THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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

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A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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JOSEPH HISS, Saddler and Harness Maker, 159 Railroad Avenue. Saddles and harness of all styles and prices made to order. All orders for repairing and painting of Carriages and Buggies promptly executed.

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R. J. GREEN, House, Sign and Ornamental Painter, Railroad Avenue, near Claiborne street. Paper-hanging and Calcimining in superior style.

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SODA WATER MANUFACTORY, H. Hether, proprietor, No. 11 Mississippi street. Soda, Mineral, Seltzer and all kinds of aerated waters manufactured, and sold at lowest prices.

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L. L. FERNANDEZ, Barber Shop, Mississippi Street, near corner Lessard. Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., in most artistic style.

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J. C. MATHIEU, Notary Public and writer of all kinds of claims against the United States or State Governments, office next door to Rybiski's drug store.

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Frederick Duffel, R. Prosper Landry.

DUFFEL & LANDRY, Attorneys at Law. Office on Chetimaches street, just back of the Court-House.

EDWARD N. PUGH, Attorney at Law, Attakapas street, opposite Louisiana Square. Visits Napoleonville on Mondays.

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THE CRESCENT BAND of Donaldsonville will furnish music for parades, excursions, picnics, funerals, etc., at lowest rates. Apply to or address Alphonse Martin, chairman committee of arrangements.

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Donaldsonville, La.

Practice in Ascension, Assumption and St. James. mch22-1y

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Delivered any where on the coast or Bayou Lafourche. Also agent for the celebrated

Weed Sewing Machine.

Apply to or address, C. KLINE,

jy-2 Donaldsonville, La.

THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP.

They say the professions are crowded
By seekers for fame and for bread;
That the members are pushing each other
As close as their footsteps can tread;
But do not be discouraged, my brother,
Nor suffer exertion to stop,
Though thousands are pressing around you
There is plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country—
The dastard wins never a prize;
But the earnest are ever the victors:
And he who on justice relies—
Who wins the good guerdon by labor—
Will garner sweet rest as his crop,
And find, as the hills sink below him,
That there's room enough at the top.

Oh! let not evil disturb you,
There's good if you but search it out,
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,
Nor mind what the rest are about;
And whether your work may have fallen
In sanctum, or office, or shop,
Remember the low grounds are crowded,
But there's always room at the top.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

AH SIN'S VERSION.

Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Flea all samee white snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba Ba hoppee long too.

HOW PAT MURPHY PUTS IT.

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was White intirely;
An' wherever Mary wud sthir her sthumps,
The young shape would follow her completely.

JEAN CRAPEAU'S RENDITION.

La petite Marie had le june muttong,
Zee wool was blanchee as ze snow;
And everywhere La Belle Marie went,
Le june muttong was zure to go.

ACCORDING TO HANS BREITMANN.

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf,
Mit hair yust like some vool;
Und all der blace dot gal did vent,
Dot schaf go like ein fool.

Our Letter from Europe.

The Paris Exposition.

V.

Order is coming out of chaos; gradually the debris and ruin is disappearing from sight and the Exposition is becoming that which the poet hath declared "is a joy forever." The western end of the Grand Hall beyond the Prince of Wales' collection is still in a state of incompleteness. India has an exhibition of shawls, jewelry and stuffs; but, inasmuch as these goods are immeasurably eclipsed by the exhibition in the French department of goods of the same character, there is little about them to call for more than a passing mention. At the extreme end of the Grand Hall, Canada is rearing a mighty tower, its object being yet a mystery to the outside world, but in good time, when she gets ready to disclose her secrets, Canada will be heard from with no uncertain sound. In fact, it would seem as if the colonites were wrestling with the motherland for supremacy, and the old lady must look to her laurels. These colonial exhibits are full of tremendous possibilities more startling than the finished certainties of the grand old motherland. But I do not intend to go into that matter just now; in a little while the exhibits of England and her colonies will come in for a fair share of attention; but I desire to wait till everything is finished to see what is most worthy of report.

There are many things in this exhibition which, in a review of this kind, can be brought under no general classification and yet to the general reader are matters of surpassing interest—one of the most beautiful and pleasing being the artificial flower show, near the end of the south wing. France has long been famous in this exquisite branch of art, and yet in this delightful exhibition she seems to have surpassed herself. After wandering for hours through splendid avenues decorated with costly furniture, and rooms covered with those wonderful Gobelins, the miracles of the weavers' art; after being dazzled by jewelry and diamonds, both delighted and shocked by paintings and statuary, it is an indescribable relief to come to this sylvan bower and revel in delights, which he who spake as man never spake hath declared surpassed Solomon in all his glory. Here everything is beautiful and good; not one thing mars the sweet harmony of the scene around you: on every side are nature's loveliest and purest emblems. It needs but the sweep of the breeze to enable you to catch the perfume, and as you look at the butterflies resting on the rosebuds and the lilies, you forget for a moment the great Exhibition and its surroundings, and you imagine yourself in the fairy maizes of the Island of Tranquil Delights. For a moment at least, you rest secure and happy, surrounded by these emblems of purity and peace. Your wife or your daughter may be sitting by your side, and you feel no blush mantling your cheek like that which you have experienced in the noble galleries of the Exposition contemplating those works which the *blasé* Bohemians of the press denominate the highest expositions of art. In one case is a cluster of snowdrops surrounded by lilies of the valley, moss roses and violets, rich verbenas and pansies with wings like gaudy butterflies, rival nature in their exquisite beauty and loveliness; the leaves have that rich, soft, velvety look, as though the supreme ruler of the universe was in His happiest mood when he painted them, for you can hardly realize for a moment that they are the work of human hands. It is here that the genius of women shines out superlative and glorious, and an hour's communion in this fairy bower brings you nearer to nature and nature's God than all the pictures that were ever painted on canvas or all the statues that were ever carved in stone. It is not only the exhibition of flowers which is worthy of attention, but such a rare collection of fruits has seldom blessed mortal eyes. Purple and golden grapes, rich with the warm bloom of the Southern sun, hang in tempting clusters from the vines; lucious plums, apricots, cherries and strawberries are there, fresh and bright as if just gathered from the gardens of Hesperides; but you might linger here all day and never get tired.

A few steps further brings us to a new revelation of art: it is the dress department, dedicated exclusively to the glory and adornment of woman. It may be the vanity of vanites, but there is no denying that it is very beautiful. It was only the other morning that I went down at daylight to the Great Central Market of Paris to find myself in the midst of a race such as I have never seen before; the whole place swarmed with men and women, different in looks, character and language from any to be found elsewhere. These were the men and women of the *barricades*, coarse, hard-featured and strong, the food on which revolution feeds and the stalwart arm on which communism relies. I looked at the women with waists like butter tubs and skins like tan bark, with hoarse voices and unkempt heads, and remembered with grief all the onslaughts I have made on dressmakers and milliners away in the olden time. I have said many unkind things in my day against the fellow that invented corsets, but I now publicly recant. I take it all back, and from this time forth I shall regard him as one of the greatest benefactors of the race. Oh! what waists those market women had, what hands, what feet, what ——; no, I will go no further, but if this be your natural woman just as she was created, give me the cultivated article. I can swallow Worth with his enormous trains, Demorest with her flounces and furbelows, Mareval's flowers and Donegan's corsets, but no market woman for Joseph.

But to return, the dress exhibition is exceedingly beautiful and tasty. If you think of going to see it, it might be well to leave your wife and daughter at home, for if they once get a sight of those ravishing toilettes—and your balance at your bankers is not large—you are a ruined man. In London and New York you hear nothing but Worth, Worth, Worth: why, there are dozens of dressmakers here exhibiting, who could have designed an extra glory for the robes of the Queen of Night, and have prepared a wedding dress for Queen Mab that would have driven the fairies crazy.

Probably no place in the world offers such superlative advantages to the student of comparative anatomy as Paris. Not only Hercules, Cupid and Apollo—minus socks and shirt-collar—are constantly staring you in the face, but Clyte and Psyche and Venus are to be found in every street and mount guard on every boulevard. They climb up the lamp-posts; they sit on the tops of the chimneys; they adorn the front of fashionable houses, and kick up their heels out of third story windows. No filmy robe, no gossamer scarf conceals the handiwork of nature; they are all in that delightful simplicity of costume which distinguished our mother Eve before fig leaves had corrupted her heart. It is light and airy; in fact, the conviction is forced upon you that the theory advanced by modern sciencists is true, and that there was an Arcadian period, perhaps millions of years ago, when Paris was under the Equator, and that the necessity for breeches and petticoats did not exist that exists at the present time.

All the ministers and most of the fashionable people are now giving a series of grand and fashionable entertainments—that of Mons. Waddington being one of the marked events of the season. We are in daily expectation of having a King or two on our visiting list; Princes and Dukes are as plenty as blackberries, and as for Counts, well, we don't reckon them at all. Nothing short of a Dey or a Bey or a Shah will create a sensation now, and hoping to catch one for your especial benefit, I am, yours truly,

BROADBRIM.

The cook at a first-class hotel—the man whose highest aspiration is to shorten the road to dyspepsia, and whose loftiest ambition appeals only to the stomach—is ranked as an artist. But the editor, the man who caters for the brain, stirs the millions to noble resolves and inculcates in the hearts of his countrymen principles that will elevate the world, and elect the man who gets votes enough—can never hope to rest his toes upon the polished pedestal of æsthetic perfection. But, then, all people have stomachs.

The State Supreme Court has recently decided that a planter or manufacturer, who keeps on his place only such goods as his employees require, and sells to them only, is not a retail dealer within the meaning of the revenue act, and not liable to be taxed as such.—*Ex.*

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6, 1878.

EDITOR CHIEF:

Robert Emmett's last words were, "Let no man write my epitaph." The present session of Congress should pass a resolution unanimously begging the universe to do the same negative thing by it, for were its epitaph to be written, that body would, unless all sense of propriety be dead, rush collectively to hide itself under a tombstone. To those who are at a distance, and get their idea of Congress from their one Representative, who of course is on his good behavior while surrounded by his constituents, that august body looms up in magnificent proportions, but with it, like a great many other things, distance lends enchantment. There are of course exceptions to the rule, and many of the Representatives are men fitted for the place and do justice to it, but there is another class who pander and bow to the Almighty Dollar so much that their vote is constantly "on the market" and its price known to the members of the "Third House." The constituents of a man who openly avows he will spend so much for his election, have no safeguard against what he may do when he becomes a member. When you get a good thing stick to it. If you have a man who represents your district well, send him back. A member has little power for good the first session. It takes him till the end of that to learn the customs, and it is never until the second or third term that a man can control influence enough to benefit his constituents to any extent. We in Washington see better than the farmers and others who really send the members to Congress and I don't ask them to take my word for it; but let the member himself take my word for the truth of the old saying, "He serves his party best, who serves his country first." In the coming election, readers, send back your old members if they didn't buy their election and have been true to their trust and your interest. Life is very short, and we don't know when it will end; rather stick to the old friends that we do know, than to send those whom we don't know.

In one sense the proposition of the House Committee on Indian affairs to visit the Indian Teritory is commendable, for they might learn something about the gentle aborigine, and leave a scalp or two as a testimonial of the nation's interest in its wards. The proposed territory of Oklahoma is, however, another scheme to steal poor Lo's land and give it to a railroad company, and it is to hoped that those who are so anxious to civilize the Indians by organizing this new territory on speculation will be stopped in the outrage by some fair-handed member, with honesty enough in him to stand up for justice.

Senator Windom, when reporting the House Appropriation bill, made some very apt and true remarks. He said that the Senate Committee disagreed on the clause recommending the reduction of the pay of laborers, and added that it would be time to reduce the pay of the laboring men when the salaries of those in official positions were curtailed. The salaries of subordinates are less now than when Congressmen received but $3000 per year, while now the latter receive $5000, with mileage thrown in. The Cabinet officer who draws his $8000 per year is often dependent more or less for official knowledge upon the subordinate under him who has to be content on $1800.

The work of unearthing the alleged frauds by the Potter Committee began last Saturday. By half past nine some of the press gang commenced prowling around and at ten "Greaser" Potter put in an appearance. The common herd were kept apart from the committee by a wooden railing which cut off for their use about two-thirds of the room. The first witness was James E. Anderson. He was neatly dressed and appeared cool and self-conscious. Mr. McMahon of Ohio conducted the examination, which began with the usual questions of name and residence. The mountain has now commenced its terrible labor. What will it bring forth? By the next letter I shall probably have some interesting details of the investigation.

Notwithstanding the various reports that are continually reaching us concerning the insignificance of the United States exhibit at the Paris Exhibition, better substantiated ones are to a different effect, namely, that the American section at the great fair will do our country credit. Tiffany's silverware is said by competent and reliable judges to be incontestably the finest, in point of design and workmanship, in the whole exhibition. The Waltham Watch Co. has also a magnificient collection of timepieces there; and the axes and other edged tools of the Douglass Company, of Boston, make a rare display.

Vinnie Ream, the famous sculptress, was married last Tuesday evening to Lieutenant Hoxie, U. S. A.

SENTINEL.

☞ Ouachita *Telegraph*: Planters are complaining of too much rain. Hope is falling rapidly.

Items of Louisiana News.

Gleanings from the Press.

☞ Caldwell *Herald*: The upper portion of the parish, was visited with a severe hail storm on Wednesday, doing considerable damage to the cotton and corn.

☞ East Feliciana *Pat.-Dem.*: Two children playing near Port Hudson were taken suddenly ill and one died soon after. The supposition is that in their rambles they found and ate some jimson weed.

☞ Claiborne *Guardian*: Mr. J. D. Dansby, an old citizen of this parish, was called to his door, Friday night, and shot by J. D. Gladney, with a double-barreled shotgun. Mr. Dansby died in a short time. Gladney fled.

☞ Terrebonne *Progress*: Old man Nason Dickerson and his wife, his daughter and a child of the latter were thrown from a cart at the Ridgeland plantation, last Sunday, hurting the grown persons very badly and killing the child.

☞ Iberia *Sugar-Bowl*: Tuesday during a thunder-storm, the lightning killed two mules hitched to a plow in Mr. Joseph Cararas' field, broke a plow and knocked the plowman, a colored man, senseless. The man subsequently recovered.

☞ Colfax *Chronicle*: Cap. Curry stole a horse near Monroe and was pursued into this parish by a Sheriff's posse. The thief was fired upon and wounded in the left shoulder, but the stolen horse was a fleet animal and the rider distanced his pursuers.

☞ Port Vincent *Livingstonian*: Silvany Guedry, a resident on Black bayou, near Vicknair bayou, Ascension parish, died suddenly, one day last week, from the supposed effect of a dose of morphine, administered by a young physician who recently settled in the vicinity....Captain W. L. Lippert, of the new steamer Georgia Money, fell through a hatchway into the hold of that boat and was severely injured.

☞ Assumption *Pioneer*: A destructive cyclone struck the vicinity of Crane's Forge, in this parish, on the 5th inst., committing serious damage to the property of P. E. Durand, Esq. The mammoth brick-shed, a building 110 feet in length by 85 feet in width, with an altitude of 50 feet, was blown down. The first kiln of bricks burned in the establishment had barely cooled down when the accident happened.

☞ St. Landry *Courier*: This parish was visited Wednesday evening with a terrific rain and hail storm, accompanied by wind and lightning. We have heard of several casualties. A colored man was instantly killed by lightning about a mile north of town, and a colored child stunned in the same house; a horse was also killed by lightning in the same neighborhood. A daughter of Adolphe Donato, also colored, was completely stunned by the lightning. Some damage was caused to crops and fencing and several trees were prostrated.

☞ Shreveport *Times*: A coal oil lamp exploded at the residence of Mrs. Langer, a German woman, and flames communicated to the bed, severely burning her little boy who was sick. In rescuing the child, the mother's clothes caught fire and she was fatally burned, dying shortly afterward....There have been twenty-six cases of small pox on Bee Bend plantation and twelve deaths. There is now only one case, which is convalescent....Frank Peace, a mulatto, who killed a white man on Cross lake, near Frank Logan's plantation, four years ago, is in jail at Texarkana. He will be brought to Caddo....The store house of Wollenberg & Co., on Red river a short distance above Coushatta, was completely destroyed by incendiary fire. The stock, which was also destroyed, is claimed to have been worth $3000; insurance $1500.

LADIES, DON'T READ THIS.—The following paragraph is not intended for ladies. We call particular attention to this fact in order to avoid any misunderstanding that might arise if any of them should accidentally peruse it. We know they will skip it now, after we have called attention to the matter, and thus we shall be relieved of a great responsibility:

BEWARE LADIES—DON'T READ.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

It there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know,
But you bet she'll find it out somehow
If she gets the least kind of a show:
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she's already read—
We know she'd get at it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

When a cold-blooded assassination is fresh in the minds of the populace, for three days they are in favor of lynching the murderer; for the ten days following they are willing to have him hung by law. Then they gradually forget all about it, until the criminal comes up, cleanly shirted and shaven, for trial. His confinement has made him pale, and meditation has made him sad. Sentimentalism comes to his aid, and if by some unusual combination of circumstances he is so unfortunate as to be sentenced, a thousand pens leap from their scabbards to sign a petition for the commutation of his sentence.

—Indianapolis Herald.