

The Richland Beacon.

"LIBERTAS ET NATALIS SOLVM."

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WHOLE NO 501

RICHLAND BEACON.

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T. J. MANGHAM, Editor & Publisher.

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Official Directory.

JUDICIAL—FOURTEENTH DISTRICT COURT: S. G. PARSONS, Judge; W. N. POTTS, District Attorney; J. NEWT, PITT, Clerk.

PARISH COURT: E. C. MONTGOMERY, Judge; M. J. LIDDELL, District Attorney Pro Tem.

PARISH OFFICERS: J. A. LIDDELL, Sheriff; WILEY P. MANGHAM, Recorder; J. W. SIMMS, President Police Jury; J. W. SIMMS, Parish Treasurer.

POLICE JURORS: Ward 1—John Bishop; 2—E. Scott; 3—John H. Milling; 4—Henry G. Mangham; 5—P. H. Farham; 6—J. L. Lobdell; 7—Frank Hatch. Jno. S. Sumnerin, Clerk. H. W. McLemore, Justice Peace 2nd ward. Will hold regular terms of court the 2nd and 4th Saturdays in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. D. R. PETTIT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Rayville, Louisiana. OFFICE ON BENEDETTE STREET, Residence—corner Julia and Magdaline Streets. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rayville and surrounding country. Rayville, La. Jan. 12, 1878—ly.

W. P. POTTS, FRED G. HUDSON. POTT & HUDSON, Attorneys at Law, Rayville, Louisiana. Will practice in the courts of the 14th Judicial District, comprising the parishes of Ouachita, Morehouse and Richland. April 14, 1877.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MONROE, LA. Will practice in all the courts of Ouachita and Richland parishes, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe. Feb. 23, 1878—ly.

TODD & BRIGHAM, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bastrop, Louisiana. Practice in the courts of the parishes of Morehouse, Ouachita and Richland, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe, La. January 1st, 1877—ly.

J. W. WILLIS, JR., Attorney at Law, WENSBORO, LA. Will practice in all the courts of Franklin and Richland parishes and in the Supreme Court at Monroe, Louisiana. March 7—ly.

H. F. WELLS, RAYVILLE, LA. WELLS & WILLIAMS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts of Richland parish and in the Supreme Court at Monroe. Feb. 21, 1877—ly.

RICHARDSON & BOATNER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Monroe, Louisiana. Will practice in the Courts of Ouachita, Morehouse, Richland and Franklin parishes, and give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Jan. 12, 1878—ly.

RICHARDSON & MCENERY, Attorneys at Law, Monroe, La. Will practice in all the courts of North Louisiana, the Supreme Court of the State, the Federal courts and in the Land Office Department of the General Government. Jan. 12, 1878—ly.

A. A. GUNBY, COBB & GUNBY, ATTORNEYS, MONROE, LA. Will practice in all the State Courts in North Louisiana, and in the Federal Courts in New Orleans. Jan. 22, 1877—ly.

VICKSBURG BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. D. MILES, DENTIST.

VICKSBURG, MISS. None but the best Dental Work done. ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. OLD RELIABLE OFFICE. 21 Years in Vicksburg. March 2d, 1878—ly.

D. W. LAMKIN & CO., COTTON FACTORS, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, VICKSBURG, MISS. Office at 196 Malberry Street, Up-stairs, opposite Isaac Bonham's.

DOLL & MURPHY, SUCCESSORS TO A. DENNER, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, PURE BOURBON & RYE WHISKIES, CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. Corner Washington & Crawford Streets, VICKSBURG, MISS. Dec. 8, 1877—ly.

E. T. EGLESTON & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, No. 79 Levee and 24 Water Streets, VICKSBURG, MISS. Jan. 19, 1878—ly.

Sash, Door, Blind and Moulding MANUFACTORY. HAVING THE LARGEST FACTORY in the South, I am prepared to sell below any other establishment in Vicksburg. S. SPENGLER, China Street, Vicksburg, Miss. March 24, 1878—ly.

CURPHY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealer in—SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AND MOULDINGS, Vicksburg, Mississippi. Prices will compete with St. Louis or New Orleans. Orders by Mail, Boat or otherwise, promptly attended to. SHOP OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, ON CLAY ST. March 2d, 1878—ly.

G. W. HUTCHESON & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Liquors AND TOBACCO, 110 & 112 Washington Street, Vicksburg, Miss. Agents for the Cape City Flour Mills, Cape Girardeau. March 2d, 1878—ly.

SIMON FOX, Formerly of Delhi, would respectfully inform his Richland friends that he is with his sister, MRS. BETTIE BAUM, in an EATING HOUSE on Washington Street, a few doors north of the Washington Hotel, Vicksburg, Miss., and will be glad to see them whenever they visit the city. March 2, 1878—ly.

Hams! Hams! POLAND CHINA—Convassed Sugar-cured; cheapest Ham on the market; MAGNOLIA—Convassed Sugar-cured; unsurpassed for excellence of cure and delicacy of flavor—in stock at E. T. EGLESTON & CO'S.

Messrs. E. T. Eggleston & Co., HAVE REMOVED ACROSS THE Street from their former stand to 79 Levee and 21 Water Streets, where they will be pleased to meet their friends and patrons who will find a carefully selected stock of STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, as well as a full line of FLOUR, GRAIN AND LIQUORS—all purchased advantageously for CASH, and offered at lowest possible figures, defying competition.

Valuable Plantation to Lease for 1878. The Plantation known as the Wm. R. Adams place will be rented for the year 1878. Apply to C. H. MOORE or WILEY P. MANGHAM. Jan. 5, 1878—ly.

POOR BUT PROUD.

BY WILL S. HAYS.

"Mamma, I'm going out today." "That's right, don't think of me—While I do all the kitchen work. You're at the machine. My good limbs now ache with pain. I can't stand on my feet. But that's no matter—while I work, You gallop on the street."

Yes! go it while you're young, my dear, And you from store to store, As if your pocket-book was full, Nobody knows we're poor. You 'skip out in your walking dress And jenny hot to roam, Don't matter if we're nearly starved And have to stay at home."

I know you can not work, my dear, It is not fashion's rule, You needn't tell me how you're fixed, Nor for your mother's tears. We'll try to live from hand to mouth, 'Till wrapped up in a shroud, To leave behind in this you world, A girl that's poor but proud."

If you perchance should have a bean, And he should eat on you, You needn't tell him how we're fixed, Oh, no! that wouldn't do. If he's got money—wears good clothes—He'll buy you for his wife. Then you and she will have you both To take care of for life."

Your path will then be one of thorns, No flowers bloom in ways, Bemoan your fate as you go down The dirt road to the grave—The road your mother never went, Your father never crossed—While shame will write the epitaph Upon your tombstone, "Last."

A SERMON TO WOMEN.

Based on Recent Tragedies in New York and Philadelphia—the Downward Tendency of Social Life—American Mothers Responsible.

One night not long ago, this young girl in a haunt of vice, in Philadelphia, accidentally, while at supper, put her foot on a parlor match, which set fire to her clothing. Another girl, who ran to her rescue, shared her fate; their dresses were of thin material and blazed over their heads while they fled shrieking to the street, and were burned slowly to death. The men, their companions, stood by and offered no help. The significant part of this horrible story is that both women were young, attractive, of good birth and social position, both educated (one a graduate of Vassar College); both had left homes of comfort and ease, husbands and children, voluntarily, to take up this mode of life, which in their case could boast of no attractive gliding. The house in which they met their terrible fate was one of the lowest of its class; the men whom they chose as friends belonged to a wretched negro minstrel show—degraded, cowardly brutes who stood off in safety watching them die. Only two or three days ago the police records of our own city told an even more pitiable tale. "A father found his daughter in an infamous place, and strove by legal means to take her out. She defied him, the courts sustained her, and she went out gaily from the court room with her vile companions, giggling at the discomfort of the broken hearted father and brother, who stood with heads bowed in shame as they passed by."

The most frightful fact in our social life faces us in these stories. It is that there are women in these lowest deep who are not driven there by want or cruelty, nor led there by a betrayed affection; women who have been gently reared, educated, beloved, whose natures are so tainted that they choose to go out, like the prodigal of old, from the home God gave them to feed with the swine. How many such are hidden in these dens God only knows; how many remains in their original position, the records of our divorce courts, the foul gossip with which so-called fashionable society reeks, not only in this country, but in England, give us an appalling hint. It is useless to ignore the fact. Neither the pulpit nor the press, if it means to help at all in the work of bettering our social life, ought to ignore the fact that a certain portion of American and English society is rapidly becoming as licentious as that of Paris.

Who is to blame for it? Not human nature. Women and men are born as pure as they were a generation ago. Not Christ's religion. His hands are as strong to save the Magdalen in the streets of New York as of Jerusalem. It is the mothers who are to blame. Mothers in fashionable society in the cities, and in that society which feebly apes the fashion in towns and villages and farm places from Maine to Oregon, who set before their daughters, from their birth, dress and show and style as the sole gods they are to follow. We venture to say that "style," that most vulgar of words and things, has done as much to corrupt the women of America as liquor has. Not only was it the cause of our financial downfall, but modesty, honesty, decency are sacrificed to it. Fashion now publishes even the rules for "first communion dresses," and sets forth the pipings and coiffure, in which an innocent girl may properly approach her God. There is nothing so holy that it is not made subservient to it. It is not the wealthy mother alone who vitiates her child's mind by this worship of folly, but the mechanic's wife, the poor seamstress whose aim is to "push her daughter on in society," to give her stylish dresses instead of a modest, hearty, clean mind, and a God-fearing soul. The moral training which such mothers neglect is supplied by lot pressed sensational juvenile literature, and the reports of foul scandals in the daily newspapers. Listen to the precious gossip of the flouting, overdressed school girls who parade the streets on a holiday, and the tragedies in Philadelphia and New York which we have mentioned will not seem a strange sequel to such training.

It is but to a certain portion of our society that these truths apply, and that the smallest. The great obscure mass of American women are honorable, chaste and modest. In the majority of our homes there are common sense and piety enough to give tawdry display its proper place in life, and to curb and direct the wishes which God has given to men and women. It rests with mothers to make that majority larger or smaller.

Communicated. LITTLE CREEK, Aug. 7, 1878. MR. EDITOR:—I have just learned that there are at present ten aspirants for the sheriffship of this parish, and that the manufacturing process seems to be on the increase; hence, in the next few days there may be a score or more to this. I have no objections; but I find a disposition on the part of some of the candidates, as well as well as many voters, to turn this canvass, so far as this office is concerned, into a burlesque, or, some say, into a scrub race. To this, I do seriously object, and hope the people, and especially the candidates, will never entertain such an idea seriously. In my judgment, a course of this kind would be destructive of the best interests of the party, as it would have a tendency to encourage an independent movement for Representative and perhaps for Parish Judge and other offices.

I was one among the first, at the suggestion and solicitation of some of my friends, to announce myself as a candidate for this office, and ask my fellow-citizens for their suffrage. From the first I made up my mind to abide the decision of a parish convention or primary election, as the people might see proper to act. Since that time the parish executive committee was appointed and organized, and they, after mature deliberation, decided that a nominating convention would be best to consolidate and harmonize the party. Although a primary election met my views, I cheerfully yielded to the decision of the executive committee, and adopted their views. And ever since, I have determined to adhere to that decision, without regard to the effect it may have on my chances to election.

From the encouragement I have received since my candidacy, I flatter myself that my chances in a scrub race, are at least equal to any other candidate in the field; but conventions are honorable and as time honored as our party, and are generally made up of honest, honorable and high-minded gentlemen, who express the will and the wishes of a majority of their constituents. I for one, am willing to abide the results. Hence, I deprecate any independent move or any departure from our time-honored usage, fearing our folly might work great injury to the body politic.

Then, fellow-citizens, I appeal to you to discard the idea of any independent movement; act in harmony and sustain the party. "United we stand, divided we fall." I would not, under any circumstance,

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even should it secure my own election, act improperly, so as to create a division in the party.

We are just emerging from bondage and tearing the fetters of Radicalism assunder; then why should we jeopardize the prize so nearly won? Then let each candidate for any office in the gift of the people submit to the decision of a nominating convention. I surely will, and if I am not the choice of a majority of my fellow-citizens, I do not want the office; but will cheerfully support the nominee until he is elected, and when he is sheriff, as a good citizen, I will give him my moral and physical support, if necessary, to uphold and sustain the laws of the land. But, fellow-citizens, should I prove to be your choice and receive the nomination, and am elected by your suffrage, I will then be the officer of the people. I will, to the best of my ability, use every effort to make you a good and faithful sheriff; to preserve law and order, and execute all writs the courts may see proper to issue, and deal fairly and justly with all men. I would respectfully urge an organization of the people of the parish into ward clubs, and suggest that the colored people be cordially invited to join the clubs and vote with us for our candidates at the ensuing general election. Give them a voice in the parish convention. I think the eminent conservative, wise, firm and patriotic administration of Governor Nichols and the policy of the Democratic party since it has been in power, has convinced the majority of the colored people that it is greatly to their interest to identify themselves with the Democratic party and assist us in routing the last carpet-bagger out of office. They certainly have seen this, that their lives, their property and everything else have been fully protected. Then there is no cause why they should not unite with us. The folly of some in expecting to hold office and rule the white people in conjunction with their carpet-bag allies, is a myth that is fast passing away, and they will soon learn that it is detrimental to their interest to antagonize the party that is both able and willing to protect them in all their rights, civil and religious. Let us invite them to join us and give them a fair representation in selecting the men they wish to vote for. But should they hold themselves aloof as they have done heretofore, of course they will not be entitled to any consideration in a nominating convention.

Mr. Editor, these are my views in regard to the present canvass. Very Respectfully, D. D. MORGAN.

An Inventor Hopes to Cross the Atlantic on the Wings of the Wind. New York Tribune.] F. W. Shroder, the inventor of an airship, which has attracted wide attention, arrived in the city on Saturday, intending, he says, to build here a large ship of the same pattern, in which to journey to Europe in September next. At Hartford, Conn., he has exhibited lately his airship. The machine consists of a balloon shaped like a cigar, with a light car for passengers beneath. The balloon is to be 91 feet long and 29 feet in diameter, to be constructed of silk, lined with India-rubber. Filled with carbonic acid gas, the balloon can be kept inflated for many days. In the car is to be an electric engine of one half horse power, with the machinery for working a screw propeller and rudder, which are to be attached to it. The balloon is driven by the propeller and by a pair of wings at either side of the car. The ship can be held almost stationary in the air by the use of its machinery. The inventor is confident that in such a machine he could go to Europe and return in five days. The cost of the ship is \$5,000.

A New, Very Efficient and Cheap Disinfectant. Dr. John Day, of Geelong, Australia, in the British Medical Journal, recommends for use in civil and military hospitals, and also for the purpose of destroying the poison germs of small-pox, scarlet fever and other infectious diseases, a disinfectant ingeniously composed of one part of rectified oil of turpentine and seven parts of benzine, with the addition of five drops of oil of verbenia to each ounce. Its purifying and disinfecting properties are due to the power which is possessed by each of its ingredients, of absorbing atmospheric oxygen, and converting it into peroxide of hydrogen—a highly active oxidizing agent, and very similar in nature to ozone. Articles of clothing, furniture, wall

paper, carpeting, books, newspapers, letters, etc., may be perfectly saturated with it without receiving the slightest injury; and when it has been once freely applied to any rough or porous surface, its action will be persistent for an almost indefinite period. This may, at any time, be readily shown by pouring a few drops of a solution of iodide of potassium over the material which has been disinfected, when the peroxide of hydrogen which is being continually generated within it, will quickly liberate the iodine from its combination with the potassium, and give rise to dark brown stains.

A Nice Little Letter from a Nice Little Girl. The following letter shows such rare talent for one so young, that we can not refrain from publishing it; and we hope our dear little friend will pardon us for taking such liberties with her private correspondence. Will some others of our little friends at other places try to write us as nice letters as this one from our little Bastrop friend? But here is her letter:—

MR. MANGHAM:—As I promised you I would write to you, I am going to do it. I have been out to Uncle John's the past week. He lives three miles north of town; it is a very pretty place, and pleasant too. They have had a great deal of fruit, but it is all gone now. They have a great variety of flowers, also, but they have more honey suckles than anything else. I love to go out there, for I hardly ever go anywhere away from home to stay any length of time, and when I do go I try to enjoy myself. I did not get sick while I was out there, because all the fruit was gone, but I came home on Friday and got a little sick then. Sister went out there too, but she did not come home until Saturday.

We have been having a great deal of rain, and it has been very hot, also. Our Sunday school is not as full as it has been on account of the hot weather. I see from the Beacon that your wife has gone East. I sympathize with you as your loneliness. I hope she will enjoy herself, and return in good health. All join me in love to you. Your friend, MARY E. BESSY.

Young reader, this is a sweet little nine year old girl. Doesn't she write a good letter for one so young? Beholding a Rattlesnake. Cherokee Georgian.] A young man named Penny, while out hunting his steers, happened, the other day, to step on the head of a large rattlesnake. He had his heel on the snake's head, and being afraid to move, did not know what to do for some time, while the hideous thing was writhing and squirming and vigorously lashing the youth's legs. Penny was badly frightened, but recovered his presence of mind sufficient to take out his knife, reach down and cut off the snake's head.

The Alta California complains that the number of women speculators in San Francisco is constantly increasing, and that their attendance at the board is just as punctual and regular as that of the opposite sex. It says that "Day after day in the galleries of the respective stock boards can be seen the long-haired countesses of the London stock speculators, with crowds of boys, children and husband evidently left behind, their suits wrapped up in imitation of their favorite investments. A good deal of speculation is carried on by the women of New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis, but ordinarily they operate through their brokers, and are never seen on 'Change."

Ever since work stopped on the Washington monument, a score of years ago, a stout rope has hung down on the shaft inside from the derrick at the top, and on Monday it became a question how to reach the top and make a good connection for hoisting up the necessary tackle. After testing the old and weather-worn rope, a rigger volunteered to climb up, carrying a new one up with him. Up he went, and reaching the top in safety, waved his hat and cut the old rope down. The surprise of those on the ground can be imagined when the old rope on striking the ground, fell into a thousand pieces. It was found to be completely rotten through, and crumbled to small pieces on being handled. The wonder is that it sustained its own weight, much less that of the venturesome rigger and his load of rope.

If Anderson and Jinks and Weber are a fair sample of the people of Louisiana, what a tremendous colony they must have in— Cincinnati Enquirer. Yes, verily! If Hayes and Sherman and Matthews, who proscribed Louisiana's trim of carpet-baggers, are a fair sample of the people of Ohio the hell of Anderson and Jinks and Weber is a heaven to the place where the souls of defunct Ohio people go.— St. Mary Enterprise.

CAPTURED.—Amos Avery and Jas. Johnson, who stole Capt. Samuel Hays's horses in St. Landry parish, a few weeks since, have been "taken in out of the wet," and have possibly reached their destination. They were captured in Fomin county, Texas, and the horses recovered, passed through many Saturday last. "The way of the transgressor is hard."— Sabine Southern.

Mr. Higginer went home the other night considerably intoxicated and afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleep goggles riveted on him. Higginer, and then remarked: "Well, (his) I hope to, holler if you two gals don't look enuff alike to (c) (i) twins."—Ukiahon Ex.