

# THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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## Donaldsonville Chief.

Amicus Humani Generis.

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Donaldsonville, La.,

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

The cord of Gen. Canby's hat was found in Captain Jack's satchel when he was captured.

A Des Moines (Ia.) woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. She makes a nice looking widow.

The Kellogg Government has paid over \$100,000 interest, which was due on past due coupons, since it came into power.

Cerebro-spinal-meningitis is a tough word for telegraph operators to get hold of on the wires. A Sioux City lightning jerker wrote it out "Carabo Spencer's Menagerie."

A Western drug clerk who put up poison for quinine, took the matter very coolly, saying that the victim was quite old and would have died in a few years anyway.

That was an unlapply editor who wrote that "white pique costumes are now popular," and was gravely informed by the proof next morning that "white pique collars are not popular."

An innocent young man in Des Moines was asked by the Rev. Mr. Hammond, the revivalist, if he was laboring for the good of his soul. "No," was the reply. "I work for Billy Moore."

Tracy Mansfield Walworth, well known as the author of "Hotspur," "Lulu," "Warwick Delaplane" and "Beverly" was shot and killed in New York on the 3rd inst., by his son, a youth of nineteen.

Jones wagged Brown that he had seen a horse galloping at a great speed and a dog sitting on his tail. It seems an impossible feat for a dog to accomplish, but Jones was right, and won the money; the dog was sitting on his own tail.

Even in Mexico women are asserting their right to win their own way to fortune and fame. Senorita Lozano recently presented herself for examination for a vacant professorship in the College of St. Catherine, and got it, over six male competitors.

An exchange says that "a two-story brick spring bed factory out West has been burned." People in the neighborhood who have been accustomed to sleep on two story brick spring beds will have to put up with something less luxurious for a while.

The remarkable old man turns up this time in Chester county, Pennsylvania. His name is Gill; his age ninety-two; can read smallest print without glasses; a pensioner of the war of 1812, and can walk over so many miles, or cut any amount of wood before breakfast.

Bailey, of the Danbury News, writes to his paper from Chicago: A hitching post is a rarity here. When an Eastern man comes across a hitching post at Chicago, he sits down and cries. They fasten horses by a strap to an iron weight which is left on the walk. These weights occupy a prominent position in a runaway. When a Chicago man sees a runaway horse coming down his street, he don't stop to enquire whether it was the result of carelessness or accident. He merely says, "Heaven protect us," and crawls under a stoop.

This is from the Opelousas Journal. It is said that the politicians in New Orleans have begun to move in the attempt to organize one or two new parties. The straight-out Democrats are to break off from the Liberals and unite with the slightly colored of the colored population who have wealth and influence. Social equality, to a certain extent, is to be conceded. And it is said that the Liberals will go for the blacks direct. It is all in embryo yet; but such dissensions will wind up with the whole loaf going to the Republicans as usual.

## Story of a Bachelor.

There is no doubt in my mind that women were placed upon earth principally in order to cause unhappiness to men; and this I say both from observation and to speak candidly, from sad personal experience. No things improve as one grows older; for, in my opinion, first love, puppy love, or whatever else you may choose to call it, is a disease much more easily cured than that divine madness which sometimes seizes upon the masculine sex in later years.

About three years ago, having discovered that an angel vision visited my lonely pillow every night, and scarce ever quitted my side by day, even during business hours, upon a close examination of my inner self I concluded that I too had become a victim to that fell disease from which no man may live his allotted time upon earth in freedom. In plain language I found myself head and ears in love with a delightful young girl of sixteen.

Moreover, finding myself already past the sad Rubicon of thirty, and actuated by the mournful reflections above stated—that to escape this universal disease is impossible, and that when warded off until later years it becomes only the more fatal—I gave way to the malady which had seized upon me, and so far from driving away the image which dwelt continually with me, I did all in my power to invite the celestial spirit, and furthermore, deliberately made up my mind to request the actual presence of the fair original whenever the proper time should arrive; that is to say, whenever she should have finished school.

Now this request, in imagination, I very easily made; but, somehow or other, when it came to the bona fide carrying out thereof, I found myself suddenly so weak in the knees that had I not been seated I should certainly have lost by balance and fallen to the ground, and had not the sofa upon which I was accustomed to sit been a remarkably comfortable one I would have experienced a sensation of faintness amounting to sea-sickness; and from this any one may judge of the vehemence of my emotions. Thanks, however, to the comfortable sofa, and more perhaps, to the resolution that I would put matters off until next evening, I never actually either fell upon the floor nor fainted quite away.

The object of my worship, who on these occasions was seated beside me, perceiving nothing of these internal sensations, save a pallor which spread itself over my countenance, and which from off repetition became an habitual thing. This, however, only caused me to appear poetical and interesting in the eyes of my beloved, thus causing the roses to bloom more beautifully than ever upon her cheek, and her eyes to shine more brightly than they would otherwise have done.

The effect produced was electrical and mutual, and being thus prepared my readers will not be astonished to learn that one evening, the gas being lowered, on account of the mosquitoes, Lavinia's father and mother having gone to church, the younger children in bed, the servants in the kitchen, and there having been for some time no ring at the door-bell, in consequence of this exquisite combination of circumstances, Lavinia and I found ourselves, neither of us could tell how, our hands clasped, the ice broken, the roses blooming with astonishing brilliancy on both our cheeks, and—if I should say more I would spoil what I have said. I only know that an instinct warned me of the approach of ten o'clock, at which time her father and mother might be expected to enter, and therefore I left her, but not until I had imprinted one dear, delicious, bashful kiss upon her lovely lips.

How closely united in this life are the romantic and practical! Following upon that evening came the next morning, during the course of which I found myself closeted with the father, and discoursing on stocks, bonds, real estate, business prospects, and other kindred matters, upon all of which I was armed to the teeth and fully prepared.

Thus the affair was settled, with but one saving clause, which was that on account of Lavinia's youth the grand finale should be delayed for the space of two years. Her father also made a request of me, which I thought a cruel one, but being from the force of circumstances in a submissive and yielding frame of mind I gave way. This was that in consideration of her youth I should not see my divinity for the space of that time, during which her character would acquire strength, and her affection for me, if real, would only increase.

Being a man of honor I determined to keep my promise, and knowing this to be impossible unless some impassable barrier divided us, I resolved to place the roaring ocean between us, and moved also by considerations of gain, I went to China. Meantime I waited with difficulty the rolling away of the appointed two years, and calculating the time which would be consumed by the voyage, I set sail, in order to arrive in New York by the ending of my probation.

Passing over the long voyage, during which a fearful contest was waged between sickness on the one hand and devotion to my inopportune on the other, and leaving in the background all the varied little disagreeableness of landing, I will, together with my respected self, transport my reader to the door-

steps of the stately mansion which sheltered the beloved of my soul.

Inasmuch as I had lingered on the way in order to render my toilet as elegant as possible, the street lamps were lighted up when I finally reached my destination. Darkness was falling on the earth, but through the surrounding gloom my spirit soared aloft, sustained by celestial visions—visions of my youthful charmer, all grace and innocence, yielding gently to my impassioned greeting. More beautiful than ever I was assured that she had grown, and as to her constancy I doubted not for a moment.

Treached the house, and with a heart bursting from too much happiness, ascended the high brown stoop, affected as I did so almost to tears by the thought that very soon now I should purchase a high stoop brown stone house of my own, and that she and I would day by day ascend and descend the same in company together, made one forever. Strange to say, the door stood open, and I know not by what impulse, but probably because I was transported beyond the bounds of sense and in the mood to do unlikely things, I entered without ringing, and advanced unannounced into the drawing room.

Overcome for the moment, I seated myself on a sofa the dim outline of which half showed itself in the twilight for the gas had not been lit. I heard voices—from the inner parlor. What? The voice of my charmer? Angelic sound! Emaptured, I held my breath to listen.

"He might be here any day; the steamship is due."  
"Heaven! What happiness! Her whole soul wrapped in mine! Thinking, talking of my coming! Involuntarily I grasped my vest pocket, in which lay an elegant jewel case, greeting present for my darling."

"But I must hear those tones again. I did. Softly, sweetly she continued: 'I don't know what I shall say to the silly goose; I wish he would stay away.'"

"Silly goose! Silly goose!" that could not be myself. Impossible!—But a cold shudder ran from the top of my head to the soles of my new boots. Now I must, I would hear. I heard.

"He is getting bald, too."  
"Bald!" thought I, and I put my hand to my head. Sure enough, I was a little bald. Of course I had known it all along; but then—well, this was suspicious. I must hear the rest. I heard.

"Just think of it—nearly forty years old, and getting bald!"

Between thirty and forty; that was my age.

"And I only eighteen."

My love was eighteen, precisely. "Girls of sixteen are so silly. He took advantage of me, for indeed, a child of that age thinks she is in love with any body. He happened to be the first one, and I knew no better. Now I am a young lady and know my own mind. I know that I care only for you. But here is the difficulty. The old creature has made money out there in China, and papa will be angry with me if I do not marry him."

No more doubtings—no more fears. It was I she called "the old creature."

"To whom did she speak? A masculine voice replied:

"Your own Charles, darling, will make money too."

The voices ceased and a slight rustling was heard. A flush! A servant had come in to light the gas. A moment more and the front parlor would be illuminated. Quick! Now or never!

A rush, and I was gone. Gone through the open door—gone down the high stoop. And my visions? Gone, too.

I could have forgiven all, but that she had called me "the old creature."

In the Ukraine (Russia) the women court more generally than the men. When a young woman falls in love with a man she is not in the least ashamed to go to his father's house and reveal her passion in the most tender and pathetic manner, and to promise the most submissive obedience if he will accept her as his wife. Should the insensible man pretend any excuse, she tells him she is resolved never to go out of the house until he gives his consent, and accordingly taking up her lodgings, remains there. If he refused her, his case becomes exceedingly distressing. The church is commonly on her side, and to turn her out would provoke her kindred to revenge her honor, so that he has no method left but to betake himself to fight till he is otherwise disposed of.

The International Typographical Union convened at Montreal last Tuesday, President Hammond of New Orleans in the chair. One hundred and twenty delegates present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. R. McLean of Washington, President; Wm. Kennedy of Chicago, First Vice President; W. G. Collins of Cincinnati, Second Vice President, and J. E. Hawkins of Memphis, Corresponding Secretary.

A fellow entered a wood-turner's shop, and asked the proprietor if he did all kinds of turning. Receiving an affirmative answer, he coolly requested him to turn a couple of hand-springs and a flip-flap. The humor was quickly turned out of the shop.

## Solomon's Temple.

The skill, the art, the mighty toil, that have been devoted to the adornment, and to the desecration, of this most ancient place of worship, have been of extraordinary magnitude. The grandest legacy of Egyptian antiquity, the Great Pyramid, demanded, indeed, a larger amount of naked human labor; but in Moriah there is a completion of the features of Nature herself to the service of the builder. In actual bulk, the Great Pyramid is to the Temple rock as five to nine, if we descend but as far as the sills of the five double gates of the mountain of the house. If we carry the comparison down to the level at which the lowest foundation of the walls is laid in the rock at the angles of the enclosure, the bulk is three times that of the Great Pyramid. The cubic contents of the mason's work may not amount to a tenth part of that piled up by Sopheris. But the hill has been honey-combed with chambers and galleries, and the declining part to the south covered with vaults and arches, to which Gheezeh can show no parallel. No merely artificial structure could have so successfully resisted the resolute efforts of the two greatest military nations of the ancient world to destroy its existence and obliterate its memory. No other monument, long surviving the era of Asiatic and Italian power, can ever, like the noble Sanctuary, mark by its very ruins, the successive periods of its glory and its fall!

If we regard not so much the evidence of the labor devoted to the work of the Temple as the effect produced on the mind by its apparent magnitude, we may suggest the following comparison: the length of the eastern wall of the Sanctuary is rather more than double that of one side of the Great Pyramid. Its height, from the foundation on the rock at the south, and near the northern angles, was nearly a third of that of the Egyptian structure. If to this great height of one hundred and fifty-two feet of solid wall be added the descent of one hundred and fourteen feet to the bed of the Kedron, and the further elevation of one hundred and sixty feet attained by the pinnacle of the Temple porch, we have a total height of four hundred and twenty-six feet, which is only fifty-nine feet less than that of the Great Pyramid. The area of the face of the eastern wall is more than double that of one side of the pyramid. Thus the magnitude of the noble Sanctuary of Jerusalem far exceeded that of any other temple in the world. Two amphitheatres of the size of the Coliseum would have stood within its colossal grille, and left room to spare. The Coliseum is said to have seated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and accommodated twenty-two thousand more in its arena and passages. For such a number to have been crammed within its circle, the space for each person must have been limited to seventeen inches by twenty inches. Allowing two cubits each way, or four square cubits for each worshipper in the temple, the Sanctuary would have contained thirty thousand; the Chel, excluding the Priests' Court, twenty thousand more, and there would yet have been room in the Great Court and the cloisters to make the total reach to more than two hundred and ten thousand.—Edinburgh Review.

## All About Printing.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

There is a prevailing ignorance regarding the art of printing. We know all about it, being in the business. Goliath is believed to have been the first printer. He did it with his feet, leaving his prints wherever he went. Printers have been on the tramp ever since.

The first movable type was in the fifteenth century. It was never fully decided who moved it. Guttentberg is suspected, as he was getting' nearly every thing in those days.

An edition of Donatus was the first book printed from movable type.—Donatus was a cannibal. He would have don't us if we had been around about that time.

The first letters were characters imitating handwriting. We would like to catch anybody imitating our handwriting, lettered or unlettered. Roman type was made in 1465. We didn't make any until the year following, and we haven't made a great deal since. But the "Grecian type" is our choice—made of Athens business, you know.

Printing was introduced into Paris in 1470. Being in France, the introduction was very formal.

The largest size of type used for books is Great Primer. We never got any thing but little primers in our youthful days. The smaller sizes of types are English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer (mixed half and half with Great Primer it makes Great Long Primer), Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Agate (now editing a New York paper), Pearl, Diamond and Brilliant, evidently very similar.

Pearl is the smallest type found in an ordinary printing office. Cora Pearl is about the loudest type found any where.

The type most in use for advertisements is Nonpareil. Where there is noupay there is very little reel, nowadays.

In America, printers are paid by the thousand ems. We once had a

girl named Emily—a sweet creature—and a thousand ems we have since seen who couldn't hold a candle to her.

A good compositor will set, correct and distribute about six thousand ems in a day of ten hours. The shocking creature! If he could set, etc., six thousand ems in a day of ten hours, how many Julius and Polly Anns could he serve in the same manner? (Answer in our next.)

The hand-press is said to have been invented in 1450; but, bless you, hand-pressing must have reached way back of that time. The hand-press has been in operation ever since young folks of opposite genders were on earth, you bet.

Ink rollers are made from mixture of molasses and glue. It frequently becomes necessary to watch the roller-boys to prevent their licking off the 'lasses.

The Hoe press was patented in 1847. You ought to see Hoe handle one of his presses. Before the Hoe was invented, newspapers were printed on a shovel.

## Border News.

The invasion of Mexico by Col. McKenzie in pursuit of thieves has resulted in more or less excitement among the people on the Mexican side of the border. Some reports say that the excitement is very great, and that preparations were being made voluntarily by the people, of a military character, as if they contemplated a foray into Texas. We are not disposed to give much credit to these statements. The legitimate population of Mexico will scarcely allow themselves to be drawn into so senseless a movement. The raid of McKenzie was not against the people of Mexico, but against a set of marauders who are, or ought to be, considered outlaws even in their own country. A raid into Texas, and the indiscriminate murder of citizens there would in no manner assimilate to the action of Col. McKenzie, because it would be the punishment of private citizens for the acts of the military which they were powerless to prevent. It would be more; it would be the murder of innocent and unoffending individuals, which would call for the quick and avenging power of our national government.

It is true probably, however, that the Indians on the Mexican side, do contemplate such an incursion. This is corroborated by the statement of Mr. Ivan Green who arrived at Fort Clark on the 22d ultimo. The dispatches from the border give abundant assurance that the Indians will be met by United States soldiers at every crossing and driven back—Crescent City.

The Red River News man discourses thusly: There is one class of winged insects in this locality that have a most decided affliction of "hard times." They are to be pitied as being in a starving and destitute condition, yet hard-hearted, stinty humanity only anathematize their pertinacity to gain an honest livelihood. But what care these hungry winged scoundrels. They have a most "taking" way, not after the manner of the pauper-decked, ruffled and flounced, ribbon-adorned persons, and pyramidal ornamental be-switched, (not be-switched) rolled, curl-clustered heads of our fashionable ladies. These insects are not gandy butter-flies, but musca domestica, that love butter. They are great admirers of hot soup, a beef-stake stew, and especially sweetmeats, although meats are not particularly sweet from their presence. They are reckless of existence and commit suicide with the utmost sang froid and deliberation. In fact the flies are numerous, annoying, pertinacious and unusually troublesome. That's all.

Here is a new outburst of the Western salutatory mania: "With our publication we want to please everybody, but never having acquired the knack of placing each person's advertisement at the head of the first column, we don't expect to. We don't mean to be very 'touching' in our remarks, but if as a reform educator or any thing of the kind, we displease any parties, it may be well for them to consider the fact, before taking summary vengeance in their hands, that our weight is always over one hundred and fifty pounds, and that in the many leisure moments we have had the pleasure of entertaining in our earlier career, we went heavy into the practice of hoisting two hundred pound anvils over our head, holding bags of flour at arms' length, and other feats for muscular development. This is not told as a dampener to any of the pugilistic spirits of this community, but to let people know that we are independent and fearless."

A Kansas district school was recently visited and addressed by Messrs. Big Mouth, Powder Face, and Spotted Wolf—all the noblest kind of noble red men. A mischievous school boy placed a pin trap where Big Mouth sat down, and the chieftain was observed to rise hastily and remark: "Uh! too much flea bite. Me no stay to hear class in analytical geology."

It was the opinion of an Illinois youngster, expressed in a composition, that an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it runs faster.

## Fashion, Fun and Fact.

BY JOSE BELLINGS.

Fashion is a goddess. She is of the masculine, feminine and neuter gender.

Men worship her in her masculine form—wimmin in her feminine form, and the excentricks in her neuter gender.

She rules the world with a straw, and makes all her supplicants.

She enslaves the poor as well as the rich, she kneels at sanctuaries, poms in cabins, and leers at the street corners.

She fits man's foot with a pinching boot, throttles him with a stubborn collar, and dies his mustash with darkness.

She trails the rich silks of wimmin along the filthy sidewalks, leads sore-eyed lap dogs with a string, and banishes helpless children to murky nurseries, in the care of faithless hirelings.

She cheats the excentric with the clap-trap of freedom, and makes him serve her in the habiliments of the harlequin.

Yea, verily.

Fun is the soul's vent.

Fun is where the kruditys escape, where she kicks up her heels, and runs snorting around the lot, unhaltered, and as eager as an eskaped konvikt.

Fun is a safety-valve that lets the steam pressure oph from the boiler, and keeps things from busting.

Fun is the dawning particles, which flit oph from the surface of unbottled cider; it is the senseless froik on the spring lam in the clover; it is the merry twinkle that keeps down tew the corner of the parson's eye, to stand in the sunlite, and see what's going on.

Fun is as karlish as a kolt, as happy as a bridegroom, as silly as a luv-sik school-girl.

Fun is the holy day wisdom of the sage, the fools pholly, and everybody's pappet.

Next tew the virtew in this world, the fun in it is what we can least spare.

Truly! O! truly!

Fret is a kanker, a gangrene, a blister, a bile, salt on a sore place, and a sliver every where.

Fret is frickskum, a dull lancet, a gimblet.

Fret makes a yung man adelt like an old one, and an old man ackt like a yung one.

Fret is a grind stam, where he who holds hiz noze on, haz tew do his own turning.

Fret haz burnt more holes thru a man's koppers than all the other hot things, it haz killed az often az the doctors hav, and it is az lawless and senseless az a goose.

Fret makes the husband a tyrant, the wife a plague, the child a nuisance, an old maid terrible, and a bachelor disgusting.

Fret makes home a prison, and puts teeth into the gums of all life's misfortunes.

I bet! thou bet! he, she, or it, bets!

COURAGE.—The merchants and property holders of New Orleans need courage. Though business is dull and rents are low, it will not do to give way to despair. Even though taxes are high and the government extravagant, there is yet hope and a chance for improvement. The crop prospects are good, immigration and capital are coming, political asperities are softening down, and with a determination to keep up courage and make the best of events till the crops come in, all will be well.

Courage, light is dawning, and the day of Louisiana's commercial independence is approaching. There is already capital and energy here. Let both be judiciously employed, and by the practice of public and private economy, we can bring Louisiana and the Crescent City through all right. It ought to be understood that we have the advantages of commercial situation as the centre of a trade that pours into and out of the Mississippi basin; of a climate that permits agricultural operations every month in the year, and of a soil of unsurpassed fertility. Why, then, should we not have courage?

The very boy you have heard about who disobeyed his father and went a-swimming, lives in Richmond, and his father said to the wicked boy: "You've been a-swimming." The wicked boy: "I hain't." The pa said: "You have, sir, and you have got your shirt on t'other side out." "Pshaw!" said the wicked boy, "that shirt got turned wrong side out getting over the fence."

A teacher was illustrating the points of the compass to two pupils. "Now, what is before you?" "The North, sir," said John, who was an intelligent lad. "Now, Tommy," said he to the other, who had just donned a long coat, "what is behind you?" "My coat tail, sir," said Tommy.

The Fusionists might as well, at once abandon the hope that Congress will do any thing next winter to advance their cause. McEnery has "dispersed," and Kellogg is Governor. Things will remain in precisely this condition. Congress will refuse to have any thing more to do with the subject, and the sooner the Fusionists understand this, the better for the State.—State Register.