THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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

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Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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—BY—

L. E. BENTLEY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Respectfully, R. T. S. CO.,

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A Tour of Inspection.

I chanced to be in New Orleans a few days since, and took occasion to visit some of the large establishments while there; the most extensive and thoroughly conducted of all that I went through was the "RED STAR," corner of Canal and Exchange Place, of which Mr. Arthur Darieu, one of those clever pushing men you meet so rarely now-a-days, is the proprietor. This mammoth establishment is really a sight, and I made note after note, until, as you see me in this picture, I had a stack of them under my arm. There are more handsome shoes for men, boys, ladies and children than you ever dreamed of, and the beauty is everything is of the best stock and away down in price. I think I saw there over 10,000 straw hats which they are selling from 10c. up. They showed me numerous orders from the country. Persons desiring a hat just send them the size, age of person and price they wish to pay, and the Red Star sends them the best goods that can be had for the money. They also carry an immense stock of Trunks, Valises, Baskets, Umbrellas and Parasols. This is the most pushing and reliable house in its line in the city, and I would advise my friends to try them.

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Red Star Shoe Store,

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PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

PORTRAIT AND SKETCH OF THE CHIEF SOUTHERN POET.

His Four-Roomed Cottage Among the Sweet Smelling Georgia Pines—His Picturesquely Adorned Study—The Poet and His Books.

A feeling of regret and sadness filled the hearts of those who read recently that Paul H. Hayne, the southern poet, had been suddenly attacked with blood clot on the brain and died next day. Mr. Hayne has long been almost an invalid. He has had slight hemorrhages from the lungs for years. It is only the watchful care of a lovely and loving wife that has kept him able to do any literary work at all.

The whole country will share in the regret at the announcement of Mr. Hayne's death. Gradually he was becoming more and more favorably known as a poet, and his literary contributions were more and more frequent in the best periodicals of the country.

Paul Hayne's history is rather romantic. He comes of a South Carolina family of long descent. His uncle it was, Col. Robert Y. Hayne, who had the memorable controversy with Daniel Webster in the United States senate on the occasion when "Black Dan" passed his celebrated encomium on Massachusetts and said: "There she stands, look at her!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

But he did not have so bad a life of it at first. He was born in Charleston in 1830. His family was well-to-do and he enjoyed all the advantages of wealth and a choice society.

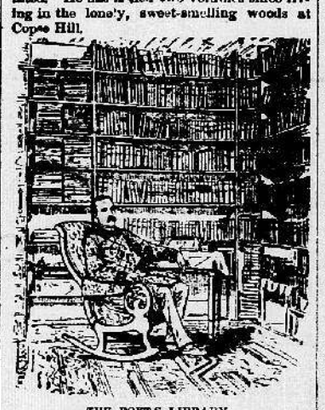
At the time Hayne passed his young manhood there, Charleston was also the center of a literary life which has never since been equaled. It was the home of John C. Calhoun, of Gilmore Sims and of Legare. From these Hayne drew incitements to his young ambition. A good-looking, gallant youth he was, slight and graceful, with piercing black eyes and a clear, dark complexion, whose freshness he retained at the age of 56.

He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He never practiced his profession. Probably in those days he was too busy inditing "sonnets to his lady's eyebrow" to look after clients. He was married at 22 to his devoted, sunny wife.

He was and is still an ultra-southerner. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army as a member of Gen. Pickens' staff. His health had never been robust, and the exposures of a soldier's life did not help it any. After that, troubles came thick and fast. His mother had been wealthy "befo' de wah." That swept away all. Haynes' future was not promising. He was too much of a poet to enter on a business or professional career and recoup himself from his losses.

COPSE HILL, HAYNE'S HOME.

Under the circumstances, he certainly did the wisest, wholesomest thing. He retired to the lands known as the "Pine Barrens," sixteen miles from Augusta, Ga. In the midst of the oak and pine trees he built a cottage of four rooms, and lived there and wrote poetry. He is a lover of nature, and, like Bryant, the poet of nature. But he had printed verses long before this, in his youth. His first volume was published in Boston, when he was 25 years old. Before the war he had printed three volumes. During the years following 1830 he published his most famous poems. Surred in all the depths of his soul, he wrote war lyrics. "Beyond the Potomac" was the one most widely circulated. He has issued two volumes since living in the lonely, sweet-smelling woods at Copse Hill.



THE POET'S LIBRARY.

"Legends and Lyrics," which appeared in 1872, is considered the best collection of his works. He is undoubtedly the chief living southern poet. His style is characterized both by strength and daintiness of expression. He ought to have lived many years yet, and done his best work still.

The family at Copse Hill consists of three—father, mother and son. William, the pretty boy of a few years ago, is now a grown man. They have never been anything but poor, yet they are very happy. The way sweet Mrs. Hayne decorated her husband's study partakes of the heroic. "She patiently cut picture after picture from magazines, from illustrated papers, anywhere she could find them, and pasted them upon the pine wood wall till it was all covered. There is infinite variety in this pretty and pathetic monument of a wife's love. A copy of an old church painting of Christ hangs not far from a picture of a horse race.

Mrs. Hayne also, with her own hands, upholstered the chair in which the poet sits among his books. She even made the book case, which was originally a number of pine boxes.

Mr. Haynes' poems are admired and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic.

A PUZZLE.

Old Nathan was out in the garden
One beautiful flower-sweet day,
When Dorothy, golden-haired maiden,
Came pensively wand'ring that way.
"And isn't this very fine weather?
I never saw finer," said he.
But she made reply, "Why, I think it
As cheerless a morn as could be."
"As cheerless!" repeated old Nathan,
Half in doubt if he'd heard her aright.
Then he muttered, "She's daft," for he knew not
She had quarreled with Robert last night.

The day was departing; its sunshine
Had vanished; the wind whistled shrill;
The birds hurried home to their nestlings,
And the air grew quite heavy and chill.
The gardener hastened to shelter
His tender young plants, when again
Dolly passed him—this time with light footsteps—
And she called in the merriest strain,
"Oh, isn't the weather just lovely?"
While her face fairly shone through the mist.
"She's daft," said old Nathan. He knew not
The lovers had met and had kissed.

—Margaret Eytinge in Harper's Bazar.

CHEAP CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

Are They Made from Discarded Cigar Ends?—A Dealer Talks.

The gathering of cigar stubs gives employment to a large number of Italian women and children. As a reporter wended his way homeward early one morning recently, he saw an Italian lad with a bag strapped upon his shoulders walking in the gutters of the streets in the vicinity of the city hall. The boy was collecting burned cigar ends. At dawn the public thoroughfares are thronged with industrious little laborers, who before the sun rises clean the streets of all discarded cigar stubs. Until an inquiry was made at a local cigar store the reporter was at a loss to know what became of the cigar stubs gathered. The dealer in tobacco said:

"You would be surprised to know the amount of money Italians make by gathering cigar stubs. I do not think I put the figures high when I state that no less than 50,000 cigars are smoked in Brooklyn daily. The number consumed may be more or less, but nevertheless the fact remains that nine out of ten men smoke. During the day a larger part of the smoking is done out of doors, and the stubs of the cigars, when wholly or partly consumed, are thrown into the gutter. In the vicinity of the city hall, where large crowds of men gather at all times during the day, the number of cigar stubs found is scarcely credible.

"The cigar stubs are utilized in many ways. After being gathered the butts, by which name cigar ends are sometimes known, are sorted and graded, and the dark and light shades of tobacco placed in separate heaps. The tobacco in the stubs is then pulled out and thoroughly washed. The washing process is done to eradicate all ashes and burned tobacco. After the tobacco has been dried and graded again it is ready for sale. Cigar stubs are sometimes made up into a cheap quality of five-cent cigars, or oftener sold to cigarette manufacturers, who mix the stubs with other tobacco."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The New Generation in Virginia.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about these "first families." They are usually represented as thriftless, vain and scornful to all outside the magic circle of their society. They lack, it is true, much of the goaheadfitiveness of the northern man, but it must be remembered that most of those yet living were brought up under conditions that paralyzes energy. With large estates and hundreds of slaves they had no motive for exertion, and now that the war has swept away all their wealth they must change their very natures before they can become the pushing business men who build up communities. The new generation is growing up quite different, and it is more than likely that when they come to the fore the Virginia farmer will no longer let his acres lie useless or half cultivated. The fact is that the landholders in Stafford county are yet in a dazed state over the result of the war. They can hardly realize the change, or if they have they think it is too late in life to start out afresh.—Virginia Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Disappointment of Secretary Chase.

Speaking of Secretary Chase reminds me of a singular incident. One day, while a clerk in his department, I was in his room on some errand and found him laboring under strong excitement. He was talking with his bosom friend, Senator S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, about the coming Republican convention (of 1864) and the certainty of Lincoln's renomination. "And it will be too late!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "for the war will be over and some soldier will be elected, sure! The soldiers are to have the honors of the next ten years. I ought to have been a soldier, Pomeroy! I felt it in my veins always, and I wanted to be a soldier—wanted to go to West Point, but they made me a lawyer, and here I am—unavailable!" I tried to back out when I saw that he was in an unusual mood, but the senator at once took his leave. I asked Mr. Pomeroy recently about this strange interview. "Yes," he said, "Mr. Chase was a great man. He overtopped his fellows, and he knew it. I saw him in that bitter frame of mind more than once."—Washington Post.

Profitable Use Found for Seaweed.

An English chemist has found a way for turning to account the practically illimitable quantity of seaweed that the ocean supplies, or at least as much of it as may be desired. He boils the weed with carbonate of soda and treats the filtered solution with sulphuric acid, obtaining from it in this manner a substance that has more viscosity than starch, or even gum arabic, and that can be profitable employed in stiffening various textile fabrics. It is also said to be excellently adapted for the making of syrups and for certain culinary uses. From the cellular and fibrous matter left after the extraction of the material—to which he has given the name of "alguina"—a very good quality of writing paper can be cheaply made.—New York Sun.

Some Novelties in Postage Stamps.

Among the issues of postage stamps by foreign countries there is none more curious within recent years than the new issue of Madagascar—3¼ inches by 2¼ inches—and none that will be more eagerly sought after by collectors. There are eight in all, ranging in value from 1d to 2s. They are issued in England, for letters mailed at the British consulate in Antananarivo, and gummed only in the corner. The letters are sent to Mauritius, where the Malagassy stamp is removed and kept for a voucher and the Mauritius stamp substituted.—Boston Transcript.

Alexander H. Stephens' Old Home.

Alexander H. Stephens' old home, "Liberty Hall," has been purchased by the Stephens Monument association, but a debt of $10,000 still remains on it, which the committee hopes to pay by soliciting $1 subscriptions.—Chicago Herald.

Some men are not educated to lend lustre to any good thing, and there are many of them who [illegible] to be a nuisance.—Josh Billings.

NEWSBOYS LET LOOSE.

An Excursion in Which Pandemonium and Howling Rome Are Nowhere.

The New York newsboy's lot is not a happy one at best. From rough usage at the hands of his parents, when he is burdened with any, to the rougher treatment of his own set in the streets he acquires a warlike spirit which fears only the "cop" and the police justice. Might is right with him, and he is docile only when dealing with a customer or in the presence of a stronger antagonist. There is one day in the year though when all restraint is removed and he, or several hundred of them, are allowed to let themselves loose.

This red letter day in the newsboy's life is on the occasion of the excursion granted him each year by John H. Starin. It came off the other day, and the programme varied little from previous years. First the largest double-deck barge in the harbor of New York is made ready at a dock early in the morning, but no earlier than the boys begin to swarm toward it. Each gamin has secured a free ticket days before the event, on his proving that he was an all-wool newsboy and at least a yard in length. A squad of police are on hand to prevent bloodshed, and keep the boys from going in swimming off the dock. There are from 500 to 800 of them, and the pandemonium they keep up could not be described. After an hour or so of waiting the order is given to go on board, and then a scramble commences to get them in line so as to get them on board Indian file. Those not possessing tickets are weeded out, leaving 350 to go on board. In the meantime a band of nine brave musicians have taken their lives in their hands and intrusted themselves to the mercy of the boys later on. But they are a green band, they have never furnished music to a newsboys' excursion before, and it is likely that Starin has not money enough to secure their services again, at least he has never yet been able to hire the same band twice.

Well, the boat starts, so does the band and so do the boys' lungs, the latter to announce to all New York and a portion of the state of New Jersey that the tenth annual excursion of the newsboys is in progress. The first subject to engage the boys' attention is the band, who are playing "Mikado" airs. The 350 resolve themselves into a musical committee to instruct the band as to their wishes. "None of your bifalutin music, give us jigs and 4th ward tunes or we'll trow you overboard," is the way their request is put. The band find it politic to obey and the boys dance in pairs. Waltzing is what they called it, though wrestling would be the better name.

Then a strong man rolls out on the deck the first of eleven barrels of yellow paper bags. Each boy receives a bag containing a bun, twelve cake, two doughnuts, a sandwich and two sections of the destructive bakers' pie. These are disposed of as follows: The pie is first gobbled, the sandwich follows and then the doughnuts. Then trouble begins for the band.

TROUBLE FOR THE BAND.

The rest of the lunch is stowed in the pockets or inside the shirt, the paper bag is inflated and burst, then pressed into a wad and thrown into the yawning openings of the musicians' brass instruments. From that time until the boat lands the air is full of flying buns, doughnuts and even chunks of pie. Before the boat touches the landing 100 boys are overboard to get ahead of it by swimming. How the boys spend their time on shore must be imagined. For a half hour before the boat starts to return the whistle is blown at intervals, but notwithstanding that precaution it is found by actual count that some half dozen boys are left to find their way back to New York as best they can. Two policemen accompany the expedition to preserve the peace. And a strong man is towed in a rowboat after the barge, to pick up the boys as they fall or are thrown overboard by their companions.

JOHN GOODE, OF VIRGINIA.

The Solicitor General's Appointment Unconfirmed After a Year's Service.

The office of solicitor general ranks next to that held by a cabinet minister. It is of recent creation, having been instituted by act of congress in 1870. Mr. Bristow, of Kentucky, held the position from 1870 to 1872, and Mr. Phillips, of North Carolina, from 1872 to 1885.

JOHN GOODE.

A year ago the president appointed John Goode to the position, but the senate has just refused to confirm him, which makes his portrait of interest just now.

Goode is a Virginian, and the 47 years of his lifetime have been given largely to the affairs of his native state. At the age of 22 he was both admitted to the bar and elected to the Virginia legislature, and afterward re-elected several times. He entered the Confederate army as a private, and subsequently became attached to Gen. Jubal A. Early's staff. From the army he was elected to the Confederate congress. After the war he resumed his law practice at Norfolk, Va. In 1874 he was elected to the Forty-fourth congress, and continuously re-elected until the Forty-seventh congress, when he was defeated.

At home he is known as Col. Goode. He has several times been a delegate to national Democratic conventions, and eight years a member of the national Democratic committee. He was president of the electors who cast the Old Dominion vote for Cleveland.

Senator Edmunds' Peculiarities.

Senator Edmunds is beginning to wear the look of a man who no longer doubts. During the early part of the winter he was apparently worried, but the recent reports from Vermont indicate that the opposition to him there is diffusive and will amount to nothing when the legislature meets next winter. It appears to be generally agreed in that state that it would be a great mistake to retire this veteran and supply his place with an inexperienced man. Mr. Edmunds has many enemies. He is dogmatic, cold and not given up to any remarkable extent to the pursuit of ardent friendships. He has always refused to help any of his constituents to get an office, and has never used one of the methods employed by smaller politicians to make himself popular.—Washington letter.

A SNAKE CHARMER.

A DISGUSTING EXHIBITION GIVEN BY A COLORED PERFORMER.

A Sight Which Sent Cold Chills to the Hearts of All the Spectators—A Box of Hideous Reptiles Under Wonderful Control.

"You'll breed the chills! Come along with me!"

The remark needed no peremptory tone to enforce obedience. To one who has seen a real live, genuine Arkansas chill in operation the suggestion alone is sufficient. So down came a pair of feet from their elevated place above the head of the owner, the pipe was pocketed, and the morning sun bath on the piazza was abandoned. Pleasant as they are sun baths in this state breed chills, and once bred heaven guard the possessor! Much might be said of them. They stand without a rival; long ago they reached the acme of chilliness. The bottom lands of other sections may do their best, may toil and strive and sack their victims as they will, but when it comes right down to shaking marrow out of bones, loosening teeth and nails, and then calmly introducing a fever beside which the interior of a coke oven seems Siberia—why, then, Arkansas chills have a walk-over for the Derby. No sun baths here.

"Let us go and see the snake charmer," said the native. "Arkansas produces the snakes, Mississippi the negro."

No need to question the first statement. If there is any species of snake not common in Arkansas he is yet to be heard from. They are everywhere, of all kinds and sizes, of all degrees of venom. In the bayous they may be seen anywhere by hundreds and thousands. On the prairie they lurk under every shrub and bush. In the forests they are numberless. Not a mile from here in a little pony bayou, may be seen enough snakes any day to stock all the museums in the country, with a few car loads over for export. It's not considered much of a place for snakes, either, but a fairly good fishing ground, where catfish reach a five-pound notch, and game fish are occasionally taken. When the long-legged native, however, spoke of a colored snake-charmer, this was something worth looking into.

A DRAMATIC EFFECT.

Not having any acquaintance with the blacks of Mississippi I could not question his word, but that any negro would handle a snake seemed incredible. Arkansas blacks will kill them—if their poles are long enough. But to touch one—never. To produce a dramatic effect in a crowd of blacks, young or old, male or female, introduce ever so small a snake unexpectedly. There will be one wild whoop, eyes will bulge out in terror, jaws will fall like a trap door, there will be a vision of vanishing legs and ankles—then the experimenter is sadly alone.

All this as we stroll up to investigate the "Mississippi charmer." The wonder proved a reality. He was leaning against the lee of a drug store, surrounded by a circle of the curious, both black and white. He was nearly full blooded, tall and angular. His jeans were worn and decidedly dirty. On his head was a torn and much-faded felt hat, relic of the storms and sunshine of many seasons. His movements were awkward, and altogether he would be thought the last individual on earth to rival the fabulous snake charmers of the east. Yet, standing there in the sunshine, he gave such an exhibition as sent cold chills to the hearts of all the spectators. To a white man not having an inborn horror of snakes—if there be such a one—his final act was sufficient to make the flesh creep. Evidently he was no Arkansas native. Those who were about him preserved a respectful distance.

Stooping over a small box on the ground at his side the disreputable-looking charmer raised the lid and exposed his collection. There were three black snakes of the species found in Pennsylvania, each some three feet in length; one king snake, a mottled green serpent nearly as large, and a snake known here as the water rattlesnake, of dark brown color and perhaps eighteen inches in length. This snake is said by the blacks to be very poisonous. However that may be, it was enough for all purposes. When the lid was raised there were exposed no stupid, half-awake, inert serpents. Five heads shot into view, five forked tongues darted out, and there was a falling back of the crowd. Slowly one of the black snakes raised himself out of the box and glided gracefully away on the ground.

"Heah yo'!" spoke the charmer. "War you goin'? Yo' done git back yer to dis chile."

UNDER PERFECT CONTROL.

At this word the snake stopped, wheeled around, approached his captor and coiled up his leg and about his body. The other snakes, excepting the smallest, came out of the box at the word and followed the first. All over his body they went, their eyes flashing, their tongues darting back and forth continuously. They twined about his neck, rested on his shoulders, hung about his arms, and but for erect heads and constantly playing tongues seemed perfectly at home. One by one they would be put on the ground and start away only to stop at the word. Hung over the box they would maintain one position until told to move. They seemed under perfect control and for nearly half an hour entertained and horrified the rapidly growing circle of spectators. Then the Mississippian put away the big fellows and took out the water rattlesnake. It was his final act. There were no words of introduction, no mumbling invocations or notices that at the conclusion of the entertainment the hat would be passed. He talked to the snakes as he might to children, petting and chiding.

The new snake was a decidedly lively one, a foot and a half long, as said, and of good thickness. It was as wide awake as any of its predecessors—more vicious in appearance, if anything. It did all that they did, then coiled on the fellow's shoulder. He took it in his hands, and—Great Scott!—deliberately crowded it into his mouth. It was a capacious mouth. By the side of it even Billy Kersand's pride would be thrown into shadow. The lips closed, and the ungainly black apparently masticated the serpent, while the crowd stood awed by disgust and horror. Slowly his lips opened, as when one exhales the smoke of a choice cigar. Quick as a flash the snake's head shot out, its tongue a darting flame, its eyes gleaming wickedly. It gradually pushed its body into sight, slipping down on the black's shoulder, and coiled as if to strike; then, at the word, returned to the box. The effect of such an unnatural exhibition was startling in the extreme—revolting beyond description.

"I solemnly swear," said an Indiana gentleman, as he turned away, "if I had a gun I'd shoot that negro in a second."

"It takes a Mississippi negro to do the like of that," calmly observed the native, as he shied a dime into the battered hat, now in active circulation.

"By God," exclaimed the charmer, when a question was raised as to the venomous character of the last snake, "yo' go fetch yo' dawg, yo' uns. I let um bite, an' if dat yer dawg hasn't plumb stun ded in a hour, I gives yo' dis yer box o' sarpents, I does."

As to the secret of training these well trained they were—the Mississippian obstinately dumb. And no one brought, he went his way.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.