

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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## ONLY

And this is the end of it all! It rounds the year's completeness;

Only a walk to the style, through fields again with sweetest;

Only a sunset light purple and red on the river; And a lingering, low good-night, that means good-bye forever.

So be it! and God be with you! It had been, perhaps more kind Had you sooner (pardon the word) been sure of knowing your mind.

We can be so much in youth—who cares for a swift sharp part?

And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep, but he leaves no stain!

I shall just go back to my work—to my little household cares That never make any show. By time, perhaps in my prayers,

I may think of you! For the rest, on this way we've trodden together My foot shall fall as lightly as if my heart were a feather.

And not a woman's heart! strong to have, and to keep Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to sleep,

Hiding its secrets close, glad when another's hand Finds for itself a gem where hers found only sand.

Good-bye! The year has been bright! As oft as the blossoms come, The peach with its waven pink, the waving snow of the plum,

I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you pass I could almost kiss the print of your foot in the dewy grass.

I am not ashamed of my love! Yet I would not have yours now, Though you laid it down at my feet. I could not stoop so low.

A love is but half a love that contents itself with less Than love's utmost faith and truth, and unswerving tenderness.

Only this walk to the style; this parting word by the river, That flows so quiet and cool, going and flowing forever.

Good-bye! Let me wait to hear the last, last sound of his feet!

Ah me! but I think in this life of ours the bitter outweighs the sweet.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

The direct cause of the final rupture between France and Prussia seems to have been, as the direct causes of such ruptures are too often apt to be, a personal collision of an unpleasant character between two eminent personages. These were the King William of Prussia and Count Benedetti, the French ambassador at the Prussian court. King William was at Ems, near Wiesbaden, a place where neither his Majesty nor the Prussians are particularly admired, but the waters of which are found to be beneficial to the venerable and rather morbidly bilious constitution of the monarch. Where the King is there is the court, and the French ambassador consequently was at Ems, also, conducting the negotiations set on foot by the sudden explosion of the Prim-Bismarck contrivance of getting a Prussian prince upon the throne of Spain. These negotiations were rather delicate, since they were intended by France to bring the Prussian sovereign to a flat disavowal of any hostile intentions in permitting the Prince, his kinsman, to accept the Spanish crown. The personal temper of the King was therefore an element of particular importance in the conduct of the affair; for King William well knew both that the intention of Bismarck in organizing with Prim the candidacy of Prince Leopold really had been hostile to France, and that he himself had for years desired nothing so much as an opportunity of relieving his soul of a profound hereditary hatred of Frenchmen in general and of the Bonapartes in particular. Yet, at the same time, he was well aware that he could not afford, in his capacity as an European sovereign, to confess that he had connived at the aggrandizement of a member of his own family with the express object of insulting and circumventing a friendly power. Had Count Bismarck been intrusted by the King with the management of the affair, even out of this disagreeable complication peace with honor might have been perhaps evolved. For Count Bismarck, with all his contempt for abstract right and his love for brusque and peremptory solutions of diplomatic imbroglios, understands and appreciates the importance of the public opinion of Europe and of political forms very much better than King William, who, indeed, neither understands nor appreciates them at all. But Count Bismarck has been growing out of favor with his master for some time, ever since he was recalled from his post as ambassador to London, and he had been recalled on the ground that he had been too much in the confidence of the King. So King William insisted upon managing his interview with Count Benedetti himself. A sketch of the two men will satisfy the reader how inevitable was the result of this royal visitation. King William of Prussia is one of the oldest of reigning sovereigns. He was born in the midst of the first French Revolution. As a child he witnessed the humiliation of France, of his father, and of his family by the first Napoleon, and by a youth he took part in the avenging campaigns of 1813 and 1814. These events gave a decided color to his opinions and character for life. A younger son, he gave himself up to a military career, felt and professed openly the utmost contempt for democracy and constitutionalism, and made him-

self so obnoxious to all the Liberals of Prussia that in 1846 he was forced to fly the kingdom after doing his utmost to induce the government to allow him to draw the revolution in the blood of the Berlinese. Camphausen contrived to get him back after an exile of nine months in England; and in 1849 he signalled himself by his victorious and meritorious campaign against the people of Baden. In 1854 he was made Governor General of Rhineland Prussia, and during his residence at Mayence he contributed greatly to intensify the hatred with which Prussia has long been regarded in that city, doomed by the military strength of its position to see all its supposed commercial advantages reduced to naught. He bitterly opposed the neutrality of Prussia in the Crimean war, longing then to lead an army against France. He became Regent in 1857 by the death of his childless brother, Frederick William IV. With his reign began the new military career and policy of Prussia. In October, 1861, he had himself crowned with great pomp, and declared that he held his throne not from the people or the constitution, but "from God alone."

This brought on an open conflict between the Crown and the Parliament, during which the King never for a moment bated his haughty absolutism. When the Liberal party carried the elections, in 1862, the King refused to open the session of Parliament, and when the Parliament rejected the enormous appropriation asked for the army, the King sent for Bismarck, then Ambassador at Paris, to help him conquer these obstinate contemners of divine right. The House of Peers backed the King. The Commons perished. The Peers voted the money refused by the Commons. The Commons declared this vote illegal. The King thereupon closed the session, and coolly proclaimed that the appropriations had been made. This was the first instance of a successful royal revolution against the rights of the people in the history of Europe since the days of 1789.

It was followed by persecutions of the press, by an alliance with Russia to smother the Polish insurrection, by an ordinance suppressing the liberty of the press; and when the Liberal party succeeded in 1863 in carrying the elections again by a great majority, the King at once flanked them by opening the war with Austria against Denmark for the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein. Foreign war thus became, as it had often before become, the grave of domestic liberty.

The war of 1866 against Austria completed what the war of 1863 against Denmark had begun; and King William of Prussia is to-day as completely the representative of armed and irresponsible King power in Europe as was the Czar Nicholas in 1854. He looks the character as thoroughly as he believes in it. Stalwart, deep-chested, with a square rugged face, a bright gray mustache, cold, implacable eyes, which rather than twinkling, gleam, and a heavy jaw, King William is the best ideal of a veteran cuirassier, as ready to ride down shopkeepers and lawyers in Berlin as to charge the cavalry of France at Jena. The hereditary malady of his family, which carried off his father in a state of religious mania and his brother as a hypochondriac, betrays itself in King William through an inconceivable worship of his place and prerogative. He believes in the infallibility of monarchs. To form his faith in the divine nature of his position that he keeps, and has for years kept, a minute daily diary of everything which happens to him, and whenever any new emergency arises he turns to this diary to see what he did not do on the corresponding day in all the previous years of his life of now seventy-three years.

His contempt for all men not soldiers or nobles he finds it so difficult to conceal that he did not dignify his bankers, lawyers, and tradespeople of all sorts. With this froward and fanatical old prince, M. Benedetti was left to debate the peace of Europe. M. Benedetti, the Corsican son of a Greek father, was trained in early life at Cairo and Constantinople to manage the susceptibilities of Turkish Pashas not a whit more obstinate and opinionated than King William. He had acquired a great experience of European affairs as Director-General of the Foreign Office in Paris, and Secretary-General of the Congress of Paris, as well as in the post (which he filled for three years) of French Envoy at Turin, when he was sent as French Ambassador to Berlin in 1864. With Count Bismarck M. Benedetti had gradually obtained a good deal of influence, and had the Prussian Chancellor been with him in Ems matters might perchance have been smoothed over again at this time between the two States, as they were three years ago at the threatening crisis of the Luxembourg question. But King William would himself settle an affair which concerned his own princely house. He allowed M. Benedetti to gain a first step by securing the retreat of Prince Leopold from the candidacy, and, this having been done, he insisted that Prussia had no more to do, in vain did M. Benedetti point out to him that the only reason why Prince Leopold's candidacy was objectionable to France consisted in the fact that as a Prussian prince he was held by the French people to represent a hostile intent on the part of the Prussian government; and that it was therefore incumbent upon his Majesty to take an official step in withdrawing him-

The King fully repelled the advances of the first, and when it was presented to him again he fully repelled the advances of the second.

JAPANESE NURSERY

Human nature seems to be so greedy the human nature of the earth, that we have no characteristics for which we are not prepared to find in some other race. The Japanese, as a rule, are as greedy as they seem to be; and their characteristics, gentleness, politeness, and industry, are those of which the European nations are so proud.

ABOUT CANES.—Since 1858, the commerce in ordinary walking sticks has more than quadrupled. In Hamburg, Berlin, and Vienna—the manufacture employs many thousands of work-people. Its control is in the hands of the Jews. The Meyer members of one family of German nobles are at its head in Austria and Germany proper, and by management peculiar to their race, have absorbed all competition. First gaining ascendancy at home by the style and cheapness of their wares, they next assailed foreign markets. In Bombay they undersold the Chinese dealers. Scattering thin light bamboo rods along the overland route to India, the native productions in Egypt and Arabia gave place to the more convenient Vienna manufacture. The French occupation of Algiers introduced their graceful walking-sticks to the Moorish country of Northern Africa. Paris began to adopt them. Madrid, Naples, and even London followed. They drove the English canes out of the Brazil, and from the western coast of South America. Where Belgian manufacturers had had immemorial monopoly, they found a demand which it taxed all their resources to supply. Yet, curiously enough, California, in the new American sense walking-cane, preceded the Eastern States. Mine-explorers and gold diggers of the Sierra Nevada gave tone to fashion in New York and Chicago. The importation of the Meyers canes at the present time into the United States has swallowed up, like Aaron's serpent, all other. They are found everywhere. No Jew clothes-man fails to keep them among his stock of goods. Light French canes, heavy English club-sticks, curiously carved Brussels wares, and even the choice Alessandria orange-sticks, have disappeared.—The Jew specialty always succeeds.—The walking-sticks, manufactured now for thirty years by the Meyers millionaires, furnish no exception.

In the present manufacture of canes great quantities and varieties of material are consumed. There is scarcely grass or reed or tree, that has not been employed at one time or another. The black thorn and crab, cherry-tree and furbush, sapling oak and Spanish reed (*Arundo donax*), are the favorites. They come supplied, and in palmets from the West Indies, ratan and palms from Java, white and black bamboos from Singapore, and stems of the bamboo—the gigantic grass of the tropics—from Borneo. All these must be cut at certain seasons, freed from various impurities, searched to discover defects, assorted in sizes, and thoroughly dried by moisture. A year's seasoning required for some woods, two for others. Then comes the curious process of manufacturing. Twenty different handlings hardly finish the cheapest cane. The bark is to be removed after boiling the stick in water, or to be polished after roasting it in ashes; excrecences are to be manipulated into points of beauty; handles straightened and shanks shaped; forms twisted and heads rasped; tops carved or mounted, surfaces charred and scraped, shanks smoothed or varnished, and bottoms shaped and ferruled. Woods, too, have to be tested, lest chemical applications that beautify one, might ruin another kind.—Some are improved under subjection to intense heat, others destroyed. Malacca canes have frequently to be colored in parts, so that stained and natural surfaces are not distinguishable, heads and hoofs of handles are baked to retain their forms; tortoise-shell raspings are conglomerated by pressure into ornamented shapes, and lithographic transfers, done by hand, are extensively used upon walking-sticks for the Parisian market.

CONFIDENTIAL.—We hear a good story of a man who went to the frontier to see his friends. The family consisted of the husband, his wife and two grown sons. The good old lady was the only one of the family who did not take a fire of "O be joyful!" Sitting by the fire a few minutes, the old man tipped him out. Stopping by a tree, he pulled out a long-necked bottle remarking, "I have to keep it hot, the boys might get to drinking, and the old woman would raise the deuce."

They took a drink and returned to the fire-side. Soon Tom, the elder son, asked the visitor out to see a colt, and taking him behind the barn, pulled out a flask, remarking, "I have to keep this hid, for the old man will get drunk, and the deuce is to pay," and they both took a drink and returned to the fire.

Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's toes and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pig-pen, Bob drew out a good-sized bottle, remarking, "You know the old man and Tom will get drunk, and I have to hide this." The visitor concluded he could not stand it to drink confidentially with the whole family, and started for home.

THE FIGARO gets a quick reply to an anonymous correspondent:—"A note written by a female hand, asks why in public money, etiquette allows a lady to pay a visit with her veil down. I really don't know, but I would be glad to see it if the lady who writes it is a lady who is really a lady, and not a woman who is only a woman."

DEATH.—"Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverend and Wrong Reverend, of every order. Dead, men and women born with Heavenly Complexion in your hearts. And dying thus secured us every day."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The Mi-trailleur, which is as yet untried in practical warfare, is considered by the French as the most dangerous military weapon known. Recently, 3000 wretched fellows, already condemned to the poleax, were purchased at the rate of four or five francs each, and ranked in a considerable detachment. Each Mi-trailleur carried a light gun to play on them, and in three minutes after two discharges, not one of the animals remained standing. On a second occasion, 500 horses were brought down at a single trial. This formidable weapon is constructed as follows:—

It is a light 37-barrelled gun, arranged so that its barrels may be discharged simultaneously, or consecutively. The 37 cartridges, intended for one charge, are contained in a small box. A steel plate, with a spring, is placed on the open end of the barrels, and the cartridges fall into their respective holes. They are prevented from falling through by the rim at their bases. The loaded plate is then introduced into the breach-slot and when the breach is closed by a lever, a number of steel pins, pressed by spiral springs, are only prevented from striking the percussion arrangement in the cartridges, by a plate in front of them. When this case is moved slowly by a handle, the cartridges are fired by one. If the plate be withdrawn rapidly they follow each other so quickly that their discharge is all but simultaneous. The invention seems very well adapted for use in forts or other permanent places of defense or offense, but its carriage and management in the field would present many and insuperable obstacles to its general use.

The North British Review thus comments on what it pleased to call the "doom of our world." What this change is to be we do not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of the destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of meteoric stones upon the globe, the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar surface, the volcanic eruptions on our own satellite, the appearance of new stars and the disappearance of others, are all forebodings of that impending convulsion to which the entire system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens that are to pass away—thus treading as it were on the cemeteries of former worlds, and dwelling in the museums of other planets—let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom.

INDUSTRY IS DOING GOOD.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he breathes the breath of life he will be doing something for himself, his country or posterity. Washington, Franklin, Howard, Young, Newton, all were at work almost till the last hour of their existence. It is a foolish thing to believe that we must be down and die simply because we are old. The man of energy is not old, it is only he who suffers his energies to waste away, and permits the springs of his life to become motionless, on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the vestments of gloom. There are scores of gray heads living to-day that we would prefer in any important enterprise to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble when shadows approach, and turn away at the first harsh word or discouraging frown.

A delegation of prominent Delaware politicians once called upon President Lincoln, and with a due sense of their own position, took occasion to inform him, in the course of the visit, that they were all influential citizens and among the "heavy men" of the upper end of the State, and so on all things to the "upper end" of the State? reflected Mr. Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, and then with a look of earnest solicitude inquired, "Is there no danger of the State tilting while you are away?"

Baron James De Rothschild sat for his picture some years ago, to Ary Scheffer, in the character of a beggar. It is added, to complete the romance, that a chance visitor seeing the Baron in the artist's studio made up for a sitting and believing him to be what he appeared, slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin, kept it invested for ten years, and then sent back to the donor ten thousand francs as the accrued profit, with a note to the effect that a good action always brings good fortune.

I am an afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love.—"Oh, never fear, dear husband, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied with great earnestness, "Oh, no, I'll die first."

A cooper, seeing a dandy's fingers covered with rings, declared he must be a weak fellow, as he wouldn't require so many hoops.

When a man strikes an attitude he ought to make a decided hit.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.