THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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

VOLUME XIV. DONALDSONVILLE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1885. NUMBER 19.

The Donaldsonville Chief

Contains Current Events.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

Published Every Saturday Morning at

Donaldsonville, Ascension Parish, La.,

—BY—

L. E. BENTLEY, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year	$2 00
One copy, six months	1 25
Six copies, one year	10 00
Twelve copies, one year	18 00

Payable in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Space.	1 week.	2 weeks.	1 month.	3 months.	1 year.
One inch	$3 00	$5 00	$6 50	$11 00	$15 00
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1 column	40 00	50 00	55 00	65 00	100 00

Transient advertisements, $1 per square first insertion; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

Official or legal advertisements, $1 per square first insertion; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents per square.

Editorial notices, first insertion, 15 cents per line; subsequently, 10 cents per line.

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—AND—

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NEW ORLEANS.

DANIEL S. LAMONT.

Governor Cleveland's Private Secretary and Confidential Assistant.

The President-elect is fortunate in having a private secretary of exceptional ability, prudence and sagacity. Two men more unlike than they are in physical characteristics could scarcely be found. Cleveland is large and portly; Lamont only five and a half feet high and spare. They are often seen walking together, arm in arm, at Albany, and their intimacy is to be continued after the Governor shall have become President Cleveland.

Daniel S. Lamont is the grandson of a worthy couple who came to this country from Scotland, and some of his peculiarities, particularly his caution and reticence, are decidedly those of natives of the "land of bannocks." He was born in Cortland county, New York, February 9, 1851, the only child of a country merchant. Lamont received an academic education. After graduation he assisted his father in the store, but disliked the employment and soon was busily at work as a politician, although still under age.

His first office was as a deputy Clerk in New York. Next he was a clerk in the New York Assembly, in 1870, 1871 and 1875. In 1876-77 he acted as Chief Clerk in the New York State Department, under John Bigelow. Mr. Tilden recognized his abilities at the time he was Governor of New York and engaged them during the period of his candidature for the Presidency. From 1875 to 1883 Mr. Lamont was secretary of the Democratic State committee of New York. On January 1, 1883, he was appointed to his present position—private and military secretary of Governor Cleveland with the title of Colonel and a salary of $4000 a year. His salary as private secretary of President Cleveland will be $3250 a year.

Mr. Lamont is an indefatigable worker, frequently not reaching his home from official business until midnight. He is a married man and the father of two children.

OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

A Review of the Past Year—Falling Off in New Year's Calls—Closing Hours of an Unpopular Administration—Tammany's Set-Back—The Finest Building Yet—Ristori's Failure—Beecher and his Church—Slugger Sullivan Snubbed, etc.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1885.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The New Year's chimes rang merrily out on the murky air of Thursday morning, announcing at once the birth of a new year and the death of the old one. All the city bells gave musical welcome to the new-born year of 1885, and the parting salute from multitudes of fire-arms bade farewell to the year which had just passed away. 1884 will not soon be forgotten.

Agriculturally it has been one of the most remarkable years of the century. Scarcely in men's memory has the labor of the husbandman been crowned with such abundance, and, strange as it may seem, this manifestation of God's goodness is looked upon throughout all the land in the light of a positive calamity. So abundant is the great harvest in the West, that it will not pay the farmer to carry it to market, and on hunderds of farms they are burning the corn to keep them warm in the bitter frosty weather. To many this may seem like waste, but it is quite as necessary to keep people from freezing as from starving.

Financially, 1884 has been without a parallel. It stands almost alone in the ruin and disaster it leaves behind. But the terrible lessons of the year which is gone are not an unmixed evil, if they serve to teach us the value of old-time honesty in our dealings with our fellow men, and that a fair character is worth more than gold—that the questionable and thievish speculations which have made a few men prominent as millionaires, shall not receive commendation and honor, while real honesty is left neglected to starve. We have been running under too high pressure. Money, money has been the cry, and like the Israelites of old, we have fallen in abject worship before the golden calf. The exposure of the utter rottenness of the system on which colossal fortunes have been built up, has not been ill-timed. As things were going, it was only a question of time when one-half of the community would be paupers and the other half thieves.

These immense individual aggregations of capital are not good for the country. A more equal division of a nation's wealth is conducive of greater happiness to the many, and the hoarse mutterings that rise from unemployed and suffering thousands at the opening of the new year, ere it closes may be a more direful portent to these millionaires than the handwriting on the wall that pronounced the doom of the Assyrian king.

The keeping of open house on New Year's day was by no means as general as it has been in years past, and baskets hung on many doors which on New Years' days have been the portals to a lavish and generous hospitality. Even in the houses that received, the tables were indicative of the times. Hot coffee and lemonade marked the boundary of ordinary dissipation, while mild sedatives of claret punch and ginger ale and such innocuous drinks were occasionally offered to the more intemperate who still withstood the fulminating thunders of St. John. Our cheap cab system was a blessing to the young dudes who put on a little extra swell on New Year's day, and who revenged themselves on the other 364 days of the year by riding on the 1st of January. Two dollars and a half for a cab, clean collar, a cane and a straight breasted coat made each dude feel like a Jay Gould, and the cab enabled him to dispense with an overcoat—a garment not in favor, however, with dudedom in general. In consequence of the mild nature of the drinks, there were fewer drunken men than usual, and on the whole we had a very quiet, unexciting New Year's day.

The only thing that marred the city's peace was the closing hours of the Board of Aldermen, the scene resembling a second-class dog pit more than a session of the greatest corporate body in the Union. Up to the closing moments of his official existence Mayor Edson seemed to think that some combination might be formed by which he could punish the enemies who had denied him a renomination. It was rumored everywhere that thousands of dollars were scattered as bribes to different parties to prevent the Mayor's nominee from being confirmed. Be that as it may, the tactics were successful, and Hubert O. Thompson held the fort against Edson and his clans. If John Kelly took a hand in the fight the effort was a feeble one. The Great Sagamore, a blast from whose bugle horn was worth a thousand men, never put in an appearance. It is said that he regards his work in electing Cleveland as the fatal mistake of his life, and feels that the sceptre has passed away from Tammany, and instead of being a dictator as of old he must now appear as a suppliant, cap in hand, for the smallest favor. The silver voice of O'Grady is no longer heard; Spinola's shirt-collar is limp and broken; lots of the braves are quitely deserting to the camp of the enemy; and the sale of the New York *Star*, the organ of the Wigwam, is a confession that they have hauled down the flag. Nearly $500,000 has been sunk in the venture. If Tammany had won, the city patronage might have floated it for a time, but it is now settled that a mere personal organ can not live in New York. Even Jay Gould, with his millions, was forced to take water when he urged his personality too offensively on the press and people of New York. If it should pass into other hands as a one-cent paper it might possibly meet with success if it abandons its bitter vindicitve personal character.

The exit of the disputable horde which disgraced our Common Council for the past three years is hailed by our citizens with delight, feeling assured that whatever trials Providence may yet have in store for us, there can be nothing worse than the Thugs we have got rid of; and we are in hopes that the new gang may possibly be a little better.

One thing this year will be remarkable for, that is the number of magnificent buildings which have been erected in different parts of the city while other kinds of business have been paralyzed. Individuals and coporations have rushed into a wild extravagance in buildings, never seen before in the city. Now comes the Standard Oil Company, whose new building on Broadway, just above the Produce Exchange, promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever seen in New York. I shall defer a description of it for some future occasion; but it stands on Broadway as a sort of challenge and mopane to the unemployed thousands who pass it every day, and who ask how this giant monopoly got possession of its millions.

The amusements of holiday week have been varied and passably good, but the most remarkable feature of the week has been its failures and not its successes. Great things were expected of Ristori; she was going to revive the good old classic drama, and bring it back to the golden age of the stage once more. Instead of a tremendous success, she has been one of the most lamentable failures of the season, the great tragedienne scarcely being the ghost of her former self.

Damrosch came over to Plymouth church with the oratorio of Messiah. It was splendidly sung. The vocal portion was a musical triumph, the instrumentation has not been surpassed in Brooklyn; but financially it was the deadest of dead failures. The church was not half full and the receipts were away below the expenses. There is no mistake but the Plymouth pastor has given his church a black eye. Many old members have withdrawn and sought spiritual consolation in other fields; large accessions have taken place to Dr. Storrs and Dr. Behrend's churches, and among them are many of those who were formerly regarded as the staunchest pillars of Plymouth church. Meanwhile the sturdy old Puritan pastor, like Fitzjames in the "Lady of the Lake," cries:

Come one—come all, these rocks shall fly
From their firm base as soon as I.

The most woful of all failures was that of the slugger Sullivan. An excellent actor and estimable gentleman by the name of Lamb conceived it would be a good idea to get the great knocker-out to act on the stage, and at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he produced Brougham's "Lottery of Life." Great were the expectations of a jam, but when the time came the people were not there. On Wednesday morning the *World* published an account of an assault on a waiter girl in Boston, and the result was that Brooklyn gave Sullivan the cold shoulder. It is time these ruffians were banished to the penitentiary or the slums, and I hope that this will be the last public exhibition in these parts of the Boston slugger.

This letter is number 300 and completes a succession of letters for the past six years and is the end of volume second, the first being commenced twelve years ago. Trusting to receive a continuance of the favor which has followed me through all these years, I am

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

WET WEATHER TALK.

BY J. W. RILEY.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice.

Now generally to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence'
And takes things as they come—
That is, the communality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has wrestled the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different—
I've seen young men that knowed it all,
An' didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball;
But, all the same, the rain come way
Rained just as hard on picnic day;
Or when they really wanted it
It may be wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little shifts o' clouds'll shet
The sun off now and then.
But may be as you're wonderin' who
You fool-like lent you're umbrella to,
And want it, out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you ain't got none.

It aggravates the farmers, too—
There's too much wet, or too much sun,
Or work, or waitin' round to do
Before the plowing's done.
And may be, like as not, the wheat,
Just as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn's a jintin' out!

These here cyclones kinoolin' round—
And hack'ard crops—and wind and rain—
And yit the corn that's wallered down
May show up again.
They ain't no sense, as I can see,
For mortals, sich as you an' me,
A faultin' Nature's wise intents
And lock'n horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice. —*Chicago News.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Congressional Library, its Keeper and Visitors—What Our Statesmen Read—A Literary Congress—Mr. Randall Goes South—Santa Claus at the White House, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 29, 1884.

EDITOR CHIEF:

It is interesting to sit in the Congressional library, to watch the members and Senators who come in, and listen to their questions. There is a sort of tradition about the Capitol that the Librarian, Mr. Spofford, knows everything, and can answer any and all questions. They came to him to know the author of some saying or expression of remote origin, to get apt quotations, to decided upon authorities, and to tell them just where they can find all about any matter they have in mind. He is even asked for the views of the great men of the country, running back to the time of Washington, upon certain leading questions. He has certainly a remarkable fund of information to draw from, for the collection of books over which he presides is the greatest in the country. Though the part of the Capitol occupied by the library furnished shelf-room for only 600,000 volumes there are 835,000 stowed away there. A large number are "entombed" in the dark and badly ventilated vaults in the cellar. The shelves along the long aisles of the library are piled one above another with valuable books until they reach the roof, two stories high. There are stored the best collection of newspapers in the world. There are continuous files of British papers, running back for two centuries, and American papers for over a century. The file running farthest back of the American publications is the Philadelphia *North American*, which, under the name of the *Packet*, was the first daily paper published in America. It appeared as the *Packet* in 1771. Afterwards the name was changed to *Claypoll's Advertiser*, then to *Poulson's Daily Advertiser*, and finally, in 1839, to the name it now bears.

I like to go over to the Library when I am at the Capitol, and study the various phases of Congressional life exhibited there. Congressmen come and go, and there are so many of them that their literary indulgence is diversified. There are always a few veteran students of finance and political economy in both houses. Then, the railroad question is attracting a great deal of attention now. There is a constant demand for a book to [illegible] in a concise form the legislation of all [illegible] states concerning corporations and [illegible] of its application. There [illegible] book, and I don't know that anything contemplates preparing one. As it is, the members and Senators devour all they can find upon the subject, and are constantly seeking information. The social question, so far as it enters into the question of the control of the body of the people through the influence of corporations, is an interesting problem. I have observed a group of members and Senators who particularly study these questions, and they pay daily visits to the Library. Some of our legislators evince a decided preference for light reading-novels, poetry and all kinds of fiction, but chiefly voyages and travels. Stories of the Arctic regions and narratives of the explorations in Africa, along the Congo basin, are much read. A peculiar feature now observable is the popularity of poetry in this Congress. All the British and American poets are read.

Mr. Randall started on his southern trip Saturday, accompanied by his wife and Representative McAdoo. He has received invitations to extend his tour through about twenty southern cities, but owing to lack of time has been obliged to decline all and confine his visit to Louisville, Nashville, Birmingham and Chattanooga. Several special correspondents accompany him on the trip.

When the President awoke Christmas morning he found his stocking filled with the usual number of hammered silver button-hooks, toilet articles, umbrellas with silver heads, choice brands of cigars, etc. The servants at the White House each received a bright, new five-dollar gold piece from the hand of their master, with the usual Christmas greeting. In addition the steward was directed to present the family of each servant with a big fat turkey.

Samuel J. Tilden has engaged quarters here for the inauguration. He is expected to arrive March 1.

Yours truly, ALERT.

He Thanks His Paper.

Mr. Editor—I was induced by reading your good paper to try Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for debility, liver disorder and scrofula, and three bottles have cured me. Accept my thanks. Jos. C. Boggs.

EVA MACKAY.

The Irish-American Girl Who is the Bride-Elect of a Prince.

The news is confirmed that Miss Eva Mackay, the only child of John W. Mackay, is to be married to Ferdinand Colonna, Prince of Galatro. Every reader is more or less acquainted with the interesting career of the father of the bride-elect. He is generally spoken of as "The Bonanza King," and his countrymen as a rule regard with satisfaction, unmixed with envy, his possession of the enormous wealth which alone makes it possible for him to be prospectively the father-in-law of a Prince. Mackay has been fortunate, it is true; but it is also true that he has been industrious and enterprising, and his career is striking evidence of what can be done in this country by the humblest citizen in the way of advancing himself in fortune. Though Mackay began mining operations with pick and shovel, he is now worth many millions of dollars, and figures among the great capitalists of the world. He spends a great deal of time in this country, but his residence is in Paris, where his wife and daughter live in luxurious splendor. Besides his mining interests on this continent, Mr. Mackay is a proprietor in the gorgeous Hoffman House, New York, and owns leading rights in one of the Trans-Atlantic cables.

The marriage of his daughter with the Prince of Galatro will ally the representative of a long line of aristocrats with a girl of lowly birth, but who is amiable and accomplished and, as the reader sees for himself, possessed of pleasing personal qualities. It will take place in a short time, doubtless with the [illegible] which characterize [illegible] in which the Mackays have part.

Prince Colonna, Prince of Galatro, belongs to the Neopolitan branch of the illustrous Colonna family, the Colonna-Stigliano. He is a popular nobleman, twenty-seven years of age, handsome and elegant. His family and that of the Orsinis, were among the most powerful families of Rome during the middle ages. Even then it was of ancient lineage. The Colonnas are said to own nearly 150 castles and villas in Italy.

IN THE FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS.

ELVIRA SIDNOR MILLER.

Down each little dusky street,
Where the house-tops nearly meet,
And the warm light falls erewhile
O'er the brown and ruddy tile;
I'll wander to and fro,
Thro' the scenes of long ago;
List to some chanson Creole
Falling on ear of gold,
While the Mississippi's tide
Lapters past the court-yards wide,
And the amber sunset pours
Thro' the stained glass of the doors.
On this balcony of stone,
Where the orange trees have thrown
All the whiteness of their bloom,
All their exquisite perfume,
I can fancy that I see
Some dead beauty smile on me.
Fan in hand she lingers near,
With a rose behind her ear,
Whilst a truant love-lock slips
Past the heaven of her lips,
Till I can but pause to greet her—
This enchanting senorita.
In this haunt of light and shadow,
Woks the sweetest serenade,
Underneath the casements dim,
Barred by moonbeams long and slim.
After day time's jar and din
Echoed lute and mandolin,
Then along the dusky street
Stole the satin slippered feet
Of the Quadroon beauties, all
Going homeward from the ball,
In their jewels and their laces,
With the star-shine in their faces.
Winds that blow from off the seas
Steal thro' quaint, green jalousies,
Bend the slim Narcissus stalks
By the lonely courtyard walks,
Where the violet's blue rim
Gleams about the fountain's brim.
Some little Negress turbaned fine,
Like a bronze Hagadis outline;
Greets you on your languid way
With a softly breathed "Entrez,"
And with most exquisite grace
Bids you welcome to the place.
Sweet it is to wander down
In the heart of old "French town,"
Past the quaint cathedral walls,
When the vesper music falls,
Past the Bishop's ancient palace,
Brimmed with memories of a chalice;
Past the stately "Lover's Palm,"
Looming in the rosy calm,
While the white sails gleam again
O'er the blue of Pontchartrain,
And in "Congo Square" to-day
Waits the dance for "Blue Coupé."
Oh, the witchery that lies
O'er this Creole paradise,
O'er this wonderful "French Quarter,"
By the Mississippi water;
Clinging to the very last
To the glory of the past,
To the laughter and the tears
Of the sweet forgotten years;
To the love songs breathed by lips
Silenced by the grave's eclipse,
All that shrines itself apart
In the dreaming poet's heart.

—*Courier-Journal.*

In the Cincinnati *Knights Journal* for September appears a portrait and biographical sketch of Hon. Michael Brooks of New Orleans, Grand Commander of the Knights of the Golden Rule for Louisiana and a prominent member of several other orders, including the Masons, Knights of Honor, American Legion of Honor and Knights of Pythias.

A mammoth painting of Niagara Falls in winter, recently completed, has been pronounced the greatest landscape ever done in America. It is valued at $30,000, and has been purchased by H. H. Warner, of Cleveland.

It has been discovered that the emeralds which adorned the crown of the Empress Eugenie are false. They were purchased by an English nobleman for $40,000, which has been returned.

OUR GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

The Pittsburg ballet-girls have organized a strike.

The Hudson ice harvest at Troy is estimated at 185,000 tons.

Philadelphia used more than 20,000 Christmas trees last month.

The new Pension Building will be used for the inauguration ball.

The highest priced pew in Grace Church, New York, is $2000 per year.

Oshkosh, Wis., has a factory which turned out last year 60,000 pounds of genuine Swiss cheese.

The first prize in English composition at Yale College has been taken by a Chinese sophomore.

Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte's daughter, Miss Constance Edgar, will take the veil about Easter time.

Thirty thousand roller-skating skats have been built in the United States within the past two years.

The Dismal Swamp of Virginia is to be enlarged to a ship canal. The work will occupy six years.

On New Year's Eve the St. Louis papers printed twelve columns of names of those who would receive.

Contributions to the Hocking Valley miners since the beginning of the strike have amounted to $70,000.

More than 143 deliberate murders have occurred in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado since the 1st of August.

The charred remains of twenty-one victims of the Brooklyn Catholic Orphan Asylum were placed in three coffins and interred with great ceremony.

Miss Grace Harding Hammond, the daughter of Belle Boyd, the "Rebel Spy," was married in Dallas, Texas, to a young Englishman who claims to be the Earl of Linwood.

One day last week the temperature differed 100 degrees in this country. At Florida Keys the thermometer registered 70 degrees above and at Duluth, Minn., 30 degrees below zero.

It has been decided in Utah that a plural wife does not, upon the death of her husband of a man, become a widow in law, and that in the absence of a will she can not inherit his property.

Gen. Grant's friends have pledged themselves to raise the $100,000 necessary to satisfy his debt to W. H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Vanderbilt having agreed to deduct $50,000 from the whole claim.

Among the students at the University of Vermont, this term, is an old man aged 68 years who has a number of children and has been married three times. He takes part in all the college games.

FOREIGN.

King Alfonso of Spain is again very ill. Chess begins the use of postal cards this week.

All the theatrical matinees at Paris take place on Sunday.

Six brigand chiefs were captured and two killed near Salonica.

Mary Anderson is to make a tour of America a year from this winter.

The Catholic Church is about to establish a floating mission on the Amazon.

Reports from the Sandwich Islands indicate great development of leprosy.

Seats for the first night of Bernhardt's representation of "Theodora," at Paris, sold for $60.

The formation of a Congo monarchy under a German Prince is being discussed in court circles.

There are seventy women in France who have received the distinction of the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The municipality of Vienna declared Strauss, the composer, free from all local rates for the rest of his life.

The Russian Government is about to establish a naval station a Novorossiisk, Black Sea, at a cost of ten millions.

Princess Beatrice will still reside with her mother, Queen Victoria, after her marriage to Prince Henry of Battenberg.

The impressario of the Italian opera at Lima has been fined forty soles for not raising the curtain punctually at 8 P. M.

Nicholas Alexandrovich, Czarewitch of Russia, has been betrothed to one of the youngest daughters of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

The official statistics of the recent Spanish earthquakes show a loss of $600,000 and 227 houses in Malaga, 1400 buildings and 900 lives in Albunnitas, 653 in Granada, 209 in Alhama and 135 in Arenas Del Rey. A subscription has been started for the sufferers headed by the King with $6000.

WAR NOTES.

Five boats of the Black Watch contingent have arrived at Merti.

Camel drivers are deserting the expedition in large numbers.

Gen. Gordon estimates El Mahdi's force from 20,000 to 30,000 men.

Four men-of-war have been ordered to Chinese waters to reinforce Admiral Courbet's squadron.

El Mahdi's followers are gathered in force at Mizaneiah, twelve hours' march from Omderman.

Gen. Briere De Lisle has been fighting pirates at Hongyen, killing 300 and capturing many more.

Gen. Wolseley has received news from Gen. Gordon dated Dec. 14, saying that Khartoum was all right.

A whale boat belonging to the Nile expedition, capsized at Dasbeh, and a Major and two men of the Black Watch regiment were drowned.

Advices from Khartoum to end of November state that Gen. Gordon had repulsed several minor attacks, and had food and ammunition for several months.

A Chinese gunboat trying to force the blockade of Formosa and having fourteen Englishmen among the crew was captured off Tai-Wan-Foo by the French gunboat Lagalissoniere.

Gen. Gordon, upon learning that Dedeinn Arabs came to the wells during the night, sent armed boats to guard the wells, causing great suffering among the rebels, many of whom died from small-pox and dysentery.