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M. I. N. D. E. BENTLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Space.	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
1 square	\$1.00	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$8.00	\$15.00
2 squares	2.00	5.00	9.00	15.00	25.00
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1 column	7.00	13.00	25.00	40.00	80.00
2 columns	14.00	25.00	40.00	60.00	120.00
1 column	38.00	40.00	55.00	75.00	100.00

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

Judge Curtis of San Francisco is said to have received \$8,000 for his services in securing Mrs. Fair's acquittal.

An Atlanta, Georgia, man thought he had reached his couch the other night, when in reality it was nothing but a sofa bed. He addressed, however, and slept peacefully until morning.

There is now in course of construction in Washington, City a sewer of nine feet in diameter, through which a six-mile team can be easily driven. Seven hundred bricks and two barrels of cement are required for each foot of advance made.

A woman in the Pennsylvania oil regions lately sold her two-week-old baby for \$10, and soon after wanted it back because another party had offered her \$25 for the bawling. There seems to be quite a demand for babies in the oleaginous regions.

Somebody has recently invented a very valuable trunk. It is made with an outside covering of cast-iron, lined with nitro-glycerine, and when it is thrown from a railroad car or a baggage wagon this outside covering is torn to pieces and the baggage smasher is blown into very small fragments.

Emilio Castelar and King Amadeus of Spain met recently in a side-path in the Madrid Prado. The King, who had never been introduced to Castelar, approached the great Republican orator, and, shaking his hand, said to him: "Senor, I admire your genius." "And I," replied Castelar, "admire your Majesty's courage."

A tailor of massive intellect, who manipulates his goose in one of the most aristocratic streets of Syracuse, has hatched an idea from the broad-fronted cravats, now so much affected by our expatriates. He proposes to make a suit consisting entirely of a cravat, to be wound round the body and limbs from neck to ankle, and fastened with a diamond pin.

Old Dr. Lyman Beecher, it transpires in some of the reminiscences given to the world at the silver wedding at Plymouth Church, was greatly opposed to his son's accepting the offer of the patronage of that church. "In Indianapolis," said he, writing to the trustees, "Henry may some day make his mark, but in the vicinity of New York he will be entirely lost sight of, and eclipsed by hundreds of the other men." It is quite evident that the old doctor did not overrate the abilities of his children.

Talk about a woman without a baby, a man without a wife, a ship without a rudder. What is the lack of each of these individuals or things to that of a business man without an advertisement? He is a hopeless cuss, a "goner" in his community." Talk of being successful in business. You might as well talk of ascending to the moon on a greased moonbeam. People point at him in the street, and say: "Poor Cassius has a lean and hungry look." It may, however, be consoling to him to reflect that when he dies he will be advertised at last, and gratuitously at that.

The citizens of Chicago, alarmed at the increase of crime in their city, have recently held meetings to discuss the evil and discover its remedy. It appears that there has not been a murderer hanged in the city since 1865. Several have been sentenced but commuted. A policeman writes to the Chicago Tribune on the subject, and says the chief fault lies with the courts. All sorts of criminals are arrested every day, but only the little sinners suffer. He says there are many faults in the police system, and closes his communication with the thrilling announcement: "I could give instances of the stupidity of these fellows until your eyes would bung out with astonishment."

Ex-Auditor Wickliffe of Louisiana Comes to Light.

[From the Selma Times.]

In the month of August, 1870, there came to this city a man of rather pleasing personal appearance, apparently an educated gentleman and a man of means. His stay in the city was limited to a few days, and leaving town he went to our neighboring village of Summerfield, and in a little while settled himself in a very retired secluded neighborhood, some five miles north of Summerville. He appeared to have plenty of money, but was not by any means lavish in its expenditure, and in place of going into society, he, on the contrary, expressed a desire for retirement, and was averse to forming extended acquaintance with the people among whom he lived. He purchased a little place some distance from any public road, and in a locality rarely ever visited by strangers, and announced to the public that he was a physician, and gave his name as Dr. J. Polk Shelby, and by that name he was known here and at Summerfield.

Dr. Shelby's practice, however, was very limited, notwithstanding the fact that he kept his horse, which was by the way a very fine one, constantly saddled for use. The doctor's practice would have doubtless been larger, but for his bad luck in bleeding a poor emaciated man suffering from chills, and the man's dying in a few hours afterward. This occurred just on the threshold of his medical career, and caused his skill to be questioned to a degree that deterred many from calling his services into requisition. But practicing medicine was more a labor of love with the doctor than for the accumulation of filthy lucre, and it did not ruffle his temper, or interrupt his course of life that his patients were few. What college Dr. Shelby was a graduate of, or in fact from whence he came, were of those things unknown to the people among whom he abided.

As before stated, the doctor appeared to have plenty of money, and in this case appearances were in consonance with the truth, and thereby hangs a tale that we propose to unfold. Having plenty of money, the doctor bought and sold divers and sundry things, and made numerous speculations, at the same time continuing the practice of his profession. Time wore on, as the novelists write it, without the occurrence of an incident to interrupt or change the current of Dr. J. Polk Shelby's life, and he began to be regarded as a permanent citizen of the locality, in which he had been tarrying since August, A. D. 1870. It is true the doctor had many little eccentric ways that his neighbors and acquaintances did not understand, but his general conduct was unexceptional to them. And thus things continued until within a few weeks since, when a change came and Dr. J. Polk Shelby was shown to be an impostor and a fugitive from justice, with Nemesis on his track.

Some two or three weeks since, a Mr. Bummel of New Orleans was in Selma on business, and one day coming in contact with Dr. J. Polk Shelby, recognized him as an old acquaintance from New Orleans, and *mirabile dictu* discovered in the aforesaid Dr. J. Polk Shelby, ex-Auditor George M. Wickliffe of Louisiana, and so called him. His interview with Mr. Bummel was of short duration, and leaving him very abruptly, the ex-Auditor, alias Dr. J. Polk Shelby, mounted his horse, and went on time for his home, near Summerfield. Now, let us see why Mr. Wickliffe so abruptly left town, and why he assumed the name of Dr. J. Polk Shelby. In 1868, 1869 and 1870, he was Auditor of the State of Louisiana, and for corruption and rascality in office, was impeached and expelled from the position. He was raised to official position by the Radical party. While in office he made the most corrupt use of his position, robbing the taxpayers through fraudulent means, of thousands upon thousands of dollars. In the spring of 1870 he went to Mr. Jacob Strauss, a broker in New Orleans, with Louisiana Treasury warrants, apparently all right, aggregating \$130,000, upon which Mr. Strauss advanced him \$71,000 in greenbacks, and also a certified bank check for \$19,000. Shortly after getting this money, Mr. Wickliffe shook the dust of New Orleans from his feet and left for parts unknown. In a short while afterward the warrants were presented for payment, and Mr. Strauss made the rather uncomfortable (for him) discovery that his warrants were bogus, and that he had simply been swindled by this scoundrel to the tune of \$90,000.

In spite of numerous efforts to discover the whereabouts of Wickliffe, they remained a mystery to Mr. Strauss and the people who wanted him, until the accidental meeting with Mr. Bummel alluded to above. This accounts for his abrupt departure on that occasion. Mr. Bummel went to Vicksburg and telegraphed Mr. Strauss that he knew Wickliffe's whereabouts, whereupon Mr. Strauss set the machinery in motion to overhaul and bring him up with a round turn. We should have stated that in the meantime a true bill had been found in New Orleans against Wickliffe for obtaining money from Mr. Strauss under false pretenses, and that Mr. Wickliffe was aware of it. His desire for seclusion

and avoidance of society, and his hundred little eccentricities are now all explained and accounted for.

Mr. Howard, one of Mr. Strauss' attorneys, was sent to this city to make the effort to recover some of the stolen money from Wickliffe, and on his arrival here secured the counsel and assistance of that distinguished and eminent legal firm, Messrs. Morgan, Lapsley & Nelson. Mr. Lapsley took the matter in hand, and ascertaining beyond question the identity of Dr. J. Polk Shelby and George M. Wickliffe, made his dispositions for interviewing the notorious individual. On last Monday accompanied by a friend as a blind and armed with an authenticated copy of a judgment for \$71,000, against Wickliffe, and in favor of Mr. Strauss, Mr. Lapsley went to Wickliffe's house, located as before stated, about five miles from Summerfield.

The doctor was on the *que vive* but assumed quite a nonchalant air. Mr. Lapsley's object being to secure as much of the stolen money as possible, he had to skilfully and advance on Wickliffe's approaches in a cautious manner. This he did most effectually, and induced Mr. Wickliffe to acknowledge the corn and disgorge about ten thousand dollars. Mr. Wickliffe on the first intimation that he swindled Mr. Strauss, denied, of course, the soft impeachment, but finally made a clean breast of the transaction to Mr. Lapsley, and said that he had no intention of swindling Mr. Strauss, and was only taking care of his money for him. He said the debt was just, and after giving Mr. Lapsley cotton receipts for ninety-six bales of cotton, stored in warehouses in this city, promised to come to town next morning and arrange the balance. In response to Mr. Lapsley's request that he had better go back to Selma with him, Wickliffe remarked that he had a very sick patient that would require his attention that night. Finding that he could not secure anything more from Wickliffe, Mr. Lapsley returned to the city. In this connection, we take occasion to say that this affair has been very shrewdly managed by Mr. Lapsley, and that the recovery of at least a considerable portion of the amount secured is alone due to his tact and management.

Mr. Wickliffe promised to come to Selma next morning, but so soon as the shades of night lent their shielding darkness, he made dispositions for his departure, and at the hour when it is said that churchyards yawn, mounted that noble steed and hied him northward. Our information is, that he made for the line of the Selma, Rome and Dalton road, and boarded the first northward bound train. And the people of Summerfield and Dallas county will know him no more forever. But they weep not nor do they sorrow: but some of them feel awfully sold.

On Tuesday, Mr. Neugrass, a nephew of Mr. Strauss, arrived here with a missive, bearing the great seal of the State of Louisiana, and having Gov. Warmoth's signature to it, calling on Mr. Wickliffe to come out of the wilderness, but Mr. Wickliffe comes not. He has gone to parts unknown, and Mr. Neugrass, in our advertising columns, offers a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension.

Thus ends our story of the transactions of an unmitigated scamp and swindler. Exit Dr. J. Polk Shelby.

Cash and Credit.

George Brown, at the age of twenty-three, took him a wife—or, rather, he and Hattie took one another for better or for worse. But then they knew it was for the better always, and never for worse. How could it be otherwise, when they loved so truly, and when they understood each other so well? They had married young, and had but little of the world's goods to commence with; but they had health and strength, and were going to work together, and build them up a home of their own in time.

"We will be very saving," said Hattie, "and in the end we may reach the goal." The goal was the home which they were to own. "We shall not scribble or deny ourselves the necessary comforts, but we will do without luxuries. By thus economizing in the morning, we may find a store to spare in the evening. Money is like time—an hour gained in an early day is a great thing, while an hour lost may not be regained."

George saw and understood, and he was as eager as his wife. He was determined to put all his energies into the work, and in the future he saw foreshadowed promises most bright. He had taken of his uncle a small house, which he was to pay for when he could.

He had no doubt he should be able to pay two hundred dollars a year on it, at which rate, as his kind relative had offered to bargain, the property would be his in six years.

"I thought it would be just as well to keep a monthly account at the store. And Mr. Skid himself preferred the plan."

"I can see very readily why Mr. Skid should prefer it," said the wife, with a significant smile. "In the first place he knows that you are an industrious, steady and honorable man, and that whatever you owe you will surely pay. He knows that."

George was flattered, but he felt that his wife had spoken no more than the truth.

"And," pursued Hattie, "He knows one thing more: He knows you will buy more for credit than you would for cash."

George made a deprecating motion, but his wife continued: "Mr. Skid knows. He is old in the business. Over his good customers, who open a monthly account in his ledger, he has decided advantages. He can persuade them to buy what they would not buy if they had to pay the cash down; and where they are to have credit—where the trader is to have the extra labor and expense of entering and posting each separate article, and, in the end, of making a full bill of items—the buyer can not with good conscience demand reduction from asked prices."

George smiled, and said he thought she was mistaken. He was sure he was doing well. It would be inconvenient to pay for each little article as he ordered it. And, furthermore, it would be handier to settle his store bills when his employer settled with him.

Hattie did not press the matter. She had brought the matter upon the tapis, and she was willing to await the development of events.

"By the way, Mr. Brown, do you not want a box of these figs? They are fresh—I will warrant them—and by the box I will put them up cheap." So spoke Mr. Skid, the store-keeper. George knew his wife was very fond of figs; and he loved them himself. And he consented finally that a box should be sent home.

On another day Mr. Skid said: "Ah, Mr. Brown, my dear fellow, have you tried this golden syrup?" George had not tried the syrup. The best quality of molasses had hitherto answered him. But he was persuaded to try it.

On another day: "Look here Brown, shall I send you up a dozen of these Messina oranges? A new cargo just in. You won't get them so cheap again. Only thirty cents." Only thirty cents! And George knew how fond of oranges Hattie was. Of course he would have them.

And so the days passed on, and the month came to a close. George Brown was paid by his employers, and he set at once about paying others. On his way home he stopped in and got Mr. Skid's bill.

"You can take and look over it," said the trader, with a patronizing smile.

"You will find it all right."

George had intended to pay it then and there; but when he saw the long column of figures, and glanced his eye at the sum total, his heart leaped into his mouth. He was astounded. He had thought to himself as he came along that Skid's bill would be about twelve or fifteen dollars. After paying everything else he would have twenty dollars left, which would satisfy this last demand and leave something over. He had just commenced housekeeping, and did not expect to save much at first.

But, mercy! now his expectations and anticipations were knocked into pieces as he looked at this bill. He told Skid he guessed he would look it over; and on his way home he examined it; but he could find nothing wrong—nothing wrong in the items—but the sum total was a poser: twenty-six dollars and forty-two cents.

For a long time after he reached home he tried to convince Hattie that nothing was the matter with him, but at length he plucked up courage and drew forth Skid's bill. He had expected that his wife would be paralyzed; but, on the contrary, she only smiled and said it was all right.

"All right?" echoed George.

"All right so far as Mr. Skid is concerned," said Hattie. "You remember what I told you once before, and now let's sit down and eat supper and then we will look the matter over."

After supper they went to work. Hattie took the bill and blank piece of paper, and followed the items down with a pencil.

"First," said she, "is a box of figs at fifteen cents a pound. It was very cheap, no doubt, but the eight pounds came to a dollar and seventy cents. Had you been required to pay cash you would not have bought them. You would, at least, asked me if I liked them, and I would have told you no. Next, we had a gallon of golden syrup for which you would not have paid cash without consulting me."

And so she went on, and in the end she had cut down the bill, by throwing out articles which they had not absolutely needed, to less than fifteen dollars.

A dollar here had not seemed much to George, and a dollar and a half there, and seventy-five cents, and then only fifty cents; but there had been twenty visits to the store during the last month, and the aggregate of these trivial sums was considerable.

George saw the whole thing, and he knew his wife had been right from the first.

"Don't say a word," he said; "I see the mistake. But I'll have to work around into the right track by degrees."

Do People Read Advertisements?

[From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.]

There is now and then a person so stupid as to believe that advertisements are not generally read, and that money expended in advertising is practically wasted. Even such will concede that if a hundred men of polite address, of fluent speech and ready wit were to call daily or weekly each upon an hundred others and get the ears of each long enough to say John Smith, or Jones, or Thompson at such a place, has such and such goods at such price, or would sell a farm, or house and lot, or had lost a horse or pocket-book, or would loan money, etc.—we say such men will concede that the services of this one hundred men would be of great value to Smith or Jones, and in a measure advantageous to the party to whom this statement was made. This hundred men could not be employed to go from door to door and make this statement to ten thousand people at less than a cost of several hundred dollars each trip. All this is done by the newspapers at the cost of a few shillings, or a few dollars at most, and the visits are made week after week, day after day. The messenger who travels addresses himself to the ear and takes the party addressed when he may have his thoughts absorbed in business or other matters; but the newspapers reaches the party sought through the eye, when the reader has his thoughts solely fixed upon the paper before him.

But those who affect to believe that there is little use in advertising urge as an objection that advertisements are not read. They can be easily convinced of their error in this respect by making inquiry. Let them insert an advertisement offering to purchase some article that is tolerably plenty in the market, and they will be flooded with offers to sell before the ink of the advertisement is dry. An enterprising weekly that has a circulation of one, two or three thousand copies is in a position to do the village merchant great good, and for which, as a rule, the publisher does not get one-fourth of what he justly deserves. In its sphere the weekly is of quite as much service to the advertiser as is the daily, and oftentimes it enjoys the privilege of being the exclusive family visitor, a privilege the daily seldom has.

An Eastern exchange says that the survey for the proposed steamboat canal across the State of West Virginia, uniting the waters of the James and Ohio rivers, has been finished. Last winter Congress made an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purpose, and the engineers who have arrived at Wheeling, report that it is practicable to construct a canal 200 feet wide and navigable for steamboats carrying 300 tons, from the James and Jackson rivers to the foot of the Alleghany mountains, and thence under mountains by a tunnel nine miles in length via the Green Briar and Kanawha rivers, to the Ohio. The estimated cost for the work is \$50,000,000.

A Delicate Young Lady Kills a Bear.

[From the Weymouth (W.) Times.]

Some few months since, "Uncle Markham," as he is familiarly known, a successful trapper of this vicinity, wooed and won the gushing heart of a timid damsel. Though the trapper is a man well along in years, probably about sixty, he has a great, warm heart that burned with the intense fire of "love's young dream" for the young maiden of twenty summers. He won the girl's consent, and the wedding was celebrated in the frontier style. A few of the trapper's friends prophesied that the marriage brooded no good to him; but latter events have proven a different state of affairs.

Uncle Markham took his young lily to his little home on the banks of the placid Wolf, where he taught her the divers sports peculiar to his calling. He taught her to fish until she was an adept. He taught her to row a boat until she could "pull like a man." He taught her to shoot until she is a "dead shot." So far he has been happy. She has been all he could ask for, and encouraged with her fast progress, he has been lately teaching her the art of trapping. In this she has recently crowned his ambition with a laurel wreath, and filled his cup of joy to the brim. She has trapped a bear, and shot old Bruin dead in his tracks. It happened on Thursday morning, the 26th ult. The trap had been set for a bear on what is known as the "island" near Wolf River bridge.

On Thursday morning, Alta, the trapper's wife, or "sis," as he is wont to call her, started out, well armed, to look at the traps. Upon nearing one of them she heard a terrible slashing. A few steps brought her in full view of the great terror of our northern forest. Old Bruin paused in his work to view his strange foe, and greeted her with a howl of rage. That howl was his last. Quietly she drew the stock of the gun to her shoulder, drew a sure bead on the most vital part of the animal, and fired. As the smoke cleared away she saw that the shot had struck home—that her trophy lay bleeding at her feet. After her work was done, she had her husband and a young man help her carry home two hundred pounds of bear meat.

Humor and Sarcasm.

It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never expects to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at any body's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Esop who was made the subject of many a gibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was jolly for the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a enee. Some men are so constituted that they can not take even a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, for he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee. Ridicule at best is a perilous weapon. Satire, when leveled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

A Wisconsin mother fell dead upon seeing her little boy sitting on the top of a large windmill, whither he had climbed, but the urethra descended in safety.

Why not subscribe for the Chief?