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

The Speaker of the British House of Commons enjoys a magnificent residence, finished and kept in repair at the public expense, and containing 100 rooms. He receives a salary of \$25,000, and on retirement is always created a viscount, and has a pension of \$20,000 which, on his death passes to his eldest son.

The nomination of Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central, for President looks a little billious. If Bob Wiggins, General Superintendent of the Bungtown Narrow gauge Turnpike, should decline the use of his name for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket, we fear the thing would prove a failure.—*Courier Journal.*

In France the manufacture of matches sustains 25,000 workmen, and seven millions of francs are invested in the business. The government proposes to tax it. The manufacturers say if it does the consumption of matches will fall of three-fourths, and that five millions of dollars worth of property will be rendered valueless, and over twenty thousand laborers thrown out of employment.

Mrs. Fair died on the 30th of December, in prison, and there are many rumors concerning her death. One report is, that she died from the effects of brutal treatment, on the part of her jailor; another, that she committed suicide. However it may be, the State of California is spared the painful duty of hanging a woman, and doubtless her cares and anxieties made the grim destroyer a welcome visitor.

There is now on exhibition, at the City Hotel, a tooth weighing twelve pounds, which would make an interesting study for antiquarians. It no doubt belonged to one of the huge species of antediluvian monsters that frequented the vast plains and marshes of the American Continent long before man had made it his habitation. The soil of Texas is fertile in specimens of petrified reptiles of a very early period in the world's history, which would amply repay the antiquarian for his researches.—*Tyler Index.*

The most recent trapeze accident is that of Mlle. Geraldine, a young woman whose performances have often received great applause. The girl was practicing with Mr. Leopold the prodigious feat through the air from the dress circle to a trapeze hanging from the ceiling near the stage, and when in mid air she loosened her grasp and was precipitated with immense force upon the footlights. She was taken up mangled and bleeding, and was not expected to survive. This horrible affair, which occurred at the Union Park Theatre, New York, took place at rehearsal.

On the night of the 14th inst., the residence of Mr. John Whitaker, in Anacoco, Sabine parish, caught fire about 12 o'clock at night. Everything was consumed. One of his children was burnt in the building, another so injured by the flames that he died; while the mother was badly burned. Two children only escaped unhurt. Mr. Whitaker was absent at the time. His agony of mind on learning the terrible news, surpasses description. This is one of the most distressing accidents that has occurred in this section for many years.—*Red River News.*

Here is a lot of nonsense about H. G., as a farmer: Mr. Greeley, on his farm, keeps a running account with hens, double entry. When a hen lays an egg she runs around the bases, and when she strikes the home base, where the book-keeper is located, she sings out, "tally one," or "tally two," as the case may be, because some of them are repeaters, and the book-keeper gives her credit, and charges her for her meals. In this way, Horace can tell what hens are shirking, and how much he makes on each hen. He says his experience is that roosters are a glaring fraud, putting on style all around, and never laying an egg once in two weeks.

The Gallows in India.

Execution of the Assassin of the Late Chief-Justice.

[From Calcutta Englishman of Nov. 8 1871.]

"The murderer of late chief-justice paid the penalty of his crime on Saturday morning. For some days past he has been suffering from severe illness and it is possible that his execution was carried out at once, least he should die by a natural death, have escaped the disgrace and punishment awarded to him. It is probably that it was not generally known through the native quarters of the town that the day or hour had been fixed for his execution, or a larger concourse of spectators would have been present. As it was, some few hundred Hindoos, but hardly a dozen Mohammedans were present. The number of Europeans on the ground was not large, but it contained some of the softer sex, these could be so designated, whom nobody expected to see at such a place. A large force of European and native constables kept the ground, but there was no disorder, nor, indeed, any excitement among the crowd. On the fog clearing away, a little before 10 o'clock, Dr. Mackenzie, the superintendent of the jail, accompanied by Dr. Lynch, inspector-general of prisons, Mr. S. C. Barclay, secretary to the government of Bengal, Mr. G. Mauntrell, solicitor to the government, and the representatives of the press, proceeded to the condemned cell. The prisoner remained on his knees for some time in prayer. He was then brought out and handcuffed and chained. He looked very ill, and his wrists were being locked in the handcuffs behind his back he began to display the first symptoms of nervousness which he had shown since his capture. His demeanor had never been defined or bold, but always calm and self-possessed.

"When informed, which he had been previously, that his body was to be burned after death—punishment dreadful to the followers of the prophet, as involving the loss of paradise, he was most cool, and merely said 'Acha.' Before ascending the steps which led to the scaffold, Dr. Mackenzie asked him if he wished to say anything. He answered that he had nothing to say beyond what he had already said, that he was not in his senses when he stabbed the chief-justice, and he must have done the act in such a fit. He had always referred to this statement, and though a little trouble was taken during the time he was in prison to elicit something more from him, all attempts were ineffectual. He had evidently made up his mind for death, and, as Mr. Justice Paul anticipated in delivering sentence, he was determined to carry his dark secret with him to his grave. Whether the knowledge that his body would be burned unnerved him at last, it is impossible to say; but his voice in replying to Dr. Mackenzie was very weak and trembling, and there was a nervous twitching in his hands which seemed to betoken fear. He walked without assistance, however, up the steps leading to the roof, on which the scaffold was erected; but when his eyes rested on the domes who were waiting to receive him, a visible shudder passed through his body, and a strange look of anger and horror shot from his eyes. From that moment he grew more unnerved, but remained standing on the trap of the scaffold while the cap was drawn over his face and the rope adjusted about his neck. The latter hardly been done when he fell down suddenly, but in a sitting position, probably in a faint. At that moment, however, the bolt was withdrawn, and he fell through the trap. The rope was a long one; but the noose slipped from behind his ear to the back of his head, and this, perhaps, tended to prevent him dying almost immediately. He struggled for some little time, and the doctors at first thought that the drop had failed to break the neck. It was found, however, when the body was cut down, that the neck had been broken. He was hanging at 6:05 o'clock, and after being suspended for about an hour, the body was cut down and taken inside the jail. After inspection by the doctors, it was taken to the back of the condemned cell, where a pile of wood had been prepared. Placed on this, the pyre was set fire to by the wretched fanatic or hireling assassin. The police arrangements could not, perhaps, be found fault with, but if the government wished the punishment to be a warning to others, it would have been as well had the native spectators been able to get a view of the dead body, and the burning might have taken place publicly. If this last act was done with any ulterior object, witnesses, especially Mussulmans, should have been present, so that no doubt could exist in bazaar or mosques as to the disposal of the body. It might have been a well too, had there been a certain number of detectives among the crowd, with a view to pick up any clue which might have been given, perchance involuntarily, if any friends or sympathizers of the criminal were present. One detective certainly was present, and in order that there might be no just cause for complaint, he was dressed in uniform with the word 'detective' embroidered on his coat. This one little poke volumes for the ability and

skill with which the Calcutta police are at present handled. The crowd quietly dispersed after the body was cut down, and at 7 o'clock the road and ground in front of the prison were clear. The hanging of a miserable wretch like the murderer is but a sorry compensation for the loss of the good and gentle life he took; but it is even lessened by the reflection that the assassin should have died without a ray of light being obtained to clear up the dark mystery of the cause which led to the foul and unnatural murder of the highest judicial functionary in India."

Reminiscence of Fisk.

It is now in order to recount anecdotes of the early life of the late James Fisk, Jr., and the Chicago Post proceeds to relate the following reminiscence of the prince's sunny hours of boyhood:

"When Fisk was about ten years of age he kept a small market stall at Bennington, Vermont. One day the eminent steamboatman, Daniel Drew, came to the market with his basket on his arm. He asked Young Fisk if his eggs were fresh. 'You bet,' replied the ingenious boy, 'pop pulled them off the vines this morning.' 'Give me a dozen, sonny,' replied Mr. Drew. The next stall was kept by little Eliphalet Buckram. 'Is this pumpkin good, my son?' asked the venerable stock broker. 'It is a good enough Morgan,' answered the truthful child, 'but, sir, if you will examine that portion concealed from your scrutinizing view, by contract with the boards forming the counter of the stall, you will see that there is a bad spot in it.' 'Does not that seem unbusinesslike, my child, to cry down your own wares?' asked the kind-hearted millionaire. 'My sainted mother said I must never tell a lie with my little hatchet,' replied Eliphalet Buckram. The rich man was moved to tears; he took out his purse and gave Eliphalet Buckram a pat on the head and said he was a good boy. When he had gone, Eliphalet Buckram said to little James, 'O James, what made you tell such a fib? You know those eggs were laid three weeks ago. You will see that I have gained a customer and you have lost one.' Well, when Eliphalet went home his stepmother came to the door and said: 'Here you are, you lazy little sneak, and you haven't sold that pumpkin yet! I'll pumpkin you!' And she took him in her stepmotherly arms and fanned him with an ox goad until he said that he would prefer taking his meals off the mantel piece for the next few consecutive days to sitting down with the rest of the family; and next day Daniel Drew came into the market ('a rearin' and a tearin,' as old inhabitants say), and said: 'Where is the boy that sold me those eggs, eh?' and Jim Fisk pointed to Eliphalet and said: 'There he is, sir,' and Daniel Drew reinforced that boy's stepmother's ox goad with his cane so effectually that—but never mind. So Daniel Drew bought all his garden sassa of Jim Fisk. In after life Eliphalet Buckram set up a grocery store, and gave trust to all the poor people, and never sanded his sugar, and wouldn't qualify his rum with water; so he burst up, and the sheriff sold him out and he went to the poorhouse. But Daniel Drew kept his eye on Jim Fisk, and by-and-by he gave him a partnership in the Erie firm, and Jim beat him out of \$4,000,000. This is not a story for good little boys. We fear it is too near the truth."

Lost in a Forest.

[From New Philadelphia (Ohio) Advocate.]

One week ago last Wednesday morning the mercury stood at zero, and although it moderated some, a wind sprang up, and the air was filled with snow flakes making it very cold. A German citizen, named Hooprich, started to the woods to cut a pole to prepare for butchering. His little boy, four years old, saw the direction he took, and after he had gone some time, slipped out at the gate and followed. The father returned at noon, not having seen the child. He was missed, but supposed to be at some neighbor's house, and was not hunted until towards night. He could not be found, and the town was aroused, and squads set out in all directions, but to no purpose. Next morning the search was renewed. Just before noon the little fellow was found by Fred Moffat, who was out gaming. His dog discovered him, and attracted his attention by barking. The little fellow had wandered about a mile and a half from town, and had laid, exhausted, on a pile of saw dust in a clearing, not two hundred yards from the house of Josiah Chase, on the Sprangler farm. He was lying on his face, with his knees under him, with his left hand under his body, and the right one on the back of his head. He was without mittens and only dressed in his common clothes. When found, he was entirely unconscious, with the blood oozing from his mouth and nose, and no pulse perceptible except at the temple. He had been out in the cold for over twenty-four hours and had he not been very fleshy and full of animal life, he would have perished. He remained unconscious for twenty-four hours, but is rapidly recovering. He may lose the first joints of his fingers on his right hand, but will not otherwise show the effects of his severe freezing.

Highway Robbery.

[From the Toledo (O.) Commercial.]

An old gentleman, named Alvin Briggs, arrived in the city on the train from Chicago, and put up at the Whipple House. The next morning he started out to visit the various real estate offices of the city for the purpose of ascertaining where he could best invest the sum of \$2200 in a small house.

The first office visited was that of George E. Pomeroy & Son, and from thence to Kelley Bros, the latter making an engagement with him to cross the river and look at some property there. From Kelley's office Briggs went down to the hay market, on Summit street, below Cherry, where he had conversation with some of the farmers from the country relative to lands for sale in their respective localities. He next went to the office of Wm. Baker, who directed him to a piece of property for sale in the vicinity of Manhattan. Taking a street car, he rode down to the city limits, then walking to the place to which he had been directed by Mr. Baker, saw the person residing there, looked at the land, and set out upon his return to the hotel shortly after sundown.

When he had almost reached the terminus of the street railroad he met two men who passed him. In a moment or two afterwards he suddenly felt a sack thrown over his head and shoulders, by some person coming up from behind, while a second party caught him around the waist, both robbers crushing him down to the ground in a most cruel manner. The old man struggled desperately with the assailants at first, but when one of them said, 'D—n him, if he don't lie still knife him!' Briggs ceased to resist, and suffered them to remove a belt containing \$2200 which he had around his waist, and also to take a purse, which held about \$10. They then disappeared, the old gentleman thinks, in the direction of Manhattan. During the struggle Briggs had received injuries which completely disabled him, so that he was compelled to lie helpless in the ditch by the side of the road. He thinks he must have remained there half an hour before he could make any of the persons in the passing train hear his weak cries and come to his assistance. At last a gentleman passing in a buggy heard the call for help, and, according to his request, conveyed him to the Whipple House, where he was cared for.

In making his statement to our reporter, last evening, he says he is a native of New York, but removed to near Kansas City, Mo. Having lost his only remaining child there, a son, and becoming possessed of a desire to return Eastward, he came as far as Chicago some time last August, and where his family, consisting of a wife and two grandchildren, now reside. He is sixty-four years old, with hair almost entirely white, and as he lay upon the bed in the room at the Whipple House, last evening, moaning with pain, and inquiring what he should do, as the villains had robbed him of all the money he possessed in the world—it was a scene well calculated to draw forth the utmost sympathy.

A Nabob's Visit to New York.

[As told by Mark Twain in his new book entitled 'Roughing It,' now in press. It is a sample of the good things contained therein.]

In Nevada there used to be current the story and adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth. Colonel Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the States, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city.

These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night and sailed in the morning. Arrived in New York, Colonel Jack said:

'I've heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along.'

They stepped on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called a stylish barouche. But Colonel Jack said:

'No, sir! None of your Cheap-John turn-outs for me. I am here to have a good time, and money ain't no object. I mean to have the nobbiest rig that's going. Now, here comes the very trick. Stop that raller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself.'

So Colonel Jim stopped the empty omnibuses and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

'Ain't it gay, though? Oh no, I reckon not. Cushions, and windows, and pictures till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us.'

Then he put his head out of the window and shouted to the driver:

'Say, Johnny, this suits me—suits yours, truly, you bet you! I want this shebang all day. I'm on it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right to you, sonny.'

The driver passed his hand through the strap hole and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into

common use. Colonel Jack took the hand and shook it cordially. He said:

'You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of that and see how you like it!'

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece in the driver's hand. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

'Both the change! Ride out. Put it in your pocket.'

Then to Colonel Jim, with a sounding slap on his thigh:

'Ain't it style, though? Hanged if I don't hire this thing every day for a week.'

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack started for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

'Don't say a word,' he whispered. 'Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough.'

The young lady got her portemonnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

'What's this for?' he said.

'Give it to the driver, please.'

'Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You are welcome to a ride here as long as you please, but the shebang is chartered, we shan't let you pay a cent.'

The girl shrank into one corner bewildered.

An old lady with a basket climbed in and proffered her fare.

'Excuse me,' said Colonel Jack. 'You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down there ma'am, and don't you feel the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you were in your turn-out.'

Within two minutes three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children entered.

'Come right along, friends,' said Colonel Jack, 'don't mind us; this is a free blow-out.' Then he whispered to Colonel Jim: 'New York ain't no sociable place; I don't reckon it ain't no name for it.'

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

'Oh, there is plenty of room,' said Colonel Jack. 'Walk right in, and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything as a blow-out unless a body has company.' Then, in a whisper to Colonel Jim: 'But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it, too! Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse, if it was going their way.'

More passengers got in; more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding to the seats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

'Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything that ever I saw I'm an Injun,' whispered Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

'I weaken!' said Colonel Jack.

'Hold on, driver! Keep your seats ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—every thing's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywhere, and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents; go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent!'

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said:

'Jiminy, it's the sociablest place I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzed in as comfortable as anybody. If we'd staid awhile I reckon we'd have some niggers. By George! we'll have to bar ricade our doors to-night, or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us.'

The Arkansas Tragedy.

One week from yesterday a terrible tragedy was enacted in this city, by which an erring woman was hurried into eternity in the space of five short minutes, a man in the full flush of young life was prostrated by a ball from a deadly weapon, and the prime motor attempted to take his own life. Our readers have had daily bulletins in regard to the condition of the would-be-suicide, and the second victim of his frenzy. This one, A. D. Lathrop, has received eminent medical attention and care, and it was thought by his friends that he would eventually get well. The ball which penetrated his bowels, lodged near the spinal column, and was extracted on the 6th of this month, three days after the affair. Yesterday morning at 1 o'clock, Lathrop, who had one or two congestive chills, was observed by Captain Green, who was watching by his bedside, to bound in the bed and turn over on his left side. The Captain called assistance from the next room, but an investigation disclosed the fact that he was dead. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict that A. D. Lathrop had come to his death at 1 o'clock, Jan. 9, 1872, by a ball from a pistol in the hands of Thomas Newcombe, on the morning of Jan. 2, 1872. Lathrop's remains will be taken by his father to Hudson, New York, to-day. He was about 24 years old.—*Little Rock Repub.*

The Secret of Bret Harte.

[E. P. Whipple in the Independent.]

Bret Harte is a thoroughly educated man, sympathizing with the finest results of thought and culture, and gifted with a delicacy and depth of feeling which even Tennyson would not disown. His best interpretations are undoubtedly subtle interpretations of the "roughs;" but he does his work all the more powerfully because he is individually raised above the coarse creatures whose subterranean virtue he detects and depicts. The repulsive outside does not conceal from his sharp eye the presence of some of the noblest qualities of human nature. Still, he ever looks down on what he represents. In none of his stories does he place himself on a moral or intellectual level with his subjects. The sentiment of humanity is all that connects him with his vividly conceived and boldly drawn characters. The characteristic poems and stories of Bret Harte bear us in the theory of his genius and popularity. He has great sharpness of merely external observation; he has also great depth of moral insight. Personally fastidious in the matter of taste, he has an eye wide open to the merits of the people who shock all his notions of taste. He interprets rude populations, which he at the same time condemns. In short, he is a poet and humorist, vividly producing new and fresh forms of human character, but careful to throw them into just relations with their letters. He shows that the blockheads are not so bad as they appear; but in thus vindicating human nature in the person of its worst representatives, he indicates a faith in humanity which austere moralists have too often overlooked. Bret Harte comes forward as the interpreter of the "roughs," only on grounds which will eventually extinguish ruffianism. He touches that vital virtue in their inmost souls which will in the end regenerate their coarse natures. He may be tolerant of their besetting sins, but his toleration is of that sort which tends to lift rather than to justify them. In short, he is thoroughly Christian in the sentiment which directs equally his humor and his pathos, though he is artistically careful to conceal his end in his means, to teach morality while seeming to dispense with it. The real danger to literature in Bret Harte's success will spring from his imitators. His subjects are in themselves vulgar; he redeems their vulgarity by his genius. Tempted by his popularity, scores of clever writers will rush to the gold mine he has discovered and try to appropriate its treasures. They must fail, for they will simply further vulgarize the vulgarity which Bret Harte has succeeded in idealizing. The real literature of ruffianism begins, and we trust, will end in Bret Harte.

Public Life and Liquor in England.

[From London Times.]

A well known correspondent steps forward to-day to the chief point in the great question of this present day. It is the public life of this country that is now on its trial. As human nature is constituted in this part of the world, strong drink is a necessary concomitant of public life. Of course the necessity of the link will be denied, as we shall be told that public life can be, and indeed, is, conducted without these dangerous stimulants and restoratives; but when the people who say this also tell us, it is to be feared, too truly, that the inhabitants of these Isles spend a hundred millions a year in strong drink, for the most part with the utmost publicity, they admit what is as good as necessity for the purposes of this question. Moreover, what is on trial is strictly and only public life; for it is the public houses we all have our eyes upon. Our correspondent observes, what indeed, all know, but some choose to blink, that working-men, indeed, all our countrymen, must have society. It is a universal, natural, wholesome craving; and it may be said that everybody, whatever his calling, rank and position, is the better for frequent, free conversation with his equals at least, and occasionally with those above and below him. A class which claims itself to meet in society, with every appliance which can open the heart, quicken the spirit, and set free the tongue, can only deny this happiness to other classes upon the supposition of their being its brutal, miserable slaves. Of course there is a good deal of talk about the laborer or the working man spending his evenings at home in the bosom of his family, but the British hearth only requires to be described, as it too often exists, to be found a sad illusion. There is a good deal that we may say on this subject, and a good deal also that we have no right whatever to say, it being simply an impertinence. We have a right to say to the working man that he ought not to get drunk, that he ought not to spend on his drink what is due to his wife and children, his creditors, or his own betterment; that he ought not to make himself a public nuisance or a mere beast; but we have no right to tell him when he feels the want of a slight stimulant, or craves for social intercourse, that it is not for such as he is to demand the costly indulgences. Public life is an essential part of the life of all countries. The climate and the several industrial requirements of this country prevent that social intercourse.