

# Saint Macrae's Beacon.

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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## THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

Her name shines not in hampered fields  
Where Right and Wrong so boldly war;  
Nor rings her voice in any cause  
Which men and women battle for.  
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,  
You long to kneel and kiss her feet,  
No wondrous romance weaves her life;  
Nor has she led a martyr train;  
Nor beautiful, nor rich, is she,  
Nor poor, and—some would call her plain!  
Yet in her dear eyes you see  
A beauty shining constantly.  
No silk robe enfolds her form,  
Nor dainty leisure bath her hands,  
Her jewels are a simple ring,  
A ribbon binds her hair's smooth bands;  
Yet in her garment's simple grace  
Her soul's regality you trace.  
No gift has she to shake and thrill  
A thankful world with wondrous songs,  
And art that wakes the ivory keys,  
And other hands than her's are lacking;  
Yet in her words of tender cheer  
A richer music charms the ear.  
She walks in humble ways of life  
That lead of times their glow and shade;  
And cares and crosses, not a few,  
Are on her patient shoulders laid;  
Yet smiles, and drinks each bitter cup,  
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.  
And homely ways she weaves with grace;  
Her duty turns to loving rest;  
And every hour and step and will  
Are at her side, in work and rest;  
Yet never dreams she you can spy  
The angel looking from her eye!

## JOTTINGS ABOUT DUELS.

In August, 1869, three young gentlemen were dining at Crookford's in London. It was getting late. They had sat long over their wine, and were listless in their mirth as they discussed the merits of a water-melon just set before them. In the midst of their talk a stranger—an elderly man, wearing a gray surtout closely buttoned up to the throat, and a shabby hat—entered the room, and seating himself at the end of an unoccupied table, ordered a nutmeg and a glass of ale. There was nothing sufficiently peculiar about him to attract observation. He might have been taken for a country magistrate or a country attorney. The expression of his countenance was serious, his manners were quiet, and his bearing that of a gentleman—immaculate, perhaps, but still unmistakably of gentle breeding. As he was eating his chop and sipping his ale, apparently unconscious of the rather listless merriment of his neighbors, a melon-seed struck his right ear. Raising his eyes, and seeing that the seed had been purposely thrown sportively snatched, and that no apology was made for the petty impertinence, he picked up the seed, and, wrapping it in paper, put it in his pocket. Resuming his repast, a second seed shortly struck him on the right elbow. This was followed by a shout of laughter. With scarcely a change of the grave expression of his face, the stranger stooped, picked up the seed, and carefully deposited it with the first. A third followed, with some derisive word, as it sped, from the half-drunk young blood, which, striking the stranger on the breast of his coat, was also picked up and put with the first two, when rising, walking calmly toward the offender, and unbuckling his coat, he laid his card on the table. He had on an address military suit. His card showed his rank. Of course, there was no room for retreat. A lieutenant-colonel in the British army requires no certificate of gentle blood. No words passed, the young gentleman offered his own card in exchange, the officer returned to his meal, and the young man, somewhat sobered, shortly withdrew. The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, conveying a challenge in form, and one of the melon-seeds. The truth then flashed upon the challenged party that his unwarrantable frolic was likely to be a somewhat serious affair. The code, however, admitted only duels for retreat. Accepting the challenge, naming pistols as weapons, and gaining by the first shot, the young man fired and missed his opponent. The colonel levelled his pistol in return, and sent his ball through the flap of his offender's ear—the place the first melon-seed, snapped the previous evening, had adroitly hit. A month passed. Nothing more had been heard from the colonel. He had had satisfaction for an insult which, however unprovoked, was thoughtless, and which he was hoped he had forgiven. Not so. Another note, presented by the same friend, conveying in courteous phrase a second challenge, with another of those accused melon-seeds, arrived, with the colonel's apology on the score of ill-health for not sending it before. They met again. This time the fire was simultaneous. The aggressor shot failed. The colonel, on the contrary, shattered with his ball the right elbow of his antagonist. This was terrible. The romance of exquisite skill was turned into a drama of slaughter. The third melon-seed was to come, and it was that which, aimed at the breast of the unoffending stranger, had struck amid cheers of derisive laughter, directly above his heart. What instructor could teach good behavior like this! The note arrived at last. It contained the melon-seed, but no challenge. "And what, sir," asked the young man of the messenger, "am I to understand by this?" "You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you. He is dead!"

I have said that, according to the code, no man who does not apologize for intentionally insulting another can refuse to fight. That is one thing. But did the code, as Sam Johnson said in his ingenious argument at General Ogletrope's table—did the code "banish from society a man who put up with an affront without fighting a duel?" That it professed to do so, is true. That it did at all times attempt to do so, is without doubt. But during the present century, whether in this country or in England, that it has ever succeeded in doing so, is doubtful. Take, for example, the case of General Jackson, when Lieutenant Randolph pulled his nose—did the former lose caste by refusing to challenge the latter? Or Joshua Quincy, for declining to accept the challenge of a Southern Hotspur? Was Judge Thatcher, of Maine, less respected for his quiet answer to his challenger, that he "would talk with Mr. Thatcher about it, and be guided by his opinion?" Or Judge Breckenridge, who, when positively declining to accept a challenge, told the challenger that he might draw his (the judge's) figure on a board, and fire at it as near and as often as he pleased, and that, if he hit it, upon a certificate of the fact, he should have the credit of it? Passing over these rather exceptional cases however, would either Mr. Paull or Sir Francis Biddle, who fought a duel together about the Westminster election in 1807, had one or the other refused to fight? Or had Canning declined Lord Castlereagh's challenge, in 1809; or O'Connell Mr. D'Este's, in 1815; or Grattan the Earl of Clarendon's, in 1820; or Wellington the Earl of Winchelsea's, in 1829; or Beecher Mr. Black's, in 1835; or the Earl of Carleton Mr. Tuckett's, in 1840—would the same result have followed? Or, to come back to our own country, how about Alexander Hamilton, had he declined the challenge of Aaron Burr? The former, was the aggressor. They had been rivals. 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There was no quarrel. Neither Cilley nor Graves had ill-feeling the one for the other. On the field, where rifles were the weapons, and deadly aim the necessity, they two, had neither been wounded, might have lob-nobbed the moment afterward without grudge or even passing irritation. They fought because Cilley declined to say that his refusal to receive a note from James Watson Webb was no reflection upon Webb's character. Cilley exterminated Graves. But he would go no further, and hence the challenge from Graves. It would have been the most abject of duels but for its tragical end. There was no occasion for it. Neither of the principals would have suffered in character had he declined the contest, even at the last moment. Cilley would have lost no position had he refused to fight, nor would Graves have violated the code had he withdrawn his challenge. The same is equally true in regard to the unfortunate duel between Barron and Deatur. Barron was an unlucky dog. Striking the Stars and Stripes without firing a gun was enough for one life. It was in 1807. He was in command of the frigate Chesapeake. On June 23rd he struck his flag to the British frigate Leopard without even preparing for action. For this he was tried, found guilty, suspended for five years from duty, and deprived of his pay. During a residence abroad, which he immediately sought, war was declared between England and the United States, and because Barron did not instantly return and offer himself for service, Deatur officially opposed his claims when he did. For this Barron challenged him, and, at their meeting on the 22nd of March, fatally wounded him. That there was no necessity for this hostile meeting, even according to the code, and that Deatur would have suffered neither in official nor social position had he refused to accept Barron's challenge, is evident from the decision subsequently given by Barron's own court of inquiry that "his absence from the United States," at the time complained of by Deatur, "was contrary to his duty as an officer." This affair is shown even more clearly to have been unnecessary by what occurred on the field after shots had been exchanged. Both were wounded—fatally, it was supposed. For convenience they had been moved near to each other. In fact, they lay side by side. In this position, each supporting his life-blood to be ebbing away, and each suffering excruciating pain, they came to an understanding. "I was never your enemy, Barron," remarked Deatur, "and in my official position to you, was influenced by no personal ill-feeling." "I know it," replied Barron, supposing himself to be mortally wounded, "and forgive my death." "But," rejoined Deatur, "why did you

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"I know it," replied Barron, supposing himself to be mortally wounded, "and forgive my death." "But," rejoined Deatur, "why did you

## A HALLOW EVE INCIDENT.

In the beginning of the present century there stood, upon a level plateau extending back from the banks of Hunting Creek, in Calvert county, a small village, called from the neighboring stream, Huntington. Fifty years have passed since it ceased to be a village, and fully forty years since the plowshare first broke the soil where had lain its last hearth-stone. The people of this village were lively and joyous, and fond of jokes, especially of a practical kind. Many of them, too—as was the case in all that section of country fifty years ago—had faith in spells and charms, and witches and ghosts, in fact, in all the fancies of superstition. Among those most strongly imbued with this faith was a tailor's apprentice named Wat Mills; and one Hallow Eve some of his young acquaintances took advantage of this weakness of his to play a trick upon him. They told him that if he wished to learn his future fate, he should go that night to the village graveyard, and cut a square sod from a grave. This sod should be placed upon the hearth, with its under, or root side, toward the fire. Sitting near this in perfect silence and stillness, he would after a while hear the dogs bark and the wind shake the windows and doors. Immediately afterward, if it was his fortune to be married, his future bride would appear and walk slowly through the room, entering at the opposite door; if his fate was to die a bachelor, his funeral procession would pass before him in like manner. What followed the directions given. The sod was obtained and placed before the fire in the position mentioned; and the youth seated himself near it to await the result, with feelings of mingled curiosity and terror as may be imagined. The room in which he thus sat, still, silent and expectant, had one door, which opened upon one of the village streets, and another which led into a back yard. From this back yard a gate, around the globe end of the house, opened also into the street. The youth had been seated but a short while, when the windows and doors rattled as if shaken by the wind, and the house dog began to bark fiercely. All at once these noises ceased; and instantly afterward the front door of the house (and the room) flew open, and a form in a flowing white robe entered. He had a drawn sword in his right hand, and was probably intended to represent "Death." He was followed by four pall-bearers, clad in trailing white garments, and bearing a coffin covered with a lid of cloth. The faces of all were pallid with what seemed to the terrified youth a supernatural pallor. Their eyes were fixed before them; and they moved with soft and noiseless steps toward the back door of the room, which opened as if of itself their approach. They passed through it, and the door closed after them as by invisible hands. When the procession had disappeared, the terrified Wat—whose eyes had been fixed upon it with a stare of horror—fell prostrate and senseless upon the floor. When he recovered, several persons were around him. His looks still expressed horror, and his body and limbs were tremulous. In vain those who had perpetrated the cruel joke explained to him the whole affair, showed him at the village carpenter's shop, the coffin-shell which they had carried, the black cloth which had been used as a pall, the woolen socks which they had worn to hide the sound of their footsteps, the sheets which had been used as shrouds, the sword which had been borne by the representative of "Death." In vain they assured him that some of their own number had shaken the windows and doors and had made the dog bark. He never recovered from the shock received that night. He lived but a few years afterward, and never ceased to tremble till the day of his death. More than sixty years have passed since this incident occurred; but it is still told in the neighborhood, and the names of all the parties concerned are still preserved in tradition.

## LAW OF INCREASE IN THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

The law of the relative increase in the numbers of mankind, and in the supply of food and other commodities required for their support may now be stated in the following propositions:  
1. Motion gives force, and the more rapid the motion the greater is the force obtained.  
2. With motion matter takes on itself new and higher forms, passing from the simple ones of the inorganic world, and through the more complex of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, to the most complex of the human race.  
3. The more rapid the motion the greater is the tendency to changes of form, to increase of force, and to increase of the power at the command of man.  
4. The more simple the forms in which matter exists, the less is the power of resistance to gravitation; the greater the tendency to centralization, the less the motion, and the less the force.  
5. The more complex the form, the greater becomes the power of resistance to gravitation; the greater the tendency to decentralization, the greater the motion, and the greater the force.  
6. With every increase of power on the one hand, there is diminished resistance on the other. The more motion produced the greater must, therefore, be the tendency to further increase of motion and of force.  
7. The most complex and highly organized form in which matter exists is that of man; and here alone do we find the capacity for direction required for producing increase of motion and of force.  
8. Wherever the greatest number of men exist we should therefore find the greatest tendency to the decentralization of matter, to increase of motion, to further changes of form, and to the higher development commencing in the vegetable world and ending in the increased production of men.  
9. With every increase in the extent of man, there should consequently, be an increase of his power to control and direct the forces provided for his use; with constantly accelerated motion, and constantly accelerated changes of form, a constant increase in his power to command the food and clothing needed for his support.  
10. In the material world, motion among the atoms of matter is a consequence of physical heat. Greatest at the equator, it diminishes until, as we approach the poles, we reach the region of centralization and physical death.  
11. In the moral world it is a consequence of social heat; and motion, as has been already shown, consists in "an exchange of relations" resulting from the existence of those differences that develop social life. It is greatest in those communities in which agriculture, manufactures, and commerce are happily combined, and in which, consequently, society has the highest organization. It diminishes as we approach the declining despotisms of the East, the regions of centralization and social death. It increases as we pass from the purely agricultural States of the South towards the regions of more diversified industry in those of the North and East, and there, accordingly, do we find decentralization, life, and force.  
12. Centralization, slavery, and death, travel hand in hand together in both the material and the moral world.  
13. The view here presented differs totally from that commonly received, and known as the Malthusian law of population, which may thus be given:  
1. Matter tends to increase in a geometrical ratio, while the supplies of food increase in an arithmetical one only. The former, is, therefore, perpetually outstripping the latter, and hence arises the disease of over-population, with its accompaniments, poverty, wretchedness and death; a disease requiring for its remedy, wars, pestilences and famines on the one hand, or on the other, the exercise of that "moral restraint" which shall induce men and women to refrain from matrimony, and thus avoid the dangers resulting from addition to the numbers required to be fed. Reduced to distinct propositions, the theory is as follows:  
1. Matter tends to take upon itself higher forms, passing from the simple ones of inorganic life to those more beautiful of the vegetable and animal life, and finally terminating in man.  
2. This tendency exists in a slight degree in the lower forms of life, matter tending to take on itself the forms of potatoes and turnips, herrings and oysters, in an arithmetical ratio only.  
3. When, however, we reach the highest form of which matter is capable, we find the tendency to assume it existing in a geometrical ratio; as a consequence of which, while man tends to increase as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, potatoes and turnips, herrings and oysters, increase only as 1, 2, 3, 4; causing the highest form perpetually to outstrip the lower, and producing the disease of over-population.  
4. Were this asserted of anything else than man, it would be deemed in the highest degree absurd; and it would be asked, why a general law should here be set aside? Everywhere else, increase in number is in the inverse ratio of development. Thousands of billions of coral insects are needed to build up islands for men and animals that count by thousands or by millions. Of the *Alveolaria*, thousands furnish but one mouthful for the nightly whale. The progeny of a single pair of carp would in three years amount to thousands of billions; that of a pair of rabbits would in twenty years count by millions; whereas that of a pair of elephants would not number dozens. When, however, we reach the highest form, we hear of a new law, in virtue of which man

## THE CAUSE OF REST IN WHEAT.

It is getting to be a pretty general opinion among farmers that the sowing of grass seed—clover and timothy—with the wheat in the fall, as has been common in nearly every wheat-growing district here, as well as north and east of us, is the cause of the every wheat-growing districts here, as well as north and east of us, is the cause of the wheat retaining affecting the grain stalks when maturing. These grass seeds, sown after the wheat crop has been harvested, will produce, it is claimed, as good crops the following year as if sown at the time of the wheat, nine months previously. We should like to hear from our farmers on the subject, as there are apparently two sides to it, and especially as it is one of decided importance.

## GERMAN PROVERBS.—To change and to better are two different things.

Every body knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.  
Poverty is the sixth sense, and is lost in better free in a foreign land than a scurf, at home.  
Better go supperless to bed than run in debt.  
There is no good in preaching to the hungry.  
Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.  
It is not enough to aim, you must hit.  
The end of wrath is the beginning of repentance.  
The sun-dial counts only the bright hours.  
Piety, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility.  
High houses are mostly empty in the upper story.  
A hundred years of wrong do not make an hour of right.  
More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.  
Mr. Macrae, a recent Scotch traveler in America, describes Oliver Wendell Holmes as a plain, little dapper man; his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning grey now; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong under-lip, that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. Professor Agassiz is "big," massive, genial-looking; the rich; healthy color on his broad face still telling of the Old World from which he came—a man who, but for his dark keen eyes, would look more like a jovial English squire than a devotee of science. Agassiz has the queerest New England face, with this feature, prominent bushy nose, and a smile of child-like sweetness and simplicity arching the face, and drawing deep curves down the cheek.

## A LITTLE BOY, WHOSE MOTHER HAD PROMISED HIM A PRESENT, WAS ASKING HIS FATHERS PREPARATORY OF GOING TO BED, WHAT HIS MIND RUNNING ON A HORSE, HE SAID AS FOLLOWS:—

"Our Father, who art in heaven—ms, won't you give me a horse—thy kingdom come—with a string in it!"  
Artemus Ward said he thought it rather improved a comic paper to print jokes, now and then.