradicable impurity, are absolutely incurable.

#### Extermination the Only Remedy.

In his charge to the Grand Jury, as already quoted, Judge Peirce described the locality as "a common sewer of vice, corruption, and degradation." The simple truth of the matter is, that so long as the receptacle is permitted to exist, the filth and scum and viteness of the city will continue o flow into it. The destruction of the sink-hole is the only method whereby its contents can be effectually dispersed, and brought to the surface within reach of the civilization of the age.

In this aggregation of human depravity it is only possible to fish out a few of the floating wrecks, to rescue the young by transferring them to other spheres before their souls are steeped in misery and time beyond redemption. In this good cause the Bedford Street Mission is doing a noble work; but it is so crippled by the stinted support it receives that the abor of years is scarcely perceptible when brought into contrast with the work that remains to be done. Tens of thousands of dollars are contributed by the benevolent people of the city for carrying the gospel into foreign lands, where paitry hundreds are devoted to the great task which awaits us at our own doors. The true heathen are here in our very midst, and until a reasonable effort is made in their behalf, every dollar that goes to the South Sea Missions is a violation of the injunction that charity should begin at home. 'One hundred thousand dollars devoted immediately to Bedford street and its vicinity would be preductive or more substantia benefit to humanity than three thugeshat a nount when, to the consternation of his assistants, a sudden and fiery impulse seized upon him, and in an instant he was transformed from a limp and unresisting burden into a ferocious brute, endowed with superhuman strength. Like a flash of lightning, his great horny fist smote one of his benefactors in the ribs and placed him hore de combat. The other cowered with fear in the corner of the enclosure while the enraged mariner, intent apparently upon escaping from what he supposed to be the vilest of durance vile, made for the door through which but a moment before he had been carried unconsciously. In the doorway stood the missionary, unarmed and powerless before the brute, when he thrust under his very eyes his two clenched fists. But a steady and unflinching look saved Mr. Long for the moment from assault, and past him plunged the sailor, in full tilt for a harmless spectator who stood inst in front of the pulpit. His feet, however, caught against an obstruction, and he measured his full length on the floor again, but only to turn quickly and grasp the leg of his fancied adversary, into the tender part of which he ran his teeth with all the energy and fatality of a wild boar. Then, springing to his feet, he rushed madly to the other end of the room, where a miserable woman lifted up her voice in terror of her life. The crowd without, perceiving the frenzy and fury of the man whom they had anticipated would prove an easy subject, meanwhile locked both of had the doors leading to the street, and when the sailor, still more intent upon escape, than mischief, made this discovery by trying each in turn, he pulled from his belt a long and wicked looking knife, armed with which he again rushed towards the two men at the rear of the room. Way of escape for them there was none, and resistance would have been of no avail. But just as the scene was about to be consummated with a deed of blood, Officer McCullough dashed into the room and confronted the demon. The issue was now a square one between dirk and billy, and before the knife could be wielded with effect, the hard wood was brought down upon his skull with such force that again the joily tar reposed at length upon the floor, and his wild career was terminated by a pair of unornamental bracelets.

Amidst such scenes as this does the Rev. John D. Long pursue his labor of love, never despairing and never flinching.

Authors,

A Christmas Dinner for the Ragamafins.

As we stated a day or two ago, it has been the cus tom to give the children who are attendants upon the schools of the Mission a grand Christmas dinner, and this custom will be adhered to on Saturday next. Mr. Long and his assistants are now engaged in decorating the interior of the building in a manner appropriate to the occasion, being desirous that, for one day in the year at least, the outcasts and ragamuffins shall have cause to forget their wretched surroundings. But the Mission is unable to carry out this project without material assistance, and appeals to the benevolent people of the city for contributions of turkeys, chickens, mince-pies and all the other time-honored delicacies of the Christmas table. Over three hundred hungry mouths are to be filled. and one turkey will not be sufficient. Nobody, however, need be afraid that his contribution will be supernous, for, if the three hundred have enough, and there is anything to spare, there are hundreds of povertystricken wretches in the neighborhood who never sat down to a Christmas Cinner since their miserable lives began. But even when the Christmas season is past, and the savory burdens of the Mission table have ceased to be a reality and become a mere memory, poverty and sickness will stalk hand in hand through the locality, and throughout the year contributions of fruits and vegetables will be most acceptable for distribution among their victims. This Christmas dinner that is to be presents a rare opportunity for all who have an excess of the good things of life to partake of what they retain with a better relish because of what they have given away. And what they choose to send should be soul without decay, to the care of hev. John D. Long, No. 619 Alaska (Bediord) street.

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## ROCKHILL & WILSON. Brown Stone Hall, Great Nos. 603 and 605 CHESNUT Street. AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS. A MERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. L A U R A K E E N E'S CHESNUT STREET THEATRE, THIED WEEK AND LAST NIGHTS A MERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. GRAND ITALIAN OPERA. SEASON OF 1870. OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, JAN. 3. SUBSCRIPTION for Secured Seats for the Season of TWELVE NIGHTS AND TWO MATINEES, 14 PERFORMANCES, ONLY SIL 14 PERFORMANCES, ONLY SIL SUBSCRIPTION LIST will open on MONDAY MORNING, Dec. 27, at 9 o'clock, at C. H. Trumpler's, No. 926 Cheenut street. Full particulars in Saturday's papers. 12 22 TEW WEVENUE SUBSCRIPTION From "Dickens" Christmas Carol, and the Fairy Story of BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. Seats secure in advance for this splendid Double Bill Another NEW FLAY in preparation, by American Full particulare in Saturday's papers. 12.22 NEW ELEVENTH STREET OPER HOUSE, ELEVENTH Street, showe Chemut. THE FAMILY RESORT. CARNCHOSS & DIXEY'S MINSTREES, the great Star Troupe of the world, in their unequalie BRAUTIFUL BALLADS, SONGS, OPERATIC SELECTIONS, and EVERY EVENING. J. L. CARNUROSS, Manager. R. F. SIMPBON, Treasurer. P. Starter. Authors, CHAMPAGNE: OR, STEP BY STEP, Written by MATILDA HERON and LAURA KEENE. Deors open s<sup>1</sup> 7 0'clock; commence 7% o'clock. W ALNUT STREET THEATRE, N. E. COR. NINTH and WALNUT Streets. Begins at 4 to 5, THIS (Wednesday) EVENING, Dec. 22, Fiftsenth Night of the renowned Artiste, MISS BATEMAN. Positively Last Nightfof MARY WARNER ! Mary Warner. Mr. GEORGE JORDAN Milly Rigg. Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS THURSDAY, the celebrated play, in five acts, of LEAH MATINEE ON CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON. Chairs securat six days in sdvance. T IN GALIBOR WONDERS, ASSEMBLY BUILD . TINGS SIGNOR BLITZ in his New Mysteries, assisted by his Son, THEODORE BLITZ, Evenings at 7%, Matinees, Wedneeday and Saturday at 2, MAGIC, VENTRILOQUISM, OANARIES, AND BUR-LESQUE MINSTRELS. Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c. 11 11 tf VALER'S (LATE MILLER'S) WINTER GARDEN, Nos. 720, 724, and 726 VINE Street. THE GRAND ORCHESTRION, formerly the property of the GRAND DUKE OF BADEN, purchased at great expense by JACOB VALER, of this city, is combination with FLAMER'S ORCHESTRA and Miss NELLIE ANDERSON, will perform EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING at the above montioned place. Admission free. Chairs secured six days in advance. "NOT GUILTY" SHORTLY. MRS. JOHN DREW'S ARCH STREET THEATRE. Begins 7%. UHRISTMAS WEEK. TO NIGHT (Wednesday, Dec. 22. MARRIED LIFE BY MRS. JOHN BREW AND COMPANY. To conclude with the Drama THE SEVEN OLERKS, THE THREE THIEVES, AND THE DENOUNCER. Christmas Atternoon-LITTLE DORRIT. Christmas Atternoon-LITTLE DORRIT. Admission free. 1 19tf SENTZ AND HASSLER'S MATINEES MUSICAL FUND HALL, 1869-70, every SATUR. DAY AFTERNOON at 3% o'clock. 1018 OPERA GLASSES FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, POPEN THE YEAR ROUND. EVERY EVENING-Positivoly Last Sx Nights of the Greatest Gymnasts of the Age, RIZARELLI BROTHERS, Mad'lle Lupo, Mad'lle Bertha, I little Josie, Pet of California ; Harlennin Tom, Fairy of the Lake; Med'lle De Rosa. AVEN-TERES DES GEVENTTES, Etc. Matinee on SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2 o'clock. FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, At JAS. W. QUEEN & CO.'S. DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S OPERA HOUSE OPTICIANS. D SEVENTH St., below Arch (Late Theatre Comique). MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY, at 2% o'clock. THIS AND CONTINUE EVERY EVENING. DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S Gigantic Minstrols and Burleque Opera Troupe. Christmas Week, Great Extra Bil. Reenagement Mr. FRANK BROWER, FOR ONE WEEK MORE, in-tendations bin great original character of No. 924 CHESNUT STREET. PHILADELPHIA. 92211 DRICES REDUCED .- A LARGE ASSORTment of Gents' heavy Gold Vest Chains, Seal Rings, suitable for Holiday Presents, which will be sold yory low at Benefit of Mr. FRANK BROWER Friday, D c. 54. Acmission, 50c. Parquet, 55c. Gallery, 55c. 12 20 64 No. 3534 S. EIGHTH St., above Chesaut 12 20 Gt