

# Donaldsonville Chief.

## You Know How 'tis Yourself.

Dear Nellie, Sunday night, you know,  
I hadn't much to say,  
And yet 'twas twelve o'clock or so  
Before I went away.  
You saw that half the time I watched  
The clock upon the shelf;  
Oh, Nellie! how I wished you might  
See how it was yourself.

I wanted you to tell you  
What I've waited long to say,  
But heart and spirit failed me,  
My courage died away.  
Now, Nellie, only listen—  
You rogish little elf!  
I'm sure you'd pity me, at least,  
If you knew how it was yourself.

Excuse me, Nellie, darling,  
I've loved you long and well,  
Then let me keep this little hand,  
Nor all my hopes dispel:  
I've loved you more than all the world  
Can give of power or self—  
But words are weak when hearts would speak;  
"You know 'tis yourself."

Her lips but faintly quivering,  
Her shy glance upward thrown—  
I gently drew her to my side,  
My beautiful, my own!  
We sat there in the evening—  
"Twelve" came from the mantle shelf—  
The rest you must imagine, for  
"You know how 'tis yourself!"

## Nevada's Way.

Bayard Taylor, in a letter to the N. Y. Tribune from Nevada, says:

In walking out with a friend this morning, I came across a long beam projecting from the gable of a house directly over a deep ravine. There was a slight platform under it and a rope dangling from its end.

"What a fearful place this is for a swing," I said.

"Yes, so it is," said my friend, "and a man took a fearful swing there not four months ago."

"How was that?" said I.

"Why, thus it was: A man shot another in cold blood. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. He was known to be a desperate vagabond, and an incendiary, and suspicions of many dark deeds were upon him. His chances of escape through executive clemency or legal technicalities were considered by many of our best citizens, who, on the whole, concluded to make a sure thing of it. They therefore went in a body to the jail, escorted the prisoner to this spot, and, after a solemn presentation of the facts in the case, they told him to prepare for death, and adjusted the rope around his neck. No sooner was the knot secure than he swore a California oath that no coward should have the glory of choking him to death, and leaped down the chasm. He came to the end of the rope before he did to the bottom of the chasm, so choked to death at last."

This little incident is scarcely worthy of mention, it being an affair of such common occurrence here, but, as one of the ordinary phenomena of a mining country, I have not felt at liberty to omit it.

## Theatrical Anecdote.

When Stephen Kemble was manager in Newcastle, Eng., and the houses were rather flat, no less a personage arrived in town than the Prince Ananboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly the bills of the day announced "that between the acts of the play, Prince Ananboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would also give the Indian war-whoop, in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise and mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act his highness walked forward, with dimmed step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming:—

"Ha ha—ho ho!" Next entered a man with his face blackened and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince, with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beefsteaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming:—

"Ha ha—ho ho!" and made his exit. Next day, in the middle of the market place, Kemble espied the pensive prince of Ananboo selling penknives, scissors and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said Kemble, "my prince, is that you? Are not you a pretty scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round and with an arch look replied: "Prince! I vash no prince, I vash acting like you. You vash kings, princes, emperors, to-night, Stephen Kemble to-morrow; I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs."

The Memphis Appeal calls the attention of the Hon. Horace Greeley to the following note, "in the hope that he will do justice, though the heavens fall." "Editors Appeal—Seeing the name of Horace Greeley in the columns of your paper, I presume he is the same elderly gentleman who, when in Texas, would trifle with the feelings of a lone widow, who lost her husband in the war. The exact words he used was, 'he came to heal the wounds caused by the late war, and he offered the hand of fellowship, that all parties be reconciled.' As a modest woman, I did not accept his proposal; although I intended to do so, had he pressed his suite. He has failed to do so, however, and I have since learned that the gay deceiver has a wife somewhere in the State of New York. Please pass him around.

Yours,  
WIDOW MALONE.

## A Voice from Texas.

The Houston (Texas) Union, of recent date, brings forth facts and documents in strong array to utterly demolish one of the many slanderous charges which have been made against Governor Warmoth by the unscrupulous political tricksters who seek his overthrow in order to gain their own selfish ends. This sterling voice from Texas will send consternation among the Governor's opponents, for "truth is mighty and will prevail," in spite of their attempts to stifle or gainsay it. We give the article complete:

AN EXPLODED CHARGE AGAINST GOVERNOR WARMOTH.

We regret to see that our Republican brethren in Louisiana are not exempt from the evils that beset the party in most of the other Southern States. And while we know but little of the immediate causes of the present difficulties in our sister State, we may venture the remark that there, as in Texas, personal ambition and human selfishness enter largely into the promoting power. And so far as the charges made by one party or the other are founded upon transactions in Louisiana, we can have little or nothing to say, as we are not familiar with them. But when one of the belligerents calls his witnesses from Texas, and relies upon testimony from this State to sustain his case against his most prominent opponent, it becomes our duty as a journalist and leader of the Republican party here to give such assistance as will enable the truth to appear.

Among the most prominent opponents of Governor Warmoth in Louisiana is Col. Geo. W. Carter, the present speaker of the House of Representatives, and until recently one of the Governor's intimate political friends. Mr. Carter was formerly a resident of Texas, and is well known to many of our citizens of both parties. This gentleman published a card in the New Orleans Times of the 15th, in which he charges Governor Warmoth with acts committed in Louisiana, with which we have nothing to do, and it is not our purpose to allude to them. The Governor and his friends either can or ought to be able to refute them on the spot. But he revives an old charge of embezzlement against Governor Warmoth, which was disproved and, as we supposed, set forever at rest in Texas in 1867.

We copy from Mr. Carter's card: "Nor have I ever been indicted for cotton stealing since the war. \* \* \* My first acquaintance with this young man was in 1867, when he brought a letter of introduction to me and requested me to act as his attorney in an indictment then pending in the federal court against him for the embezzlement of public money, while acting as cotton agent in Texas."

Now the fact that Judge Warmoth, as he was then known to the people of Texas, was charged with the embezzlement of public money, was well known here at the time, for the rebel papers of that day let no opportunity escape to heap abuse upon any Union man, and more especially one who had served in the United States army.

Besides, the whole proceedings were in the District Court of the United States at Galveston, and remain to this day a matter of record. There the case stands—the accusation, the reply, and the proceedings which speedily led to the dismissal of the case on account of being entirely groundless. We have been at some pains to hunt up the certificates which were made public at the time, and which entirely exonerated Judge Warmoth from the shadow of blame, even in the minds of his political enemies, who would have been highly delighted to make a point against a Union man, if possible, even at the expense of truth. The following appeared in the Galveston Bulletin about the first of June, 1867, and was extensively copied in the Southern papers:

THE EMBEZZLEMENT CASE.—The following papers sufficiently explain that the case of embezzlement charged against Mr. Joseph R. Morris and Mr. H. C. Warmoth has been dismissed by the judge, and that both the judge of the court and the district attorney are fully convinced of the innocence of both these gentlemen:

OFFICE OF THE U. S. ATTORNEY,  
Eastern District of Texas,  
Galveston, May 29th, 1867.  
Hon. H. C. Warmoth, New Orleans.

DEAR SIR—In the course of official duty here it has been my lot to prosecute yourself and Joseph R. Morris, of Houston, for embezzlement of moneys of the United States, alleged to have been received while you were treasury agent here, in August, 1867. Upon trial of the case this day it abundantly appeared that no offense against the law had been committed, and his honor, Judge J. C. Watrous, instructed me to enter a nolle prosequi. I did this the more cheerfully because the papers of the treasury department this day put into my hands from the special agency office here prove conclusively that the matter in respect to which this prosecution was instituted was finally adjudicated by the military authorities in August, 1865, and that you and Mr. Morris are above suspicion in the matter.

Very truly,  
D. J. BALDWIN,  
U. S. District Attorney.

At the May term of the U. S. District Court for the Eastern District of Texas, Galveston, Texas, May 29.

At eleven o'clock a jury was empaneled to try Joseph Morris and H. C. Warmoth for embezzling twenty-one thousand dollars of government money. The witnesses for the government were heard, when I became satisfied that there was no case against the defendants, and told the district attorney that I had not a particle of doubt of the innocence of these defendants, and that the transaction was perfectly legitimate; at any rate, if the property

was really the property of the government, a suit could be brought against Mr. Morris for its value, but to pursue this trial any further was an act of the baldest injustice. I therefore recommended to the District Attorney to enter a nolle prosequi. The District Attorney rose and said that he was satisfied of the innocence of the defendants, and that he held in his hand the papers of the treasury department which acquitted the defendants beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that he was glad that the defendants had been vindicated by the courts of the country. The District Attorney entered a nolle prosequi, and the court adjourned.

JOHN C. WATROUS,  
Judge, presiding.  
I, Levi Jones, clerk of the United States Court at Galveston, certify that the above to be a true copy from the original, with the seal of court.

LEVI JONES, Clerk.

If the charges now made by Mr. Carter against Governor Warmoth are as destitute of foundation as the one insinuated by him, as above copied, he must have a very weak case. For the people of Texas happen to know that the alleged embezzlement of public money in the cotton case was a myth, and the prosecution of Messrs. Warmoth and Morris was found in feeling of personal spite, and terminated in the triumph of the defendants and the discomfiture of the prosecutors. If Governor Warmoth has done nothing since 1867 that his enemies can take hold of to injure him, so that they are compelled to exhumate this old exploded charge of embezzlement, he may be ranked among the purest men of the age. And when the strongest points urged against him are so frivolous as this, we naturally presume that the minor charges are scarcely entitled to consideration.

## Vague People.

Have you ever suffered from the fearful infliction of vague people?

To argue with them is to spend labor and strength in vain, like trying to make rope out of sea sand. Beaten off at every point, they settle down again into the old vague vapory credo, and it is like fighting with ghosts to attempt to convince them of a better way. They look at you helplessly, assent loosely to your propositions; but when you come to the necessary deduction, they double back in a vague assertion that they do not agree with you, they cannot prove you wrong, but they are right; and you know then that the collapse is hopeless. If this meant tenacity, it would be so far respectable, even though the conviction were erroneous; but it is the mere unimpressible fluidity of vagueness, the impossibility of giving shape and coherence to a floating fog or a formless haze. Vague as to the basis of their beliefs, they are vaguer still as to their facts. These indeed are like a ladder of which half the rungs are missing. They never remember a story, and they cannot describe what they have seen. Of the first they are sure to lose the point and to entangle the thread; of the last they forget all the details, and confound both sequence and position. As to dates, they are as if lost in a wood when you require definite centuries, years, months. It is as much as they can do to remember their own birthday; but they are never sure of their children's; and generally mix up names and ages in a manner that exasperates the young people like a personal insult.

With the best intentions in the world they do infinite mischief. They detail what they think they have heard of their neighbors' sayings and doings; but as they never detail anything exactly, or twice alike, by the time they have told the story to half a dozen friends they have given currency to half a dozen different chimeras which never existed save in their own woolly imaginations. No repute is safe with them, even though they may be personally good-natured and anxious not to do any harm; but they are so vague that they are always setting afloat exaggerations which are substantially falsehoods; and if you tell them the most innocent fact of any one you would not injure for words—say your own daughter or your dearest friend—they are sure to repeat it with additions and distortions, till they have made it into a Frankenstein which no one now can subdue. Besides this mental haziness, which neither sees nor shapes a fact correctly, vague people are so loose and unstable in their habits. They know nothing of punctuality at home or abroad; and you are never sure that you will not stumble on them at meal-times at what time soever you may call. But worse than this, your own meal-times or any other times are never safe from them. They float in to your house uncertainly, vaguely, without purpose, with nothing to say and nothing to do, and for no reason that you can discover. And when they come they stay; and you cannot for the life of you find out why they have come at all.

They invade you all times, in your busy hours, and on your sacred days, and sit there in a chaotic kind of silence, or with vague talk that it tires your brains to bring to a focus; but they are too foggy to understand anything like a delicate hint, and if you want to get rid of them, you must risk a quarrel and effectively shoulder them out. They will be no loss. They are so much diffused in your life, and you can make no good of them for yourself or others. Even when they undertake to help you, they do you more harm than good by the hazy way in which they understand and the inexactness with which they carry out your wishes. They volunteer to get you by favor the thing you want and cannot find in the general way of business—say, something of a peculiar shade of olive green—and they bring you in triumph a brilliant cobalt; and if you trust to their uncontrolled action in your affairs, you find yourself committed to responsi-

bilities you cannot meet, and brought to the verge of destruction. They do all this mischief, not for want of good will, but for want of definiteness of perception; and are as sorry as you are when they make "pi" and not a legible sheet. Their desire is good, but a vague desire to help is equal to no help at all, or even worse; it is a positive evil, and throws you wrong by just so much as it attempts to set you straight. They are as unsatisfactory if you try to help them. They are in evil case and you are philanthropically anxious to assist them. You think that one vigorous push would lift the car of their fortunes out of the rut in which it has stuck, and you go to them with the benevolent design of lending your shoulder as the lever. You question them as to the central fact which they wish changed; for you know that in most such misfortunes crystallize round one case evil centre, which being removed, the rest would go well. But your vague friends can tell you nothing. They point out this little superficial inconvenience, that small remediable annoyance, as the utmost they can do in the way of definiteness; but when you want to get to the core, you find nothing but a cloudy complaint of general ill-will or universal run of untoward circumstances with which you cannot grapple. To cut off the hydra's head was difficult enough; but could even Hercules have decapitated the Djinn who rose in a volume of smoke from the fisherman's jar? It is the same in matters of health. Only medical men know to the full the difficulty of dealing with vague people when it is necessary that they should be precise. They can localise no pain, define no sensation; if the doctor thinks he has caught hold of one leading symptom, it fades away as he tries to examine it; and, probe as he may, he comes to nothing more definite than a pervading sense of discomfort, which he must resolve into its causes as he best can.

So with their suspicions; and vague people are often strangely suspicious and distrustful. They tell you in a loose kind of way that such or such a man is a rogue, such or such a woman no better than she should be. You ask them for their data—they have none; you suggest that they are mistaken, or at least that they should hold themselves as mistaken until they can prove the contrary, and offer your version of the reputations aspersed; your vague friends listen to you amiably, then go back on their charge, and say, "I am sure of it"—which ends the conversation. They rely on their impression, as other people rely on known facts, and a foggy belief is to them what a mathematical demonstration is to the exact.

In business matters they are simply maddening. They never have the necessary papers; they do not answer letters; they confuse your questions, and reply at random or not at all; and they forget all dates and details. When they go to their lawyer on business, they leave certificates and drafts behind them; locked up where no one can get at them; or if they send directions and the keys, tell the servant to look for an oblong blue envelope in the right-hand drawer, when they ought to have said a square white parcel in the left. They give you vague commissions to execute; and you have to find your way in the fog to the best of your ability. They say they want something like something else you have never seen, and cannot give an address exact. But apart from the personal discomforts to which vague people subject themselves, and the absurdities of which they are guilty, one cannot help speculating on the spiritual state of folks to whom nothing is definite, and no question of faith clearly thought out.

Convictions based on imagination, unsupported by facts or proofs, are as worthless in a moral as in a logical point of view; but the vague have nothing better; and whether as politicians or as priests, though they are warm partisans, they are but feeble advocates, fond of flourishing about large generalities, but impossible to pin to any point and unable to defend any position. To those who must have something absolute and precise, however limited—one inch of firmly-laid foundation on which to build up the remainder—it is a matter of more wonder than envy how the vague are content to live forever in a haze which has no clearness of outline, no definiteness of detail, and how they can make themselves happy in a name, calling their fog faith, and therewith counting themselves blessed.—Chimney Corner.

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