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LINDEN B. BENTLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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There was a slight fall of snow at Oskosh, Wisconsin, on the 10th inst.

To the Devil with all such Republicans as Carl Schurz.—*Homer* *Iliad*.

Be careful about sending them there, if you don't want to run across them again.

"It is not always pleasant to write the truth," says the St. John the Baptist *Meschacebe*.

You are not afflicted with many unpleasant episodes on that account, are you, Mr. *Meschacebe*?

The *Banner*, an excellent journal, published at our old home, Jefferson, Wis., makes its appearance on our table in a new dress. We are glad to note this evidence of deserved prosperity in a pecuniary point of view.

It is entertaining to read the speeches of the Democratic politicians made before the elections in the States which recently gave Republican majorities. Their boasts of the victories to be achieved and the annihilation of the opposing party to be accomplished, possess an air of vanity rendered ridiculous by subsequent events which is very amusing. These speeches teach us a lesson in regard to the uncertainty of future incidents in general and the result of elections in particular.

Joe Coburn, the noted pugilist, is out in a card to the public, in which he states that his coming "mill" with Jem Mace, the English champion, will be his last appearance in the prize ring. This fight between Mace and Coburn, for the championship of the world and a few dollars besides, is to take place on the 30th of November, within one hundred miles of New Orleans—if the authorities do not prevent it. Coburn is now training in New Orleans.

The Turner Hall faction placed its support of the President on conditions and contingencies that have not happened. The Custom-house infamy and outrage have not been punished or even condemned by the President. The party which demanded this as their *sine qua non* must now choose between a whining, pusillanimous, unconditional submission, or a resistance and reorganization of their forces in a new base and strategy. Which will they do?—*N. O. Times*.

We have but few principles in common with the journal from which the above is extracted, and we fully appreciate its motive to be the division and destruction of the Republican party, still the question it propounds is a pertinent one, and we unite with it in asking, "Which will they do?"

The Tammany Democracy of New York city have held their convention and nominated their candidates. Wm. M. Tweed, the big "boss," is nominated for the State Senate.

The Reform Democracy have also held a convention, consisting of four hundred delegates, and selected candidates. Mr. W. W. Curtis, in a speech before this convention, said that the Tammany party intended to practice fraud at the coming election, and that the only remedy against this would be to suspend repeaters or fraudulent inspectors from lamp posts, and believed the law would protect such action. The following are among the nominations of the Reform party: For Judge of the Supreme Court, ex-Judge C. Barret; for Judge of Common Pleas, Judge Charles P. Daly; for Register, Gen. Franz Siegel.

The Republicans of Plaquemine parish held a rousing meeting one day last week, and endorsed the State and National Administrations, the Turner's Hall Convention, and the State Central Executive Committee chosen by that Convention.

A recent municipal election, in Carrollton, La., resulted in a Republican victory, Gilbert J. Harrison, a colored man, being elected Mayor. Mr. Harrison has since resigned the position, however, and Governor Waruoth appointed Mr. Zuingius McKay, formerly District Attorney, to fill the vacancy.

Thirty-five years ago James Gordon Bennett wrote to Mr. Van Trump begging the loan of two hundred dollars to keep the *Pennsylvanian*, a newspaper he was then carrying on, from collapsing. Mr. Bennett is now taxed for \$6,250,000.—*Exchange*.

If the acquisition of all this wealth was the natural consequence of the attempt to borrow two hundred dollars, let the man who begged us for a loan of fifteen cents the other day take courage; for if the ratio given above can be relied upon, he will be worth, thirty-five years from now, somewhere in the neighborhood of four thousand six hundred and eighty-eight dollars and sixty-seven cents. If he had only known this newly discovered rule he would very probably have asked us for a thousand dollars.

We find the following deserved compliment to an excellent journal in the *New Orleans Mitrailleuse*, of the 21st:

The *Attakapas Register* of the present week is brimful of good things. There are few men more capable of getting up a good paper than Hon. Emerson Bentley. His efforts are rare, without being vulgar; sharp, without being abusive; pointed, without being libelous. We have never seen an article in the *Register* that would offend the good taste of the most fastidious, or one that a husband would be ashamed to have read in his family. Such papers are too rare in the present age, and for this reason, are the more valuable. We would be pleased to have an exchange of two numbers each week, so that we could keep a complete file, free from the ravages of the shears.

The *Louisiana State Register* propounds some very pointed interrogations to the *New Orleans Times*:

The *Times* is very prompt to defend the *ante-bellum* politicians of Louisiana, from charges of speculation and fraud preferred against them Gen. Snyper. What does the *Times* think about the Dick Taylor canal contract? What does it think about the bonds that were issued to the Baton Rouge railroad? What does it think about the bonds issued to other railroads, and for which never a dollar's worth of work was done? What does it think about the State debt, and of the city debt, which are both legacies from the Democracy, and for which nothing can be shown? What does it say to the Houma land swindle which Senators Slidell and Benjamin perfected in Congress against the settlers in Terrebonne parish? What excuse does it offer for the armed violence which contended for the possession of New Orleans in 1857? Where have all the millions of public taxes collected in Louisiana before the war disappeared? Who are responsible for our present political evils in the State but the Democrats? Who create the divisions that exist in society at present whereby color is made the test of fitness for office instead of capability or worth? Who approach the Legislature and secure gigantic monopolies? Read the charter of the Levee Swindle, of the Noyes Drainage Job, of the Slaughter-house bill, of the Water-works Humbug, and tell us who the incorporators are. And then stop fooling.

Robbery in New Orleans.

The *Semi-Weekly Louisianian* relates the following:

Another big robbery has been perpetrated in the city in the middle of day. By some strange method, one of the bank boxes of Messrs. Nalle & Cammack was obtained from the banking house of Pike, Brother & Co., on Camp street, on Wednesday last, by a person unknown to the bank, although Messrs. Nalle & Cammack were accustomed to send a particular clerk for their boxes when wanted. The detective police were at once informed, and set about their work; while in the papers was an advertisement offering a reward of \$1000 for the return of the stolen papers. No information was obtained till Thursday morning, when the porter of the National Theatre discovered a tin box and a bundle of papers in a wagon on the street; and on examination, they turned out to be the greater part of those stolen the previous day. The detectives are still on the alert, and it is believed they possess such definite information as can enable them to fix the robbery.

MICHIGAN FIRE TORNADO!

DESTRUCTION OF PESHTIGO, MANISTEE AND WILLIAMSVILLE.

Statements of Eye-Witnesses.

[From Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate, Oct. 12.]

PESHTIGO.

During the day (Sabbath) the air was filled with smoke which grew more dense toward evening, and it was noticed that the air, which was quite chilly during the day, grew quite warm, and hot puffs were frequent in the evening.

About half past eight o'clock at night we could see there was a heavy fire to the southwest of the town, and a dull roaring sound like that of heavy wind came up from that quarter.

At nine o'clock the wind was blowing very brisk, and by half past nine a perfect gale. The roar of the approaching tornado grew more terrible at ten. When the fire struck the town it seemed to swallow up and literally drown everything. The fire came on swifter than a race-horse, and within twenty minutes of the time it struck the outskirts of the town, everything was in flames.

What followed beggars all description. About the time the fire reached the Peshtigo House, I ran out at the east door, and as I stepped on the platform, the wind caught me and hurled me some distance on to my head and shoulders, and blew me on to my face several times on going to the river. Then came a fierce, devouring, pitiless rain of fire and sand, so hot as to ignite everything it touched. I ran into the water, prostrated myself, and put my face into the water, and threw water over my back and head. The heat was so intense that I could not keep my head out of the water for but a few seconds at a time, for the space of nearly an hour. Saw-logs in the river caught fire and burned in the water. A cow came to me, and rubbed her neck against me, and lowed most piteously. I heard men, women and children crying for help, but was utterly powerless to assist any one. What was my experience was the experience of others.

Within three hours of the time the fire struck the town, the site of Peshtigo was literally a sand desert dotted over with smoking ruins. Not a heap or even a dry goods box was left.

Through the sugar-bush the case seems to be even worse than in the town, as the chance for escape were much less than near the river. I estimate the loss of life to be at least three hundred, in the town and sugar-bush. Great numbers were drowned in the river. Cattle and horses were burned in the streets.

The Peshtigo Company's barn burned with over fifty horses in the stable. A great many women and children and men were burned in the streets and at places so far from anything combustible that it would seem impossible they should be harmed; they were burned to a crisp. Whole families, children, mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers were burned, and remnants of families were running hither and thither, wildly looking for their relatives after the fire.

THE BURNING OF MANISTEE.

The wind blew a heavy gale on Sunday from the South, and the fire that had been burning in the woods for several days burned up freshly and spread with great rapidity. The fire company was out all day with the engine near Gifford and Raddock's mill, and succeeded in checking the flames. In the evening a fire sprung up near Canfield's mill, and the fire company promptly repaired to scene of action, but the wind blew the smoke and sand at such a fearful rate that they were almost blinded, and could not check the headway of the flames. About 10 o'clock the engine gave out, and during the balance of the scene was powerless to assist. In a short time the mill and about twenty small dwellings, the boarding-house, light-house, piers, lumber piles and Mr. Horton's house were in flames. Tyson and Robinson's three barges, and the tug Bismarck were in stream between the fires, but escaped by almost a miracle. A scow loaded with slabs and a spile driver were cut loose and floated down the river.

The spile driver was on fire, and it was feared that it would set other vessels on fire, but fortunately it did no harm. The barge Frankfort, and several other vessels were near the mill, but went up the river to a place of safety. While this was calling the attention of the citizens, a light was seen reflecting on the sky in the rear of the city, near Maple street. In an exceedingly short time a number of buildings were in flames and rapidly spreading while we were powerless to arrest them. Everything was dry and the wind blew a hurricane, and everything was swept clean, not a vestige of consumable matter being left.

The districts burned over were: First about 20 acres west of and including Canfield's mill.

Second, a strip commencing on Maple street from J. G. Ramsdell's residence, and widening as it advanced, and when it reached the river it extended from Oak street (Buckley's store) to Tyson & Robinson's little mill, a distance of half a mile, and through the principal business part of the town, extended across the river, burning the bridge and the schooner Seneca Chief, and destroying every building on the north side (19 in all), except the Fourth Ward school-house,

George Thorp's house, and the Catholic Church.

Third, Blackbird Island was literally burned up.

THE SCENE AT WILLIAMSVILLE.

By Guillaume Delaluzette, from Uniontown, we learn that the entire settlement of Williamson Brothers' mill, five miles from the shore of Little Sturgeon Bay, was burned on Sunday night. The proprietor, John Williamson, with his wife and two children—his entire family—are burned to death, and about fifty-three other persons in the same settlement perished.

Later.—Charles Kusterman, of Little Sturgeon, writes us farther particulars. There were 12 families about the mill and 52 men in and about the mill. Of all these people but two were saved uninjured, and ten injured persons still living were found, and were sent on Monday by the tug Ozaukee to Big Sturgeon Bay, for medical treatment. Every other individual in the settlement is dead. Mr. Gardner sent twenty-five men to chop through the woods to this settlement, our correspondent being one of the number; they found the remains of six persons in one house, and piled the partly charred remains of fifty-five bodies of men, women and children in one pile. Three or four persons attempted to save themselves in a well containing three feet of water. One of them had his head badly burned, and the others were burned to death.

Latest.—One of the party sent out by F. B. Gardner called upon us on Wednesday. The party went from Little Sturgeon to the head of Little Sturgeon Bay by tug Ozaukee and thence chopped their way through the timber fallen across the road for four miles. The other mile they clambered over the timber. On the road they found three of the wounded trying to reach the shore. Others of the wounded got to Kent's place, four miles from Big Sturgeon, where they are lying.

Reaching the site of Williamsonville, they found no living creature but an ox. Twenty-nine human beings lay on a spot about 10 feet square, some with arms and legs burned off, and all with clothing gone. A few rods off on every side were others, and a man and child were found dead in a well. They found 55 dead bodies, and think the total number must be from 60 to 70.

JUST APPRECIATION OF THE VALUE OF THE COUNTRY PRESS.—The following testimonial from J. B. Dinsmore, Esq., will be read with interest, as based upon a varied experience in advertising:

"My opinion of the relative value of city and country newspapers, as advertising mediums, is decidedly in favor of the country papers, price and circulation being equal.

"I should prefer to have my advertisement inserted in a country paper having 500 circulation rather than have it in 500 copies of a city daily paper. The country readers have fewer papers, and more leisure; and, consequently, read their papers more thoroughly and take better care of them; while the daily paper, after being glanced at, is thought no more of than last year's almanac. My opinion is based on twelve years' study and experience in the business."

Messrs. Job Moses & Son are among the oldest advertisers in the United States, and give their testimony as follows:

"After an experience of twenty-three years as an advertiser in many newspapers, it is our opinion that the same amount expended for an advertisement in a large number of country weekly papers, pays much better than in a small number of daily and weekly newspapers, i. e., the aggregate circulation being the same. Our reasons for this opinion are that the country weekly is read thoroughly, and to a certain extent, the matter in the advertisement is believed almost as much as the editorial articles, while the city dailies and weeklies are not read thoroughly, and the advertisements are known to be advertisements, and nothing more. Furthermore, the country newspapers are generally preserved for future reference, while the city newspapers are read and seldom referred to afterward. And as regards 'Patent Medicines' (so-called) it is an undoubted fact that the country people consume the greater portion of those manufactured."

The *Houston Union* says: Captain J. M. Hart, District Clerk and Registrar of Falls county, came down on some private business. He says that after the election he was arrested on a bogus charge and taken to Waco before the United States Commissioner for trial, and was acquitted. All sort of intimidation was used during the registration and election by the Democrats to prevent a fair election; but notwithstanding the county gave General Clark a majority of thirty. He says that about three hundred Republicans were prevented from voting. He was several times threatened to be shot, and at one time a rope was attached to a tree for the purpose of hanging him, but that a committee of twenty citizens interfered and prevented it. He says that a majority of the white men who registered were so ignorant that they could not sign their names, and yet those same men are among the most bitter opponents of the free school law. Thus it is all over the State. Ignorance and Democracy going hand in hand, as twin sisters of rebellion.

Chicago.

[From the New York Tribune.]

For many years the name which we have written at the head of these lines has rarely been spoken but with some form of typical superlative. When Miss Bremer visited us some score of years ago, she expressed her anxiety to go to the West to see Chicago, "the home of Loki and Thor, the supernatural Forces." All over Europe there was the same vague and credulous wonder as to this marvelous town which had risen from the marshy border of the great lake, with the suddenness and ease of an explanation. There was no story too wild to obtain credence when the scene was laid in Chicago. It was, after New York, the best known name in Europe, for every village and hamlet had sent some of their enterprising children there, who wrote letters home full of the strange vivid life of that strong new land. It was scarcely considered an American city among the simple peasantry of Europe. The genial South German thought it a colony of Austria. The Swedish farmers regarded it as an appendage of the Scandinavian race. Even the home-loving Frenchman felt that there he would be among friends and kindred. It touched by these delicate chords of sympathy every nation and every township in the world.

At home, where no element of fable entered into our ideas, the city seemed scarcely less remarkable in its growth and its robust individuality. With a less population than many others, it has for a long time claimed, with general assent, the position of the second city on the Continent. There was a breadth of municipal life, a force and confident self-assertion which impressed the country, and made us take the lusty young city at its own valuation. In readiness of resource, in the application of force to the novel problems arising from its rapid growth and development, seemed to take rank with the great capitals. It seemed sufficient for itself in all emergencies. To handle the vast volume of grain which the fruitful prairies poured into its bins, it invented the Elevator. It lifted itself out of its marshes and raised its own grade by several feet. It moved stone palaces bodily and held them in the air while it built basements under them. When it wanted fresh water, it burrowed for a mile or two under Lake Michigan, and with an audacity toward nature never equaled in history, it tapped the bottom of the inland sea. The dates of its histories seem more fantastic than any fiction. John Kenzie built his cabin there in 1804. The Indians massacred the garrison of Fort Dearborn 1812. In 1830 there were 12 houses scattered about the marshes, sheltering but a hundred parti-colored squatters, and in 1870, when the hair of the first-born white native of the town had not begun to grizzle, the census-takers found 300,000 and gave mortal offense to 50,000 more, who insisted they were not counted. A week ago Buffalo had in store 695,800 bushels of grain; Montreal, 511,210; St. Louis, 777,881; Milwaukee, 792,335; Toledo, 1,282,487; Chicago, 6,078,560. There is a magic in these figures which to the practical American mind means more than any baptism of poetry and romance.

Since yesterday Chicago has gained another title to pre-eminence. Unequaled before in enterprise and good fortune, she is now unapproachable in calamity. Her name is inseparably connected with the greatest disaster of modern times. The burning of New York in 1835 has always been regarded as a terrible visitation, and an elderly gentleman in Wall street stoutly asserted yesterday that the Chicago fire was no greater. But the accounts of the time say that 648 houses were destroyed—a grave calamity of course, but trifling when compared with the 12,000 houses in ashes in what was Chicago. The great fire of London, which struck the world with horror and gave a not unworthy inspiration to the noble verse of Dryden, ravaged a tract of 426 acres. But five square miles of blackened and smoking ruin are the ghastly credentials which Chicago offers in support of her claim to pre-eminence in disaster. When a tithe of the wealth of a community perishes, it seems that the very sources of existence are sapped. It is estimated that fully one-half of the value of Chicago has been annihilated by one day's destruction.

It is one of those scenes where the wildest words are weak to describe the devastation. It is only by imagining New York obliterated from Madison square to the Battery that we can form some idea of the extent of the catastrophe. The fire broke out among the dry frame buildings of the South Division, and was fanned and driven by a south-west gale—one of those fierce and unheeded tempests that blow over the lake and the prairie—into the very heart of the city, over theatres, hotels, the courts and the churches, the enormous business houses and the enormous dwellings that made the young city so beautiful and impressive, until, growing with what it fed on, and still scourged by the gale, it leaped the river and ravaged the rich and thickly-settled Northern suburb. Little of the city except its southern and western borders are left—the shell from which the kernel has been gnawed away.

The ultimate result is not doubtful. Like Moscow, like London, like New York, like Portland, the city will be built again. It has too much of life and elasticity to succumb ever to a blow so terrible as this. It has its

place in the economy of the nation and the world to fill, and cannot be spared. In the end it will certainly recover. But there is much of uncertainty and difficulty in the interval. The sudden withdrawal of this great and busy community from the sphere of commercial life will produce a widespread confusion and disturbance of values and relations. Chicago is a heavy creditor of New York, and the whole North West is the creditor of Chicago. At a time when money is not over-plentiful, there comes this sudden and unexpected demand for large sums to meet this fearful exigency. We hope the prudence and coolness which the emergency requires will not fail. There is no justification for a panic. There seemed some danger of one yesterday in the first shock of the frightful intelligence, but the tendency was handsomely surmounted in the afternoon. There is little doubt that our insurance companies will be able to pay all their losses. When this is done all can then unite in devising the means to repair the damage of the fire. But in the meanwhile the immediate and pressing question is that of hunger and cold. One hundred thousand people are homeless and famishing. The cities of the West have spoken promptly, and honorably, voting large supplies of money and food. New York will doubtless to-day do its whole duty in its organized and corporate meetings. But this is a case where every citizen has the privilege of making some offering to humanity. Let none neglect it. No greater calamity ever appealed to the hearts of men. Let New York show herself the first of the cities of the nation in charity, as she is first in power.

Unity of the Republican Party.

From the New Orleans *Republican* we take this article:

Since the result of the action of the Republicans in New York, Massachusetts and Virginia, it is evident that our friends in those States mean business, and intend to win in the contest of the present political campaign.

That there will be entire harmony in the Republican ranks for the sake of victory over the common enemy in those States, where heretofore there have been distracting divisions, is now certain from the judicious course that has been pursued by the true friends of the Republican cause and the administration. The able and admirable attitude which has been taken by Mr. Horace Greeley after the proceedings of the convention held at Syracuse week before last, is well calculated to inspire the brightest hopes for the success of the Republican ticket in New York, and cannot be without its influence upon the elections in the other States where elections are to be held this fall. It will be observed from the manifesto issued by Mr. Greeley to his friends, who presented themselves as contestants in the New York convention, where they were defeated, that he gives a cordial support to the ticket nominated at that convention, and heartily approves of the resolutions adopted by that body, and, in reference to the whole matter, says:

We accept the ticket nominated at Syracuse; and pledge to its support that solid three-fourths of the entire Republican vote of this city (New York), whose delegates were insultingly driven from the convention. We accept the miracle of chumlessness called State Committee. Come what may, we will carry New York for honest government and against thieves. Let the new made oracles of the Republican party, who yesterday strutted their brief hour on the stage at Syracuse, enjoy their fleeting triumph; we have nobler work on hand.

Such is the counsel which the old war-horse of Republicanism gives to all good Republicans in his own State, and he also means it to be considered by the disaffected ones of other States as well.

With the distracted and divided condition of our common foe, we can not afford to have bickerings and squabbles among ourselves to endanger our success. There never was a better opportunity than now presented in New York to bring all differences to a final end in order that the Republican party shall present a united front in this fall campaign, and win a victory which will be a prelude to the greater and more important one of 1872.

The developments of the terrible rottenness and iniquity of the Democracy in what was considered their stronghold, New York, has proved to be of incalculable service to our cause, and it insures us the vote of a State that has heretofore been conceded to the opposition. Vast numbers of the Democratic voters, especially the Germans, will now either abstain from voting, or will vote the Republican ticket sold in the November election in New York, and the probabilities are now that this vote will be with us in 1872. Massachusetts is now a unit, and so, also, is Virginia. Let these examples of conciliation and forbearance, so nobly set by our Republican friends, be emulated by the Republicans of our own State, and let us all come together like brethren in unity, and with Henry C. Warmoth as our leader, we shall receive the congratulations of friends in all parts of the Union, and set at rest all the expectations of Democratic harpies who hope to share the spoils of office through distraction in our own ranks.

The collections made in fifteen Catholic churches, in New York, Sunday, in aid of the Chicago sufferers, aggregated \$20,000, with eleven churches to be heard from.