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LINDEN E. BENTLEY,
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The name of a European artist, which is spelled Wienischkitchi, gave his English friends who wished to pronounce it great trouble until a wag suggested that the exact pronunciation was wine-and-whisky, and then everybody easily swallowed it.

The members of the Baptist church in a little town named Petersburg, Remondel county, New York, are employed in the charitable and enlightened work of persecuting their pastor, because he attended "sociable nite" societies and took part in the harmless amusements of the evenings.

A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country estate, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

A New York paper says: "We read in the Kansas Times a most harrowing description of the suicide of a young lady at St. Joseph, Mo. It would have moved us to admiration of the descriptive powers of the Kansas Times if we hadn't read the same article, almost word for word, in an English journal, describing the suicide of a British blonde, four weeks ago."

A correct appreciation of the intrinsic value of the notes of the Spanish Bank of Havana is being arrived at very fast in several interior towns and outposts of the island. In a Havana paper of the 2nd inst. we read that in the town of Sagua la Grande the market people refuse to accept these worthless bills at any price, and that those who can not afford gold or silver in payment of their marketing must go without it.

The question whether an English author forfeits his copyright in England by first publishing in America will soon come before the courts. The case arises on a volume of stories by the noted author "Ouida," which were first published by Lippincott, and reprinted by Asher of Berlin without her leave. Meanwhile, she sells the copyright to the publisher of the "Fanchitz Classics," and is about to bring it out also in London. The suit is brought in a German court, to protect the Fanchitz authorized edition against Asher's alleged piracy.

One of our young men has recently ceased to make calls at a certain house. It appears he went the other night from an oyster supper, and on her father appearing at the door, he observed, "Hello! old tadpole, where is the floating gazelle? where is my love now dreaming?" This seemed to indicate to the old gentleman that something was wanted, so he placed his hand sadly on the young man's shoulder, and turning him partly around, stowed away a large amount of leather under his coat tail, and then retired in the house. The young man doesn't go there any more. He says the small-pox is hereditary in the family.

Horace Greeley contends that this world is full of misshapen education, which is disastrous in its consequences, beyond all adequate conception. Going into details, he shows that many men are educated for professions who can not possibly attain eminence, or even earn a fair livelihood. They prove failures; but had their training been more diversified, they might have been more successful farmers, carpenters or engineers. He thinks that the industrial capacity of our people should be diffused and increased, and that, at the same time, the professions should be relieved of the dead weight of inefficiency and failure which now clings to them; that, in other words, all men should be so instructed as, in case of failure in one line of effort, they would have something to fall back upon so as to secure their personal independence.—N. O. Times.

Newspaper-Making.

(From the Oronois Journal.)

Does one out of the thousands to whom newspapers are a daily or weekly necessity, take thought of the sweat of brow and spirit which goes to prepare the periodical refreshment of the millions? To the uninitiated the press is a marvellous power, with a certain magical absorption of floating news and local items, of current thought, and discovery, which it disgorges with all ease imaginable. Even more intelligent readers, whilst recognizing the labor of the caterers for the public palate, have little idea of the rocks and quicksands which beset them. Only those belonging to the guild understand the smart of the editorial "siege perilsous."

If newspapers were published in Utopia, we conclude it would all be plain sailing, for in that blessed country every body's opinions coincided, and every body minded their own business and let their neighbors alone. But as Utopia lies somewhere in Cloudland, and the universal millennium has not dawned, newspaper-making goes on in monstrous worry and fret of mind and body. Some make great leaps in the dark after remote possibilities, lest more enterprising editors may get ahead of them—and perhaps publish ridiculous "cau-ards," which every body laughs at. Others crawl along fearing to peril their sagacity, and see some *habile piceux* take the choice bits from under their very noses. You are bound to gauge your hits lest they return like a boomerang and knock you cold, or to add a little salt to a tasteless paragraph that it may be of pleasant savor to the popular palate.

Country editors are supposed to have a nice easy berth. All they have to do is to copy and re-haah from other journals—not a bit of responsibility rests on their comfortable shoulders, for they are presumed to be merely the echo of wiser sheets, and if they do happen to come out with an original expression of opinion, the great mastiffs of the Press growl them down as audacious interlopers. All this is very nice and pleasant. But alas! for the thorns in the rural roses which make the bed of these fortunate individuals!

One man comes to you and says: "Sir, you don't go deep enough in politics. You are the interpreter of the popular voice, and you have no right to stifle it, sir. Your sheet has only food for babes and weaklings—pap, sir, nothing but pap! A newspaper shows the status of a community abroad, and judged by this what are we. Helpless imbeciles! Stop my paper, sir, if you don't give it back-bone!" Perhaps you then go into the "back-bone business." You fluster and rant with the loudest. You put your foot squarely down on the "everlasting Yea," or "the everlasting Nay," and rest from your labors on Saturday, waiting for little Jack Horner's reward. Does it come to obedient merit? One of your best patrons, a substantial farmer, waits upon you and says: "Look here, I don't like that bunkum and balderdash you write last week. If you would tell the people to let politics alone, and mind their home interests, it would be a darned sight better for them and the whole country. I don't want politics to tell me how I'm going to get help next year, or what I'm going to get for my corn and potatoes. Take my advice, laister, and let politics go to grass, if they've got that much use in them. Give us something for home folks to read of an evening round the fire. We only take your paper, and if you can't give us some pleasure, well, I'll stop it and try another."

A poetess sends you a monody, or a threnody, and if you don't publish it with "trimmings"—*gare de loup*. She gives out your standard of literature is low. Your journalism's worth the paper it is printed on, and it's a disgrace to the community to tolerate such a sheet.

You write a leader on "dishonesty." "Did you mean me, sir! or me sir!" sounds in your ears from the uprising of the sun to its down-setting, the day after the appearance of the obnoxious paragraph. You say you were merely dealing with generalities, mere abstractions of a world-wide question. The looks around you are significant of the fact, that the "abstractions" of a country editor, are mighty apt to end in "distractions" of a very uncomfortable nature.

The Plungers tell you to go ahead like a man even if you die in your tracks, (they don't offer to back you though against heavy odds). The timid say "move carefully and look well to your steps." You are like the puzzled Knight in the *Garde Douleur*, who sees written over one portal "Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold," and over the very next "Be not too bold."

Journalism should make itself independent to a certain extent of all these trammels. If it affects politics, in Heaven's name let it wade neck deep in its own slough and use its own mud without fear or favor. If, on the contrary, it catches them, it should by no possibility be forced into an attitude repugnant to its past course and future usefulness. After all, upon this last named quality—usefulness—depends the success of a journal. If it is just, temperate, neither rushing into extremes, nor yet avoiding a frank expression

of opinion upon the leading topics of the day—if it wages a steady warfare against vice and ill doing in every shape and form, and if it strives to elevate the moral and intellectual tone of the community to which it belongs, the highest mission of a newspaper is fulfilled. Such a paper might not be chosen as the organ for a political campaign, but it would go very far to rob the periodical frenzies of elections of many of their worst features.

A newspaper should be the interpreter of the needs of the community which supports it, and not its petty prejudices and factions. If these local ulcers do exist, it is not necessary to give them publicity which deepens and perpetuates them. Of course the ideal newspaper will only come with the "coming race," but even country editors can make their sheets more palatable to the general reader, by the fitness of the matter which fills their columns. Individual partisanship soon dies out, but there are matters of general interest in this nineteenth century which should be made familiar to every reader in the remotest corner of the world.

Troublesome Babies.

Dinah is hard at work at her washing. Sam is digging in the garden. Over there, at the window, sits somebody sewing silk flounces for dear life. I am writing. From the sounds, I suppose that Madame Serecholini of the Italian Opera is practicing all her part of *Il Traviata* straight through. Everybody within sight is busy, but the busiest of all is a middle of a mortal next door. He is about a year and a half old, and can just balance himself on his fat little feet; but for an hour he has been toiling furiously with a little four-wheeled cart and a spoon, and his work has been the covering up the newly planted geraniums with little mounds of earth. 'Tis wonderful how well he succeeded. And now he has left the task completed, and is carrying the African lily away in small pieces. He tugs and pulls, chipping off little bits of the green leaves, until he has what he considers a cart load, wheels it away and dumps it on the piazza, and comes back for more. He is almost out of breath. His legs are tired, and his hands must be cut and blistered, but unless some one comes to the rescue, he is quite unlikely to stop very soon. I presume that a stout woodman would find the peeling of a great forest tree no harder task than the demolishing of that lily to be baby, but he could be no more in earnest about it.

Dinah stops to rest now and then; Sam sits down to have a smoke; the seamstress leans out of the window to have a chat with somebody in the garden; but baby takes no rest in his work of mischief, which he evidently thinks a very necessary and praiseworthy deed. I wonder, when I look at him, whether some older mortals may not be working just as hard, at just such sort of work as baby's. He has his new ideas too, though he can not make speeches about them, and though after a while some one will wash his dear little hands clean, and dress him in a new white frock. But as for those big, bad babies who go about heaping dirt upon nature's sweetness, and tearing up beautiful things that have flourished since earth's spring, can any wash their hands clean, or whiten their robes anew? When they trample on the marriage laws and heap the dirt of free love upon them; when they ruthlessly pluck at the sweet hopes that point heavenward, and strive to spoil life's garden, what can be done for them? They can not spoil it. Wise heads and steadfast hearts can undo the mischief, just as the good mother will undo baby's. But how hard they work at their folly!

When baby is carried in with kisses and soft scolding, he will scream. So they scream at those who cling to old truths and beauties, and mocking that which they call superstition, think themselves wise and great, and boast of their mischievous work. All we can do is to hope that the time will come when, looking backward, they will see their folly and own themselves troublesome babies, who tried to spoil the garden before all men.—Mary Kyle Dallas in N. Y. Ledger.

The Chinese have a most ingenious method of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, with numbers from one up to one thousand. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as follows: The little finger represents units, the ring finger tens, the middle finger hundreds, the forefinger thousands, and the thumb tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm toward the tip they count one, two and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight and nine are counted on the right side of the joints from the palm to the tip. The forefinger of the right hand is used as a pointer. Thus, one, two, three, four, would be indicated by first touching the joint of the forefinger; next, the middle joint of the middle finger on the inside; next the end joint of the ring finger on the inside; and finally, the joint of the little finger next the hand on the outside. The reader will be able to make further examples for himself.

Ute Indian Swells.

A Ute village is much like any other Indian village; is just as dirty, the tepees are of the same shape, the women are quite as frowsy, the bucks are just as dignified and lazy, and the papooses just as naked. It affords some pleasure, perhaps satisfaction, to one accustomed to the straight-jacket fashion of the metropolitan centres, to see with what abandon these indigenous people attire themselves. In fact, some of them have nothing but a band on. When the high jointers—that is, the angust and austere commissioners, drove into town—I can't get out of the habit of calling this huddle of an agency a town—some of the high muck-a-mucks and bucks of elevated position, youth and hoary age, came out to meet us. And they were dressed up in their good clothes, too, and it was quite apparent to me that the Ute fashion inventors, and the Ute tailors generally, had set their wits and their fingers to work to prepare for the great occasion. How childlike and bland that old heathen with the variegated countenance and squint eye appear as he rode up, attired in the northwest corner of an old shirt-tail, cut *en train*. And how charming was the sweet-faced Hiawatha, her hair hanging in unkempt looseness about her mouth, who wore a fragrant pine cone on her left breast, and whose lower extremities were attired in charming peg-topped pantaloons, fringed with the hair of some old Arapahoe sinner. I shall not soon forget the picturesque scene presented by a youth of seven summers, who, in the *neglige* costume of a hickory shirt, ripped on both sides from the bottom to the arm-hole, went waltzing up the road, while a large breeze sent both sides fluttering toward the heavens. An then that dignified old cuss, attired in an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle and a pair of red moccasins! There was another fellow on a rearing and fractious burro, who came prancing around in a full dress suit of whitewash, scoloped on the edges, and looped up with yellow ochre. There were others equally elegantly, if not so fashionably attired; and I was visibly affected by the scene that drifted across my vision. Ute styles are variegated this year, and colors are mixed—being principally yellow and red ochre and lamp-black, and laid on in fantastic stripes. Fashion includes a little of everything. If you get a breech clout, a pair of old army shoes, a shirt guildless of soap and water for fifteen years, an army coat, infantry shoulder-straps, navy stripes, a plug hat made by the latter to his excellency Noah, the ship builder, and a sling a lot of cheap beads promiscuously around, you are rigged out in a costume that will be warranted to command envy, if not respect, among the others of the tribe. A Ute buck is a heavy swell on style, if he doesn't have a cent.

Both Married.

(Correspondence New York Sun.)

CORNING, N. Y., Nov. 4.

I arrived here recently, and took up my quarters at the Dickinson House. After I had removed the marks of travel I went down stairs and strolled about the hotel with my cigar. Soon I observed a venerable gentleman, carefully dressed, walking up and down, smoking a cigar and swinging a gold headed cane. Leaning against the clerk's counter was a tall, thin, saw-toothed man, with blonde hair and moustache, and also smoking a cigar. This gentleman had already been pointed out to me as Mr. Cole, a leading politician of the country.

By and by I observed the old gentleman pause and look at Mr. Cole very closely. Mr. Cole raised his mild blue eye, and gazed dreamily at the old gentleman. Presently the latter stepped toward Mr. Cole, and said in a very courteous manner, "Excuse me, sir, but I think I've seen you before."

"Very likely," Mr. Cole replied, "I've been there frequently."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old gentleman. "That's very good. But really, I think I've met you somewhere or other before to-night."

"It is not improbable," was Mr. Cole's reply. "At all events," he continued, "with a twinkle in his blue eyes, 'there's no reason why we shouldn't know each other now.'"

"That's so," said the old gentleman, "here's my hand."

Mr. Cole took the hand very carefully into his, worked it up and down once or twice, and then restored it to the old gentleman. This seemed to introduce them, and they got to talking. As I had nothing else to do, I smoked my cigar and watched them. Presently, after walking up and down the passage, they came and stood so near to where I was that I could not but overhear all that passed.

Mr. Cole threw himself into a thoughtful attitude, but said nothing. "What do you think, sir?" the venerable man went on, "I was married last Tuesday!"

"So was I!" exclaimed Mr. Cole, enthusiastically.

The venerable gentleman seized Mr. Cole's hand, and shook it like a small earthquake. "How remarkable!" he went on: "only to think both married on last Tuesday!" And he kept on squeezing Mr. Cole's hand and shaking it with the energy of an early friend. Then they went up to the bar and the old gentleman stood champagne. The old gentleman invited me as a stranger to aid them, and after some hesitation I did so, especially as the old gentleman said, eyeing me intently, "Why, I've met you in Philadelphia at the Continental." He brought out of his inside pocket the portrait of his wife and showed it to us. We said it was lovely. He stood more champagne. We talked variously. The old gentleman explained to me the bond that united Mr. Cole to himself. "How singular!" he said, "both married last Tuesday!"

He stood champagne for the third time. He wanted Mr. Cole to stay all night and talk on matrimony and such like. Mr. Cole tried to excuse himself, but the old gentleman called for more champagne saying, "By Jove, it wasn't every day you met with such a remarkable coincidence." Mr. Cole held up his glass of champagne, and looking at it with approbation, said, "No, it was not."

After a while Mr. Cole said he must go, as his wife had been up all the last night with the baby—"The baby!" exclaimed the venerable gentleman, replacing the half raised glass of champagne on the counter with such force as to break the stem and almost choking with surprise; "the baby! Why you told me you were married last Tuesday!"

"So I was," said Mr. Cole, "and have been for the last fifteen years."

The old gentleman gave a gasp, hauled out his purse and paid the bill. Then he went through the door like a telegraph post playing locomotive.

A Probable Change on the Supreme Bench.

(From the N. O. Republican.)

Judge Nelson of the United States Supreme Court recently signified his intention to retire in April and avail himself of the act of Congress passed two or three years ago, providing for the retirement of Judges after a long term of service. The venerable Nelson has been for more than fifty years a judge, a large portion of the time having been devoted to his duties on the bench of the United States Supreme Court and as United States Circuit Judge for New York. After him, in rank, comes Judge Clifford.

Judge Nelson is one of the links that connect the present with the past age. A jurist of first order of ability, he has, however, been unable to keep pace with the spirit of progress infused into the national policy by the results of the late revolution; and he has on more than one occasion found himself overruled in important cases involving momentous questions by his younger associates. He has adhered with great tenacity to the constitution as it was, so much, indeed, as to suggest the imputation that he regarded the work of the original statesmen of the country as sacrosanct, and beyond the reach of innovation. But his sound views upon the general principles of common law, added to a character for integrity that has never been even assailed, have endeared him to the hearts of all classes, including many who would have been pleased to see in him a more prompt recognition of the living principles ordained by the people of the present day. He has been a faithful servant to the republic, and deserves well at the hands of his countrymen. We rejoice that our nation has so far overcome its ancient tendency to economy as to provide for the comfort in old age of such long-tried and ever faithful men.

Judge Settle of North Carolina has been spoken of as his probable successor, but with what grounds we are not informed. Neither are we familiar with his history as a jurist.

It is believed, too, that Judge Chase will retire soon, as his health is yet feeble, and he is really unequal to the onerous duties of his position. A trip to California this winter has been recommended for him in hopes of affording him relief.

President Grant will therefore almost certainly be called upon to nominate two members of the Supreme Court before his second term expires. Judge Nelson is the last remaining member of the court who took part in the Dred Scott decision in 1856, Judges Campbell and Curtis, who were members at that time, having resigned. All the rest are dead. The court was then constituted thus: Chief Justice Taney, Associate Justices Wayne, Greer, Catron, McLean, Nelson, Daniel, Curtis and Campbell. The present judges are: Chief Justice Chase, Associate Justices Nelson, Clifford, Swayne, Miller, Davis, Field, Strong and Bradley. The two last named were appointed by President Grant; Judges Chase, Miller, Swayne, Field and Davis were appointed by Lincoln; Judge Clifford by Buchanan, and Judge Nelson, we believe, by Polk.

The Texas & New Orleans R. R.

(From the Houston Telegraph.)

For five years nearly in the columns of this paper, we have been the advocate of the importance of this road, and for twenty years before we were its advocate. All this time we have seen that it would prove a sort of promised land, and to Texas a deliverance.

Years ago Houston had the wharfage system, but saw its error and repealed it, but at Galveston it has been continued, and the wharf company has grown enormously rich by its wharfage levied and collected from the people of Texas. It is to-day the most grinding and unnatural monopoly in the United States, and became so enormous in its weight upon the people of Texas that the Houston Direct Navigation Company was started mainly to give them protection against it, and it has saved them hundreds of thousands of dollars levied upon them by this monopoly and other sharpers at Galveston.

Heretofore Galveston has been the outlet of Texas, and it has gorged itself unto fitness from her people. But the day is near when this will be changed, and the completion of the railroad to New Orleans will do it.

It is well known that the European trade of this part of the South goes mainly to New Orleans. Vessels go there loaded with merchandise, when they come to Galveston, seldom, and then almost in ballast, to carry our cotton to Europe. Our interior merchants have been compelled to pay tribute to Galveston, to their great detriment, by shipping their cotton there; but very soon after this connection is made, they can ship it to New Orleans as cheaply as heretofore they have done to Galveston, and secure better prices for it. And then there they can buy and have delivered at Houston goods cheaper and on better terms than they can buy them at Galveston. And in case they wish to ship cotton to Europe, New Orleans will give them better and cheaper facilities than Galveston has ever done.

We only ask our interior merchants to note the result and judge for themselves as to what we say. Nor is this all; but the time is near by when Houston will pay better prices for cotton, and sell cheaper goods and on better terms than Galveston has ever done. Wait, watch and judge.

A Curious Love Affair.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates the following curious tale:

Among the red men now visiting the Capital to smoke the pipe of peace, is a youthful Comanche brave, who has attracted no little attention from the ladies of Washington. The other day, during the visit of several families to the hotel where he is stopping, he saw a pretty young lady of about his own age, the daughter of one of the wealthiest men of the city, and fell so violently in love with her at first sight that when the party left the house he followed her to her residence. For two or three days subsequently he was found hanging around the vicinity, occasionally catching a glimpse of her; and, strange to say, the young lady has conceived an equally violent passion for him. On Saturday last she went out riding with him in the elegant barouche belonging to the paternal mansion, and when those having charge of her strictly forbade any further exhibitions of such bad taste on her part, she frankly declared her intention of wedding the young Comanche. On the other hand, the young Indian has been supplied with money, and declares that he will not return to the happy hunting grounds of the West unless the object of his devotion should go with him. As a matter of course such a deplorable state of affairs has necessitated some action on the part of the authorities. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has therefore been notified that the susceptible Comanche must be made to leave the city forthwith, and a thousand dollar draft has been tendered by a brother of the misguided girl as a bonus for his departure. But the Comanche is incorrigible, and resists all overtures. The delicate circumstances of the case, and the fear of their names being given publicly in the event of a denouement, have so far worked upon the relatives of the girl that she will be taken hence to New York on the through train to-night, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, will quietly take passage for Europe by an early steamer, the distracted millionaire whose daughter she is perceiving no other way to cure her of her unhappy predilection.

The Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, of St. Louis, is to build a fleet of fifty wooden barges as they are wanted for the St. Louis and New Orleans trade. This company has made careful calculations which show that in the long run wooden barges and steamboats are the cheapest. They run off to sink and wear out a large percentage of hulls, and yet come out ahead, with larger profits than would accrue from the costly iron hulls.

An opponent of woman's rights says it is a convenience to have women for postmistresses; they can not only inform an applicant if there is a letter for him without looking, but can also tell him what is in it.