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Ladies who wear corsets and thin shoes ought to be arrested for breaking the Constitution.

During the past ten years the San Francisco mint has coined nearly \$200,000,000 in gold and silver.

Hamlet is believed to have belonged to the National Typographical Union. He killed Polonius because he thought the latter was a "rat."

An Indiana maiden suing for breach of promise, has put in evidence not only the letters of the faithless one, but also her own, to show the depth of her ruined affections.

Revenge is sweet. A widow won \$90,000 from a German gambler at Baden Baden, and a French General, whose hatred for Germany is undying, married the avenger of his country and the \$90,000.

One of the jurors in the Mayor Hall case in New York is dead. We have been apprehensive from the start that death from old age would overtake the whole of them before the thing is done with.—Louisville Courier Jour.

Mr. Greeley neglected to say in his never-to-be-forgotten "What I Know About Farming," that those who sow syrup may expect to reap sap. An agricultural man which politicians inclined to oversweetness would do well to make a note of.—Golden Age.

One of the best temperance sermons ever delivered is this sentence by the late Rev. Samuel J. May: "If it is a small sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake."

A Yankee in England, being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of English girls, finally silenced him by declaring that "they'd a gal in Boston only eleven years old, who could chew gum in seven different languages, with her eyes shut."

Gypsies have lately been coming to America in considerable numbers, and it is said that their king had his headquarters in New Jersey. It is estimated that there are over 5000 in the United States, 18,000 in England, 40,000 in Spain, 97,000 in Austria, and 200,000 in Moldavia and Wallachia.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends one to society for its disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless and injurious to society.

The boy who hired himself to have his teeth whitened every day for a month by one of those mountebanks who sell dentifrices on the sidewalk, now comfortably situated with an eminent dentist, in the capacity of a faithful example, without a tooth in his head, and with hardly a socket left in which to put one.

A simple and effective mode of killing one's creditors without fear of detection has been invented in New Hampshire. It consists in writing to the intended victim a letter requiring an immediate answer, and inclosing a powerfully poisoned stamp for return postage. Agents who will take the patent right for States or counties where there are many mothers-in-law may realize handsome profits.

The State Superintendent of Education has notified Mr. Samuel Peters, of Shreveport, that his appointment by Lieutenant Governor Pinchback to the office of division superintendent of education for the fourth division was illegal, and that until it can be ascertained that he is qualified for the office, and nominated and appointed according to law, he had better not resign his office as cashier of the Freedmen's Bank of Shreveport.—N. O. Republican.

Public Opinions on Public Questions.

The Colored Vote.

[From the New York Independent.]
During the days of slavery and until after the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, the colored people of this country, though constituting in 1870 more than one-seventh of the whole population, were not deemed of much political significance. The comparatively few who in the Northern States enjoyed the elective franchise, were not sufficiently numerous, as compared with the great body of voters, to enter into the calculation of political parties or make any considerable impression as to the result. Politicians did not consider them of consequence enough to be worth any special attention. Politics belonged to white men as their exclusive right and privilege, while black men were of no account.

This state of things has been wonderfully changed by the destruction of slavery and the enfranchisement of the colored people. History contains no record of so great a revolution on so large a scale and in so short a time. It seems more like a miracle than an event transpiring under the usual operation of moral causes. The victims of cruel prejudice and long oppression suddenly, and without any of those calamities so often predicted, stand up in the full manhood of American citizenship. This is no longer the "white man's government;" but, rather, the government of the people, holding in each other the relation of civil and political equality, immaterial of what may be their race or color.

The principles of the Declaration of Independence have at length been incorporated into a fundamental law of the land. The Fourteenth Amendment says that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." The fifteenth amendment says that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." This is slightly a different doctrine from that of Chief Justice Taney, who denied the citizenship of the negro, and declared that he had no rights which white men were bound to respect.

The next national election will be the first in the history of the country according to colored men the full opportunity to participate as citizens in the choice of President and Vice-President. The colored race in 1870 numbered 4,800,000, in a total population of 38,558,983, which is a fraction more than one-eighth of the whole. If we estimate one-sixth of this number to be voters, then, according to the census of 1870, the colored voters will be 813,234. Their increase since the taking of the census must bring the number up to about nine hundred thousand. These voters are for the most part in the Southern States. In Mississippi and South Carolina they constitute a large proportion of the voting population, and in Louisiana their number is slightly in excess of the white vote.

There is hardly a Southern State—if we except Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and West Virginia—in which they are not sufficiently numerous to hold the balance of power, and by their vote determine the result of any election. Nor are they by any means an insignificant element in several of the Northern States. In 1870 Pennsylvania contained 65,294 colored people, which would give 10,882 colored votes, to say nothing of the increase since that period. The State of New York has about 10,000 such votes. Ohio has nearly 12,000 more. In Illinois there are more than 5000, and more than 4000 in Indiana. New Jersey has nearly 6000, and Connecticut about 2000. In all the Northern States, with few exceptions, the colored vote is large enough to make itself distinctly felt as a political power.

This vote ought to be entirely Republican, from one end of the land to the other. Such, as we cannot doubt, it will be by an overwhelming preponderance. Dr. Garnett, himself a colored man, and speaking in the interest of his race, designates a colored man voting the Democratic ticket as a "black fool." This race owes nothing to Democracy except indignation and contempt. From first to last, the Democratic party has been politically its sworn enemy. Allied with slaveholders before the war, it did its utmost to prevent the adoption of the three great amendments which have lifted the colored people to their present position. Not one of these amendments would have been ratified if the Democracy had been the majority party in this country. Every State controlled by Democrats voted against all of them; and, when they were proposed in Congress, the whole strength of the party was solidly arrayed against them. The Democratic record in this respect is much darker than the skin of its victims. This one indictment against it, were there no other, ought to consign the party to everlasting infamy.

Republicans, on the other hand, have been the friends of the colored race; and having the power, they have wielded it as to secure to this race the legal status of complete American citizenship. The constitutional amendments, in their inception,

progress and final ratification, are entirely due to the principles and policy of the Republican party. Having conquered the Slaveholders' Rebellion, it then determined that these righteous fruits of victory should not be lost. Equal civil and political rights are the law of the land to-day because Republicans have ruled the land for the last ten years. So long as they shall remain in power the law will be vigorously applied for the defense of all men, whether black or white. Their liberty record constitutes the very brightest page of their political history. General Grant, the Republican President, has been absolutely true to the principles upon which he was elected; and for this he deserves the commendation and thanks of all who love justice, and especially the warmest gratitude of the colored people. The law in his hands has been made a terror to evil-doers.

Congratulating colored men upon the boon which they have received at a great price, and reminding them that they have nearly a million of votes to cast at the next Presidential election, we exhort them for the sake of their own interests, and on account of the principles involved, to buckle on the armor for the approaching struggle; and do valiant service in helping to elect the Republican ticket. There will be really but two parties in the field—the one Republican and the other Democratic; and between these they must make their choice. The one they can trust, as its record amply proves; and the other they can not, as its record equally proves. The success of the Democratic party at the next Presidential election would be a great disaster to the colored race, especially to the freedmen at the South. The constitutional amendments are not self-executing; and, hence, they need to be committed not to those who reluctantly accept them as a political necessity, but to those who believe in them, and will see to it that they are armed with all the legislation necessary to make them operative. All the friends of liberty and all the victims of former oppression should unite in defeating a party whose record will go to history as the permanent evidence of its iniquity. Its past treachery to the principles of equal justice is an abundant reason why its professions for the future should not be trusted.

A Couple of Heroines.

Says an exchange: It is of importance for the unties how the heroine of a story is described. One author paints a heroine in such a way as to make the reader, if a masculine, wish he was her'n while another sketches her in a style to make the most desperate better on a small hand cry "pass"—in fact he'd sooner "go it alone" than in that kind of company. We give below specimens of the different styles. The first is by Miss Braddon, and the last by an anonymous ens—probably one of those newspaper wretches who has not the slightest respect for "the holiest feelings which underlie our nature," as the learned poet Fusby says when in his towering moods:

She was by no means a striking beauty, this farmer's daughter, who had been educated beyond her station, the little world of Kingsbury, and Mrs. James Redmayne in particular, protested. She was not a woman to take mankind by storm under any circumstances, but fair and lovable notwithstanding; a figure very pleasant to watch flitting about house or garden, tall and slender like the lilies in the long borders, and with flower-like grace that made her seem akin to them—a sweet, fair young face, framed in reddish-brown hair, with touches of red gold here and there among the waving tresses; a face whose chiefest charm was its complexion, a milk white skin, with only the faintest blush-rose bloom to warm it into life.

Here is the one from the newspaper wretch:

She was a striking beauty, this girl who had jerked lager from the day in which she was first able to yell "Come down with the stamps." She was a woman who took mankind by storm, and any one who went back on her she'd "put a head on to him." Her figure was not ethereal. She could drink more lager than the man who swore he drank sixty glasses without taking his month from the faucet, and on saucages she was acknowledged a champion. Her grace wasn't of the willow sort. There wasn't the slightest "sway" to her. When her hands were filled with larger glasses, and her mind was reeked with the thought of how much she could "knock down," she was a sight terribly beautiful to behold. Her face had the elegant outlines of a boxing-glove, and her skin rivaled in whiteness the spotless snowiness, seemingly as it were, of a decayed dish-cloth. How could I gaze upon her and not love her? She was the one of whom I had dreamed in the mid-summer day hours, whose presence my nightly hours had made uneasy, and whose absence had rendered my life miserable. I made love to her at once. In a few hours my ungodly passion had been declared, and I had asked her to say that she had loved me. Her reply was "Now look a-her, young feller, I ain't out to it. I've got my feller, and I sticks to him, I does. I ain't much flat, I guess not much. Go sling yourself after some other gal. You ain't my style. You look like a duffer, you do."

The Little Outcast.

BY MRS. DENNISON—A MASONIC SISTER.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'm? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a black moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such—the time near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the two only naked trees near the house, and filled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow flake touched with its soft chill the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hand.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perishing, with cold;" and she drew a rude chair up the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the good man presented himself, wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself; he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept, only till tomorrow; so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler, evasively.

"And where—who is he? what is he?"

"A jail bird," and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months; he's a hard one. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail—the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy until she called the boy in and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashtamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheek seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing, as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me; I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight should it be necessary, "how come you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was too terrible to behold—"oh! I hain't no mother; oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement and the tears gushing out from his strange looking eyes, "I wouldn't a been bound out and kicked, cuffed and laid on to with whips. I wouldn't a been satey and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail bird? No—no, she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head—to tell him to look up and from henceforth find in her a mother.

Yes, she even put her arms about the forsaken, deserted child—she poured from her mother's heart sweetly womanly words—words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken and strongest hands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little, sinning but striving mortal. None but the angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never—he is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster father is dead, his good foster mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"He that saveth a soul from death hideth a multitude of sins."

Life in the Kansas Bottoms.

A Kansas magazinist, who evidently paints from life, depicts the inhabitant of the low bottom lands of his State in the following spirited manner:

"In the neighborhood saloon, with a few boon companions gathered around the rusty stove choked with the soggy driftwood, he drinks sod-corn from a tin cup, plays old sledge upon the head of an empty keg, and reels home at nightfall, yelling through the timber, to his squalid cabin. A score of lean, hungry curs pour in a canine cataract over the worn fence by the horse-block, as their master approaches, baying deep-mouthed welcome, filling the chambers of the forest with hoarse reverberations, mingled with an explosion of oaths and frantic imprecations. Snoring the night away in drunken slumber under a heap of gray blankets, he crawls into his muddy jeans at sunup, takes, a gurgling drink from a flat, black bottle stoppered with a cob, goes to the log-pile by the front door, and with a dull axe slabs off an armful of green cottonwood to make a fire for breakfast, which consists of the inevitable 'meat and bread,' and a decoction of coffee burned to charcoal and drank without milk or sugar. Another pull at the bottle, a few grains of quinine, if it is a regular day, a chew of navy, and the ager day is finished. The sweet delights of home have been enjoyed, and the spiritual creature goes forth, invigorated for the struggle of life, to repeat the exploits of every yesterday of his existence."

The leading politician and Beau Brummel of the locality is described as follows:

"To the most minute observer his age was a question of the gravest doubt. He might have been 30; he might have been a century, with no violation of the probabilities. His hair was a sandy sorrel, something like a Rembrandt interior, and strayed around his freckled scalp like the top layer of a hayrick in a tornado. His eyes were two gleams half filled with pale-blue starch. A thin, sharp nose projected above a lipless mouth that seemed always upon the point of breaking into the most grievous lamentations, and never opened save to take whisky and tobacco in, and let oaths and saliva out. A low, slender neck, yellow and wrinkled after the manner of a lizard's belly, bore this dome of thought upon its summit, itself projecting from a miscellaneous assortment of gent's furnishing goods, which covered a frame of unearthly longitude and unspeakable emaciation. Thorns and thongs supplied the place of buttons upon the costume of this Brummel of the bottom, coarsely patched beyond recognition of the original fabric. The coat had been constructed for a giant, the pants for a pigmy. They were too long in the waist, and too short in the leg, and flapped loosely around his shrunken shanks high above the point where his fearful feet were partially concealed by mismatched shoes that permitted his great toes to peer from their gaping integuments like the heads of two snakes of a novel species and uncommon fetor. This princely phenomenon was topped with a hat which had neither band, nor brim, nor crown. His voice was an odd admixture of fawning servility and apprehensive effrontery, at the sight of a d-d Yankee, whom he hated and feared next to a negro."

Animals Understand Language.

The Spirit of the Times says: Mules seem to possess a superiority over horses in learning a language. Nothing is more common on the levee in New Orleans than to see stalwart mules harnessed in drays, that understand both French and English. If the driver speaks Spanish, or German, or French, and the animal has been long enough with him, it is quite evident he understands when told to do this or that in either tongue, by instant obedience. Even donkeys manifest a peculiar aptitude for accomplishing themselves in the same way, if reared with drivers speaking two or three dialects. A splendid opportunity offers for instituting experiments to determine how much a horse might be taught of a language—no severity or probrativeness affords an unerring keynote to their cerebral powers. A gentleman of New York, two years ago, was in the habit of talking with his beautiful horse as he did with his friends, and promised a lump of sugar if he traveled well when he rode out, which was invariably given on returning to the stable. When the sagacious quadruped had exerted himself in a particularly satisfactory manner, he had a way of expressing his consciousness of it to his owner, who acknowledged the hint by giving him two lumps.

Blackmailed to His Death.

[From the Buffalo Commercial.]

A few months ago a man died in a little town on the Canada side, who in early life was one of the most promising clergymen in the city of New York. He died a broken-hearted man, and the victim to a merciless attempt to blackmail, which had been tried upon him soon after his entrance upon parochial duties. He was summoned one day to perform a Christian clergymen's offices in a house where he had no previous acquaintance. The story told by the parties who summoned him was a very plausible one, and he went without hesitation into the trap prepared for him. As soon as he arrived at the sick chamber he was confronted by two men, who maintained that he had visited the house with impure motives, and threatened to expose him unless he paid over a certain sum of "hush-money." The man in his bewilderment took precisely the wrong course. He felt that he could better submit to pecuniary extortion than to allow his name to be used in connection with a disgraceful affair, no matter how innocent he might have been of the charges brought against him. He therefore paid the sum demanded. From that hour he was a doomed man. At regular intervals his persecutors called for more money. If he refused to pay they held the old threat over him, and it was doubly strong from the fact that he had once paid to keep the matter secret. His life became a torture to him. He resigned his parish in the metropolis and tried to be concealed in a more humble parish in another part of the country; but go where he would the relentless blackmailers were on his track. Finally he told his friends the terrible secret of his life. This thwarted his persecutors, to be sure, but their victim was already a ruined man; as we have said, he died a few months ago in a quiet, out-of-the-way Canadian town.

Home, Wife and Saturday Night.

Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it on a Saturday night—a home, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so; no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it. Let the winds blow—close the curtains. What if they are plain calico, without border, tassel or any such thing? Let the rain come down—heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering cloudless, shielding a sunset through the room—just light enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways; not rapid as in the hurrying world; but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa around close by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that; if so it be, it is just long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more." Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one at least can get sixty-nine and a half miles nearer "kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in "Matte Brun." Maybe you may smile at this picture; but it is a picture rudely done, but true as the Pentateuch of an original in every human heart.

FISTULA IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says that fistula can be cured on a horse after it has opened, and tells how to do it: "Take two gallons of ley, boil it down to the thickness of common soft soap; put as much in the opening as you can, apply every two or three weeks. Wash the diseased part and the shoulders every week with strong white oak bark. The disease may come again two or three times. Treat every time in the same way. The writer adds:

I have known the above used by two of my neighbors, and a perfect cure was the result. I cured my mare and worked her part of the time. My neighbor with the worst case, worked his horse also when he had work to do, although the fistula was so bad that instead of a collar, breast straps had to be used. No one should feel discouraged if it takes two or three months to effect a cure, but continue the above as often as the disease shows itself. It took my mare about six months to get well.

DINNERS AT POMPEII.—The Pompeian dinners usually comprised three courses, olives, oysters, salad, pickles, etc.; the second of made dishes, fish, and roasts; the third of pastry, confectionery, and fruits. From a painting discovered at Pompeii we have the representation of a large feast in those days. An immense dish containing four peacocks stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by lobsters, one holding a blue egg in its claws, another a stuffed rat, another an oyster, and the fourth a basketful of gashoppers. At the bottom of the table were four dishes of fish, and above them partridges, hares and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. This was all encircled by a sort of German sausage, apparently; and then came a row of yolks of eggs; a row of peaches, melons and cherries; and, lastly, by a row of vegetables of different sorts.