# THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CORPORATION OF DONALDSONVILLE.

VOLUME 2. DONALDSONVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873. NUMBER 39.

**Donaldsonville Chief.**
Amicus Humani Generis.

**A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper.**

*Published Every Saturday Morning*
—AT—
**Donaldsonville, La.,**
—BY—
**LINDEN E. BENTLEY,**
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

*TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:*

One copy, one year.....$3 00
One copy, six months.....1 50
Single copies.....10
Payable invariably in advance.

*ADVERTISING RATES:*

[A square is the space of ten lines Agate.]

| Space. | 1 wk. | 1 mo. | 3 mos. | 6 mos. | 1 yr. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 square.... | $1 50 | $3 00 | $6 00 | $9 00 | $15 00 |
| 2 squares... | 2 50 | 5 00 | 9 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 |
| 4 squares... | 4 00 | 8 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 | 35 00 |
| ¼ column... | 7 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 | 40 00 | 50 00 |
| ½ column... | 12 00 | 25 00 | 40 00 | 55 00 | 65 00 |
| 1 column... | 20 00 | 40 00 | 50 00 | 70 00 | 100 00 |

Transient advertisements, $1 50 per square first insertion; 75 cents each subsequent insertion.

All official advertisements $1 per square each insertion.

Communications may be addressed simply "CHIEF, Donaldsonville, La.," or to the editor and proprietor personally.


The heaviest brain on record was recently found in the skull of a London bricklayer who could neither read nor write. It weighed sixty-seven ounces.

"What do you do when the beavers dam your mill-stream?" asked a traveling preacher of a Kansas mill owner. "Serve 'em in the same way," was the gruff reply.

The Chicago *Times* put this solemn conundrum: "How can we escape fire?" It is answered by a New York paper thusly: "The gospel offers you every encouragement, but perhaps your best hold is to get out of Chicago."

The young ladies of Waterbury are getting to be very high-toned. "W-h-y, y-o-u o-l-d s-a-r-d-i-n-e! Is that you?" is the way one fair one saluted another one on the street, recently, and the angel in bustle and high heels meekly and poetically responded: "You bet! I'm your katydid every time!"

A photographer in Portland, Maine, employed a woman to wash the floors of his establishment. The woman seeing a basin full of what she presumed was hot water standing on the stove, emptied the contents into her water-pail, to warm the water it contained. Of course, it was a nitrate of silver bath, and, the first the photographer knew, his floor was a dirty red brown, the woman's arms much browner, and she howling because the "Ould Nick was turning her into a nagur."

The Iowa *Granger* is responsible for the statement that five men were grubbing hazel-brush, etc., on the farm of Thomas Coulthrust, ten miles east of Washington, when they found a big snake den, covering a space of about five square feet, at the depth of two feet in the ground. Six different varieties of "serpent snakes" were here making their winter quarters together—the blue racer, blacksnake, greensnake, housesnake, viper and rattlesnake. One hundred and four snakes were taken out and killed, and it is not known how many yet remained in the den.

## Carpenter at New Orleans.

[From the Green Bay Gazette.]

No public speaker since the days of Douglas has exceeded Senator Carpenter in the ability to speak in an interesting manner, at a moment's notice, on any subject occupying the public mind. He is always ready, fluent in speech and affluent in ideas, and he pours both forth with the ease and prodigality of a spendthrift. Whatever subject he takes up is sure to be illuminated by the powerful logic, the happy illustration, the persuasive eloquence which he constantly holds in readiness for any occasion. He brings to bear upon every question he approaches a thorough acquaintance, whether the same be the result of long study or of the advocate, and he is ever ready to express his mind on all occasions. Thus, it was to be expected that his recent visit to New Orleans would be the occasion for a speech on the condition of Louisiana. He had made the unhappy state of affairs there the subject of thorough enquiry during the last session of Congress, and had presented to the Senate a thorough and elaborate report embodying his views.

His views did not prevail, and we think it fortunate for the country that they did not, as, if they had, and the precedent were once established, that Congress was the State making power, the turn of Wisconsin to stand trial if she were a sovereign State in the Union would come out in time as surely as Louisiana. Better that Congress were abolished, the army disbanded, and thirty-seven independent republics stood in their place, than that alternative should arise.

But Carpenter presented his case to the Senate in a masterly manner, and was full of it when he stood up in Exposition Hall, New Orleans, to speak of it to the people of Louisiana.

## The Kansas Horror.

The latest horror has just been unearthed in Labette County, Kansas, where nine murdered bodies have already been discovered, and a search is being prosecuted for more. Among the victims found is Dr. William York, brother of State Senator York (who gained such extended notriety during the late Senatorial election). The scene of these wholesale murders lies one and a half miles southeast of Morehead Station, on the road leading from Osage Mission to Independence. The bodies were found under a frame house recently occupied by a German family named Bender, who left the place some two or three weeks since. This family consisted of four adults, Bender and his wife, and a son and daughter. They had settled upon a railroad claim ten years ago, and although they were not regarded favorably by their neighbors, no suspicion existed that they were engaged in criminal practices. The daughter professed to be a spiritual physician, and claimed the art of healing all the ills that flesh is heir to. Her mode of cure is now found to have been effectual. The following is a copy of her advertisement published in the Independence (Kas.) *Journal:*

"Prof. Miss Katie Bender can heal all sorts of diseases; can cure blindness, fits, deafness, and all such diseases, also, deaf and dumbness. Residence 14 miles east of Independence, on the road from Independence to Osage Mission, 1½ miles southeast of Morchead Station."

June 18, 1872. KATE BENDER.

The history of the terrible tragedy is full of interest. Persons had been mysteriously disappearing for some time, but as they had no friends to prosecute an earnest search, but little attention was paid to the matter. Some time in March, while Dr. York was on a visit to Fort Scott, a partially consumed wagon was brought into the city which the doctor recognized as the remains of a vehicle he had sold to a German in Independence. The parties who brought it in explained that they had found it just off the road between Ladore and Morehead, and it was supposed to have belonged to a German who, with his daughter, had started out a few days previously. Dr. York expressed great interest in the discovery, and when he started out on his return home, declared his intention of hunting up the details of the supposed crime. About March 10 he left Fort Scott, mounted on a valuable horse, but never reached his home; his family becoming alarmed at his absence his brother, the Senator, proceeded to Fort Scott to inquire after him. Learning the facts of the case, he returned over the road, accompained by another brother who lived in that city and some other persons and they traced the missing man to Osage Mission and thence to Drum Creek, and here all trace of him was lost. It was at once supposed that the doctor had been waylaid and murdered, the recent disappearance of other persons in the same locality giving color to the suspicion. Officers were set to work to ferret out the murderers, and Governor Osborne offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of every person concerned in the crime. This stimulated inquiry, and on the 6th inst. the body of the murdered man was discovered by his brother Edward in a plowed field about an acre in extent, and ten rods from the house. He had been stripped naked and thrown face downward into a hole four feet deep. The head was found to be badly broken both temples crushed in, and an indentation on the back of the skull. A shoe hammer was found in the house fitting the fracture in the skull, and the supposition is that the murdered victim was struck down from behind, and then his temples broken in by the same weapon. The face, hair, and whiskers were in a good state of preservation, and the remains were readily identified by his brother.

This successful issue of the search led to a closer scrutiny, and, on the house being entered, an effluvium arose which instantly led to the suspicion that more bodies were concealed beneath. The building was removed without delay, and, on the earth being removed, the gaze of the beholders was horrified by the discovery of eight more bodies. All these victims had been killed by a blow on the back of the head with a hammer, and their throats then cut. The following are the names of the persons thus far discovered and identified: B. F. McKenzie, identified by his brother-in-law; H. Longchor and child eighteen months old, identified by his father-in-law; W. F. McCarthy, formerly a member of the 123rd Illinois infantry; D. Brown identified by some Howard County man, and John Geary also of Howard County, identified by his wife. The names of the other two bodies I have not learned.

Intense excitement prevails, and the determination is general to bring the guilty parties to justice. The Bender family are supposed to have gone north, as the agent at Thayer, the next station north, reports that he sold tickets to a family answering the description of the Benders, two or three weeks ago.

With the crowd at the grave was a man named Brockman, who was supposed to know something about the murders. Furious men laid hold upon him at once, and strung him up to a beam in the house. His contortions were fearful. His eyes started from their sockets, and a livid hue came to his face that was appalling. Death was within reach of him when he was cut down. "Confess! confess!" they yelled, but he said nothing. Again he was jerked from his feet, and again was the strong body convulsed with the death throes. Again resuscitated, he once more refused to open his mouth. He did not appear to understand what was wanted of him. The yelling crowd, the mutilated and butchered dead, the flickering and twirling torches sputtering in the night wind, the stern, set faces of his executioners, all, all passed before him as a dreadful phantasmagoria which dazzled him and struck him speechless. For the third time they swung him up, and then his heart could not be felt to beat, and there was no pulse at his wrist. "He is dead," they said. But he was not dead. The night air revived him at last, and he was permitted to stagger away in the darkness as one who was drunken or deranged.—*Chicago Post, May* 12.

ST. LOUIS, May 11.

Thomas Beers, a detective of Kansas, arrived here on yesterday on the trail of the Bender family, upon whose premises so many bodies of murdered men have been found. He has the authority of Governor Osborne, of Kansas, to hunt the assassins down regardless of expense. Chief McDonough, of this city, will render all assistance possible. Already information has been received of parties here who have told more about the murders than they ought to know as innocent people.

PARSONS, Kan., May 12.

Colonel Boudinot, who has just returned from the scene of Benders' murders, reports three more graves discovered yesterday. Over 3,000 people were on the ground. A special train has just arrived with seven cars filled with people. There was intense excitement all over the country, and a firm determination to ferret out the parties engaged in the murders. It is understood that large rewards will be offered by the county and State for the arrest of the assassins. Nearly all the bodies of the dead were indecently mutilated. It is considered certain that the little girl was thrown alive into the grave of her father, as no marks of violence were found on the body.

## Colfax Massacre.

Some fifteen or twenty white men, in the parish of Grant, have held a meeting and published a statement concerning their massacre in that parish, and addressed it to Gen. Grant, Congress, and the American people. For killing some two hundred negroes, the following reasons are given by these fifteen or twenty white men:

1st, in 1868, a white man named Calhoun, got a white man named Phillips to play some rascality about a boundary line in that parish, whereby the white man Calhoun was benefitted. 2nd reason for murdering the negroes: The creditors of the white man Calhoun were unable to collect one dollar from him. 3rd reason for murdering the negroes: In 1870 the white man Calhoun had a man appointed Deputy U. S. Marshal to take the census, who had been the leader of a band of Jayhawkers during the war. This ex-Jayhawker got some one else to do his work, and by some hocus pocus counting, he returned more white men in that parish than colored, although it is known that there are more colored than white men in that parish. Some one destroyed these records. 4th reason for killing the negroes: In 1870 a white man was appointed Supervisor of Registration, who—to use the exact language—was the embodiment of rascality, and who used "deceptions" with the white men until he registered enough of them to defeat the Republicans, and then he added two hundred ficticious names and marked them colored. (This was done in 1870, and these white citizens have just found it out.) 6th reason for killing the negroes: In 1872 the Supervisor of Registration was a good and impartial one, from the fact that he was a Liberal, and appointed at the instance of the Liberals of Grant parish. The statement goes on to show why this was done, as follows:

That was done because the leading white men knew there was a white majority in the parish. Boys attending the colored public schools, however, were permitted to register, and many men living in Rapides parish voted on registration certificates obtained in 1870 from Smedley.

If this be true, we charge this Supervisor of having permitted those to register and vote who had no right to do so.

Here are five reasons given by the white citizens of Grant parish why they murdered the few hundred negroes. Not once have they said anything about their depredations, for instance the murdering of Delos W. White, the burning of Judge Phillips' house, and so on. Well, we rest under such statements going before Gen. Grant, Congress, and the American people, and let them judge whether the reasons set forth by these men are sufficient to cause the murder of so many colored men.—*Baton Rouge Grand Era.*

The times are affecting the poor Indian. He complains that none but bald-headed men go West.

## Our Government and its Successes.

The latest enemy of the United States who has come to grief is Captain Jack, the Modoc chief. He has been pursued from hole to hole in the lava beds, by brave and resolute officers and soldiers, many of whom fell by treachery and ambuscade. He probably never had with him at a time more than one hundred warriors, and some accounts place the number at much less. Yet he occupied an inaccessible position in a wild country, where he could defend himself from attack against great odds, and into which it is next to impossible to throw regular troops, or use cavalry. Bandits like Captain Jack often defy all the efforts of the Spanish and Italian governments to capture or kill them for years, and the instances are rare in those countries where the troops continue the pursuit of banditi beyond the lines which separate the plains from the mountains and caves. The experience in this country is directly the opposite. Here we have generally succeeded in bringing outlaws and public enemies to bay and breaking up their bands. The fate of Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Billy Bowlegs, Spotted Tail, Captain Jack, and numerous other savages who have flourished for a time attest the prowess of the soldiers of the Union, and the indomitable determination of the Anglo-Saxon to assert his supremacy.

It is not alone in these minor contests that the United States government has shown its superority over its enemies. It has undertaken and achieved works of the greatest magnitude, in all of which success has been accepted by the people as a foregone conclusion from the very beginning. The two contests with Great Britain, the difficulty with the Algerine pirates, the war with Mexico and the stupendous struggle with the great rebellion are examples of what a determined people can accomplish when they set about it, and attest the highest qualities of the genius, courage, endurance and resources of the nation. The cases of Jeff. Davis, Wilkes Booth, the North Carolina Ku-Klux, Colonel DeBlanc and hundreds of others illustrate its far reaching vigilance and unfailing ability to lay the heavy hand of authority upon any body who is wanted. It is such a government that has proved itself more than a match for its enemies in all the known modes of warfare, that certain small fry politicians sometimes delight in attempting to hold up to ridicule for its inefficiency.

The most formidable, dangerous and tenacious enemy that our government ever had to encounter was doubtless the spirit of slavery. But whenever there has been a direct and open conflict, whether on the battle field, the halls of Congress, the courts of justice or the political canvass, the right has prevailed, and the enemy is slowly and surely dying out even in the most secret recesses, where the arts of cunning and strategy have been employed by its sullen advocates in place of open warfare. The people of the South even are living it down, and it has fallen so low that finally its friends deny there is any longer life in it, though it is plain that a love for it has not yet been fully eradicated from the hearts of its votaries, and many of its victims are still paralyzed by the fear that it may return. As this is a question which depends upon the power of the government to vanquish all its enemies, it will be profitable to both parties, those who hope for the revival of slavery as well as those who sometimes fear it, to study the successes of the great power that has been able to cope successfully with immense force in the field, and wily strategy in the forest and jungle. From the most stupendous contests down to the latest capture of the Modocs, the Stars and Stripes have been uniformly borne aloft in triumph. And it will be well for the enemy which Senator Carpenter discovered lurking in the political lava beds of Louisiana, to come out and have a "peace talk."

## A Rich Scene in a Smoking Car.

An amusing incident occurred recently in the smoking car of a C., C., C. & I. R. R. train between Shelby and this city. A woman with a poodle dog entered the car just prior to the departure of the train from the former point, and after depositing her dog on one seat, turned over the back of another one, so that each seat faced the other. Together she and her canine companion thus monopolized two entire seats.

Appearances seemed to indicate that the car was one exclusively for the convenience of those addicted to the use of the "weed;" but of this fact she was soon apprised by the conductor, who advised her to obtain a seat in another car, informing her at the same time that the accommodation in the way of seats in the other coaches were superior to those to where she was then. However she insisted on remaining, urging that her presence would deter the occupants of the car from smoking, and she would consequently experience no discomfort from tobacco fumes. Long before the train reached this city, however, a gentleman sitting directly in front of her produced his case, and taking therefrom a cigar, began puffing away at it in a manner which seemed peculiarly calculated to aggravate the "strong-minded" woman immediately back of him. In an instant, by a strategic movement, she wrested the obnoxious cigar from his mouth and threw it out of the window, exclaiming, "If there is anything I do hate, it is tobacco smoke."

The passengers who had witnessed the affair were convulsed with laughter, but the offending smoker suppressed whatever emotions may have been struggling for expression in words or action and maintained throughout the same imperturbable gravity which had characterized him from the first. Calmly rising from his seat, he opened the window nearest him, fastened it up, and reaching over the seat back of him, took that woman's poodle dog and threw him out of the window as far beyond as possible, at the same time saying, "If there is any thing I do hate, it's a poodle dog."

The scene which followed beggars description. The car resounded with peal after peal of laughter, and as the extreme ludicrousness of the affair became apparent to the principal actors in it, they too joined in with the rest. Despite the regret incident to the loss of her dog, the woman could not suppress her inclination to laugh at the unexpected finale of the affair.
—*Cleveland Times.*

## A Young Man Kills Three Bears with a Nail Hatchet.

The particulars of a terrific struggle with bears in the town of Boylston, in this county, have just reached us, and are of a most thrilling character.

It appears that on Monday last, one week ago to-day, a young man named John Bidwell, aged 19 years, with his father, a one-armed man, his brother, a mere lad, went into the woods about four miles east of Smart's mills, in Boylston, to gather spruce gum. They carried no weapons, and their only tools were a common nail hatchet and a dirk knife for the purpose of cutting the gum from the trees, and a chisel fastened to a long pole. The latter was carried by the father. The hatchet had a handle about four feet long and made of exceedingly tough wood, so that it might even be struck against a tree and bent half double without injuring it.

Thus equipped they were proceeding through the woods about their work when John saw a bear track, and following it with his eye saw about two rods ahead of him a hole in the snow beside a big hemlock log. He went to look into it, but just as he reached it slumped in the snow and fell head foremost into the hole, his head barely escaping the mouth of a huge bear that was just emerging with his jaws distended.

This was a critical time for John, and had he attempted to run, as most men would have done in such circumstances, he would scarcely have escaped alive. But John was the man for the emergency and the thought of running never entered his head. He had barely time to draw back, and then brought the bear a blow on the nose with his hatchet which dropped her. In a second, however, the bear had sprung up again only maddened by the blow, but John was in time for her and dealt her a terrible blow between the eyes with the edge of his hatchet, cutting, as afterward proved, clear to the brain. The bear came for John a third time, but was met by another powerful blow from the hatchet, which finished her, and the bear died in the mouth of the hole.

It required a strong effort to pull the bear out, and John had scarcely accomplished it when a cub, nearly full grown, appeared. Nothing daunted, John went at him, and after a brief struggle served him as he had served the dam, but had scarcely done with him when bear number three appeared, which proved to be the other cub. John struck at him with the hatchet, but missed him. The bear sprang upon him, and the hatchet could no longer be used. But with coolness and pluck that never deserted him, John proved himself a match for bruin in any shape. He drew the dirk knife and drove it to the heart of his savage foe, which immediately released its hold and expired.

Of course John fully realized before this time what he had struck, and now prepared himself for the other old bear, but after waiting awhile, and this member of the family not appearing, he gave him up.

During the entire fight the father stood near by, but having no weapon, and but one arm, he was unable to lend his son any aid, and feared that by interfering he might injure him. The younger brother, not liking the looks of things, had taken to a tree and watched the savage encounter with not a little alarm.

When the old bear was measured her length was found to be six feet from the nose to the stern. All three of them were skinned, and the skins sold for twenty dollars. — *Oswego (N. Y.) Times, May* 5.

The latest "big thing" in California is the enterprise of converting Guadaloupe Island, lying off the coast of Lower California, into one Angora goat ranch. The Island has an area of 166,400 acres, and is the property of an incorporated company. It is mountainous, well watered, and at present tenanted by an immense flock of wild goats, embracing, it is estimated, 200,000 head.

## J. Q. A. Fellows.

[From the Iberville *Pioneer* and *News*.]

One of the names especially well known to Louisiana is that of John Quincy Adams Fellows. A native of Vermont, he took root in our State fifteen years before the war and has commanded a legal practice with which that of very few counsellors in any State can compare in extent and which nothing but a high personal and professional reputation could assure. In 1861, when intolerance ran wanton, it became known that Mr. Fellows, hitherto quietly affirmative as a Whig citizen, would not disavow his obligation to the National Government nor acquiesce in the mutinous pretensions of every ninety-nine in a hundred of his neighbors. He was admonished that his obduracy would imperil his professional patronage—he was abandoned or oftener frowned upon by old friends, but he had chosen his path and never departed from it. On the advent of Federal troops in New Orleans, in the environs of which city he has a magnificent residence located in an ample private park, he was almost the first citizen whose opinion and counsel was sought by the national authorities. Offered several responsible stations, he declined them all, but upon request indicated for the vacant judicial benches and other posts honest Unionists, who in every instance proved during their tenure the correctness of his judgment. As in '61 he boldly resented the curiosty betrayed by Gov. Moore as to his course, so in '64 he took issue with General Banks as to the latter's method of re-establishing the State. Banks secretly aspired to enter the U. S. Senate from Louisiana and the composition of a friendly State administration was the best means to that end, as he vainly believed. Mr. Fellows was beaten in the contest as Governor by Michael Hahn, but Bank's whole project proved an idle one. Congress by its subsequent reconstruction laws dismissed the whole chapter of the '64 *regime* and bade Louisiana that she had not been readmitted and must do like every other insurgent State before she could be.

From that time until last autumn, Mr. Fellows participated in no wise in politics except at times to rebuke Warmoth's wantonness or professionally circumvent it in the courts. Conservative by nature, the early progress of the Republican party did not command his sympathy; this fact may be largely imputed to the intemperate course of certain of the earlier leaders of that sect. But like many inveterate Whigs, he always abhorred the Democracy, and in the last canvass when that party presented its candidates by the grace of Warmoth, Mr. Fellows announced himself as having been for over two years a member of the Republican party, to which the old Whig element of the nation gave birth. He did this not as a candidate, but as a citizen solicitous for the amelioration of the commonwealth upon Republican bases. We do not hesitate to say that J. Q. A. Fellows and Jno. A. Stevenson did more as old citizens of Louisiana to quicken in the old white population a sympathy for the Republican scheme than all others of its sponsors, long resident in her borders, combined. It was the same conviction of duty, the same instinct of hostility to the Democrat, that controlled Mr. Fellows in '72 as in '61. He is a man about six feet in height, stout in proportion, and with a remarkably handsome face, in the chin of which is a massive hint of iron. A keen eye, suggestive of an abundant powder-magazine within and a decided manner tempered with a natural urbanity, completes the picture.

There is nothing of the spaniel in him, but there is much of the mastiff. He never lets go. His fidelity to his legal cases is a sanguine fidelity, whatever adverse chances befall. After fighting the Crescent Slaughter House monopoly for four years and experiencing two reverses in the U. S. Supreme Court, he has just begun anew and in the Superior District Court of New Orleans has dealt the monopoly a fatal stab in a new vital part and will pursue it again to Washington, where it can hardly expect judicial refuge again. Mrs. Gen. Gaines baffled in the assertion of her titles for years and dissuaded by scores of lawyers from making further attempts, suddenly finds Mr. Fellows achieving triumphs for her, and money pouring into her lap. Our readers can readily understand why the national Government might value such a Union champion here in 1861; and we will add here that Messrs. Packard and Fellows did more to convince the Legislative branches of that government during the recent discussion therein of the Louisiana problem, of the claims of the Republican party than all other persons from our State. Both were in Washington during that discussion. Mr. Fellows is now Assistant Attorney General of Louisiana.

"Is that marble?" asked a gentleman, pointing to a bust of Kentucky's great statesman, of a peddler. "No, sir, that's Clay," replied the dealer in statuary.

Justice Dowling wants $10,000 from the New York *Sun* for saying that he opened court, the other day, by asking a prisoner for a "chaw," and wound up by adjourning to the front room to take a drink.