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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
A Dollar a Year in Advance.
Terms for Transient Advertising.
One square, one insertion..... $1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... .50
Eight lines or less constitutes square
A liberal deduction made for year advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1909. 4458

Saint Mary's Beacon.
Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with neatness and despatch.

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The last mentioned four farms adjoin each other, near Charlotte Hall, and all in close proxmity to Railroad.

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July 16—tf. Ridge, Md.

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. 25, 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 1838–42; 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 XX.

"Over-anxiousness, Master Secretary! too eager for your first entry upon the field of Mars! —ha, ha!—the token of a green soldier, a callow martialist; but it is natural, and well wear off when you have fought half-a-dozen of these bouts. I went through it all myself. In my 'prenticeship I could neither sleep nor eat—faith! I will not say drink—at the contemplation of the pitched field, but was ever taken up with thought of making ready. There was always some tag in my bandalier to be looked to—some strap awry—some furbishing of musketoon, pike or sword to be cared for: —works of supererogation! as the Church has it But it is pleasent to behold how use in the wars corrects a qualmish appetite, and contents one with his accommodation: it teaches the stomach the custom of instant service. So keep yourself cool, Master Verheyden,—it is a cardinal point of discretion. And, I beseech you, be not fanciful in your conceit of skill with your weapon; for though you play well, you have a swordsman to deal with. I have seen some whipsters who were over-fantastic and dainty in their love of the qurrel; and it was as much as their tutors could do to bring them to that modesty of opinion which put should them on the necessary cautions of fence. Such hawklings get their lesson in good time: this world has store of rubbers for a vaulting temper. I pray, you, therefore, Master Secretary, bear yourself humbly, as it were. Remember, this is your first quarrel."

"You shall find me tractable in all things, worthy Captain, to your better experience."

"I have seen, continued Dauntrees, "almost as many of these dudgeon-prickings as the renowned Claude de la Chastre himself; and have found, in nine chances out of ten, your cool and cheery gentleman to get the odds of your choleric hot-blood. I have a comrade in Flanders who was a master in this sort—and, by the bell and condle a priest. A most comical churchman, truly! His name was Roger O'Brién, an Irish Jesuit, and most notable for many perfections both of the book and the sword. From a liking to his old trade—for he served with Prince Rupert before he took up the cassock—he must need, for a fancy, put on the red coat again, and buckle his cheese-toaster to his thigh, and, in this disguise, throw himself abroad amongst the lanskennets and swash-bucklers of Flanders. There I met him, and we journeyed together to Paris. Ha, ha, ha! I saw him foil the whole Sorbonne on a great prize question! There was a thesis debated—a quodlibet wrangle concerning some knot in the cobweb of theology—where the whole world was challenged to the dispute. Thereupon, my Irish friend and myself—both in livery—went swaggering in to see and hear how these Frenchmen chopped their logic. The thesis was debated in Latin; when presently, to the amazement of all—myself no less then others—up rises my priest to say somewhat to the point. Well, a Spanish cavalier there present, thinking my comrade could be no other then a man of the wars in his cups, rudely pulls him by the skirt to take his seat; but he nowise heeding this interruption, pressed on in his discourse, and poured out such a flood of choice Latin, most select in phrase and apt in argument, that the amazement of the company was greatly increased, and our priestly martialist won the whole glory of the day. The Sorbonne was mute, and the assembly in an ecstasy of wonder. Whereupon, departing, Father O'Brien touches the Spanish cavalier upon the shoulder, and whispers in his ear a challenge to meet him, at sunset, in the churchyard of St. Genevieve, which the Spaniard could not choose avoid. I went with my friend to the rendezvous; and on the way, amongst other discourse touching the arrangement of the duel, I shall not forget his commendation of this virtue of coolness, by which I have more than once profited: for he was, Master Verheyden, a most expert swordsman, and singularly versed in the practique of these single combats, and shewed it too on that day; for our testy Spaniard, a fellow of pepper and ginger, was whipt through the lungs whilst he was flourishing at a stoccado. Said Father O'Brien to me,—a man who plays at this craft of phlebotomy, should carry a light heart and a merry eye before his adversary, and, like a rake helly royster who makes free of the commodity of a tavern, should give no thought to the reckoning. It was excellent advice, Master Verheyden, and I commend it to your notice now."

"I shall do my best," replied the Secretary; "and if I should chance, Master Dauntrees, to fail in some necessary punctilio, you will parnon it, for my unskilfulness. An acolyte of the Seminary of Antwerp has but scant opportunity to make himself master of the observances of the duello."

"By my honor as a man, Master Secretary, I have not seen amongst the most practised cavaliers, a gentleman who comes to his appointment with better grace, than this same acolyte of the Seminary of Antwerp."

"You commend beyond my desert, good Captain, though I have reasonable trust in my sword. Whilst my Lord tarried some three months in Brabant, being at Louvain, I had a master there—an Italian, one Signor Sacchari—who taught me to ride the great horse and manage my weapon, both rapier and longsword. And, to say sooth, —though it should shame me to confess it,—I do not perceive,—and yet I may misjudge the world's opinion,—but I do not perceive how I may be blamed for taking up this quarrel. I tell you truly, Master Dauntrees," added the Secretary, blushing, "and would beg you to say so—to her, Master Dauntrees—if adverse fortune should befall me on this ground to-day—that I would gladly encounter for Mistress Blanche, our maiden of the Rose Croft, a sharper war and more perilous hazard than this single combat with a rude and boisterous seaman; and now, with right good will I seek to do her honor against the body of this unruly skipper. Say so to her, I pray you, good Captain Dauntrees."

"Tush, man, you heed not my preaching! When you go to dying speeches, it is summing up of the reckoning. A fig's end for the message! you shall bear it to the maiden yourself.—Blame you, Master Secretary! Who would blame, I would fain know, a brave man who does battle for so peerless a maiden? By my manhood! I think that nothing short of the maiden herself will be fit guerdon for this exploit. He was a wise and a courteous king, as the ballad feigns him, that gave his daughter to the brave knight who overthrew his adversary in combat. Now I will take on me to say that no king of the ballad ever had more need to be rid of a pestilent suitor to his daughter, than our worshipful friend, old Anthony Warden, has to be free of this sea-dog. You shall fairly win a most fair meed: and here, once more, I do you honor in a sup, with this pledge—

May'st thou richly wear
The meed thou winn'st so fair!

There's verse for it—halting verse, ha, ha! Master Verheyden but of an honest coinage: it comes from thine and the maiden's well-wisher." And with this flash of merriment, the Captain again plied the flask, and spent some moments laughing at his jest, when he suddenly ceased with the remark, "I hear the stroke of oars—this Master Cocklescraft is at hand. He is punctual for it is just noon. We shall see him anon."

It was as the Captain said: for at that moment Cocklescraft, attended by two followers, was seen coming up from the margin of St. Luke's, across the meadow, to the place appointed for the combat.

Cocklescraft's bearing was stern; his brow high charged with passion, and a keen resentment flashed from his eye as he advanced into the presence of his adversary. A slight salute passed between the combatants, and for some moments each party drew aside.

In the presence of his antagonist Dauntrees's whole deportment was changed. He had heretofore, as we have seen, assumed a cheerful vein of intercourse with his principal, considerately adapted with a view to amuse his mind and give him the necessary assurance which the successful conduct of the enterprise required—a labor, however, which was in no degree rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case, as it was very apparent that the Secrstary, although a novice in the practice of the quarrel, was altogether self-possessed, and even eager for the issue. The Captain, however, was not slow to perceive that there was still in his carriage that hurried motion and too anxious restlessness which betokened the novelty of the situation in which he found himself, and the earnestness of his desire to acquit himself to the satisfaction of his own feelings. Through all this cheerful colloquy of the Captain, Albert's manner was grave, and scarce responded to his companion's merriment; but now that the moment of action arrived, he grew apparently more light-hearted; whilst, on the other hand, Dauntrees become serious, and addressed himself to the business in hand, like a careful and provident man.

"The skipper is surly," said Dauntrees, as he stood apart with the Secretary, wiping the sword that was to be used by his friend. "I am glad to see it: it denotes passion. Receive the assault from him; stand on your defence, giving ground slightly to his advance: then suddenly, when you have whipped him to a rage, as you will surely do, give back the attack hotly; follow it up, as you did this morning in practice with me, and you will hardly fail to find him at disadvantage; then thrust home—for the shorter you make this quarrel the better for your strength."

"I am more at my ease in this play than you think me," replied Albert, smiling; "you shall find it so. Pray let us go to our business."

The Captain, with two rapiers in his hand, advanced to the ground occupied by Cocklescraft and his friends.

"I would be acquainted with your second, Master Cocklescraft," he said. "Here are our swords: shall we measure?"

"Master Roche del Carmine," replied the skipper, as he presented a swarthy Portuguese seaman, the mate of the Olive Branch; "this other companion is but a looker on."

"I would you had matched me," replied Dauntrees, hastily, and with some show of displeasure, "with an antagonist of better degree, Master Skipper, than this mate of yours. He was but a boatswain within the year past. Our quality deserved that you should sort us with gentlemen, at least."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the Portuguese in a passion; "St. Salvadore! are we not gentlemen enough for you. We belong to the Coast—"

"Peace, sirrah!" hastily interrupted Cocklescraft; "prate not here—leave me to speak! Master Roche Del Carmine is my follower, not my second, further than as your bearing, Master Dauntrees, may render one needful to me. I came hither to make my own battle."

"I came to this field," replied Dauntrees, "prepared with my sword to make good the quarrel of my friend against any you might match me with. So, second or follower, bully or bravo at your heels, Master Cocklescraft, I will fight with this Master Roche."

"That is but a boy's play, and I will none of it, Captain Dauntrees," said Cocklescraft, angrily. "This custom of making parties brings the quarrel to an end at the first drawing of blood. I wish no respite upon a scratch; my demand stands not short of a mortal strife."

"My sword, sir!" said Albert Verheyden, hastily striding up to the Captain and seized his sword. "This is my quarrel alone; Captain Dauntrees, you strike no blow in it. Upon your guard, sir!" he added, whilst his eye flashed fire, and his whole figure was lighted up with the animation of his anger. "To your guard! I will have no parley!"

"Are you bereft?" exclaimed Dauntrees, interposing with his sword between the parties, and looking the Secretary steadfastly in the face. "Back, Master Verheyden, this quarrel must proceed orderly.

Then conducting his principal some paces off, the other yielding to his guidance, he again cautioned him against losing his self-command by such bursts of passion. The Secretary promised obedience, and begged him to proceed.

"Go to it, in cuerpo—strip to your shirt, Master Albert!" said the Captain. When the Secretary had, in obedience to this order, thrown aside his cloak and doublet, and come to the spot designated by his second as his position in the fight, Druntrees once more approached the opposite party, went through the formal ceremony of measuring swords, and then returned and placed the weapon in Albert's hand, at the same time drawing his own and planting himself within a few paces of his friend.

"We are ready, sir!" he said, bowing to the skipper's attendant.

Cocklescraft lost no time in taking his ground; Master Roche del Carmine carefully keeping out of the way of harm from any party.

The onset was made by the skipper with an energy that almost amounted to rage, and it was with a most lively interest, not unmingled with pleasure, that Dauntress watched the eye of Albert Verheyden, and saw it playing with an expression of confidence and self-command whilst, with admirable dexterity, he parried his antagonist's assault.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Dauntrees, more than once during this anxious moment. "To it, Master Verheyden! passado—hotly, master!" he cried aloud, at the same time flourishing his own blade above his head when he saw Albert return the attack with great animation upon his adversary, who was thus compelled to give ground.

This rapid exchange of thrust and parry was suddenly arrested by the sword of the skipper being struck from his hand. The Secretary had disarmed him, and instead of following up his advantage, generously halted and brought the point of his own sword to the ground.

"The fight is done; we hold you, sir, at mercy!" said Dauntrees, promptly interposing, and placing his foot upon the skipper's rapier. "Master Verheyden has come hither upon your challenge; you will acknowledge that your life is in his hands. You have had your satisfaction, sir."

As the Captain said this he stepped one pace aside, and Cocklescraft at the same instant picked up the rapier from the ground, and madly called out for a renewal of the fight, as with extended arm he pre.

[illegible] guard.
[illegible] of the favor that has been shown you in sparing your worthless life, you deserve to be cloven to the chine for this dastardly bravado!" exclaimed Dauntrees, as his spirit suddecly kindled into wrath, notwithstanding the advice he had given the Secretary to keep his temper. "Out upon you for a disgrace to thy calling!" he added in a tone of angry reproof, as advancing nearer to the skipper he struck the extended rapier with a dextrous underblow and made it spin in the air above his head; I could almost find it in my conscience to spit thee upon my sword."

"By the Virgin, I will not see my captain put upon!" said Roche pel Carmine, as he now advanced towards the combatants, though still keeping a respectable space between himself and the Captain, whose skill of fence he had no mind to try.

"Nor I!" exclaimed the other attendant, at the same time drawing his hanger ahd shouting, "Whoop, Master Cocklescraft! Perros, a la savanna! For the Brothers of the Coast!—let them have it in the fashion of the Costa Rica!"

"Caitiffs!" vociferated Dauntrees, as he and Albert Verheyden now sprang forward to engage with the attendants——

"Back to your boat, you knaves! is it thus you serve me?" interposed Cocklescraft, thrusting his officious followers aside, and then whispering to the mate, "there's an end of it—begone!"

"By my sword, but here is a crossing of our plot!" exclaimed Dauntrees, on looking towards the range of upland over which the road towards the town lay, and discovering no less a personage than the Proprietary and Father Pierre approaching them on horseback; "we have been informed on and tracked. Thanks to our luck! his Lordship may do nothing better than rail against us as is his wont. He has ever had a quick nose to scent a duel—ay, and a nimble tongue, Master Verheyden, to reprove one: this is not my first experience with his reprimand. We shall have it without stint presently."

"To the boat, quickly, and put off!" said Cocklescraft, with a sullen angry tone to his companions. "I may find another day to right myself," he muttered, as he gathered up his sword, cloak, as[illegible] and, with a moody swagger strode towards his boat hand and[illegible] in a direction opposite to that [illegible] which the Proprietary was hastening toward the scene. In a few moments he had embarked, and was seen shooting along the glassy surface of St. Luke's until he was speedily lost to view by rounding one of the turns of the creek. In the mean time Lord Baltimore and the priest arrived on the ground of the combat before the Secretary had yet resumed his doublet.

"Ah, my son, my son!" exclaimed the good Father Pierre, as he pricked his steed forward in advance of the Proprietary, and made haste to alight and throw his arms around Albert's neck, kissing his cheeks, whilst the tears flowed down his own; my son Albert, how could you be so unmindful of poor Father Pierre, to give him all this pain? We saw swords flashing in the sun, and heard the clank of steel. Are you hurt, my son? You look pale."

"I am not hurt, Father more than that I am pained to see you here," replied the Secretary, as he affectionately placed his arm across the old man's shoulders; our quarrel has ended without the shedding of blood."

"Albert Verheyden," said the Proprietary gravely," reining up beside the young man, "I take it much amiss that one of my household should dare to contemn the laws of this province by coming forth to such appointment as I find you concerned in here. I had reason to hope for the setting of good example from him whom I chose for my secretary; but I find you fostering an evil usage which is worthy no better countenance than such as it hath gained from hot-bloods and roysterers. Fie on thee, Albert! Is it for thee, who has but lately changed thy square cloister-bonnet for the feathery gewgaw of a page—is it for thee to play at bilbo and buff like a common royster? Have we no shallow-pated coxcomb with the privilege of wearing a sword, who for lack of other quality to be noted by, hath learned a trick to vapor and strut, and swear filthy oaths, and break God's commandments and men's peace with his bloody broils, but that a scholar and a gentleman, nursed in all kindly studies—ay, and who hath been reared, Master Vesheyden, within the pale of the altar—must needs turn buckler-man with a rude sea-rover, and quarrel and strike as in an ale-house fray? Oh, it doth grieve me to find you thus!"

"My honored Lord," replied Albert, not venturing to raise his eyes from the ground, "I do confess my fault, which with forethought and weighing of all consequence, except my Lord's displeasure, I did commit. I was called hither by such defiance as it would not have consisted with my manhood to refuse. I have sought no companionship with the skipper, nor knew that such man was, till within a week—and even now was prone to slight him off, as one not worthy of my resentment; but, my good Lord, venturing to presume upon my cloistered schooling and my unskilfulness with my sword, he must taunt with a question of my courage, and defy me hither."

To Be Continued.