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Eight lines or less constitutes square
A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1909. 4488

Saint Mary's Beacon
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Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mixture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.
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A farm in the 5th District, containing 253 acres; can be divided into two farms. On one side is a barn of 60x40, with large peach orchard; on other side, two small dwellings, directly on railroad, both sides well timbered.
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The last mentioned four farms adjoin each other, near Charlotte Hall, and all in close proximity to Railroad.
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Our stock of Jewelry and Bric-a-Brac is a complete. Each piece has been carefully selected and we feel satisfied that a visit from you will bear us out that we have as fine a selection as can be found anywhere. Why not give us a call.
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The Latest Patterns
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5c. apiece; Gilt, 8c. apiece; Window Shades, 20c. to \$1.00.
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1015 W. BALTIMORE STREET, Baltimore, Md.
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PINEY POINT, Md.
Open all the year to the general public and traveling men. Livestock, produce, Druggery conveyed to and from St. George's Island. Rates reasonable. Feb 7—y. J. T. SWANN.

ROB OF THE BOWL.
A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.
BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 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, author, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 15, 1780; died Oct. 23, 1870. He graduated at the University of Maryland in 1802; was admitted to the bar in 1805; served in the Legislature in 1809-21; member of Congress 1825-27; presidential elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, and was Chairman of the House Committee on Commerce in Congress, 1842. 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. 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 Education Fund. Was the author of several novels and of a Life of William Wirt.
(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1883).

CHAPTER XXVII
WHILE the burial of the fisherman and the topics to which it gave rise, engrossed the attention of young and old in the town, Albert Verheyden, dressed in a riding suit with a winter surcoat or horseman's cassock loosely thrown around his person, made his appearance on horseback at the Rose Croft. He had engaged to ride towards the Chesapeake with Colonel Talbot and a troop of followers, to explore the country as far down as Point Lookout, where rumor had already affirmed certain Indians of suspicious bearing to have recently landed from the opposite shore of the Chesapeake. Talbot himself had projected this expedition mainly with a view to sift out and expose the calumny which imputed the recent murder to the friends of the Proprietary; and he was the more thwarted in his purpose by a secret expectation that a vigorous endeavor would enable him not only to refute the slander, but to furnish evidence of the agency of the opposite party in the perpetration of the crime. It is one of the base arts of unprincipled politicians, he argued, even to be among the first in charging upon the innocent the wicked devices by which they accomplish their own designs. He had resolved, therefore, to take the matter in hand himself, and, at the head of a party of the townspeople, ransack the country around the scene of the murder, for every item of proof which might bring to light its authors. There was, in addition to this motive, an undefined and misty connection in his mind, of the murder with the stories told of the goblins of the haunted Chapel,—a conviction of some wicked influence—active, he did not exactly know how, in stimulating the crime. He was no disbeliever in sorcery and witchcraft, and a vague thought hovered over his meditation that the fisherman's death might be traced to persons holding relations with the spirits of the Chapel. He set forth, therefore, on his adventure with a persuasion that some startling disclosure would soon be made, which should still more awaken the thoughts of the government to the mischievous character of the being who infested the region bordering on the bay.

His purpose being made known in the family of the Proprietary, it was with a modest yet eager petition that Albert Verheyden asked leave to accompany him on the expedition,—a request which was granted with even more alacrity than that with which it was made. The hour appointed for setting out was delayed only until a sufficient party should be collected; and this was retarded by the ceremony of the funeral and the common anxiety to await the tidings expected by the coroner and his attendants. In the mean time the Secretary, feeling more concerned in the affairs at the Rose Croft than in the matters of the bay, repaired thither to await the moment of departure, having commissioned the young Benedict Leonard to ride as far as the Collector's and give him warning when the troop should take the road—a service which the heir apparent promised to perform with the greater satisfaction, as it assigned him some show of duty in the general engagement of the household, and therefore conferred upon him an interesting to his vanity. The Secretary had been seated

for some time in the parlor with Blanche, where he related to her the story of the fisherman's murder; and when he told her of his proposed adventure, it was with a prouder tone than he had ever assumed before; there was even perceptible in it a trace of self-exaltation altogether unusual in his speech. He was now a bolder and more assured man, and his character began to assume a more confident development. Blanche listened with suddenly reserved, as if she was almost ashamed to confess the interest she took in Master Albert's communication. She was solicitous for his health and comfort in the dreary ride through the woods he was about to undertake, and which might be prolonged until late at night; and she was fain almost to advise him against such an exposure—but she feared to tell him so much, lest it might be thought taking too great a freedom: Thus engrossed, the hours flew by unheeded, and, in truth, forgotten, until the afternoon had reached nearly four o'clock, when suddenly Benedict Leonard, without announcement or even promissory rap at the door, entered the parlor.

"Goodness, Master Albert!" he exclaimed, "think of me—such a crack-noodle! You will never trust me again, I may make sure of that. Would you believe it, I rode full two miles past the Rose Croft here, with my uncle Talbot and John Alward, and all the people on their way to hunt the murderers, without so much as ever once thinking of you? I said, when we started, I would ride as far as St. Inigo's mill, and then come back; and I as clear forgot you till I stopped at the mill as if there was no such person as you or Blanche Warden in the wide world; and I might have thought of Mistress Blanche, too, because my Aunt Maria gave me a message for her—now what is it? Oh, it is gone—it is gone! a plague on it! that's got out of my head too. No matter, Master Albert, my uncle Talbot told me to say, when we parted, that he would be on the path which leads down to Point Lookout, and that you must follow as fast as you can."
"It is late in the evening for so long a ride, Master Albert," said Blanche, as with a look of alarm she involuntarily laid her hand upon his shoulder; "you will not venture alone so near nightfall?"

"I should be accounted a most faithless laggard, if I stayed behind now," replied the Secretary. "There is a broad road for some four miles, and I will go at a speed till I overtake the riders. At the greatest mischance," he added, smiling, whilst he buttoned his overcoat closely across his breast, "it is but a night in the woods. I will keep this vigil of Holland Mass like a hermit—or rather like a square of chivalry undergoing the ordinance of knighthood, by watching over his sword. The saints be good to you, mistress! I must set good store by the day-light and turn it to account; farewell, till we meet again!"

"Barrowell!" faintly echoed the maiden; "Master Albert, let us see you to-morrow."
"If I was Master Albert," said Benedict Leonard to Blanche, when the Secretary left the room, "I would court favor with Mistress Coldscale to get a slice of something from the larder; oh, this riding gives an appetite, I warrant you, that a man will eat his sleeve for want of better provender! There, Master Albert is gone," added the youth, as the Secretary was seen to pass the window, "and I must back to the mansion before sunset; my mother will be making me a pretty discourse about rheums and catarrhs of the head, other ailments, if I be caught hereafter, especially, too, as it looks like rain; so, good even, Mistress Blanche!" and with this speech the heir apparent took his leave, abandoning the maiden to her meditations.

When Albert Verheyden turned out upon the high road he put spurs to his horse and raised his speed to a gallop, until he found himself immersed in the hills and ravines which lay about the head of St. Inigo's. One or two wayfarers whom he had chanced to meet, had answered his inquiry after his commissions, by informing him that a troop of townspeople, consisting of some eight or ten, had passed along the road at a pretty brisk motion, not less than three or four miles ahead of him. The broken country into which he had plunged, (the road winding through narrow dells and surrounding short and steep acclivities,) the thickets that tangled his path, and the occasional swamps of the low grounds, forced him to slacken his pace and proceed with greater caution on his route. The prints of horses' hoofs upon the damp soil, in places, were fresh and showed him that he was not only on the right track, but also that he was at no great distance behind his company. The sky was overcast, and the clouds, as the sun came nearer to the horizon, assumed by degrees still more and more of that misty, dun-colored hue which indicated the approach of rain. A sombre, dark gray tint, unrelieved by light and shade, fell over the whole landscape and gave a cheerless and sullen aspect to the woods. Once or twice the Secretary reined up his horse and directed his eyes towards the heavens, as he meditated an abandonment of his expedition and a return home before nightfall, but as often his pride forbade a retreat

whilst his comrades were afield, and he resumed his journey. He was in momentary expectation of overtaking the party in advance, and made sure of doing so when he should reach the fisherman's hut upon the river beach, towards which it was his purpose to direct his way. Occasionally, a farm-house opened upon his view across a distant field; but he was unwilling to lose the time which a detour from his road to visit it would have required, only for the sake of assuring himself of his road, with which he believed himself to be sufficiently acquainted. At length, night began to fall around him, and his path to become sadly perplexed. At times, he could scarce make out its traces in the obscurity of the wood; at times, it broke upon his view with fresh distinctness, as it traversed a region of white sand, and thus served only to lure him forward with more alacrity, in the hope of soon reaching the margin of the river, from whence, even in the dark, he knew he could find his way back to the mill, as far as the house of St. Inigo's, where he could get shelter for the night. Now and then, his hopes were dashed by finding himself involved in those thickets of alder and bay which do the presence of a marsh, and he was obliged to thread his difficult track around the head of some inlet from the river. It grew at last to be dark night, and, to add to his discomfort, the rain began to fall. The Secretary dismounted from his horse and stood, with suppressed breath, endeavoring to catch the sound of distant waves, hoping to find himself near enough to the river to obtain this guide to his footsteps; but all was silent, except the pattering of rain, upon the dry leaves of the forest, and the impatient pawing of his horse upon the silt. He shouted aloud for his last companions, but his voice echoed, without a response, through the lonesome wood. "I jested with thee," he muttered to himself, in a jocular tone, referring to the maiden who was ever uppermost in his thoughts; "I jested with thee, but a few hours ago, upon my keeping a vigil of Holland Mass in the woods. Dear Blanche, I thought nothing farther away than that jest should be true; but here my evil destiny hath brought me, for a punishment, to make it real. Well, can endure. Heart of grace,—I will confront it manfully! I would I could but raise a flea. I can feel anything and think nothing of it,—if it were not that my limbs are chilled and my joints growing stiff with cold."
He now groped around to gather some dry wood, hoping by the aid of his pistol, to kindle a blaze by which he might warm himself and prepare to spend the night in more comfort than on his horse. He labored in vain, for everything he could lay his hand on was saturated with moisture. At length, he mounted again into his saddle, determined to ride onward, until he should chance to find some place of shelter. He had now not only lost his path, but also all perception of his course; the darkness confused him, and he therefore plodded on at a slow pace, unconscious to what quarter of the compass his footsteps tended, and discouraged with the thought that every moment, perhaps, carried him still further from the home he was anxious to seek.

For a while his spirits sustained him without drooping. A man in such a situation sometimes finds motives of cheerfulness in the very desperation of his circumstances. Under some such impulse our wanderer, as he plied his uneasy journey through the dark, broke forth in song, and in succession poured out nearly the full measure of his musical memory; but wearing of this at last, his note changed to whispered sighs of self-reproach for the folly of venturing alone into such a wilderness at such an hour. His mind then ran upon the images which the creed of that day supplied to the imagination of our progenitors—"the swart fairy," "blue, meagre hag," the spirit of the wood, the wizard and the spectre; then came dreams of bandits and outlaws, prowling savages, and thoughts of some accidental coming alone upon the den of the murderers, whose recent doings had occasioned his present ride. With these fancies swayed his mind, he grew apprehensive, and distrustful every step. There are moments when the stoutest heart will quail before the conjurations of the imagination; and it is no disparagement of the bravery of the Secretary to say, that, on this night, he sometimes felt a shudder creeping over him at the fictions of his own excited fancy. The rustle of leaves, or the short snap of a rotten bough, as the fox prowled along his stealthy path, more than once caused him to put his hand upon his sword and to ride cautiously forward, as if in certain expectation of a foe; and not until he had thrice challenged the imaginary foe, did he relax his grasp of his weapon.

In this state of mind, for full four hours after dark, did he wander, uncertain of his way, through wood and over plain, mid brush and briar, over fen and field. At length his ear could plainly distinguish the beat of waves upon a strand, and it was with a joyful change of feeling that he believed himself, after so weary a circuit, approaching the margin of the river, along which he was aware he should have a plainer ride, with the certainty, in the course of a mile or two, of finding some human habitation. As the sound of the waters grew stronger, whilst he rode to the beach, his

eyes, was, all at once, greeted with the welcome sight of a taper glimmering through the glade, and by its steady light, assuring him that no Will-o'-the-wisp, as sometimes he feared, had risen to bewilder his journey.

With new courage and reviving strength he shaped his course towards the friendly ray,—on which pursuit we must now leave him to attend to other personages in our story.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
Have not we a commonwealth amongst ourselves, ye spoiled? A commonwealth a kingdom! And I am the prince of Qu-ya-las, your sovereign lord. And you are all my subjects. THE SISTERS.

When Cooklescraft asked for Godfrey's horse on the night that succeeded the prize-play, the reader will remember that, as Captain Dauntress overheard the conversation, it was accompanied with an avowal of a purpose to warn an enemy, whose name was not disclosed, of some premeditated harm which the speaker designed to inflict. The broad arrow scratched on the door of the Collector's dwelling, when discovered on the ensuing morning, plainly enough referred to the fearful menace of the seaman, and sufficiently indicated how bitter was his change of feeling against the peaceful inmates of the Rose Croft. Mr. Warden attached but little consequence to the implied threat, nor troubled himself with measures to guard against the intended mischief, believing it to be but an ebullition of that spirit of disaffection which the prompt measures of the council had already so far rebuked as to leave but little to apprehend.

Cooklescraft, immediately after returning to the town from his mid-night ride, went on board of his brigantine, and quietly weighing anchor, set sail down the river and thence across the Potomac—here some eight miles wide—and finally, before daylight, made his way into a small creek on the Virginia shore, a few miles above Smith's Point, or Cape St. Gregory. Here his vessel lay sheltered from the observation of the few boats which passed up and down the Potomac—thus affording him probable security against pursuit; whilst, at the same time, the inhabitants of this region were repented, generally, to be friends to the cause of the Proprietary, and smiles of long standing to the Proprietary. He had, therefore, only to make known the colours under which he had lately taken service, and he might assure himself of stout partisans in his defence.

On the second night after his arrival at this retreat, up to which period he had remained ignorant of all that had transpired in the town in regard to the arrest of his comrades, he threw a cloak over his shoulders and taking a common sailor-cap got into his yawl, which was now rigged with a mast and sail, and steered for a point on the Maryland shore but a short distance below the hut of the fisherman. His motive for this caution, not approaching nearer to the town, arose from an apprehension that he might be watched by the garrison of the fort, and perhaps pursued to his lurking place—an apprehension suggested by that sense of guilt which predominated over every other feeling, since his desertion of his late friends and what weighed with heavier terror upon his mind—his abandonment of his church. To avoid this notice he landed near the mouth of St. Mary's river, and proceeded from that point, on foot, to the town, a distance of some five or six miles. In his journey along the beach, he passed by the hut of the fisherman, and had crossed the creek of St. Inigo's, immediately from the Jesuit House over to the Collector's landing place, being enabled to make this passage in the manner detailed by the Superior to the Lord Proprietary. Upon his arrival at the Crow and Archer after night, he became acquainted, for the first time, with the arrest of the conspirators. This intelligence hastened him away to hold a short interview with Chiselaine, by whom he was admonished to tarry as short a time as possible in the port, as orders were already abroad for his apprehension. The advice thus given, merely offered enabled him to effect a speedy retreat to his boat, by the same route that he had taken in coming to the town; and he was thus saved from the fate that would have overtaken him, if he had remained a half hour longer than the moment of the fiddler's visit to Captain Dauntress.

Tired of lying perdue so long on the Virginia shore, he determined to proceed with his brig, first to St. Jerome's, where proposed to wait two or three days to observe the course of events, and then either to sail abroad or take his course up the Chesapeake, where, if pursued, he was willing to trust to the speed of his vessel to baffle all endeavor towards his arrest. Upon the deck of the Olive Branch—or, as she has now laid aside her peaceful character, we may call her the Escalador—he felt himself secure against annoyance from any naval force at the disposal of the Proprietary; and this circumstance, together with a strong confidence in the number of the disaffected with whom he was associated, inspired him with an audacity that almost defied the public authorities even in their own resorts.

To Be Continued.