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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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A Glance at the Past.

A Legend of the Chesapeake.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

The following narrative is the substance of a Lecture, delivered, a year ago, before the Maryland Institute by the Hon. JOHN P. KENNEDY, which has had hitherto only a local circulation as published in the Baltimore *Patriot*. It is the intention of the distinguished author to amplify his materials hereafter and give to this episode in the colonial annals of Maryland something more of historic dignity, but in the meantime we are sure the readers of the *Messenger* will receive with pleasure a paper so imbued with the spirit of the zealous antiquarian and so marked by the graces of the accomplished writer.—*Ed. Southern Literary Messenger.*

TALBOT'S CAVE.

There was, until not long ago, a notable cavern at the foot of a rocky cliff about a mile below the town of Port Deposit. It was of small compass, but yet sufficiently spacious to furnish some rude shelter against the weather to one who might seek refuge within its solitary chamber.—It opened upon the river just where a small brook comes pattering down the bank, along the base of a hill of some magnitude, that yet retains the stately name of Mount Ararat. The visiter of this cavern might approach it by a boat from the river, or by a rugged path along the margin of the brook and across the ledges of the rock. The rough shelter went by the name of Talbot's Cave up to a very recent period, and would still go by that name if it were yet in existence. But it happened, not many years since, that Port Deposit was awakened to a sudden idea of the value of the granite of the cliff, and as commerce is a most ruthless contemner of all romance, and never hesitates between a speculation of profit and a speculation of history, Talbot's Cave began to figure conspicuously in the Price Current, and in a very little while disappeared, like a witch from the stage, in blasts of sulphur, fire and rumbling thunder, under the management of those effective scene-shifters, the quarrymen. A government contract, more potent than the necromancy of the famed wizard Michael Scott, lifted this massive rock from its base, and flying with it full two hundred miles, buried it fathoms below the waters of the Atlantic at the Rip Raps near Hampton Roads: and thus it happens that I cannot vouch the ocular proof of the cave to certify the legend I am about to relate. The tradition attached to this spot had nothing but a misty and spectral outline.—It was indefinite in the date, uncertain as to persons, mysterious as to the event—just such a tradition as to whet the edge of your curiosity and to leave it hopeless of gratification. I may relate it in a few words:

Once upon a time, somewhere between one and two hundred years ago, there was a man by the name of Talbot, a kinsman of Lord Baltimore, who had committed some crime, for which he fled and became an outlaw, and was pursued by the authorities of the Province.—That to escape these he took refuge in the wilderness on the Susquehanna, where he found this cave, and used it for concealment and defence for some time—how long, the tradition does not say. That this region was then inhabited by a fierce tribe of Indians, who are described on Captain John Smith's map as the Susquesahannocks.—That these Indians were friendly to the outlaw, and supplied him with provisions. To these details were added another which threw an additional interest over the story—that Talbot had a pair of beautiful English hawks, such as were most prized in the sport of falconry, and that these were the companions of his exile, and were trained by him to pursue and strike the wild duck that abounded, then as now, on this part of the river; and he thus found amusement to beguile his solitude, as well as sustenance in a luxurious article of food, which is yet the pride of gastronomic science and the envy of lion vivants throughout this continent. These hawks my aged friend had often himself seen in his own boyish days, sweeping round the cliffs and over the broad expanse of the Susquehanna. They were easily distinguished, he said, by the residents of that district, by their peculiar size and plumage; being of a foreign breed not known to our native ornithology, and both being males.—For many years, it was affirmed—long after the outlaw had vanished from the scene—these gallant old rovers of the river still pursued their accustomed game, a solitary pair, without kindred or acquaintance in our woods. They had survived their master—no one could tell how long—but had not abandoned the haunts of his exile. They still for many a year saw the wilderness beneath their daily flight giving place to arable fields, and learned to exchange their wary guard against the Indian's arrow for a sharper watch of the Anglo Saxon rifle. Up to the last of their appearance, the country people spoke of them as "Talbot's Hawks."

THE SECOND LINK.—THE LANDHOLDERS' ASSISTANT.

Many years elapsed, during which the tradition remained in this unsatisfactory state, and I had given up all hope of further elucidation of it, when an accidental discovery brought me once more upon the track of inquiry. There was published in this city, in the year 1808, a book whose title was certainly as little adapted to awaken the attention of one in quest of a picturesque legend as a Treatise on Algebra. It was called "The Landholder's Assistant," and was intended, as its name imported, to assist that lucky portion of mankind who possess the soil of Maryland, in their pursuit of knowledge touching the mysteries of patents, warrants, and surveys, and such like learning, necessary to getting land or keeping what they had. The character and style of this book, in its exterior aspect, was as unpromising as its title. It was printed by Messrs. Dobbin & Murphy, on rather dark paper, in a muddy type such as neither the Mr. Dobbin nor Mr. Murphy of this day would allow to bear his imprimatur—though in 1808, I doubt not, it was considered a very creditable piece of Baltimore typography.

It fell into my hands by a purchase at auction, some twenty years after I had abandoned the Legend of the Cave and the Hawks as a hopeless quest. In running over its contents, I found that a Col. George Talbot was once the Surveyor General of Maryland; and in two short marginal notes, (the substance of which I afterwards found in Chalmers' Annals,) it was said "that he was noted in the province for the murder committed by him on Christopher Rousby, Collector of Customs,"—the second note adding that this was done on board a vessel in the Patuxent river, and that Talbot was conveyed for trial to Virginia, from whence he made his escape, and after being retaken, and (as the author expresses his belief) tried and convicted, was finally pardoned by King James the Second.

THE THIRD LINK.—A VISIT TO ST. MARY'S—ROUSBY HOUSE—THE NEGRO GUIDE—THE TOMB OF CHRISTOPHER ROUSBY.

On Drum Point, the southern headland of the Patuxent, at its entrance into the Chesapeake Bay, there was, and perhaps still is, the residence of the Carroll family, whose ancestors occupied the estate for many generations. The dwelling house was a comfortable wooden building of the style and character of the present day, with all the appurtenances proper to a convenient and pleasant country homestead. But immediately in its neighborhood—so near that it might be said to be almost within the curtilage of the dwelling—stood an old brick ruin, of what had apparently been a substantial mansion house.—Such a monument of the past as this, of course, attracted our attention, and, upon inquiry, we were told that it was once, a long time ago, the family home of the Rousby's, the ancesters of the present occupants of the estate; that several generations of this family, dating back to the early days of the province, had resided in it: and that when it had fallen into decay, the modern building was erected, and the old one suffered to crumble into the condition in which we saw it. I could easily understand and appreciate the sentiment that preserved it untouched as part and parcel in the family associations of the place, and as a relic of the olden time which no one was walling to disturb. The mention of the name of the Rousby's, here on the Patuxent river, was a sudden and vivid remembrancer to me of the old story of Talbot, and gave new encouragement to an almost abandoned hope of solving this mystery. Within a short distance of this spot—perhaps not a mile from Drum Point—there is a small creek which opens into the river and bears the name of Mattapony. In early times there was a notable fort here, and connected with it a stately mansion, built by Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, for his own occasional residence. The fort and mansion are often mentioned in the provincial records as the place where the Council sometimes met to transact business; and, accordingly, many public acts are dated from Mattapony. Calvert was doubtless attracted to this spot by the pleasant scenery of the headland that here looks out upon the noble water view of the Chesapeake, and by its breezy position as an agreeable refuge from the heat of summer. Our party therefore determined to set out upon a search for some relics of the mansion and fort; and as an auxiliary in this enterprise we engaged, as a guide, an old negro, who claimed to be both the Solomon and the Methusalah of the plantation. He was a wrinkled, wise-looking old fellow, with a watery eye and a grizzled head, and might, perhaps, have been about eighty; but, from his own account, he left us to infer that he was not much behind that great patriarch of the Scripture, whose years are described as nine hundred and three score and fifteen.

Finding that he was native to the estate and had lived here all his life, we interrogated him as to the object of our pursuit. Now, amongst all the Solomons of this world, there is not one so consciously impressed with the profundity of his wisdom and the intensity of his knowledge as one of these veterans of an old family estate upon which he has spent his life. He is an aristocrat of the most accompanishing stamp, and has a contemptuous disdain and intolerance for every form of democracy. Poor white people have not the slightest chance of his good opinion. The pedigree and history of his master's family possess an epic dignity in his imagination; and the liberty he takes with facts concerning them amounts to a grand poetical hyperbole. He represents their wealth in times past to have amounted to something like a fabulous superfluity, and their munificence so unbounded, that he stares at you in describing it, as if its excess astonished himself. When we now questioned our venerable conductor, to learn what he could tell us of the old Proprietary mansion, he said, in his way, he "membered it, as if it was built only yesterday; he was fotch up so near it, that he could see it now, as if it was standing before him; if *he* could'nt pint out where it stood, it was time for him to give up. It was a mighty grand brick house,"—laying an emphasis on *brick*, as a special point in this notion of its grandeur; and then he added with all the gravity of which his very solemn visage was susceptible, that "old master Baltimore, who built it, was a real fine gentleman. He knowed him so well.—He never gave anything but gold to the servants for tendring on him. Bless you! he wouldn't even think of silver! Many a time has he given me a guinea for waiting on him." This account of old master Baltimore and his magnificent contempt of silver, and the intimacy of our Patriarch with him, rather startled us, and I began to fear that the story of the house might turn out to be as big a lie as the acquaintance with the Lord Proprietary—for master Baltimore had been dead just one hundred and twenty-one years.—But we went on with him, and were pleasantly disappointed when he brought us on a hill that sloped down to the Mattapony, and there traced out for us, by the depression of the earth, the visible lines of an old foundation of a large building, the former existence of which was further demonstrated by some scattered remains of the old imported brick of the edifice, which were imbedded in the soil. This spot had a fine outlook upon the Bay, and every advantage of position to recommend its choice for a domestic establishment. We could find nothing to indicate the old Fort, except the commanding character of the hill with reference to the country, which might warrant a conjecture as to its location. I believe that the house was included within the ramparts of the fortification, and as I perceive in some of the old records that the fortification itself was called the Mattapony House, which was once beleaguered and taken by Captain John Coode and Colonel Jowles. After we had ferreted all that was to be seen here, our next point of interest was a grave-yard, which, we had been informed by some of the household at Mrs. Carroll's, had been preserved upon the estate from a very early period. Our old gossip professed to know all about this, from its very first establishment. It was in another direction from the mansion house, about a mile distant, on the margin of an inlet from the Bay, called Harper's Creek; and thither we accordingly went. Before we reached the spot, the old negro stopped at a cabin that lay in our route, and provided himself with a hoe, which, borne upon his shoulder, gave a somewhat mysterious significance to the office he had assumed. He did not explain the purpose of his equipment to us, and we forebore to question him. After descending to the level of the tide, and passing through some thickets of wild shrubbery, we arrived upon a grassy plain immediately upon the border of the creek: and there, in a quiet, sequestered nook, of rural landscape—the smooth and sluggish little inlet, begirt with water-lilies, and reflecting wood and sky and the green hill side upon its surface—was the chosen resting place of the departed generations of the family. A few simple tomb-stones, some of them darkened by the touch of time, lay clustered within an old enclosure. The brief memorials engraved upon them told us how inveterately Death had pursued his ancient vocation, and gathered in his relentless tribute from young and old, in times past, as he does to-day. Here was a theme for a sermon from the Patriarch, who now leant upon his hoe and shook his head with a slow, ruminative motion, as if he hoped, by this action, to disengage from it some profound moral reflections, and then began to enumerate how many of these good people he had helped to bury; but, before he had well begun this discourse, we had turned away, and were about leaving the place, when he recalled us by saying: "I have got one tomb-stone yet to show you—as soon as I can clear it off with the hoe—it belongs to old master Rousby, who was stabbed aboard ship, and is, besides that, the biggest tomb-stone here." Here was another of those flashes of light, by which my story seemed to be pre-ordained to a prosperous end. We eagerly encouraged the old man to this task, and he went to work in removing the green sod from a large slab which had been entirely hidden under the soil, and, in a brief space, revealed to us a tomb-stone fully six feet long, upon which we were able to read, in plainly chiselled letters, an inscription surmounted by a carved heraldic shield, with its proper quarterings and devices. Our group at this moment would have made a fine artistic study. There was this quiet landscape around us garnished with the beauty of May; there were the rustic tombs; the old negro with a countenance surcharged with the expression of solemn satisfaction at his employment, bending his aged figure over the broad, carved stone, and scraping from it the grass which had not been disturbed perhaps for a quarter of a century; and there was our own party looking on with eager interest, as the inscription every moment became more legible. You may imagine that interest when I read the inscription to you. It was in these words:

"Here lyeth the body of Xphr Rousbie, Esq., who was taken out of this world by a violent death received on board his Majesty's ship The Quaker Ketch, Capt. Thomas Allen commander, the last day of October 1684. And also of Mr. John Rousbie, his brother, who departed this natural life on board the Ship Baltimore, being arrived in Patuxent the first day of February 1685."

This was a picturesque incident in its scenic character, but a still more engaging one as an occurrence in the path of discovery. Here was most unexpectedly brought to view a new link in the chain of our story.

THE FOURTH LINK.—UNEARTHING THE RECORDS—THE COUNCIL JOURNAL.

After my return from this excursion I resolved to make a search among the records at Annapolis, to ascertain whether any memorials existed which might furnish further information in regard to the events to which I had now got a clue. And here comes in a morsel of official history which will excuse a short digression. The legislature had, about this time, directed the Executive to cause a search through the government buildings with a view to the discovery of old State papers and manuscripts, which having been consigned, time out of mind, to neglect and oblivion, were only known as heaps of promiscuous lumber, strewed over damp cellars and unfrequented garrets. The careless and unappreciative spirit of the proper guardians of our archives in past years had suffered many precious folios and separate papers to be disposed of as mere rubbish, and the not less culpable and incurious indolence of their successors, in our own times, had treated them with equal indifference. The attention of the legislature was awakened to the importance of this investigation by Mr. David Ridgely, the State Librarian, and he was appointed by the Executive to undertake the labor. Never did beagle pursue the chase with more steady foot than did this eager and laudable champion of the ancient fame of the State his chosen duty. He rummaged old cuddies, closets, vaults and cock-lofts, and pryed into every recess of the Chancery, the Land office, the committee rooms and the Council Chamber—searching up stairs and down stairs, wherever a deserted paper was supposed to lurk. Groping, with lantern in hand, and body bent, he made his way through narrow passages, startling the rats from their fastnesses where they had been entrenched for half a century, and breaking down the thick drapery—the goblin tapestry I might call it—woven by successive families of spiders from the days of the last Lord Proprietary. The very dust which was kicked up in Annapolis, as the old newspapers tell us, at the passage of the Stamp Act, was once more set in motion by the foot of this determined invader, and everywhere something was found to reward the toil of the search. But the most valuable discoveries were made in the old Treasury—made alas! too late for the full fruition of the Librarian's labor. The Treasury, one of the most venerable structures in the State, is that lowly and quaint little edifice of brick which stands within the enclosure of the State House grounds. It was originally designed for the accommodation of the Governor and his Council, and for the sessions of the Upper House of the Provincial Legislature; the Burgesses, at that time, holding their meetings in the old State House, which occupied the site of the present more imposing and capacious building, this latter being erected about the year 1772.—In one dark recess of the Treasury office Mr. Ridgely struck upon a mine of wealth, in a mouldy wooden box, which was found to contain many missing journals of the Provincial Council, some of which bore date as far back as 1666. It was a sad disappointment to him when his eye was greeted with the sight of these folios, to see them crumble, like the famed Dead Sea Apples, into powder upon every attempt to handle them. The form of the books was preserved and the character of the writing distinctly legible; but from the effect of moisture the paper had lost its cohesion, and fell to pieces in every effort to turn a leaf. I was myself a witness to the tantalizing deception, and with the Librarian, read enough to show the date and character of the perishing record. Through this accident the Council Journals of a most interesting period, embracing several years between 1666 and 1692, were irretrievably lost. Others sustained less damage and were partially preserved: some few survived in good condition.

Our Maryland historians have had frequent occasions to complain of the deficiency of material to illustrate several epochs in the provincial existence, owing to the loss of official records. No research has supplied the means of describing the public events of these intervals, beyond some few inferences, which are only sufficent to show that these silent periods were marked by incidents of important interest. The most striking of these privations occurs towards the end of the 17th century,—precisely that period to which the crumbling folios had reference. This loss of the records has been ascribed to their frequent removals during periods of trouble, and to the havoc made in the rage of parties. The province, like the great world from which it was so far remote, was distracted with what are sometimes called religious quarrels, but what I prefer to describe as exceeding irreligious quarrels, carried on by men professing to be Christians, and generated in the heat of disputes concerning the word of the great teacher of "peace on earth." Out of these grew any quantity of rebellion and war, fanctured with their usual flavor of persecution. For at this era the wars of Christendom were chiefly waged in support of dogmas and creeds, and took a savage hue from the fury of religious bigotry. It is since that era that the wars of Europe have arisen upon commercial and political questions, and religion has been freed from the dishonor of promoting these bloody strifes, so incompatible with its high office. In these quarrels of the fathers of our province to which I have alluded, the archives of government were seized more than once and perhaps destroyed. On one occasion they were burnt; and so amongst all these disorders, it has fallen out that the full development of our State history has been rendered impossible. Mr. Ridgely's foray, however, into this domain of dust and darkness, has happily rescued much useful matter to aid the future chronicler of the progress of events in our State career. Incidentally his work has assisted my story, for although the recovered folios did not touch the exact year of my search, they led me to a discovery of my own. I found what I could not say was lost, but what, until Mr. Ridgeley's exploration drew attention to the condition of the records, might be said to have been secure against any but an accidental recognition. There was an unbound volume, without title page or other outward designation of its contents, quietly reposing in the dust of one of the old cases—where it had slept perhaps as long as the beauty in the fairy tale—to the worm and

"To dull forgetfulness a prey."

It was so loosely held together, that but for its undisturbed slumber, it would have been, most probably, consigned in scattered leaves to one or more of the dark prisons in which so many of its contemporaries were immured. It was now, in this day of revival, brought out from its hiding place, and, upon inspection, proved to be a Journal of the Council for some years, including the very date of the death of the Collector on the Patuxent. The record was complete, neatly written in the peculiar manuscript character of that age, so difficult for a modern reader to decipher; its quaint old spelling suggested the idea that our ancestors considered both consonants and vowels too weak to stand alone, and therefore doubled them as often as they could; and there was such an actual identification of its antiquity in its exterior aspect, as well as in its forms of speech, that when I have sat poring over it alone at midnight in my study, as I have often done, I have turned my eye over my shoulder, expecting to see the apparition of Master John Llewellin—who subscribes his name with a very energetic flourish, as Clerk of the Council—standing behind me in grave-colored doublet and trunk hose, with a starched ruff, a wide-awake hat drawn over his brow, and a short black feather falling amongst the locks of his dark hair towards his back. This journal lets in a blaze of light upon the old tradition of Talbot's Cave.

CHARLES CALVERT, LORD BALTIMORE.

Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, the son of Cecilius, was, according to the testimony of all our annalists, a worthy gentleman and an upright ruler. He was Governor of Maryland, by the appointment of his father, from 1662 to 1675, and, after that, became the Lord Proprietary by inheritance, and administered the public affairs in person. His prudence and judgment won him the esteem of the best portion of his people, and the province prospered in his hands. All our histories will tell of the troubles which beset the closing years of his residence in Maryland. They arose partly out of his religion, and in part, out of the jealousy of the Town against the privileges of his charter. He was a Roman Catholic, but, like his father liberal and tolerant in opinion and free from sectarian bias in the administration of his government. Apart from the influence of his father's example, the training of his education, his real attachment to the interests of the province, and his own natural inclination—all of which pointed out to him the duty as well as the advantage of affording the utmost security to the freedom of religious opinion—the condition under which he held his proprietary rights rendered a departure from this policy the most improbable accusation that could be made against him. The public mind of England at that period was fevered to a state of madness by the domestic quarrel within the Kingdom against the Catholics. The people were distracted with constant alarms of Popish plots for the overthrow of the government. The King, a heartless profligate, absorbed in frivolous pleasures, scarcely entertained any grave question of state affairs that had not some connection with his hatred and his fears of Catholics and dissenters. Then, also, the province itself was composed, in far greater part, of a Protestant population—computed by some contemporary writers at the proportion of thirty to one—a population who were guarantied freedom of conscience by the character, and who possessed all necessary power, both legal and physical, to enforce it. Under such circumstances as these, how is it possible to impute designs against the old established toleration which had marked the history of Maryland from its first settlement to that day, to so prudent and careful a ruler as Charles Calvert, without imputing to him, at the same time, a folly so absurd as to belie every opinion that has ever been uttered to his advantage? Yet, notwithstanding these improbabilities, the accusation was made and effected to be believed by the King and his council. The most plausible theory upon which I can account for this harsh proceeding, is suggested by the fact that parties in the province took the same complexion with those in the mother country and ran parallel with them; that the same excitement which agitated the minds of the people in England, were industriously fomented hereabouts by no similar reason for them existed—as the volunteer work of demagogues, who saw in them the means of promoting their own interest; that, in fact, this opposition to the Proprietary grew out of a failing in our ancestors which has not yet been cured in their descendants—a weakness fatal in the previous night, and was now whispered from one neighbor to another, and soon came to boil with an extraordinary volume of steam. Stripping it of the exaggeration natural to such an excitement, the rumor was substantially this: That Col. Talbot, hearing of the arrival of Capt. Allen in the Patuxent, went on board, and getting no messsage or report from him, sailed off on Friday morning, in an angry state of mind, and rode over to Patuxent, determined to give the unmannerly Captain a lesson upon his duty. That as soon as he reached Mattapony House he took his boat and went on board the ketch. That there he found Christopher Rousby, the King's Collector, conversing with Capt. Allen, and upholding him in his disrespect to the government. That Colonel Talbot was very sharp upon Rousby, not liking him for old grudges, and more moved against him now; and that he spoke his mind both to Captain Allen and Christopher Rousby, and so got into a high quarrel with them. That when he had said all that he desired to say to them, he made a move to leave the ketch in his boat, intending to return to Mattapony House; but they who were in the cabin prevented him and would not let him go. And thereupon the quarrel broke out afresh and became more bitter; and it being now dusky in the night, and all in a great heat of passion, the parties having already come from words to blows, Talbot drew his skene, or dagger, and stabbed Rousby to the heart. That nothing was known on shore of the affray till Saturday evening, when the body was brought to Rousby's house; after which it became known to the Council of Maryland, and one of the men of Major Sewell's plantation, who rejoiced Rousby's, having thus heard of it, set out and rode that night over to St. Mary's with the news, which he gave to the Major before midnight. It was added that Col. Talbot was now detained on board the Ketch as a prisoner by Capt. Allen.

In defiance of the earnest protest on the part of the official authorities of Maryland, Talbot was carried to Virginia, and by order of the Governor, Lord Effingham, confined in Gloucester jail. A fruitless correspondence ensued, which finally ended in a peremptory refusal, on the part of Lord Effingham, to deliver up his prisoner. At this point we will resume the thread of the narrative.

THE ADVENTURE AND THE RESCUE.

We must return to the manor of New Connaught, upon the Elk river. There we shall find a sorrowful household. The Lord of the Manor is in captivity: his people are dejected with a presentiment that they are to see him no more: his wife is lamenting with her children, and counting the weary days of his imprisonment.

"His hounds they all ran masterless,
His hawks they flew from tree to tree."

Everything in the hospitable woodland home is changed. November, December, January, had passed by since Talbot was lodged in the Gloucester prison, and still no hope dawned upon the afflicted lady. The forest around her howled with the rush of the winter wind, but neither the wilderness nor the winter wore so desolate an aspect upon her heart. The fate of her husband was in the hands of his enemies. She trembled at the thought of his being forced to a trial for his life in Virginia, where he would be deprived of that friendly sympathy so necessary even to the vindication of innocence, and where he ran the risk of being condemned without defence, upon the testimony of exasperated opponents. But she was a strong-hearted and resolute woman, and would not despair. She had many friends around her—friends devoted to her husband and herself. Amongst these was Phelim Murray, a cornet of cavalry under the command of Talbot—a brave, reckless, true-hearted soldier, who had often shared the hospitality, the adventurous service, and sports of his commander. To Murray I attribute the planning of the enterprise I am about to relate. He had determined to rescue his chief from his prison in Virginia. His scheme required the co-operation of Mrs. Talbot and one of her youngest children—the pet boy, perhaps, of the family, some two or three years old—I imagine the special favorite of the father. The adventure was a bold one, involving many hardships and perils. Towards the end of January, the lady, accompanied by her boy with his nurse, and attended by two Irish men-servants, repaired to St. Mary's, where she was doubtless received as a guest in the mansion of the Proprietary, now the residence of young Benedict Leonard and those of the family who had not accompanied Lord Baltimore to England. Whilst Mrs. Talbot tarried here the Cornet was busy in his preparations. He had brought the Colonel's shallop from Elk river to the Patuxent, and was here concerting a plan to put the little vessel under the command of some ostensible owner, who might appear in the character of its master to any over-curious or inopportune questioner. He had found a man exactly to his hand, in a certain Roger Skreene, whose name might almost be thought to be adopted for the occasion and to express the part he had to act. He was what we may call the sloop's husband, but was bound to do whatever Murray commanded; to ask no questions, and to be profoundly ignorant of the real objects of the expedition. This pliant auxiliary had, like many thrifty—or more probably thriftless—persons of that time, a double occupation. He was amphibious in his habits, and lived equally on land and water. At home he was a tailor, and abroad a seaman, frequently plying his craft as a skipper on the Bay, and sufficiently known in the latter vocation to render his present employment a matter to excite no suspicious remark. You will perceive, in the course of his present adventure, that he was quite innocent of any avowed complicity in the design which he was assisting. Murray had a stout companion with him, a good friend to Talbot, probably one of the familiar frequenters of the Manor House of New Connaught—a bold fellow, with a hand and a heart both ready for any perilous service. He may have been a comrade of the Cornet's in his troop. His name was Hugh Riley—a name that has been traditionally connected with dare-devil exploits ever since the days of Dermot McMorrogh. There have been, I believe, but few hard fights in the world to which Irishmen have had anything to say, without a Hugh Riley somewhere in the thickest part of them. The preparations now being complete, Murray anchored his shallop near a convenient landing—perhaps within the Mattapony creek. In the dead of winter, about the 20th of January, 1685, Mrs. Talbot, with her servants, her child and nurse, set forth from the Proprietary residence in St. Mary's, to journey over to Patuxent—a cold, bleak ride of fifteen miles. The party were all on horse-back; the young boy, perhaps, wrapped in thick coverings, nestling in the arms of one of the men; Mrs. Talbot braving the sharp wind in hood and cloak, and warmed by her own warm heart, which beat with a courageous pulse against the fierce blasts that swept and roared across her path. Such a cavalcade, of course, could not depart from St. Mary's without observation at any season; but at this time of the year so unusual a sight drew every inhabitant to the windows, and set in motion a current of gossip that bore away all other topics from every fireside. The gentlemen of the Council, too, doubtless had frequent conference with the unhappy wife of their colleague during her sojourn in the government house, and, perhaps, secretly counselled with her on her adventure. Whatever outward or seeming pretext may have been adopted for the movement, we can hardly suppose that many friends of the Proprietary were ignorant of its object. We have, indeed, evidence that the enemies of the Proprietary charged the Council with a direct connivance in the scheme of Talbot's escape, and made it a subject of complaint against Lord Baltimore that he afterwards approved this act. Upon her arrival at the Patuxent, Mrs. Talbot went immediately on board of the sloop, with her attendants. There she found the friendly Cornet and his comrade, Hugh Riley, on the alert to distinguish their loyalty in her cause. The amphibious Master Skreene was now at the head of a picked crew—the whole party consisting of five stout men, with the lady, her child and nurse. All these men but Skreene were sons of the Emerald Isle—of a race whose historical boast is the faithfulness of their devotion to a friend in need and chivalrous courtesy to woman; but still more their generous and gallant championship of woman in distress. On this occasion this national sentiment was enhanced when it was called into exercise in behalf of the sorrowful lady of the chief of their border settlements. They set sail from Patuxent on Saturday, the 31st of January. On Wednesday, the fifth day afterwards, they landed on the southern bank of the Rappahannock, at the house of Mr. Ralph Wormeley, near the mouth of the river. This long voyage of five days over so short a distance, would seem to indicate that they departed from the common track of navigation to avoid notice. The next morning Mr. Wormeley furnished them horses and a servant, and Mrs. Talbot with her nurse and child, under the conduct of Cornet Murray, set out for Gloucester—a distance of some twenty miles. The day following—that is, on Friday—the servant returned with the horses, having left the party behind. Saturday passed and part of Sunday, when, in the evening, Mrs. Talbot and the Cornet reappeared at Mr. Wormeley's. The child and nurse were left behind; and this was accounted for by Mrs. Talbot saying she had left the child with his father, to remain with him until she should return to Virginia. I infer that the child was introduced into this adventure to give some seeming to the visit, which might lull suspicion and procure easier access to the prisoner. And the leaving of him in Gloucester proves that Mrs. Talbot had friends, and, probably, confederates there, to whose care he was committed.

As soon as the party had left the shallop upon their first arrival at Mr. Wormeley's, the wily Master Skreene discovered that he had business at a landing further up the river, and there he took his vessel—Wormeley's being altogether too suspicious a place for him to be seen—and now, when Mrs. Talbot had returned to Wormeley's, Roger's business above, of course, was finished, and he dropped down again opposite the house on Monday evening, and the next morning took the Cornet and the lady on board. Having done this he drew out into the river. This brings us to Tuesday, the 10th of February. As soon as Mrs. Talbot was once more embarked in the shallop, Murray and Riley (I give Master Skreene's own account of the facts, as I find it in his testimony subsequently taken before the Council) made a pretext to go on shore, taking one of the men with them. They were going to look for a cousin of this man—so they told Skreene—and besides that, intended to go to a tavern to buy a bottle of rum: all of which Skreene gives the Council to understand he verily believed to be the real object of their visit. The truth was that as soon as Murray and Riley and their companion had reached the shore, they were mounted on horse-back, and galloped away in the direction of Gloucester prison. From the moment they disappeared on this gallop until their return, we have no account of what they did. Roger Skreene's testimony before the Council is virtuously silent on this point. But after this party was gone, Mrs. Talbot takes command, and, with a view to more privacy, orders Roger to anchor near the opposite shore of the river, in the concealment of a small inlet on the northern side. Skreene says he did this at her request, because she expressed a wish to taste some of the oysters from that side of the river, which he, with his usual facility, believed to be the only reason for getting into this unobserved harbor, and, to gratify her, he did as she desired. The day went by slowly to the lady on the water. Cold February, a little sloop, and the bleak roadstead at the mouth of the Rappahannock, brought but few comforts to the anxious wife, who sat muffled upon that unstable deck, watching the opposite shore, whilst the ceaseless plash of the waves breaking upon her ear, numbered the minutes that marked the still more weary day. She watched for the party who had galloped into the pine forest towards Gloucester, and for that cousin of whom Murray spoke to Master Skreene. But if the time dragged heavily with her, it flew with the Cornet and his companions. We cannot tell when the twenty miles to Gloucester were thrown behind them, but we know that the whole forty miles of going and coming were accomplished by sun-rise the next morning; for the deposition tells us that Roger Skreene had become very impatient at the absence of his passengers—at least so he swears to the Council—and he began to think, just after the sun was up, that, as they had not returned, they must have got into a revel at the tavern, and forgotten themselves, which made him think of recrossing the river, and of going ashore to beat them up—when lo! all of a sudden, he espied a boat coming round the point within which he lay. And here arises a pleasant little dramatic scene, of some interest to our story. Mrs. Talbot had been up at the dawn and watched upon the deck, straining her sight until she could see no more for tears; and, at length, unable to endure her emotion longer, had withdrawn to the cabin. Presently Skreene came hurrying down to tell her that the boat was coming, and, what surprised him, there were four persons in it. "Who is this fourth man?"—he asked her, with his habitual simplicity—"and how are we to get him back to the shore again?"—a very natural question for Roger to ask after all that had passed in his presence! Mrs. Talbot sprang to her feet—her eyes sparkling, as she exclaimed, with a cheery voice, "Oh, his cousin has come!" and immediately ran upon the deck to await the approaching party. There were pleasant, smiling faces all around, as the four men came over the sloop side; and, although the testimony is silent as to the fact, there might have been some kissing on the occasion. The new comer was in a rough dress, and had the exterior of a servant; and our skipper says in his testimony, "that Mrs. Talbot spoke to him in the Irish language." Very volubly, I have no doubt, and that much was said that was never translated. When they came to a pause in this conversation, she told Skreene, by way of interpretation, "he need not be uneasy about the stranger's going on shore, nor delay any longer, as this person had made up his mind to go with them to Maryland." So the boat was made fast, the anchor weighed, the sails set, and the little sloop bent to the breeze and kissed the wave, as she rounded the headland and stood up the Bay, with Col. George Talbot encircling with his arm his faithful wife, and with the gallant Murray sitting at his side. They had now an additional reason for caution against search—so Murray ordered the skipper to shape his course over to the Eastern Shore, and to keep in between the islands and the main. This is a broad circuit outside of their course, but Roger is promised a reward by Mrs. Talbot to compensate him for his loss of time, and the skipper is very willing. They had fetched a compass, as the Scripture phrase is, to the shore of Dorset county, and steered inside of Hooper's Island, into the mouth of Hungary river. Here it was part of the scheme to dismiss the faithful Roger from further service. With this view they landed on the Island and went to Mr. Hooper's house, where they procured a supply of provisions, and, immediately afterwards, reimbarked—having clean forgotten Roger, until they were once more under full sail up the Bay, and too far advanced to turn back. The deserted skipper bore his disappointment like a Christian, and being asked, on Hungary river, by a friend, who met him there, and who gave his testimony before the Council, "What brought him there?" he replied "he had been left on the island by Madame Talbot." And to another—"Where Madame Talbot was,"—he answered, "she had gone up the Bay to her own house." Then to a third question—"How he expected his pay?" he said, "He was to have it of Col. Darnell and Major Sewell: and that Madame Talbot had promised him a hogshead of tobacco extra for putting ashore at Hooper's Island." The last question was, "What news of Talbot?" and Roger's answer—"He had not been within twenty miles of him; neither did he know anything about the Colonel;" but, on further discourse, he let fall that "he knew the Colonel never would come to a trial,"—"that *he* knew this, but neither man, woman, nor child, should know it, but those who knew it already." So Col. George Talbot is out of the hands of the proud Lord Effingham, and up the Bay with his wife and friends; and is buffeting the wintry head winds in a long voyage to the Elk river, which, in due time, he reaches in safety.

The End of the World.

While politics and many other ties agitate the European world at large, a new sensation has been revived, very injurious to the nerves of timid folks, old ladies and young children generally. It has re-started in Paris and sounds very much like a scientific desire to see our world knocked into "pi."

Thus we find at present in Paris, the question is of quite other things than revolution and the abuses of the ancient regime. Many people are are firmly convinced that the prophecy of Dr. Cumming is about to be realized. One knows that Dr. Cumming has irrevocably fixed the year 1857 for the end of the world. For two years this dark prophecy of the Scotch Dr. had been nearly forgotten, but the astronomers are making every effort to revive the closing terrors. They announce the journey of a giddy commet with great velocity, which is coming to dash its head or tail against our globe with the intention of reducing it to powder. It is on the 13th of June the clock is to take place, and this date, the 13th, does not contribute little in terrifying the imagi nations of the weak. A learned member of the Institution, M. Babinet, who is familiar with all the heavenly bodies, does not deny the vagabond course of the comet in question, he declares on the contrary that it is on its way, but the voyage will be made without any accident. In case, he says, that the comet strikes the globe, the shock produced on the world we inhabit will be like a fillip on the back of an elephant. A learned German, who considers himself much wiser than M. Babinet, pretends that he will see himself greatly deceived, that the comet is enormous, and of such force, that it will precipitate our world into immensity, like a balloon falling from the moon. Which are we to believe, the learned German or the learned Frenchman?

A Good Story.

A good story is told of "Bev." Tucker, formerly editor of the Washington *Sentinel*. It will be recollected that this paper was the first to bring forward Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency, and in that behalf battled manfully till the day of its death, against its more fortunate rival, the *Union*. Tucker is an applicant for the Marshalship of the District of Columbia, a position now held by Jonah D. Hoover, Esq., who is a candidate for renomination. A few nights ago, when Mr. Buchanan, Hoover, Tucker and others were present, "Bev." said:

"Mr. President, I wish to inform you that it is the general expectation of our friends that my appointment as Marshal is a fixed fact."

"But," said the President, jocosely, "before you can be appointed you must show your qualification for the post."

"Certainly," said "Bev.," "I will do so," and instantly turned round and taking Marshal Hoover by the hand, said, "Mr. President, allow me to present to you Jonah D. Hoover, *Ex-Marshal of the District of Columbia!*" When it is recollected that one of the principal duties of the Marshal is to act as master of ceremonies at receptions, and introduce visitors to the President the force of the joke will be appreciated.—*Balt. American.*

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage through torrents of rain, the gentleman said to Paddy—

"Are you very wet?"

"Arrah, I don't care about being very wet; but please yer honor I'm very *dry*."

A husband advertises thus: "My wife, Annie Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, anybody can do as he thinks fit, for, as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

This morning a friend said to an Irishman—"Good morning, Patrick—slippery this morning."

"Slippery? And be jabers, it is nothing else, yer honor; upon my word, and I slid down three times without getting up once."

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover.

"Why may I not smoke as well as your chimney?"

"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

He has left off smoking.

A glorious opportunity for an exercise of an enlarged discretion is offered to the postmaster at Uniontown, Belmont Co., Ohio, in the delivery of a letter which was mailed