Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. L. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1891. NO. 540

Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. P. YATES & F. V. KING,

A Dollar a Year in Advance

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly advertisements. Correspondence solicited

JNO. H. CHRISPIN. JAS. A. DAWKINS.

CHRISPIN & DAWKINS.

Commission Merchants

—FOR THE SALE OF—

TOBACCO, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 219 South Charles St.,

BALTIMORE.

April 2—tf

EDELEN BROTHERS,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

For the sale of

TOBACCO, GRAIN and PRODUCE.

No. 8 W. Camden St. (1 *door from S. Chas.*)

Baltimore, Md.

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WM. H. MOORE. JNO. MUDD.

W. H. MOORE & CO.

GROCERS AND

Commission Merchants,

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Particular attention given to inspecton and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

Feb. 13, 79—yf

TOBACCO. FLOUR.

WM. V. WATERS

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J. B. KENT & CO.

Commission Merchants,

306 South Charles Street,

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GRAIN. PRODUCE.

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H. G. DUDLEY. J. W. CARPENTER

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

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No. 57 Light Street,

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Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful ampling of Tobacco.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency

220 S. CHARLES ST.,

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For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of Country Produce.

DIRECTORS:

JOS. SHEPHERD, A. A. co., President. J. P. Biscoe, Colvert County. P. A. Bowen, Prince George's county. G. W. Dorsey, Calvert county. P. H. Fuck, Baltimore city. L. H. Hinks, Baltimore county. A. Posey, Charles county. J. W. Crawford, Calvert county. J. F. Talbott, Calvert county. G. M. Spicknall, assistant in the tobacco department.

Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers and agents for Dissolved Bone, Fine Ground Bone, Kainit and

Peruvian Guano.

Clover and Timothy Seed and all House hold and Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments.

March 17—y.

THOS. B. H. TURNER, R. O. MULLIKIN, *Salesmen.* JOHN M. PAGE, *Cashier.*

Maryland Commission Agency

of BALTIMORE CITY,

Succeeding the

Southern Maryland Commission Agency,

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Live Stock Peaches,

And Farm Produce Generally.

No. 226 South Charles Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DIRECTORS:

J. T. Hutchins, Pres. Louis F. Detrick, John B. Lyon, Richard H. Garner, F. H. Darnall, P. J. Bowen, John B. Gray, Jos. S. Wilson, Sec.

Feb. 5 91—tf

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

MECHANICSVILLE, MD.,

G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.

Good rooms, good table and everything first class. Give me a call. Livery attached, and travelers sent to all parts of the county. Rates low. June 24—tf

SOUVENEIRS FOR ALL. SOUVENEIRS FOR ALL

GRAND OPENING AT BIEBER'S

NEW STORE

We will show the finest and best line of goods ever shown in this section. Our stock of

MEN'S CLOTHING

will be exceptionally attractive in selections, and fully up to the highest standard. Our ambition to excell in our line of

Youths', Boys' & Children's Clothing

is the best guarantee of a nearer approach to perfection each season. It is our intention to display in our

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the best goods from only reliable manufacturers, and our prices shall always be as low for similar qualities as any house in the United States.

S. BIEBER'S

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903, 905, 907 8th St., S. E.,

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For PEAS, POTATOES and

All Truck

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BAUGH'S PERU GUANO.

Baugh's Peru Guano is richer in plant food than Lobos or Guanape Guano, and costs less money. Order your supply at once. We also furnish

Lobos Peruvian Guano.

Guanape Peruvian Guano.

Ten per ct. Peruvian Guano.

Special Tobacco Fertilizer.

Special Corn Fertilizer.

Special Potato Manure.

Pure Raw Bone Agric'ltural Chemicals

For prices and other information, write

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

239 South Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

HOW DOES IT HAPPEN

that Kendall, in Washington, can sell his goods at such a low figure, and still give reliable material? It's a secret, but I'll tell you—he sells heaps of it; has to buy direct from factory, and consequently has to buy big lots and pays cash for them. It don't do to let stock lay still, for stock is money, so he just keeps rolling it over and over at as near the cost line as is safe for him to go. That's how. Don't tell anybody, he don't want it to get out.

J. B. KENDALL,

618 Penn Ave. 618 B Street,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN A. MURRELL.

A SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS PIRATE'S CAREER.

From Philadelphia Times.

An account of the life of the once celebrated John A Murrell, of Mississippi, in early times the leader of a band of outlaws whose operations extended from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, would furnish material for a cord of dime novels.

Murrell was born in Southern Tennessee about 1796, and when 16 years of age was sent by his father, a prosperous Methodist preacher to Louisville, to be educated. For a while he did well, but after a time took to gambling and was soon out of money.

One night he lost a large sum to a Pennsylvania horse dealer named Shaner. In the course of the game this man told Murrell that he was going South the next day and would carry away more money from Louisville than he had brought there. Accordingly he left town, and about three miles out was halted by a masked man pistol in hand, and told to "stand and deliver." Shaner was a brave man and made a clutch for the holster that held his Derringer, and the next instant dropped from his horse dead with a bullet through his brain.

The robber and murderer was John A. Murrell. He coolly searched his victim and was believed to have found only a small sum of money. Remounting he led Shaner's horse into the woods, and exchanging saddles made his way into town. The saddle was a fine English one, and Murrell determined to keep it for his own use, and took it to a harness-maker named Frew, leaving directions to have it re-covered. In doing this Frew found in the padding $2,500 in Pittsburg money with a note asking anyone who might come into possession to send information "to my brother." This was signed Felix Shaner.

The man's body had been identified and Frew at once notified the authorites of his discovery. Murrell got wind of this, and, with the officers at his heels, rushed down to the banks of the river. He hailed two men in a skiff, offering them $100 to take him aboard. They at once agreed, and, although fired on from the bank, succeeded in making their way to the other side of the Ohio.

Once out of danger Murrell looked with some curiosity at one of the boatmen. He was short but very broad-shouldered, with a swarthy face and an enormous head. His eyes were like those of a corspe, and the young man shuddered involuntarily as he recognized the man from descriptions that were posted at every cross-road. "Ain't you Mason?" he asked.

"Yes, my smart youngster, I'm Mason, the river pirate. What d'ye think of me? It's lucky I met you or the traps would have had ye. What ye been doing?"

Murrell, with all his nerve, felt a sentiment of fear. No more blood thirsty ruffian than Mason ever lived. There were rewards on his head in three States. His business was robbing the keel-boats on the Ohio, and he spared the lives of none who fell into his hands. The rendezvous of his gang was at a cave in the rocks below Paducah. Murrell told his story, and Mason, at once proposed that he should join his banditti. He agreed, and his initiation into crime was now fully consummated. For over a year he participated in scenes of cruelty and bloodshed, and became hardened in vice. He had more intellect than Mason, who was a mere stabber, and he now began to organize what he intended should be a robber republic.

Nearly every ruffian in the Southwest was brought into his band. The country was sparsely settled, and by force or intrigue he got the control of the elections in many of the river counties in Mississippi, and made his own men sheriffs and justices of the peace. Law-abiding people were appalled. It was impossible to hold a murderer or a horse-thief, as the collusive law-officers accepted straw bail and the culprit rode away. Immigration was pouring into the State, but so unsafe were the roads that men travelled in bands to insure safety, and yet their horses and negroes were stolen and themselves shot down with impunity. Murrell left this work to his subordinates and was constantly travelling, seeking new associates and making new combinations.

Clergymen, lawyers, merchants farmers from the Tennessee line to the gulf, were his paid agents, and it was his ambition to finally capture the State government. But the people were now aroused, and under the lead of General Coffee, who had commanded the Tennesseans at the battle of New Orleans, began to enforce justice by referring all cases to Judge Lynch. Eight men were taken on the race-course at Panola, and hung on the porch of the principal hotel as a warning, and travelers coming south on the great wilderness road could see the bodies of robbers swinging from the trees with a notice hanging from the foot telling the story of their taking off.

Murrell was now known as the leader of the banditti, and the Governors of Mississippi and Alabama offered large rewards for his capture dead or alive. They were very nearly earned in 1831. Murrell suspected that one of his agents had played him false. This agent was a lawyer practicing in Selma, then one of the largest towns in the State. Murrell met the man in the court-house, the court being in session.

Some words ensued, and Murrell coolly shot the lawyer dead and rode off laughing, but the alarm was given and a party pursued the murderer. His horse fell and he was taken. Bail was at once offered, but refused, and he was sent to jail and well guarded, but by morning he was gone. This aroused the people, the sheriff came near being lynched, and warrants were sworn out against Murrell in every county in the State, with accurate descriptions of his person. These read: "Five feet, six inches in height, well built, small head, with very black eyes, with a trick of closing them when talking; showy in manner and good talker."

He now began to draw his band together and they made their headquarters in a dense canebrake in Issaquena county, He wanted a partner who was a man of education and tact, and not known to the authorities, to take his place as an outside manager, and such a man he finally secured to his undoing.

Thoroughly disguised he had been on a visit to Natchez, and was riding north when he overtook a mounted traveler, whom he saluted and soon got into conversation with. He was a young man, spare in person, with reddish hair and a pair of resolute gray eyes. The stranger said his name was Ovid Stewart, from Cumberland county, Pa. He had studied for the ministry, but was compelled by poor health to abandon his intention and seek a home in the South by some strange freak of sentiment.

Murrell took to Stewart at once, and the more he talked the better he liked him. Suddenly from the shelter of the timber a horseman sprang into the road. His face was hidden by a shaggy cap, and there could be no doubt as to his intentions. Pistol in hand he halted them and ordered them to dismount. Murrell recognized one of the men and gave the sign, but in an instant Stewart leveled his pistol and the robber fell dead from his horse. "I don't like to kill a man, but I don't want him to kill me either," said the expreacher, coolly returning his weapon to the hostler.

It at once flashed through Murrell's mind that this was the man he wanted—brave, educated, a gentleman in manner, and, above all poor. He at once wheeled around in the road and halted his companion. "Mr. Stewart, I am going to make a very important communication to you. I like you, and if you will join me in my enterprise I can make you a rich man and governor of the State. I am John A. Murrell.

Stewart started. "What, the land pirate?"

"Yes, the land pirate and when you know my power and resources you will, I believe, accept my offer." Stewart's shrewd mind at once saw the importance of this information, Fifteen thousand dollars would be paid to the man who could secure the outlaw and his gang, and he determined to follow the chance up. He agreed to stop with Murrell that night and talk the matter over. Driving the dead robber's horse before them, then turned off into the woods, and in a short time came to a bayou. Here Murrell whistled and a negro came out of the bush and took the horses. Another whistle brought a skiff and two black oarsmen to the bank. They got in.

The route was long and circuitous, and Murrell explained that they were going to his headquarters in the Muscogee canebrake. At length the boat stopped at an island on which were a number of cabins, and men lounging about. Some were well dressed, while others were evidently frontier ruffians. All were well armed. Without a word Murrell made his way to a cabin larger than the others and entered. It was richly funished, and around a long table, covered with bottles of various liquors sat a dozen men. "This is Mr. Stewart, a friend of mine," said Murrell "Any objection?"

No one spoke, and for the first time Stewart felt a sentiment of fear. It was a fearful crew. There was Mason, Irish McCabe, Little Harpe, Colonel Burns, a noted highwayman and murderer, and among them a full-blooded negro, a giant in size, known all along the Mississippi as Congo Jack, a river pirate and assassin. Everyone of these men had prices on their heads, and the dauntless Stewart figured out what a bonanza such a haul would be if he could only bring it about.

It was evident that Murrell was master. Turning on his heel he said: "Come, Stewart," and entered another room. Here an excellent meal was eaten, and both men sat until late in the night. Stewart agreed to Murrell's proposition, and was to start the next night for Selma.

A skilled counterfeiter from the North had been lately secured by Murrell, and he intended to flood the country with this money, but his man had got into trouble, and was in jail in Selma, and Stewart's first business was to effect his release. On looking over the list of men he was surprised to note the names of some who stood high in public esteem. Murrell assured him that there was not a county in the State that some official was not in his pay or power.

Going out Stewart watched the route, but it was impossible to remember anything, so crooked and obscure was it. He was attended by a negro servant, whom Murrell recommended as in every way reliable, and they had not been together two hours before he felt sure the fellow was a spy and distrusted him. When they got to Selma the man was never away from his elbow, and it became a question of doubt how he was to see Governor Fowler without detection. He, however, retired to his room, under the plea of fatigue, and about midnight slipped out of the room and reached the ground.

There was a party at the governor's and he sent in a note by a servant pleading urgent business. In a short time he was in a room with that official and Benjamin Claiborne, attorney-general of the State, and told his story. On looking over the names of those whom Murrell had recommended him to, the governor started: "Why, one of these men is down stairs now as my guest."

A plan of operations was at once agreed upon. There was to be an important horse race at Port Gibson, and a militia muster. Murrell would be there to meet Stewart, and preparations would be made to secure him and then attack the outlaws in their stronghold. Stewart's negro must be secured as a precaution. It was near daylight before they separated. Stewart regained his room without remark.

Next morning his servant was quickly seized and put out of the way, and his master began to make preparations to save the counterfeiter, but the court was obdurate and the jail was too strongly guarded for a rescue.

A few days after Stewart rode to Port Gibson. The place was crowded, and the streets lined with gambling tables, and all was riot and disorder. A number of men were lounging around with a piece of white in their hats. These were the governor's men, and they quietly followed Stewart. Some one touched his elbow. He turned. It was Murrell. He looked around suspiciously, and asked: "Where is your servant?" Stewart raised his hat, and the outlaw was seized. He tried to draw a pistol, but a blow on the head settled him.

Ten others were taken, and then a party of 200 men, well mounted, commanded by General Coffee and accompanied by Stewart, started for the island, 60 miles away. Guides and boats had already been secured, and by daybreak the next morning they were surrounding the cabins. Little Harpe and McCabe escaped, but Mason and 54 others were shot. No quarter was given. The plunder recovered was wonderful, and from Murrell's papers it was found that no less than 1,500 negroes had been stolen and shipped to New Orleans.

On the trial every effort was made to save Murrell, but the State government was firm. So strong, however, were the robber's friends that he escaped with an imprisonment of 10 years.

The legislature voted Stewart a gratuity of $10,000, and he got $15,000 in proclaimed rewards, but he lived a hunted man, and, after killing two of his enemies, left for Texas. Murrell had issued ordess from his cell that Stewart should be left to him, and, when in 1838 he was released from prison, he started at once for Texas; but was taken with the fever on Red River, and there ended his evil life.

Stewart was at the battle of San Jacinto in 1836 and after that disappeared, and it is supposed that he fell a victim to the vengeance of some of Murrell's friends.

Saint Mary's Beacon

JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,

CIRCULARS,

BLANKS

BILL HEADS

EXCUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

AN ANCIENT DARKEY—While picketing on the banks of the Potomac, a group of soldiers encountered an old negro, whose bent form and frosted head betokened great age. Struck with his venerable appearance, they inquired his age.

"How old are you, uncle?"

"Deed, Massa, I don't know."

"Are you a hundred years old?"

"Oh, yes, sah; Ise m' dan dat."

"How much more?"

"I kaint tell, sah. But you may jedge foh yeself: when I fust cum heah, dis heah Pertomac ribber wa'nt nothin' but a little bit of a crick!"

"Boys," said one of the soldiers, "he's older than Methusaleh."

During a debate in the Massachusetts House, yesterday, Mr. Charles, of Boston, said that next year the republicans would put in nomination for President the man whose genius in administrative ability had commanded the admiration of the country. This tribute to Blaine was greeted with great cheering from the republican side, which was duplicated by the democrats when Mr. Charles said that the latter would nominate Grover Cleveland.

☞Never had preparation a more appropriate name than Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the capillary glands become enfeebled by disease, age, or neglect, this dressing imparts renewed life to the scalp, so that the hair assumes much of its youthful fullness and beauty.

☞ "Don't let Bronson write my obituary," said the dying man.

"Why not?" asked the editor.

"He—knows—me—too—well," gasped the other.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

☞ None of them Got away.—De Ruyter: What do you think of my little volume of fugitive verses?

Reeder—I think you made a great mistake in recapturing them.—*Puck.*

☞ There are people that claim that they want to go to Heaven who never want to get near a warm prayer meeting.—*Ram's Horn.*