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LINDEN B. BENTLEY,  
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A good story is told of a College President, who, meeting on the cars a student whose character for sobriety was not good, and whose appearance then evinced a recent debauch, approached him and solemnly and respectfully said: "Been on a drunk?" "So have I," was the immediate reply.

Josh Billings, in his directions "How to pick out a good boss," says: "Good bosses are skavers, and good men that deal in any kind of bosses are skavers. An honest man is the noblest work of God; this famous saying was written in great anguish of heart, by the late Alexander pope, just after burying a good family boss."

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh, no; I meant the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

The Jews of New York City are said to be anxiously considering the expediency of transferring their weekly religious services from Saturday to Sunday. Several of their synagogues throughout the country are now open on both days. The greatest cause of the alarming spread of infidelity among the Hebrews is alleged to be the lax observance of their present holy day. This laxity is inevitable, many of them think, under the present system. If some plausible method can be devised, the change will probably be speedily made.

A dastardly outrage, which can only be considered as a murderous attempt upon the life of Horace Greeley, was perpetrated at Sandusky. Just after leaving the station, Mr. Greeley stepped into the President's car, Northey Crown, which preceded Mr. Greeley's car, the Ruby, and while lying down, a stone as large as a man's fist was thrown with great force through the heavy plate-glass window, and struck P. D. Cooper, Superintendent of the Cleveland and Toledo division of the Lake Shore road, just over the eye, inflicting a severe wound. As Mr. Cooper wore a white hat and light coat the scoundrel evidently mistook him for Mr. Greeley. The occurrence created great excitement and a first class sensation in the car.—Tribune.

A Swiss court has had before it a case originating from a practical joke of an equally daring and ridiculous nature. A sapper, with a bushy beard, who was returning to his native village from his military duty, stayed a night in the chief town of the Canton. He was found drunk in a ditch on the roadside. Two wags passing by, according to the Swiss Times, took the drunken man first to the house of one of them, who owned an old monk's cow and a tonsure, shaved all the hair off his face, and dressed him in the habit of a monk. They then took him to the nearest convent and said they had found him lying drunk on the road side, and had brought him there in order to avoid the scandal which might ensue if he were found outside. On awaking, the sapper was not a little astonished to find himself in the cell of a convent, with a monk's cow on his face or on the crown of his head. To his protestations, the fathers replied that he must be still laboring under the effects of drink, and advised him to go to sleep once more. At length they consented to send for the priest of the parish where he resided, in order to clear up the mystery. On the priest arriving, he recognized in the pseudo monk his parishioner, whereupon he was permitted to depart. Means were found to discover the two wags, and the sapper, thus extemporized into a monk, as well as the neighborhood who were so fooled, intend to bring an action against them. As in religious matters the Canton of Friburg is very strict, and is not likely to see the point of the joke, the two wags will probably get the worst of it.

## How We Paid for Our Fun.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Vacation was over, and most of the old students, with a fair sprinkling of new ones were already on hand.

A lot of us who had got in too late for supper, were refreshing our inward man—or boy—at Chopps, on regular places for irregular meals.

"Who's son Rufe Riggs?" asked one.

"Has he got back yet?" queried another.

"Hallo!—talk of, etc.—here he comes—another returned prodigal."

"Yes," said a mock-melancholy-looking youth, whose entrance was greeted as above—"another returned prodigal, and likely," he added, with a glance at the half-emptied dishes, "to be about as bounteously received as his scriptural prototype would have been, had he got back to find the old man dead, and the stings son in possession."

"Come, come, Rufe cheer up!" said a merry-faced sophomore; "if we haven't a fatted calf to offer you, here's at least a realtlet at your service."

"A part for the whole," said Rufe, drawing up a chair, and diving a fork into the puffed viand—"a part for the whole, by figure of speech called metonymy, of which, begging its pardon, I never saw the sense before."

We considerably waited till he had blunted the edge of his appetite.

"What fun have you had?" at length inquired a callow-looking Freshman.

"Oh none; that is, none to speak of," answered Rufe. "There was a little circumstance, chuckling, but that was more in the way of business."

"Tell it!—tell it!" chimed in all.

"Well, you see, I and Lufe Meuns, out on a rural lark, were suddenly brought to money-band, in a strange village. Following my instructions, Lufe was taken dangerously sick. The landlord expressed his regret that the only doctor in the place was absent, a fact we previously knew. Lufe said it made no difference; I was his family physician, and he would trust his case to me. I was called in at once, and pronounced his malady small-pox, a decision not a little confirmed by Lufe's pimply face. You may guess there was a commotion. In less than forty-eight hours I had vaccinated the whole population, with black matter, at a dollar a head. I divided with Lufe, whom I pronounced out of danger, and leaving him struggling to keep the disease from striking him, I returned to my own place, exciting suspicion by a too speedy convalescence. I had a sudden call elsewhere. As bad luck would have it, the local doctor returned, nosed out the hoax, and Lufe got a veneering of tar and feathers which will stick to him for a month."

Rufe didn't seem to perceive the dishonesty and fraud involved in his practical joke. In fact, he had no moral sense, and brought up in the Penitentiary about eight years after he graduated.

"But I've a thing on hand now," said Rufe when he had finished his outlet, "with heaps of fun in it, if you chaps will only help me."

We vowed we would.

"A raw student came up on the coach with me," he explained—"the greatest 'greeny' ever caught in a gull-trap. We rode outside, where I had him all to myself. I told him all about the secret societies here—that they rule everything, and that to be anybody, one must belong to one—that I was a member myself of the best of them, and thought I could get him in; at all events I would try, as I had taken a great fancy to him. The upshot is, he is burning to be initiated, and we must put him through to-morrow night."

"Agreed!—agreed!" was the unanimous voice.

It should be explained that secret societies were then the rage in that and other colleges. A fancy breastpin, with two or three Greek letters—no matter which—on it, and a knowing look on the part of the wearer, was about all there was to any of them. Nevertheless, to be admitted to one of these fraternities was esteemed a special honor, to which new students especially aspired; and it was a favorite trick to catch a greenhorn, and initiate him into a sham one, with all manner of mock ceremonies.

Such was the process to which Rufe Riggs proposed to subject his new acquaintance, and in which we had promised to assist.

And a fitter subject for a hoax than Hiram Hodge, when we came to see him, we all agreed, had never left the abodes of rural innocence. His capacity for belief was simply miraculous. When we told him of the antiquity of our order—that tradition carried it back to the ark; that Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Washington, and Napoleon Bonaparte had all been members; that our predecessors had built the pyramids, and we still had the secret of the "lost arts"—the fellow took it in without blinking. The offer of membership in such a body fairly dazzled him and he jumped at it.

Such an initiation as we gave him when night came! The preposterous vows we made him take, the ridiculous attitudes he was compelled to assume, and the queer capers he was made to cut, capped the climax of absurdity. If he hadn't been a spry chap, he could never have gone through it all. As it was, it was rather more trying to us, than to him. He could

keep his gravity without effort; it nearly killed us to preserve ours.

When completely tired out at last, we brought the ceremony to a close, and Mr. Hodge was declared admitted to full membership.

But Rufe Riggs never could let well enough alone.

Rising and addressing the chair, he called attention to the recent efforts of the college president to suppress our society, and to a rumor that he had, by foul means, gained possession of some of our most valuable secrets, which he was only waiting a favorable opportunity to publish to the world. There was but one thing to be done. This dangerous enemy must be put out of the way, and that at once. He proposed that a committee be appointed to assassinate him, and suggested blowing him up in his study with gunpowder.

This was too absurd, and coming unexpectedly, threw more than one of us off our balance. Several half-suppressed titters were heard. Recovering ourselves as best we could, Rufe's proposal was warmly debated—its author bringing up all the instances of high-toned assassination recorded in history, and contending that the present was a more justifiable case than any of them. It would be an eternal disgrace, he said, to allow one pultry life to outweigh the existence of an institution it had taken more than three thousand years to perfect.

Poor Hodge was the picture of dismay. He fairly quaked with terror; and when the chair appointed him one of the committee to carry the murderous resolution into effect, he was too frightened to object. He believed himself in a den of assassins, to whose nefarious plans it would be worth his life to offer the slightest resistance.

On reaching the street, after the meeting adjourned, Hodge dodged around the first corner and ran for life; and we, after a good laugh, took ourselves to our respective lodgings.

After a disturbed night's rest for I woke up several times and found myself laughing. I had just settled down to a comfortable morning nap, when a peremptory knock at the door waked me.

"Who's there?" I demanded.

"Open the door!" growled a rough voice.

In no gentle mood I complied, determined to meet the intruder with a proper rebuff.

"What do you want?" I asked sharply, of a thick-set specimen of muscular vulgarity who stood

before me.

"You" was the curt response.

"Go about your business!" I thundered, starting to slam the door in his face.

"Look 'e here, youngster?" he said pushing me aside, and making his way into the room. "In a hoax, with a warrant; and you'd better make haste and get on your gogger—that is, unless you prefer going afore the Squire jest as you are."

"A warrant!—let me see it!" I exclaimed, extending my hand for a crumpled scrap of paper he held.

"No you don't!" said the burly embodiment of the law's majesty, closing the door and putting his back to it; "I've got to return this yer document along with your carcase, dead or alive, and either on 'em goes out of my persuasion till then. However I can tell you wot's in it. You're look for a conspiracy to murder."

I burst into a laugh.

"I'm glad to see you take it that a way," said the "noticer"—"I hate them sniv'lin' chaps; they try a man's temper so."

I hurried on my clothes in a state of mind alternating between a sense of the awkwardness of the situation and its ridiculousness.

At the magistrate's I found my companions of the night before prisoners like myself—all except Hodge. He and "Old Doc," as we used to call our venerable president, were our accusers.

Hodge—and he deserved great credit for it, for he believed himself acting under deadly peril—had no sooner escaped from our presence, than inquiring his way to the president's, he ran thither, and routing up that dignitary, told him of our diabolical plot. "Old Doc," who in all worldly matters was as green as Hodge, took the thing seriously. As soon as it was day—they didn't dare to go out before—the two hustened over to the Squire's, where Hodge made the affidavit on which we were arrested.

In vain we protested that the whole affair was a joke. "Old Doc" had been an irreconcilable enemy of secret societies in college, and believed them capable of anything for revenge.

The Squire, I thought from the twinkle of his eye, saw through the case; but he didn't feel at liberty to discharge us, in the face of a complaint so serious, merely on our own word.

When the papers got into the hands of the State's Attorney, who had been a boy once himself, he dismissed the proceedings, but we had lain a week in jail first.

If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on Swedish turnips? Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs of the cow's tail; then divide the product by a turnip; add a pound of chalk and two pails of water, and the sum will be the answer.

## New Orleans and Her Interests.

[From the N. O. Republican.]

It must not be concluded that inasmuch as we have a fair prospect for a railroad to the Pacific, opening to us the trade of Texas and the Rio Grande, that the commercial interests of New Orleans are fully assured.

On the contrary, the effort to secure these interests has scarcely begun.

Conceding the greatest possible benefits to be derived from our railroad connections, there are other channels of commerce of equal importance to our trade. We allude to our river and ocean tonnage.

Our representatives to the next Congress have a grand work before them if they only execute it faithfully. For this reason they should possess a clear and comprehensive understanding of our varied and complicated interests arising from eastern commerce and the agricultural demands of the Mississippi valley. But for want of a proper understanding of our necessities, the great Southern Pacific route would have now been in practical operation. The government has extended its aid to the shipbuilding interests of the East, while the steamboat enterprises of the Mississippi have been neglected, if not practically discouraged. Taxation has been removed from New England fisheries, while increased and burdensome obligations have been laid on the commerce of the Mississippi valley. Subsidies have been granted to lines of steamers on the Atlantic and Pacific, while New Orleans has been left to languish, or, at best, been left to forward her enterprises in conflict with hostile interests. National aid and encouragement has been given to a line of steamers from New York to Rio Janeiro, which carries the productions of the wheat, corn and tobacco—of the Mississippi valley by a longer and more expensive route to Brazil.

All this is a positive injustice. If our interests were properly attended to some of these advantages might belong to us. As long as other localities, less entitled to consideration, enjoy them, we, too, should seek to acquire similar benefits. Our representatives should, therefore, understand what is required of them and unite their energies in furthering these necessary interests.

## Dr. Livingstone.

[From the Overland Monthly.]

Again and again the century's civilization questions impenetrable sphinx, who holds unyielding but silent mysteries in the heart of the torrid zone, or keeps silence amid the girdled snows of the boreal regions. Again and again the eager explorer encounters suffering, hardship and danger, in the prosecution of geographical research; and we follow with fascinated interest the pathway of the latest daring adventurer, who has penetrated into that mysterious region known as the interior of Africa. In the searching silence of that burning clime we have imagined the lost traveler Livingstone wandering in a labyrinth of vegetation, rank and luxuriant; navigating unknown rivers; listening to the luring voices of murky and war-murous seas; or pressing on, under a vertical sun—attached by mild-eyed barbarians—toward the secret sources of the mysterious Nile. The reports concerning him have been so conflicting and unreliable, that while many supposed his bones were whitening in the shining silence of the summer land, others gave credence to the idea that he was passing days of indolent enjoyment, and nights of voluptuous repose in the swinging hammock, content to loiter away years in the researches which had become to him the prominent object of existence. Happily these speculations have been set at rest by letters from the explorer himself—letters, as touching in their pathos as they are brave and determined in their manliness. The authenticity of these was at first questioned, but confirmation of their genuineness has been received from reliable sources; and we rejoice in the personal safety of the long-lost traveler, whose valuable statistics promise extended information regarding that hitherto almost unknown country, southern central Africa. The system of mountains converging into four large rivers, though mentioned in Herodotus, and partially spoken of by subsequent authors treating of the mysterious sources of the Nile, had never been systematically explored. Livingstone seems to have followed their line drainage with indefatigable and persistent perseverance (although he confesses that "almost every step of the weary, sultry way in pain") for some four or five hundred miles, beset by dangers and difficulties innumerable; and finally, when almost in sight of the geographical part of his mission, forced to return without its full accomplishment. There is something grand in the heroic and uncomplaining endurance of this man. Separated from the dearest ties of humanity; associated for years with naked and barbarous savages, kept only from taking his life by the glittering baubles he bestowed upon them, or the ultimate hope of richer rewards; disappointed and wandering for days under a blazing sun, further and further from his kind—we can imagine the supreme felicity of that moment when the American flag—for the first time seen in those parts—greeted his hungry eyes. Events which had become history to us were to him

news of thrilling interest. The political changes sweeping over Europe; the successive events following our own disunion and reconstruction; the affiliation of foreign nations heretofore seeming almost as remote as Africa itself; and, above all, and dearest of all, the central joy of hearing directly from family and friends—revived his bodily health so that in writing to the gentlemen who had generously instituted the search for him, he intimates a desire to finish his work, in spite of his sore longing for reunion with his family. Such a man as David Livingstone is a gift to the age. He belongs to no nationality; and if an American citizen is so fortunate as to have been the means of rendering him aid in his hour of need, it is like largesse bestowed upon a prince. The proud obligation remains with the giver—no honor to him and his forever. In the closing paragraph of the interesting letter referred to, the explorer loses sight of his great work of discovery in the broad humanitarianism which dictated these words: "If my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujiji slavery should lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together."

## A Successful Lady Editor.

A Chicago correspondent of the New York World sends the following sketch of a lady writer on the Chicago Evening Post:

"Miss Margaret F. Buchanan seems to be, beyond comparison, the most efficient woman in daily journalism. For two years now she has written an average of more than a column of editorial every workingday, the topics ranging through the whole breadth of commerce and finance, politics and foreign affairs, from a playful estimate of the 'Possum Policy,' to a solid treatment of the Alabama question. Two years ago she walked into the office of the Chicago Evening Post and handed a letter of introduction to the editor. 'I would like a place among your editorial writers,' she said, confidently. The editor, seeing before him only a buxom, pink-faced girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, naturally inquired, 'What can you do?' 'Anything that needs doing on a newspaper,' she replied audaciously. 'What experience have you had?' was the next question. 'None to speak of,' she said, 'but I can do it—I feel it in my bones. Try me.' She was assigned a desk, paper, and pencil, and in twenty minutes produced an article entitled, 'The Michigan Scheme,' a full account of the Congressional contest between the Republican Strickland and the bolter Driggs, in the Sixth District, with caustic comments thereon. It was a strong masculine editorial, and was accepted with the word 'You may call again.' The next day she walked into the office and straightway hung up her bonnet and shawl and resumed the desk. She wrote an article on the 'Last Tariff Dodge,' which was received with amazement and published next day. The editor, Mr. Blakely, now employed her regularly, and she showed that she could do a man's day's work for a man's pay. For almost two years she has been the principal editorial assistant, invading other departments of the paper, however, from time to time, for special purposes. She has proved an admirable dramatic and musical critic, and has written editorials on almost every phase of American life, politics and finance—nothing intimidates her. During the month succeeding the fire she averaged more than a column and a half a day besides furnishing matter to two or three weeklies. Readiness is her striking trait. She works like lightning and seldom revises her manuscript in the least. Her facility and vigor are marvelous. She is an Irish Catholic, a bigot in theology, a radical in politics, and a girl who seems to have never yet seriously thought of marrying. She throws off a poem now and then for a magazine; but sentiment is one of her least conspicuous qualities. Her editorials are terse, nervous, satirical, aggressive, and perfectly in harmony with the spirit of the age. Without being conventionally handsome, Miss Buchanan has a most striking presence, especially when addressing an audience. Without being weakly sensitive she is thoroughly womanly, and she is an imperiousness of the enthusiasm, the wit, the quick temper, the generosity, the fidelity, the pluck, the fighting and overcoming qualities of North Ireland. She has a well-framed mind and very thorough classical education, and all she knows is at the ends of her fingers, ready for instantaneous application to the morning's news. She loves journalism, and declares that she will stick to it as long as she lives. In the absence of the editor-in-chief and his deputy, she has sometimes been in charge of the Evening Post for a week at a time; and though only twenty-five she already attracts attention as the first woman who has shown a wide familiarity with political and financial questions, and who has occupied for years, with success and honor, the chair of a leading editorial writer.

A constant dropping will wear a rock. Keep dropping your advertisements on the public and they will soon melt under it like a salt rock.

## The Reaction Reacting.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

The great political revolution which set in with the Cincinnati Convention threatened, in the first impulse of its onward sweep, to completely submerge the Administration party. To resist this revolution upon the issues presented by the Liberal Republican movement was impossible; the only hope of the party in power was to distract and divert it.

The attempt of the agents of the Treasury Department to create a financial panic for the party advantage undoubtedly had its influence; but whatever effect may have been produced in this matter has long since reached its point of culmination, and the business sense of the community is already asserting itself. The attempt on the part of the Administration to "organize" a straight-out Democratic movement likewise served for a moment to distract the mind of the country from the main issue of the canvass. As a side show it did for a time prove a cover under which the Administration sappers and miners carried on a promising work. But the Louisville force utterly exploded, and instead of demanding the Democratic party, it only served to vindicate the good faith of the honor pledged at Baltimore, without impairing that compact national organization which has yet to do its most effective work in the campaign. It was likewise supposed by those who accept Mosby and Tombs as the representative men of Southern political sentiment, that the South would immediately develop a strong anti-Union feeling under the instigation of Blanton Duncan. Fortunately for the South, her statesmen have set their faces like flint against any further "leadership" on the part of those who thus joined hands with the Government party to perpetuate the sentiments of the war.

At this stage of the contest the battle has begun to resume its original characteristics. Charles Sumner in his farewell letter and most of the eminent speakers on the Liberal side have sounded again the keynote of the campaign. "Reconciliation between the North and South in the interest of fraternal union, a common brotherhood and purity of government is the one pressing need of the nation."

In war it is deemed bad generalship to permit your enemy to select the battle ground. In politics it is equally foolish to permit the opposition to shape your own issues. The course of the Liberal party is a very plain and simple one. We must hold our antagonists to the issues made at Cincinnati, and not permit these to be evaded. We claim that the higher interests of civilization, union and republican progress at the South are involved in overthrowing the infamous rule which sustains itself by the plunder of the wealthy Southern States. We claim that the cause of fraternalization and good will between both races at the South demands that the dark-lantern hold which the Administration has got upon the Black vote should be broken, and the colored people left free to act for themselves. We claim that the cause of education, of industrial development, of commercial and social intercourse between the sections, demands that the party of hate should no longer be supported by northern public sentiment. We claim that every consideration of humanity and statesmanship demands that the era of union, reconciliation and reform should now be ushered in.

It is simply impossible for the Administration to hold its ground before the bar of public intelligence when confronted with these issues. These are really the issues which, gathering force quietly in the hearts and convictions of the American people for years, have finally resulted in the Liberal movement. Remove these issues and the Liberal campaign possesses no significance. Divert the public mind from them and we lose our hold upon the heart and conscience of the nation. The public mind is returning of its own motion to the question of reconciliation and purification as the absorbing national issues upon which everything else depends. Let the managers of the Liberal movement take heed of these, and meet the popular tide and drive it forward with vigor, confidence, and determination. It is the aggressive issue which already puts the Administration on the defensive which will unite the South and give every Southern State except possibly South Carolina, Mississippi or Florida to Greeley; and it is the issue which will rally that Liberal Republican balance of power at the North which, added to the Democratic party will carry enough States to elect the Liberal candidates by an overwhelming majority.

Mrs. Laura D. Fair, the California murderess, has been acquitted and released. She owes her acquittal to her beauty. If she had been a hard-working washerwoman, irregular features and a tanned complexion, she would probably have been strung up without Judge or jury. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Fair will now fall in love with one of the jurymen who acquitted her. If the juryman selected by her thinks more of his wife than he does of Mrs. Fair, it will then be proper, according to his interpretation of California law, for Mrs. Fair to blow his brains out. We hope she will do it.