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Donaldsonville Chief.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper
Published Every Saturday, at
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—BY—
LINDEN E. BENTLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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4 squares	9.00	13.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00
5 squares	11.00	15.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00
6 squares	13.00	17.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00
7 squares	15.00	19.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00
8 squares	17.00	21.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00
9 squares	19.00	23.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00
10 squares	21.00	25.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00
11 squares	23.00	27.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00	39.00	40.00
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cents per square.

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Cards of six lines or less in Business Di-
rectory, five dollars per annum.

DONALDSONVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, ETC.

A. D. VEGA, Agent, dealer in Dry Goods,
Notions, Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes,
Hosiery, Lingerie, Furniture, Hardware,
Toiletries, Paints, Oils, Glass, Lumber,
Bricks, Carts and Wagons; Lower corner,
Railroad Avenue and Mississippi street.

BERNARD LEMANN, dealer in Western
Produce, Fruit, and other Goods. Orders
Liquors, Hardware, Iron, Paints, Oils, Carts,
Plows, Saddlery, Shoes and Tinsware, Fur-
niture, Crockery, Wall Paper and Linoleum.
Furnishing Goods, Mississippi street, corner
Crescent Place.

JOSEPH GONDRAU, dealer in Clothing,
Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Groceries,
Wines, Liqueurs, Boots, Shoes, Hardware,
Paints, Oils, Saddlery, Crockery, Furniture,
and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods.
No. 14 Mississippi street.

M. TOBIAS, dealer in Groceries, Dry
Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots and
Shoes, Hats, Furniture, Hardware, Clocks,
Furniture, etc., corner Mississippi and St.
Patrick streets and No. 24 Railroad Avenue.
Everything at lowest prices.

C. KLEIN, corner Crescent Place and
Hosanna street, dealer in Dry Goods,
Notions, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Pro-
visions, Cords, Oils and Brans.

M. ISRAEL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Hardware,
Furniture, etc., corner Mississippi street and
Railroad Avenue.

C. FEITEL, dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries,
Furniture, Hardware and Stationery. Store
at the old Post-office stand, Mississippi
street.

S. WEINSCHENCK, dealer in Dry Goods,
Notions, Clothing, Groceries, Hard-
ware, Hats, Boots and Shoes, and general
Plantation Supplies, Railroad Avenue, be-
tween Iberville and Attakapas streets.

P. T. BAHN, dealer in Choice Family
Groceries, Wines and Liqueurs, Lamps,
Oils, etc. Darrowville, near ferry landing,
and opposite Donaldsonville.

LIQUOR AND BILLIARD SALOONS.

THE PLACE, Gus, Israel, manager,
Corner Lessor and Mississippi streets,
Billiards, Lager Beer, Best Wines and
Liquors, Fine Cigars, etc.

BUTCHERS' EXCHANGE, P. Molere,
proprietor, Crescent Place, opposite the
Market House. Best of Wines, Liqueurs and
Cigars always kept at the bar.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

R. E. LEE HOTEL, at Mark Israel's
old stand, corner Mississippi and Leas-
ard streets. J. Lafargue, proprietor. Bar
and billiard room attached. First-class con-
tainment and accommodations.

SHAMROCK HOUSE, L. Wiese, proprie-
tor, Mississippi street, opposite Lem-
ann's old stand. Cakes, Ice Cream and the
lowest rates. Best Wines, Liquor and Beer.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Lucy Butler, prop-
rietor, Crescent Place, near the wharf.
First-class Board and Lodging at reasonable
rates.

CITY HOTEL, P. Lefevre, Proprietor,
Railroad Avenue, cor. Iberville street.
Bar supplied with best liquors.

CONFECTIONERIES.

PHILIP GEIGER'S Confectionery and
Fruit Store, Mississippi street, adjoining
Lemann's old stand. Cakes, Soda Water,
Nuts, Tarts and Fancy Articles.

Singer Sewing Machine DEPOT.

corner Mississippi and Lessor streets.
A. Gomb, Manager,
Mrs. Octavia Wiley, Saleslady

SOUTHERN SEWING MACHINE DE-
POT, No. 153 Railroad Avenue. Agents
for the "White," "Wilson," "New Home,"
Wheeler and Wilson, "Victory," "New
Davis," and "Singer." Also manufac-
turers' agents for all kinds of Sewing Ma-
chine Needles, Attachments, Silks, Flax,
Patterns, etc. Repairing of all kinds
done and warranted.

LIVERY STABLES & UNDERTAKING.

SCHONBERG'S Livery, Feed and Saddle
Stable and Undertaker's Establishment,
Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and At-
takapas streets. Competition defied.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

R. BYBISKI, Apothecary and Druggist,
Mississippi street, between St. Patrick
and St. Vincent streets, adjoining Gombard's
store.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, corner Rail-
road Avenue and Iberville street, L.
Blanchard, proprietor. Special Drugs and
Medicines.

SADDLERY—HARNESS—WAGONS.

JOSEPH HISS, Saddler and Harness
Maker, 139 Railroad Avenue. Saddles
and harnesses of all styles and prices made to
order. All orders for repairing and paint-
ing of Carriages and Buggies promptly ex-
ecuted.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

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

CABINET MAKING—UPHOLSTERING.

C. C. GRUBE, Cabinet Maker and Up-
holster, Railroad Avenue, near Mis-
sissippi street. Furniture repaired and var-
nished. Moss, Hair and Spring Mattresses
repaired and made over. Cane-seat Chairs
reupholstered. Orders for country work re-
sponded to promptly.

BARBER SHOP.

L. F. FERNANDEZ, Barber Shop, Mis-
sissippi street, near corner Lessor.
Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., in
most artistic style.

TENSMITH.

LOUIS J. RACKE, Tinsmith, Mississippi
street, at Lemann's old stand. Orders
attended to with dispatch and satisfaction
insured.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Frederick Duffel, R. Prosper Landry,
D. P. LAFAYETTE, Attorneys at
Law, Office in Claiborne street,
just back of the Court House.

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

PHOTOGRAPHY.

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, on
Railroad Avenue, opposite Post-office.
Henry G. Clark, proprietor; new rooms and
improved facilities for doing fine work; all
styles and sizes of pictures from 50 cents up-
ward; copying and enlarging from old and
faded pictures a specialty.

SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.

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.

Dr. P. J. Friedrichs,

of New Orleans

Is now permanently located on Railroad
Avenue between Mississippi and Iberville
streets, office occupied by the late Dr.
Humbert, where he will be pleased to re-
ceive calls from those wishing work in his
line.

DR. A. C. LOYE,

Darrowville, La.
Left bank Mississippi river, opposite Don-
aldsonville.

DR. J. B. VANDEGRIFT

Attakapas street, near the Court House,
Donaldsonville, La.

DR. W. M. McALLIARD

Office in Crescent Place,
Donaldsonville, La.

LAW AND NOTARIAL OFFICE.

R. N. Sims,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Donaldsonville, La.
Practice in Ascension, Assumption and St.
James.

For the CHIEF. ONLY A DREAM—AN ALLEGORY. BY LEO NO. 1.

I sought my couch on a dreary night,
My soul was oppressed with the toll of the day;
The fire in the grate shone brilliant and bright,
And the shadows of life shrank on the hearthstone
lay.

And soon I was lost in slumber deep,
A dream profound and strange;
And yet in the hours of forgetfulness creep
The shadows and forms of a dream.

And I dreamed I was off in a distant clime
Where the sun never sets, but continues to shine
With a radiant and resplendent glow,
Yet all around seemed born and dead,
And the winds passed by with a moan;
And there rose from my heart a sigh,
For the land was bleak and lone.

And it seemed that I heard from a neighboring bough
A sigh, a groan or a wail;
But then I might be the cry of a thrush,
As it flitted above the vale.
But I heard it again! I could not mistake,
And it came like a wail of woe.

From the lone leafless bush, near the verge of a brake,
And the shadows chilled me through.
And again I heard the thrilling cry,
As it rose on the chilly air;
And I braced up my nerves, determined to try
And solve the mystery clinging there.

I slowly approached the lonely bush
From which had come the anguished wail;
Anxious to see if I could find the cause,
I had uttered the note as it flew to the vale.

I approached! I advanced! but I stop!
For again I heard the sound;
And there 'neath the bush I saw the top
Of a smooth and lowly mound.

And kneeling there, in the quietude deep
Was the slender form of a maid;
With clasped hands and athen check,
She moaned devoutly prayed.

She leaned over the lone, unheeded grave,
And prayed in an agonized way;
And all that she asked, all seemed to crave—
Was there peace to stay.

For I had seen her buried in this tomb,
Where the grass never grows, the flowers never bloom,
And the winds pass by with a wail,
And I gazed in the depths of her swollen eyes,
In which was depicted misery's tears;
And the places seemed to shroud, to magnetize,
As though her grief I should know.

And she silently knelt with her delicate hands,
Upbraided to him on the Throne;
Her mind was wandering in Heavenly Land,
In search of the one that was gone.

I saw her life move as she uttered a prayer,
And the words came up from her heart;
"Oh! righteous Father!" said the maiden fair,
"Why did you leave me apart?"

And this was all that the pale lips spoke
Till she was dead to reduce;
"Oh, Father! I start with a cry—and awake,
And found it was all but a dream."
DONALDSONVILLE, December 13, 1879.

Our Broadbrim Letters.

The Blair Poisoning Case—Robbers of
High and Low Degree—A Novel
Sui-A Youthful Burglar Entrapped
by His Own Father—Wall Street Mat-
ters—Italian Immigration, etc.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1879.

"Does you kill 'em for fun sometimes?"
said Bessey, looking up in the little
man's face. "Not very often," said
the hunchback, "but we croak by doz-
ens in the way of business, and we like
it; we like it very much."—London
Street.

We are a bad lot. I never had a
very elevated opinion of my kind;
for the business of a newspaper cor-
respondent brings him in contact
with so many human weaknesses,
and meannesses, and villainies, that
he measures his kind from a differ-
ent standpoint, and sees them from a
different level from that which they
are seen by other men. Who could
conceive that here, in the great met-
ropolis of the nation, with three mil-
lions of dollars' worth of police to
take care of us, with hundreds of
churches and church congregations,
with schools and missions, and Young
Men's Christian Associations, that
people sit down and talk murder,
and do murder, with as much nonch-
alance as you play leap-frog or
baseball.

For the entire week, the whole city
has been agog with the attempted
murder of a Mr. Blair.

"There are no fools like old fools." I
know that myself. Now, if ever
there was an old fool, Blair is the
man. He leaves his business at
Chatham Four Corners, where he
passes for a tolerably respectable
man, and starts for the city of Bos-
ton. On the boat he falls in with a
couple of female thieves from New
York, each of whom had served a
number of terms in State prison.

One of these fine ladies recommends
herself to Mr. Blair by telling him
that she would like to have a smoke
of a pipe. Fine ladies always smoke
pipes. Mr. Blair has a shudeen con-
venient, and, as pipes are not allowed
in the ladies' saloon, he invites
Miss Connolly to his state-room.

First-class ladies always accept invita-
tions of that kind, so it is not at all
astonishing that Miss Connolly did
what first-class ladies always do.

After winning Mr. Blair's confidence
by asking for a chew of tobacco, she
informs him that she is not traveling
entirely alone, but has a lady friend,
whom she forthwith introduced to the
gentleman from Chatham Four Corn-
ers, and the new comer is so attrac-
tive that Miss Connolly's nose is soon
out of joint, and she leaves her friend
Mrs. Volkner in possession of the

prize. If Mr. Blair was a verdant
country youth, just escaped from his
leading strings, he would be entitled
to our pity and commiseration, but
he is an ancient sinner, grizzled and
gray, who has had many a bout with
the devil during the last sixty years
of his life, and has frequently been
thrown; yet this sharp, keen old
man, who had wit enough to make a
fortune, and manage a big business,
tumbled into the trap of these vile
women as readily as a boy of sixteen.

They lured him to their den in New
York, and there quietly, calmly and
deliberately sat down and decided on
his murder by poison. The whole
detail, even to the shaving off of his
whiskers, and the final disposition
of the body was carefully arranged.

Not the slightest incident was over-
looked; and that the plot miscarried,
was not owing to want of skill or de-
sire, but to the fears of one of the
villainous gang, who saw the gallows
in perspective, and did not want to
get her neck stretched. All the pa-
pers are now speculating on the num-
ber of people who are annually work-
ed off in this way. Of the multitude
of bodies fished up from the muddy
waters of the river, probably one-
half of the victims are from the coun-
try. There are men and women in
this city, by hundreds, who regard
murder and robbery as a perfectly leg-
itimate business; and who would not
think of knocking a man or woman
in the head, than they would of
drowning a young kitten or a blind
puppy.

The scandal and outcry that this
old sinner, Blair, has aroused,
will not have been in vain, if it shall
prevent any number of the old fools
and young fools from doing as he has
done. Let this moral be impressed
on all travelers from the country,
who visit New York or Boston, that
when any lady on a steamboat asks
you for a pipe or a chew of tobacco,
you had better tell that lady that
you are traveling with your mother-
in-law and can't be interviewed. If
she wants to smoke a pipe, tell her to
go up to the pilot house, or down to
the engine-room, or any other place
but your state-room, as that is not a
proper place for ladies to smoke
pipes in when your wife is not
around. Remember this, and you
may escape the scandal and humili-
ation now endured by this old fool
from Chatham Four Corners, who has
not only lost whatever little reputa-
tion he ever possessed, but also a new
overcoat and gloves, which cost him
\$14.50.

The week has been marked by the
restoration of the forger, William C.
Gilman, to liberty, and as he is now
utterly ruined and crushed by misfor-
tune, I feel like saying no unkind
word against him, yet, standing
among the ruins of his desolate home,
or by the sorrowful grave of his dead
wife and child, he has nothing left
on earth to hope for more, till the
portals of the grave shall close upon
him. A few faithful friends may still
cling to him, but never more will he
be treated or seen in the busy haunts
of men. Whatever of ruin or disaster
has befallen him, he can accuse
no one but himself; at every step he
can truly say, this is my work, mine
alone.

It was only a week ago, that Judge
Gildersleeve sentenced a poor wretch
to State's prison for five years, for the
robbery of a dollar, and the chances
are that he will serve his term out to
the bitter end; but here is a man
who, surrounded with every influence
and incentive for good, a church trust-
ee, an active, zealous Christian, cel-
ebrated for his ostentatious piety and
his lengthy prayers, who sat deliber-
ately down, day after day, month af-
ter month, and year after year, rob-
bing, not strangers, not enemies, but
his dearest, tried and trusted friends,
men who loaned him their credit in
the hour of his extremity; and dis-
tress, near relatives who sat at his
board and broke bread with him,
these are the men that William C.
Gilman robbed, and for those robber-
ies he should suffer. When he was
a candidate for re-election, Governor
Robinson would not have dared to
pardon this man, whose own sense of
his desert, induced him to refuse Ex-
ecutive clemency, till they actually
thrust him from the prison.

The novel suit of a German woman
in Brooklyn is now being tried,
where she sues a German widow for
robbing her of the affections of her
husband, and of finally appropriating
the Dutchman, body and bones, to
herself. He must have been a valu-
able Dutchman, for his row puts her
damages at twenty thousand dollars.

At first, it was thought that a suit
was not tenable, and that an action
would not lie, but there are so many

things that do lie about the law, just
when you don't expect it, that no-
body, except the lawyer for the de-
fence, was surprised when Judge
Neilson decided that the grounds of
the suit were good, and if a man can
recover damages for the sequestered
affections of his wife, there is no
earthly reason why a wife should not
be damaged when some heartless
buzzy appropriates her Dutchman.

I hope she may get her damages in
full, and that such other punishment
be meted out to this recalcitrant widow,
as the revised statutes may call for,
that posterity may learn that a
Dutchman can no more be appropri-
ated by a widow than a President's
message or a Secretary's report by
an editor, without condign punish-
ment following.

A case occurred in the Brook-
lyn courts on Thursday. A father
appeared against his son, sixteen
years of age, accusing him of the
crime of burglary. If it had been
simple robbery, the boy might get
off with a term in the county jail,
but burglary is a State's prison of-
fense, and it is possible that the boy
may expiate his offense by a long
term in Sing Sing. The father is ev-
idently a shrewd man, for he marked
a number of silver dollars and put
them away where he knew his son
would find them, and just as the boy
was purloining the money the father
made a descent on him and cap-
tured him right in the act. It must
have been a great triumph, and I can
imagine the satisfaction of the father,
as he stood in the witness box and
testified against his own son, who
stood trembling at the bar. If the
boy is a thief, and would steal from
his own father, it is possibly proper
that he should be punished, yet I
could not help asking myself as the
two stood face to face, which of them
was the more culpable. Perhaps if
the father had spent a little more
time in the training of his children,
and less in other pursuits, he would
not have to stand as the accuser of
his own first-born, the flower of
whose young life may be passed in a
prison cell.

A polite exchange of civilities is
just taking place between the mag-
nates of the metropolitan press, with
regard to the purloining of the Secre-
tary of the Treasury's report and the
President's message. Rogue, villain,
scoundrel and thief, and an outsider,
judging them by the different esti-
mates they form of each other, would
suppose that the entire lot of them
were candidates for the penitentiary.

Stocks are still upon the ragged
edge. Outside orders have fallen off,
but now the wolves are eating up
each other. The speculators are
playing battle-dore and shuttle-cock,
with Eric starting at 40 in the morn-
ing, falling to about 37 at noon, and
recovering its lost ground generally
before the adjournment of the board.

Most of the California mining stocks
got a black eye, owing to the late
deal of the Bonanza Kings, and now
the boys are standing back like Ma-
cawbar, and waiting for something to
turn up.

Our Italian immigration this year
has exceeded that of any other since
the foundation of the republic. To
judge by the general appearance of
these arrivals, there must be a fright-
ful tax on soup in the glorious king-
dom of Italy, and even the low price
of that useful commodity in the king-
dom of Yankee Doodle seems to
lack appreciation, so these noble Ro-
mans cling to the soil that they love.

They may not always be the most
intellectual portion of our foreign
population, but they are certainly
the strongest. Hoping they may all
make money enough to return to the
land of Caesar and Scipio Africanus,
there to bask in the shadow of St.
Peter's, and under the crumbling
walls of the Coliseum, I am

Truly yours,
BROADBRIM.

A Religious Quarrel—Catholic Reform-
ists—An Angel of Charity in Trouble
—Comstock's Assault Upon Crime.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1879.

EDITOR CHIEF:

We are having a religious revival
in New York, and just such a one as
will delight the heart of Bob Ferguson
and the author of Cupid's Yokes. Now
that the walking matches are ended,
and other sources of excitement have
failed us, the opera being antiquated
and the drama of the theatre not new,
we turn to the ecclesiastical bear gar-
den and see the clerical athletes strip
for the "mill," satisfied that the battle
will be to the outrance. The fact is,
that the disgraceful fights which are
constantly taking place between the
clergymen of different denominations,
is disheartening to the true friends of

religion, and affords jubilation to that
large and increasing class which is
endeavoring to make the name of the
church an ensign of infamy and re-
proach. It was my sincere hope that
the quarrel between Doctor Talmage
and his Christian brothers was ended
and buried, as far as the public was
concerned, and that, whatever there
was of ecclesiastical scandal, would
be kept in the sanhedrin of the elect,
but the attempt of the trustees of the
Brooklyn Tabernacle to carry its con-
gregation out of the control of the
Presbyterian Synod, gave the Doctor
a longed-for opportunity, and he an-
nounced his determination to resist
the action of his trustees, and to live
and die in the Presbyterian fold; but,
while commending the honest action
of the distinguished clergyman who
sustained him in his late trial, the
inference to be drawn from the after-
part of his discourse was, that the
clergymen who opposed him were
fit candidates for the penitentiary. He
announced from his altar, that he was
in possession of letters respecting his
clerical pursuers, which, if he chose
to publish, would fill the city with
scandal for a year, such as it had
never known before. What did the
reverend gentleman mean by this—
were the letters true or false? If
false, he must have known it, and if
true, what right had he to conceal the
infamy of these wolves in sheep's
clothing, and how can he acquit him-
self as a Christian minister, of allow-
ing these men to preside over congre-
gations, when he considers them mor-
ally and religiously rotten?

On Sunday night last, one Doctor
Coggeshall, of Rhode Island, under-
took to reply to the articles on Abolitionism in the New York Tribune,
which have been furnished by Oliver
Johnson. There is probably no man
in the United States as well qualified
for the work as Mr. Johnson; he knows
personally many of the men of whom
he speaks; he personally mingled in
the struggle, and was one of the re-
cognized leaders in the work which he
describes. Mr. Johnson made the
broad assertion, that all the churches,
the Methodist church among the rest,
were pro-slavery previous to the war,
and this fact,