

# THE DONALDSONVILLE GAZETTE.

AN INDEPENDENT, WIDE-AWAKE HOME NEWSPAPER. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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Amiable Humane General.

**A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper**

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**L. E. BENTLEY, Editor and Proprietor.**

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Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. Guarantees good work at low rates. Post-office address, Donaldsonville, La.

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Will attend promptly to work in all branches of his profession, such as surveying, mapping, leveling for canals, bridges, rice farms, etc., estimating cost and supervising construction of same. Orders left at the Curry office will meet with immediate attention.

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### "HETTY."

I met her on a railroad train.  
A blonde she was and pretty,  
Her rosy lips and laughing eyes  
Smote me with a pleased surprise,  
And Cupid struck me through his chain—  
I fell in love with "Hetty."

That was the name she gave me then—  
I kissed her and looked and gazed,  
I saw her, softly smiling,  
I knew you've favored me above all men  
Was in love with "Hetty."

'Twas only when she'd quit the train,  
Still looking sweet and pretty,  
I felt how hard it was to leave her,  
This blushing, cooing, arch deceiver!  
She'd robbed me of my watch and chain!  
'I'd no more love for "Hetty."

—Judge.

### THE BLOSSOMED BUD.

BY W. G. CANTON.

'Twas a lady—a three-month old—  
That Death had come to rear,  
As a white and still and cold  
As any babe could be.

But his features softly traced  
A life that was not dead,  
Some one dreaming that had placed  
A rose-bud in its head.

Deeply felt the parents when  
This spirit fluttered free,  
They wept and watched their  
As parents oft must be.

Each the other's picture bore  
Now in the floating face,  
When that heart from his was torn,  
It left no trace.

But when last in his region  
They kissed it mournfully,  
That small bud had grown a rose,  
As sweet as you could be.

With its soft breath it perfumed  
The air and soothed the hour,  
And it smiled and bloomed and bloomed,  
A grand and perfect flower.

Then those hearts grew strangely light,  
And bade their doubts flee;  
They were full of hope as bright  
As the sun on a blue sea.

And the pastor gently said,  
"This little girl is dead,  
That your darling is not dead,  
But blooms in Paradise!"

—Harper's Bazar.

### A TOTAL WRECK.

BY G. E. MEADE.

The following lines were suggested by seeing a poor unfortunate individual, the picture of woe and misery, standing in front of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, who was once the possessor of wealth and home, but squandered everything until he became a pauper:

Don't think I have always been this way,  
As you see me today in the street.  
With my clothes all hanging in tatters  
And generally a shew to my feet.  
I've known a time when I was wealthy,  
Of riches I had a neat store;  
But the ups and downs of a trader,  
Have driven them far from my door.

Don't think I have always been this way,  
So nervous and physically weak.  
For once I was robust and happy,  
And fresh was the glow on my cheek.  
I've known what it is to be healthy,  
Though wretched and desolate now;  
I've felt the warm life of a trader,  
As she pressed her soft lips to my brow.

Don't think I have always been this way,  
For once I had a true loving wife—  
A dear little child in my arms,  
To brighten and gladden my life.  
But tossed on the waves of misfortune,  
I've wrecked on the rocks of adversity,  
The breakers are dashing about me—  
I hear but their terrible roar.

The clouds have no lining of silver  
To bid me to live or to hope;  
I have not the strength or the courage  
With such terrible odds to cope.  
A few more hours of life on my breast,  
The clods will be heaped on my breast,  
And another poor world-wearied mortal  
In a pauper's grave will be cast.

### The Political Phrase, "Eating Crow."

An old farmer who lived somewhere on the Hudson, below Albany, was in the habit of taking a few summer boarders to eke out the earnings of the farm. Like most farmers who take summer boarders and have at the same time a convenient market for their produce, this thrifty successor of the Knickerbockers was accustomed to send all the best products of his farm and garden and choicest butter from his dairy to market, often returning from town with inferior articles which he had purchased at a greatly reduced price, safely hidden away in his wagon box, to be smuggled into the kitchen and palmed off upon the confiding boarders as home-grown produce. Finally some of the boarders began to grumble. They had boarded in the country before and knew well what fresh vegetables and berries, new-laid eggs and "grass" butter were, and were conscious of the fact that they were not getting what they were entitled to. To all their complaints the farmer returned answer, they were entirely "too-particular"; that it was foolish and simple to pamper one's appetite; that ordinary food was best in the long run, and winding up invariably with the remark: "I can eat anything, I can eat a crow."

This last remark was repeated so often that it made an impression on one of the boarders, who, being out shooting one day, and having popped over a crow, determined to put the gastronomic abilities of his host to the test. He carried the bird home, and had the cook dress it and gave her instructions to cook it for dinner. Then, fearful that the farmer might have a stomach even for such a dish and so make good his boast, he slipped into the kitchen where the bird was cooking and reasoned it with Scotch snuff. In time the dish was sent to the table and the boarder placed it before the host with the remark: "Now you have steadily proclaimed your ability to eat a crow. Here is one cooked to a turn. Try it." The farmer was somewhat taken back, but had too much pluck to acknowledge himself beaten without a trial. He accordingly attacked the dish with the remark: "I can do it." At the second bite he repeated: "I can eat crow," and as he suddenly suspended the operation of eating the third mouthful and began to retreat toward the door, he added, "but dang me if I hanker after it!"

The nutmeg trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America, and look like small pear-trees years. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years. In Jamaica there is one tree that every year has on it over 4,000 nutmegs. The fruit is about the size of a peach, and when ripe it breaks open and shows the seed, which is the article known to commerce as the nutmeg.

Judge Raphael Beauvais of St. James, has been appointed Commissioner to represent that parish at the Exposition and to prepare a special exhibit of perique tobacco.

Mr. Louis H. Whitworth, a popular Jeanerette business man, died last week.

### OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

Continued Prevalence of the Elopement Epidemic—A Dissertation on Ill-Assorted Marriages—Jay Gould's Bouncer in Trouble—Dr. Hall's Sensible Church Regulation—Weddings and Politics all the Rage.

New Orleans, Oct. 11, 1884.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The papers are ablaze with excitement at the continuance of the elopement epidemic, and while we are not morally certain that we can prove it contagious on the sporadic theory, it is nevertheless true that the man who has money and pretty daughters had better look out for them, for while it may be possible to take care of one of these treasures in the bank vault or in the strong box of the safe deposit, the other treasure is an uncertain domestic factor that hangs within the reach of every butcher boy, grocery clerk, or coachman, and like the riches spoken of in the good book, it takes wings to itself and flies away. It not only flies away, but the butcher, the grocery clerk or the coachman contrives to fly about the same time, and there lieth the milk in the coconut.

It is well enough to look this thing squarely in the face, and although Broadbrim is not vain enough to suppose anything he can say will prevent any foolish girl from making a mummy of herself, yet there are many services in this world for which we neither expect nor receive any reward, and this is one of them.

When the world was very young Love was blind, and now that he has grown old in addition the original calamity of his birth, he is deaf. No logic moves him, no reason swerves him from his wayward fancies; ruin might be right in front of him, but being blind he does not see it. The most logical reasons might be presented to turn him aside from his headstrong course, but being deaf he does not hear it.

Strong minded females may say what they please, but there is a very wide diversity between men and women, and it is nowhere seen in such glaring colors as in the matter of marriage. An intellectual, cultivated man may possibly marry and love an ignorant uneducated woman, one who notwithstanding her ignorance has a gentle and affectionate nature; one who does her best to soothe him in his hours of sorrow; who thinks of his comforts and provides for them. Men are grateful for these things, for small as they may appear to the unthinking, they are the weights that turn the golden balance of life. Dr. Johnson, the intellectual Colossus of his age, though a coarse brute in his ordinary associations, found in Mrs. Thrale (an ignorant old dowdy) an angel of light, who was a joy and a consolation to him up to the day of her death. Rousseau, a devoted husband, and ignorant as she was, his delight in reading to her the choicest productions of his genius, and it is equally certain that he entertained a most profound reverence for her opinions. Heinrich Heine, when he was electrifying Germany with his writings, was the devoted slave of a woman who could scarcely read one of his manuscripts, and was not only ignorant, but vulgar and ugly. Men may do this, but I doubt if the woman was ever born who could long love a man who is intellectually her inferior. Miss Morisini is not the first young woman who ran away with her father's coachman and she will not be the last, but I have yet to see a single instance where the match was a happy one, and where the woman did not repent her hasty choice in sackcloth and ashes. Now there is no very good reason why a coachman or a stable boy may not be a very good sort of person, but the atmosphere of a stable is not conducive to the highest intellectual culture, and if it were, the young gentlemen who amuse themselves currying the horses and performing the usual chores required in a first-class stable would soon find themselves in college studying Latin and Greek. But the graduates of the stable usually chew tobacco; they smoke also and generally swear, and contracting the habit of kicking the horses, are very apt in moments of excitement to try the experiment on their wives, and right here is the point that materially affects the romantic boarding school miss. Love in a vine clad cottage with John and bread and cheese and kisses is paradise, or at least as near as one can reasonably hope to get to it on this sublunary sphere, but when John comes home drunk, smelling of whiskey and onions, and on Maria Jane's remonstrating with him gives her a black eye, paradise vanishes. Yet this is what John will do every time; hence I say for an educated young lady, whose life surroundings have been gentle and polite, John is a bad investment. Some where in the vicinity of the kitchen John will find his affinity. Susan has been in the habit of ruing the house with a rod of iron which was fortunate enough to secure her services; she will stand no nonsense from any one; if John comes home drunk to her during the honeymoon or after, he wakes up next morning with a pair of black eyes; his head is all covered with plaster; he feels as if he had been run over by a train of cars and then drawn through a knot hole afterwards; he wonders what has happened, but Susan walks about the house singing, "I want to be angel" just as chipper as if every day was Fourth of July or Thanks-giving. Now that's just the kind of angel that John appreciates, and in fact just the kind of angel he needs; the chances are with such an angel as that to go through his pockets whenever she has a chance, and who puts the result of her discovery in the Savings Bank, John will one day have a stable of his own. The highest ambition of a coachman, just as the highest ambition of a prize-fighter, is to retire from the ring and keep a gin mill.

The first mad illusion past, no educated, brainy woman ever loved and ignorant sap-headed sense the world began. After casting her lot with him, she may, silently and without a murmur, have walked to her grave while the canker was eating—but it was the madness of despair. Pause, girls

pause—marry a dwarf if you please, or take a fellow with a hump on his back like a Persian camel; take a fellow with one leg, or a chap with no legs at all; but get a fellow with a head on him; he may be ugly as a kangaroo, but beauty is only skin deep at best, and if he has brain and is a decently sober and industrious man, he is worth all the Johns that ever wore a cockade, cracked a whip, or shivered out a stable. In regard to Mr. Morisini I have very little sympathy for him. For a number of years he occupied the position of Bouncer to Jay Gould. It is almost ten years ago since New York was startled with the news that a man named Selover had thrown Jay Gould down a cellar and killed him. They had been fast friends; at least, Selover thought so, and on Jay Gould's advice, Selover went into a certain fancy store, and while he was worth several thousands when the sun rose that morning—when the sun went down he was cleaned out, just as clean as a shotgun. After the adjournment of the board met Gould, on Exchange Place, and seizing him by the back of his breeches he dropped him down an area; which was not a very astonishing feat for him, for Selover turned the 265, and Gould who happened just then to be in prime condition, weighed 28. After that Mr. Gould never went out alone; next day he engaged Mr. Morisini, who carried Deringers in his pockets and Bowie-knives in his boots. He generally walked about ten feet behind Mr. Gould, and every fellow knew sure as preachin' that if he laid a hand on the little Croesus the friend of Garibaldi would send him into kingdom come before he could say Jack, much less Robinson. By and by, the Bouncer in addition to his salary was allowed to take an occasional flyer at stocks, and aided by Mr. Gould's advice, you may be sure he did not lose. From extreme poverty he mounted to opulence, and while twenty years ago he would have welcomed a rich man's coachman into his family, to-day it gives him a fit of the colic, from which he may not recover. I pity the coachman, for he is bound to lose his wife, but he will lick her first. I pity the girl when the scales drop from her eyes as they are sure to do, and after John has found his way to the penitentiary and Susan is doing washing in a cellar, for fifty cents a dozen, she will realize the beauty of Whittier's lines—"Of all the sad words from tongue or pen, the saddest are these—'It might have been.'"

Dr. John Hall has introduced a most excellent regulation at his magnificent church on the Fifth Avenue. When the service begins the doors are closed, and late comers permitted to admire the beauty of the building from the outside. This prevents any stupid, lazy man, or vain and foolish woman from disturbing the minister and the entire congregation. Long is the list of fashionable weddings announced, taking two whole columns of one of our large dailies. Politics rage, announcements of all kinds are in full blast, and Beecher is back at Plymouth church threatened with a social earthquake. It is evident that Mr. Beecher is not added to his popularity, to say the least, but I presume he feels abundantly able to paddle his own canoe. We can't get out of the way of politics no matter how hard we try. Procession meet or everywhere, banners flout in our faces. Orators are as plenty as the autumn leaves. John Kelly has spoken—though he did not say much—it was enough. It is a consolation to know that both sides are right, and that both are satisfied. We shall undoubtedly know more about it on November 5th than we do at present, and quietly awaiting that time, I am,

Yours truly,  
BROADBRIM.

### STATE NEWS.

Gleanings from the Newspapers of Louisiana.

Thos. J. Lyles, an old and respected resident of Calcasieu parish, died on the 18th inst.

More than fifty specimens of native woods will be sent to the Exposition from Lafayette parish.

Two hundred and two boys and girls received communion at the St. Martinville Catholic church last week.

Mrs. C. Mulhally's handsome residence in Shreveport was recently destroyed by fire, with nearly all its contents.

A schooner was caught against the railroad bridge at Morgan City and the masts had to be cut away to release her.

John Neely was shot and instantly killed in a ball room at the residence of Mrs. Clara Williams, Calcasieu parish. The perpetrator of the deed is unknown.

The people of Lincoln parish are to vote at the coming election on the question as to whether the parish seat shall be changed from Vienna to Ruston.

A colored woman named Walker has been arrested in Morgan City charged with attempting to murder her new-born infant by throwing it in a vault.

The gin-house of Mr. Prospero Chretien in Lafayette parish was destroyed by fire, together with a quantity of cotton and outfit seed. Loss \$7,000; no insurance.

Mr. J. E. Beauchamp of East Feliciana parish had three fingers and a thumb cut in his cotton gin. His friend, A. B. Powell, took the place of the wounded man, and while feeding the gin had one arm mangled so that amputation between the elbow and shoulder became necessary.

Mrs. Wm. Langebecker of Gretna will send to the Exposition "a globe of five hundred different kinds of exotics made of fish scales; also, a large frame containing a basket of flowers embodying every variety of the flora of Louisiana." So says the Gretna Courier.

Mr. A. Cher of Iberville parish jumped from a train on the T. & P. railroad, breaking an arm and a leg; and the same afternoon his son, Master L. Acher had his sculp lacerated and a finger carried away by the accidental discharge of his gun while out hunting.

### OUR NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

Partial Burning of the Northeastern Railroad Bridge—Sunday Excursions—The Theatre Opened—The Rent Question—Political Matters—A Retort Disconcerts from the "Item."

New Orleans, Oct. 23, 1884.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The large fire of the Northeastern railroad bridge across Lake Pontchartrain within a few hours time played havoc with that magnificent piece of engineering. The company immediately employed several hundred men and after a very short delay was again running its trains across. They were facilitated in their operations, supply of crooked timber on hand at Slidell station for use in such an emergency. The bridge disaster caused a temporary suspension of the cheap and agreeable Sunday excursions from New Orleans to Slidell, the cleanest, breeziest trip out from New Orleans. No sooner, however, were the new timbers placed than the excursions were resumed. From the sandy and dusty streets of the city one can ride out to the lake shore and along it for a distance of about sixteen miles on trestle-work; then six miles of bridge; then pass five miles of woods on the opposite side. Provided with a family lunch basket and a cup one can pass the day in the shade, in an odoriferous atmosphere, and drink cool spring water for additional refreshment. This is now the only regular excursion out of the city, the Jackson and Mobile having been suspended for the season.

The Academy and St. Charles theatres have opened, but no first-class attractions have appeared on the boards. West End and Spanish Fort are subsiding as popular resorts, except on Sundays, when the fishermen and bathers indulge in their favorite pastimes.

The general topic of interest is the rent question. The landlords have not yielded in the least to protests, and a steady rise of prices is taking place. The boarding room rents, servant hire, etc., which can not fail to operate injuriously against the Exposition interests. The Mayor went out to find a room without board for two friends of his to occupy, and the keeper boldly asked ten dollars a day. This incensed his honor that he sent a special messenger to the Council asking them to take some action to repress the greedy tendency of boarding house keepers. Probably there is no authority vested in the Council to regulate this matter, and much depends on an enlightened public opinion, whether hospitality or greed shall triumph during the Exposition period.

Politically, the Ohio election causes the advocates of Blaine and Logan to feel hopeful. Now and then some one here talks about carrying Louisiana for the National Republican ticket, and a Northern newspaper has occasionally seen the expression. But it is difficult to understand on what basis these hopes are expressed, for the reason that party organization or campaign work has not been attempted in four-fifths of the State. In the First District there is a Reform and a regular Democratic candidate in the field, dividing the vote of that party; the Republicans have thrown away a first-class opportunity to elect a Congressman by permitting the party nomination to go by default, and then finally into the hands of the revolutionists Joseph H. Acklen. The Republican vote is divided by this blunder. In the Second District, after the declaration of P. F. Herwig the nomination was tendered to and accepted by Judge Michael Hahn. This is a wise selection, and should be the signal of a bold and aggressive campaign, yet only a few days remain before election day, and not a meeting called or held to indicate a deliberate canvass.

The Third District is always Republican and hence requires least attention, yet about all the party work done in the State is carried out within its borders. No candidate heard from in the Fourth District to oppose Mr. Blanchard. In the Fifth District, where two factions of Democracy are fighting each other and refusing to arbitrate their differences, a Republican candidate, and he will receive a portion of the organized Republican vote, and no accessions because of the Democratic split. No organization will be attempted in many parishes, and Republicans will deposit ballots for a candidate in the field. In the Sixth District we are told that Mr. Swayze has commenced a canvass. Will he be sustained or his candidacy killed by a rival faction? There are a great many voters ready to vote for Blaine and Logan and they are surprised at the inactivity shown by the Republican party, and are even ready to credit the flying rumors that the interests of the National ticket are to be sacrificed in Louisiana, by deliberate design to advance the selfish interests of local politicians. The State may be safely placed in the Cleveland column, unless some vigorous campaigning shall be undertaken in the next few days.

The aim of your correspondent through the medium of these letters is to supply your readers with an accurate record of current events, opinions, etc. The *Gitty Item* has frequently replenished with approving comment portions of them; and your correspondent, who is a subscriber and reader of the *Item*, is not aware that on any occasion, he has made any disrespectful reference to it whatever. This evening it violates the usual spirit of courtesy, as follows: "The New Orleans correspondent of the Donaldsonville Chief simply falsifies when he writes in regard to the raise in rents, etc., and very strange to say, the *Times-Democrat*, the Exposition organ, and all the city dailies, with a solitary exception, have failed to utter a word of protest." Your correspondent would readily assent to a statement shown to be at variance with the facts, and which would therefore misrepresent any paper or person; but in this instance no evidence is cited, and your correspondent verily believes none can be proved that he was either negligent in observation or making other than a strictly correct statement. If the *Item* can disprove it from its files, and will specify the date of appearance of any overlooked article, containing a protest to high rents, it will be a matter of interest to many besides this writer, who were disappointed by its position on this subject at general discussion and prime importance. More soon. GENERAL OBSERVER.

### OUR GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

The light in the new light-house at Holt Gata is the most powerful one in the world. The public schools of Portsmouth, Ont., have been closed to prevent an epidemic of diphtheria.

Out of about 600 cases of smallpox noted in New York the past summer 260 turned out to be dummies.

A bill before the Vermont Legislature provides a bounty of fifty cents to \$1.00 per bushel for grasshoppers.

A bill has been introduced into the Vermont Legislature providing for the execution of murderers by electricity.

Over \$90,000,000 in United States green-back notes was destroyed by the government during the last fiscal year.

Jesse James' mother and widow have brought suit against a St. Louis publishing house to recover \$12,000 royalty on the life of the desperado.

Stirling Hall wears a No. 73 hat, receives a salary of \$200 a month during his present engagement and shares with a pair of trousers.

There is an orange tree at Tampa, Fla., which bears 12,000 oranges every season and has a trunk six feet three inches in circumference.

Moses Williams, colored, aged 115, died in Barwell, Tenn., October 17. He was the father of forty-three children, all of whom are living.

A farmer in Washoe county, Nevada, has three horses aged thirty-five, twenty-four and twenty-one years all in perfect health and doing regular work.

Frank Chanfrau selected as epiphant the quotation from "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," "I've done my level best. I ain't got nothing to take back."

In digging a hole to plant a St. John flagpole in Indiana the workmen struck a spring of water. A hole was bored in the pole and it was transformed into a pump. In the Temple Emanuel, on Fifth avenue, New York—the largest and most influential Jewish congregation in America—the minister and a large number of members are in favor of Sunday services.

FOREIGN.

The expenses of the Nile expedition will cost England £10,000,000.

The Grand Hotel at Lanubrunnen, Germany, was destroyed by fire October 20; loss \$100,000.

The new railway station at Birmingham, England, cost nearly \$2,000,000, and is the largest in the world.

The Pope has sent \$2000 to Catania for relief of the sufferers from the recent cyclone.

Thibetans do not bury their dead, but throw them to wild beasts and birds of prey.

Faces of the brigands who attacked the Turkish mail caravan from Bagdad and robbed it of \$300,000, have been captured.

A famous Vienna oculist has just succeeded in restoring sight to a couple of patients aged respectively 96 and 102 years.

At the Antwerp Exhibition next year a curious Congo village including the chief's hut and a genuine "fetish man" will be shown.

Among the instructions issued for the guidance of the proposed Nile expedition is one prohibiting foul language from being used to the camels.

The Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the late Czar, intends in future to make Paris her principal residence.

The German Theatre at Moscow, Russia, and seventy-six shops have been destroyed by fire, the damage amounting to \$5,000,000.

The inhabitants of Brunswick are ordered to wear mourning for two months for the late Wilhelm, first Duke of Brunswick.

The Chinese are fleeing from Shanghai. China will be in straits for cash to continue the war.

It is rumored El Madi's Amerat at Berber was killed during the bombardment.

King John of Abyssinia demands that Sushit be given up to him.

Gen. Gordon is at Semmar, fighting the rebels and collecting taxes.

Gen. Gordon captured Shendi and Nelmeh on Oct. 6.

The road from Khartoum to Semmar is free of rebels.

A band of outlaws is plundering the country and people near Massowah.

Five French men-of-war are stationed before Kelang and eight before Tamsui.

The Chinese under Ling Mingshean defeated 1800 French at Tam Sin on the 15th.

Gen. Wolsley has ordered the Madir to proceed to Merawe to rescue the prisoners said to be in the hands of the Arabs.

Two battles were fought at Lang King, one resulting in the defeat of the Chinese and the other in the defeat of the French.

Sheikhs from Khartoum, Shendi district, with 15,000 followers, have submitted to the Madir.

El Madi's followers are dying from drinking polluted water and their cattle from fly-bites.

A native contractor is supplying 2000 men.

Another engagement has been fought on the shore of the Tamsui, in which 8000 Chinese were killed.

A loan of \$3,000,000 has been obtained by the Chinese Government from the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank.

The Chinese army completely dispersed after its recent defeat at Hanoi, abandoning their wounded and an immense amount of provisions on the field.

The French commanders if ordered to march to Pekin will ask for a complete corps of 40,000 men, pontoon trains, 5000 horses, twelve field guns, shore hospitals for 8000 men, and a number of light draught gun boats.