

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

A WIDE-AWAKE NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO HOME INTERESTS.—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOLUME VII.

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Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper,

Published Every Saturday, at

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—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Address: CHIEF, Donaldsonville, La.

LOUISIANA NEWS.

DeSoto Democrat: For the first time in many years there is not an unoccupied dwelling house in the town of Mansfield.

Lake Charles Echo: A fire on the roof of a building near the Court-House square was fortunately discovered in time to prevent a conflagration.

St. Charles Mirror: An unknown white man, a carpenter, was burned to death last Sunday, on the Dugan plantation, by the explosion of coal oil.

Coushatta Citizen: The gin-house on the Kenilworth plantation, twelve miles below Coushatta, together with 85 bales cotton, was destroyed by fire.

Feliciana Watchman: Measles and pneumonia have gone into partnership in this section of country, and we regret to state are doing a distressing business.

Franklin Enterprise: Mrs. Katherina Baker, wife of Gov. Joshua Baker, died at New Iberia on the 3rd of this month. Several gentlemen in this town have recently lost money sent in letters, while in transit between this place and its destination.

St. John Meschaebe: A colored man named Zenon Francois, who resided on Mr. A. Labiche's place, was found dead in his bed. Cause planting has been carried on briskly during the past three weeks. The seed is generally good and stubbles sound, so far.

Richland Beacon: Jack Gwin and Monroe Evans got into a difficulty, when Evans mounted his horse, and riding up near where Gwin stood, fired on him with a single barrel pistol and turned and rode off. Gwin fired two shots after him, but without effect. Nobody hurt.

Iberia Sugar Bore: Monday night while Norbert Mestayer, one of our office boys, was attending night school some thief stole his horse, saddle and bridle from the street. In most cases seed cane has kept well, and the fears expressed by some a few weeks ago were not well grounded.

W. Baton Rouge Sugar Planter: An attempt was made Tuesday night to rob the store of Jacques Caire at Bruy Landing. The burglars got under the store and bored some fifteen or twenty holes with an inch auger in the floor near where the safe is placed, but from causes unknown they retreated before their purpose was accomplished.

Houma Courier: Saturday morning fire broke out in the stable leased to Elie Commaux, and belonging to Marcel Duplantis. The flames consumed the building, one buggy belonging to Mr. Duplantis, 6 bales of hay, and 50 barrels of corn belonging to Mr. Commaux. Mrs. Alex. Lirette had an arm broken while on her return home from the circus.

Shreveport Times: In the case of State vs. Cesar Hamilton, colored, charged with murder of the old colored man Dudley Fox, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty without capital punishment. There has never been but one white man hung in Caddo parish by the law, and we believe only two negroes. A man by the name of Bennett was hung in 1858, for the murder of Mr. Jack Jordan.

Morgan City Register: A medium sized Israelite, well dressed and registering himself as Kaufman, took deck passage for this place at Galveston, on the steamer Josephine, last Thursday, and some time during the night jumped overboard. Nothing is known of his history. Some of our Teche planters have not the money to make a crop of cane this year, and will lease their plantations.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as sweet as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme,
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"Ye purifying waters, swell!"
In mellow tones rung out a bell:
"Through faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unflinching faith
In what the holy Scripture saith:
Oh, swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear toned Baptist bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient land marks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell:
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the truth,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch Church bell.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out one of the tried towers a bell,
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its form and sacred rites reverse—
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Not fail, alone but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell,
"Come here and cast aside your load!
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began!
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell:
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved! and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free! we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To lift the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, 'farewell! farewell!'"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"To heaven, to heaven, this holy day,
When angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no floods to blight
The future life; be just and right,
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice!" pealed forth a bell;
"No letters here to elog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control.
The free heart and progressive mind
That leave thy dusty paths behind,
Speed well! speed well! speed well! speed well!"
Pealed forth the Independent bell.

"No Pope, no Pope, no doom to hell
The Protestant!" rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free,
No images where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"Find rest! find rest! find rest! find rest!
Upon the Holy Mother's breast;
From wearying strifes that never cease
The mother church gives rest and peace;
Come, penitents, your sins confess,
Where white-robed priests the faithful bless,
While sacred masses peal and swell!"
Deep tolled the Roman Catholic bell.

Neatly attired, in manner plain,
A pilgrim see—no spot, no stain—
Slowly, with soft and measured tread,
In Quaker garb—no white, no red—
To passing friends I hear him say,
"Here worship thou, this is the way;
No churchly form—it is not well;
No bell—no bell—no bell—no bell!"

Our Washington Letter.

Congress Billy-Dallying—The Louisiana Muddle—A Long Petition—Washington Society, Fashions, Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7, 1878.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The days come, weeks pass into months, the opening spring time is near and still Congress evinces a marvellous indifference to the want and suffering that covers the whole country with its dark cloud of disaster and misfortune. Matters have been going from bad to worse since the meeting of Congress and with the exception of the annual message, no word has been heard from the President to whom the people have a right to look when they are breasting the tide and striving to avert impending calamities that seem yawning before them. The President has a golden opportunity and he should turn his eyes away from gilded theories and look squarely into the faces of 40,000,000 of people and from the picture of want and suffering catch an inspiration that should result in a message to Congress recommending that body to cease bickering, lay aside all other business, sheath every political sword, and night and day commit themselves as patriots to the settlement of the financial question now distracting the country.

The Louisiana muddle seems likely to blossom out into a very uncomfortable affair. The Nicholls government will, it is thought, indict every body who had any thing to do with the arrangement.

The faces of old lobbyists are not now wreathed in smiles as they fill the halls and corridors. The recent order excludes them, much to their disgust, from the floor of the House.

Another terrible marine disaster off the Carolina coast—I refer to the wrecking of the great steamship Metropolis—has filled our hearts with sorrow and dismay. Following so closely upon the loss of the Huron it is doubly dreadful, and no one can doubt but there is blame somewhere. I wonder if a better state of things might not be brought about if our Republic should adopt the cruelly strict rule of the Chinese nation that somebody must be convicted and suffer death punishment in case of such a calamity as those above mentioned?

Mr. Frye of Maine presented the petition of 30,000 women of America asking Congress to legislate for their protection in the Territories of the United States and in the District of Columbia. This document, over one thousand feet long, elegantly bound up with red, white and blue ribbons, and which had been reposing on a pedestal decorated with the American flag in front of the desk of the official reporters, was handed up to the reading clerk's desk and read. This petition is an honor to the noble women of the Temperance Union who now have an organization in nearly every State in the Union.

The system of receiving in Washington during the season, which enables any one to call upon the families of representatives of government on certain days, fills the streets with persons in every imaginable style of costume. There are grand ladies in regulation calling costume, who perhaps have no carriages and can not afford always to hire one. There are wives of minor officials, to whom the "calling" business has become a nuisance and a bore, who are obliged to wear a simple dress. There are visitors from abroad and visitors from the wilds of our own country who each carry about with them the indications of national and local habits, manners, customs and idiosyncracies; and lastly the professional women, who are gradually forming a class of their own. All these different classes, characters and individualities make the streets of Washington unlike those of any other city in the world, and create diversity of character and influence. The calling dress upon official occasions is the ordinary visiting dress of polished life in any well bred community. It may be composed of the very richest combination in fabric, always dark and inconspicuous in color, relief to this uniformity of color being afforded by the lace at the throat, the delicate tint of the gloves and perhaps of the bonnet.

Mrs. Hayes' Saturday afternoon receptions keep occurring as the weeks go by and are the scenes of very much beauty and pleasure. Last Saturday Mrs. Senator Dawes assisted Mrs. Hayes and those two stood in their places and shook hands with the people for the allotted three hours. Mrs. Hayes was dressed in maroon colored silk and velvet, cut square in the neck, with half sleeves, long white gloves, lace finishings and a knot of rosebuds at the throat. Mrs. Dawes wore drab silk, cut without sleeves and with train two yards long. Her arms were covered with black lace.

Francis Murphy, called upon the President and Mrs. Hayes and met with a most cordial reception. The President said that Mr. Murphy was working in the right direction—making war upon no one, but seeking to save lost men through the ministry of Christ. He had no confidence in any reform that did not increase the membership of the Churches. When men stop drinking there will be no saloons. He commended the movement and wished Mr. Murphy God speed in his great work. The whole city is aroused as never before on the subject of Temperance and the ribbon of blue is seen every where. SENTINEL.

An important movement is on foot among the workingmen of Indiana to better their condition by emigrating to the Gulf States. Several hundred have already settled in northern Louisiana and Mississippi, and are so well satisfied with their new homes that others are preparing to follow. Agents have been sent to New Orleans and Mobile, who keep them apprised of the prospect for employment. It is stated that there are thousands willing to seek occupation at the South, if they can only feel assured of finding something to do at once. The movement seems to have been intelligently planned, and the accounts sent home by the pioneers of their good luck, will probably lead to colonization on a large scale.—Topeka Blade.

Our New York Letter.

The Madness of Lunatics and the Lunacy of Madmen—The Murder Mania—Pearsall's Discovery—Bank Defalcation Etc.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1878.

EDITOR CHIEF:

I am but mad nor nor-west;
When the wind is southerly,
I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Hamlet—How came he mad!
Grave-digger—Faith, e'en by losing his wits.
SHAKESPEARE.

An eminent English divine whose orthodoxy impressed its stamp upon the age and body of his time, left a very learned work behind him to prove that all mankind were lunatics.

Two hundred years of scholastic research have not shaken the arguments there adduced, and the revelations of these latter days rather seem to furnish conclusive evidence that the learned bishop was not so far astray. Plato, I think it is, who describes lunatics as the wards or children of the gods, and another philosopher, equally eminent, looks upon madness as the highest form of spiritualized mind or soul. A couple of cases have occurred in our courts during the past week which have set us all to inquiring, What is madness? Is the criminal mad? Are the witnesses mad? Are the lawyers mad? Is the jury mad? Is the judge a lunatic? And are we mad also, who sit quietly by while atrocities are perpetrated under the sacred shadow of the justice seat and in the name of the law, which make a hollow mockery of that which mankind in all ages have regarded as their ark, their security and shield, when every other hope had failed?

It is only a few weeks ago since a savage brute tried to assassinate his young wife in the city of Brooklyn. He emptied his revolver and left her, as he thought, dying on the floor. He expressed a good deal of satisfaction at what he had done, and when he heard she was likely to recover, seemed sorry that he had not killed her. And now, I understand, he is to be sent to a lunatic asylum! If ever man deserved a halter, it was this young, brutal ruffian. He was the pampered son of a wealthy man, who had denied him nothing and who had allowed him to grow up as a fast young man about town, without any training or restraint. How any father who really loved his daughter, could have calmly committed her to the charge of such a worthless vagabond, merely because his father was rich, is one of those incomprehensible things which it is impossible to find out. He would have denied the suit of an honest mechanic, though he had the genius of Franklin or Watt.

The discarded mistress of a Brooklyn builder murdered him in his house because he had cast her off; the facts on the trial proved that he was a worthless, as well as a heartless wretch, and the lawyers turned his history to such practical account that they succeeded in sending her to a lunatic asylum instead of to the gallows. When young Cornelius Vanderbilt committed a forgery in Washington, an ingenious lawyer discovered in it evidence of lunacy; the penalty of the offense being State's Prison, they concluded that the easiest way to save this erratic scion of the house of Vanderbilt was to send him to the lunatic asylum. One of the Astors broke a child's back and was sued for twenty thousand dollars damages. Not wishing to pay, they tried to prove him a lunatic; but it would not work on a country jury, so Mr. Astor had to pay the twenty thousand dollars.

Years ago a brawling ward politician was killed in a bar-room fight; his brother swore he would have the heart's blood of the slayer of his brother; he followed the supposed murderer for months, and at last, one night, surprised him in the street and shot him in the back. Long months rolled on and the wounded man recovered; but he was followed by the avenger still. One night, while a pool-room on Broadway was crowded, this man entered and killed his brother's slayer. He was detained in our city prison for years; his trial was put off time after time. At last, when his counsel were perfectly ready, the case was called, and the jury discovered that he was insane

when he murdered the man, though perfectly sane a moment before and after. But now comes the other side of the case.

A woman named Hall, in Brooklyn, sued for a divorce from her husband and asked for maintenance and the custody of her children. She had been trapped into marriage with one who was known to be a lunatic. He had assaulted his mother, and beaten his wife so that her life was constantly in danger, till at last, being unable to endure it longer, she fled to the courts for relief. She had no money, however; her husband's family were rich, and yet in the face of all these terrible facts, it looks as though now the poor woman would be entirely driven out of court. Verily, verily, this atrocious plea should make the name of Polly Bodine stand accursed in the calendar, for hers was the first case in which it was admitted to our courts.

Notwithstanding the general depression, there seems to be quite a stir in art matters; the National Academy is open with a choice and excellent collection. By the way, I saw something last week, which landed me back more than a quarter of a century; it was an old daguerreotype, or rather a new edition of the old daguerreotype, the invention of G. Frank E. Pearsall, the eminent photographer of Brooklyn, a gentleman who ranks at the head of his profession in this country, and whose improved, or I may say, perfect photograph, has never been surpassed. One of the great features of his invention is the restoration of old and faded pictures, imparting to them a beauty and permanency surpassing their original excellence; this discovery is invaluable to those who have, on these old-time pictures, the faces of those whose voices we shall hear no more; we have seen them fade away year after year, till not a shadow remained, but Mr. Pearsall can summon these spirits from the deep, and give us our loved ones again.

Another pious defaulter stands exposed in the person of Augustus M. Turney, teller of the Bank of North America; for almost ten years he has, by ingenious manipulations of the books, covered up a defalcation of \$100,000. He was a model of Christian piety, a zealous worker in the church, and his integrity in all that time was never even suspected by his associates in the bank of which he has been an officer for twenty-five years. The shock produced in our social circle is not less than those we suffered from the defalcation of Gilman and the perjury of Case.

Young Donohue, the great overcoat thief who nearly ruined his father, one of the most respectable tailors in Brooklyn, pleaded guilty to six indictments for grand larceny and will go to State's Prison for at least ten years. His plan was to go to his father's customers and get their overcoats while they were away from home, on pretense that they needed repairing. He then sold or pawned them, and used the money in having a high old time. Altogether, he stole about fifty. If they had all prosecuted and he had received the full benefit of the term, he would have been restored to society, an altered man, in about two hundred and fifty years.

A terrible tragedy occurred in an up-town tenement house. A poor Irishwoman went out to look for work, leaving her four little children in charge of a careless girl. As soon as the mother was out of sight, the girl went on the street, leaving the children sleeping in their beds. Suddenly smoke was seen to issue from the room, and the father, who arrived that moment, rushed in for his children; but it was too late. When he got them out they were dead.

The return of Harry Genet created a general flutter. This miserable thief would scarcely deserve a notice if it were not for the magnitude of his crime and the romance of his escape. The whole crowd of Ring thieves, stripped of their diamonds and glamour, have long since sunk below the level of the vulgar footpad who knocks the unsuspecting traveler down with a sand-bag or bludgeon, and robs him on the highway.

We are having all sorts of weather, and the walking in the lower part of the city is simply frightful. If any citizen from your place visiting New-York should suddenly turn up missing, if you will notify me, I will have our streets dragged with deep sea grapnels, and no doubt but we will fish him up.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

Weekly News Summary.

Domestic.

Academy of Music, Chicago, burned.

A policeman was fatally shot by a negro at Memphis.

The building of the Troy, N. Y. Times burned; loss \$200,000.

Metropolitan Savings Bank, Boston, is enjoined from doing business.

The business portion of the village of Pickens Station, Miss., burned.

A hurricane swept through Georgia and Florida, causing much damage.

Three miners were severely burned by an explosion of gas at Pottsville, Pa.

Cardinal McCloskey has gone to Rome to participate in the election of a Pope.

A Memphis jailer shot at a negro and killed a grocery keeper across the street.

There was an enthusiastic demonstration at Pittsburg against the pending tariff bill.

Obsequies of Pius IX will be celebrated throughout Christendom on the day of the funeral.

Henry Clews of New York has been arrested, charged with obtaining goods under false pretenses.

A \$100,000 irregularity was discovered in the account of the teller of the New York bank of North America.

Thos. Roosevelt, recently nominated Collector of Customs at New York, is dead. He leaves several millions.

The schooner Sallie M. Steelman, from Charleston for Baltimore was abandoned at sea in a sinking condition.

Revenue officers had a fight with the owner of an illicit still in Jackson county, Tenn., wounding him in both arms.

Jas. Trousdale and J. M. May, keepers of a New Orleans club-house, had a shooting match, which resulted in the serious wounding of May.

Diefendahl's distillery, at Fosters, Ohio, and the rectifying house of Pfeiffer & Co., Cincinnati, were seized for alleged violation of the revenue laws.

Darius R. Mangum, ex-president of the National Trust Company of New York, has been indicted for alleged perjury in swearing to the financial condition of the affairs of the company, in his last annual statement.

Foreign.

Sitting Bull is on Canadian soil, lame from a wound.

English troops and war vessels are being sent to Malta.

France desires a commercial treaty with the United States.

Russian reinforcements continue to stream through Roumania.

Prince Amadeus has assumed command of the army corps of Rome.

Montenegro has accepted the armistice and suspended hostilities.

The Sultan invites Grand Duke Nicholas to visit Constantinople.

It is rumored Russia is negotiating for the surrender of the whole Turkish fleet.

Hon. Ulster Maxan was killed in a duel with M. De La Pena at Matamoros.

A majority of the Turkish ministry are said to favor an alliance with Russia.

Greece and Turkey will refer their disagreements to the proposed conference.

The prefect of St. Petersburg was shot and seriously wounded by a crazy woman.

A new Cabinet has been formed in Turkey and the office of Grand Vizier is abolished.

Another tidal wave swept the Peruvian coast. The damage was comparatively small.

The lines of the defense of Constantinople have been dismantled and the guns taken into the city.

The English House of Commons voted £6,000,000 for war preparations, by 323 yeas to 124 nays.

The Pope's body is lying in state at St. Peter's Church, Rome, and has been viewed by immense throngs of people.

The Cuban Colonel Benj. Ramirez, with 15 officers, 103 men, 76 women and 108 children, surrendered to the Spaniards.

In accordance with the armistice conditions the Russians have occupied Rostchuk, Silistria, Belgrad-jek and Erzeroum.

Ex-President Lerdo has been elected honorary rector of the Lawyers' Association of the City of Mexico. His friends will urge his candidature for the next presidency.

England and Austria have applied to the Porte for a firman permitting them to send war vessels to Constantinople. The Porte has refused England; no reply has yet been made to Austria.

A stormy session of the Cardinals was held on the 10th inst., there being a division of opinion as to whether the conclave should meet at Rome or Malta. The former was selected by a majority of three. Italy guarantees the conclave freedom and security.