# THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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Donaldsonville Chief.

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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Shaving, Hair Cutting, Dyeing, Shampooing, etc., in elegant style at moderate charges aug1


**WANTING IN LOVE TO EACH OTHER.**

Oh! there's a theme to make each dream,
And power to make each hour
As light and sweet as the bloom at our feet
Which is culled from the May-day flower.
Men seek too high for things that are nigh,
Foregoing the help of a brother;
Selfish and blind is the state of the mind
When wanting in love to each other.

Oh! there's a plan to make each man
Happy the whole day through,
Nor need he to roam to better his home,
Would we find him but work to do.
There's plenty of soil on which to toil,
And add to the golden dower,
Would men be but wise, and speedily rise
In loving and aiding each other.

Oh! there's away to make each day,
And power to make each night—
Bright as the moon and the sun's afternoon,
Would men be but wise and unite.
There's plenty for all, the great and the small,
And plenty to give to each other;
We too often waste in our hurry and haste,
By wanting in love to each other.

—*Oliver Sinclair.*

**MASKED BATTERIES.**

If you'll keep it secret, honor bright,
I'll tell you a little story, Jo—
Something that happened to me last night,
Here at the masquerade ball, you k ow.

You may have noticed I've spooned of late
On Laura Clyde—nothing else to do:
She's rather pretty—at any rate.
Fond of flirting, and I am too.

Laura's a friend of my sister Fan;
Her room joins mine, and the walls are thin—
So I, by accident, heard them plan
Their dresses for masquerading in.

The ball was lovely, the costumes fine
And, either dancing or iced champagne—
Can't say which, but expect the wine—
Just a little confused my brain.

So, meeting Laura—gypsy maid—
Knew her at once by her dress, you see—
I took her out for a promenade
On the piazza alone with me.

"Flirted?" Said I was deep in love—
Madly worshipped the ground she trod—
Vowed it by all below, above.
Did she return it? A word, a nod?

The fair head drooped in assent; and I
Snatched off the mask—with rapture kissed her;
A peal of laughter was my reply—
By Jove, old boy, it was my sister!

Laugh at me, Joe! Don't spare my pride
Nor mind my feelings! I feel so glad
It was my sister, not Laura Clyde.
Heavens! what an escape I had!

## The Republican Party.

St. Bernard Eagle.

We can not admit that there is no Republican party in this State. The nominees of the Republican State Convention, their standing, respect ability and learning, offers the irrefutable fact that this once controlling political element is not entirely extinct. Though we have no doubt the Democrats will carry the State election, we feel confident that their victory will not be achieved without resorting to the extreme measures of political tactics. The Republican party was slumbering, but it is not dead! It has been corrupted by a band of spoliators, narcotized by wicked men whose support the colored men were compelled after mature experience to refuse. But it would not be a wonder if all the colored voters rally again under their former colors and with unbroken ranks sustain the ticket which has been put in the field. It also affords us the opportunity of disputing the common assertion that Republicanism means plunder. When we compare this fallacy with the evidence before us—the unstained antecedents of the Republican candidates upon the State ticket—we ask a reconsideration of this vague opinion.

## Progress of the Texas Railroad.

Calcasieu Echo.

The track is laid east of Lake Charles fifteen miles, to Pine Island. Piling is completed in the Sabine river bottom, and west to Lake Charles, except about 800 feet which will be finished in about ten days. Four large tubes for the Calcasieu iron bridge have been delivered at the bridge crossing point. Everything is ready to put down the tubing for the Sabine bridge, and as soon as this is done the tubing for the Calcasieu bridge will be put down. These tubes are intended to enclose the bridge piers, and to be then filled with concrete, making the piers solid as rock.

The principal want now is crossties and laborers, and as the weather has turned cold, the latter are expected to come in freely. Col. T. Adams, the general manager of the company is at Orange, and is expected here next Wednesday. His arrival is expected to give renewed energy to the work all along the line.

## A Generous Emperor.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is a generous host. He gave a dinner the other day to Prince Nikita of Montenegro, and when it was over escorted his guests out into the park surrounding the palace. As they stood there smoking, a beautiful landau drawn by an equally beautiful pair of horses swept up the avenue. The Prince observed that the harness and panel bore the arms of Montenegro, whereupon the Emperor turned and informed his guest that the carriage and horses were intended as a surprise to him, and begged him to accept them as a souvenir of his visit to Vienna. With sparkling eyes the Prince thanked his host. The dinner which this episode succeeded was a picturesque one; the service was of solid gold, the center-pieces being well known antique works of art. Prince Nikita wore a gorgeous Montenegrin dress, and was quite formidable from the small arsenal of knives, daggers and chased pistols stuck in his belt. The meal itself barely lasted an hour, few dishes being the fashion at an Austrian court dinner—but each dish is a masterpiece.

We notice an article in the New Orleans *Times*, speaking of E. John Ellis, says that Mr. Ellis is a Democrat and that he came of a Democratic family. This is a mistake, the Ellis family are Old Line Whigs, and never voted the Democratic ticket until after reconstruction—*Maurepas Gazette.*

## Our Washington Letter.

Indian Affairs—The Patent Office—Completing the Washington Monument—Water Famine, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 22, 1879.

EDITOR CHIEF:

There are but two members of the Cabinet absent at this time, and a meeting was held yesterday, being the first since the President left on his Western trip. Of course, Indian affairs were talked over, but, it is said, nothing was determined on. Much as many of us will regret it, there seems to be no proper disposition of this subject but a transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The superior race ever considers the wrongs of the inferior race. It may be, however, that the Indian will suffer no greater hardships under the rule of the Army than under the present divided, inefficient and corrupt rule. I anticipate early action by Congress as to the transfer. The subject is ready for discussion on reports made by a special committee.

General Paine, the Commissioner of Patents, has recently written a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, concerning further and better accommodations for the Patent Office, and such changes in its organization and management as will facilitate its business. I commend this letter to the careful perusal of the whole people, as it is a subject that very nearly concerns them all. The constitutional provision that Congress may by law provide for the protection of inventors in the enjoyment of such a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of their inventions as would remunerate them for their skill and labor, has been so used as to make the Patent Office a source of revenue to the Government—the receipts of that office for the last year exceeding its expenses by $155,000. The Commissioner of Patents holds this to be an unjust tax on inventors, and recommends that additional facilities for the accommodation of inventors be provided to as great an extent as the income of the office will pay for. The justice of this recommendation will be apparent to all thinking men. It has long been apparent that the Patent Office building that now accommodates (or rather discommodes) the entire Interior Department, is only sufficient for the Patent Office, and that the Land Office, Indian Office, and all the branches of the Interior Department except the Patent Office, should be provided for elsewhere, and the entire building, which was erected without expense to the Government, left to the Patent Office. It is also apparent that further means for the dispatch of business should be provided, so that many delays now unavoidable, would be avoided.

In the last month we have had in Washington meetings of half a dozen associations, in each case delegates from all the States being here. Other similar meetings will be held during the fall and winter. The city is coming to be a popular place for gatherings of a national character. I expect it to be still more so as it becomes better known. It is the best paved city in the country, has surroundings unequaled elsewhere and contains many objects of interest to citizens from all sections.

The work of completing the Washington Monument has been prosecuted with vigor during the past summer. All doubt as to the security and sufficiency of the foundation has been removed by one of the most difficult and highly successful efforts in engineering. Seventy-five separate sections of the present foundation extending far outside of it have been tunneled, the earth removed, and each of these spaces have been filled with cement under tons of pressure, so that the completed work forms a new foundation, square, broad and deep, extending beneath and outside the one laid at the commencement of the work. All this has been done without a flaw or crack or the least defection in the upright shaft of the monument. An elevator capable of raising stone weighing ten tons is firmly put up on the inside and the shaft will now begin its upward growth. Its final completion although long delayed will yet be an assured fact and justice will at last be done the honored name of Washington.

The recent order of the Post Office Department requiring the name of the State to be indicated on each letter sent through the mails is creating some little dissatisfaction among the people who do not think it important that letters addressed to New York should have also N. Y. written upon the envelope. With the rapid increase of new offices and the duplication of names it is absolutely necessary that the postmaster should know which place of the many in different States the writer designed his missive to be sent. This order carried into effect will prevent thousands of epistles from finding their grave in the Dead Letter Office.

The patriotic demagogues who have been decrying the national banks are forced by the revival of business throughout the country to consider where loans are to be made when the national banks are abolished. It really looks now as if this scheme might be buried in the same grave with the rag baby, and thus subject these reformers to the expense of but one funeral.

The water famine at the capital is assuming an alarming aspect. The rapid growth of the city adds daily to the number of water takers and the new Government building and fountains in parks and reservations have exhausted the present water facilities. The Capitol uses 400,000 gallons daily, State Department 500,000, P. O. Department 200,000, Treasury Department 600,000, Navy Department 400,000, Government Printing Office 200,000, Navy Yard 600,000, Agricultural Department 200,000, Smithsonian Institute 300,000, Botanical Garden 200,000, which with the public fountains makes an aggregate of 7,000,000 gallons used each day by the Government, leaving only 17,000,000 gallons for all municipal and private purposes. The Potomac is a mountain torrent descending one hundred and fifty feet in fourteen miles over a succession of falls and rapids. Its minimum dry weather flow is a thousand million gallons per day. There is no probability that the water will ever cease to be the pure and ordinary clear water of a mountain stream, subject only to turbidity of freshets and heavy rains. With a thousand million gallons of water to draw from, it is only necessary to furnish a channel for the conveyance of the required amount by gravity to supply Washington and Georgetown with an unlimited supply for centuries to come.

SENTINEL.

## Stabbed by a Woman.

Strange Affray on the Streets of Winnsborough, La.

Franklin Sun.

Saturday evening, at about half past 6 o'clock, quite a sensation was created by a scene which was enacted on one of our streets. Mr. H. Block, an old and well known citizen, whilst on his way from his place of business to his boarding house was attacked by Miss Annie Alverson and stabbed in four different places. The cause of this rash act is one of the hidden mysteries which time and the searching processes of the law alone can bring to light. It seems that there had never been an altercation of any kind between the parties, and even their acquaintance with each other was limited. The young lady came to our town well recommended about two years ago, and her manners and conversation show that she has had the advantage of education and first-class association. Her wrongs, either real or imaginary, must have been great or she could never have so far transcended the bounds of her proper sphere as to have committed the horrid deed which came so near being fatal to the life of a human being. "Madame Rumor" has it that Cupid has brought about this unaccountable affair, she conceiving that Mr. Block had interfered to estrange one whom she had considered her best friend; but we do not vouch for the truth of this supposition. We can only say that at this stage of life Mr. Block would present rather a queer appearance playing the role of an intermedler between lovers. Some excitement had, previous to this occurrence, been caused by the threats of this young lady, but it was thought by many that they were caused by momentary passion and would never be carried into execution. She made no attempt to escape after the crime was committed, was arrested by the Sheriff, and in default of giving bond was sent to jail, where she is still confined. The wounds inflicted proved not to be fatal, and it is thought that Mr. Block will be up ready for business in a few days.

## A Gone Pelican.

Gretna Courier.

Last Sunday afternoon a large pelican, flying from the direction of the Gulf, passed over our town. As it is an uncommon thing to see these birds, particularly singly, so far away from their gulf home, this one flying rather low attracted considerable attention. When it got out near the river it folded its wings and dropped to the ground as if it had been shot. Some colored boys, who were playing near, rushed up and captured it. His birdship was examined and no wounds of any kind found about it. It appeared quite lively, and we are at a loss to account for its sudden descent. The boys took it home, leading it by the wings. We don't know what became of the poor pelican; but as we heard a man say, "it's better than a goose," in answer to the question, "is it good to eat?" we fear the bird of Louisiana went to the pot.

## "Lorena's" Lover.

History of the Song that Charmed all Hearts Some Twenty Years Ago.

HISTORY OF LORENA.

About the year 1858 there appeared in the musical circles of the West a song which, for twelve years, had a run rarely attained by popular melodies. The music had a peculiar charm, the words were singularly touching, and their very length, extending to eight long verses, suggested to the reader a story back of them. In fact, the extreme pathos of the words contributed as much, perhaps, as the music to give the composition its wonderful success. It was sung everywhere, in parlors, in concerts, on the street, and in the camps of the contending armies. In the Northern army it was immensely popular, and it found its way South through Louisville and Cincinnati, and during the rebellion it was the only piece sung in Southern homes, and, excepting martial airs, about the only one sung in the Confederate camp. Everywhere was Lorena. A steamer on the Ohio was named Lorena, engines on Western roads were called Lorena, and a person now sometimes meets in society young ladies named Lorena, called that by mothers twenty years ago. That the song had a story nearly every one familiar with it supposed, and supposed correctly, and it may not be uninteresting at this late day to give admirers of the famous melody the facts in the love affair.

The author of the words was

THE REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

He studied in the Columbus Academical and Collegiate Institute, and was editor of the college paper. In the year 1848, being then 24 years of age, and full of poetry and romance, he was enjoying his first pastorate in Zanesville, Ohio. His leading parishioner was a wealthy manufacturer, whose residence was upon one of the many hills which surround that smoky town. The house was about half a mile out, and the eminence upon which it was seated was the one referred to in the song:

'Twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

There lived in his family a younger sister of his wife, who was the leading singer in the choir. She was nineteen years of age, small of stature, had blue eyes and light, brown hair, and was as fair as a lily. She was not only a sweet singer, but she was as full of poetry and romance as her pastor, and they soon became very much attached. Their loving did not, however, "prosper well," for the family were proud and aristocratic, and "had higher notions of the girl's future than to sanction her marriage with a poor preacher." As she was dependent upon them for a home, she was forced to yield to their counsel—Mr. Webster says he now thinks it was wise counsel—and they were obliged to give each other up. It was, however, the strong will and the proud spirit of the sister, more than the opposition of the brother-in-law, that separated them, or rather kept Lorena from him. Lorena seems to have been passive, indecisive in character, and submissive in the hands of her strong-willed sister. Mr. Webster saw her for the last time at her home, learned of *the sister's unconquerable opposition*, heard his fate, and took a quiet but painful farewell, very little being said. That night she wrote him a last letter, in which she used the words, so well remembered by those familiar with the song, "If we try, we may forget." It was eight years after that he wrote:

For "If we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

* * * * *

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet,
They touch some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
There is a future. Oh! thank God,
Of life this is so small a part,
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But There, up There, 'tis heart to heart.

The effect of the separation was to crush the young man, and, writing to a friend five years ago, twenty-six years after the occurrence, he says: "I doubt if all dark lines are erased from my heart yet." He resigned his pastorate and sought another field, smothering his pain by hard study and work. And the only sign of that pain the world ever saw was in the heart cry of Lorena.

In 1856 he was residing in Racine, Wisconsin, where he met J. P. Webster, the composer, who, though of the same name, is no relation to him. They soon became very intimate. J. P. Webster was writing song music, and was troubled to find appropriate words. Rev. Mr. Webster told him that he would write a song, and in two days he produced it, entitled "Bertha," a mere fancy name. When the composer came to set it to music, he wanted a name of three syllables, accented on the second, and the author then made up the name of Lorena.

The young lady's name was not Lorena, however, nor Bertha, but Ella.

It is said that she lost her vivacity and sunny, witching ways after they parted, and never regained them, and that she is now a sad, sickly woman, past the prime of life. She is the wife of a judge, and lived for many years at Ironton, on the Ohio. When last heard from, however, several months ago, she was traveling in Europe. Her "proud and haughty sister has long since passed over the river, where, "'tis heart to heart," instead of dollar to dollar. Her brother-in-law died only a few weeks ago. Mr. Webster, also past the prime of life, is married, and lives in Neenah, Wis., a minister and the editor of a local paper.—*Chicago Times.*

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
How, and when, and where.

## An Unusual Sight.

Columbia Herald.

On Tuesday morning, in company with Mr. J. W. McGinnis, we visited the lake below town to see the fish, which we were informed were very numerous and plainly visible, owing to the lake being nearly dry. On arriving upon the scene a sight presented itself that we have never seen equaled. In a shallow pond of water, about 200 feet long by some 30 or 40 feet wide, (the remains of a lake covering usually from 50 to 100 acres) were congregated thousands of fish, of all sizes, and several kinds, in the midst of which were plainly to be seen a number of gar, some being of great size. Usually gar prey upon the smaller fish, but in the presence of common danger they seemed to be careless of their proximity. Nor did the fish seem to fear their deadly enemies, but floundered around them in the muddy water in shoals. Conceiving it to be a good time to destroy the gar, pistols and guns were procured, and about a dozen of the voracious creatures slain. One was killed which measured in length 6 feet 7½ inches and 33 inches in girth.

The lake has never been known to be dry, but if dry weather continues a few days more, not a drop of water will be left in it, and all the fish must die. Already many are dead and it is feared that should they all perish it may give rise to sickness. Mr. Aaron Ryan, an old resident of the parish, informs us that not a drop of water is to be found in the swamp in his neighborhood, for a distance of ten miles, and that all the country between Bœuf and Ouachita rivers is dry. In a residence of thity years he has never known such drought and scarcity of water.

## Napoleonville Redivivus.

Assumption Pioneer.

Those who had their buildings destroyed by the late fire have reconstructed handsomer and more durable buildings, which add vastly to the appearance of the burnt square. Every building, except the Masonic Hall, has been replaced with stylish and substantial residences and stores. The two story buildings of Messrs. Jean Merly and L. Pifferi with store rooms below and residences upstairs; the beautiful and commodious drug store of Mr. Jean Gounaux and the fancy little *cafe* of Felix Gaudin, with neat banquets along the entire front of the square, are not only decided improvement over the dilapidated old buildings that were destroyed, but very ornamental to the town. The splendid hotel, *cafe*, and grocery of Mr. Charles Dupaty, which have been thoroughly repaired, newly fitted up with all the modern and fashionable appliances and amply restocked, excite the admiration of all its numerous patrons.

The corporation has also been very active in draining the town which was so imperatively demanded to render our streets and sidewalks passable in wet seasons. If the same spirit of improvement continues to inspire our townsmen, the beautifully situated and picturesque little town will become a *bijou* ere long.

## Yellow Fever in Louisiana.

Thibadoux Sentinel, Oct 25.

This disease still lingers in Berwick's Bay, Morgan's City, Bayou Bœuf and along the Atchafalaya river and Bayou Teche as far as Centreville, but from the best information obtained here, the fatality is not great. Mr. J. S. Perkins, who resides near Raceland, after losing three persons in his family removed with the other members of his family to Assumption. There is still sickness in some parts of the bayou near Raceland but not considered yellow fever, and no deaths occurring. At Lafourche Crossing the telegraph operator has been very low with the yellow fever, but there are no other cases there.

In the Brulee Texana in Assumption the plague continues. There have been some few deaths lately but our information from that settlemet is limited.

There has been a case of yellow fever in the Malbrough neighborhood in the rear of Thibodaux, which is convalescent. In Thibodaux there is no sickness of any kind.

## Cheap Horses.

Vermilion Meridional.

In the prairies in the vicinity of Cow Island there are now ranging somewhere near five hundred head of wild horses and mares. There is actually no sale for them—they are a perfect drag on the market. Something ought to be done with them, as they eat off the range, and leave but little pasturage for horned cattle, though as a general thing the cattle are in fine condition. It is the opinion of those who know any thing about it, that horses eat while sleeping, consequently they sweep a long range; and it is also a known fact that horned cattle lie down and sleep during the long hours of night. A gentleman who owns a large drove of horses informed the writer that for $25 he would give the privilege to any one to go into his drove and pick out the best horse, and for $20 the best mare—there are some fine animals among them. A person need not ride an old "hack" when horses are so cheap.

Two loads of squirrel shot were fired into a crowd of darkies, who were playing cards at Oak Ridge, Saturday night. Wade Johnson and two other members of the "congregation" were the only unfortunate ones of the assembly. Splendid way to get up an exodus.—*Morehouse Clarion*

Perhaps that was the object of the shootist; but no matter what the object may have been such matters ought to be ferreted out and a lesson taught ruffians that would not be soon forgotten.—*Richland Beacon.*