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Fashion turns the heads of the ladies in church or the streets.

A highly trained nine of a Western base-ball club are labelled "poison," they are such a strict nine.

Just as the editor of an Ohio patent insider succeeded in working up a nice subscription list to be paid for in hoop-poles, he traded off his paper for a bull dog with no lower teeth.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

The code don't seem to be in much favor with editors in Texas. One of them the other day was challenged by some enemy, but instead of accepting, he merely knocked him down and bit off his ear. And still the chap is dissatisfied.

In California they are so much annoyed with mosquitoes and flies that a physician advises, first a bath in a solution of soft soap and trisole, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which patient should take to his bed and maintain perfect repose.

Mr. Quienhattanobe, an Apache sachem, recently commenced his preparations for embracing Christianity by killing his five squaws. The military proposed to hang him, but Gen. Crook interposed, and sent him to a S in Francisco fort, to be shut up forever.

A family in Vermont, on resuming intercourse with the external world after the winter's seclusion amid impenetrable snowdrifts, are horrified to find that they have for several weeks been breaking the Sabbath in secular pursuits and keeping Monday holy instead.

Two colored Congressmen have sent white cadets to West Point. They held a competitive examination and the white boys won. They were not obliged to do this—could have sent whom they chose. This example of liberality ought to cure some of the extremists of negrophobia.

Miss Alice Johnson, an attractive young woman, started a barber shop in a house town the other day. All the wives in town seemed moved by a common impulse to present their husbands with some little love-token. By a remarkable coincidence they all selected razors and brushes and augers.

A Missouri Judge lately delivered a unique death sentence. He said to the candidate for the gallows: "If guilty, you richly deserve the fate which awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification for you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care."

The reputation of members of the Legislature for sobriety seems to be rather bad in Kentucky. Two of them were rather noisily drunk on a railroad train the other day, and when the conductor remonstrated, one of them pompously asked: "Do you not know, sir, that I am a member of the Legislature?" The conductor quietly replied, "You've got the symptoms."

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples.

Some Incidents of the Recent Tornado in Iowa.

The following statements are made in an account sent from Keota;

At Sigourney, fourteen miles from here, the storm was observed, according to the preponderance of opinion, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Hail fell heavily; such hail as has not been seen since the plague of Egypt, came down thick and fast in a straight line, the air being unusually calm outside the disturbing influence of the tornado, which was some ten miles away. The size of the hail will test the credulous powers of many, and were there no concurrence of testimony, I would hesitate to mention it.

Mr. J. N. Doraty, a conductor on the Rock Island Railroad, a man of intelligence, stated that he was in a drug store, when several were picked up, weighed, and measured. One of them weighed seven and a half ounces, and was ten inches in circumference. A gentleman had one weighing eight ounces, and so large and solid were they that it took three hours for the largest to melt. They resemble large lumps of clear, transparent ice. Some were round as a cannon ball; some slightly oblong like an egg; others were flattened like door-knobs. Down they came with a detonating sound like the report of a pistol. No one was in the streets. It was as much as life was worth to be struck by one of these curious celestial missiles. Horses tried to dodge them, and in doing so broke away from their hitching-posts, and dashed wildly through the terrified town. More than one vehicle met the fate of the "one-hoss shay." Windows were broken and much small injury done in various ways. The only indication Sigourney had of the work of destruction going on in the distance was a low rumbling sound, like far-away thunder, or the noise of a train of cars moving rapidly over a bridge. The tornado started on its mission of death from the vicinity of Haysville, in Lancaster Township, Keokuk County, not far from the town of Lancaster. Mr. James Craig, an old citizen of that place, states that two clouds seemed to come together, unite and move rapidly in a northeasterly direction. The first obstacle it encountered was the Jones School-house in the vicinity of Lancaster. School was in session. The teacher and scholars barely noticed the darkening sky when hail began to fall, and the sound of the approaching cyclone smote their ears like a messenger of death. They were frightened but did not anticipate serious danger. Suddenly the building was lifted from the ground, turned around and carried twenty feet away, where it was laid down right side up with care as if the Storm King felt there were within, precious, innocent lives that should not be sacrificed. The inhabitants of the building hardly knew what happened before the destroyer passed in search of other victims. The children were bruised and cut by the falling desks and seats, but none were seriously injured.

On swept the irresistible column, announcing its approach by the same loud roar, which brought the people of Lancaster to the doors. They saw it in the distance—a dark, cone-like, opaque mass, moving with appalling swiftness. It was coming directly toward them. It struck terror into their hearts; women swooned and brave men held their breath. It lifted one house from over the cellar where the family were crouching in fear, and the roof was raised from another building. The outskirts of the village suffered most, probably because the houses, being isolated, had nothing but the foundations to hold them to the earth. The smoke-house and granaries of B. C. Moore, one mile from Lancaster, were utterly demolished, and Jacobson's log house was caught up and the logs of which it was constructed distributed far and wide. Jacobson was hurt, but not fatally. Louis Bennett's home and fences went to the four winds, his loss being perhaps \$1000. Mr. Low, an aged invalid, was seriously wounded by flying timbers. Having created confusion and alarm in Lancaster, the storm swept proudly by until it reached the barn, out-houses and fences of Mrs. Daggett, which were broken up into kindling-wood and carried off on the current.

Near Skunk River woods a flock of 1,500 sheep were quietly grazing when the storm arose. With an instinctive dread they gathered in a circle, that companionship might alleviate the sense of danger. They congregated directly in the line of the storm, and when it came it elevated them until, as an eye witness expressed it, "they looked like a flock of birds." They circled round and round, the velocity of the inner current overcoming the attraction of gravitation, until the centrifugal motion moved them to the edge of the cyclone, where the velocity being diminished, they fell to the earth. Of the 1,500, only 40 were found alive up to this afternoon, and it is believed that the remainder were killed. Their remains are found hanging on the trees and bushes, and strewn along the ground.

Mr. Ash was the next victim, if there is any such thing as consecutiveness in a disaster so sweeping. His house, barn and fences were leveled; he was severely wounded, and his wife's arm was broken.

The Doggett grave-yard, not far from Lancaster, was swept as if with a besom. The tombstones were thrown

down, and, according to some, several were carried away.

The storm maintained its northeast course, carrying everything before it for a width of from 100 yards to a quarter of a mile. Fences were laid flat. Houses were of no account. Men, women, and children, and all kinds of animals were mingled in the moving mass of air at a height of from forty to sixty feet. Trees a foot in diameter were snapped in twain, and the forests seemed as if an immense scythe, propelled by an invisible giant, had cut all that dared to be in its track. The swath marked the path of the destroyer. Over hill and valley it moved, leaving woe in its track. For a few miles from Lancaster the country is rather thinly settled, but it left its marks upon the face of nature.

It has reached Clear Creek Township, three or four miles from this place, where there are many houses, and where its fury was most sadly felt. It came down on the house of Mr. Nicholas Engleding, whose wife was lying sick, her husband being absent. She was alone with her child. The house was carried away and torn to atoms, and the unfortunate woman and child went with it to destruction. Her fate is very sad. She was literally rent asunder. The trunk from the neck to the abdomen was found in one place, the arms in another, and the head and neck further away. One limb stuck in the sand where it fell. Probably she was instantly killed. Her child was killed, the top of the head being blown off, giving the appearance of scalping.

Michael Fuhs was sitting in the house with his wife and child, when it was raised from over their heads, the child being killed. This happened about five miles from Harper's Station, six miles west of here.

I met Mr. Stovane, living seven miles from Harper, as he and his hands were at work repairing the damage. He believed the storm passed his farm at 3 o'clock. He likened it to an immense funnel, reaching from earth to heaven, and coming from the southwest. It was black. He could not see through it. He lost seventeen head of cattle, and had from eight to twelve crippled. He could see the funnel for fifteen minutes before it disappeared. He understood three horses belonging to Mr. Yomas were killed, and six belonging to Mr. Comitz, beside 100 hogs and a dozen hogs of Riddolph's. Nicholas Lake lost two cows. Fred Letze's barn was thrown down and three of his horses wounded. The loss of stock will never be known.

Mr. Snarr was working cheerfully in the ruins. His timber near was cut and bent, and would never grow again. His fences were undergoing repair. Over in his field lay a dead beef just skinned, and dead hogs and sheep were scattered here and there. Fence posts were stuck firmly in the ground where they stood, and the terrific strength of the storm was visible on every hand. In another place a pump was drawn out of the ground and deposited in the soil half a mile away, where it could be pumped, though pumping would fetch no water.

The horse-power of a threshing machine, weighing 2,340 pounds, was raised as if it were a feather, and dropped a quarter of a mile from home.

The house of Peter Marsh was blown down and one child killed. It is stated that all the rest of the family, including seven children, were stripped of every vestige of clothing. The dead child was found eighty yards from the site of the dwelling.

Mr. Campbell lost his wife. His two children were badly hurt. Mr. Bevins, of Germantown, lost his barn and fences, and Mr. Leutz a new barn just finished.

The town stood in imminent danger. Citizens saw the column approaching, and one gentleman had calculated that it would strike the post-office first. So it would, had it come directly, but fortunately it did not. Three miles from here it seemed to jump over the town, and the next heard of it was six miles to the northwest, where it seemed to land and continue its appalling progress. It is calculated that it jumped ten miles, leaving all of that length of its course from here through Washington County, until it disappeared somewhere in the Mississippi Valley.

A wide diversity of opinion exists as to the rate at which the storm travelled. Twenty miles an hour is the opinion of a majority, but probably it moved much faster, as at nearly every point three o'clock is given as the hour at which it passed. It traversed a region of remarkable fertility, over a rolling country. Some of the hills, being quite steep, retarded its speed, but it probably moved with more rapidity than is generally supposed. It dealt death and destruction wherever it went.

There is sorrow in nearly every household, and the entire country is in active sympathy with those who mourn. They know not how soon they themselves may be visited by a similar calamity. The event will not soon be forgotten. Those who have lost friends will remember it while they live, and so will those who have witnessed the destruction of property and the ruin spread over a wide strip of our common country. More horrors, than have been enumerated might be told, but nothing more need be added to the lamentations that rise from many a broken heart.

T. W. DeKline.

[From the Iberville Pioneer and News.]

The name of this gentleman appears so often in print and especially whenever a symptom of the old rebellion reveals itself in Louisiana, that we believe the readers of the *Pioneer and News* will be pleased to know more concerning him. The Chief Deputy Marshal of the United States for the State of Louisiana, he is just the man for the post and an unconscious witness therein to the critical judgment of men, for which the Warlock of Louisiana, Marshal Packard, is somewhat distinguished. As a Lieutenant Colonel on the Militia Staff of Gen. Longstreet, Mr. DeKline was dispatched, some weeks ago, to Grant parish, to report the circumstances of the late massacre there, and so well and dispassionately did he perform his duty in connection with an associate officer, as to have commanded for his report not only general confidence but its general reproduction through the public prints of the nation. More recently he was called upon as a Federal officer to proceed to St. Martin's parish, where DeBlanc and his armed combinations had precipitated an insurrection in contravention of the laws of the United States. The result of his pursuit appears in his landing in New Orleans his dozen or more prisoners after ferreting them out from forests and thickets. Impeded in every possible manner, he surmounted all discouragements and did not relent in the chase until his hand grasped his prisoners.

The late Governor (Warmoth) still remembers an occasion when amidst his array of armed police and while arrogating immunity for his misdemeanors, Mr. DeKline stalked into the Executive office and made him prisoner. The Deputy Marshal is scarcely more than thirty years of age and carries over six feet above his soles, a well-balanced head. He evidently confides thoroughly in himself and the zeal and fidelity that signalize his official service, seem fully to justify such faith in the first numeral. That the public at large share that faith is abundantly denoted. During the war an officer in the navy, he evidently did not then exhaust his combative energy—he terms with it still, but so holds it under discipline that it is only when he is resisted in the executive process that a possibility for its display can well occur. A native of the city of Brotherly Love, he is fraternal to his friends and cordial to all with whom he is brought in contact. Totally different in temperament from Marshal Packard, he is in every wise the latter's right hand, alert for instruction, prompt and resolute at execution. Whether in his immediate superintendence of the office of the Marshalship or in his adventurous pursuits outside he thoroughly suffices the need. There is a permissive power latent in him, part of which, indeed, may be imputed to his comparative youth, but the greater part is owing to a normal proclivity to self-assertion. Strong-limbed and strong-minded, his vigor is impatient for expression; and we conceive that the more difficult the service required him the more readily he would greet the summons. A man who passionately believes in his country, he is justly intolerant toward men who grounded their guns in '65 and skulk into ambuscades now to wreak their chagrin. This is the sort of man to button into a United States Deputy Marshal's jacket and his superior evidently knows it.

Mr. DeKline is also Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee and as such has rendered invaluable service to the State. A scrupulous citizen and honest officer, he has insensibly to himself foreclosed a large mortgage on the public faith of Louisiana.

View of Mississippi River.

At Quincy I got my first view of the Mississippi river. I believe there is not an American but has some sort of an idea what the Mississippi river looks like, and has a vague impression that some time or other before he dies he will be permitted to see it. The Mississippi—what a word it is to chew up in ink—is an institution by itself. It is full of associations, both tragical and comic, and is also full of mud. It has no banks to speak of. It is full of bars, and has a narrow and very uncertain channel. These are matters we all hear at school, and see repeated in the papers, but we don't realize them until we get upon the river itself.

The steamboats are flat-bottomed, and many of them carry the wheel at the stern. I think it is the stern. It is that part of the boat where, if it was a house, the slops would be thrown. The wheel is a cumbersome looking article, and to the casual observer the boat appears to have just climbed over it. I would give you a picture of the two were I not engaged in painting a view of the Rocky mountains at sunrise.

The river is much broader at this point than I expected to see it, but we can not always have things our own way in this world. The channel is about three feet deep opposite this place, I don't know the exact width of the river, but there is no doubt, the water is as thick as it is broad. The traveler should turn it over with his foot, and so look at both sides of it. All was bustle at the dock when I got there. The boat was taking on its

freight, and about thirty lively negroes and one very excited awfully profane white man were doing the business.

That white man was a study. He was the mate of the vessel, and what he didn't know about rhetoric could be held on the point of a knife-blade by a nervous man. The thirty negroes had all they could well attend to to keep with his new oaths and roll on the casks. Without any cessation they bobbed from the boat to the shore, and from the shore back to the boat, and all the time that Mississippi electionist danced around and swore. When I got on the boat I sat down on my baggage and watched that man.

Being a resident of New England, I thought I knew something of wickedness, but I was mistaken. The negroes were uniformly dressed in pants, shirts and hat. Some of the hats were ornamented with different colored ribbons; others again contained but a simple brass plate—the trade mark of a retired fruit can. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most. They were driven like sheep, first to the shore, then back to the boat. The least hesitation, the slightest mistep, was noted by the orator and promptly incorporated into his discourse. He couldn't have been more familiar were they his own fathers, which it is not likely they were.

After getting through at the dock the boat moved up to the coal yard. The coal was brought on in boxes with handles at each end. Each box contained two and one-half bushels and was carried by two men. Six hundred bushels were thus taken on. The same amount of bustle and vehemence occurred in this transaction. The men sweat like April, and appeared to be ready to drop at every trip, but the mate hurried tonics at them and kept them up. When his lips got tired he used his boot, and used it in that whole-saled way peculiar to Mississippi boatmen.

The negroes received one dollar a day and their victuals. I should think they would go to some city and get into a store.

Through the courtesy of the clerk I helped to occupy the pilot-house, and in this lofty perch got a splendid view of the river and cinders. The shores were flat and covered with forests. When I grew tired of looking at them I looked at the pilot. There was a boat ahead of us which the captain was bound to overtake. The pilot didn't believe it could be done, because the boilers on our boat were old and weak, and could not possibly stand the pressure. This made me sick at the stomach, and so I climbed down out of the pilot-house, and immediately placed between me and those boilers all the territory I could get together.

"Remarkable instances of canine sagacity" are generally too much for us, but here is one related by an Eastern newspaper (which must, therefore, be true), and which has the appearance of probability. "The other day," so begins the newspaper, "a gentleman transacting business in this village, left his horse attached to a chaise tied under a shed. Remaining with the horse was a coach-dog, who took advantage of his master's absence to enjoy a hasty nap in the vehicle. In the meantime, the horse somehow broke from his fastening, and set off at a furious gallop. This awakened the dog, who at once realizing the state of affairs, attempted to seize the reins with his teeth, but could not do so owing to their being covered by an overcoat. Fortunately, however, the reins fell from the carriage on to the ground, when the dog, with singular presence of mind leaped nimbly after them, caught them in his mouth, reined the horse to a stand still, and held the reins firmly until he delivered them with a graceful wag of the tail, to a stranger, whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have allowed to approach his master's property."

Language of Animals.—It has long been known that animals and insects have a language that is understood by others of the same group. But M. Housseaup maintains that they can and do learn to understand the language of other groups. His dogs, for instance, perfectly understood his poultry. Cocks and hens have one danger-signal for the approach of a bird of prey, another for that of a terrestrial animal or for a man. When the latter was sounded the dogs would rush out and bark, while to the former they paid no attention whatever. He therefore concludes that fowls have the power of expressing slightly different but closely allied ideas, and dogs can learn to understand these differences.

A Boston watch-repairer named Hughes ate an eight hundred dollar dinner at New Haven, Wednesday. While he was eating it some thief made off with his case, containing thirty watches, leaving no clue.

Bushyhead is the name of one of the editors of a California paper. Fanny the feeling with which Captain Jack would toy with his scalping knife if Bushyhead went to interview him.

There is something interesting in observing two women looking disdainfully at each other, but when two old ladies whose front teeth are gone curl the lips of scorn, the effect is very depressing.

William Pitt Kellogg.

[From the Iberville Pioneer and News.]

The Executive Chair of Louisiana no longer contains a Warmoth. The freebooter has shrunk into almost infamy and been succeeded by a man, whose four years of diligent and circumspect stewardship in the U. S. Senate, promise equally scrupulous service at his hands as Governor. Since his recent accession, indeed, nothing has ensued to impair that promise and much to substantiate it. Naturally gentle and forbearing in temper, it was apprehended by some Republican skeptics that in his desire to assure harmony he might be so unwary as to listen to the counsel of men, inimical to the Republican scheme. What a historian alleged of Archbishop Seneff of England, was memorably declared by them of the Governor, "Slow, timorous and narrow-spirited, but at the same time a good, honest and well-meaning man."

But events have clearly dispelled such an apprehension as to his mental temper—and through the recent episode, during which Democratic bullets sacrificed a hundred colored men in Grant parish, whittled from ambuscades in St. Martin's parish and sought even his own life in Orleans parish, he has borne himself with an imperturbability and resolution which should signalize the helmman of a great commonwealth. He has shown himself mindful of the true interests of the people and jealous to defend the life of every citizen, no matter how humble. To the element to which some Republicans ungenerously predicted he would defer, he refused to lend an ear. That element, with its thread-bare plea of social responsibility, unnamed Warmoth; but it finds no dupe in his success.

A good citizen should be solicitous for the fame of his State; his personal honor is largely knit therewith, but a citizen, who exalts over the massacre of innocent colored men and cherishes respect for violated laws to a less degree than his own invariable prejudices, is destitute not only of honor, but of that Christian principle, which is the very germ of honor. With such men Mr. Kellogg will not affiliate; against such men he will persistently oppose by every legal means at his command, whenever they venture to precipitate a new rupture. It cannot be disguised that too many Northern men, identified with the South since the war, have succumbed to Democratic enticements. A Democratic dinner has too often been the miserable mess of postage for which they have pawned their birthright of personal independence. Warmoth found, when too late to recast his bargain, that he had bartered all for a flimsy mess of garbage; and had earned the profound contempt of those whose smiles he could not resist.

Gov. Kellogg contemplates no such abject self-surrender, and McEnery, DeBlanc and the residue of the insurgent crew, are now sorely persuaded of that fact. Neither blanching nor their armed rabbles can away him a jot. This we conceive to be most auspicious for the future of Louisiana. It is notable that a manly and resolute foe always inspires respect and despite all the frivolous charges devised against the Governor, not one of the mutineers can but concede the firmness of his attitude as an Executive. Outside of this small, angry element, there prevails a solid confidence in his ability and intent fully to conserve Louisiana, especially since the issuance of his noble proclamation of the 11th inst. That he is ambitious for her sake stands revealed in the splendid service he rendered her in the U. S. Senate. The Texas Pacific Railroad of which New Orleans is the natural terminus; the Mexican Postal Subsidy Bill, by which New Orleans should be the commercial Queen of the Mexican and Spanish-American waters; the millions of national monies appropriated to open Louisiana's bayous; the erection of Shreveport into a port of customs the Supplemental Election Law, and divers other vital measures, all constitute commanding claims upon the gratitude of Louisiana.

Gov. Kellogg is a man about five feet four inches in height, with coal black hair and eyes and with a bland, cheery face, fringed with abundant whisker. Fertile in resources, he seems always sanguine in the face of a reverse—and this trait was manifested in a marked degree in his endeavor to push to a successful issue his Election Bill in the Senate. Twice discomfited during the session, he returned fresh and undismayed to the contest, and on the very eve of adjournment, grasped his triumph. Heartily esteemed by his associates in that body and by the administration, we are not surprised that McEnery's pretensions to power should have been dismissed from consideration.

Gov. Kellogg stands with a large majority of the people of the State at his back—let him, as we believe he will, continue to hold the faith which that majority, Congress, the President and the nation at large now repose in him, and he will not only earn new laurels for himself but will effectually rescue our unhappy State from the slough to which Warmoth abandoned her.

WHO DOUBTS IT?—The man who would take a newspaper for a length of time and then send it back refused, unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

There is something interesting in observing two women looking disdainfully at each other, but when two old ladies whose front teeth are gone curl the lips of scorn, the effect is very depressing.