

Donaldsonville Chief.

Published Every Saturday.

"ANACUS HUMANI GENERIS."

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Saturday, - August 9, 1873.

When does a man resemble his washerwoman? - When he has "three sheets in the wind."

Ohio is troubled with political Conventions and cholera and is willing to trade off all the former evil for more cholera.

There are 14,000 names upon the delinquent tax lists of the city New Orleans, and suits about to be entered against the vast army of derelicts to compel them to pay up.

The Shreveport Times and several Texas newspapers are clamoring for the annexation of northwest Louisiana to the Lone Star State. Bosh! Texas has too much territory now.

Auditor Clinton announces another sale of greenbacks for State warrants to take place in the St. Charles Hotel auction room on Tuesday next, the 12th inst. Let the good work go on.

In Mississippi Gov. Powers is exerting his powers to secure the Republican nomination for Governor this fall, while Senator Ames aims that way also. A lively contest is looked for.

The St. John Pioneer says: "As dog days are upon us, we would advise the scribbler for a little Donaldsonville paper to beware of poisoned sausages." Don't stand that, friend Leader; hit him back.

The President has directed a *nolle prosequi* to be entered in all pending prosecutions under the Ku-Klux act, yet not a Democratic newspaper lifts up its voice to applaud the act of magnanimity. The demon Ku-Klux has been crushed out of the land, and all should rejoice that the foul blot upon our civilization is gone.

The newspapers announce the appointment of a son of Hon. Frank P. Blair as an Inspector of Gas Meters and Humming Gas in St. Louis. If the young man inherits the characteristics of his honorable dad, he will be found peculiarly fitted for the position, for what Blair doesn't know about gas is exceedingly diminutive in quantity, and will hardly repay the trouble of investigating.

The Secretary of the Treasury makes periodical auction sales of the gold in the national vaults to the highest bidders, for greenbacks, and saves to the people the difference between the market value of the specie and paper. The wisdom and legality of this proceeding is unquestioned by the very journals that abuse Auditor Clinton for selling greenbacks for State warrants, virtually clearing off the State debt with a little over half the money the grumblers would require to do it with. A great distinction without a particle of difference.

A certain Hon. David Cresswell has retired from the editorial control of the Shreveport Southwestern Telegram, and in his valedictory he says: "There is no writing with any heart about Louisiana, and so I leave journalism without a regret and almost without a hope for the State." No wonder the paper was languishing with such an impracticable and morbid mind controlling it. His retirement will be as much a source of satisfaction to the readers and stockholders of the Telegram as it can possibly be to himself. We are glad to see the chronic grumblers disappearing into obscurity, for their baneful influence in prominent positions tends to keep capital and immigration from our borders.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

From Donaldsonville to Vicksburg and Monroe--Appearance of the Cotton.

VIENNA, La., July 28, 1873.

EDITOR CHIEF--Immediately upon taking the boat at your town, I adjourned to my little bunk, where I remained in the land of nod until 12 o'clock next day, which had rather an unpleasant effect upon my inner man, as I missed my breakfast; but I stood it like a good fellow until dinner, when I settled the matter satisfactorily to all concerned. We passed Baton Rouge while I was aled, therefore I missed the sights along that portion of that river. Stann's point was the first strip of land projecting into the river, with a lengthy grove of willows on each side, and a clump of myrtle about one-third of the distance from the point, in the centre, forming perfectly the capital letter A. It is just opposite the great eddy which is noted for alligators, and as the boat passed I saw two large ones sunning themselves on the river bank. I was informed by a gentleman that it was now the season that they would attack persons, even on shore. I believe he said they were laying their eggs.

From there on the scenery was quite picturesque in places. On one side of the river you would see low, swampy country, with large groves of myrtle and willow, while on the other were huge hills and steep bluffs fifty or seventy-five feet high, and farther back the hills rising in the distance until they almost seemed to touch the clouds. At the mouth of Red river we landed at "Fisherville." I asked the captain how far back from the landing the village was. Laughing, he pointed to an old wreck of a boat, and said that was Fisherville, Fisher & Co.'s commission house, Fisher's hotel, and Fisher's general freight agency. He went on to say that passengers who come down Red river to take boats up the Mississippi stop at Fisher's hotel, where they are charged \$4 per day for corn-dodgers and clear rib side. I understand that the proprietor once said to a young man who complained of the fare, "If you don't like my style and prices, you can just travel on, stranger." Being rather slack in faith, the young man preferred corn-dodgers and bacon to a watery grave, and held his peace. But they say when an upward bound boat comes along it is marvelous to see how those people "git up git" off that old wreck, after thanking the landlord for his kindness and consideration during their stay, and bidding him some such gentle farewell as "Good bye, old skindint; I'll get even with you yet." The imperturbable proprietor politely requests them not to over exert themselves on his account, and smiles blaudly as the boat moves off.

Just before reaching Natchez, we passed the highest bluff I have ever seen--it must have been fully two hundred feet high, to say nothing of the hill, which reached an altitude of at least a hundred feet more. I wonder how the river ever got over it? I suppose the Sovereign Arbitrator of nature must have made the river before He built the hill. We reached Natchez about 9 o'clock in the evening. The city being well lighted, presented a beautiful view to the eye as we approached. Situated on the side of a long sloping hill, the town looks much larger at night than it really is.

I was very much struck with the appearance of an old Mississippi planter who came aboard the boat at Natchez. He reminded me very much of Bishop, who plays *Toodles* with the Chapman sisters. There was such a quizzical expression over his countenance that I almost laughed in his face whenever I met him. At breakfast he sat at my left, and I was just envying the old gentleman's appetite when I noticed that he helped himself to my rolls. Thinking it an oversight, I ordered more. When the new supply arrived, the old fellow had exhausted the others and pitched into the fresh lot. He also captured my ham and eggs with the coolest impertinence I ever witnessed, and for fear he should also mistake my iced tea for his own, I drank that hastily, and glorying in having got the better of the uncouth ancient in one particular, I left the table in disgust.

We arrived at Vicksburg at noon, just too late to catch the train for Monroe. I met an old friend, and we passed the time very pleasantly together until next day. We walked about the town visiting all the places of interest, among others the sand banks in which the people dig holes for abiding places during the bombardment. I entered several of these holes and found them quite roomy--

ten or fifteen feet square. My friend said that the largest of the cells had belonged to the aristocrats, and when used were very handsomely furnished. Vicksburg is not a pretty place by any means, and to walk up its hills is too much like hard work to please the average eight-seer. I wouldn't stay there unless I had Jack's seven-league boots.

I left at 12 o'clock for Monroe, and arrived at 5 in the evening. The crops both on the river and along the railroad look promising. A few worms have been seen, but not enough to do any damage. Monroe is a pretty little town, with a population of 2500, and quite a heavy business is done there every fall. Seventy deaths from cholera have occurred in the town this season, but the disease has now disappeared. After remaining in Monroe a couple of days, I came to the town of Vienna, Jackson parish, where I am now domiciled. Last you should be misled by the name of the place, I will inform you that this is not the Vienna where Emperor Francis Joseph is having his little side-show.

Yours truly, E. P. H.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 2, 1873.

EDITOR CHIEF--Every patriot, every lover of his race, and every truly honest man, be he Republican, Democrat or Liberal, is opposed to official corruption. I think it would not be far from the truth to say every man in this broad land is, at heart, opposed to filling our positions of public trust and honor with men who would steal. No one can wish for all men to be thieves and scoundrels. On the contrary, every reflecting man must wish from the bottom of his heart that his fellow beings were all upright and pure. Every thinking person knows that if such were the fact, this life would be a paradise as compared with the present "struggle for existence," in which nine out of every ten in the business world will get the best end of the bargain in a trade if they can. We are all more or less selfish; and although in theory we believe in justice, truth and right, we all come short of acting up to our best convictions.

This selfish principle within us renders us liable to temptation, and in our anxiety to swim safely over the waves of fortune we forget that we are crowding other souls down into the depths of poverty and wretchedness. We are almost sure to discover this disposition in others before we see it in ourselves. We are slow to recognize and acknowledge our own faults. It is in that class who in some way represent our own interests that we discover such faults most readily. Hence it is that government officials, who represent the interests of all, become the target of all. Their deeds, exposed to public view, become so prominent, if bad, that we are apt to forget the many who are similarly disposed in our own community in private life.

A few mistakes in the popular selection of officers, a few examples of official corruption, almost invariably suggest the propriety of organizing a new political party in which none but pure minded men are to be selected for office, and each party in its turn finds its ranks polluted with vicious recruits hungry for a place in the public service. Is it not about time for us to learn that honest officials are not made to order by political machinery? Is it not manifest if we want honest public servants, the honest citizens at home must be prominent among the choosers? What can we expect in the way of reform so long as our primary meetings are controlled, as they almost invariably are, by a little knot of professional office seekers? No change of party names, no amount of professions, no well worded platforms, are ever going to remedy these evils so long as the solid masses of the country are not part and parcel of the actual machinery as well as the source of power in our politics.

We must cultivate a higher sense of honor in our private relations if we would witness the same in public life. So long as we make the Goulds, the Fisks and the Vanderbilts the subjects of flattery and distinction in private life we may expect to see such characters in high places officially. But when we learn to frown dishonesty, injustice and corruption out of existence in our home circles, it will require no New Departures and Fusions of political parties to insure purity, patriotism and honor in the public service. One of the most powerful means of improvement in these particulars, so far as united public action is concerned, is to be found in

our public schools. They are doing much, but not half what they may do. We must recollect that education does not consist simply in going through text-books and committing to memory a few dry abstract principles and facts, but that properly considered it is a large portion of the business of life. We should be constantly learning, ever progressing, always acquiring more of truth.

Now, the love of education is the great want in early youth. The cultivation of this must begin at home and be carried on throughout life. Everybody is a teacher whether he knows it or not, and so sure as each atom of matter exerts a power in the universe, so sure it is that each individual is a power either for good or bad in this world. We shall do well then to remember that reform is not to be expected from such special movements as small party conventions and platforms. Reform must begin at home, and when we can get men to be honest in their private dealings, when we can get our little village, township, county, city and state governments to work harmoniously and satisfactorily, then may we look for such results upon a larger scale, and not before.

A subject was agitated during the last session of Congress which bids fair to be the theme of much discussion in the immediate future. I refer to the proposed amendment of the Constitution altering the mode of electing the President and Vice President. It will be remembered that last winter Senator Morton presented a bill embodying a plan which obviated many of the objections to the present system, and supported it by a long and able argument. After some discussion the subject was referred to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, of which he is chairman. The Senator will give much time and thought to the matter during the vacation, and will endeavor to give it a close thorough investigation. For this purpose he came to Washington the other day, that he might have access to the Congressional Library and to some unprinted records of Congress. Since the adjournment he has spent some time at the hot springs of Arkansas, where his health has been greatly benefited. Those who visited the Senate galleries last winter and noted the pallid countenance and feeble movements of the Senator from Indiana would hardly recognize him now. The beaming face, flashing eyes, and vigorous motions betoken a return to health, which will gratify not only his friends but the country generally.

Mr. Morton intends to make a complete and extended report, going back to the very beginning, when our government was organized. He will review the debates that took place in the constitutional convention in 1787, and show that the imperfections of the present method were pointed out at that time by some of the best minds then present. Among others Franklin urged that so important a question should be submitted directly to the people, and depreciated the distrust that led the conservative members of the convention to fear that they had already given too much political power to the people.

The Senator's own plan is to divide the States into districts having an equal population and contiguous to each other, and give to each district one vote for President and Vice President. This plan he prefers to the proposed plan of giving to every voter an opportunity to vote for President. He thinks it would give force to the wishes of contiguous communities having common interests and at the same time remove the exceptional features of the Electoral College. The subject is an important one, calling for the most thoughtful consideration on the part of the people and those whom they delegate to make their laws, but it is thought that Congress will be very slow to act upon it. Senator Morton will do all in his power to advance the measure during the next session of Congress.

A little item of news recently received by Atlantic cable may serve "to point a moral" for the benefit of a portion of the press in this country. In the British Parliament the other day a motion was made to increase the annuity of the Duke of Edinburgh to £25,000 in view of his approaching marriage with the Grand Duchess of Russia. And for what valuable services is this munificent salary of \$125,000 the recompense? For none at all; but because he happens to be the Queen's son he must be provided with an income two and a half times the salary of the Chief Magistrate of

this nation. But what an outcry was raised last spring by the opposition press over the action of Congress in raising the President's salary to \$50,000. We were treated to tirades upon the extravagance of the party in power, the departure from republican simplicity, etc., etc. The absurdity of all this fault-finding is so manifest as to render any defense of the measure unnecessary. A party that is driven to resort to such expedients must be in a desperate situation.

Such incidents impress one afresh with the costliness of monarchical governments. A royal family is a very expensive luxury indeed, and one for which we have little desire in this country. Though at times a little given to grumbling over the taxes and the state of the finances, if we will but stop for a moment to contrast our condition with that of any other nation under the sun, we shall see great reason for self-congratulation.

The Republican convention at Lynchburg had among its elements the ring of true metal. Colonel Hughes, the nominee for Governor of the State, in his address to the convention uttered some noble sentiments that should be cherished and remembered by us all. He says: "Our great party does right to cultivate sentiments of affectionate reverence for the nation of which we are part. The nation is not a machine contrived by human invention to be remodeled and taken apart according to the caprices of men. As children of the nation our fellow-citizens of all classes and localities are our brethren in the bonds of a common Christian loyalty; and all races and sections of a vast continent are harmonized on the filial basis of a common patriotism."

I have no knowledge of Colonel Hughes personally, but if I were called upon to vote for him for Governor of Virginia, or to vote for some other equally unknown candidate who had said nothing, the language in which he has expressed his estimate of the nation would carry my vote in his favor. It is to be hoped that the spirit of progress so strongly manifested in this convention will continue to spread until it shall cause the old Commonwealth of Virginia to eclipse the glory of her former history.

ALERT.

The rollicking, roystering galoot who relishes the Danbury Newsmen's items for the editorial columns of the *Lake Republican*, grows facetious over the contemplation of the CHIEF's new patent outside, and delivers himself of a commentary that ought to act as a first-rate remedy in cases requiring an emetic. We give the concluding sentence of the effusion:

Now, Bentley, old boy, if you had a patent inside to go along with it, there would be a marked improvement in Donaldsonville journalism.

Well, we won't dispute about that, but if we cease to give to the world the weekly scintillations of our brilliant mind, where can the *Lake Republican* and kindred sheets look for the numerous little local items they are wont to hypothecate from the CHIEF, merely changing the application as regards names and places? No, we never could consent, so long as life and vigor last, to leave our brethren of the shears in such utter helplessness. Perhaps we may, after a while, discard our patent outside and in the place of the large quantity of varied and interesting reading matter that appears thereupon, substitute prospectuses of other newspapers, fearfully elongated to annihilate space, accompanied by a couple of standing columns of encomium of ourselves, which may even be printed upon both sides of each issue for better effect; perhaps we may join the ranks of the noble army of editorial blacksmiths whose sole object in life seems to be a frantic endeavor to get the columns of their organs filled up each week with something or other, regardless of quality; and perhaps, again, we shall continue to fool along in our same old way and exist as well as we can without the approbation of everybody. You see, life is uncertain, and we can't most always tell what we may do in the future, occasionally.

The Mandeville Ware flops over on the subject of our Washington letter, which it calls dull and uninteresting. What a monotonous place this world would be if everybody held the same opinions.

A board of examiners appointed by Hon. C. B. Darrall, M. C. from this District, will assemble at New Iberia next Monday to select the best qualified from among such applicants as may appear, for appointment to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Peters' Musical Monthly, No. 72, is to hand, and contains the following selections of New Music:

Lost and Cast Away, Song and Chorus. Hays. My Love Sleeps under the Daisy. Peralay. Will he come Home to-night? Song. Danka. My Dear Old Mother, Song and Chorus. Stewart. Hear the Fiddler, Duet. Abt. Bertie's Schottische, Kinkal. An Instrumental Piece, Decht. The Russian Dance, Kinkel. Golden Home, Marwan & Salon, Wilson.

You can secure the above pieces of New Music by sending 25c. for No. 72 Peters' Musical Monthly; or the last eight numbers will be sent you, post-paid, for \$1. Address, J. L. Peters, 289 Broadway, New York.

Here it is! The August number of Wood's Household Magazine! It brings with it a ray of sunshine which reaches clear to the heart. We always find better reading in it, and it will make any household brighter than a lantern. Among the many articles of the present number are: Advice to Young Men, by Hon. Joel Parker; A Glimpse of the Mammoth, by Karl Kase; The Other Side of the Period, by Henry Martineau; Business, by H. V. Osborne; Old Fashion, No. 11, by Chas. Dickinson, &c., &c.

Price of this Magazine only one dollar a year. Address, Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh N. Y.

One of the best monthly papers in the West, the *Star*, published at Mandeville, N. H., by Hunter & Co., at the very low subscription price of one dollar per annum, a handsome chrome being given to each subscriber as a premium. The *Star* contains a vast amount of useful and entertaining reading matter, and besides furnishing intellectual food for the brain, it will prove of great value to business men, for in each number is an expose of the fraud swindlers that are projected throughout the country for gulling the public and bleeding them of money under false pretenses.

The New Orleans Free Current, published semi-weekly at 129 and 121 Gravier St. should be subscribed for by every merchant and planter in the State. Its market quotations and general commercial and monetary intelligence are more exhaustive and reliable than those of any other publication in the South. Subscription price \$40 per annum, \$5 for six months, \$2.50 for three months.

The August number of that most excellent magazine, *The Republic*, has reached us, and we find it fully equal to the preceding issues in the quality, variety and quantity of its reading matter. The object of the *Republic* is the dissemination of political information, and right well is its mission fulfilled. Its writers are able and fluent, and no better edited periodical is published in the land. Terms, \$2 a year; single copies 25c. Address the Republic Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

There came splashing into our office, the week, the second number of a new paper, the *Mandeville Ware*, published in St. Tammany parish by Mr. Cal. M. Lect. The little sheet is spicy and brilliant, and we wish it success.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!!

Volumes 1 and 2 of *Scrivener's Monthly*, the most popular magazine of the day, have been exhausted, and can not be obtained from the publishers.

The undersigned having these volumes on hand, and also volumes 3 and 4, bound in cloth, offers a copy of each, and a subscription to the current volume of *Scrivener's* for the unprecedentedly low price of

\$10 00,

providing the subscription be taken within 30 days from date.

W. G. WILKINSON,
Proprietor *Assessor News Dept.*
Donaldsonville, Aug. 9th, 1873.

List of Letters

Remaining in Donaldsonville Post-Office August 1st, 1873.

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| | P. LANDRY, P. M. | |