

# THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ASCENSION AND TOWN OF DONALDSONVILLE.

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## Donaldsonville Chief.

Amicus Humani Generis.

### A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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LINDEN B. BENTLEY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**B. LEMANN,** dealer in Western Produce, fancy and staple Groceries, Liquors, Hardware, Iron, Fabrics, Oils, Carts, Plows, Saddlery, Stoves and Tinware, Furniture, Crockery, Wall Paper and House Furnishing Goods, Mississippi street, corner Chestnut Place.

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

**M. LEVY,** dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Furniture, Hardware and Plantation Supplies, at Lemann's old stand, Mississippi street, G. FEITEL, Agent.

**J. N. SOLOZANO,** dealer in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Crockery, Tinware, Groceries, etc., No. 21 Railroad Avenue, between Comby and St. Michael streets, Donaldsonville.

**INSURANCE AGENCIES.**  
**V. MAURIN,** General Fire Insurance Agent, Mississippi street, over F. B. Farrart's store, represents first-class companies with over \$50,000,000 of capital. Policies issued directly from agency without delay.

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**ROBERT E. LEE HOTEL,** at Marx Israel's old stand, corner Mississippi and Leeb streets, Jas. Lafourcade, proprietor. Bar and billiard room attached. First-class entertainment and accommodations.

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

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**DONALDSONVILLE CONFECTIONERY,** at A. Grille, Mississippi street, near St. Patrick, branch on Railroad Avenue, near Opelousas street, Geo. E. Fritts, Mgr. Soda Water, Ice Cream, Cakes, Ice Cream and Syrups for weddings and parties furnished on short notice.

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**THE PLACE,** Geo. Israel, manager, Corner Leeb and Mississippi streets. Billiards, Lager Beer, Best Wines and Liquors, Fine Cigars, etc.

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

**BARBER SHOP.**  
**L. FERNANDEZ,** Barber Shop, Mississippi street, near corner Leeb street. Shaving, hair cutting, shampooing, etc., in most artistic style.

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

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**G. GINGLY, THE PAINTER,** Crescent Place, opposite the Court-House. Houses, Signs and Ornamental Painting in all their branches. Best work at lowest prices.

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**W. WALTER,** Blacksmith and Carriage Shop, Mississippi street, near Leeb street. Carriage, buggy and wagon making, repairing, shoeing and all kinds of blacksmith work in first-class style.

**LIVERY STABLES & UNDERTAKING.**  
**SCHONBERG'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable and Undertaker's Establishment,** Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Attakapas streets. Competition defied.

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**  
**B. BYRSKI,** Apothecary and Druggist, Mississippi street, between St. Patrick and St. Vincent streets, adjoining Goudreau's store.

**MILLINERY.**  
**MRS. M. BLUM,** Milliner, Mississippi street, between Leeb and St. Patrick. Latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, French Flowers, etc.; also all kinds of Ladies' Underwear.

**SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.**  
**GODA WATER MANUFACTORY, H. S. Hether,** proprietor, No. 11 Mississippi street. Soda, Mineral, Seltzer and all kinds of aerated waters manufactured, and sold at lowest prices.

**MATRESS MAKER.**  
**PETER WAGNER,** Spring and Moss Mattress Manufactory, Mississippi St. Repairing and cleaning furniture a specialty. All orders promptly attended to.

## YOU KNOW YOU DO.

When some one's step comes up the walk,  
Your cheeks take on a rosy hue;  
And though no others hear his knock,  
You hear it well—you know you do.  
And though it may be very wrong,  
When pa is quite ignored by you,  
You sing for him your sweetest song,  
You cannot think—you know you do.  
And when he talks of other girls,  
Of hateful Kate, and Jennie, too,  
You fling at him your burning words,  
You jealous thing—you know you do.  
He blushes deep and looks afraid,  
To be thus left alone with you;  
But your eyes tell there's never a maid  
But could be wooed—you know you do.  
You peep at some one's breath your curls,  
Until with love you burn him through;  
And make him hate all other girls—  
In love for you—you know you do.

And when his arm steals round your chair,  
You give a smothered scream or two,  
As if you didn't want it there,  
But Oh, you do—you know you do.  
You let him kiss your blushing cheek,  
Somewhat your lips meet his lips, too;  
You tempt him, pretty thing, to speak,  
You wicked thing—you know you do.

And when he flirts with some other girl,  
You give a smothered scream or two,  
As if you didn't want it there,  
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## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Great Revival at the Brooklyn Tabernacle—Need of Saving Grace—A Story of Life in the Streets—Vanderbilt's New House—The Meeting of the Money Kings—Large Immigration, Business, Stocks, Etc.

New York, March 18, 1882.

EDITOR CHIEF:

It is a genuine pleasure, in this wicked city, to be able to record anything like a first-class revival, where hardened sinners are gathered in like harvest sheaves, giving us the assurance that though the devil may have a pretty heavy mortgage on New York and Brooklyn, he is not going to have it all his own way while Brother Talmage and Major Cole are on top of the ground.

I suppose it is no news to any one to tell them that Major Cole is an Evangelist, who has done good service in the army of the Lord in the West, and who, hearing that the Sodom of Brooklyn and the Gomorrah of New York were sadly in need of spiritual grace, concluded to assist Brother Talmage in his assault upon the Evil One, and the result, I believe, has been much more satisfactory to Brother Talmage and Major Cole than it has been to the— We certainly stand in need of saving grace if we believe the reports in the papers; though I am inclined to think that there is a class of sinners that neither prayer nor salt-petre would save, and for whom brimstone is the only proper preservative, and this brings me to the point that I am awfully sorry the real good, old-fashioned Gethsemane is getting out of style. I don't see how we are going to get along without it.

A few days ago a woman and six children were picked up in the streets starving and perishing. This father was an honest and industrious man, but he was out of work and sick. One article of furniture after another went to the auctioneer or the pawnshop, and when they had nothing left to sell, their landlord thrust them out into the freezing streets to die. I want a small Gethsemane for that man's special use, and I'd give him a private box, all to himself, nearest the fire. Now comes the incredible part of the story: The wretched woman says that she was in the streets for three weeks, and that she and her children slept under sheds, and in empty hogsties, and out-houses, gathering their food from ash-barrels and swill-tubs, like dogs. Had she been a thief, or a prostitute, she would have been carefully attended to; she would have been well fed and comfortably lodged; but, unfortunately for her, she was neither. But she was afflicted with a curse infinitely worse than theft; she was sick and poor, and, for three weeks of mortal agony, not one person in these two great cities of over a million and a half of inhabitants appears to have heard her cry of woe. I don't mean to say that we have not a valid excuse; we were busy with the walking match at the time, and few of us had any leisure to spare on so unimportant matter as a perishing woman and a few starving children. Besides this, we had a number of other things on hand. Aside from the forty-eight thousand dollars we had to pay for the walking match, we had to raise quite a sum for the suffering Jews of Russia, several hundred of whom are now in New York, with a further installment of \$30,000 promised, shortly after the bluebirds fly. Then it cost us nearly \$24,000 for the Arion Carnival, and several thousand more to the Anti-Chinese fund; then there was the expense of the diamond badge to Capt. Williams, the clubber, with numerous expenses, among which I might enumerate, entertaining the select committee of the Board of Aldermen and members of the Legislature. So you can plainly see, after all this, there was very little left for anybody's children.

When the police picked this poor creature up, four of her children lay huddled together like pigs on the bare sidewalk, and the mother, in the last stage of cold and starvation, sat, with a little blue-peaked infant on her breast, upon the doorstep, dying.

On the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth street is the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is admirably furnished and comfortably endowed. Its officers are men of great heart and untiring energy, ever on the alert to save the poor brute from unnecessary labor or suffering. No human savage can, with impunity, impose on a lame horse or a sick dog where the officers of this society, can see them. Tying a tin-kettle to a cur's tail would scarcely be atoned for by a six months' sojourn in the penitentiary, while the discharge of a bootjack at a vagrant Thomas-cat on the top of the fence would be regarded as ample grounds for an indictment for manslaughter. By a proper consideration of the foregoing reasons, you will see at once that we had our hands too full, between dogs and cats, and Russians, and pedestrians, to attend to any trifling outside matters. However, I am happy to state that some one, at last, did find time to pick the poor woman up, and she and her children are now being properly cared for.

So, as I remarked at the commencement of this letter, we stand much in need of saving grace. Major Cole is not a Moody, and even his most ardent admirers could never mistake Brother Talmage's voice for Sankey's; but, between them, never-

theless, there has been a tremendous rattling in the dry bones.

While on church matters, it is worth recording that the best reply to Bob Ingersoll's "wooden gods" was given by that level-headed preacher, Dr. Collier, the blacksmith. His blows fell with the weight of a ten-thousand pound trip-hammer, and yet, in his whole discourse, there was not one word of bitterness or unchristian unkindness. It was a bold, manly defense of the God he believed in—a God broad as the universe, all-wise, all-powerful, and all-good. His closing peroration was magnificent, and deserves to be written in letters of gold.

"I, I don't know what our good doctor believers will do with the Reverend Doctor, for he confessed the other night to a profane reporter, that he had visited the Fifth Avenue Theatre and had seen the play of 'The Professor,' and that he had enjoyed it hugely."

Shades of Lyman Beecher, Timothy Dwight and Leonard Bacon, what are we coming to, when a clergyman, even if he is not orthodox, consents to be amused by a profane play? Are we going backward or forward? I don't know whether it will do to trust Brothers Cole and Talmage for an answer to the question, but, one thing is certain, the world still moves.

The fashionable event of the week was the reception at Palais Vanderbilt. Every body who was any body was a tremendous squeeze. Hardly an artist or a man of note in town was absent, and the gathering was one of the most notable ever seen in New York. A few envious people used to hint that the receptions of William H. might do very well for the parents and shoddies, but they would never draw in the real old blue blood.

If this ever was the sentiment, they have got bravely over it, for, on Tuesday, the oldest and bluest of them, were out in full feathers. In one little group stood three men—Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Astor—whose united capital is not far from four hundred millions of dollars; close by stood Russell Sage, and Huntington, of the Pacific railroad, with half a dozen others representing at least a hundred and fifty millions more. Millions were as thick as huckleberries, and I have no doubt that a petition for immediate assistance would have been started for any poor wretch who was only worth a couple of hundred thousand. The whole affair was an immense success. William H. is no more a mere shoddy accident. He is now a great patron of art; a gentleman of taste and leisure.

New York sees it now as she never saw it before. The Herald, the Times, the Tribune and the World, all see it. By the way, did you ever examine a landscape or a portrait through the bottom of a champagne bottle? If you never did, try it! You have no idea how it improves the tone of the picture. I saw a number of reporters examining them in that way, and they assured me, on their honor, that it was the only proper way to form a just judgment of the fine arts.

Another cargo of sour-kraut and cabbages from Germany—another cargo of Jews from Russia—another cargo of potatoes from England. Yes, we are absolutely importing potatoes and cabbages, and mighty thankful to get them. A barrel of potatoes costs four dollars and a half, and a barrel of fine oranges from Florida or the West Indies, will only cost three and a half or four dollars. You can get twenty-five bananas for the price of a very poor cabbage, and every other domestic vegetable is in proportion.

The tide of immigration is rolling in upon us. I am neither a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but, vast as was the immigration of last year, it will be far surpassed by the immigration of 1882. Even at the present time our Commission is sorely taxed. Castle Garden no longer furnishes anything like proper accommodation. The whole immigration matter should be taken in hand by the United States, and not left as a burthen upon the State of New York.

The business boom has fairly begun, and all of our great down-town houses are actively engaged in packing goods, away into the wee hours of the night. The stock market is not lively, and the weather has been unsettled. Altogether we have been in a sort of transition state, and rather awaiting results. Whether it be a rise in stocks, a hoist in the Louisiana lottery, the death of a rich uncle, or the life insurance on my mother-in-law, I shall accept the windfall with equal thankfulness, and subscribe myself,

Truly yours,  
BROADBRIM.

Woman's health is dependent upon regular monthly uterine action. Interfere with this grand function of female life, and disease will be the legitimate result. Nature demands regular action, and her laws can not be violated unless at the expense of health. This function, this monthly secretion must continue from the age of puberty to the "turn of life," without unnatural obstruction; and intention to this fact has consigned thousands of females to untimely graves. A remedy for all these troubles has been prepared by the medical profession, which will relieve old and young of these monthly excesses and weaknesses; will restore nature; will strengthen the weak and debilitated; will give roundness and shape to the lean and haggard; and will impart iron to the impoverished blood. Dr. Dromgold's English Female Bitters is the remedy and will do the work to satisfaction.

## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

It has lately been proven experimentally that calomel may be decomposed in the human system with the formation of corrosive sublimate—a powerful poison.

In an experiment by M. Paul Bert upon a live crocodile, the animal being made to forcibly close its mouth exerted a pulling force of 308 pounds upon a rope attached to the ends of its upper jaw. The extremity of the jaw being the end of a long lever, the real power exerted by the muscles was much greater, and was computed to be 1540 pounds. This experiment was made upon a crocodile already weakened by cold and fatigue.

A year or more ago a gate-post which had been painted with so-called zinc-white was noticed to appear black all day, gray in the twilight and white during the night, changing to black again very soon after sunrise. Mr. T. L. Phelps was led to investigate this singular chameleon property of the paint, and after much research has shown the cause to exist in a new metal, which has been named actinium on account of its peculiar actinic effects. It is found in zinc ores, and resembles zinc.

Attention has been called to some new facts in relation to color-blindness. Careful investigations have shown the Chinese and the Nubians to be practically free from the defect. Dr. Roberts has observed that color-blindness is most common among persons of reddish or red hair, and it is very prevalent among the Jews, who are the most decidedly red-haired of all known races. It is thought probable, therefore, that there may be some correlation of color-blindness with pigmentation, and indirectly with racial peculiarities.

A schoolmaster of Nice has formed among his pupils a society for the protection of vegetation. The members are to destroy injurious larvae and protect harmless birds. Their interest in the work is kept up by the election of laureates and the award of prizes. In four months of 1881 the children destroyed 455 beetles of moth-eggs, representing no fewer than 1,363,500 larvae; 104,788 cabbage flies; 1533 grasshoppers; 629 butterflies; 58,911 slugs and sn