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Communications may be addressed simply "Chief, Donaldsonville, La.," or to the editor and proprietor personally.

Some unknown friend has our thanks for files of Mobile papers.

The State debt of Vermont is but a slight sum over \$500,000, and is still undergoing reduction.

Hon. John R. Lynch, a colored man, has been elected Speaker of the Mississippi House of Representatives.

James Fisk, Jr., was shot and killed by Edmund Stokes in New York, two weeks ago. The quarrel between the men arose from a love affair.

According to the decision of the National Republican Executive Committee, the Republican Convention for the nomination of a President and Vice-President will meet at Philadelphia on the fifth day of June next.

An exchange says: "Chicago is re-assuming her old progressive tendencies. The city now boasts a man who has had the small-pox twice in eight years, and remarks casually, in giving the information, that it hasn't been a good time for small-pox either. The man is not proud, however."

The New Orleans *Magnolia* has changed its form from a four-page to an eight-page paper, and its appearance is much improved thereby. The *Magnolia* still keeps up its battle cry of "Down with the State Lottery swindle," and we hope its efforts to induce the Legislature to repeal the obnoxious law creating the swindle will not prove in vain.

The remarks of the press of the country upon the political troubles in this State have been widespread and general. The large majority of the journals condemn the federal officials for their interference with the State Government, and urge the President to demonstrate his disapproval of their action by removing them from office.

That scurrilous little sheet the New Orleans *Patriot* has "gone glimmering as the things that were," and been "gathered to the tombs of its forefathers." One by one the abusive, demoralizing journals of the State that have been a disgrace to the profession succumb to that wholesome public opinion, which exists to a greater or less extent in all communities, discountenancing abuse of the liberty of the press, and failing to recognize personal vilification of officials as arguments against their public honesty. Good-bye, little *Patriot*, you have gone where you will not be lonely, for the dominions of Satan abound with myriads of just such nasty papers.

The New Orleans *Mittraillous* has made its appearance in all the gorgeousness of a beautiful heading, much improved typographically and enlarged in size. We have had no time as yet to peruse its columns, hence shall withhold our judgment of its editorial department for a future time. The remarkable, wavering part which its editor has played in the political arena during the last month or so has somewhat shaken our faith in his judgment and stability, but we hope he may retrieve himself by a more consistent future, arrayed upon the side of the right, in which case, all success to the handsome *Mittraillous*.

## The Political Situation.

The following pithy paragraphs are copied from the *Carrollton State Register*, one of the most able Republican journals in the State:

JUDGE ABELL AND THE GRAND JURY.  
Judge Abell took a hand in the defilement of public affairs on Thursday, and managed to deface the enemies of his office with more dirt. Because the grand jury acted in the case of Wheyland, where a murder had been committed, and which it was warranted in investigating by virtue of the coroner's inquest, and did not act in the case of Chester, which was a mere scrimmage between a body of excited partisans he charged it with dishonesty, and then dismissed it. The members of the grand jury, sixteen in number, are impeached by a judge upon a simple allegation of a partisan newspaper, as the sole excuse which Judge Abell made for his rash and prejudiced action was the article which he read from the *National Republican* accusing the grand jury of acting in the Wheyland case and of neglecting to act in the Chester case. As Wheyland is dead and Chester is running around loose stirring up trouble, the two cases are very different, and the grand jury was the best judge of what its duties were in the matter. This whole matter sifts itself down to a simple question whether Judge Abell who is not one man, and a partisan at that, is to form the opinions of the grand jury, or whether the citizens, who constitute the body, are to do their own thinking.

## THE PRESIDENT'S GOOD SENSE.

It is just as well to keep a clear account as we go along, and in doing so we find that President Grant has to be credited with a great deal of prudence in connection with our rather tumultuous condition during the last two weeks. He has kept his hands off with a patriotism singularly at variance with the report that he always lends a hand in favor of his own partisans. The rowdies and the lobby who thought to make Grant useful in the way of letting them kick up a shindy and plunder folks have been disappointed. He has respected the stern right of the State to make a July of herself with a fairness that nothing could exceed.

## AN ALIEN CARPET-BAGGER.

An Englishman named J. Chester Morris lately arrived in New Orleans, is nursing a small sore which he was paid off with last week for engaging in a free fight among the sovereign Americans of the State of Louisiana. J. Chester Morris hopes to make some money, or other good thing, out of his hurt, but he will probably miss his object, since the free fight business is an institution wherein each one has to pay his own expenses in this country. These John Bulls always have to undergo the process of a licking in the United States, whether they invade us in the shape of armies, or in single file. Each blarsted Britisher thinks he can come to America and rectify the fight that Cornwallis lost, and this gets his head into chancery. J. Chester Morris is the latest example, but somehow he seems to have something mean in his disposition, for he refuses to acknowledge the corn, as his predecessors have done, but insists on hiding himself as a martyr to something else besides English pluck and obstinacy. He must be a fraud.

## REFORM MEASURES RECOMMENDED BY THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY-ONE.

The Committee of Fifty-one have made three recommendations, and only three, after a session of three weeks, and we must say that the country cannot be saved by either one of these suggestions. The reinstatement of Speaker Carter cannot be made by Governor Warmoth, since that is the right of the House of Representatives; the purchase of a tract of land for an insane asylum can be deferred with perfect safety until the city can pay her legitimate expenses, and the proclamation of martial law is wholly unnecessary, since order has been maintained and peace now smiles upon us with mild-eyed beneficence from every quarter. The self-constituted Aeropagus had better disband, as it is getting its hands tarred with sticks that good sense has east aside.

## GOV. WARMOTH PRESERVES PEACE.

Governor Warmoth, whatever may be said of him in other matters, has done what was never done in New Orleans before. He kept the peace at the late election. For once the people went peaceably and voted; no rows, no fights, no insults. This is one thing the Democrats and the Gem Legislature have forgotten to charge him with. How can the Democracy succeed in measures of reform if we are to have peaceable elections, such as the last one? These "obnoxious laws" giving Warmoth the power to keep the peace on election days, to gether with the school bill, must be repealed, or we must have martial law at once.

## FREE SPEECH.

Of one thing we are certain, that during Governor Warmoth's administration of affairs in Louisiana the public press, or rather the right of free speech, has been freer than it ever was before; and this is our idea of what good government means in one respect, at least. We have seen the Governor abused without measure, and we have seen his enemies abused, and yet never an attempt has been

made to suppress this by either party, because both were free to do what either did. If the Governor had been the despot that he was represented to be, and had had at his control the things who were said to be his to do his bidding, this thing might not have been as clear as it has been; and though we do not approve of slanderous abuse, still we prefer to see it tolerated for those who do like it rather than that the freedom of speech should be suppressed when the truth is necessary to be told. As has been said, error is never dangerous so long as virtue is left free to combat it; and the speech that is wicked can do but little hurt while the voice of honesty is allowed to meet and destroy it. Is it not better, then, to have free speech under Warmoth, than to be muzzled under another man whose popularity might be the result of a suppression of the truth?

## Graphic Picture of a Senator.

We extract the following from the *St. Louis Democrat* of recent date:

The telegraph informs us that ex-Senator McCreery has been nominated by the Democrats of the Kentucky Legislature to succeed Garret Davis in the United States Senate on the 4th of March. McCreery is a jolly old soul, and personally, one of the cleverest of men. You would take him, from his dress and appearance in the Senate, to be a well-to-do farmer, fresh from his barn-yard, who had just dropped in to see with what little wisdom the world was governed. He was elected a few years ago to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Guthrie, and served until the 4th of March last. He was a candidate for re-election, and indications were decidedly in his favor. He felt so confident of success that he declined to go home to take part in the canvass. Finally his friends persuaded him that he must be present at least to receive the congratulations of his friends when the thing was done. So he started for Frankfort. He had got as far as Lexington when he received an invitation to a big wedding party in that city, commemorative of the nuptials of two members of the first families. He accepted, and presented himself in homespun and tobacco juice. At the supper table that evening he met his political death in this way: Right in the presence of the *elite*, under the blaze of the big chandeliers, he transferred an unwashed soup spoon, yet moist with mawk-turtle, into the bowls of a formidable pyramid of ice-cream and so mixed up his courses as to chagrin and disgust all the first families represented at the festal board. He was doomed. No man who so thoroughly disregarded the proprieties was fit to represent Kentucky in the Senate. A delegation went from Lexington next day intent upon his defeat, and they worked so assiduously in the name of all that was respectable in Kentucky, that they shelled him effectually. John W. Stephenson, then Governor of the State, was elected in his stead. McCreery went back to finish out his term in the Senate, swearing vengeance against the "shoddyites of the Blue Glass region," as he styled them. He was rich, and the masses rather liked him because he wasn't Turvedropical; he has spent a year in hard work among his friends, and has now redeemed the blunder of the soup spoon. He is a man of unusual ability in his way, and there is in him, as a public speaker, a vein of humor that often recalls the best days of Tom Corwin.

Woodhull and Claflin in the Rosel Funeral Procession.  
[St. Louis Republican's New York Letter.]  
If Victoria and Tennessee were not amused, they must be difficult creatures to entertain. The boys invited them to speak, and were particularly happy in their remarks on their personal appearance. A big tow-headed boy sung out: "Which is the old cat they call the next President? Oh! my, ain't she ugly! Say, old gal, give us a song and dance. Is that your own hair or a scatch? Open yer mouth—yer 'fraid to, for fear the hoss-car! I think it's the depot and drive in." "Jehu! what a nose," says a lad with in a foot of Victoria; "I hain't seen such a nose since I had the measles, and then the doctor had it to prick a bibe with." The nasty little nuisances stood in solid masses about the women. Col. Blood and Stephen Pearl Andrews manfully strove to protect the brookesses; but the boys seemed to know all about matters, and said: "Now his blood's up!" "Say, Capt'n—it's all right—we're all free lovers." When a cheap transparency made its appearance with a delegation, bearing inscription, "And they had all things in common," then the crowd shouted, "Fetch that banner over here!" "Give it to Woodhull!" "Here's the gal for that motto!" Finally the procession started, and those unhappy women, footsore and insulted, walked miles through the mud which covered everything, supported by the greatest rabble that ever paraded, one weak band, thirty or forty lower-class French women, and thousands of wild, hungry-looking men. It was ridiculous on the part of the police to interfere with the Communists, as they did on the preceding Sunday, since that act was the only one that gave any sort of consequence to the whole affair.

## Opinions of a Democrat.

The *St. Louis Times*, an ultra Democratic journal, publishes a letter from a New Orleans correspondent, dated January 6th, from which we make the following extracts. The correspondent was an eye-witness to the exciting political events which had occurred up to the date of his letter, and his opinions as those of a non-partisan looker-on must possess no inconsiderable weight. His picture of Carter is true to the life. After stating that President Grant had turned his back upon the Carter faction, the writer goes on to say:

This is the death blow of the anti-Warmoth faction, for it was on this very same federal assistance that they chiefly relied, and without it they are as harmless as Falstaff's men in back-ram. They get little sympathy or encouragement from the Democracy, although a few injudicious Democrats have encouraged them; but the more prudent and thoughtful men of the party have, so far, stood aloof entirely, animated by pretty much the same feelings as possessed the old woman when Bruin and her husband were locked in deadly embrace. If, indeed, they have any sympathy with either, they lean toward the Warmoth faction.

The action of Grant in disowning the revolutionary and high-handed measures of the Carter and Custom-house clique surprised them no less than it did the opposition and the general public. There is no doubt that the Washington administration was in full accord with them until it was discovered that they were in a hopeless minority, and that the Warmoth party could not be ousted without open and palpable revolution, without possibly bloodshed. Grant's brother-in-law, Casey, the collector of this port, has been the chief leader and wire-puller of the anti-Warmoth party, and every federal office holder in this city and State has worked like a beaver against Warmoth. The United States revenue cutter *Wilderness* was, and is now, used as a refuge for the absconding Senators, in order to break a quorum in the Senate. Everything points disreputably to the fact that Mr. Grant has been aiding, abetting and encouraging the opposition in their course, and the curses and maledictions that are heaped upon his head by the Carterites for his recreancy are both loud and deep.

George W. Carter, leader of the Custom-house clique in the House, is the Speaker of that body. He is an ex-Confederate army officer, having served in the latter part of the war as Colonel of a cavalry regiment. He is likewise an ex-minister of the gospel, having at one time in his checkered career been an itinerant Methodist preacher. Army associations, however, knocked all the religious spirit out of him, if he ever possessed any. Now he swears like a trooper, and it is said he can hold his own with the best at draw poker. He is a fair specimen of the bold Western politician—rough, off-hand in style and manner, and possesses the courage and daring to execute. He is, however, lacking in discretion and judgment. With a moiety of Warmoth's tact, skill and generalship, there is no doubt that he would have won an easy victory over the latter. Carter is a representative from Cameron parish, whither he went as a registrar a few weeks before the last election. The whole term of his residence in the parish does not exceed thirty days, nor has he been in the parish since he has been returned. He holds some subordinate position in the New Orleans Custom-house. He is a genuine type of the ex-rebel, radical, carpet-bagger, without principle, honor, honesty or other commendable trait. An ex-federal carpet-bagger is bad enough, God knows; but those miserable, sneaking, recreant, perjured ex-Confederates, who have crept into the Radical fold to prey upon the Southern people, from such, good Lord, deliver us!

## A Remarkable Career of Crime.

Charles D. Hilderbrand, the notorious burglar and jail-breaker, now in prison at St. Joseph, Mo., tells the story of his life, an unbroken succession of crimes, beginning in his early childhood. He was born in 1840, and at the age of three months he was stolen from his parents, and it would seem that this act had some influence upon his character, for his favorite crime has always been robbery. When only eight years old he was detected in robbing a money drawer in St. Louis, but on account of his age he was not imprisoned. Only a year afterward he appeared in Paris, where he was convicted of robbery and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, but after three months confinement he was pardoned. Immediately upon his release he went to London, where he was detected in attempting a heavy robbery with two notorious burglars. Both of his companions were transported to Van Dieman's Land for 30 years, and after six months imprisonment in the Old Bailey, Hilderbrand, now only 10 years of age, was banished to America. He went from England to Montreal, where he was soon detected in another robbery, and sentenced to six months imprisonment, but managed to obtain his liberty at the end of three days.

Appearing shortly after this in Kingston, Canada West, he was again arrested for robbery, and imprisoned for one year, serving out his full term. In 1852 he returned again to the United States, and almost immediately made his appearance in a bold robbery at Alleghany City, Penn., which shut him up again for two years. Scarcely had he gained his liberty when he was detected in a robbery and murder, and transported to Cuba for 20 years. One of his companions was imprisoned for life. Hilderbrand contrived to obtain a release at the end of three months, and soon after was sentenced to 10 years imprisonment in Mexico for indulging again in his favorite crime. He escaped after six weeks imprisonment, and returned again to the United States. Convicted of robbery soon after in Nashville, Tenn., he was sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years, but was released through legal interference at the end of a month. In 1855 he appeared in San Francisco, and was an inmate of the city prison for one month. Going to Europe again, he next served a term of seven months at Birmingham, England; five months in a dungeon at Lyons, France, and two months in Berlin, Prussia. Returning to America, he served one month in jail at Pittsburgh, Penn.; two months in Cincinnati; was sentenced for four years at Baton Rouge, La., but escaped at the end of fifteen days; six months at St. Louis; bought himself out in three days; served two years in Illinois for two distinct charges, and escaped a third by flight to Europe. Returning to the United States in 1865 he was recognized and imprisoned in Illinois for one year. At the expiration of his term he at once entered into a conspiracy to rob an express company in Indiana, but was exposed by his associates, taken to Milwaukee, and sent up for five years. He served four years and four months, and was then discharged for good behavior. He has served fourteen years in various prisons, a part of the time closely confined in dungeons. He has been in ten different State prisons, four city prisons, twenty police stations, and seven county calabosses. He declares that he intends now to reform, and devote himself to the publication of a book of crime, exposing the manner in which burglars operate, illustrating it by scenes from his own experience.

—N. Y. Tribune.

## Critical Periods of Human Life.

From the age of forty to that of sixty, a man who properly regulates himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and his functions are in the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence, the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy and other bad characters are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, "the turn of life" has a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power, having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single excitement, may force it beyond its strength; whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has nearly set in.

GRUMBLERS AT NEWSPAPERS.—Horace Greeley hits the nail on the head when he says: "It is strange how closely the men read the papers. We never say anything that anybody don't like but we soon hear of it, and everybody tells us about it. If, however, once in a while we happen to say a good thing, we never hear of that—nobody seems to notice it. We may pay some man a hundred compliments and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it as a tribute to his greatness, and never thinks of it—never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say anything that man don't like, or something that he imagines is a reflection on him or his character, see how quick he flares up and gets excited about it. All our evils are duly charged to us, but we never, apparently, get any credit for what good we do."

A man died the other day from habitual drunkenness. A post-mortem examination of his internal organs showed that his blood was largely mixed with alcohol. The coroner testified that the heart smelled as though it had been steeped in alcohol. People who are in the habit of keeping themselves saturated with the vile alcoholic compounds under the name of rum, gin, bourbon, etc., should take warning from such an example. We may talk of soft hearts, noble hearts and true hearts but how can a heart "steeped in alcohol" be any of these?

## Address of Speaker Brewster.

Immediately after the election of Hon. O. H. Brewster, of Ouachita, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, at the session of January 4th, he addressed the members as follows:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—You will not think it strange if I express surprise at thus being elevated to the responsible position of Speaker of the House of Representatives. You know as well as myself that it is not fifteen minutes since my name was first mentioned as a candidate, and, consequently, I now take the chair without having made a promise to any member of this House. I am untrammelled and free, and will give you but one pledge at this time, and that is, that I will recommend and practice the most rigid economy in every branch of our expenditures.

We have been extravagant and wasteful in the extreme, and, while I know that certain individuals are far more criminal than others, yet I cannot and will not deny that we are all most shamefully to blame for the manner in which we have allowed the people's money to be used in the past. Then let us cease to attempt to throw the blame of our former misdeeds upon any one man, or faction, or party—in short, let us cease to look to the past except with the determination of discovering our own mistakes for the purpose of avoiding them in the future.

Let us unite with a firm resolve that we will pass such resolutions and laws, or if necessary, recommend to the voters of the State such amendments to the constitution as shall forever prevent the plundering of the people hereafter.

I know that it is customary on occasions like this for the recipients of office to return thanks to those who have elected them. This I shall not do. I shall wait until the close of the session, and then if I find that you have stood by me in my firm determination to carry out the great principles of reform and retrenchment which are so earnestly demanded by the people throughout the State, then I shall thank you a thousand times from my inmost heart for the proud position in which you have placed me. Let us keep the necessity of reform constantly in view, and make a record to which we can look back at the end of the session with feelings of satisfaction and approval—a record which we can point our constituents on our return home, and justly claim that we have done our duty as the representatives of the people—a record to which our children after us will turn with the proud satisfaction that their father proved true and faithful in one of the most critical periods of the history of Louisiana. No class of men ever had a better opportunity to establish a good name and to gain the confidence of the people. I hope and trust, and I can say from indications which I already see, that I believe that this opportunity will not be allowed to pass unimproved. Thanking you most heartily for your attention, I shall now enter upon the duties of the office to which you have called me.

## A Farewell to Geo. W. Carter.

Farewell G. W. Carter. You have played a big hand in the game of Louisiana politics, you have. That blue Spanish mantle flung loosely over your shoulders, and concealing underneath every imaginable weapon that goes off with powder, must now be taken to other fields than these. But don't take it to Washington, G. W., principally because it don't look well. Chivalry does not set well on the National stomach. When political leaders there surround themselves with ruffians, who make quorums of dead men, they somehow do not get along. It is surprising but it is true. The new parliamentary code of yours won't work in that country. By no stretch of logic can a dead man make a quorum, even of a legislative body. You are "busted"—played out. Your rum mill is closed. Not even the Marshal's private office is secure for you now. It is a pity, but it is so. We know you wanted "Reform,"—you needed it—no man more. We know you had a nice little job to turn the State over to the Democrats, but it didn't go through. We are sorry for the Democrats; they meant well in their way, but they are "busted" too. You won't be Governor, G. W. Sorry are we, but you must work for your living hereafter, and not have the State to support you. Paddle your own canoe, for now you will find out no Democrat will paddle it for you. Texas customs don't get along here any more. It is a great misfortune but it is a fact. The Digger Indians (not taxed) might afford you shelter—they believe in a quorum of dead men—we don't, G. W., more's the pity. Go with you, Records generally keep where you will, your record will go with company with a high-toned gentleman like yourself and the *Pags* whom you lead. It is astonishing how records stick to a man; yours isn't a good one. You believe in cutting down the majority of your opponents by "hook or by crook," but it won't pay. Civilization don't permit it; it may be unfortunate but it is so. Wrap yourself in your mantle, you won't have much chance to put it to a more becoming use. Good-bye.—N. O. *Semi-Weekly Louisianian*.