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The best scholar in the Princeton, Ill., high school, is a colored girl.

Nitro-glycerine is said to be better than kerosene to kindle a fire, because you never know what will do you.

A fast special train is to deliver the New York papers in Philadelphia every morning at breakfast time.

A beautiful Indiana school girl, thirteen years old and six feet one inch high, is causing a general rupture among the suspenders of the short boys who try to kiss her.

A Parisian musical dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid and small children well punished."

An Irish housemaid, boasting of her industrial habits, said, quite innocently, that she rose at four in the morning, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds "before a single soul was up in the house."

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he always admired, said he was always on the field of battle, where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," responded another.

An Iowa young man, arraigned for assaulting and battering his sweetheart with a kim, was discharged because the girl was so wonderfully lovely that the judge said he had to cling to the arms of his chair to keep from kissing her himself.

A Yankee grocer, being solicited to contribute to the building of a new church, promptly subscribed his name to the paper in the following manner: "John Jones (the only place in town where you can get eleven pounds of good sugar for a dollar), twenty-five cents."

To prevent illegal voting, the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania has adopted a provision which requires that each ballot cast shall be numbered in the order of its reception, and each voter, may as an additional safeguard write his name on the back of the ballot.

A disastrous rice famine prevails in the island of Java, and the poorer classes are dying in great numbers from starvation. Some cases have occurred in which women have offered their children for sale to Europeans, so that, if they died, their little ones might be preserved from starvation.

A very doughty-looking Bible-peddler called upon a Detroit widow and proposed to sell her one of his works of holy writ. She refused to buy, whereupon he proposed marriage. The vigorous widow has set her chairs at the factory being repaired, and Bible-peddling in Detroit is at a discount.

To the uninitiated, the manufacture of color by chemical process is one of those astounding mysteries which are most astounding to witness. Take vermilion, for instance. By subjecting a mixture of quicksilver and sulphur, placed in strong retorts, to heat, a combination is formed, which produces a sulphuret in mercury or bright vermilion, in a powder, the shades varying in depth according to the heat.

Always carry a revolver when you go out horseback riding with a young lady. Mr. Bragg, of Nisalina, Cal., carried one when he took Miss Kemp to ride, the other day, and as they were both on the same horse, when the weapon went off, the bullet entered the young lady's knee and came out at the ankle. Her dress was set on fire, and she was seriously injured by the falling from the horse, but such incidents are trivial in comparison with the sense of security an able-bodied man derives from the possession of a pistol.

The New Iberia Murders.

From the New Iberia News, of yesterday, we obtain the following additional particulars concerning the arrest, confession and lynching of the gang who, on the night of the thirteenth instant, murdered Messrs. Lanet and Snaer at their store in New Iberia and then set fire to the building containing their dead bodies:

Mr. Kyle and others started on Sunday from New Iberia in search of the murderers, but only rumors were brought back by them.

Mr. Kyle in his description of the negroes he saw in the store on the night of the murder, caused suspicion to point strongly to one Polycarp, a black, villainous looking negro, and on Tuesday he was arrested in the neighborhood of the tragedy.

On Tuesday morning a large number of citizens, many armed, assembled in Snaerville for the purpose of attending the coroner's jury investigation. The first witness brought on the stand was Polycarp. He denied all knowledge of the affair, but upon being closely questioned by a brother of one of the murdered men, Mr. Seymour Snaer (attorney-at-law, of New Orleans), he confessed to having been at the store when the deed was done, but had no hand in it. He gave the names of Martin Peterson, Ozemie and Adrien Priot, alias Williams. All three were arrested, but denied the charge.

At about 5 P. M. the prisoners under citizen guards, reached New Iberia, where they confessed their crime.

They went to the store, and after attracting the attention of the two keepers by engaging them in showing them their goods, upon a given signal by one of the prisoners, both Lanet and Snaer were felled to the floor by heavy blows, administered with hickory clubs. Adrien Priot, the most powerful of the party, cut their throats. The doors were then closed, and taking the safe key from Snaer's pocket the safe was rifled of \$600 in currency and \$200 in gold and silver. The bodies were then carried into a room, saturated with coal oil and set fire to.

The alarm of fire was then given by the murderers. The prisoners were all young men, the oldest twenty-three years old. They belong to a gang of thieves and murderers, who have been operating in that neighborhood for the past eighteen months, and during that time the murders amount to four, and two attempts at assassination, besides in the past six months not less than four daring robberies, among which the warehouse of Swaim, telegraph operator's house, district attorney's house and Lanet & Snaer's store. Mr. Snaer having promised protection to Polycarp if he confessed all, was protected by him and sent to jail under charge of a constable to guard him from being taken out and hung by the incensed and indignant people.

At about sunset from 1500 to 2000 colored people had assembled in New Iberia, and, taking Peterson, Ozemie and Adrien Priot across the bayou, tied them together and swung them to an oak limb. They were so close together that their cheeks touched each other.

One of the prisoners, while they were tying his hands, stated that he was a steamboatman and would die like a steamboat bully. All three seemed indifferent to their fate. Two of the number were recognized as having attended the funeral of their victims on Sunday. In the hanging no drop was used, but white and colored men hoisted them up bodily from the ground. Their necks were not broken, but they were choked to death. No manifestation of pain or suffering, and the only movement was made by the strong man, Adrien, who shrugged his shoulders three times. When taken down next day, with the exception of a slight projection of the tongue, their features were not the least contorted. The Rev. L. Y. Jessup offered a prayer at the scaffold, and they were placed in rough boxes and buried.

Our correspondent visited Polycarp and asked him if he had succeeded in eluding the authorities was it their intention of committing more such deeds. He answered "I spee so."

Polycarp is expected to still confess more, and the citizens are confident of capturing the whole gang. Officers are already on track of three more men, and before our paper reaches the public they will likely have them secure in jail, if not taken by the citizens and strung to the same oak limb as their confederates. Polycarp is supposed to have been the leader of the band, and turning State's evidence is regarded as the breaking up of the gang.

"Cording" the Bedstead.

It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of cleaning, and having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be

a virtue, and you scold. The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction into the holes has come off, and you have to roll it up again. Then, after you have pulled through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door. Then you try again, and, get it tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bed-room in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door? Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side of the rail, then she moves it so the heat comes up from the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most you lose sight of it entirely, and turning around find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you, and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down lose your balance, grab for the head-board, miss it, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if one of these feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt. Then you move along to the next, and pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle and commence to think that you are about through, even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death if he did. Then he goes over it again, waddling and pulling, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp, and tells him to take it easy, and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, be or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds. In the dead of night that man will steal up to that room and look at the bedstead and swear.

—Danbury News.

Artificial Gems.

No other gem, says a writer in *Lippincott* for June, has been counterfeited with such perfection as the emerald; and in fact it is utterly impossible to distinguish the artificial from the real gems by the aid of the eye alone; even the little flaws which lull the suspicions of the inexperienced are easily produced by a dexterous blow from the mallet of the skilled artisan. Not only emeralds, but most of the gems and precious stones, are now imitated with such consummate skill as to deceive the eye, and none but experts are aware of the extent to which these fictitious gems are worn in fashionable society, for often-times the wearers themselves imagine that they possess the real stones. There is not one in a hundred jewelers who is acquainted with the physical properties of the gems, and very few can distinguish the diamond from the white zircon or the white topaz, the emerald from the iolite, or the topaz from the Bohemian yellow quartz. Jewelers are governed generally by sight, which they believe to be infallible, whilst hardness and specific gravity are the only sure tests. Artificial gems rivaling in beauty of color the most brilliant and delicately tinted of the productions of Nature are now made at Paris and in other European cities. The establishments at Septemioncel in the Jura alone employ a thousand persons, and fabulous quantities of the glittering pastes are made there and sent to all parts of the world.

Michael Reese, a wealthy German citizen of San Francisco, has given President Gilman of the University of California \$2,000 to buy for the University the library of the late Dr. Francis Lieber, which was offered for sale at that moment.

Essay on Luck.

We are all children of chance. Some of us are kindly favored by fortune; some seem to be the victims of fate; and others neither the one thing nor the other—knocked about from pillar to post, with here a streak of fat luck, and there a streak of the leanest kind. But, brethren, every one of us is lucky in one respect, that is, in getting into this living and breathing world. Our being born is but the result of accident after all, philosophize as you may upon the subject. What a glorious escape have we made from remaining forever in the womb of nonentity! Let us congratulate one another, then, that we have the lot of living, moving, and having a being on this terra-queous globe.

Many of you imagine that you are born to ill-luck, and seem to strive your prettiest to foster your ridiculous fancies. You will have it that others reap richer harvests from the field of chance than yourselves; that, when it rains bean-porridge your dishes are always bottom upwards; when it snows Genesee flour, the wind blows it to your neighbor's door; and when it hails hulled corn, you have no milk to eat it with. You find a pistoneer in the street: "Just my luck!" you exclaim, as you pocket the disappointment, "if anybody else had found it, it would have been a quarter, sure!" If you feel for a knife in the dark, among a peck of knives and forks, you are certain to get hold of a fork. What ever you do, and wherever you go, everything works against you, according to your thinking; but, in accordance with my humble opinion, you work against things more than things labor against you. You labor under a mistaken idea if you think to the contrary. The man who petitioned to have the lamp-posts removed because they interfered with him in his nocturnal perambulations, considered himself a victim of ill-luck. He might have been so; but the poor lamp-posts had more reason to complain of hard rubs than himself.

I have to write for your edification, and perhaps amusement. I am lucky when by chance I have a good article, and get half a handful of genuine coppers in return, but, as I always expect more or less bad ones in the heap, I am never disappointed. I bag the lot, without pausing to questionize as to whether any other writer would have been cursed or blest with the same luck had he been in my boots. So should you take matters easy; for, recollect that Fortune never picks out a particular individual to smile upon, nor selects a certain portion upon which to cast her spiteful frowns. The fact is this, my friends; rather than depend upon labor, you are too apt to rely upon luck; and when the latter betrays your confidence, you owe it a grudge that time never can pay.

To test your luck, don't throw dice nor buy lottery tickets; but put your hand to the plough, and hold on; or drive the cattle, and let somebody else hold—but be sure that you do one or the other, and the end thereof shall be fortunate. Expect a bar of iron to melt with the breath of a southern wind—a seaman's whistle to calm the excited ocean—a town on fire to be extinguished with a woman's tears—the stars to be blown out by a September gale. You may expect these to happen, if you like, but don't suppose that good luck will keep company with a loafer who is too lazy to work, and so depends upon the precarious crumbs of chance. If you firmly believe in an unalterable decree of luck, you will have more of the bad sort plastered to your remembrance than were ever feathers attached to a fresh coat of tar. Mouldays and Fridays will enter into no conspiracy against you; all your new moons will be seen over the left shoulder; squirrels will run across the road before you, from the right to the left; you will spill more salt at the table than any other one, and the clouds will be certain to take the opportunity to rain when they catch you without an umbrella.

A murmur on all your superstitions about luck; one mortal is just as liable to mishaps as another. Keep clear of the fire, and you will escape being burned; go not near the water, and there is no danger of getting drowned; look not for the apparitions of ill-luck, and you will see but few of them, at the most, and they, like all other ghosts, possess more power to scare than harm. So mote it be!

Charles Clinton.

[From the *Iberville Pioneer* and News.]
Charles Clinton, Auditor of the State of Louisiana, was born in Massachusetts in 1830. At the age of sixteen he removed to St. Louis, Mo., and there resided until 1865, when he came to New Orleans and engaged actively in business as a commission merchant. His manners and mercantile method soon inspired confidence, and he had mastered a proud position in the commercial community, when in March, 1869, numerous responsible recommendations were made to President Grant that to him might be confided the bureau of the Assistant Treasury of the United States in New Orleans. He was at once appointed and held this critical post until he entered the Auditor's chair last winter. The fidelity with which he discharges his new duties is abundantly attested in the confidence exhibited in our local and in foreign money markets. He has already proved

an insurmountable obstacle to unscrupulous speculators in State securities and arrested various schemes of pillage. We regard it as being especially fortunate for the commonwealth that a man, whom threats can not dismay nor bribes disconcert, is so largely in charge of our great monetary interests.

Carondelet street, the Wall street of New Orleans, knew him for four years as a scrupulous and exemplary merchant, and the same intelligence, integrity and vigilance still signalize in the trust he holds from the State.

Such, however, is the social intolerance of the old element in New Orleans, that some who were in cordial daily business relations with him prior to his election as Auditor are now embittered against him because of his conspicuous identification with the Republican party. He might, as a Democrat, dissipate the monies of the State as wantonly, as did War-moth and Graham—this would be venial, but the unpardonable sin of professing Republicanism is in no wise mitigated by the brilliant results he has already achieved in behalf of the public credit.

So far has this miserable spirit of intolerance been carried, that recently the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans, whereof Mr. Clinton was a member and Vice President, called for his resignation; this because of no dereliction upon his part other than that of being a Republican.

Very naturally, he has no desire to adhere to an association whose christianity was a political caprice, and submitted his resignation with a promptitude that surprised even those who asked it. If the Young Men expect to do good in this life by promoting damnable heresies, or to secure a chance for the next life, it is time they discovered that asininity and vicious bigotry are not essential conditions to make a good christian.

Mr. Clinton is about five and a half feet in height and so stout in frame as to invite a suspicion that he may soon reach aldermanic dimensions. Clear in eye and candid both in manner and speech, he favorably impresses all with whom he is brought in contact. Modest in his pretensions and rarely seen among politicians, he is quietly but effectually doing material service in the rescue of the State from her financial embarrassment.

Louisiana holds within her limits to-day no truer citizen and more indefatigable servant than Charles Clinton.

A Rift in the Clouds.

The most troublesome and vexatious tax ever imposed upon our people, is the one from which we are being largely relieved, and the duration of which can now be measured by a few short years to come, at the farthest. The internal revenue law has weighed heavily upon all producing industries, and all its machinery has been looked upon with suspicion and aversion by all classes. It was a necessity, and has been borne with credible courage and patriotism, and its provisions have been as justly observed on the one part, and enforced on the other, as well as could have been expected. And yet, no tax of this nation can ever be free from peculiar annoyances, and hence it is that all the people will rejoice at the clearing of the decks so lately made.

On the 30th ult. not less than 1200 assessors and assistant assessors of internal revenue ceased to be officers of the government, and their work is to henceforth be done, so long as there shall be need of the system, by the collectors.

The credit of this movement belongs chiefly to the Commissioner, who marked out the plan and has urged it with so much fidelity. In times when all is not too pleasant in the way of true economy and thrift, the people can hardly fail to value the beginning of a reform like this. It is one of the bright and encouraging lights that illumines the way of the future; one of the refreshing oases in a wide and weary waste made by the tread of armies and the greed of camp followers.—*La. Sugar-Bowl.*

The guinea hen is a speckled kitter, smaller than the goose, and bigger than the wild pigeon. They have a keen eye, and a red kokade on their heads, and always walk on their heels. They lay eggs in grate profusion, but they lay them so much on the sly that they often can't find them themselves. They are as freckled as a coach dog, and just about as tuff tew cat as a half-billed crow. They have a voice like a piccolo flute, and for racket, two of them can make a saw that is being fied abashed on itself. They are a very sly bird, and the nearer you get them the further they get off. They are more ornamental than useful, but are chiefly good to frighten away hawks. They will see a hawk up in the sky three miles and a half off, and begin at once to holler and make a fuss about it.—*Josh. Billings.*

An Oregon editor publishes an article headed "How to catch mules," to which the editor of the Albany-Democrat says: "We don't want any information on that subject. We caught a mule once, and that's the reason our spinal column is so short, and one shoulder higher than the other, and our nose turned cross-wise on our face. No, thank you, we have no mules at large."

The Luck of Paul Starna.

In a letter from Rome we find the following:

Paul Starna, the late clerk of the Alabama Reconstruction Convention, has been sojourning in Europe. At Rome he made the acquaintance of Iscippi Geza, one of the wealthiest and most influential Hungarian noblemen, who was about to depart for Naples, where his family was passing the summer. The handsome American had made a most favorable impression upon the royalist, and was invited to accompany him to Naples. Geza, the Count of Temesvar, found his lady in very feeble health, and the physicians had given up all hope. A few weeks afterwards the Countess died, and Paul Starna had meanwhile so endeared himself to his aristocratic friend that an other invitation was tendered, and accepted, to accompany the Count to Hungary. Only a short drive from the city of Temesvar lies the beautiful castle Radowitz, the ancestral seat of the Gezas. It was presided over by the young Countess Paula, a lady of the pure Hungarian type, the only child and heir of Iscippi Geza.

The young American was quite stricken by the intense beauty of the lady, and before three weeks elapsed the two were as friendly as if they had grown up together. During the hunting season distinguished guests arrived at the castle, among whom Prince Esterhazy, of Moravia, was the most prominent. The Prince was about thirty years of age, and had lately been promoted to a captaincy of the guards. Major General Prince Esterhazy, the captain's father, and Count Geza, had been the most intimate friends for almost a lifetime, and both desired to still strengthen the bonds of friendship by uniting their two children.

This was the main object of the Prince's visit, for the necessary preliminary arrangements had long ago been agreed upon by the two parents. Paul Starna had meanwhile cared nothing at all for the distinguished guests. Count Geza insisted upon his joining the dinner party one certain day, and the old gentleman was quite enthusiastic when he continued: "We have a great surprise for our guests to-day, and you must witness the proudest event of my life." But the surprise was quite different from that expected. Captain Esterhazy proposed, and was flatly refused. A bursting bombshell could not have created a more profound sensation than Countess Paula's declaration that she would never marry the captain.

Some angry words followed, and Captain Esterhazy alluded to American intruders and beggars. Some bluster about a duel followed. Finally Paul Starna left for Italy. Over a year had since elapsed, and the Countess was in so feeble health that a journey to Italy had been strongly advised. She had persistently refused to see any of the Esterhazy family again, and Count Geza was inconsolable when he witnessed the sufferings of his only child. At Rome a sudden change overcame the Countess; she regained her health, and Count Geza was not a little surprised when he was one day informed that she had seen Paul Starna in the theatre, and that she would marry him or not marry at all. On the twelfth of May the wedding took place.

From the *St. Charles Echo* of two weeks since, we clip this item:

The following is an extract from a private letter received yesterday, from which it will be seen that the work on the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railroad will soon be resumed: "New Orleans, thro' Chamber of Commerce, accepted the following proposition: New Orleans names four Directors and Vice President; New York names four Directors and President. Wm. Sprague to be President, and Latham, Sprague's brother-in-law, to be Vice President. Sprague agrees to put in \$4,000,000 as a guarantee to the contractors, and further guarantees to finish the road to Houston by the first of March, 1874. Work will be commenced about the 15th of July or first of August."

In answer to a bumptious correspondent the *Scientific American* explains its views of perpetual motion, in the following ironical terms: "Many forms of perpetual motion machines have been invented. The simplest form is the tub. When a man places himself in a tub and by a steady pull at the handles lifts himself from the ground, he has produced a successful perpetual motion. All such machines necessarily operate on the same principle and, until an individual is enabled to operate the simple form above described with success, it will be useless for him to expect that he can work a more complicated perpetual motion machine. The addition of cog wheels and levers will not help the matter."

A superstition prevails among certain brutal and ignorant people that certain birds may be made to sing more sweetly by putting out their eyes. A professor of this cruel art, who boasted that he had sometimes "done forty in a day," was recently punished by fine and imprisonment, in London, for thus treating a chaffinch which, instead of singing better, did not sing at all, but was put to death by a humane person, to quit its agonies.