Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. VIII — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1871 — NO. 4[illegible]

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

Great Bargains.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST and BEST ASSORTMENT OF *FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,*

Ready-made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c., Groceries, Hats, Notions, Hardware, Tinware, Queensware

ever offered to the public of St. Mary's county, has just been received and opened by the undersigned, and will be disposed of to *Cash Buyers at City Retail Prices.* Our stock has been purchased under the most favorable auspices, and at the lowest rates of the Boston, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia markets, and will be found to be unrivalled, both as to price and quality, in St. Mary's county. Our stock of Dry Goods embrace a full line of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Culicoes, Bleached, Brown and Plaid Muslins, Ladies' Dress Goods, White Goods, Cottonades, Linens, &c.

In Ladies' Dress Goods and White Goods we have the most beautiful and fashionable assortment of

Grenadines, Poplins, Percales, Plain, Plaid and Striped Nainsooks, Alpacas, Delaines, Lawns, Piques, Jaconets, Cambrics, Swiss and Book Muslins and Tarletans

ever opened in the county, and will dispose of them at such figures as cannot fail to induce buyers, mindful of their interests, to purchase.

In addition to our usual stock we have purchased a most extensive and magnificent line of *SPRING MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS* including all the latest and most approved styles in

LADIES BONNETS and HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, DRESS TRIMMINGS

and all kinds of Millinery Goods. This part of our stock was purchased under the supervision of competent and experienced persons, and will be warranted to our lady customers to be of the most fashionable make and material, and lower than the same quality of goods can be purchased elsewhere.

Every article usually kept in a first class country store will be found in our stock, and buyers will find it to their interest to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Our terms are *exclusively cash.*

GREENWELL & FENWICK.

may 11, 1871—tf.*

GOODS TO SUIT THE TIMES!

MISS IRENE FURCH takes pleasure in announcing to her friends and patrons in St. Mary's county, that she has just received and opened at her Store in Leonardtown the most extensive, beautiful and cheapest assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, BLEACHED, BROWN and PLAID COTTONS, WHITE GOODS, &c., CALICOES, MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

to be found in Lower Maryland. Her stock has been purchased at the

LOWEST RATES

and she pledges herself to sell every article lower than it can be purchased in Saint Mary's county. Her long experience in purchasing and selling such goods as she now carries in her stock enables her to defy all competition and she confidently assures her customers that they can save from 15 to 25 per cent. by purchasing of her. Her stock of Dress Goods is unusually large and includes all the most fashionable styles of

Grenadines	from 25c to 50	cents.
Alpacas	" " to 75	"
Lawns	" 12½ to 50	"
Poplins	" 25 to 50	"
Delaines	25	"
Piques, splendid quality	25	"

and a full line of the most beautiful WHITE GOODS of all descriptions. She has also purchased in addition to her former stock a large assortment of

LADIES AND CHILDRENS' SHOES

which she will dispose of at very low rates.

Grateful to her friends for their past liberal patronage, she respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

☞ BONNETS and HATS repaired and made to order.

Also

CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, NOTIONS, JEWELRY,

May 11, 1871—tf.*

Boarding.

MRS J. C. MILBURN, formerly of St. Mary's county, has removed from No. 32 Hanover St., to 169 *W. Lombard st.*, between *Sharp and Liberty*, and is prepared to receive permanent and transient Boarders.

Jan 2 1871—tf.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

in from One to Twenty minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure for every pain.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the *Ready Relief* to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure cramps, spasms sour stomach heart burn, sick headache, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, wind in the bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of *Radway's Ready Relief* with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

Strong and pure rich blood—increase of flesh and weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent has made the most astonishing cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that every day an increase in flesh and weight is seen and felt.

The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, consumption, glandular disease, ulcers in the throat, mouth, tumors, nodes in the glands and other parts of the system, sore eyes, strumorous discharges from the ears, and the worst forms of skin diseases, eruptions, fever sores, scald head, ring worm, salt rheum, erysipelas, acne, black spots, worms in the flesh, tumors, cancers in the womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, night sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of chronic, scrotulous, constitutional, and skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for *Kidney and Bladder Complaints*, gravel, diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, albuminuria, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills, perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:

Constipation, inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, Acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders.—Price, 25 cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists

Read "False and True." Send one letter-stamp to *RADWAY & CO.*, No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

June 29, 1871—1y.

COMMISSION AGENCY.

Baltimore, Md., June 7th, 1871.

HAVING located myself at 145 West Pratt Street, for the purpose of carrying on the business of a Commission Agent, for the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, Tobacco excepted, I respectfully offer my services to my friends and the citizens generally of St. Mary's and adjoining counties of lower Maryland in that capacity, and solicit a share of their patronage, pledging myself to use my best endeavors to promote the interests of those who favor me with their patronage.

JAMES A. WISE,
No. 153 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
Baltimore.

REFER TO

COL. B. G. HARRIS, COL. JAS. S. DOWNS, JOHN A. CANALTIER, JOS. H. RUY, Esq., JOHN F. KING, Esq., Leonardtown, Md.

June 15, 1871—tf*

N. S. HILL & CO.

GENERAL COMMISSION

—AND—

FORWARDING MERCHANTS,

No. 17 COMMERCE STREET,

BALTIMORE.

P. S. Especial attention to the sale of Grain and Tobacco.

June 11, 1868—1y.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

A late letter from Charles Barnard, the well-known practical-minded *litterateur* to the New York Evening *Post*, gives the following interesting account of one of the most original as well as characteristic and practically successful farming experiments of our time. The letter is dated London, June 26:

The old-fashioned farming of England does not differ greatly from the common farming of the Northern United States.—The crops are slightly different, the buildings very different, but the various farm processes are nearly identical. Plow and sow and reap—they mean the same in both countries. When we come to the young farmers everything is changed. Science and brains are coming to the aid of the toiling hands, and farming is about to enter upon a new, more honorable and, if possible, a more useful stage. It is becoming an art, and young men of culture and capital are preparing to win the golden rewards that rightfully belong to that first of all professions—agriculture.

As to which leads in high farming my opinion is that America, if not leading, is destined to lead. As this is not the slightest consequence to us we will drop it.—Let us for our own benefit examine what our cousins in the front rank of modern farmers are doing.

CITY FARMERS.

These gentlemen farmers, with their chemists and steam plows, are making a deal of stir in England. The sturdy old toilers, born and brought up on the soil, gaze with scorn upon their snorting engines and bags of phosphates "Oh! he'll fail soon. He does not do as his grandfather did, and he'll soon see the end of his land and his money."

Wait a bit. Seems to me the crops on the city man's farm appear very respectable. Let's have a good look at the place and its produce. Taking the railway let us run into the county of Hertford and visit a remarkable farm in the town of Sawbridgeworth. On leaving the cars we pass through a fine farming district. Of the exquisite beauty of the landscape, and of the picturesque old farmhouses, we have nothing to say. Photographs have made both familiar. We will only remark, in passing, upon the excessively disagreeable surroundings of all the rural dwellings, and upon the pretty but absurd English hedges. How the English wife can allow her visitors to approach the door through such a slough of barnyard offenses is past finding out. In America we at least thrust the barnyard with its sights, sounds and smell, out of sight, and do not leave it before the parlor windows. As for the hedges, about which so much poetry has been wasted, they are a blunder—a nest for vermin, the home of the weeds and a bar to good culture.

AN ENGLISH FARM.

Ah, now we reach something different. Coming out of the close and narrow lanes we enter a new country. The high hedge that entirely shut out the view gives place to a sensible two-feet-high railing, or stone wall, and the country spreads out wide and smooth on every hand. We are now approaching the centre of a farm of four hundred and fifty acres. Yonder is the dwelling house, with its group of barns. Evidently the owner of this place is in advance of his neighbors. We reach the picturesque old house, with its red roof and lattice windows, and ask permission to see the place.

The owner, Mr. John Prout, of London, is not at home. The foreman, a very intelligent young man, appears.

"Like to see the place? So you may, with pleasure. From America, I suppose? Glad to hear it. Mr. Prout lived in Canada six years. He was a farmer there."

That accounts for things. The barns and out-buildings are upon the American plans, and much better than the thatched absurdities of England. Though they stand unpleasantly near the house, yet they have been evidently remodeled upon new ideas. Crossing the yard we enter a stone house, and the young man shows a huge pile of crushed bones and a number of bags of super-phosphates and other chemicals.

We go out upon the farm. Next the entrance gate is a field of wheat; fifty-five acres—one smooth square of growing wheat. The heads, just appearing, glisten in the warm sunlight, and the plants stand tall, thick and even, a triumph of agricultural science. Never in America or England have I seen such wheat. I do not dare to say much about it, for fear you will think me indulging in "travelers' tales." The color of the foilage was something remarkable, and the size of the straw marvelous. From the wheat we passed through all the six fields into which the place is divided. With the exception of about forty acres of clover (injured by last Summer's drought) the appearance of the land and its growing crops was something almost past description. Success had crowned this farm, if no other.

Standing near the farmhouse, the entire place can be seen at a glance. Not a hedge marred the estate. The only divisions were by the road where the steam-engine traveled, and the open drains where the underdrains discharged themselves.

HISTORY OF THE FARM.

The character and history of the farm was given me, in part by the foreman and in part by Mr. Thomas Rivers, the well-known nursery-man, who lives in the same town. The farm is what is called by the local geologists a "boulder clay." It contains some chalk, and was probably at one time the bed of an old lake. This, I think, is correct. It is a real clay farm. It has been occupied for a long time.—Fifty years ago it was cultivated upon the "crop and fallow" system. Little manure was used, and when its present owner came in possession it was considered a worn-out, valueless clay-bed.

The new owner's first operation was to remove all the hedges. Eighteen acres of land were at once added to the estate.—Beyond this fact comment on English hedges is unnecessary. Next, every rod of ground was underdrained. These tile drains were put in much thicker and steeper than usual. Roads were laid out radiating from the buildings in the centre.—These divided the place into the fields, upon which the traction engine travels when at work plowing or cultivating.

The steam plow used is of the Fowler pattern, and works upon the "single engine plan." This steam plowing business is one that deserves careful examination. Concerning the various methods of steam plowing I cannot now speak. At present we will content ourselves with the actual work done on this farm, and leave the rival Howard and Fowler systems to another time. Traction engines work for farm work must also be discussed hereafter.

At present it is enough to know that this engine is a traction engine, that is, moves itself like a locomotive. When plowing or harrowing is to be done, steam is started, the engine rolls out of the barn and proceeds leisurely to the field, dragging after it a train of wagons containing the plows, ropes, &c. The working force consists of three men and three boys.—The engine takes up its station on the road, at one end of the field. The plow, with its four shares, is run on to the land, beside the engine, and facing away from it at right angles. The wire rope is carried to the opposite side of the field and passed through a block, on a moveable anchor, having disc wheels that cut into the ground at the headland. The rope is connected with the plow and with the drum under the engine. The engineer mounts his locomotive. The man at the anchor stands ready to move it as the plow cuts its wide path through the soil. The assistants take their places along the ropes with iron frames, over which it runs to prevent friction, and the plowman mounts his strange machine. This is a pair of wheels, having two huge iron arms, each containing four plows, each set facing the other. The plowman, the foreman of the gang, waves a white flag to start. The engine puffs lustily. The ropes tighten and groan. One arm, containing four plows, sinks into the ground, while the other, slightly elevated in the air, goes backward in front. The dust flies, and with tremendous force the soil is plowed up and turned completely over to a depth of six inches, and at a speed of an acre an hour. As the plow goes tearing through the land, the boys remove the "porters" over which the rope runs and replace them as the plow passes.

A wave of the flag and the engine slows down. Another signal and it stops with the plow at the opposite side of the field. The plowman changes his seat, the anchor is moved slightly and the engine starts forward a few feet. The flag waves, the rope tightens, and the plow starts on its return journey, making four new furrows.

ADVANTAGES OF MACHINERY.

With these truly splendid means the land is plowed subsoiled or harrowed at a very rapid rate. Harrowing is performed at the rate of twenty acres or more a day. The exact figures in regard to plowing I will give in due time.

For depth, cheapness and thoroughness of culture machinery leads everything.—Its advantages on large farms are too great to need discussion. For the prarie farmer, and especially the man who can command a water-power, this system, or something like it, presents many features worthy of imitation. Should it happen that a farmer has a water-power in the centre of his place, a slight modification of the rope and blocks, so that the motive-power need not move, would enable him to cultivate a large farm with a single water-wheel. In spite of its high first cost, steam or other power beside horses is destined to do all our heavy farm work. Steam is being rapidly introduced into English farms, and not alone for plowing. The crops can be handled, threshed, stored and prepared in various ways for market by steam. The same engine that plows the land can drive the root-cutter, saw the wood, pump water, hoist the hay to the lofts, run the grain elevator, or drag a dozen loads to market at once along the country roads.

A CHEMICAL EXAMINATION.

To return to our clay farm After the first thorough tearing and clearing up of the place had been accomplished, the next thing was to have a careful chemical examination made of each field. In fact the chemist is retained, and makes regular reports upon the soil. Upon these reports the manural practice is founded. This, I was told, excited at first the greatest amusement among the neighboring farmers. Now they rub their sleepy eyes and admit that the chemist is one of the best men on the farm.

The crops were put in entirely by machinery. As far as possible steam was employed, and their horses have followed the engine. None of the tiresome hand labor followed about London was allowed. The first four crops were comparatively small, and did not pay. Soon they began to improve, and continued improving till last Summer, when the largest crops ever known to be gathered in the country were cut from these unmanured fields; that is, fields not supplied with barn manure.—The only manure used was from the bone mill and the chemical works.

Disposing of the crops is peculiar. Just as the various fields are in their best condition, they are divided into lots of ten acres each, and then offered at auction as they stand. A large company assemble, and, after a liberal free lunch, the auctioneer proceeds to sell every available thing on the place without reserve. Every crop must go if a decent price can be touched. Bidding is active, and in one day the harvesting and marketing are over. Each purchaser pays down twenty per cent. and has credit for ninety days if he wishes it. The crops may be removed at the buyer's convenience, provided he does not interfere with the farm work. By this means all expense and risk of harvesting, storing and marketing are saved to the owner. Whether this pays the following must show. This statement (reduced to dollars.) from the books of the farm, was kindly given me by Mr. Prout himself, at his city residence:

For labor, $4,650; for seed, $1,250; manures, $5,750; interest on land, improvements and building and taxes, $5,600. This is the cost for one year. The sales each year averaged in the last four years the sum of $23,000. Taking the yearly cost from this we have an annual profit of $5,750. Mr. Prout is well known in London. These facts and figures have been published again and again, and are beyond question correct.

Four years since the Royal Agricultural Society, hearing of this farm, sent a grand committee to examine it They did so, and solemnly reported that such a farm would certainly fail. The entire removal of the crops each year, and no return in the usual way, would sink anything The proprietor was destined to fail. Ruin would visit the place shortly. The above statement looks like it—very.

This place is certainly a most remarkable one. Ten years ago it was estimated to have a rent value of twenty-seven shillings to the acre. In four years its rental value had risen to forty shillings per acre. At present it is higher still. The cost of of clearing the hedges paid for itself in eighteen acres of new land, and several hundred dollars' worth of lumber beside. The present cost, with clear fields, and steam power of the sixteen-inch culture, is the same as the five-inch culture of ten years ago.

DOES FARMING PAY?

It may be well to add that the first four crops had no manure of any kind. The increased culture consequent upon steam power brought up from disused soil below sufficient materials to sustain the crops. Weeds, were a serious trouble at first, and "fallowing" was resorted to in a measure. Within the last five years the land has been free of weeds, and, having at great expense been really cleared, is kept so easily.

In conclusion, I may remark that the proprietor carries on the farm partly as an experiment to solve the vexed question, does farming pay. Furthermore, being a man of liberal instincts and culture, he publishes freely what he has done, that the perpetual cheap food question may have one more solution. His aim is to show that capital, science and skill when applied to farming not only benefit the farmer, but indirectly aid and comfort every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom.

KEEPING TO ONE THING.—We earnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen one vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness; in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that create honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be: "Perseverance and industry."

SPANISH PROVERBS:—Love, a horse, and money carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man; a hot sun, supper and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling into it a cup of water.

☞ "Mother," said a little girl who was engaged in making her doll an apron. "I believe I will be a Duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a Duchess my daughter?" her mother asked. "Why by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the girl.

☞ A young Hoosier once said to a Hoosieress, "Sal, is there anybody courtin' you now?" And Sal replied, "Well, Sam, there is one feller sorter courtin' and sorter not; but I reckon it is more sorter not than sorter."

A young man of Hartford, threatened with a breach of promise suit, says: "Sue away; contracts made on Sunday ain't legal."

A clergyman argued that he was right in calling all his congregation "beloved brethren," because the brethren embraced the sisters.

"Poor, dear man," said a woman at the funeral of her sixth husband, "he's past trouble now."

STORY OF A DUCAL MANSION.

One fine autumn day, in the year 1750, as his Majesty George the Second, surrounded by his escort, was entering Hyde Park on horseback, his eye was attracted by the figure of an old soldier resting on a bench at the foot of the Cromwell Oak, that still stands in vigorous age close by the Achilles Statue. The King, whose memory of faces was remarkable, recognized him as a veteran who had fought bravely at his side in the continental battles, and kindly accosting him, the old man, who was lame, hobbled toward him.

"Well, my friend," said the monarch, "it is now some years since we heard the bullets whistle at the battle of Dettingen; tell me what has befallen you since."

"I was wounded in the leg, please your Majesty, and received my discharge.—My wife and I are living on the pension I received, and trying to bring up our only son."

"Are you comfortable? Is there anything you particularly wish for?"

"Please your Majesty, if I may make bold to speak, there is one thing that would make my wife, poor woman, as happy as a queen, if I could only get it. George, our son—we named him after your Majesty—is a bright boy, and as we are anxious to give him a good education, we try every means to earn an honest penny; so my wife keeps an apple stand outside the Park gate. But it is very hard—the sun and dust spoil the fruit, the rain keeps her home, the Park guards sometimes drive her away, and the Ranger says we have no right to be here. Now, please your Majesty, if you would have the goodness to give her the waste bit of ground outside the Park gate, we could build a shed for her fruit stall, and it would be, I may say, an estate to us."

The good-natured King smiled, and said, "You shall have it, my friend," and rode on.

Of course the King had no more constitutional power to bestow a rood of Hyde Park upon peer or peasant, at that day, than the Queen has now. But the Second George was arbitrary. Pelham, his Prime Minister, was a tool of the crown. Parliament seldom failed to do the bidding of the King; and the people, though jealous of their liberties, forgave and forgot usurpations in the splendid successes which crowned the British arms by sea and land during the thirty-three years reign of George II. Whatever scruples, therefore, may have been suggested to the monarch's parting with any portion of the public domain, did not stand long in the way. The King's word had been given to the old soldier. It was the Minister's duty to see it kept. In a few days a formal conveyance of the bit of ground to James Allen, his wife, and their heirs forever was forwarded to their humble dwelling.

One morning of the summer of 1769—nineteen years after good King George had made the old soldier's young wife "happy as a queen" by his gift—Aunt Betsey, arriving from market, as usual, at her place of merchandise, was startled to perceive the space round her fruit-stall and cottage filled with workmen and teams Excavations were being made in the ground; blocks of underpinning stone were being unladen; bricks and material for mortar almost hindered her approach; and carpenters, with axes and saws, were ready to demolish the apple-stall and cottage

"Come, old woman," said the foreman, "move your things out of this! Look sharp! We can't wait all day for you!—The men can do nothing till the shed is down."

"My house and stall, that good King George gave me nigh twenty years ago! Tear down my cottage and shed! No, no; there's no law in the land can do that! Who sent you here to destroy my property?"

"Well, well, my good woman," said the first speaker, "you must settle that with the Lord Chancellor. If you're wronged he'll see you righted. Earl Bathurst is no tyrant. But your house must come down; so move your things out as fast as you can. There is a palace to be built here, somewhat grander than your apple-stall."

The poor woman's tears and lamentations were in vain: her asseverations of ownership were treated with ridicule.—The little house and shed were leveled to the ground, and Aunt Betsy returned home heart-sick and desponding.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come single. That evening George Allen entered his mother's dwelling wearing a countenance almost as dejected as her own.—He threw himself on a chair, and, without noticing her gloom, said:

"O, mother, I fear we are ruined.—Mr. Elliott has failed for an immense sum; there is an execution on his house and goods, and all the clerks are turned adrift. Besides, he has all the money you have laid up, and I fear can never repay a shilling of it. Nor is that the worst; for now is a fellow to get a new place when the city is full of unemployed clerks! I shall have to go into the apple-stall, mother, and give up all hope of marrying sweet Lucy Gray!"

"George," replied his mother, "what you tell me is bad enough; but, my poor boy, I have still worse news for you.—Our living is gone. The apple-stall, out of the earnings of which we raised you when an infant, before your father saw the King; the cottage which the King gave us liberty to build, and the ground which he made our own over his own name and seal, are all gone. The Lord Chancellor is building a palace; the cottage stand in the way, and the workmen have torn it down to-day. There is nothing left to us, my boy, but God and the wide world."

"Bring me the deed, mother," replied the son. "The highest in England has no power to oppress the lowest. Let his Lordship build on; he cannot seize that which is yours by the Great Seal of England. Were he ten times Lord Chancellor I will see him to-morrow."

He did see him, and was heard patiently. The claim was admitted, and the Chancellor hired the site of the old apple-woman for the annual rent of £200. Up to May 1st last, this sum was punctually paid to the old woman's descendants.

And here comes in the last link of history. England is a country of households. A few thousands of the aristocracy, in common with the Established Church, hold the fee-simple of all lands. London is built, and Liverpool and Birmingham, Sheffield and Manchester, and every town, great and small within the kingdom, on ground leased for ninety-nine years. The rents on these leases constitute one great element of the wealth of the hereditary land owners. Upon the expiration of a lease, it is the universal custom to renew it, no matter what may be the enhanced value of the land, to the holder, at the same annual rent, for a future term of ninety-nine years, with what is called a fine. Thus the Marquis of Westminster, who holds three-quarters of the West End of London; thus the Duke of Bedford, whose property includes Covent Garden and all that labyrinth of streets and squares, and places, and inns of the court that surround it; thus Lambeth Palace, residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that receives its princely revenues from docks and right of ferries on the Thames, renew old leases at the same annual rate to the holder, with a fine. The amount of the fine to be paid in ready money, represents the increased value of the land. To James Allen, the barrister, upon the renewal of the apple-woman's lease, in 1870, the fine paid by the present Duke of Wellington was £70,000.—The fee-simple of the ground upon which Apsley House stands, granted, by law or favor, under the sign-manual of George the Second, remains in the hands of the descendants of the old apple-woman, one hundred and twenty years after the King passed his word to the wounded soldier.

CAVOUR AS AN ORATOR.—His manner was simple, straightforward effective.—Trained in the palestra of parliamentary struggle, he was ambitious to be a good debater rather than a great orator. If he could not entertain the Chambers with figures of rhetoric, he could furnish them with what Burke tells us are far more decisive—the "figures of arithmetic." Devoid of brilliancy, with a difficult and at times almost painful elocution enunciated in a harsh shrill voice and constantly interrupted by a slight nervous cough, he nevertheless commanded the attention of the Chambers with an authority they were unwilling to accord yet powerless to resist. Without any attempt at rhetorical effect, he seldom or never degenerated into commonplace. Sometimes an interruption or an assault, which he rather provoked than conciliated, like the breaking of an electric current, would cause the train of his thought to kindle and sparkle with unaccustomed splendor. Always wary, rarely or never nonplussed, without losing the grammatical construction or logical sequence of his discourse, his reply was ever prompt and decisive, sometimes haughty and contemptuous. Without a knowledge of Latin and Greek, he was charged with seasoning his speeches with salt "not Attic." It may be that his language was not classical, as his diction was not ornate. He disregarded the embellishments of style, and disdained the artifices of rhetoric. He spoke as a man who aimed at conviction, not cheers; with whom an argument was a battle, not a tournament; a speech an action, not mere declamation.

As to his method in preparing his discourses we have the following account from the pen of his private secretary, Artom.

"Seated tranquilly upon the ministerial bench, playing with his paper knife, and sustaining the assaults of his opponents with all the coolness of an experienced debater, he seemed to pay no attention to what was being said, when, in reality not a syllable escaped him. Little by little by an intellectual process of which he was scarcely conscious, the outline of his discourse was completed in his head. Without writing a word, without even taking notes, except when he had figures or dates to adduce, it was sufficient for him to revolve his object for an hour or two in the morning of the day he expected to speak, in order to clothe his ideas in the most suitable form. In the latter part of his life he was accustomed to have me present at the preliminary rehersal of his speeches. Seated opposite to me, he sought in my countenance, which could never conceal any thing from him, the impression which the strong and ingenious chain of his reasoning produced upon me. Sometimes he interrogated me with his eye, or constrained me to make observations upon points with regard to which he was not altogether satisfied. Often when, from the galleries of the Chamber, I have listened to the speech prepared in the morning before me. I have been able to note the fidelity of his memory. Sometimes the very words which had struck me excited now the applause and now the merriment of the Chamber. More frequently, however, he improvised the phraseology, but the idea was constantly the same; and I have been able to state beforehand to whoever stood near me the series of inferences through which he would arrive at his conclusion.—*Harper's Magazine.*

"The wife's secret"—Her opinion of her husband.