

The Richland Beacon.

"LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM."

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RAYVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

WHOLE NO 504

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Official Directory.

JUDICIAL—FOURTEENTH DISTRICT COURT:
S. G. PARSONS, Judge;
W. N. POTTS, District Attorney;
J. NAWT. FITTS, Clerk.
FARIN CURT:
E. C. MONTGOMERY, Judge.
M. J. LADDOLL, District Attorney Protem;
FARIN OFFICERS:
J. A. LIDDELL, Sheriff;
WILBY P. MANGHAM, Recorder;
JOHN BISHOP, President Police Jury;
J. W. SIMMS, Parish Treasurer.

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Ward 1—John Bishop;
2—E. Scott;
3—John H. Milling;
4—Henry G. Mangham,
5—P. H. Parham,
6—J. L. Laddell,
7—Frank Hatch.
Jno. S. Summerlin, Clerk.
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POTTS & HUDSON,
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Will practice in the courts of the 14th Judicial District, comprising the parishes of Ouachita, Morehouse and Richland. April 14, 1877.

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Will practice in all the courts of Ouachita and Richland parishes, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.
Feb. 23, 1878-ly.

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March 3, 1877-ly.

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Feb. 24, 1877-1881, 78.

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Jan. 5, 1878-ly.

TACKLING THE WRONG TOM CAT.

A man he owned a terrier dog—
A bob-tailed, onery cuss,
And that there pup got that there man
In many an ugly muss.
For the man was on his muscle,
And the dog was on his bite;
And to kick the dog-gone animalie
Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman owned a Thomas cat,
That fit at fifteen pounds;
And other cats got up and slid
When that there cat was around.
The man and his dog came along one day,
Where the woman she did dwell,
And the purp he growled ferociously,
The went for that cat pell-mell.

He tried to chew the neck of the cat,
But the cat he wouldn't be chawed,
So he lit on the back of that there dog
And bit! and chawed! and clawed!
Oh! the hair it flew! and the purp he yowled
As the claws went into his hide,
And chunks of flesh were peeled from his
side.

Then he flummed, and kicked, and died!
The man he ripped, and cursed, and swore,
And the doctor cured him up.
That he would be damned essentially
If he didn't kill that cat!

But the old woman 'twould she'd be blessed
if he did,
And snatched up an old shotgun,
Which she fired and peppered his diaphragm
With bird-shot number one.

They toed him home on a window blind,
And the doctor cured him up.
But he never was known to fight again,
Or own another purp.
Folks may turn up their snouts at this here
rhyme,
I don't care a cuss for that!

All I want to show is, that fighting dogs
may tackle the wrong Tomcat.
—New York Sun.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.
AN OLD VERSION.
Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Flea all same white snow,
Evy place Moll gal walkee,
Be Ba hoppee long too.

HOW FAT MURPHY PUTS IT.
Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white intyly;
And wherever Mary would stir her stumps,
The young shape would follow her com-
pletely.

JEAN CRAPEAU'S RESENTMENT.
La petite Marie had le June mutton,
Zee wool was blinche as ze snow;
And evywhere La Belle Marie went,
Le June mutton was zure to go.

ACCORDING TO HANS BREITMANN.
Dot Mary haf got ein leedle shaf,
Mit hair yust like seme wool;
Und all der blinze dot gal did vent,
Dot schaf go like ein fool.

OFF CAPE HORN.
A Nautical Sketch.

"I do believe, Mr. Pierson, that we are fated, and the ship laboring under a spell as bad as that which is said to envelop the Flying Dutchman. Fourteen days we have been off Cape Horn, and the last thirteen there has been no opportunity to catch a glimpse of sun, moon or stars. I would give half of all that I am worth for an hour's clear weather." And Captain Hardy—Jack Hardy, as he was best known—descended to the cabin to pore over a large chart spread out on the center-table. He was not over 20 years of age, brave, capable and handsome, despite the brooding his complexion had received "neath tropical suns. His frank, open countenance wore an expression, which was reflected back from the rough, weather-beaten visage of the mate, of a man past the meridian of life.

As for the ship—the Sunbeam—she was a clipper, and as fine a craft as ever sailed from the port of New York for San Francisco. The ship was lying to under a close-reefed main-top-sail, main spencer and fore stays; and as the short day came to a close the gale seemed to increase from the southwest. Furious squalls of hail and sleet howled through the tall spars and tent rigging of the ship, which at times leaped over to the icy blasts, until the ice-scrapers were submerged in the dark foam-streaked waters. The whole expanse of the heavens was covered by a black cloud, which appeared to sink lower and lower, until the gilded balls of the poles were obscured by whirling masses of scud driving before the furious tempest. The shivering watch, wrapped in monkey jackets and oilskins, gathered aft, crouching for shelter under the lee of the bulwarks, while the mate, bundled in his long watch-coat, walked the quarter-deck in sombre silence. Aft by the binnacle, peering at times at the compass, dimly revealed by the flickering lamp, stood Captain Hardy. No thought of sleep entered his head. A terrible anxiety, coupled with thought of wife and children, filled his stout heart as he peered incessantly to windward, and strove to pierce the gloom which had settled like a pall to leeward.

And so through the long dreary night, the watch was kept up, and with morning's dawn a slight change was noted. The ship was lying to on the starboard tack making fair weather of it for so sharp a vessel, when the murky obscurity began to clear, and a glimmer of clear sky was seen.

The important news was immediately reported to Captain Hardy, who was dozing in a chair by the companion-way. With a bound he sprang up the steps, and at the same instant the cry of "Land, ho!" echoed through the ship. Four points off the weather bow the loom of land was seen, which every moment was becoming more distinct, while off the lee beams stretched the ice-bound coast of Cape Horn.

The dark face of Jack Hardy grew a shade paler as his eyes ranged from point to point, taking in certain landmarks, which but too accurately confirmed the dangerous predicament of the Sunbeam, a presentiment of which had haunted the young commander's breast.

The ship was nearly landlocked, on a lee shore, attended with horrors well calculated to demoralize the bravest seaman. The land on the weather bow proved to be the island Diego Ramirez, that on the weather quarter St. Idelfonso rocks, and that on the lee beam was the coast of Cape Horn.

But two alternatives remained by which the lives of all on board could be saved, together with the ship and cargo. One was to run between Diego Ramirez and the coast, the other to make sail and endeavor to bear off shore in the teeth of the gale, which had abated somewhat in violence. It was impossible to remain here, to as a few hours would have found the vessel on the rocks.

Jack Hardy was not long in making up his mind as to the best course to pursue. A glance at the chart revealed countless sunken rocks and ledges in the channel, with which he was totally unacquainted. He would only attempt that as a last alternative.

"Send all hands aft, Mr. Pierson. Rouse out the watch below. Splice the main brace, set the close reefed fore-top-sail and reefed foresail."

The steward hastily served out the grog, which was eagerly swallowed by the sailors, who fully realized the nature of the struggle they were about to engage in.

A tremendous sea was running, which set the ship still nearer to the lee shore with every heave. Under the press of canvas which it was imperative to carry, the Sunbeam was all but buried in the foaming surges.

Sea after sea broke over the ship as she lay in the trough, deluging her with water from the forecastle aft to the binnacle, where two of the best seamen had been lashed to the wheel. Occasionally the sharp bows of the clipper would descend with terrible force, plunging madly into the sea, threatening to tear herself assunder as she struggled on. The entire ship's company was on deck, clinging to life-line which had been rove fore and aft. The captain had taken up his position aft by the wheel, while the two mates, with their respective watches, stood ready to execute any orders that might emanate from the quarter-deck.

Gradually the ship closed in with the land, and the sight was truly a terrible one. When the vessel was in the trough of the sea, nothing could be distinguished but a waste of water; but when borne aloft on the summit of some enormous wave, then the high, beetling rocks, with mountains of ice, over which the seas were breaking masthead high, were fully revealed to the shuddering sailors.

Suddenly the sails shivered and flapped like thunder.
"Up with your helm! keep her full!" shouted the Captain, as he turned toward the binnacle.

"The wind has headed us off a pint, sir," responded the seamen, as he glanced from the compass to the weather-leech of the main-top-sail.

"Then God have mercy on us!" muttered the captain, as he glanced quickly to leeward. "Tis a narrow chance, and anything is preferable to being dashed to pieces on yon rocks. Mr. Pierson, be raised his voice, 'loose the mainsail and reef it.'"

The mate stared at his commander in unalloyed amazement, and probably for the first time in his life hesitated to obey the order of his superior.

"She will never bear it, sir."
"She must, or carry the masts over the side. Set the sail, sir, or I'll do it for you."

"I'll do it sir, if it's the last act of my life," and soon after the hardy crew were heaving the tack down,

while the sheet was manned and hauled flat aft.

The effect of the broad surface of of canvas upon the ship was tremendous. Her lee channels were buried in the foaming surges, and she reminded her bold commander of a fiery steed under the lash. The ship no longer rode over the seas, but forced herself bodily through them, dividing the masses of water which poured in one constant torrent aft to the break of the house.

A favorable start had enabled the Sunbeam to head well up, the breath of the seamen came freer; but in the midst of their hopes and fears, the short wintry day came to a close, and the somber shades of night enveloped land and sea. All day long not a mouthful of food had passed the lips of that crew, from whom came no word of complaint. It was impossible to start a fire in the galley-stove, and in fact no one on board thought of hunger.

"Sound the pumps there, carpenter, and pass the word to the steward to light the binnacle!"

The Captain's orders were at once obeyed; the carpenter in a faltering voice reporting three feet water in the hold.

"What is the matter with you, Chips? Your voice trembles like an old woman's. Is it anything to be wondered at that a vessel makes water when she is forced in this manner? Rig the pump, sir, and be careful what you are about, or you'll rue the day you ever signed articles with Jack Hardy," and the Captain's voice assumed a hard, stern tone, which had its effect upon the subordinate.

The howling of the wind, and the never-ceasing roar of the huge waves as they topped on high, now mingled with the dismal clank of the pump and the rush of hail as they pattered on deck. The running-gear had been swept in confusion to leeward, and jammed by the water washing to and fro 'neath the spare spars lashed along the waterways. The glass had begun to rise, and already the gale had betrayed symptoms of dying out.

Still not an officer or man left his post. At ten o'clock the vessel was judged to be abreast of the island, and as the gale lulled the roaring of breakers dashing against the rocks boomed through the air.

At midnight the wind sank suddenly away, and the sound of the breakers became clearer. Perilous as had been the situation of the ship throughout the day, it was rendered infinitely more so by the dead calm. There was not a breath of air. The ship had become unmanageable, driving broadside to the rocks, where the heavy southwest swell was breaking with a force only equaled by the appalling noise of the reverberating surges as they culminated in clouds of foam and vapor about the ice-bound shore.

Every moment the ship was forced nearer and nearer to her doom. The cables and anchors were entirely useless, for there was no bottom to be had at one hundred and sixty fathoms; the boats were of no service for towing on account of the furious swell and all hands realized that in less than twenty minutes the good ship Sunbeam would be ground into pieces as minute as toothpicks. The seamen gazed at one another agast, as death clothed with countless terrors, stared them in the face. Suddenly the carpenter started forward.

"There is one chance left, lads. Follow me, and lend a hand to launch the long boat!"

"The long-boat! the long-boat!" was repeated from the pallid lips of the poor fellows, who were ready to grasp at a straw to save their lives. Fear had deprived them of their cooler judgment. But in a voice of thunder Jack Hardy arrested their movements.

"Stand fast, lads, and do as I bid you. Carpenter, come out of that boat."

"Not I. 'Tis each man for himself, and God for us all now," was the reply of the man, as he coolly cut the lashings which secured the boat.

"Once more, I say, obey my orders. You would be dashed to pieces in a moment."

"As well in this as on board here. Come on, lads."

And he waved his hand to the crew who were already wavering.

"For the last time, I order you out of that boat. So long as two planks of this ship stick together, and I have life, I will be obeyed."

"And I repeat, life is sweet."
With the words came the sharp crack of a revolver; the man threw up his arms, grasped convulsively at

the air, and fell headlong into the heaving swell, disappearing among the bubbles and eddies astern.

"To your stations, lads, and stand by my orders!" was the stern order which fell from the lips of their commander.

The seamen were silent and solemn. Quiet and subdued, they thought of eternity, which mystery they were firmly convinced they would soon solve.

Every sail that was available had been set, but the ship was little less than five hundred yards from the rocks, and the wind from the rebounding breakers, falling heavily on the limp canvas, forced the sharp vessel ahead twice her length.

The sun rose clear from her watery depths, and not a cloud was to be seen in the heavens, as a flood of glorious sunlight tinged the crests of the huge swells. A light cat's-paw came dancing over the glassy surface of the water from the eastward. The ship forged ahead, the light sails filled, and in fifteen minutes the Sunbeam was running with studding-sails set low and aloft.

With a fervent "Thank God!" Jack Hardy stepped below to commune with his Creator.

Cape Horn for him had lost all its terrors.

"Not Mine."
[Detroit Free Press.]

She was a stylish young lady about eighteen years old, and to accommodate a friend she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along and inquired for a certain person supposed to live on that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said:

"Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh! Well, he looks just like you."

"It isn't mine," she yelled again, but he nodded his head, and continued:

"Twins, eh? Where's the other one?"

"She started off with the cab, but he followed and asked:

"Did it die of colic?"
Despairing of making him understand by words of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes, I see—'tother twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course!"

She turned the cab and hurried the other way, but he followed and asked:

"Do they kick around much nights?"
"I tell you 'tain't mine," she shouted, looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there!" he answered. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up and asked: "Have to spank 'em once and awhile, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate, and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and as she entered the house he called out:

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

First Things.
First envelopes used in 1839.
The first air pump was made in 1860.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
Anesthesia was first discovered in 1844.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1827.
Coaches were first used in England in 1569.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.
Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.
The first watches were made at Nuremberg, in 1477.
The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.