

# The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

VOLUME XII.

RAYVILLE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

NUMBER 43.

## SONG.

BY DR. LA MOILLE.

Not where the poison dews distill,  
Which bring much woe to men,  
Nor where our burning glasses fill,  
And drink and fill again.  
But we shall quaff the water pure,  
Which sparkles in the wave,  
Whose draught so sweet doth health assure,  
And far removes the grave.  
Water, true gift of heaven thou art;  
Without thy smile to bless,  
Earth were a desert and man's heart  
Could never find happiness.

## STARVING TO WIN A WIFE.

It was a July afternoon. Three men sat on the veranda of the village hotel. Their feet were on the balcony railing, their chairs were tilted back and they were fanning themselves.

These men were Judge Barron, County Judge, Parson Miller and Col. Gherkins, a retired militia officer, on no pay. Not one of them would see his 50th birthday, for they had passed it. "Speaking of fasting," said the Judge, breaking a long silence.

"Hasn't been mentioned," snarled the Colonel, interrupting.

The Judge dropped his chair squarely down on its four legs, and looked savagely at the Colonel. The Colonel returned the look and snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"Don't be boys!" urged the minister with a smile. He smiled because he knew the fiery but harmless ways of the gentlemen.

"Well, we are too old for this sort of thing," said the Judge, leaning back again. "But, speaking of fasting—I will have it that way—reminds me of my attempt at suicide."

"It was in the papers," said Gherkins, stopping his fanning long enough to glance sideways at the other.

"It was," admitted the Judge, "but it doesn't signify now, over twenty-five years afterward."

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel. "I was in love, doctor," and the Judge turned his face toward the minister.

"That is what he thought," observed the Colonel, with a cackle, half cough and half laugh.

"With a girl," continued Barron.

"Well added!" cried Gherkins. "Though the tendency of young men is, we know, to fall in love with old women."

"Not as you well know, Colonel," said the Judge, "young women to fall in love with old men."

"As old as I am," shouted the Colonel.

"Not by fifteen years," exclaimed the Judge. "But you take my remark as personal."

"That's the way you meant to have it taken, I know," growled the unamiable old man.

"So you caught," said the Judge. "But never mind that! I fell in love. That meant to be miserable. At 22 one has love as one has the measles, secretly all over, as a matter of business."

"When I was a boy," suddenly began the Colonel.

"Why, that is ancient history," cried Barron.

The Colonel said something in an undertone, and lighted a cigar.

"I had always been in love with Miss Lou Dexter," continued the Judge. "I began to suffer when I was in roundabouts."

"Meanwhile," continued the Judge, "every relative got wind of the matter and came to hold an ante-mortem inquest. The doctor was summoned, and at last the newspaper of the town came out with a highly-seasoned story, in which Miss Dexter was, by innuendoes, referred to as the cause of the trouble. Of this, however, I knew nothing. I was too busy in scheming to counteract the plots of my friends to force food into my stomach to care what was being said outside of the house. The night of the third day was a horrible one. It was made up of a succession of dreams of banquets at which I could not eat enough to satisfy my hunger."

"The next morning I was out of my head until noon."

"Out of your stomach! Brains had nothing to do with it," said the Colonel.

"Out of my head," repeated the Judge. "It seemed as though I was about to collapse and die. Everything was whirling around and around, when the door was opened and a face came into view. It had a familiar look, but at first I could not tell whose it was. I looked and looked and looked, and then dropped away in a fainting fit. It lasted for a minute. When I came to, the first thing that met my gaze was this same thing."

"The eyes had the same electrical gleam as of old; the lips were just as seductive in their expression, and the voice made the sweetest of music. She took my thin face in her little hands and looked sadly into my eyes."

"Fred! Fred!" she whispered. "Dear old boy, tell me what this means!"

I shook my head wearily.

"I've been away," she said, "and there's a horrible story about us in the paper—about me, I mean—that I am the cause of this. Have you seen it?"

"No, Lou."

"Are you going to kill yourself, Fred?" bringing that dear face of hers closer to mine.

"I shall continue to try."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"You are the matter, Lou, if you must know," I said, getting desperate, with her lips so close to mine, and the questions coming thick and fast. "You are the matter."

"Me?"

"You."

I could see that she wanted to make me tell, and I believe that the only thing that kept her from asking was that she believed she knew what I had to tell. I resolved to settle my doubt, and if I was going to die, to have her know just the reason for my suicide.

"Lou," I began, putting an arm around her waist to steady myself.

"Lou, I am killing myself because you don't love me."

"How do you know that, Fred Barron? You make me ask the question."

Her face came down upon my shoulder, and she began to sob.

"Because, Lou, because, because"—I paused simply because I didn't know, but had only guessed at it, and in my weak condition it seemed as if I had been woefully mistaken. "Well, then, I knew it because you always put Gherkins between us; and how could I tell you over his shoulder that I wanted you to be my wife."

"Did you want to tell me that, Fred?"

"Yes!"

"And that animated old petrification kept you away?"

"Animated Old Petrification, eh? Did she call me that, Judge Barron?"

He shrieked the Colonel, slapping his hat on his head and driving it down with a blow of his fist, as he sprang from his chair.

"If she did, sir, I demand satisfaction, the satisfaction of a gentleman, sir!"

"Animated Old Petrification!" And this by a woman I would have honored by marrying! It is too much, too much! You shall give me revenge!"

Barron laughed. So did the minister.

"You shall have what you want, Colonel," said the Judge.

"When, where, how? That talk suits me."

"By coming around to dinner with me this afternoon. You know Mrs. Barron has changed her mind about you since that day."

"I'll be blanked if I will," roared the Colonel, slamming the chairs aside as he tramped away.

"At 4 o'clock sharp," said the Judge, leaning over the railing, and speaking to the angry man on the walk below.

The Colonel shook his fist in reply.

"He is very wrathful," observed the minister.

"But he will come all the same," said the Judge.

"I suppose that young lady gave you a favorable reply," meekly observed Dr. Miller, who wanted to hear the conclusion of the story.

"Favorable? Of course! See that lady over the street there?"

"Mrs. Barron? Oh, yes!"

"Well, she was Lou Dexter before I married her. Her 'yes' stopped my suicide."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed. And what is more, in view of my profession, I've never had to starve since."

THE RICHEST CITY OF ITS SIZE.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, with a population of about 100,000, is reported to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. It is asserted that there are 100 Frankforters worth from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 each, and 250 who are worth \$1,000,000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centers of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at \$200,000,000—more than one-fourth of which the Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control.

The total number of paupers in London, exclusive of inmates in asylums and 886 vagrants, on the last day of the second week in June was 85,049, of whom 46,793 were in workhouses and 38,256 receiving outdoor relief.

A MAN in Philadelphia gathers slops and swill and garbage and distills it into whisky.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

This noted historian was the son of Zachary Macaulay, a West India merchant and wonderful philanthropist.

His grandfather was Sir John Macaulay, a Presbyterian minister of West Scotland. Young Macaulay was born in the year 1800, educated at Trinity, Cambridge, where he acquired a reputation as a scholar and debater, and twice won the Chancellor's medal, first, by his poem "Pompeii," second, "Evening."

He was elected Fellow of Trinity and devoted himself to literature, becoming a contributor to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. In 1825 he made his appearance in the *Edinburgh Review* in his famous essay on Milton, a production so learned, enthusiastic, and brilliant that it captivated the whole reading world, and placed him in the first ranks of essayists. In 1826 he was called to the bar but never practiced the profession.

About this time he was elected to Parliament, for which he repaid his constituents by setting forth their doctrine in a manner so luminous, powerful and attractive that his adversaries were charmed, and convinced if they were not convicted.

In 1836 he went to India and spent some time in the preparation of a new penal code, but was not very successful. On his return he was re-elected to Parliament. As a statesman he was the implicit friend of freedom, both civil and religious. He eloquently sustained the Roman Catholic bill for the relief of Catholics, and in consequence was unseated, but five years thereafter was re-elected without effort on his part. In 1848 he published the first two volumes of his world-renowned "History of England"—the finest history, too, ever written by ancient or modern writer. It was received with an enthusiastic popularity which has been attained by very few of the great novelists.

When he published in 1850 his two last volumes they created such excitement in Paternoster row as had never been seen before. Shortly after he was elected a member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, and was raised to the peerage in England under the title of Baron Macaulay. He died in 1859, at Holly Lodge, near London. He was a man of superlative talent, thorough scholarship, and his accumulated knowledge was prodigious.

His knowledge of modern Europe and especially English history from the time of Henry VIII. was unsurpassed. His style is pure, luminous and exquisitely modulated, or musical, while his powers of description were such that his "History of England" might be compared to the cartoons of Raphael in the Sistine Chapel of Rome.

Allison said, "After a review of the chief characteristics of Lord Jeffrey, McIntosh and Smith, we find Macaulay's turn of mind and style peculiar, and exhibit a combination rarely, if ever, exhibited in ancient or modern literature. Unlike Jeffrey, he is deeply learned in lore—ancient and modern. His mind is richly stored with the poetry and history, both of classical and continental literature. Unlike McIntosh, he is eminently dramatic and pictorial. He alternately speaks poetry to the soul and paints pictures to the eyes. Unlike Smith, he has omitted subjects of party contention and party interests, and grapples with great questions and immortal names, which will forever attract the interest and demand the attention of such men as Milton, Bacon and Machiavelli. The grand characteristic of his style is the shortness of his sentences. He often conveys several ideas in one line."

A STOICAL INDIAN.

An Indian near Major's ranch was suffering the pain of rheumatism in one of his legs. Concluding he could bear the loss of the leg better than suffer longer, he laid the leg across a log and with an ax chopped it entirely off a little below the knee, bleeding to death in a few minutes. Each time he struck the leg he hallooed, which attracted attention, or the facts would never have been known. And thus went another aborigine to the happy hunting-grounds.—*Sonora (Cal.) Democrat*.

DR. BARNES CARTER speaks of several children who were sent into a garden to work during one-half of the school hours, and who outstripped those who studied during all the hours. He says also that some men die of stupidity artificially produced by neglect of talents with which they are endowed. All successful men are said to have one quality in common; they are thoroughly in earnest and do not allow themselves to be beaten.

## PAY AS YOU GO.

What Mr. N. J. Shephard says in the following article is just as good advice for the printer or any other business man as for the farmer:

"I think one of the worst evils the farmer has to contend with is going into debt. Many and many of them are always in debt for their machinery from year to year, and to their blacksmith and their merchant from one year's end to another. Men of this class always have to sell their wheat as soon as they can thrash it and haul it to market, their corn as soon as it is ripe enough to gather, and their stock as soon as the animals are salable. They have no choice. They cannot wait for a better market, because, if they keep the merchant waiting too long, they know there will be no chance of getting credit another year, and it takes all they have got this year to square up old accounts. As a rule, such farmers are obliged to sell at low prices and pay the highest price for what they use, and therefore lose on both sides. Most farmers will find it far easier, and a great deal more profitable, to pay as they go. There is no question but that they can get goods cheaper for cash. Any merchant will tell you he can afford to sell goods for less money if he gets cash every time instead of waiting six months. Precisely the same is the case with all with whom the farmer deals, and it will pay anyone to live close for one year in order ever afterward to be free from the galling pressure of debt. Do without everything that you can possibly live without. Do not buy a new plow, or a new harrow, or any other new implement simply because you can buy it on credit. Wait, and wait patiently, until you can pay as you go, and you will be surprised how much you will save in a year; for I honestly believe any farmer will buy more when he is buying on credit than he will if he pays cash every time. It is those who are in debt, head over heels, that feel the hard times so severely. We farmers who are out of debt now, are the most independent class of men in the country. Keep out of debt."

SOME REMARKABLE TREES.

Boston is said to own the two first horse-chestnut trees brought to this country. They are reported to be 108 years old.

A ring does not always denote a year, for the blue gum tree of Australia sheds its bark twice a year. A tree recently felled, that was known to be only 18 years old, showed thirty-six distinct rings of growth.

Old oaks and yews in England are not uncommon. Several oaks felled in Sherwood forest, about a quarter of a century ago, exposed, on being sawn up, the date 1212 and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that these trees must have been several centuries old at the time the marks were made.

Berks, Pa., claims the largest chestnut tree in the country. It measures thirty-eight feet four inches in circumference; the lowest limbs are fifteen feet from the ground, and measure fourteen feet in circumference at the base. The top of the tree is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the limbs. It is estimated that this tree contains about seventeen cords of wood. It still yields about three bushels of chestnuts annually.

The oldest yew tree in England, which is situated in Cowhurst churchyard, was mentioned by Aubrey, in the reign of Charles I., as then measuring ten yards in circumference at a height of five feet from the ground. It is said, on the authority of De Candolle, to be 1,450 years old. Its present growth is about thirty-three feet. In 1820 this old tree was hollowed out, and a cannon ball was found in the center. In 1825 a severe storm deprived it of its upright branches. A door has been made to the inside of the tree, where seats are to be had for twelve persons comfortably.

STEPHEN C. SPENCE, a young farmer of Kingston, N. C., met Mrs. M. E. Waller in the road. After bowing to her, he said she must kiss him. The lady indignantly hurried on, whereupon Spence followed, and, despite her struggles, kissed her. She made complaint, and Spence was arrested. He was tried, and sentenced to thirty days in the county jail for kissing another man's wife.

A NEGRO barber, at St. Louis, studied law at night for several years, and was finally admitted to the bar. He now works in the shop on Saturdays and Sundays, and practices with considerable success in the courts on other days.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

The Empress of Austria is said to be a skillful fencer.

The Cape May hotel-keepers are charging guests with puppies \$10 per week extra.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF dresses are common in England. They are garments to weep over.

An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a thermometer over 70.

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not gold."

ELIAS POLK, the colored carriage-driver of President Polk, still lives at Nashville, aged 75 years.

The sale of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" has been twentyfold greater in America than in England.

LITTLE BOY: "Ma, when you go to heaven shall you let this house?"

"When I go to heaven I shall not think about such things as that." Boy: "But when everybody is dead what will become of all the world?" Ma: "The world will be destroyed." Boy: "And all the houses, too?" Ma: "Yes." Boy: "O! what an awful waste!"

THREE little girls had great fun in a neighbor's house at South Bend, Ind., during the absence of the family. They first broke all the window panes. Then they poured several gallons of milk on the parlor carpet. Finally, they emptied six dozen cans of raspberries and huckleberries into a tub, and dyed all the fine dresses they could find in the juice.

HERRERT SPENCER defines life to be "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external existence and sequences;" G. H. LEXAS as "a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity."

The railroad monopolies don't have it all their own way, after all. A lady in Chicago sued the Central Pacific for \$75 damages for allowing a locomotive to scald all the hair off a valuable dog expressed her from San Francisco. She obtained judgment and collected the money before the company found out that it was a Japanese dog and never had any hair.

THE London Economist says hundreds of thousands of sheep, if not millions, have died of plague in England, and the Russian, Turkish, English, and Afghanistan wars, as well as those of Turkey, Syria, Persia, and the Tridant country, have caused tens of millions of sheep to be killed. In fact, wool-growing in Turkey, Russia, Persia, and India has been almost given up on account of the wars and the low prices current for the past five years.

WHILE trout-fishing in Holden, Mass., C. G. Parker saw a woodchuck and a fox running toward the burrow of the former. The fox reached the entrance first, and, turning, faced the woodchuck. The latter turned to run away, when the fox seized him by the throat, and a life-and-death struggle ensued, the fox being constantly on the aggressive, and in about five minutes he had the woodchuck hors de combat. He then took the carcass by the nape of the neck and trotted off into the woods.

AUSTIN (Tex.) Review: While bathing in Bear creek, Lombert Briott, a stone-cutter, was bitten by a water-moccasin. After being thus wounded he made a dive for the shore, striking the snake from him, but had scarcely reached the bank when he discovered that the snake was pursuing him. He made good his escape, but upon reaching his camp he discovered that he was bitten on the finger, and, taking a coal of fire, burnt the flesh of his finger to the bone, thus destroying the poison of the bite.

## HE EARNED

Earnestness in business wins. If a lawyer tries a suit, it is of little importance to him, being but one of 100, in an extensive practice, yet it may be an epoch in the life of his client; perhaps his first suit, or at least he clothes it with great importance. His life, liberty and property may be at stake.

The British Government is considerably disturbed by the recent movements in Ireland. The peasantry are reported to be arming themselves, and Irish-American agents are said to be busy in the country. The British military force in the island is being daily increased, and during the long, dark nights, as a British Judge once remarked, lively work is anticipated.