

# THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

VOLUME I.

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## Donaldsonville Chief.

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LINDEN E. BENTLEY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The New York Sun hoists the name of Horace Greeley, "our later Franklin," as its choice for next President.

Interesting extracts are very well in their way, but we miss the spicy editorials with which the Louisiana State Register was once wont to fill its columns. Where is the editor?

A Representative from Mississippi, who has been interviewed by a reporter at Washington, says that Senator Ames made a good military officer, but has mistaken his vocation as Senator.

A Democratic journal announces as refreshing the discovery of six of Gen. Grant's relatives who are not in office. We warrant there would be no room for such a discovery in that editor's family if he were President of these United States.

The fast time of Mr. Robert Bonner's famous horse, Dexter, was beaten by Goldsmith Maid in a trotting match at Cold Springs, Wisconsin, a few weeks ago. The Maid trotted a mile in 2:17, which is a quarter of a second ahead of Dexter's time.

A question agitating among the opponents of Gen. Ben Butler, in Massachusetts, is: Was Ben Butler's father a pirate, and was that pirate hung? As yet there is nothing but rumor to justify the query, and it is likely the matter was engendered by malice.

Geo. H. Pendleton is prominently mentioned as Democratic candidate for the next Presidency. Mr. Pendleton will very likely make as good a run as any candidate of Democratic selection can, though there is no probability of his election over the Republican nominee.

The War Department having ordered two batteries of artillery to Raleigh, North Carolina, the New York Sun pertinently asks if there is about to be a Republican Convention held in that State from which it is deemed necessary to exclude all anti-Grant Republicans?

The gratuitous New Orleans correspondent of one of the Dunn-Carter country journals, dubs U. S. Marshal Packard as "Colonel Packard." We surmise that the Marshal has earned this title by the military genius he displayed in manipulating a squad of soldiers to assist him in packing a Convention.

The Republicans of Kentucky derive additional hope of carrying that State next year from the fact that the Democratic side of the house is divided against itself. Upon one side are arrayed the old fogies, except the Bourbons, while opposed to them are the more progressive "new departurists." Both factions are vigorous and determined, and the breach bids fair to widen.

The Customhouse organs are revivifying the old slander of embezzlement of public funds in Muscatine, Iowa, against Hon. Hugh J. Campbell. We distinctly remember that Mr. Campbell proved this slander to be a false and malicious one when the Democrats sought to use it against him in 1868. But the disruptionists must have capital, and when the truth does not serve their purpose they necessarily resort to lies and misrepresentation.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of Republicans in Grant parish the other day, endorsed the Turners' Hall Convention and Governor Warmoth's administration, denounced the Customhouse gathering, and declared that all their old love for Grant would return if he would demonstrate his respect for the true Republicans of Louisiana by removing the federal officials who manipulated the Customhouse Convention.

The Iberville News is ever as ready with a cheering word to bestow upon its friends as with sound and telling argument to hurl at its political enemies. The News of the 14th instant contains the following in relation to ourself and the CHIEF:

Our young friend Linden E. Bentley will shortly commence the publication of a weekly journal in Donaldsonville, to be called the Chief, which will support the State government and advocate the cause of true Republicanism. We heartily wish full success may reward your efforts, Linden. Slightly changing the words of the poet, we exclaim:

Hail to the Chief which in triumph advances.

Messrs. Dunn, Packard, Ingraham, and others of the Customhouse clique went to Houma, Terrebonne Parish, a short time ago, to attend a mass meeting in which they anticipated the Customhouse buzzard would soar triumphantly over the Republican eagle. But, alas for human expectations, the buzzard wouldn't soar. In lieu of this, the gentlemen above named went home sore, sadder if not wiser men; for a true and tried Republican, James L. Belden, who is a firm friend of the State administration, was elected president of the meeting, and resolutions offered sustaining the Customhouse Convention and the bogus Executive Committee were voted down with a *Wm. Hurrah for Terrebonne!*

The "smart Aleck" who does the scribbling for the Iberville Pioneer is in a fair way to hurt himself if bad rumors are injurious. Here is his latest: The late young editor of the St. James Sentinel, L. E. Bentley, must have had a severe attack of the pap fever, or he would not have been bent on going to his pap-master, H. C. Warrenton.

We repeat the charge of tardiness implied in the first line of the above. In what respect are we a "late young editor"? The pun intended in the fourth line is almost too obscure to be discovered by ordinary intellects, and its obtuseness is only exceeded by the subtlety of the paragraph as a whole. "Smart Aleck" continues:

Bent or not bent, he has taken nothing but his carpet-bag with him. The old Sentinel, as usual, is at its post, watching over the interests of true Republicans.

Took nothing but our carpet-bag, eh? Then we must have a prolific one, for from it we have produced a newspaper which we think will compare favorably with the crawfish Pioneer or the buzzard-like Sentinel which watches with great assiduity over the carrion of dead politicians. We are fain to believe our carpet-bag constituted the heft of the concern.

A genuine fraud, signing himself "A. L. Close, Louisiana," some time ago wrote a letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, in which he denounces the supporters of the State administration as "an oligarchy, headed by the nervous, unscrupulous adventurer, Warmoth," and among other things equally as truthful, says:

On the 20th of July, I was Acting Secretary of the Third Ward (St. Mary's Parish) Convention. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. This convention heartily indorsed Oscar J. Dunn, and censured Governor Warmoth, and after regularly electing delegates to the State convention, adjourned.

To which the Atakapas Register, published at Franklin, St. Mary Parish, responds:

The truth is, that Mr. Close was never a secretary at any convention; he never was present at any meeting for the election of delegates; and no meeting was held in the ward on the day named.

Will the journals that reproduced the letter in question make a note of this, or will they take stock in the false representations of A. L. Close by refusing to correct them? This circumstance affords an excellent opportunity for testing the honesty of some of the editors who use their journals to denounce Governor Warmoth and the State administration.

## The Next President.

The question of who is to be the next President has been a leading one for some time, and will continue to grow in interest until the Presidential election of 1872 determines it. It is possible the popular vote may not decide who is to be President for the four years commencing on the fourth of March, 1873. In that case the House of Representatives will make a choice of a President. It has seldom occurred, however, that the choice of a President has devolved upon the lower branch of Congress, and it is to be hoped that the people may succeed in electing the next President, thus avoiding the excitement that a choice in the House of Representatives will necessarily create. With the exception of Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, the Presidents, commencing with Washington, have been chosen by the Presidential electors elected by the people of the several States composing the American Union. In the Presidential election of 1800, John Adams and General Pinckney were the candidates of the Federal party for President and Vice President, and Thomas Jefferson and Colonel Burr were the candidates of the Republican party of that day, for the same offices. There was a clear defeat of the candidates of the Federal party by the people, but a defect in the constitution, as it then existed, rendered a choice of President by the House of Representatives necessary. According to the constitution of that day, each elector voted for two men without designating which was to be President, and he who received the greatest number of votes was to be President, and the one receiving the next highest number of votes was to be Vice President. Mr. Jefferson and Colonel Burr, running on the same ticket, received the same number of votes, and the election, according to the constitution, had to be decided by the House of Representatives. The votes are here given by the States, the majority of the Congressional delegation determining the vote of the State. When the election was entered upon by the House of Representatives it singularly occurred that the States were, for a long time, equally divided between Mr. Jefferson and Colonel Burr; and it began to be feared that a man might be elected President who had not received for that purpose a solitary vote of the people. For many weeks the people were kept in intense excitement while Congress was balloting for a President between two persons who had been clearly elected by the people, but in consequence of a defective constitution, a further election was rendered necessary by the House of Representatives. At length, after the public patience had become almost exhausted, Colonel Burr withdrew from the contest, and Mr. Jefferson was chosen President, and Colonel Burr Vice President. The contest was not without its lesson. The constitution was changed so as to render it necessary to name the man in connection with the office which he was running for.

The next and only election of this kind that has been carried into the House of Representatives, occurred in 1824. The candidates were John Quincy Adams and General Jackson. As a matter of course, there was a good deal of excitement and political maneuvering in Congress before a choice of President was made. But finally, Mr. Adams was selected, and country became more composed. Mr. Clay, the sage of Ashland, as he was styled during his lifetime, took a prominent part in this contest and assisted in electing Mr. Adams, though they had differed in politics previously.

A Presidential election in the ordinary way is always attended with considerable excitement; but when a choice is rendered necessary by the House of Representatives, it is prolonged and increased. It has already been asserted by those who pretend to see into the future, that it is highly probable the coming Presidential election may have to be determined in the House of Representatives; and the condition of parties will be such as to render this highly probable. It is supposed by some, there will be three parties in the field, and that in that case a choice by the people will be defeated.

It is now quite apparent that a good many Republicans take the liberty of disagreeing upon the subject of the next presidency. Such distinguished Republicans as Horace Greeley, Cassius M. Clay, have already spoken out in favor of the one term doctrine. If this doctrine should become popular with the Republicans, as it is with the Democrats, it will injure the chances of President Grant for a re-nomination. Senator Morton, one of President Grant's firmest and ablest supporters, in a speech made recently in St. Louis, dwelt upon the troubles that at present exist in the party. He urged Republicans to come together and heal up their differences, pledging himself to support the nominee, whoever he might be. He said:

I pledge myself to support him, whether he be Greeley, Sumner, Trumbull or Grant.

As this is the only way that the party can hope to achieve a victory in 1872, let us hope, for the sake of Republican principles, it will unite and elect the next President. —New Orleans Republican.

Charles Paul de Kock, the noted French novelist, is dead.

## General F. J. Herron.

The San Antonio (Texas) Express pays this handsome compliment to the new Secretary of State:

The New Orleans Republican of September 1, contains a highly laudatory article on the appointment of this gentleman to succeed Mr. Boyce to the honorable and important office of Secretary of State.

Without assuming to pass upon the alleged improper and illegal conduct of his predecessor, we cannot refrain from uniting with the Republican in congratulating the Governor and people of Louisiana upon the acquisition of so worthy a person as General Herron, to the administration of the responsible duties of Secretary of State.

It was our good fortune to have known General Herron in the zenith of his military fame, when he commanded one of the finest divisions of General Grant's army at Vicksburg. He was then considered one of the most skillful, reliable and bravest, through youngest, major generals in that large and victorious army. We witnessed the ability displayed by him as a soldier successfully transferred to civil life, in the capacity of one of the leading merchants of New Orleans, and subsequently, into the civil service as United States marshal of Louisiana, in which capacity he won the respect and confidence of the entire community, of all parties, throughout the State, until unwisely removed to give place to the present incompetent blunderer of the Customhouse shame—Packard. General Herron brings rare scholarly and executive accomplishments into his new position, which will be better appreciated the longer they are exercised. Governor Warmoth, like General Grant, seems to possess in an eminent degree the important gift of judgment in the selection of good men.

## Persecution of the Jews.

The powers of this world once more turn their attention to the Jews. They are to be re-regulated in Algeria, that is, their liberties, due to M. Crémieux, are to be restricted in deference to the noble savage of the country, to whom Jewish industry and Jewish peacefulness are very offensive. In a rather better spirit their affairs are being taken up now also in Prussia, where, ever since 1847, the date of that famous "landtag" they have been divided into synagogal communities with some sort of shadowy autonomy. Several attempts to place their affairs on a somewhat more satisfactory basis have hitherto failed under the auspices of the Cultus minister. This time, however, some recognized authorities belonging to their own body have been invited to report and to propose plans for the amelioration of the status quo; and as Herr Von Muhler will probably require a long rest after his return from the waters, some steps in advance may probably be taken shortly.

At the same time Russian statesmen are deliberating on the future position of the Jews in the Russian empire. Before 1861 no Jew was permitted to domicile in Central Russia, nor was he allowed to enter Russian territory without a special permit; and whenever he wanted to stay more than twenty-four hours at a place, he had to pay a heavy price for the indulgence. Since 1861 all Russia has been opened to them, and the question of finally regulating their position in the empire proves to be one of no little difficulty. A project of a law has already been laid before the imperial council, but no decision has been arrived at as yet. The Schlesische Zeitung tells a story apropos of the debates there, which is not only apocryphal, but has done duty on at least a dozen occasions, though it has never, perhaps, been told so circumstantially. When in 1851, it became a question of existence or non-existence with the Jews in Poland, Count Bludow, the president of the imperial council, received, the day before the question was to come on, a deputation consisting of three Jewish bankers from Warsaw.

The count had made it a condition that the deputation was to speak as little as possible. They arrived, put a small parcel upon the table, and departed. Next day, at the council, Bludow had the present emperor at his right hand. The councillors for two hours debated in the warmest manner, but Bludow had not spoken one word. His imperial neighbor then said to him: "Well, Ivan Ivanovich, have you nothing to say?" Whereupon Bludow rose, showed the packet, and pointed to an inscription upon it to the following effect: "Fifteen thousand" (roubles); "take, and be silent." "This," he said, "I received that I should hold my tongue." He then rose and pleaded their cause in the warmest manner, and succeeded in procuring facilities for them which they had never even hoped for. The parcel, however, went back unopened, and formed the fundamental capital for a Jewish orphan asylum at Warsaw. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Sandal-wood was formerly obtained by the East India Company in large quantities from the Feejee Islands. As many as seven large Indianmen have been known to be lying at anchor in one of the bays at once, waiting for cargoes of the precious wood. The trees have been felled with such reckless improvidence that, on the shores of this same bay, a solitary sapling, planted by a missionary, is now the only living sandal-tree for many miles around.

## Equal to Mark Twain.

Newspaper writers will thoroughly appreciate the following o'er true tale, which we take from the Philadelphia Dispatch:

A week or two ago, one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the eleventh ward. A day or two afterward, a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bull dog whom hunger evidently had made desperate. With that quick appreciation of the situation which is creditable to the superior intelligence of educated men, the editor of this paper and the proprietors darted to the window, climbed outside, slid down the lightning rod, and went across the street to watch the bloody fray through a spyglass. With the fearlessness of conscious innocence, we sat still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stovepipe to guard against any misapprehension of facts on the part of the bull dog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spitting on his hand and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Captain Hall, and that he would not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man.

We explained to him that we were not; that the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative properties of curandango, and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad, because if there was one thing better than the possession of the name Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man of that name. "But, Smith," we said, "why this battle array? It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war, and frisk into editors' sanctuaries, fumbling a club and accompanied by a disheartened bull dog, simply because his name happens to be Smith."

He said he called in to bust the head of the man who had insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"Is, but it was; and her name was published, too. Miss Smith—Miss Hanner Smith."

"May we be permitted to inquire Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bull dog advanced and commenced to sniff up and down our stovepipe—"I want you to understand that she is a decent young woman, with a good character, and none of your denizens and such trash. The man who says she is a denizen, is a blackguard and a thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance. They may say what they want about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got to suffer." And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bull dog put his forelegs up on the back of our chair.

We pacified Smith with a dictionary. We pointed out to that raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives such a person no offending character and deprives the term of everything like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied, and he shook hands and kicked the bull dog down stairs. The editor and proprietors, seeing that all was safe, immediately climbed the lightning rod and soon appeared at the window, where they were introduced to Smith, with the remark that they had returned from the North Pole and the clime of the condurango, somewhat unexpectedly, in order to surprise their relations.

And now we suppose Smith will be mad because we have told this story about him, and he will be coming down to interview us again, in war's magnificent stern array, with a fresh bull dog. But it will be in vain. We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower, and have planted torpedoes and spring guns all the way up stairs. We warn this incendiary Smith to beware.

The Austin Journal explains about the tidal wave:

Professor Agassiz is said to have announced that on the night of the fifth or sixth of October a great tidal wave will roll over the Atlantic and gulf coast to the height of fifty feet. There are fools enough to believe that Agassiz made such a prediction, but he himself is not one. But about that time a political tidal wave will roll over the State of Texas, from the gulf to the frontier, and leave the fraudulent Democracy stranded and treed. Probably the scientist of Massachusetts referred to that phenomenon.

A remarkable intermarriage of two families recently took place in Pottawattamie county, Iowa. One family, consisting of three sons and a daughter, married all of a neighbor's children, three daughters and one son.

## Business Stupidity.

The New Orleans Republican addresses the following sensible remarks to the business community of that city:

As these are eighty thousand Republican voters in the State of Louisiana, it reasonably follows that there are about seventy thousand of these colored men, whose average earnings may be set down at one dollar per day. There are about sixty-five thousand Democratic voters, and these may be classified as white men. The trade of the colored people belongs to New Orleans, because it is too small in detail to hunt for distant markets. And yet New Orleans merchants persistently refuse to cultivate this immense business, and actually frown upon any man who talks of trading with negroes. The consequence is, that all this business that can go elsewhere, seeks other markets where it is treated with respect and invited to come back. And the white people instead of coming to New Orleans, where their prejudices are pandered to, go off to Cincinnati and St. Louis, and trade alongside of a "nigger," just because they can get better bargains. We are running our commercial machine on a basis of three hundred and fifty thousand people, when we should be running it upon a score of nine hundred thousand customers. The negroes produce most of the wealth of the State, and they are driven out of our lines to do their trading. Was there ever a business community that knew so little about business?

## Murder and Robbery.

We reproduce this from the Planters' Banner, published at New Iberia, Louisiana:

Last Friday, at half-past six o'clock, in the afternoon, the dead body of an itinerant map and picture peddler, was discovered in the road, near Dr. McGuire's place, below Jeanerette, in the parish of St. Mary. Our informant saw the body, and says that death was caused by a gunshot or pistol wound, just behind the left ear, and that it must have been instantaneous. A short time before the body was discovered, the peddler had been seen in conversation with a negro man who wore gray clothes, and a white hat, and it is supposed that this negro is the murderer. The peddler had been seen with a silver watch and money, which were missing when his body was found. His pockets were turned inside out, and his person exposed as though search had been made for a money belt, such as are worn underneath the clothing, around the body.

The dead man had on an iron grey shirt, dark gray clothes, black felt hat, and is supposed to have been about thirty-five years old. Near the body was found a brown overcoat, tied up with a string, which disappeared during the night, while the body remained lying in the road awaiting the arrival of the coroner. An inquest was held on Saturday, but no clue to the perpetrator of the murder was obtained.

No papers or articles were found on the person that gave any clue to the name or residence of the murdered man.

Considerable excitement exists below Jeanerette, in the neighborhood where the map peddler was murdered and robbed last Friday. It is thought that a number of desperate men who have escaped from different parish prisons recently, are secreted in the swamps in that vicinity, and a raid by them is feared at any time.

Since the above was written, we learn from a reliable gentleman that last Sunday morning a negro boy was stopped at the point where the murder of last Friday took place, and robbed of fifteen cents by three negro men, whom he recognized as Richard, the murderer who escaped from the Franklin jail; Charles, who escaped from our jail, while under the sentence of five years in the Penitentiary for burglary, and a one-armed negro, who formerly belonged to M. Sorrel, accompanied by a white man, supposed to be Abshire, who recently escaped from the jail in this parish. As soon as the boy was released he gave the alarm, and immediately the whole neighborhood was aroused, and about two hundred citizens, white and black, are hunting for this band of desperadoes with the determination to find and bring them to justice.

Waukesha, near Milwaukee, is the new Wisconsin watering place. A great hotel is soon to go up there, of which Chief Justice Chase laid the corner stone the other day. A Milwaukee paper, speaking of the place, says "It is easy of access, the climate is unsurpassed in salubrity, and the inhabitants are hospitable to a fault. Visitors here will not be oppressed with the frivolity or glitter which mar one's enjoyment at the fashionable places of resort; nor will the masses be repelled by extortionate charges, and the inopportune hangers on which infest Niagara and Saratoga."

Some ingenious Yankee has invented a process by which maple sugar can be made out of common New Orleans molasses, flavoring it by steaming maple wood. A contemporary says: "The next thing we are looking for from that land of profile ideas is a process whereby they will make honey from cod liver oil, flavoring it with beeswax."