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BY

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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An Alabama editor mildly alludes to his rival as "a reservoir of falsehood and an aqueduct of mendacity."

The freaks of lightning grow more and more remarkable every year. In Alabama it struck and killed a lady, leaving uninjured a child in her arms. In the same State, two buzzards, high up in the air, were struck, and their flight temporarily arrested. But the greatest achievement in this line, yet reported, occurred in Tennessee, where a man was struck by lightning, and driven into the ground up to his neck, without being materially injured. Perhaps the electric fluid will open an air line to China yet in this way.

A dispatch from Berlin, dated Oct. 27th, says that the Hon. Bancroft Davis has addressed a letter of acknowledgment in behalf of the government and people of the United States, to Emperor William for his exertion in deciding the San Juan boundary arbitration case, and for communicating the judgment with such friendly promptitude to the American Ministerial representative in this city for transmission to the President and Cabinet in Washington.

Mr. Davis says—"I am charged by the President of the United States, speaking in the name and behalf of the American people, to thank Your Majesty for the great pains and attention which Your Majesty has devoted to the settlement of the San Juan boundary case by arbitration."

The letter closes with a reiteration of assurances of the existence and perpetuation of international friendship and good will between the people of America and the people of the German nation.

Nasby has taken a drink of cold water. Dana has told the truth. Whitelaw Reid has had his hair cut. Greeley is elected. Theodore Tilton has shot Woodhull for kissing Demosthenes. Grant has made a speech. Spinner has stolen a million. Dr. Holland has written poetry. Mullet has run away with a Treasury girl. The New York Herald has printed one number that has not a word about Stanley. The Cincinnati editors are all praising each other. A Toledo man has been found, who admits that London may keep ahead of the City of the Future for the next decade. M. D. Conway has been converted to Christianity. Rabbi Wise has eaten a roasted pig. Scheuch don't play poker. Sherman has grown fat. Anna Dickinson has married Col. Susan B. Anthony. John Smith is dead. Bismarck has been made Emperor of France. Napoleon is a billiard-marker at West's. The street commissioner has cleaned the streets. The taxes are all paid, etc. This may not be strictly true, but we haven't had a shy at the personals for a week or two, and the object is to give novel and exclusive information.—Ohio State Journal.

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it and gave it up, confused and ashamed. In framing the constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole of which George Washington was, day after day, the chairman, and he made but two speeches, in which he used but very few words. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speeches, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech: he couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is without a parallel said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said, "By reserve." The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

## How I Came to Get Married.

AN OLD PIONEER'S STORY.

"Your speaking of being chased by wolves in Canada woods recalls a similar experience I once had in Ohio," said the old pioneer, as he shook with suppressed emotion, but whether of a sad or pleasant nature could not be ascertained in the dim light of the fireplace.

"Let us hear your yarn," we suggested, with a reportorial eye to an item for consideration in a dull season.

"O, it ain't any yarn, I assure you," said the old man, as he chuckled and grinned, until a glacial movement of tobacco juice started from each corner of his mouth and pushed its way down the wrinkles that led to his stable-covered chin below. "Shut the door there—so that mother can't hear what's going on, and I will tell you how I came to get married."

We complied with his request, and after storing away a fresh supply of the weed "that cheers but don't inebriate," he drew his chair close to us and commenced:

"It was in the year 1850 that I came to Cleveland, and became employed in a hardware store on Superior street. I had spent all my previous life on a farm, and became tired of tramping around over the pastures, foddering sheep and cattle in the winter, and working still harder in the summer. I won't say anything about the difficulties I experienced in getting employment upon my arrival in the city, nor how I tried every place in the town before I could find a boarding place that suited me, until I became acquainted with a widow lady who kept a few boarders on what is now known as Euclid avenue.

"My landlady was accomplished, and had evidently seen better days, but the death of her husband had left her in reduced circumstances. She had two daughters, both lively, intelligent, and possessed of graces that only come from association with the better class of society. They were of extremely gay disposition, and I had not been at the house a month before I was hopelessly in love with Fanny, the eldest, and I thought at times her manner toward me was tender and encouraging. She carefully avoided giving me an opportunity to be alone with her long enough to declare my passion.

"The winter had nearly passed without finding me any further advanced in my suit, until one night in February, after a heavy fall of snow, I asked Fanny to take a sleigh ride with me, to which she consented, and after tea I procured as high-stepping pair of horses as could be found in the city, drove up to the house of my affinity, and in a few minutes we were whirling away out on the Cleveland and Medina turnpike. I had taken that road because it led towards my old home, and also owing to its being less traveled at night than any other thoroughfares leading from the city, and we were not likely to be interrupted in our ride or conversation.

"The night was just cool enough to make it necessary to place my arm around my companion, the horses were frisky, and the moon shone with that peculiar light which is preferred by lovers to all others, unless it be that of a parlor lamp turned down so low that as an illuminator it is nearly useless.

"Through Brooklyn township we whirled out into the country, where the lights from the farm-houses became more scattered and the baying of a watch-dog was the only sound heard. Fanny, who had previously sung, laughed and chatted merrily on our ride, now became quiet. As we came to a rise in the road that disclosed a level strip two or three miles in length before us, I said to myself, 'Before we have traveled the road now in view, I will settle my fate, and go home a happier or more miserable man.'

"Hardly had I come to this conclusion before I heard a peculiar rushing sound behind us, and looking around could see a flock of sheep coming at full speed toward us, and behind them were two or three dogs, which accounted for the fright of the sheep, which would doubtless run for miles before stopping, and cause their owner much trouble in hunting them up. But a bright thought came to me. Fanny was a city girl, and had never seen a sheep save in the shape of cutlets or roast at her mother's table. I would indulge in a strategy of the kind which is considered fair in love or war. Lowering my voice to the note of the stage jibbenainosay, where he speaks of the death of his parents, wife and friends, I said, 'Fanny, my girl, are you brave—can you bear terrible news?' 'Why, Henry, what is the matter? What makes you look so pale?' Assuming a more tragic voice, I replied, 'Be firm, dearest; rely on me; we are followed by wolves. Look behind you, and you can see the monsters, who are already thirsting for our blood.'

"She gave a hurried glance backward, heard the rustling sound of many feet, the deep breathing which, when heard in the forests of the north, causes the wildest dismay; then drawing nearer to me, said: 'I did not know there were any wolves so near the city, Henry.' 'Neither did I think there was any,' I replied, 'but it seems we were mistaken, for those behind us are of the gray species, and most dangerous of any to meet. Driven by hunger they have

approached the settlements, and unless our horses can go to the Stone tavern in Parma before we are overtaken, we are lost.'

"At this juncture the old, curly-horned leader, tired and out of wind from the long run, gave vent to a prolonged bleat, which was enough to scare a girl less timid than Fanny. I saw on the horses bits, and flourished my whip frantically around them, until they were excited and apparently doing their best to escape the fate behind them, but I was secretly holding them back to allow the wolves (!) to get closer. On came the bloody horde, panting for breath, nearer and nearer, until I began to throw out robes and blankets. 'These will keep them chewing a few minutes,' I said, 'and we may escape.' But the sheep had no appetite for the robes, and were close behind us.

"I arose in the sleigh, gave the reins to Fanny, saying, 'Drive for your life—I will sacrifice myself for you,' and made a movement as if to jump out of the sleigh. 'Never, never!' she screamed. 'We will die together,' and she pulled me down beside her, to await her fate. While thus employed, I succeeded in obtaining a hasty avowal from Fanny, at the same time I was holding back horses, to let the pursuers go by. They came; the monsters separated and passed us on either side, while I held my hat over her face, that she might not see the dreadful deception I had played upon her.

"She fainted the moment we were overtaken by the wolves, and without trying to revive her, I turned the horses backward and only stopped to pick up the robes which had been thrown out to check the ferocious animals. After driving a mile or two my now affianced wife revived sufficiently to hear how we were saved by a party of sleigh-riders, who met us just as we were surrounded. Though nervous and weak from the excitement, she recovered her buoyancy of spirit before we arrived home, and had promised to keep our adventure a secret, as I informed her the owner of the horses would charge me a fearful price if he knew to what tests his steeds had been put. And that is my adventure with wolves, and how I came to marry."

"But did your wife never find out the deception you practiced?" we asked the old settler, and he laughed again, while thinking of his boyish pranks.

"Not until eight years ago," he replied, "when I told her of it one evening when she was ironing."

"What did she say?"

"Not much—not very much," answered our old romancer, but removing his hat he showed us a triangular space upon his head, such as might have been made by a smothering iron, and with not a hair upon its surface. We thought Fanny was revenged.

## Hydrophobia.

Whatever charlatans may say, there is no known remedy for canine madness. When bitten, the surest means to escape infection is the application of a red-hot iron with a firm hand, and as soon as possible. A curtain-rod, a small poker, a bit of stout wire, a knife, any iron nearest to hand, heated to a bright red, will suffice. With this the wound must be sounded and burned. It is good to put the iron again into the fire, and repeat the operation effectually. The pain is quite supportable. M. Leblanc, senior, says that the cauterization gives the person bitten, not exactly pleasure, but decided satisfaction, because the sense of preservation and safety completely overpowers the pain inflicted. In Hayti, where canine madness is common, they apply gunpowder to the wounded parts, and then set fire to it. After this a blister, and mercurial treatment carried to salivation, complete the cure, or rather prevent the disease. Of course, after these necessary precautions, any known nostrum may be employed. Old women's precepts and popular prescriptions can do no harm, and may do good by keeping up the patient's spirits and inspiring him with hopes of a favorable result.

It is a great consolation to know that a person can be bitten by a really mad dog without contracting the disease. A bite through clothing has rarely serious consequences; the saliva—the only vehicle of infection—being thus wiped from the animal's teeth. Out of twenty individuals bitten, it is uncertain how many will go mad; perhaps none. But it is quite certain they will not all go mad. The cause of their escape is unknown, but such escapes make the fortunes of charlatans, cunning men and practitioners of superstitions. Bitten persons who have taken such and such drugs, or have gone through such and such devotional forms, and remain unharmed, never fail, they and theirs, to attribute the result to the means employed. But it is a reassuring thought, likely to have a favorable influence, without hindering the employment of rational precautions, to know that, although bitten, it is quite possible not to be touched by the poison. Infinitely better is it to persuade the patient of this than to hazard remedies which will make as many victims as there are persons foolish enough to try them.—Appleton's Journal.

The CHIEF aims to be a good local newspaper. Encourage it.

## A Letter From Mark Twain.

To the Editor of the London Spectator.

Sir—I only venture to intrude upon you because I come, in one sense, in the interest of public morality, and this makes my mission respectable. Mr. John Camden Hotten of London has, of his own individual notion, republished several of my books in England. I do not protest against this, for there is no law that could give effect to the protest; and, besides, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven or earth in any country, as I understand it. But my little grievance is this: My books are bad enough just as they are written; then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half a dozen chapters and added the same to them? I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volumes have fallen under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or if even yourself, were to write a book and set it afloat among the people, with the gravest apprehensions that it was not up to what it ought to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Camden Hotten sit down and stimulate his powers, and drool two or three original chapters on to the end of that book? Would not the world seem cold and hollow to you? Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? Little the world knows of true suffering. And suppose he should entitle these chapters "Holiday Literature," "True Story of Chicago," "On Children," "Train Up a Child, and Away He Goes," and "Vengeance," and then, on the strength of having evolved these marvels from his own consciousness, go on and "copyright" the entire book, and put in the title-page a picture of a man with his hands in another man's pocket, and the legend "All Rights Reserved." (I only suppose the picture; still, it would be a rather neat thing.) And, further, suppose that, in the kindness of his heart and the exuberance of his untaught fancy, this thoroughly well-meaning innocent should expunge the modest title which you had given your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this, "Scoundrels and Eveensers," and go and get that copyrighted, too. And suppose that on the top of all this he continually and persistently forgot to offer you a single penny, or ever send you a copy of your mutilated book to burn. Let me suppose all this. Let him suppose it with strength enough, and then he will know something about woe. Sometimes when I read one of those additional chapters constructed by John Camden Hotten, I feel as if I wanted to take a broom-straw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in anger, but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curiosity.

And Mr. Hotten says that one *nom de plume* of mine is "Carl Byng." I hold that there is no affliction in this world that makes a man feel so downtrodden and abused as giving him a name that does not belong to him. How would this sinful aborigine feel if I were to call him John Camden Hotten, and come out in the papers and say he was entitled to it by divine right? I do honestly believe it would throw him into a brain fever, if there were not an insuperable obstacle in the way.

Yes—to come back to the original subject, which is the sorrow that is slowly but surely undermining my health—Mr. Hotten prints unrevised, uncorrected, and, in some respects, spurious books, with my name to them as author, and thus embitters his customers against one of the most innocent of men. Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and, therefore, if my books are to disseminate either suffering or crime among readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house, and then I could contemplate the spectacle calmly as the dividends came in. I am, sir, etc., SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, ("Mark Twain").

## Curious Controversy.

An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following rich story. The young lawyer referred to is still flourishing in Memphis:

"There was never greater local excitement than that which grew out of this infernal navy-yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property and half or more opposed to it, the latter thinking that the Government might be induced even yet to make liberal appropriations and perfect the navy-yard and build ships and steamers here. There were two newspapers published here; one, a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability, named Bankhead, who was tragically and mysteriously assassinated some six years ago. There was another, an afternoon paper, called the News (I believe that was its name), edited by a man named Yancy. These two editors opposed one another on the navy-yard question, and their discussions had begotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the summer, and each without the other's knowledge employed the same man, this young lawyer, to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers hotter and hotter on each

successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the News office and somebody expected that the two furious editors would shed blood. The coming duel in Arkansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers marvellous. Popular excitement was intense when Bankhead came hurrying home from Virginia and Yancy from Alabama, each thinking that the other was about to murder his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischievous fraud upon public passion had been exposed at the time, the *con amore* editor would have been hanged to a lamp-post."

## Good Fruits of Dr. Greeley's Candidacy.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

Though Dr. Greeley is overwhelmingly defeated, his candidacy will be of much benefit to the nation.

His nomination by the Democratic party on the platform adopted at Cincinnati and ratified at Baltimore has lifted that party out of the charnel-house of dead issues, cured it of its anti-war virus, and enabled it to move forward on a higher plane, and with vigorous steps, in the pathway of progress and reform.

For the same reasons the country will never hear any more, from any source worthy of consideration, about the invalidity of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. The fact that Dr. Greeley was more warmly supported in the South than in the North, and that his most enthusiastic advocates in the old slaveholding States were the men that had been foremost in the rebellion, have forever silenced all controversy or even cavil over these amendments. If Dr. Greeley's candidacy had yielded no other fruits than the peaceful settlement of these questions, they alone would compensate for all the trouble and cost of the campaign.

Beyond all this, the cardinal doctrine embodied in the Cincinnati platform are still living truths, and even the Administration will have to carry their main features into effect or be broken up and swept away by the rising tide of public opinion.

FOUNDATION FOR A FORTUNE.—I remember (says a writer) three years ago telling of the marvellous cause of the great Lardere fortune. It is a pretty story, and an abridgment will bear repeating. The founder of the family was a peddler, grandfather of the young count and countess who are matching with illegitimate royalties and descendants of families that count back their centuries of distinction. One day the peddler took off his pack under the trees in the Maremma woods, and spread out his bread and meat for the noonday meal. While eating he fell asleep, and his bread and meat rolled down upon the earth. When he awakened he picked it up and began eating. The first mouthful was so bitter that he could not swallow it. He found the cause was earth in which it had rolled. He was an intelligent fellow, and his hobby was chemistry. He had a friend at Leghorn who was a druggist, and with him he had studied out many a chemical secret. So the taste of the earth set his mind to work. He gathered a portion of the earth and put it in his pack. When he tramped back to Leghorn he and his apothecary friend examined the dirt and found his suspicious verified—it was full of soda and borax. The peddler took his savings and quietly bought the waste land in the Maremma forest, set up his manufactories, and made a princely fortune. In one of the galleries of the splendid Lardere palaces of Leghorn is a huge borax coronet placed on a high gilt pedestal. Now the grandchildren of the clever old peddler, who sold matches, tobacco, brandy, etc., are mating with the descendants of Medici, Salvia and Savoy dukes.

There is much scandal in England, where handsome young grooms who accompany young ladies on their rural horseback rides do not keep the regulation distance of fifteen feet behind. The fashion, it seems, extends to Chicago, and takes some times the serious form of matrimony. The romantic escapade of Miss Ella Hancock and Mr. Thomas Lynden, is the latest development in this direction. The gentleman was the coachman of Miss Ella's father, and frequently had occasion to drive her out alone on shopping and recreative excursions. Thomas was singularly unprepossessing in appearance, being of a rubicund cast of countenance and almost entirely bald. The young girl, who was only fifteen years old, had an extensive education in novels of the Mrs. Braddon type, and after divers entreaties he persuaded her to say that she was over eighteen and casually remark "I will" to a certain interesting interrogation of the officiating clergyman. Then Mrs. Lynden became alarmed, and informed her parents of the proceeding. They dismissed the ambitious coachman, and are at present instituting proceedings to have the marriage set aside, which will probably be done.

In Marseilles, France, a young girl named Irma Gras, a very handsome brunette, assassinated her lover because he refused to buy her a gold watch. To the general astonishment of the court and audience, the jury acquitted her.

## After the Battle.

Some foreigner, juster or with keener eyes than the others, declared the predominant trait of the Americans to be their good humor. He happened to be here during the turmoil of a Presidential campaign and professed himself stunned by the sudden silence, the amiable quiet with which, the day after the election, the issue was received; friend and foe who yesterday grappled each other by the throat, sitting down and hob-nobbing to-day together. Yesterday this phenomenon repeated itself, as is usual every fourth year; the ins finding themselves still in could afford to hug themselves in the prospect of another term's profits; quails as to how the victory was gained will trouble them but little. The Liberal party whose object was primarily to reform the mismanagement of the Government, will, we believe and trust, go but the more zealously to work because the case has grown more inaccessible; and in and out, while cooling, will have time to discover that personal vituperation is not argument; that the fact that one of the leaders of a party is a thief or the leader of another wears his trousers too short, hardly touches the principles of one platform or the other. The dove of peace will brood over the country again; men will go back to their normal condition: President Grant can give up the harrying, solicitous attention to business of the last six months; the wretched deputations of Utes and Cheyennes will have time to rest, and be dragged no longer to and fro to make capital for their Great Father; the artists of the illustrated press can find leisure to fashion satire without the help of blasphemy, and the editors to inquire whether Philip Sydney would have drawn his standard of manhood from a tailor's shop.

It was not as politicians, however, that men were good-humored. No man is a politician the day after the election. The day after a battle the death of each of the dead chills some home in the land; but after this civil fight the slain arise and walk off, comfortably reflecting that they are something else than voters—each of them has a patient to look after, a job to finish, a wife to marry. Just here lies the secret of our good humor in these quadrennial convulsions. Such a political revolution in England or France touches every man's social and domestic life to the very root; but whether Greeley or Grant went into the White House has little immediately to do with ours. Below that again is the absolute confidence which the American feels in the innate soundness of his Government, no matter how cawked by temporary corruption. Its recuperative power he knows to be inexhaustible. Hence he bears defeat with the admirable good temper and quiet with which a man secure by birth and culture of his social position finds himself pushed temporarily to the wall by pretensions fraud.

Against the gigantic appliances possessed by the ruling party, it was perhaps Quixotic to hope for success; but behind the rulers are the people—a power slow, steady, infallible in its ultimate perception of common sense justice and right. The country has borne the rule of time-servers, traitors, and drunkards; it went through the savage blood-letting of the civil war, and rose from it like a giant strengthened by wrestling. The evils that have been the topic of such hot discussion may shame us in the world's eyes, but the wholesome renovating strength is below. When the blood in the veins is pure, the soiled face matters little.—N. Y. Tribune.

GALLANTRY.—What is gallantry but a tribute from the stronger to the weaker? What right has a fresh-faced, ruddy girl, abounding in strength, to plant herself in front of a weary man in a way that plainly indicates her expectation that he will yield his seat? What right has she to take it indeed? Why should she not rise and give a seat to an old man, instead of accepting his?

Now, we submit that the fault is partly with ill bred women. They take seats as if they belonged to them. We almost always surrender to a standing lady, however weary our legs may be, and not one in six has courtesy enough to say, "thank you." A very weary and very plain woman, with none of the varnish of society, no knowledge of the proprieties or improprieties, stood in front of us the other day. We offered her the seat, and she hesitated. "I hate to take your seat," she said. She was a lady.

The very women who complain of a lack of gallantry, never give place themselves to older or weaker people. The sight of a young lady giving a seat to a feeble old man would work wonders of gallantry among men. "See that tired man!" exclaimed a lady alongside of us the other evening, and squeezing her silks she made room for a weary and earth-soiled laborer. There was gallantry!

Some men get up for pretty faces and fine clothes, but we know a man who gives his seat to a weary washer-woman with a basket of clothes, and that whether she be Irish or African. And when we see this we say, "Behold a gentleman indeed!" The true-hearted courtesy of such a man is worth more than all the hand-kissing, bowing of a hundred knee-buckled courtiers.