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LINDEN E. BENTLEY,
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St. Louis has a policeman named Heavens, and Chicago has one named "Bill."

The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the former are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly.

A young lady living at Glen Rock, Neb., born of white parents, and of delicate complexion, has, since recovery from sickness of a strange nature, turned as black as any Ethiopian.

A Lafayette, Indiana, street-car conductor has got rich enough to buy out the company, and now proposes to extend the road and run two trips a day, which will necessitate the purchase of another horse.

A Pennsylvania man came upon a drove of five deer a few days ago while walking through the woods. He had a hammer in his hand which he threw and knocked one of the deer down, then ran up and captured it alive after a slight struggle.

A benevolent St. Louis man secured the Christmas beneficiaries of the newsboys by giving each of them a new cap. The proud and happy recipients rushed headlong to the nearest pawnshop and "sponted" the new head-gear for money to buy matinee tickets to the variety show.

A Washington special of the twenty-first to the New York Herald says:

Senator West, of Louisiana, welcomed to the Senate chamber to-day the notable Pinchback, and presented his credentials, which were laid on the table. He then took a seat with Pinchback on a sofa behind the Senator's desk, and introduced the few Senators who came forward to offer their congratulations. Pinchback, who has so much white blood that few would mistreat him as African descent, has also with him his credentials as Representative at large from Louisiana for the next Congress.

Mrs. Partington is still bothered with this Mobile credit business, and can't see how it should be so much sought after, unless it is much better than that of some Western cities in which the late Mr. P., as she feelingly remarked, "went in deeper, poor soul! than he ever got out." Here she heaved a sigh, and wiped her specks, as well as the feature to which they owed their support, and continued, calmly, that Mobile bonds ought to be good maturities, she was sure, for they had the famous Garde Mobile there all the time, sleeping on their arms at night and legs in the daytime, for the production of public and private property; and now emancipation has got rid of so many of their bonds, why they shouldn't pay the rest and say no more about it, she could not see for the life of her. And here she dropped her "ridicule," and subsided.

At least six plots to assassinate the late Napoleon were made. In October, 1852, when Napoleon, who was on the eve of becoming emperor, was at Marseilles, an infernal machine, formed by 250 gun barrels, charged with 1500 balls, was to have been discharged against the Prince and his cortege, but the design was not carried out. On July 5, 1853, a fresh attempt was made to assassinate him as he was going to the Opera Comique. Twelve Frenchmen were arrested as concerned in the conspiracy. On April 23, 1855, Jean Liverani fired two shots at the Emperor in the Grand Avenue of the Champ Elysees. In 1857, Thibaldi, Bartolotti and Grilli came from England to Paris to assassinate the Emperor, but were discovered, arrested, tried and punished. On January 14, 1858, Orsini, Gomez, Pieri and Rada threw their shells at the Emperor. On December 24, 1863, Greco, Trabucco, Imperatore and Scagliani, who had gone from London with the intention of killing the French Emperor, were arrested in Paris.

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

Nature has not been pleased to bestow upon me any special gifts, and I can not call myself a clever man. But I have been brought up in a good school; and whatever natural shrewdness I may have, has, so to speak, had a keen edge put on it, in an experience of many years as a detective officer. If there is one thing more than another upon which I pride myself, it is that of discriminating character, and being able to at once detect whether a person charged with an offense is innocent or guilty. How far this pet theory of mine is borne out by fact, the following story will show.

Some years ago, in the month of December, I was strolling in the neighborhood of Scotland Yard, when I noticed that I was followed by a short thick set man, of very peculiar appearance. He looked about three or four and twenty, and was very shabbily dressed in clothes which evidently had never been made for him. Each of the garments had the stamp of having belonged to persons in different walks of life. The old court trousers, much too large, were those of a workman; the vest, which had been of a brighter scarlet, was that of a groom or coachman; whilst the surcoat, patched, out at the elbows as it was, had the unmistakable cut of a west-end tailor. It struck me that we were old acquaintances, for his was a face, once seen, not easily to be forgotten. He was very ugly, but had not what one would call "a bad face."

The greatest peculiarity about him was the eyes, which were of a dark hazel and very small, with an extraordinary obliqueness of vision, that made it impossible to tell whether he was looking you in the face or not. His head was covered by an old sea-skin cap, under which was much coarse hair of a golden red, whilst his face was ornamented with a luxuriant crop of whiskers of the same fiery hue.

All this I noticed as he twice passed—each time looking as if about to address me. As he passed the second time, I turned on my heel and followed, and, quickly overtaking him, said, "Well, my man, you seem to know me."

"Yes, Mr. Sharpe," he replied, "I know you very well, though I dare say you have forgotten me. My name is Charlie Fox, and you've had me before the beak more than once when I was a young 'un."

"Why," I said, "you are the young rascal that belonged to the Westminster gang, and used to give us all so much trouble?"

"Yes, gov'nor; but since my mother died, which is a good many years now, I've been trying to keep on the square. I've been to sea, and been working about the docks, or wherever I could get a job. Lately I ain't had any thing to do, and I'm almost starving. I knew you directly I saw you, and I've been following you, thinking you might give me something to get some grub. It's hard work, gov'nor, to keep straight after you've once gone wrong, specially when you're hungry, and a lot of pals a-tempting you."

As I listened, I thought his story might be true. I remembered him as a young thief, with a bad mother, but that years ago; and I knew if he had been knocking about London, and up to his old games, I must have seen or heard something of him.

"Look here, Fox," I said, "you may be telling me a lie, or you may not; but if you are hungry, I will give you a meal."

I took him into the nearest public house, and gave him some cold meat and bread, and a pint of beer; and his appetite certainly confirmed one part of his tale. When he had finished his dinner, he said:

"Now, Mr. Sharpe, you've done me a turn which I shan't soon forget, and I'll do you one in return, by putting you up to a good thing. You know all about the murder of the woman at Glasgow, and I can tell you where to lay hands on the cove that did it. There's a hundred pounds reward; and I suppose, if I plant you on him, you'll give me half."

I knew of the murder. It was one of peculiar atrocity, committed about a month before, in Glasgow, upon a poor girl, an unfortunate. Hitherto the police had been at fault, and the Home Secretary had offered a reward of one hundred pounds.

At first it struck me as improbable that Fox could know any thing about it; but he further told me that he was lodging down at the east end, near to one of the docks; and the murderer, a sailor, who had been a shipmate, was lodging in the same house, and had confessed the crime to him. Still, I could not see a motive for Fox betraying his friend, and I said, "You are no doubt very clever, Mr. Fox; but you must not try to make me believe that, because I have given you something to eat and drink, you are willing to rouse upon a pal."

His reply did more to convince me than any thing else.

"You forget, Mr. Sharpe, the half of the reward, which will take me out of the country and give me a fresh start; but, besides that, I owe the man a grudge, and if I live I'll pay him."

I told him he could soon prove his information true by showing me the house and the man. I would take a couple of officers with me, and arrest him at once.

desperate character, and surrounded by friends, and there would be but little chance of taking him there. His idea was to entice him west, and take him when off his guard. Even then Fox warned me that there would be considerable risk, as the murderer carried with him the knife with which he had committed the crime, and threatened to use it on any one that attempted to take him. After further conversation, it was arranged that Fox should meet me that night, and in the meantime I should think upon some scheme.

My plan was soon matured. It was this: I got a pass to one of the west-end theatres for the following night. Fox was to invite the man to accompany him, but before entering the theatre, was to take him into a public house, and then, when he was drinking his glass, he would take him.

Punctually at the time appointed, Fox met me. I gave him the pass for the theatre, and explained what I wished him to do in the matter, at the same time giving him a few shillings for his expenses.

I must confess I waited for the following evening with considerable anxiety. The case was a most important one, and if I could carry it to a successful issue, would add considerably to my reputation. I chose two officers to accompany me, upon whom I could depend, both of them experienced and powerful men. Seven o'clock was the time named; but, to guard against mistake, we were in the Strand half an hour earlier, the three of us in plain clothes. Seven o'clock arrived—half past seven, eight o'clock—but no sign of our man; and at half past eight we gave it up in disgust. For once I felt assured I had been thoroughly sold.

Next morning, however, I found at the station a badly written scrawl from Fox, saying that the man had got so drunk the night before that he could do nothing with him, and that he (Fox) would meet me at twelve o'clock, at the house where I had given him his dinner; and if I could give him another pass for the theatre, he felt sure of bringing the murderer up that night. I met Fox, gave him the pass, and arranged to be on the look out at seven o'clock.

This time fortune favored us. We had not waited many minutes when I saw Fox coming along the Strand, in company with a tall man, in a rough pea-jacket. He passed to look in a shop window, and as I passed I noticed that the tall man had the cut of a sailor. He was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and long in the arm, and evidently would be an awkward customer to contend with. They walked on for about a hundred yards, and then turned into the bar of a public house. In half a minute my colleagues and I followed, and asked for something to drink. We five were the only persons at the bar, and the barmaid was just serving Fox and his friend with two glasses of ale. At the back of where the tall man stood was a small gas-burner, and my two brother officers went behind him, as if to light their cigars. The moment that he lifted his glass to his lips I sprang upon him, and my assistants at the same instant seized him from behind. Quick as we were, he managed to wrench his left arm away, and striking out from the shoulder, sent me sprawling on the floor. My two men were, however, too much for him, and by the time I regained my feet had the handcuffs on him. When I looked closer at our prisoner, I confess I was a little bit staggered. He seemed to us fiercely enough, but he had a fine handsome face, and certainly had not the look of one who would commit so dastardly a crime as that for which we had just arrested him.

"Well, mates," he said, "this is rather rough work. What do you want with me?"

"We want you," I replied, "for a murder committed in Scotland."

"Murder! I never hurt any body in my life!"

I told him that would have to be proved, and in the meantime he must go with us to the police station. Calling a cab, two of us accompanied our prisoner, the third officer being left with Fox, with orders to follow us to the station.

I stated the charge to the inspector on duty, and the prisoner was asked his name and address. He gave that of Archibald Brown, of Greenock, and stated that he was a sailor. On searching him, we found in his possession two sovereigns and some silver, and a clasp-knife, such as is usually worn by sea-faring men.

I took Fox to a coffee-shop off Fleet street and arranged to have him there supplied with food and lodging from day to day. Two men from the force, in plain clothes, were detailed to watch him night and day, with orders to arrest him if he made any attempt to escape. The next morning the prisoner was brought before a magistrate.

My witness, Fox, would not, I thought, make a very favorable impression in his ordinary costume. In fact, I was ashamed of him, and purchased at a second-hand shop a suit of clothes for him. When he had his new rig-out, and his hair cut, he was much more presentable. At the Police Court he gave his evidence in such a straightforward way as to favorably impress the magistrate with its truth. The prisoner denied having made any such confession to Fox, and protested his innocence, and asserted that he not even heard of the murder. He either

did not know or refused to state where he was at the time; and this, joined to the fact that he was a native of a town such a short distance from Glasgow, in some measure confirmed the evidence of Fox. Finally, Brown was remanded for a few days, to enable us to communicate with the authorities at Glasgow, and to produce, if possible, further evidence. We immediately telegraphed to the chief of the police at Glasgow, stating that we had arrested a man named Brown for the murder of the woman, and that the prisoner was remanded from that day (Thursday) until the following Monday. We received a telegram in reply that they believed we had got the right man, and that an officer would be sent up to London in time for the adjourned examination. Next morning we had a letter confirming the telegram. The murder had, it appeared, been quite a mystery to the Glasgow Police until the day before the receipt of our message, when a woman had been found who asserted that she had seen the deceased on the night of the murder in company with a sailor named Brown, and that she had watched them go into the house together. The letter further stated that an officer would arrive on Sunday night to take charge of the prisoner.

In the meantime we kept a sharp watch upon Fox; but, apparently, there was little occasion for it, as the officer reported that he scarcely ever left the house where he was staying, and showed no desire to do so. He twice called upon me at the station, and expressed great concern lest any of Brown's friends should get hold of him, as he felt sure that his life would not be safe. Our men watched him up to Saturday night, when, so convinced had we all become of his good faith, that I asked my chief if he thought it was necessary to continue the surveillance. He agreed with me that it was not, and the officers were withdrawn. On Sunday afternoon, I looked in to see Fox, to tell him that we should want him at the Police Court the next morning at eleven. I found him having his tea, and apparently quite at home in the comfortable quarters I had provided.

That night I met the Scotch officer at the Great Northern Station, who congratulated me on the successful arrest which I had made. I admitted that I thought there was some credit due to me, as there had been difficulties in the way, and the prisoner being such a tall, powerful man, there had been danger also. His reply took all the breath out of my body!

"Eh, mon, there's some mistake here. The man we want is a wee chap, nicknamed 'Red-Head Charlie,' but whose real name is Brown, alias Fox, alias Sinclair, and a half a dozen others!"

A light broke in upon me in a moment. A few hasty words of explanation to the Scotchman, and as fast as a hansom cab could go, we tore down to Fleet street, but arrived too late, for the bird had flown. Fox, the actual murderer, had left the coffee-shop about an hour before, and from that day to this we have never seen nor heard any thing of him.

I need scarcely say that the prisoner, who was innocent as I, was set at liberty the next morning.

A Bachelor on Babies.

There are a great number of babies in the world. Most of them are, however, kept out of sight in cradles, hencoops, attics, and old clothes' baskets. A man once told me the reason of this is, because, if they were allowed to crawl about the streets or the parks, no one could stir out for fear of walking on them, or tripping over them; in either of which cases, the people so doing could be prosecuted by our friend Bergh.

Babies are nearly all the same size. When very small, they are called infants, and fed on butter, brown sugar, and turpentine. Sometimes turpentine rises to their heads, and they behave in a most outrageous manner. I once saw an infant who had drunk too much turpentine sitting on a pillow on the ground, yelling at a respectable-looking old lady, the infant's grand aunt, who had a lot of money in the funds. Whenever she pointed her finger at the infant, it yelled louder than ever, and tried to bite. The grand aunt left the house, and settled all her money on an institution for elderly unmarried women.

The education of babies is generally in a very backward state; indeed, they do not seem to know much of the English language beyond the words "pa," "mamma," "me," "go," "by." Their attempts at French are even worse; they are continually using such low French as "ajon," "ba-ba," "day-day," and "by-by." A man once told me he had no doubt that babies are descended from negroes, for they always say me for I.

Babies do not differ much in temper, size, or disposition. They are violent, about the size of a pillow and coverlets.

I once saw a baby with a corkscrew, a pair of tongs, a hand-bell, and a broken hearth-brush, and nothing could induce it to part from any of them, although it had got the corkscrew half-way into its ear, and the handle of the hearth-brush altogether down its throat.—Science of Health.

It is a sure sign of an early spring to see a cat intently watching a small hole in the wall.

Acquisition of Samana Bay.

[From the N. O. Republican.]

It is a great act of strategy to force an enemy into an untenable position. When he takes it of his own accord it is so much better for his antagonist. One would suppose that there was an antagonism between the journals of New Orleans which advocate commercial expansion of the trade with the West India islands. The exclusion of the Confederate States from the trade of the British West Indies contributed greatly to force the adoption of the federal constitution. Washington, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, all manifested anxiety to acquire the right of reciprocal trade with these islands. They are the natural market of the Mississippi valley and of the Eastern coast from the St. Lawrence to Cape Henry. The administration of President Grant pursued the traditional policy of the government. It sought to acquire the bay of Samana as a key to the trade it made between the Isthmus of Panama, the Mississippi, and the coasts of our Eastern Atlantic and Western Pacific States. Opposition to this policy was found in unexpected quarters. Senator Sumner was unwilling to see "the only negro republic" consolidated with the only republic capable of giving protection to republican negroes. The opposition press of New Orleans traversed the traditional wish of the people of New Orleans to acquire the territory of the West India islands and to restore the freedom of commercial intercourse which existed when Guadalupe and San Domingo, at one time, and Cuba at another, both belonged to the same power with Louisiana. Suppose the parties connected with the negotiations of Samana had been instigated by corrupt motives. Why, therefore, oppose the policy of commercial expansion? The wrongdoers, whoever they may have been, could have been tried and punished, but the policy of the government might have gone on. Friends to that policy would have said: "Relieve the measure of those imputations, and we are with you in any honest mode of acquisition." The opponents of the administration, however, rejoiced to throw an undeserved imputation on those whose political opinions they did not like. In our view, they sacrificed a commercial interest of this great city to secure a position of partisan assault. They have been disappointed. The honest expansion of territory and commercial intercourse with the West Indies is a popular policy with our people, without regard to color or condition. The *Picayune* denounces the recent purchase of territorial jurisdiction and proprietary title on the island of San Domingo by certain American citizens. It says: "We never before read of or conceived of such a transfer of a portion of nationality." We intend no imputation on the extent of historical research thus announced, but we think ample examples might be found in the concessions of territorial and political authority made by the native princes of Asia to the British East India Company, through Hastings & Clive, and other agents and representatives of that corporation, or by the acquisition of similar rights in the island of Borneo by Rajah Brooke, a British subject. Indeed, there is not an original British colony planted on our Atlantic shores, that was not founded by a corporation, which acquired the political and proprietary title from the native sovereigns. We might cite other examples, as of the British settlements in New Caledonia and Canada; of rights acquired by the African Company of England and that of Portugal, upon which the colonial governments of Sierra Leon, Goa, etc., were founded. Even the Garay grant of the rights of property and jurisdiction over a portion of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec contained similar concessions to those of the Samana purchase. Our citizens maintained the legality of the Garay grant.

As we know nothing of the parties purchasing Samana, or the integrity of their transaction, we make no affirmation on that point, but the right of a corporation, or of individual citizens of our country, to purchase or hold any title, political or proprietary, in another, is too well established by the principles of international law and commercial practice to need argument. So much for the right of our citizens to buy out a foreign government and expatriate themselves if they choose to do so. But having condemned this invasion of the rights of San Domingo, the next objection is a little misty:

"Having bought the flag of San Domingo, it escapes our navigation and registry laws; for our people can not buy ships abroad, but this American company can buy vessels at the cheapest rates, put up the San Domingo national flag, and compete for the entire West India trade."

And pray what difference does that make to us? Would the fact that American citizens had bought the Dominican flag authorize them to make any use of it that they can not make at present? Any American may buy a foreign ship, but it does not authorize the registry of the ship. It is exactly what those who read any thing but politics know to be a most important question now pending between the ship builders and the ship owners of the United States. If our citizens buy out the sovereignty of San Domingo, they will be substituted to the same diplomatic and commercial

relations that San Domingo bears to the United States. So, inasmuch as any body can buy or build ships under the Dominican or any other flag and "compete for the entire West India trade," we really can not see how we are to be commercially any better or worse off if our enterprising fellow citizens lease or buy out the Bay of Samana and Baez and his competitor with it. If these citizens choose to use an outside government they will take its place and relations. That we may make better arrangements with them than with the present authorities is very probable, but as our ministers and consuls are instructed to recognize *de facto*, whatever government they may wake up in the morning and find installed, we suppose there will be no difficulty on that score. The argument going to advise the people of San Domingo that Baez has no right to sell the title and jurisdiction of Samana would be useful if translated into the bastard Spanish of that island, but as we have nothing to do with the wisdom or folly, the abuses or necessities of Baez, we do not intervene in foreign affairs by discussing them.

But, we would seriously ask, does the *Picayune* believe that the annexation of the island of San Domingo to the United States would be a public evil? Will it be a public evil if "the Bay of Samana, right at the entrance of the Mona Passage, in the direct line of trade to Europe—if even a canal is made or a railroad built—should be placed sooner or later under the protection of the United States?"

To this inquiry we would like what the logicians term a categorical and direct answer.

There appears to us no legal or political impediment to the proposed purchase and cession of Samana. Any American citizen may acquire *pro pterito* at his own risk whatsoever territorial or political rights any person or potentate may have to sell. The citizen may expatriate or ruin himself, but he can not complicate his government by such an act.

Such as we have stated is the strategic position in which our conferees has placed himself. He has separated himself from his support and reserves. He even relies upon the aid of "the Northern press, which begins to view the matter in the same light as our first article," etc. In his pride as a dialectic digladiator, he lays open his guard. Our conferees will have to abandon his untenable position "without beat of drum" or surrender at discretion. As we prefer his alliance in a work so important and so popular, his capitulation to commercial expansion would be more acceptable than his capture. The alternative is, however, of no particular consequence, for there can be no doubt of two facts—first, the citizens of New Orleans do not approve of any dishonest act of territorial or commercial acquisition; but, second, they do want free or reciprocal trade, with daily steam, from here to any and all the West India islands.

The government and people of the United States are determined to carry out its foreign policy as taught by Jefferson, Monroe, Madison and Polk, whether it meets the approval of foreign or domestic objectors. It has always done so.

A highly sensational account of a French polar expedition, under Octave Pavy, which journeyed successfully to the north pole and beyond, and lived for several months on the frozen carcasses of deceased mastodons, has been going the rounds of the Eastern press for three or four weeks, and it is probable ere now thundering through Europe. With regard to this great expedition, a San Francisco paper says: "A San Francisco correspondent of the New York *World*, with more wit than honesty, furnishes his journal with a bogus account of an expedition to the north pole, by M. Pavy, who attracted some attention here a while ago with boasts of what discoveries he would make when he started on his expedition, but somehow he never got ready to start. The correspondent ridicules the Bohemian club for their gullibility in being easily imposed upon by 'the great Arctic Explorer,' whom they honored with a splendid banquet; the names of the prominent officers of the Bohemian club are given as accomplishing the expedition with M. Pavy, and the imaginary account of the discoveries they made is given with great circumstantiality. 'Traces of herds of mastodons were found, and even a well-preserved specimen of the entire carcass of one was discovered, with the hide and hair undecayed. The account seemed so plausible that the vigilant editor of the *World* was deceived, and he printed it in good faith. The Chicago papers, with one exception, copied it, and now it is fairly started on the rounds, and it will crop out in papers all over the world."

An Eastern man who wrote to the editor of a Nebraska paper inquiring what kind of houses people live in in that State was informed that the houses were all built out of doors, and so low between the joints that the chimney stuck through the roof.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands six against six the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.