

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

Official Journal of the State of Louisiana, Parish of Ascension and Town of Donaldsonville.

VOLUME IV.

DONALDSONVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

NUMBER 9.

Donaldsonville Chief.

Apicuous Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper.

Published Every Saturday, at

Donaldsonville, Ascension Parish, La.,

—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$3.00
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Twelve copies, one year, \$25.00
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1 column	25.00	42.00	55.00	90.00	120.00
1 column	25.00	42.00	55.00	90.00	120.00

Transient advertisements \$1.00 per square
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An Extraordinary Love Story.

The London correspondent of the New York Graphic writes: A very strange story was told to me the other day. In a town not far from London there lived a young lady who was handsome, tolerably wealthy, and more than usually well educated. Her father was an invalid; her mother was an insipid, cold and heartless woman. Two years ago a physician of London was called to attend the father; in this way the young lady saw him. He paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor, after paying a visit to his patient, was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing-room, and led him to the father and end of the apartment. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you." He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed. "You will, however, be secretly prepared for what I am about to say," she continued. "But I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it, but I must make to you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I loved you from the first moment I saw you, I said to myself, I will wait for two years—if he then speaks to me I will know what to say. You have not spoken; and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who, although not a very young man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke; but the young lady was very serious. "No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the impropriety of my proposal, but I can not help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I can not marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and she left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before this that they should die, and he left the house without attaching much importance to the prophecy, although wondering greatly at the other portion of this interview.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor. It recalled to his mind a promise he had made her. She had gone to see him, and had asked him to make out for her a paper transferring the whole of her property to a person whose name she would not then give him. He was to prepare the necessary paper and send it to her to fill up the blanks and to sign. She had done this, and she now enclosed the paper, filled up and signed. Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die," said she, "and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food nor drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead, look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor, and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post mortem examination of the young lady's body. On her breast, over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

A correspondent writing from Antigua, Guatemala, under date of the 1st, gives an account of the earthquake the previous evening. On the 3rd of September, at 8:30 P. M., without previous warning, a strong earthquake shook the ground violently in the direction from west to east. Wave like undulations on the surface rose and fell at least a foot. The first strong shock lasted for twenty-five to thirty seconds, when the contents of a large water-tank in the courtyard of the hotel were thrown out. Wild screams and screams continued even after the early terror had somewhat subsided, and long after there was the noise of walls falling more or less distant, mingled with the sound of hundreds of voices chanting

Responsibility of the Press.

The press every where, and very naturally, resents a recent law which it believed to menace its freedom. This is instinctive; for the hand of arbitrary power is first laid upon the press, which is the public tongue.

Its freedom is the palladium of every truly free government, and its utmost abuse is not an evil as great as the constraint of its liberty. But while we shall all probably agree upon this, and while the chief advocates of the law in question deny that they cherish any hostility to the press, nothing is more notorious than the discontent of many public men with the incessant vituperation and misrepresentation to which they are subjected in the newspapers. The point is well worth considering whether the press, which in its comments constantly presents so lofty an ideal of public life, does all it can to make that ideal practicable. Indeed, the impartial reader—namely, the intelligent and discriminating person who is now perusing these lines—must often ask himself, as he flies from his daily feast of the newspapers, whether it does not seem that the great journal is quite as much intent upon maintaining the consistency of its own expressed opinions upon public men and measures as upon securing that lofty conduct which it so strenuously commends.

A Model Government.

Hon. Joseph Medill writes from Berne, Switzerland, to the Chicago Tribune:

Switzerland is a most unique country in every respect. Surrounded by monarchies, it is a pure republic.

While every other European nation has an Emperor or a King for a ruler, or is waging a civil war to restore a deposed royalty, Switzerland has no prince or potentate, not even a President. Her executive authority consists of a Council of State, appointed by the Legislature for a limited period of time, and with the power of removal.

One of this Council Board is appointed Chairman of the Board for one year, with the title of President. But he has no patronage, no power of removal or pardon—nothing except the privilege of presiding at the sittings of the Council of State and countersigning its resolutions and orders. It is the same as if the American Congress elected the Cabinet officers, and the presiding officer of the Board, and at the same time, abolished the office of President or Chief Magistrate and absorbed the powers of the office into those of the legislative assembly.

How this system of legislative aggrandizement would operate in the American republic is easy to predict; but in this small country of simple minded and honest mountaineers, where rings and lobbies are unknown, it works well.

The Swiss government is unique in another respect: Its legislative proceedings are conducted and recorded in three languages—German, French, and Italian—corresponding to the three races which compose the population of the republic; but the Germans constitute the great majority of the inhabitants. In the census returns of 1870, it was ascertained that 284,561 families spoke German as the mother language, 134,193 French, and 30,223 Italian; but all the educated persons can speak French. When a Frenchman makes a speech in the Swiss Congress, all the Germans and Italians can understand him perfectly, but they generally reply in their own languages, which the French members do not understand, the official interpreter states the substance of in French. All bills, reports, and resolutions are written in the three tongues, and the laws and proclamations are printed in the three languages.

Where Did Columbus Land?

Harper for November has an article on the Bahamas, which says: "In all probability it was not Cat Island which Columbus named San Salvador, but Watling's Island—a smaller isle a little more to the southward and eastward. The facts in the case are these: Contrary, probably, to the general opinion, it has never been definitely known which was the island entitled to the honor; but about fifty years ago, when historians were busy with the history of Columbus, they undertook to settle the question of comparing his journal with the imperfect charts of the Bahamas then existing. Navarrete fixed on Turk's Island, which later investigation has proved erroneous, while Irving, supported by the strong authority of Humboldt, argued for Cat Island, and since then this has been generally accepted as San Salvador, and is so designated on our charts to this day. But the English reversed their opinion some time ago, and transferred the name of San Salvador to Watling's Island, and it will be so found on their latest charts. The reasons for this change seem conclusive. Lieut. Beecher, of the English Navy, proved conclusively that Cat Island cannot be San Salvador, and that Watling's Island answers the conditions required better than any other island lying in the track of Columbus. His two strongest reasons against Cat Island are that Columbus states that he rowed around the northern end in one day. The size of Cat Island makes this physically impossible there, while it is quite feasible at the other island. He also speaks of a large lake in the interior. There is no such lake on Cat Island, while such a lake does exist on Watling's Island."

Death of the Original "Arkansas Traveler."

—Yesterday afternoon our city was shocked over the news of the death of Col. Sandy Faulkner, who died at his residence, corner of Commerce and Fifth streets, at 3 o'clock, of gastric fever.

It is well known throughout the Southwest that Col. Faulkner was the original personator of the "Arkansas Traveler," and it was his pride to be known as such. The story, it is said, was founded on a little incident which occurred in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State in company with the Hon. A. H. Sevier, Gov. Fulton, Chester Ashley and Gov. Yell. One day in the Boston mountains, the party approached a squatter's for information of the route, and Col. "Sandy" was made spokesman of the company, and it was upon his witty responses the tune and story were founded. On the return to Little Rock a grand banquet was given in the famous "bar-room" which used to stand near the Anthony House, and Col. "Sandy" was called on to play the tune and tell the story. Afterward it grew in popularity. When he subsequently went to New Orleans, the fame of the "Arkansas Traveler" had gone before him, and at a banquet amid clinking glasses and brilliant toasts, he was handed a violin by the then Governor of Louisiana, and requested to favor them with the favorite Arkansas tune. At the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing in gilt letters over the door "Arkansas Traveler."—Little Rock Gazette.

The Gallant Secretary of a Life Insurance Company.

being in command of a platoon during the late unpleasantness, struck up the gun of one of his men about to fire on a staff officer with the exclamation, "Don't shoot at him, we've got a policy on him!"—N. O. Republican.

News Items.

Quiet election in Louisiana.

Yellow fever at Charleston.

The Carlists are bombarding Irun.

Frost and ice at Pensacola on the 2nd.

Diphtheria is spreading in New York.

Von Arnim is not allowed to leave Prussia.

The First National Bank of Salt Lake has "busted."

The Episcopal convention will meet next year in Boston.

The National Council of the Cherokee Nation is in session.

Wm. M. Rhinehart, the sculptor, died at Rome last week.

Rocheport is publishing his newspaper at Berne, Switzerland.

The French legitimist deputy, De Temple, has joined Don Carlos.

Snow fell at Salt Lake and Omaha, Oct. 29th; at Buffalo on the 31st.

The German Reichstag opened its session on Thursday, the 29th ult.

The cotton crop of Bombay is the largest ever known in that country.

Twenty-seven colored emigrants left New York for Liberia, Saturday.

It is said the Carlist War Department is negotiating for an armistice.

Joseph P. Hamilton, a murderer, was hung at Bethany, Mo., Tuesday.

Cincinnati is raising money, food and clothing for the Nebraska sufferers.

The Peruvian Senate has ratified the treaty between that country and Peru.

John Laird, the noted ship builder and member of the English Parliament, is dead.

A large portion of the town of Greencastle, Indiana, was destroyed by fire last week.

Contributions are being received at Guatemala for the relief of sufferers by the earthquake.

St. Joe, a small oil town in Butler county, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire Monday afternoon.

Business men of Mobile respond to inquiries from Boston that there is no yellow fever in their city.

The Spanish home government disapproves the five per cent. capital tax levied by Concha in Cuba.

President Grant has designated Thursday, November 27th, as a day of National Thanksgiving.

Judge Lemuel Dehauss succeeds Major Tom Ochiltree as marshal of the eastern district of Texas.

An insurrection against the government is reported in the provinces of Caro and Maracay, Venezuela.

Kullman, who attempted to assassinate Bismarck, has been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

The revolution in Venezuela continues with alternate successes for the insurgent and government forces.

The steamer Lottie Bernard was wrecked on Lake Superior, Oct. 29th, during a heavy storm. Three lives lost.

Gov. Leslie of Kentucky offers a reward of \$1000 for the arrest of ruffians who shot a colored girl in Selby county.

The president of the Argentine Republic feels confident that a sufficient force can be mustered to crush the rebellion existing there.

Some one purloined \$2360 in Nicholson pavement scrip from the safe of the Mayor of Memphis last week. A discharged clerk is suspected.

The Philadelphia commissioners to the Vienna Exposition banqueted Baron Schwabenborn at the Union League House, Philadelphia, Monday evening.

Walter Harris of Baltimore, who had a habit of smoking in bed, was burned to death last Sunday night. It is supposed his bed was set on fire by his pipe.

The Indian war is rapidly drawing to a close. Major Schofield's command captured sixty-nine Nenece warriors and 2000 ponies near the Wichita agency, Indian Territory, ten days since.

A brutal murder was committed in St. Paul, Minn., last Sunday night. James Lick and his wife were attacked by George Lauchenschlager, George Rapp and wife, who waylaid them premeditatedly. Mrs. Lick was killed outright and her husband so seriously wounded that he is not expected to live. No cause is assigned for this atrocious deed.

An exchange truly says, that it cost less than a cent a day to take our weekly paper, less than a diligent hen would earn in a year at the market price of eggs; less than one cigar a week, and a very cheap one at that; less than a barber would charge by the year to keep one's hair trimmed; than a good thanksgiving turkey; less than an energetic kitchen girl will waste in a week. A penny a day can be saved in many a way better than stopping a family paper.

Heaven, according to the idea of a Vermont clergyman, is 125,000,000 miles from the earth, and Bloeba stopped being good at eight o'clock this morning. He says it's too far off.

Laughing Gas.

Bad debts—owing grudges.

To secure a result, lock it up.

Fruitful in axe-idents—A chopping sea.

A fact is worth a thousand statements.

A high note—One of a thousand dollars.

Moonlight mechanics is the latest for burglars.

A man who "salts down" his cash—General Penny-packer.

The latest Irish fashion is a home-rule hat. It has no crown.

What is the use of talking of this world's brightness and sunshine to a man that has tight boots.

"Darwin's Darlings" is the suggestive name of a newly organized minstrel troupe at the West.

The most bitter critics we have are those who have failed themselves to write anything worth reading.

The keeper of a restaurant in New York announces "paroxysmal stew" as a specialty on his bill of fare.

The English folks have grown tired of lending Joagip Miller money, and he has got to come home and go to work.

A Memphis policeman thought that his orders included all cases of drunkenness, and therefore, arrested the Mayor and was discharged.

They have now invented shot guns which can be carried in the pocket, and a fellow can slide out and go hunting Sunday and no one know it.

When two Georgians meet now they don't go on about the weather, but merely exchange the novel salutation: "Do you think Toombs will ever die?"

If you wake up in the night in an Italian hotel and shoot a burglar, the chances are that you can't see the landlord next morning and that his wife is a widow.

"My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a stray wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you."

"You needn't be," replied the wag, "I have voted."

A lady in a menagerie being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was "looking for the key-hole of his trunk."

"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had hold of a snub-nosed boy's hand. "No, sir," she replied, "this is my oldest boy."

The Count de Chambord duly notifies his friends to hold themselves in readiness for any event. The general impression on West is that Chambord is going to treat.

The matrimonial market has picked up so fast since September that one New Hampshire clergyman has laid in three barrels of beans, a barrel of cider and three dried calf-skins.

A Michigan farmer complains that he is not receiving half the campaign speeches this year necessary to light his fires, and he has had to make a shaving contract with a cooper shop.

The belief is becoming stronger every day in the East, that if John Morrissey should give Harvard or Yale College \$250,000 the Lord would commence an entire new account with him.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

An attempt was to have been made last week to get up another woman's crusade in Cleveland, but three or four of the leaders were disappointed about their Fall bonnets, and the affair did not come off.

A horse-car conductor of New York city who for several months past has been starving on a salary of \$225 per day, expects to break ground for the erection of a row of brownstone fronts in South Brooklyn shortly.

"Don't prevaricate, sir!" thundered Judge Shell, to a witness. "Can't help it Judge" answered the youth. "Ever since I got a kick from a mule, that knocked my teeth out, I prevaricate a good deal."

Marry for love, young man, but remember that it's as easy to love a girl whose pa has a hundred thousand in bank as one whose old man sits up behind a pair of mules and yells: "Whoa! you Pete, or I'll take your ear off!"

When a Nevada miner leaps into a saloon with a revolver in each hand, and a bowie knife under his arm, and asks, "Who runs this sole-destroying shebang?" echo is left to answer, while the crowd fall out of the back door.

Wives of candidates for sheriff in Chicago, complain that their husbands keep them awake nights talking to their sleep and saying, "What'll you take? Step up, boys. Come Dan, Jim, Ed, Mac, Fritz, Buf, Pat, the whole of 'em. Gimme some whiskey."

Lawyer—"How do you identify this handkerchief?" Witness—"By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it." Counsel (cutely)—"That's no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket." Witness (innocently)—"I don't doubt that, as I had more than one of the same sort stolen."