

# Saints & Beacón.

VOL. XVIII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880.

NO. 4

**N. Oehlman & Son**  
CLOTHING  
230 W. Pratt St., extending through to 55 Hanover Street.

A fearful sacrifice in Spring and Summer clothing for Men and Boys; 25 to 50 per cent. deduction to close out our entire stock and not carry it over to next season. 230 W. Pratt St., extending through to 55 Hanover Street.

**BUY YOUR LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS, Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c AT LOW PRICES, FROM SAML. BURNS & CO., 104 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE.**

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51 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
GUNS MADE TO ORDER, and Repairing done in the best manner. Goods shipped C. O. D. and GUARANTEED. Aug 26, 1880—6m.

**GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.**  
SHINGLES, SASH & C.  
152 LIGHT ST. WHARF, BALTIMORE.  
LOW PRICES

**In Memoriam**  
A little perch in the emerald green—  
A little perch in the emerald green—  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew—  
It grew.  
One day, perching that perch on a branch,  
That little perch perched on the view  
Of Anthony Jones and his sister Rose—  
Then two.  
Up at that perch a club they lifted—  
Down from the perch as it grew  
Full the little perch of emerald hue—  
Then two!  
She took a life and John a crew  
And then the trouble began to grow—  
Teaching the shadowy church a lesson—  
Two true!  
Under the turf when the daisies grow  
They staid John and his sister Rose—  
And their little souls to the angels flew—  
Boo hoo!  
What of the perch of the emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through—  
Adieu! —Kansas City Times.

**(Written for the Beacon.)**  
**A RAMBLING WALK.**  
When I walk before breakfast, I set the alarm the night before at an early hour. I have a little movable clock that I place on my table opposite the bed every night, and then I sleep—a deep sleep of utter exhaustion—till awakened by a buzz and whir and spang-spang, at first amusing in its insignificance, but at last positively exasperating in its persistency. Show it to me, to desist from its racket, assure it that my nerves are lacerated and my tympanum will be made defective by its continued cackle; but all is of no avail; it calmly spangs, buzzes and whirs three dreadful, eternal moments, and finally runs down with a complacent stolidity that is maddening. I get up, of course, after lying still a few minutes to convince myself that I do not rise because I was alarmed. Oh! no, that is not the reason, but as I am awake and have something to do, I think it would be well to avail myself of the morning hour. So reasoning, it takes but a few moments to prepare for my walk. Equipped with book and umbrella and hat tipped far back on my head, I open the street door, after working a quarter of an hour over the night lock, an institution that fills me each morning with rage and despair, for stay in order it will not, and just as I would think I had coaxed it to open and let me out, it would rather than "bait" my indignity. At last I surprise it into passive obedience, and stand on the portal humming "How so fair" softly. I stand in the doorway twirling my umbrella, with the thought, was there ever such a glorious morning? The sun rays rested on the earth with such glad, gentle light, it seemed the world's lover wrapping her glorious form with strong yet gentle touch. How freshly the breeze, laden with breath of rose and clematis, came through the still air.  
And now I leave the doorway and stroll leisurely up the street with my umbrella closed, for I am a tropical animal and love to feel the sun burning my skin and freckling my face. How many times have I roused the ire of my poor mother by my determination to bask in the sunlight as I had seen cats and dogs do? I knew in the bottom of my heart that it was as good for me as for them, and longed for freedom to partake of their enjoyment; and this liberty I did take surreptitiously, till mother discovered me and tied the small offender to a bed-post, where I was left to chew the bitter cud of reflection a whole afternoon, which seemed an age in my impatient calculation.  
While I was wriggling on the floor, I had the amusement of hearing our old colored woman call to her little daughter, "Here, Mary Jane, come into the house, this instant or you'll be burned black as a nigger." Mary Jane's coal-black face would, maybe, be improved by non-exposure to the sun's rays. I laughed heartily and was consoled by the reflection that I had a companion in misery; but I return to the street.  
I was wandering off into one of the devious by-paths of early youth, those fragrant-hidden paths, so mysterious and so charming; how we long to explore and how we hate to leave the cool, blessed memories to come to the present, be it ever so encouraging. There is a trail of glory, a misty veil of forgetfulness obscuring our juvenile woes. We almost forget how utterly real and awful was our grief over a pet bird, a dead and buried kitten, to whom we vowed eternal faithfulness; how the fancied ills troubles became our own, and our struggles to keep wretched little hearts from breaking. Then with bruises and cut fingers the rush for mother, for the pain could be soothed only by her loving kiss.  
Ah! how many woes we have had since, but we miss the motherer with a feel growing stronger and deeper with age, reaching out tendrils towards all living objects, only to be bruised and withered here, and utterly broken off there, yet still we find the tendency to love some higher object than ourselves; 'tis the grandest power of the soul asserting itself. Thus arose hero worship. The mass of ancients required no subtle, invisible essence for a divinity. They desired a striking physical personality, and Zeus, the fellow-deities, presents no beauties of the soul to charm modern metaphysicians. We behold Vulcan, the mighty blacksmith of the gods, who forges with terrific force the thunderbolts of undi-

criminating power. We see Odin in the hall of Valhalla—savior stern and bloodthirsty—and no longer traits soften Valkyres, his terrible battle maidens. In short, we stand before some higher being, and unconsciously we find our ideas of this superior being moulded by the materialism or spiritualism of the age in which we live.  
In all our strivings for love and happiness we are forced from one object to another, drawn and persuaded to fix our hopes of joy on no one thing being like ourselves, but to wish, conceit, eternal and unchangeable, and stimulating to the fountain head, the great complement of our lives, in the same sense as the sun, the moon, and the stars are alike. But I am wandering again. I step back into the street with my head full of these thoughts and snatter past houses that are as sound asleep as their inhabitants must surely be. Here and there a house has signs of life, the windows are open, the sound of a piano breaks the still air and some industrious little beginner laboriously hammers out "Home, Sweet Home."  
I smile kindly and sympathize with the ambitious little soul that can rise at four o'clock in the morning to beat a track to fame. Some green and gold tinted leaves flutter to my feet. I stoop and collect the stray leaves. I will preserve them. They are exquisitely shaped and colored, and are such appropriate reminders of this fresh, sun-dappled morning. Here comes a negro girl, her lithe, graceful form swayed by a bucket of water held by one hand; the other is outstretched to preserve her balance. As she looks at me sleepily out of her great black and really beautiful eyes, she wonders what can have made a nomad of a young and jaunty-looking lady at that hour of the morning. I try to assume an official and business like air, but am assured that, like Mark Twain's Pilgrims, she is fully persuaded that I am a handful of American Citizens traveling simply for recreation.

An enterprising little bootblack hurries past, and looking at my dusty shoes, calls out persuasively, "Extra shine, lady, ten cents." I look scornfully at the boy and hurry the objectionable boots out of that neighborhood, mentally shaking the dust from my feet. I am now before the gate where I am to stop, but the house is closed! Can I have made a mistake? There are so many houses just alike in this row. No, I have not, so I walk on the path, ring the bell and wait.  
A serving woman unlocks the inner door to the vestibule, making the walls tremble, and appears in the entrance with a look of bewildered astonishment. I calmly inquire with a spice of malice, "I am inquiring with a spice of malice, I am inquiring with a spice of malice, I am inquiring with a spice of malice." She replies that he has not risen yet, I quietly walk past her into the familiar little parlor. I will wait till he is ready.  
Seated amidst Plutonian darkness which the woman does not undertake to mitigate, I have time to think while Bridget coolly walks off to the kitchen, where she remains a short time and then comes to inquire if I would like her to go up and tell that I was there. I agree with her that it would be a good idea, yes, decidedly so, whereupon she lumbered up stairs and roused one of the young ladies, then came back and asked for my name. I gave it good naturedly, and suspending that she would bring down on me the wrong person, said it was the gentleman I wished to see.  
"Shur! it was the master I wanted to see." Bridget looked annoyed and excited. By this time I had succeeded in opening the shutters, so I took no further notice of her. She departed, only to reappear with an increase of speed and indignation, and asked if some such heathenish nonsense as Smith or Williams was not my cognomen? Then my blood was roused, and I said, at the same time rising from the chair and pointing my umbrella at her, before she backed and assumed a most humble aspect: "Shur! here, woman, I have stood your impudence with a large amount of patience—go," I said, pointing to the door, "and tell your master that my name is Livingston. Do you hear, woman, the great immortal Livingston, L-i-v-i-n-g-st-o-n." But she was already gone, and I expect she flew up stairs and told them that there was a desperate wretch below who called her a living stone. I shook out my ruffled leathers and rose smiling to meet my master in Greek and Latin, as he laughingly apologized for his delay and the servant's stupidity. "Bridget is peculiar, you know!" "Ah! how peculiar," I murmured.

**VALE.**  
A young man, never lose your presence of mind when you are in a trying situation. When you take the girl you love to a picnic, and you wander away together to commune with nature, and she suddenly exclaims: "Oh, George, there is an ant down my back!" don't stand still with your mouth open; don't faint; don't go for the girl's mother; go for the ant.  
A man who was noted for not being annoyed by tramps, was asked how he managed it. "Oh," said he, "I barrel them." "Barrel them! what kind of barrels do you use?" "Gun barrels."

There is not much danger when it rains "cals and dogs," but when it Spitz dogs, look out.

**LAND OF THE PATUXENT.**  
In every respect the history of Maryland is full of interest, and it is of the highest importance that the authentic records of which that history is to be illustrated should not be lost. It is greatly to be regretted that a large mass of records, documents, correspondence, &c., belonging to the pre-revolutionary periods of the province has been so imperfectly cared for as to cause irreparable loss, leaving many important parts of our colonial history in obscurity. Many of our State legislative records and papers have disappeared altogether, still more are perishing at Annapolis, in the various county court-houses and other places from decay, careless handling and improper storage.  
One of the most disastrous results of Clayborne's and Ingle's rebellion in Maryland, in 1645-46, was the destruction or loss of most of the records of the Province, so that we are left much in the dark as to the means used by these rebels to win followers to their plots and foment disaffection to Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, and his government. The records of this period are very imperfect, and it is very important to know how and why it was that Maryland, meant to be the abode of peace, was drawn into the vortex of the unhappy contentions which were convulsing the mother country. The records of the Province from the end of 1688 to the beginning of 1692 are also lost, leaving us very much in the dark about the Protestant revolution of 1689, and how Maryland lost her independence, ceased to be a palatinate, and became a royal government.

Your correspondent, having learned a few days since, that papers relating to these missing links in the chain of our colonial history were in existence in the court-house in the county-seat of Calvert, started from Baltimore on Wednesday night and arrived here the next morning to search for the long-lost records. It must be confessed that there seemed to be a prospect of finding the missing records, as Calvert was bounded on the north side with the creek upon the western side of Chesapeake bay, called the Herring creek, and from thence through the woods to the head of Patuxent river, being the southerly bound of Anne Arundel county; and the Governor this day likewise appointed Mr. Richard Collet to be high sheriff of Calvert county aforesaid.

Cromwell's commissioners, upon taking possession of the province in the same year, changed the name of the county to Patuxent, and directed that the name of the county should be called Providence, this being the first name by which it was known. These counties continued to bear the names of Providence and Patuxent until the restoration of the proprietary government in 1685, when the original names of Anne Arundel and Calvert were restored by the general repeal of the acts and orders in passed during the defection. Upon the restoration of the province to the proprietary in 1685, one of the first fruits of loyalty was the erection of Charles county. A county of that name had been established in 1650, by an order in council, which was repealed in 1654, and Calvert county was erected in its stead. Before the year 1689 many tracts were taken up in Prince George's, but that extensive county, out of which Frederick was carved as late as 1748, was not itself erected out of portions of Calvert and Charles till the year 1695.

When the Puritans seized the Province in 1654 they removed the records to the house of Richard Preston, on the Patuxent. Gov. Stone, in 1655, finding himself at the head of about 130 men, determined to make an effort to recover the government. He dispatched John Hammond to recover the records and to capture a magazine of arms and ammunition which the Puritans had gathered on the Patuxent. From the following account, given by Hammond, he was completely successful:  
"Gov. Stone sent me to Patuxent to fetch the records. I went unarmed amongst these sons of thunder, only three or four to row me, and despite of all their bravos of rising the country; calling in his servants to apprehend me, threatened me with the severity of their new-made law, myself alone seized and carried away the records in defiance."  
Stone in his attack upon Providence, called Annapolis, was not so successful. About fifty of his men were killed or wounded and himself taken prisoner. He was condemned to death with ten of his soldiers, but his life and the lives of six of his men were spared through the efforts of the women of Providence, who begged that he might be saved.

The Severn and the Patuxent being the seat of the Puritan settlers, the Legislature in 1657 sat at the fort on the Patuxent. Here also Augustine Herman (afterwards proprietor of Bohemia Manor, Cecil county,) and Resolved Waldron, the ambassador appointed by Gov. Stuyvesant, of New Netherland, (New York,) met Gov. Pendall in relation to the troubles on the Delaware. In 1672 and 1673, George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, preached at the cliffs of the Patuxent to Indians and crowds of colonists, thus promoting the growth of that denomination which soon absorbed a large number of the Puritans and embraced many of the most respectable and distinguished families of the Province.

The news of the revolution in England and the accession of William and Mary created much excitement in Maryland, and Code, taking advantage of it,

formed an association in April, 1689, for the purpose of overturning the proprietary government. In July St. Mary's city surrendered to his forces without a blow, but Col. Darnell and Major Sewell moved on the Patuxent, where they organized a force, determined to hold Mattapani. Having decided to complete the overthrow of the proprietary government Code borrowed some "great guns of one Capt. Burnham, master of a ship belonging to London," and marched for Patuxent. When he arrived within a short distance of Mattapani, he sent a messenger to Darnell, and commanded the garrison to surrender, upon which, after a short parley, the president, Wm. Joseph, and Henry Darnell, Nicholas Sewell, Edward Fys and Clement Hills, of the council, consented, after which the whole Province was in the hand of the association. An address was issued to the King entreating him to take the government of the Province into his own hands, and in 1691 he sent out Sir Lionel Copley as Governor.

The sessions of the Calvert County Court were held first at Mattapani and afterwards at Calvert Towne, on the east side of Patuxent river and the north side of Battle creek. The court was held at the latter place from about 1685 to 1725, when the court-house was removed by act of Assembly to its present place at "William's Old-fields." On the 19th of March, 1725, John Bromie, Wm. Dawkins, Patrick Andrew, Henry Chew, James Duke, Jr., James Somervell, Sutton Isaac, Roger Boyce, William Miller and James Agling, a jury of inquisition, by order of Col. John Smith, William Young, William Holland, Jeremiah Sheredine, Gabriel Parker and Chas. Clagett, "Justices of this Lordship's County Court," condemned three acres of land for the purpose of building thereon the new court-house. The land was purchased from Richard Johns for 3,000 pounds of tobacco. The new court-house was erected and opened for business on Tuesday, July 2, 1738. The justices in attendance were Benjamin Mackall, Walter Smith, Wm. Young, Wm. Holland, Gabriel Parker, Chas. Clagett, Gideon Dare and Richard Lane; Richard Smith, sheriff, and Richard Young, clerk. An act for finishing the court-house and for the relief of the builders, and the place to be called Prince Frederick, was passed by the General Assembly in the same year. This court-house was destroyed by fire, and in 1748 it was ordered to be rebuilt. P-njamin Mackall, Sr., James Heighe, Benjamin Mackall, Jr., Benson Bond, Benjamin Haner, Dr. James Somervell, Benjamin Johns, James Duke and Edward Gant, the commissioners appointed for the erection of a new building, met at Prince Frederick on the 12th of August, 1749, and contracted with James John Mackall for the building of the court-house. It was completed in August, 1751, but was partially destroyed by a hurricane some time after. A number of persons were in the building at the time, and several were killed and many injured. Among the killed were Jesse Bourne and Basil Simmons. In July, 1814, the second court-house erected at Prince Frederick was destroyed, with the jail, by a detachment of British troops, and upon its site the present dingy court-house was built.

Your correspondent made a thorough search in the cock-loft and other portions of this court-house for the long-lost records, but failed to find anything earlier than 1670, and these were deeds of land, &c., in Calvert county. In fact, he discovered that Libers A. B. C. being the county records prior to 1670 of the land records of Calvert county, were also among the missing. Your correspondent is greatly indebted to the deputy clerk, Mr. Wilson, and the proprietors of the Calvert Journal for the aid rendered him in his researches. From present appearances the good people of Calvert have little need of a court-house, as it is left open day and night without fear of damage, and the jail has not had an occupant since the May term of court.

This is a striking commentary on our boasted civilization, as neither the click of the telegraph instrument nor the whistle of the locomotive have ever been heard in the county. The great subjects of interest among the people just now relate to tournaments, public games and the Drum Point railroad. Several of the former are announced to come off in various sections of the county. A vote will be taken this fall for or against the abolishment of the gates on the public roads. The Drum Point railroad is the Moses which is to lead the citizens of Calvert to the promised land—Baltimore.

**PARTED LOVERS.**—They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged, but they quarreled and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door.  
Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe. Is your father in?"  
"No, sir," she replied; "he is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"  
"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and returned promptly to go away.  
"I beg your pardon," she called after him as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?"  
He never smiled again.

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