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Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909. 4440

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ROB OF THE BOWL.

A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1908.

FRANCIS V. KING, ESQ.,
Leonardtown, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th, instant, we would state that all interest in J. P. Kennedy's "Rob of the Bowl" is owned by the author's estate, but we have had no correspondence on the subject for some years and do not know where to direct you. However, the work is now out of copyright, and there is no reason why you might not reprint it without permission.

Yours very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
H. G. E.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, LL. D. author, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1795; died Oct. 25, 1870. He graduated at the University of Maryland in 1812; was admitted to the bar in 1816; served in the Legislature in 1820—24; member of Congress 1835—42; presidential elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, and was Chairman of the House Committee on Commerce in Congress, 1841-2. He was again elected to the Maryland Legislature and was Speaker of the House in 1846. Was appointed Secretary of the Navy 1852, and aided in fitting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedition and Dr. Kane's second Arctic voyage. At his death was provost of the University of Maryland, vice-president of the Maryland Historical Society, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Academy, Baltimore and trustee of the Peabody Educational Fund. Was the author of several novels and of a Life of William Wirt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1861.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The silk well could she twist and twine,
And made the fine march-pine,
And with the needle work;
And she could help the priest to say
His matins on a holiday
And sing a psalm in kirk.

DOWSABEL.

With such attractions for old and young it will readily be believed that the Rose Croft was a favorite resort of the inhabitants of St. Mary's. The maidens gathered around Blanche as a May-day queen; the matrons possessed in Mistress Alice a discreet and kind friend, and the more sedate part of the population found an agreeable host in the worthy official himself.

The family of the Lord Proprietary sustained the most intimate relations with this household. It is true that Lady Baltimore, being feeble in health and stricken with grief at the lost of her son, which yet hung with scarcely abated poignancy upon her mind, was seldom seen beyond her own household; but his Lordship's sister, the Lady Maria—as she was entitled in the province—was a frequent and ever most welcome guest. Whether this good lady had the advantage of the Proprietary in years, would be an impertinent as well as an unprofitable inquiry, since no chronicler within my reach has thought fit to instruct the world on this point; and, if it were determined, the fact could neither heighten nor diminish the sober lustre of her virtues. Suffice it that she was a stirring, tidy, little woman, who moved about with indefatigable zeal in the manifold duties which her large participation in the affairs of the town exacted of her—the Lady Bountiful of the Province who visited the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. In the early morning she tripped through the dew, with scrupulous regularity, to mass; generally superintended the decorations of the chapel in preparation for the festivals; gossipped with the neighbors after service, and, in short, kept her hands full of business.

Her interest in the comfort and welfare of the townspeople grew partly out of her temperament, and partly out of a feud pride that regarded them as the liegemen of her brother the chief—a relation which she considered as creating an obligation to extend to them her countenance upon all proper occasions: and, sooth to say, that countenance was not perhaps the most comely in the province, being somewhat sallow, but it was as full of benevolence as became so exemplary a spirit. She watched peculiarly what might be called the under-growth, and was very successful in worming herself into the schemes and plans of the young people. Her entertainments at the mansion were frequent, and no less acceptable to the gayer portion of the inhabitants than they were to her brother. On these occasions she held a little court, over which she presided with an amiable despotism, and fully maintained the state of the Lord Proprietary. By these means the Lady Maria had attained to an over-shadowing popularity in the town.

Blanche Warden had, from infancy, engaged her deepest solicitude; and as she took to herself no small share of the merit of that nurture by which her favorite had grown in accomplishment, she felt, in the maiden's praises which everywhere rang through the province, an almost maternal delight. Scarcely a day passed over without some manifestation of this concern. New patterns of embroidery, music brought by the last ship from home, some invitation of friendship or letter of counsel, furnished occasion of daily intercourse between the patroness and the maiden of the Rose Croft; and not unfrequently the venerable spinster herself—attended by a familiar in the shape of a little Indian girl, Natta, the daughter of Pamesack, arrayed in the trinketry of her tribe—alighted from an ambling pony at the Cellector's door, with a face full of the importance of business. Perchance, there might be an occasion of merry-making in contemplation, and then the lady Maria united in consultation with sister Alice concerning the details of the matter, and it was debated, with the deliberation due to so interesting a subject, whether Blanche should wear her black or her crimson velvet bodice, her sarsnet or her satin, and such other weighty matters as have not yet lost their claims to thoughtful consideration on similar emergencies.

In the frequent intercharge of the offices of good neighborhood between the families of the Proprietary and of the Collector, it could scarce fall out that the Secretary should not be a large participator. The shyness of the student and the habitual self-restraint taught him in the seminary of Antwerp, in some degree screened from common observation the ardent character of Albert Verheyden. The deferential relation which he held to his patron threw into his demeanor a reserve expressive of humility rather than of diffidence; but under this there breathed a temperament deeply poetical, and a longing for enterprise, that all the discipline of his school and the constraint of his position could scarce suppress. He was now at that time of life when the imagination is prone to dally with illusions; when youth, not yet yoked, to the harness of the world's business, turns its spirit forth to seek adventure in the domain of fancy. He was thus far a dreamer, and dreamed of gorgeous scenes and bold exploits and rare fortune. He had the poet's instinct to perceive the beautiful, and his fancy hung it with richer garlands and charmed him into a worshipper. A mute worshipper he was, of the Rose of St. Mary's, from the first moment that he gazed upon her. That outward form of Blanche Warden, and the motion and impulses of that spirit, might not often haunt the Secretary's dream without leaving behind an image that should live for ever in his heart. To him the thought was enchantment, that in this remote wild, far away from the world's knowledge, a flower of such surpassing loveliness should drink the glorious light in solitude—for so he, schooled in populous cities, deemed of this sequestered province—and with this thought came breathings of poetry which wrought a transfiguration of the young votary and lifted him out of the sphere of this "working-day world." Day after day, week after week, and month after month, the Secretary watched the footsteps of the beautiful girl; but still it was silent, unpresuming adoration. It entered not into his mind to call it love; it was the very humbleness of devotion.

Meantime the maiden, unconscious of her own rare perfections, and innocent of all thought of this secret homage, found Master Albert much the most accomplished and gentle youth she had ever seen. He had, without her observing how it became so, grown to be, in some relation or other, part and parcel of her most familiar meditations. His occasions of business with the Collector brought him so often to the Rose Croft, that if they happened not every day, they were, at least, incidents of such common occurrence as to be noted by no ceremony—indeed, rather to be counted on in the domestic routine. The Collector was apt to grow restless if, by any chance, they were suspended, as it was through the Secretary's mission he received the tidings of the time as well as the official commands of the Proprietary; whilst Albert's unobtrusive manners, his soft step, and pretensionless familiarity with the household put no one out of the way to give him welcome. His early roaming in Summer sometimes brought him, at sunrise, beneath the bank of Rose Croft, where he looked with the admiration of an artist, upon the calm waters of St. Inigo's Creek, and upon the forest that flung its shades over its further shores. Not unfrequently, the fresh and blooming maiden had left her couch as early as himself, and tended her plants before the dew had left the leaves, and thus it chanced that she found him in his vocation; and like him, she took pleasure in gazing on that bright scene, when it was the [illegible] both to tell each other how [illegible] it was. And when, in Winter, the rain pattered from the eaves and the skies were dark, the Secretary, muffled in his cloak, took his way to the Collector's mansion and helped the maiden to beguile the tedious time. Even "when the snow lay upon a level with the hedge," the two long miles of unbeaten track did not stop his visit, for the Secretary loved the venture of such a journey; and Blanche often smiled to see how manfully he endured it, and how light he made of the snow-drift which the wind had sometimes heaped up in billows, behind which the feather of his bonnet might not be discovered while he sat upon his horse.

In this course of schooling Blanche and Albert grew into a near intimacy, and the maiden became dependent upon the Secretary for some share of her happiness, without being aware of it. Master Albert had an exquisite touch of the lute and a rich voice to grace it, and Blanche found many occasions to tax his skill: he had a gallant carriage on horseback, and she needed the services of a cavalier: he was expert in the provincial sport of hawking, and had made such acquaintance with Blanche's merlin that scarce anyone else could assist the maiden in casting off Ariel to a flight. In short Blanche followed the bent of her own ingenuous and truthful nature, and did full justice to the Secretary's various capacity to please her, by putting his talents in requisition with an unchidden freedom, and without once pausing to explore the cause why Master Albert always came so opportunely to her thoughts. Doubtless, if she had had the wit to make this inquiry the charm of her liberty would have been broken, and a sentinel would ever after, have checked the wandering of her free fosteton.

The Collector in [illegible] to his intercourse was sound asleep. His wise head was taken up with the concerns of the province, his estate, and the discussion of opinions that had little affinity to the topics likely to interest the meditations of a young maiden. He was not apt to see a love-affair, even if it lay, like a fallen tree, across his path, much less to hunt it out when it lurked like a bird amongst the flowers that grew in the shady coverts by the wayside. The astuteness of the Lady Maria, however, was not so much at fault, and she soon discovered, what neither Blanche nor Albert had sufficiently studied to make them aware of their own category. But the Secretary was in favor with the Lady Maria, and so she kept her own counsel, as well as a good-natured watch upon the progress of events.

To Be Continued.

How Love is Lost.

Love is lost by thoughtlessness, by inconsideration, and by selfishness more than any other way.

Because one loves you is that any reason you should be inconsiderate of them?

There is a false idea afloat in the stream of life, that when people love us we can be rude to them, they will forgive every lack of courtesy.

This is absolutely untrue.

The closer two people are united by the bond of love, the more necessary it is for them to observe every law of politeness.

Love isn't so very difficult to gain, but it's mighty difficult to keep.

You can better afford to be rude to everyone else in the world than to those who love you.

Love is a flower that needs constant attention, and the very minute it is neglected, left too long in the glaring and the unselfishness that goes to make selfishness, it dies.

And love is never resurrected.

Give those you love words of affection, the looks that tell them so much and the unselfishness that goes to make love and without which it is a miserable imitation.

Because they love you shall they be the last to be thought of?

And this love sent out will come back, making you better, richer and happier, and your life really worth living.—*New York Register.*

"Wealth doesn's bring true happiness," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but lots of us would be satisfied with a good imitation," added the Simple Mug.

PAINTERS' BLUNDERS

W I Dawkins Fidelity B'ld

Pranks Played With Heavenly Bodies.

IMPOSSIBILITIES IN NATURE.

A Rainbow Depicted Wrong Side Out and Moons in Positions and Forms That Could Not Occur—Amusing Anachronisms by Old Time Artists.

That artists, like authors, should commit many errors of fact is hardly a cause for wonder. Rather, it is astonishing that they are not found oftener at fault in view of the great variety of knowledge required in their work. Despite this, however, there is no manner of excuse for certain absurdities.

For example, there is the case of an English painter who depicted an elaborate rainbow. Unfortunately he painted it wrong side out. But we forget amazement at such stupidity in admiration for the artist's magnificent audacity when we learn that he charged £20 additional for repainting the rainbow colored in accordance with nature's arrangement.

Painters are very prone to distress the astronomers by their reckless pranks with the heavenly bodies, particularly with the moon. One artist presented a scene in which was a crescent moon low in the eastern sky directly opposite a setting sun. Moreover, this genius disdained the criticisms of the learned. He insisted that this arrangement was necessary for the composition, inasmuch as the rest of the picture would be destroyed by a full moon—the only one possible in such a situation.

Other artists have trifled with the moon by turning its convexity away from the sun, which is, of course, impossible in nature. In one picture the moon was placed near the constellation of the Great Bear, though as a matter of fact the satellite never ventures into this part of the heavens. There are, too, oft recurring errors made in the bulk of the orb. An American astronomer amused himself by measuring the moons in a number of paintings. He established the fact that by reckoning from the satellite's size the average height of the hills in these landscapes was forty-three miles. One of the mountains, indeed, had the stupendous altitude of a hundred miles.

Artists of old time were often outrageously wrong, sometimes necessarily by reason of the limitations imposed by the conventions of the period. A Dutch artist painted the garden of Eden with well clipped borders and yew trees trimmed into fantastic shapes. He wrought in all innocence, for of such sort were the only gardens of his experience. But the excuse does not apply to a Dutch painting of 1794. This showed Abraham about to slaughter Isaac by means of a blunderbuss—the product of an age 3,000 years after the time of the patriarchs!

Yet this mistake occurs again and again. There have been elaborate paintings of the children of Israel crossing the Red sea with muskets on their shoulders. A beautiful ivory tankard, an Augsburg carving of the early seventeenth century, was sold for a high price in London not long ago. The design, which is exquisite in workmanship, shows the good Samaritan, with his attendants, in the Jericho road. One of the servants carries a gun!

Many a child as well as some older persons has puzzled over that "beam" in the eye of which the New Testament speaks. It is not always understood that this means a beam of light. But it was left to Solomon Bernard, in his woodcuts illustrating the Bible, published at Lyons in 1558, to picture this beam as one of wood, rectangular in section and several feet in length!

The matter of costumes offers vast opportunity for flaws, which the painters have not failed to seize. In the national gallery at Edinburgh Pharaoh's daughter and her accompanying women are exhibited garbed in the long waisted bodices and hooped skirts of Europe in the sixteenth century. The national collection in London has a picture of Joseph and his kindred in Egypt, where the buildings shown are not at all Egyptian in their style of architecture, but distinctly Italian. In the same gallery Paolo Veronese's "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander After the Battle of Issus" displays the women of the group in the pointed waists and inflated skirts that made the familiar dress of Venetian women in the painter's time.

Errors that have to do with armor may be more readily pardoned, though the artists fall lamentably in knowledge as to the earlier forms of metal protection. Thus in some paintings showing the time of Christ the warriors are seen clad in beautifully damascened mail, yet this form of armor did not come into actual use until half a thousand years later.

Similarly, in other pictures of Christ's time, monks are portrayed in their robes, with tonsures. In fact, however, they did not exist in the church prior to the fourth century A. D.

A curious illustration of the limitations set on genius by circumstance is exhibited in one of the world's most famous paintings, "The Last Supper." Leonardo da Vinci simply did not know that the table, the cloth, the plates, the knives and forks and salt cellars were impossibilities in the scene he designed to portray. The eastern people of that age who were his subjects used no table, no chairs, no forks, but squatted about a common dish and ate from it with their fingers.—Pittsburg Post.