

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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B. LEMANN & BROTHIER, dealers in Western Produce, fancy and staple groceries, liquors, hardware, iron, paints, oils, crockery, furniture, crockery, wall paper and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods. Blue Store, Mississippi street, corner Iberville street.

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UNWRITTEN RHYMES.

BY G. R. M'NABIS.

A dozen times a day or more
A little foot comes to my door,
And that I bid me come in, "stay out!"
A little face with smile or pout,
With eyes as blue as gaiter bells,
And cheeks as pink as rose or shells,
And hair that strays where one's 110s,
And hands with dimpled knuckles kissed,
And then my queen is in my arms.
And then my queen is in my arms.

They fall so fast I cannot sleep,
The kisses on my eyes and cheek,
And landed him ways in the brown,
And dimpled hands hide smile or frown;
And then with "hush" and "stay out!"
And tributes paid for service asked,
I stop to the wanton shoe,
Or vowing knot in string and door,
Or braid a strand of straggling hair
To save my lady from despair;
But here and there a pin or two,
To make a rest as good as new;
I kiss a hurt on hand or face,
Or brush away a tear or trace,
Or send her Adam for his Ark,
(Sent doubtless upon a lark);
Or tell "Bo Peep" or "Nimble Dick,"
Or "With Who Kicks a Bramble Stick,"
Or mend a waist or dress or skirt,
That days ago had seen its day;
To rock her "Simple Simon," and
(Who when he was a boy was stout)
Or do a hundred things and one,
And then she's down and out again
And I take up my waiting pen.

But O my thoughts, where have you flown?
O my rhymes, where have you gone?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?

And he it think my cello rhyme,
And lullaby verse, half out of time,
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?

And he it think my cello rhyme,
And lullaby verse, half out of time,
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?
And where my pen, and where my plot,
That I do diligent to wrought?

THE BOY WHO KISSED HIS MOTHER.

ROSE E. BEXFORD.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,
And I went there to sit beside her,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was heaven sweet;
Making me think of the olden days,
Where in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Lips, fragrant like roses, were red.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like to be my own,
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong.
One of the hearts that was loved,
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met my mother's look;
A face like his given to his mother,
Like the page of a pleasant book,
It told of steadfast love,
Of a brave and daring will.
A face with promise in it,
That I would love to love till fall.

He went up the pathway singing:
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with warm welcome
As he came near her door,
"Back again, sweet mother."
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was his life,
For that which some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true—
Even boys in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grow.
Earth's greatest love have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every girl's own son.

OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

Movement to Change the Jewish Sabbath
Conversion of a Hardened Sinner—
Brooklyn by means of Parade—Mixed
Political Outlook—Deaths of
Mr. Tilden's Declination, Etc.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1884.

EDITOR CHIEF:

As a startling evidence that the world does move, an interesting discussion is now going on in the papers, with regard to changing the Jewish Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday. And while the strictly orthodox will not listen to the proposition, there are thousands and thousands of liberal Jews who look with favor on the change. The question appears to be as much a commercial question as it is a religious one, and many of our most prominent Jews declare that in business it is impossible to compete with the Christians, if compelled to keep two Sabbaths a week. And another claims to show the absurdity of attempting to call any special day the seventh day that the Lord best, by asserting that two vessels making a circuit of the globe—one sailing East and the other West, when they met at the Equator would be keeping Saturday and the other Sunday. One thing is morally certain, the great body of our Jews do not attend the Synagogue. Once or twice a year they congregate about the old altar—but with two or three exceptions, there is scarcely more than a corporal's guard on Saturday. Dr. Gotthelf of the Temple Emanuel has one of the richest and most influential congregations in the city. His services are always crowded. Yet, considering the spiritual wants of his flock, he has instituted a Sunday service for those whose business engagements will not allow them to attend his Saturday ministrations, and the result has been eminently satisfactory to pastor and people.

While on religious matters I might as well inform you that one of our liveliest sensations of the week has been the conversion of George Bliss, the celebrated Star Route attorney, by Monsignor Capel, the Roman Catholic wizzard, and his reception into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. That Church has had many triumphs in the ages which have past, but it has given no more noble evidence of its power to wrestle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, than in the rescuing of George Bliss from the clutches of the adversary. Now that Mr. Bliss has got his kedge anchors safe in Jordan's stony banks with a reasonable prospect of the fair fields of Canaan beyond, let us hope he will retrace to the United States a portion, if not all, of the \$30,000 which he routed the government for letting the Star Routes escape. Monsignor Capel is to be congratulated on his convert—his yoke will be easy and his brethren light after this, for in the conversion of a man to a Christian function he will find few harder nuts to crack than this very expensive, but let us hope repentant Star Route lawyer.

There is evidently a fallow field lying

ripe for the sickle of the pious and enterprising missionary—and his late conversions have opened a world of tremendous possibility. He may be sipping and mining towards Jay Gould and Vanderbilt as I intimated some weeks ago. I will keep an eye on his Reverence and if I see any movement on foot which endangers the safety of our charitable and pious millionaires, I'll send Dr. Newman after him, and if he shows signs of weakness, I'll flank him with Brother Talmage, and when both of these eminent divines get after him he'll wish that a mill stone had been tied to his neck, and that he were drowned in the sea.

Wednesday brought to our sister city of Brooklyn all that remains of the veterans of the Grand Army of the Potomac. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since the gallant old Thirtieth and Twenty-third regiments marched down to Fulton Ferry on their way to the war. They were mostly young men then, or men in the prime of life. They held aloft bright guidons and flags—the same they carried at the re-union on Wednesday, but they were all tattered and torn with shot and shell, faded and begrimed with smoke-telling stories of desperate valor and heroic sacrifices so happily passed, I trust forever. The boys had a grand good time; a badge was a passport into every man's door. All Brooklyn kept open house and the veterans were delighted with their reception.

The warriors and statesmen have got back from Chicago, and conceal it as we will, as Tommy Savage sagely remarked, "Things is a little mixed." Opinions as to the situation are now nothing and on political matters no one is to be believed, no matter what he tells you. The other night there was a meeting of the first original campaign "Democratic Colored Club." The city was covered with posters announcing the meeting and there was a list of eloquent colored orators at once formidable and astounding. There were Reverends, Honorables, Generals, Colonels, Doctors, Majors, Captains and Corporals. As reliable a paper as the *Sun* gave a rose-colored report of the meeting; it stated that the hall was crowded, and in front of the orators sat a fine body of intelligent colored reporters taking down the speeches in short-hand for the different colored journals, etc., etc. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, one of the most reliable and respectable Democratic papers in the State, gave the actual facts of the case, which were that there were only seven of our colored brothers present, and not one solitary individual advertised spoke. So much for the reliability of the reports of our city press. While it is admitted on all hands that Mr. Blaine was fairly nominated, only making such combinations as any man striving for victory would make under the circumstances, still there is no denying that there is a deep and wide spread dissatisfaction among many of the leaders, as well as the rank and file, which unless it can be overcome between now and election day, bodes evil for the Plumed Knight. The Young Republican Club of Brooklyn is probably one of the strongest organizations of independent voters in the United States. It is made up of wealthy young men, who don't care for office themselves, but who are bound to have a say as to who shall occupy the offices. They came back from Chicago breathing vengeance—what their ultimate action will be remains to be seen. Both parties appear to be training according to the strictest rules of the P. R., and as yet they are undecided whether the mill on the 5th of November shall be a "go as you please and catch as you can," or with hard gloves or bare knuckles according to the Marquis of Queensberry's rules.

"It seems the very error of the moon that comes more near the earth than she was wonted makes men mad." Seven suicides cloud the record of the week, some caused by remorse, some by disappointed love, some by hopeless poverty and weariness of life. One of the saddest was that of a young Swedish girl who loved a young man in her native village, but whose parents wanted her to bestow her hand upon another. At last they persuaded her that her lover had deserted and married another girl. Heart-broken she fled to this country and found service in a respectable family. In a few weeks a letter from home informed her of the cruel deception of which she had been the victim, and in a moment of madness she took her life.

The declination by Mr. Tilden of the presidential nomination, though not unexpected, has created a profound sensation in political circles. Withdrawn from the arena in which he has been such a long and important and conspicuous figure, no longer standing in the path of any man's ambition, let us hope that he will be left to enjoy in his beautiful home a peaceful calm, which may last to the close of his long and honorable life. The bitterness of political strife with its antagonisms and hates is now over, and henceforth no American who feels a pride in his native land will mention the name of the Sage of Grassiey Park with aught but reverence and honor.

The week has been remarkable for a Popular vavch which has kept us all of a shiver. I don't say that it was as cold as Greenland, but it was cold enough to be exceedingly uncomfortable.

I notice in the morning papers the disappearance of a bridegroom from the altar's foot, leaving the expectant bride with bridesmaids and clergyman and friends to wait his coming. There have been quite a number of such instances within the past few years. The wretch who would be guilty of a crime like this deserves to be tied to the tail of a cart and whipped like a dog through the public streets. In this case I can offer the lady no sympathy, but rather congratulation at having got rid of so worthless a vagabond.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

For constitutional or serofulous (Starb) and for Consumption induced by the serofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numerous cases. It will stop the nauseous eructations, discharges, and restore the sickening color of the breath, which are indications of serofulous origin.



JAMES G. BLAINE.
The Republican Candidate for President of the United States.

James Gillespie Blaine, the nominee of the Republican party for President of the United States, was born January 21, 1830, in Union township, Washington county, Pennsylvania. He comes from the noted Scotch-Irish stock, his ancestors having been among the pioneers who a century and a half ago succeeded the great limestone valley in which Carlisle is situated, and founded the village. The stone Presbyterian church, which still stands, and near by is the old-fashioned home where Mr. Blaine's grandfather, Colonel Ephraim Blaine, lived for many years. This officer was originally a Colonel of the Pennsylvania Line, but during the last four years of the Revolution he was Commissary General of the Northern Department, and during the terrible winter at Valley Forge did his best to keep the wolf of famine and destitution from the American army's camp. Colonel Ephraim Blaine's son, "Squire Blaine," as he was known in the community, was married to Miss Gillespie, a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, but their seven children—five boys and two girls—adhered to the traditional faith of the Blaines. The second of these five sons was the subject of this sketch, James Gillespie Blaine.

STUDENT AND TEACHER.

James entered Washington College in 1843, being then thirteen years of age, and became at once prominent as a scholar among the two or three hundred other boys from all parts of the country, and because of his splendid physique he was also a leader in all manly athletic sports. He was not a bookworm, or a burner of midnight oil, but he was a close student and possessed the happy faculty of assimilating knowledge from books and tutors far more easily and quickly than most of his fellows. In debating societies he held his own well, and was conspicuous by his ability to direct and control others.

At the end of the usual four years' course at College he was graduated in 1847, with the most distinguished honors of his class, and went forth into practical life well fitted in acquisitions and training to deal with its problems, and bearing as a crown of youthful honor the affection and esteem of all his associates.

From his alma mater young Blaine went to Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, and became a professor in the Western Military Institute, in which there were about 450 boys. Colonel Thornton F. Johnson was principal of the school, and his wife had a young ladies' school at Millersburg, twenty miles distant. It was at this place that Mr. Blaine met Miss Stanwood, who belonged to an excellent family in Massachusetts, and she afterward became his wife.

After a few years' work as teacher Mr. Blaine returned to Pennsylvania and began studying law. He read law carefully, and obtained a thorough knowledge of its principles, but never presented himself as a candidate for admission to the bar.

EDITOR AND STATE POLITICAL LEADER.

Miss Stanwood was a native of Maine, and after her marriage to Mr. Blaine was anxious for him to settle in that State. This he determined to do, and in 1853 the young couple removed to Augusta, where they have ever since made their home. In the following year Mr. Blaine entered into partnership with Joseph Baker, a prominent lawyer of that town, and the two purchased the *Kennebec Journal*, of which Mr. Blaine at once became editor. The *Journal* was a weekly paper, one of the organs of the Whig party, and exercised considerable political influence. In 1857 Mr. Blaine disposed of his interest in this paper and became editor of the *Portland Daily Advertiser*. In the campaign of 1860 he returned temporarily to his old post on the *Kennebec Journal* on account of the illness of its editor. His career in journalism lasted only six years, but was marked throughout by ability and success, and it served to give him a good introduction to the world of politics and statesmanship.

When the old Whig party went to pieces Mr. Blaine joined hands with Governor Anson P. Morrill in organizing the Republican party in the Pine Tree State. His vigorous attacks upon the Buchanan Administration made him a power in the new organization. In 1868, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, he was elected to the Legislature. He served two years on the floor of the Lower House and two years in the chair, where he displayed the qualities of parliamentary leadership and control that afterward gave him such renown in the National Legislature at Washington. It is also worthy of mention that he took an active part as a public speaker in the Fremont campaign of 1866.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

In 1862 Mr. Blaine was nominated for Congress in the Kennebec District and was elected by a majority of 3000 votes. To this position he was successively elected, in each succeeding Congress, until his promotion to the United States Senate by the Governor of Maine, July 10, 1875, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Senator Morrill, who then became Secretary

OUR NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

Financial Uneasiness—Republican Delegates Identified—Custom-house Changes Predicted—Talk of Republican Reorganization—The Typographical Union—Memorial Day—Forty Days' Quarantine.

NEW ORLEANS, June 13, 1884.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The financial situation creates a perceptible feeling of anxiety. The crashes of Wall street, New York, touched the sympathies of business men here, and made them a little closer in their dealings. The crop outlook is somewhat discouraging; the deluge has covered deeply mortgaged and productive plantations. We may tide over the dull months safely, but the common saying is that we are not far from the verge of a panic, trembling a little. Possibly this is unnecessary, but it is unpleasant while it continues. Building goes on with briskness; the Exposition is being pushed right along.

The delegates came home from the National Republican convention with a confident air. There was so much enthusiasm in and around the convention hall, especially just after the last ballot was announced that it charmed them. There seems to be something of the same thing all over the Northern States, and not a few Southern independents are perfectly satisfied with the Republican nominees. The course of Congressman Kellogg was a surprise to his friends, and the fact that heads of departments in the Custom-house voted for President Arthur, and Mr. Kellogg and subordinate Federal employes voted for Blaine is variously commented upon. The impression has got abroad that Mr. Kellogg is not on friendly terms with the administration; he saw the Blaine boom coming up and hopped on to save himself. Well informed Republicans say there will probably be some Custom-house changes, probably not until the campaign is advanced, because President Arthur has no desire to be charged with making a removal for political revenge. The President, we are told, is not that kind of a statesman. But Mr. Blaine has an intimate knowledge of political affairs in Louisiana from the formation of the party here to the present time; he is credited with a wonderful memory of individuals and their records. It is known that he did not favor Mr. Pinchback when he was seeking political advancement in Washington, and if Mr. Blaine is elected it is predicted that our Surveyor and others, without regard to factions of the past, will be asked to give up their offices for a new deal. This view is taken by conservative Republicans also, or rather the conservatives who expect to vote the Republican ticket on the tariff issue. They are confident Mr. Blaine will attempt by a discreet exercise of his influence, to make the Republican party in Louisiana an effective organization with headquarters outside the granite building. Ex-Governor Warmoth, Mr. Burwell and others have been asked to take steps to form a popular Republican party—a representative party—but the ex-Governor is busy with his plantation, does not court the criticism which would follow a count-out under his leadership, and prefers that the friends of Mr. Blaine shall go ahead, direct the thing, and make themselves known and heard. The last revolt of Republican voters in this parish from Custom-house dictatorship was a fair idea of the situation. The people want a leader, and when one is found will cut loose from past leadership in short order.

The International Typographical Union had an agreeable session of several days. The members received much attention and were shown all over the city.

Memorial day—May 30—was observed by thousands at Chalmette. A large number of ladies were present, and added to the interest of the occasion. The day seems to increase in popularity as time goes on, and this is a hopeful sign for the future of the country.

The Sanitariums of neighboring States consulted with the fraternity in this city, and contributed largely to public confidence in the honesty of health authorities. A forty days' detention of vessels at quarantine station is a result of this council and will tell heavily on New Orleans trade with tropical countries.

More anon, GENERAL OBSERVER.

STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest Gleaned from the Louisiana Press.

A black wolf weighing over 100 pounds was recently killed in Catahoula parish. Monroe has had eleven cases of small pox to date, five of which have proved fatal.

The State Supreme Court is in session at Monroe. The docket is light and the term closed last Saturday.

The only two prisoners in the Pointe Coupee jail escaped last week, but one of the fugitives was recaptured.

Nelson Samdors, colored, is to be hanged at Colfax on the 10th of July for the murder of Frank H. Page, a white man.

Trains are running between Delta and Minden Junction, on the Vicksburg and Shreveport railroad, and it will not be long before the road will be completed to Shreveport.

Great dissatisfaction among the people along Bushy Bayou and the Tenasa river is reported by the *Concordia Eagle*. Naked children can be seen climbing over the levees grubbing for crawfish and eating them raw.

A Mississippiian named Madison Monroe Strickland, committed suicide in Rapides parish by shooting himself in the head. The man received an injury of the skull when 13 years of age and was weak minded ever afterwards.

Kinch Malone, a noted thief who was recently pardoned out of the penitentiary on condition that he should leave the State, was caught in possession of a rifled money drawer two weeks ago, in New Orleans.

The store of Mr. Louis Silber, in upper Assumption, was broken into during the night of May 22 and goods and money amounting to \$150 taken therefrom. Vincent Williams was prosecuted for the robbery, but the jury failed to agree and he was released on a bond of \$25.

Mons. P. Regnard has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences the result of some experiments on the influence of extremely high pressure on living organisms. In water under a pressure of 1000 atmospheres soluble ferments were entirely unaffected; infusoria, leeches and mollusks were rendered insensible at 600 atmospheres, but recovered when the pressure was removed; fishes with swimming bladders retained 100 atmospheres, became insensible at 200, and were killed at 300. The addition of even a single atmosphere to the ordinary pressure causes great inconvenience to the human body, and life would become extinct under a very few atmospheres. The pressure borne by the fishes—100 atmospheres—is equivalent to nearly 1500 pounds to the square inch.

The need of merit for promoting personal aesthetics is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose incomparable Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, agreeable, it restores to the scalp the indispensable articles of the toilet. To secure its benefits, wash the scalp and wetted hair with the hair oil.

NOTICE: In another column will be found an article in which all (whether they will or no) are interested. Neglecting to read it may prove a very serious as well as an expensive affair. We refer to the advertisement of Prickly Heat Bitters. A knowledge of its merits and the benefit you or your family may derive from using it will save not only health but many dollars otherwise expended in "Doctors' bills."

Investigations concerning the effect of different forms of artificial illumination on the health have shown that the tallow candle is the most unwholesome agent, and the electric light the best. The incandescent electric lamp produces only about one-thirtieth as much heat as the tallow candle, while it gives out no carbonic acid or water. One gas jet in a room is said to vitiate the air as much as six persons.