

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XI LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1874 NO. 39

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS: For circulation—\$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents. For advertising—25 cents per square for the first insertion, and 15 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 forbidden and charged accordingly. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

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CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNNY SLOPE, NEAR LOS ANGELES,
March 27, 1874.

I presume that there are few places in the State of California better or more widely known than "Sunny Slope"—the magnificent estate of L. J. Rose, Esq. Mr. Rose came to Los Angeles county thirteen years ago; and, after due inquiry and deliberation, selected this portion of the county as the site of his homestead. Modest and reasonable in his aspirations, he purchased some sixty acres, upon which there stood a small and dilapidated house, and one fig tree and a few other evidences of former cultivation by the natives of this section of the country. A brief experience with his new purchase satisfied Mr. Rose that a modification of his plans was advisable, he finding that the water necessary for the irrigation of his original tract could only be secured by the purchase of the land embracing the fountain head of the supply; the consequence was, therefore, an additional purchase (the entire tract being part of the Santa Anita Ranch), which swelled his possessions to two thousand (2,000) acres and the incurring of a debt of three thousand dollars (\$3,000), which sum "La California" (as the lamented Col. Evans would say) amounted to thirty thousand (\$30,000) principal and interest, before it was extinguished and the enterprising proprietor possessed a fee simple to this splendid tract, created by his intelligent and well directed energy and industry.

Three hundred acres of this princely domain are under fence—all substantial picket—and divided into six fields, there being altogether about thirteen (13) miles thereof. Within these enclosures there are 135,000 Mission grape vines, 45,000 of choice foreign grapes; 500 orange trees bearing fruit, 5,500 orange trees of various ages; 100 lemon trees bearing fruit, 1,000 lemons coming on; 350 full bearing English walnut trees, besides about 2,000 trees of other descriptions embracing all the varieties named in my former sketches of General Stoneman's and Colonel Kewen's estates. Only about 300 of the 500 bearing orange trees have reached their full development and the income for these 300 for the present year is estimated at \$10,000. The curious in such matters can figure up for themselves what the probable income will be six or seven years hence, when the six thousand trees on the place are in full bearing order.

Mr. Rose pays particular attention to the manufacture of wine and brandy. He does not hesitate to admit that he has met with such failures and discouragements in that direction, as almost invariably wait on inexperience, but claims that he has overcome these obstacles, and has already established a reputation for the products of the vine bearing his brand which secures for them a steady and constantly increasing demand. He points with pride to the fact that he has been supplying the extensive firm of Perkins & Stern, of New York, with the proceeds of his vintage for eleven years, and is now supplying them to the amount of \$30,000 per year.

Mr. Rose purchased last season the entire crop of six vineyards in this vicinity, paying therefor in the aggregate some \$10,000. He manufactured 100,000 gallons of wine and 25,000 gallons of brandy. His wine (port and anglic) averages \$1 per gallon, white wine (a limited quantity only of which is made) 50 cts. per gallon; brandy at one year old, \$2 per gallon. Mr. Rose has devoted much attention to experimenting, with a view to the successful production of a light dry table claret and a hook of the same quality. Although for myself, I have "eschewed seek," yet I claim to know what good wine is, and I do not hesitate to say that Rose's hook from the "Blue Ribbon" grape, and his claret from the "Zinfandel" are both destined to rank among the very highest table wines known to commerce. Connoisseurs pay the very highest tribute to their excellence. Mr. Rose has four copper stills of capacity for making 1,000 gallons of brandy daily, and three wine cellars with capacity of storage amounting to 2,000,000 gallons. It is his intention to increase the acreage of his vineyards and the production of wines and brandy yearly, keeping them up to a uniform standard.

Mr. Rose, in addition to his extensive viticultural and pomological operations, is devoting much time, money and attention to the improvement of stock. A visit to his large and well arranged stables, at present under the charge of Mr. Henry McGregory, of Detroit, will know in the East as a careful and successful trainer, will afford an opportunity of seeing a number of as handsome specimens of horse

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

THE ORDER A NECESSITY AMONG FARMERS.

By J. C. AMORY, Chief Deputy of N. I. Grange.

When we look abroad over the world, we see men divided into classes or professions, and all interest upon schemes designed especially to promote the interests of their own particular class, and to accomplish this we find each and every class having an organization designed particularly for this object, thus acknowledging the truth of the saying that "in union there is strength." Now do we find them mistaken in this, for this fact is illustrated long ago by the old man to his boys, simply by the use of a bundle of sticks illustrating how easily that could be broken when dissipated, which, when well united, could not be put asunder.

Union, association, and combination—these are the agents that have been used in all ages, and from the earliest times down to the present day, by all peoples and nations, whether civilized or savage, barbarous or enlightened, to accomplish results which no individual efforts could effect or secure.

And this principle, or mode of accomplishing results, has come to be so well understood that no great thing is expected to be done without its aid.

Now can we point to a single act of great importance that has ever occurred in the history of the world without co-operative effort.

Reasoning, then, from analogy and experience, we conclude that if we desire to accomplish certain results, wherein a large class or profession of people have a common interest, we must resort to the same measures which have been found effectual when used by others to secure similar results.

Hitherto, farmers, the great producing class of our country, have stood in total disregard to this great agent, or principle, so universally acknowledged and effectually used by others. They have stood aloof from all unions or associations, each and every man acting only upon his own account, having no concert of action whatever with his neighbor, whose interest is identical with his own, and who might be presumed to have a common interest in all that relates to his material welfare.

This fact being patent to all, we offer no proof to corroborate it, but proceed to say that by the effectual use of this agent, the professional, commercial, manufacturing, and other classes have so far advanced their own interests and schemes as to become prejudicial, and in many instances burdensome, to the best interests of the farmers. Therefore, as a matter of duty and necessity, we say that the farmers should unite and organize, whereby they can act as a unit, not only to protect their own interests, but also to project themselves against the aggression of others. For it is a well-known fact that the moneyed interests of the country are so well united and thoroughly combined, each in their own particular line, assuming, as this interest does, the form of powerful combinations and monopolies, as to be able to control legislation, and every department of our Government, as well as every species of interest, however remote, that may be supposed to in any way relate to their material progress. Believing, as we do, that farmers need, and something that will save them from the oppressions of the various rings and monopolies now existing, and also prove a guaranty to them in the future that their just rights shall be maintained, and the dignity of their profession as husbandmen restored to that condition which God in the beginning designed them to occupy—realizing these facts, this condition of things, and having a firm conviction that if the present arrangement of affairs should continue much longer that the great producing class of our country would find their every interest compromised, and their occupation as a class utterly ruined—comprehending, I say, the situation, and to meet its demands, the Order of Patrons of Husbandry was conceived and is designed to meet the case, to fill a void long existing, to supply the wants and provide the remedy for the many ills under which this great fraternity have long been laboring and suffering.

The Order of Patrons has three distinct and prominent features, viz: the intellectual, the social, and the business.—The intellectual feature of the Order consists in the advantages which it presents for reading, for study, and association in the Grange-room, wherein we meet to discuss all questions which relate to our interests or welfare as farmers.

We admit that men may learn much by reading, by study, and also by careful observation of the works of nature. But after they have explored all these departments, then they will need some comparison of view with others who have also had similar experience. And in such discussions it often proves that opinions, deemed impracticable, are shown to be fallacious. It is by being coming in contact with other minds—ideas rubbing against other ideas—and then by comparison, that progress is made.

Every Grange is a legislative body, wherein whatever questions or resolutions that may be introduced are freely discussed. It is here that we make our wants known, and discuss the methods by which we may secure our wishes, and then by unity of action are enabled to accomplish what we as individuals could not even hope to attain.

The social consists in being associated with the ladies who are admitted as members of the Order, and upon whom the four degrees of a subordinate Grange are conferred. Other Orders close their doors

against women, and shut her out from councils. But believing that she is the help-mate of man, and that we need her as well as he, we open our doors to the Grange and bid her welcome. At the regular monthly meetings of Grange a feast is held, the ladies making a beautiful report of the good of this life, and this is made the medium whereby introductions are made and many pleasing and lasting acquaintances are formed.

Manhood, in its nature, are social beings, and when in solitude all pleasures and enjoyments are diminished. For farmers, we say that its social features are particularly pleasing, and well adapted to meet the necessity which exists for some method to bring them and their wives and families together, so that they may know each other better, and be brought into a closer connection and sympathy than now exists.

In fact, the aid already rendered to our Order by women is invaluable, and her services could not well be dispensed with. To divert the Order of this feature would be to go far toward spoiling it, and to detract greatly from the enjoyment now felt in all our meetings. We say, then, that women's presence is indispensable in all places where good conduct and moral and religious principles are sought to be inculcated.

The other feature of the order, of which we now speak, is the material, or that which affects our interests pecuniarily.

And here we take the position that something that shall bring us relief in an absolute necessity, and cannot longer be delayed. We find that just in proportion as other organizations are affected in their operations, and serve to carry out their designs, which is that of promoting only the welfare of its class or profession, just so far they are detrimental to our interests. As each and all are dependent upon the farmer, and expect to live from him and what they can make out of his products, and to best accomplish the work of making as much as possible out of these products, they all resort to union and combinations, and by their aid it must be confessed their success has been very remarkable, and their profits altogether beyond and out of proportion to these realizations by the producers.

In fact, the middle-man, with very little labor, and less capital, manage to live and make money upon the farmer's products, and as a class are to-day, and have been for years past, making more real profits by merely handling our products than we get for all our labor in producing them.

The Patrons of Husbandry propose to abolish the commissions of middle-men just as far as it is practicable or possible to do so, and deal directly with manufacturers and consumers of goods.

They also propose to reduce freight and passenger's fare by railroads at least fifty per cent., believing that after such reductions are made, railroad companies will then realize more profits on the real capital invested (excluding, of course, the stock, or bogus capital, of course), so we as producers are realizing on our investments. And as it is our produce that freights all railroads and pays their dividends, we think there ought to be some nearer proportion in the scale of dividends than now exists.

In short, we find that the moneyed power of the country is pitted against the brain and muscle power, and that it also has control of the legislation of our country, and a large extent, in both the national and State governments. We also find, that although the farmers compose a large majority of the voting population, outnumbering all other classes combined, we are as a class almost entirely unrepresented in the national as well as the State governments. Also, that the great business of Agriculture, upon which all others depend, receives the least attention and the least money appropriations of that any department of the national Government.

We find also that a large percentage of the legislation of the country is dictated and controlled by these various wealthy monopolies, which set a price upon our misrepresentatives, and are thus enabled to battle all schemes which do not look directly to their particular interests. Now, to counteract these evils, and many others of which we cannot now speak, and influence our country to that position and influence which dignity which properly belongs to them, and which God in the beginning designed them to occupy, is what the Patrons of Husbandry are seeking for. And in view of the situation, we ask, is not ours a necessary and a noble work? We certainly think it is, and believe that every unbiased and intelligent farmer in the land will agree so.

Then come one and come all, and join the noble army of Patrons, and thus help to carry forward to success this glorious work. And then will your children and your children's children, and all the great fraternity of farmers in our country, rise up and call you blessed.

Though Cowper, the poet, had attacked despondency and religious gloom which at times shattered his reason, he could write the wonderful tale of John Gilpin, and wind up a letter to the Rev. John Newton with such stuff as this: "And now I have writ, in a rhyning fit, what will make you dance, so you advance, or will keep you still, though against your will, 'till you come to an end, of what I have penned, which that you may do, 'ere Madame and you, are quite worn out, with giggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive, a bow I prostrate, down to the ground from your humble me, W. C."

THE IRON MONK.

Drip, drip, drip, the rain is pattering like the tiny lakes and rivers in the sudden golden dawn. Through the open window comes the faint, sweet smell of the damp earth—that moist, spring-like odor, which nothing else resembles. A soft twittering comes from under the leaves, where the happy little feathered lovers—who yesterday were lying about in the sunshine, building their wee houses have taken shelter. Under my window a great black bird is leisurely preening. In the distance a lone whistling (all out of tune) is heard. Good night, good night, says nothing—and goes on whistling. These good people love one another; Lisette is quick, eager, self-reliant—Jean is slow and plodding. "He has no thought," she says sharply, in her quick, brisk utterance. Jean smiles doubtfully, and goes off to his work. I speak of his goodness, his kind heart, and Lisette's black eyes filled with tears.

The knight started. "Who is your lord?" he asked huskily.

"Count Louis," said the man, wonderingly.

"He had a brother?"

"O, the brother, God rest his soul, was killed in battle, though some say," added he, mysteriously, "the devil flew away with him."

The stranger laughed harshly. Throwing the man some gold, he set spurs to his horse, and galloped to the hill. That night the monks in the neighboring monastery were roused by a loud knocking at the gate. A strange voice demanded speech with their Abbot. Halls were drawn, bars unbarred. A tired horse was stabled beside the Abbot's well-fed palfrey and a strange guest at the Abbot's table. Midnight had tolled long since, and still the Abbot and his guest sat talking, in low, earnest tones.

"And now, good father, for your story," said the knight, lifting his sign of wine to his lips.

"If it would be your pleasure, my lord, and the Abbot hesitated.

"It is my pleasure," was the authoritative answer, and shading his face with his mailed hand, he signed to the Abbot to begin.

With a nervous tremor in his voice, the churchman obeyed.

"Four years after you had left us, my lord, there was a private marriage at the chateau. How it came about, I know not, but so it was. You were gone, and the Lady Antoinette's memory was short. Tidings of you came but seldom. Occasionally some wandering minstrel sang of daring deeds."

"He will be killed, one day," said your kinsman.

"A twelve month afterward a messenger arrived. He bore tidings of your death. Count Louis commanded masses to be said for your soul, and took possession of your lands."

"One evening, a lady, thickly veiled, sought speech with me. She placed a packet in my hands. 'By the love you bear Count Victor, send this to him.' Her voice trembled with emotion.

"Lady," I said, gravely, "does your husband sanction this?"

"She shuddered violently."

"You will keep my secret? You loved Count Victor—you are his kinsman—for the love of God pray him to return."

"I sent the packet by the hand of a wandering friar."

"He never reached me," said the knight, hoarsely.

"I guessed as much. Your cousin died, died as he had lived," and the Abbot crossed himself. "The fearful and appalled Count Louis, as he is called, and he looked deprecatingly at his companion."

"Call him so," said the knight with a bitter smile.

He is haunted by the fear of your return. He has grown old before his time. Three children have been born to him; two dead. Life is a burden, and death is feared."

The knight sighed heavily.

"Are you fatigued, my lord," said the Abbot kindly; remove that cumbersome armor."

"Good father," interrupted the knight, "I made a vow to doff it not until I enter my father's halls. We shall not part company for many a long day, methinks."

The Abbot started. "But, my lord, bethink you—"

"I have bethought me," and he rose as if to end the conference. "I have bethought me. The man yonder—and he shook his clenched hand toward the chateau, whose walls rose faint and dim in the gray of the morning, "is not with our kin of mine, but I cannot bring disgrace upon my father's name."

Nothing more was heard of Count Victor; but one day the Lady Antoinette found upon her table a blood-stained scarf, on which she traced the word, "Tojours."

When the leaves began to fall, a new brother was admitted to the order of St. Benedict.

The villagers around the chateau were perplexed together, as the Iron Monk strode past their doors, his stern face shaded by his cowl. And as ever and anon they caught the glimmer of steel beneath his flowing robe, the more fearful they crossed themselves devoutly. None questioned him. "I have made a vow," he said, simply, when any one marvelled at this strange attire. "I shall have my reward of crime committed in the Holy Land—"

When they reached his ears he smiled scornfully.

One day, pacing slowly up the dusty village street, he saw a gay cavalier issue from the gates of the chateau. Drawing his cowl further over his face he paused to let it pass. The eyes of Count Louis

stood motionless. Victor's hand was on his horse's bridle, his troop was waiting, when a light step sounded behind him, and Antoinette sang herself sobbing on his heart. A dark scowl settled on the face of Louis Tenderly Victor looked back, as with trembling hands she fastened a rich scarf about him, on which she had embroidered the word "Tojours."

"Ah! Mignon," he said, sadly, "will you love me always?"

"Always, Victor."

Twelve years passed. One day in summer, in the twilight, a tired horse slowly climbed the hill overlooking the chateau. His rider, a knight with his visor down, was leaning forward, glistening among the trees. A workman passed him singing.

"Tell me, good friend, who lives yonder," said the knight, pointing to the gray walls beneath him.

"Our good lord and lady," answered the man, gazing curiously at the tired horse and his armed rider.

The knight started. "Who is your lord?" he asked huskily.

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stood curiously upon him; but, too, had heard of the Iron Monk.

"I pray your blessing, good Father," he said with a courteous smile.

"Benedicite," muttered the monk, hurriedly; and the Count's cheek blanched as those fierce eyes burned upon his face. Had he looked back, he would have seen a steel-pointed hand clenching threateningly. Count Louis came the thought that the hand of the chateau was dying. His countenance was death. "I will go," said the Iron Monk.

The Abbot started, but said nothing. Drawing his cowl over his face, the knight followed the messenger. Heating the door of the chateau, he looked at the door.

As he again crossed the threshold, the Lady Antoinette placed herself before him. He threw back his cowl.

"Victor!"

He passed on; but she flung herself on her knees, and grasped his robe.

"Victor, pardon!"

"Woman, pray to God!" was the stern answer.

She signed to an attendant, who placed her baby in her arms.

"Victor, do not curse my child," she said pleadingly.

His face softened. Taking the infant in his strong arms, he gazed long on the tiny features. The baby opened its blue eyes and smiled. Signing the cross upon its forehead, he pressed his lips to the sacred symbol, then gave back the infant to its kneeling mother.

This night the death bell tolled for Count Louis.

The Iron Monk was absent from the midnight prayers. In the morning he was found kneeling by the narrow easement, his face turned toward the chateau, where, dead alike to praise and blame, with clay cold lips and fast shut eyes, his brother was lying. Death, the great peace maker, had united the brothers again. Together they had entered the world, together they had left it, and the fair-haired baby in his mother's arms was heir to the broad lands.

ONE IDEA OF POVERTY.—It was Bulwer who said in nine cases out of ten poverty was only an idea. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for the want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand a year, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and who does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich—always providing that poor folks do not in a smaller way emulate the prodigality of their rich brethren. Poverty is simply the question of the good or bad management of money in hand.

Plutocrats, the Grecian general, walking through some of the fields, several persons implored his charity. "If you want bread to plow your land," said he, "I will lend you some; if you want land, I will lend; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness." By this conduct in a short time there was not a beggar in all his dominions.

His hair parted in the center, and exactly over the center—"I never knew a dozen girls, you know, who could talk sense with a fellow, you know." (With her hair frizzed and frizzled and froozy and tumbled over her left eye)—"Well! Well, the fact is, all the girls I know suit their conversation to the party with whom they are talking, you know."

This man knew what he was about. He lived in the country, and in buying an axe the other day he was particular to select the smallest one he could find.—An acquaintance asked him why he did so, and he replied:—"Well, my wife is enjoying very good health this winter, and if I get a heavier one I'm afraid she won't be able to cut wood."

The fellow who declared he could name any liquid blindfold "gave it up," when he was handed a sip from the pump. "It reminds me," he said, "of something I have tasted in my youth, but for the life of me I can't tell what it is."

"Father," said a Swedish girl one still, starchy night, after a long silence, "father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be."

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone it is when a full fall of clothes comes down in the mud.

A very touchy husband told his wife they could not agree, and must divide the house. "Very well," said she, "you can take the outside."

He handled his gun carefully, and I put on his obliging notice, "is the latest Western original notice."