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Eight lines or less constitute a square  
A liberal deduction made for year  
ly advertisements. Correspondence  
solicited.

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1909. 4444

**Saint Mary's Beacon.**  
Job Printing, such as  
Handbills, Circulars  
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with  
neatness and despatch.  
Parties having Real or Personal  
Property for sale can obtain des-  
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Special attention given to  
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125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD  
ALSO DEALERS IN  
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-  
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Our "Special Tobacco Guano" and Wheat and Grain Mixture are  
MA MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

## 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. How-  
ever, the work is now out of copyright, and  
there is no reason why you might not re-  
print it without permission.  
Yours very truly,  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
H. G. E.

JOHN PENDELTON KENNEDY, LL. D. author,  
was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1795; died  
Oct. 26, 1870. He graduated at the University  
of Maryland in 1817; was admitted to the bar  
in 1819; served in the Legislature in 1820-21;  
member of Congress 1823-27; 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 fit-  
ting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedi-  
tion 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, Balti-  
more and trustee of the Peabody Educa-  
tional Fund. Was the author of several novels  
and a Life of William Pitt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1861.)  
CHAPTER XI.

Arnold now called the attention  
of his companions to the outlines of  
a low hut which was barely discernible  
through the wood where an open  
space brought the angle of the roof into  
relief against the water of the creek,  
and as they approached near enough  
to examine the little structure more  
minutely, they were saluted by the  
scurly bark of a deep throated dog,  
fiercely redoubled. At the same  
time the sound of receding footsteps  
was distinctly audible.

"Who dwells here?" inquired  
Dauntress, striking the door with  
the hilt of his sword.  
There was no answer, and the  
door gave way to the thrust and  
flew wide upon. The apartment  
was tenantless. A few coils of fire  
gleaming from the embers, and a  
low-bench furnished with a blanket,  
rendered it obvious that this sol-  
itary abode had been but recently  
deserted by its possessor. A hasty  
survey of the hut, which was at  
first fiercely disputed by the dog—  
a cross-grained and sturdy mastiff—  
until a sharp blow from a staff  
which the forester bestowed sent  
him growling from the premises,  
satisfied the explorer, that so far,  
at least, they had encountered noth-  
ing supernatural; and without  
further delay or comment upon this  
incident they took their course along  
the margin of St. Jerome's Creek.  
After a short interval, the beating  
of the waves upon the beach inform-  
ed them that they were not far from  
the beach of the Chesapeake. Here  
a halt and an attentive examination  
of the locality made them aware that  
they stood upon a bank which de-  
scended somewhat abruptly to the  
level of the beach that lay some  
fifty yards or more beyond them.  
In the dim starlight they were able  
to trace the profile of a low but cap-  
acious tenement which stood almost  
on the tide mark.

"It is the Chapel!" said Dauntress,  
in an involuntary whisper as he  
touched the Ranger's arm.  
"It is Paul Kelly's house, all the  
same as I have known it these  
twenty years—a silent and wicked  
house," whispered Arnold, in reply.  
And a pretty spot for the Devil to  
lurk in," said Dauntress, resuming  
his ordinary tone.  
"Hold, Captain, interrupted the  
Ranger, "no foul words so near the  
Haunted House. The good saints  
be above us!" he added, crossing  
himself and muttering a short pray-  
er.

"Follow me down the bank," said  
Dauntress, in a low but resolute  
voice; "but first look to your car-  
bines that they be charged and primed.  
I will break in the door of this  
ungodly den and ransack its corners  
before I leave it. Holy St. Michael,  
the fiend is in the Chapel, and warns  
us away!" he exclaimed, as sud-  
denly a flash of crimson light il-  
luminated every window of the  
building. "It is the same warning  
given to Burton and myself once  
before. Stand your ground, com-  
rades; we shall be beset by these  
ministers of sin!"  
As the flashes of this lurid light  
were thrice repeated, Pamesack  
was seen on the edge of the bank  
fixed like a statue, with foot and  
arm extended, looking with a stern  
gaze towards this appalling specta-  
cle. Arnold recoiled apace and  
brought his hand across his eyes,  
and was revealed in this posture as  
he exclaimed in his marked Dutch  
accent, "The fisherman's blood is  
turned to fire; we had best go no

further, masters." Dauntress had  
advanced half-way down the bank,  
and the glare disclosed him as sud-  
denly arrested in his career; his  
sword gleamed above his head  
whilst his short cloak was drawn by  
the motion of his left arm under his  
chin; and his broad beaver, pistol-  
belt, and wide boots, now litged  
with the preternatural light, gave  
to his figure that rich effect which  
painters are pleased to copy.

"I saw Satan's imps within the  
chamber," exclaimed the Captain;  
"I saw the very servitors of the  
Fiend! They are many and mis-  
chievous, and shall be deeded though  
we battle with the Prince of the Air.  
What ho, bastards of Beelzebub, I  
defy thee! In the name of our patron,  
the holy and blessed St. Ignatius, I  
defy thee!"  
There was a deeper darkness as  
Dauntress rushed almost to the door  
of the house with his sword in his  
hand. Again the same deep flashes  
of fire illumed the windows, and  
two or three strange figures of men,  
in muffled cloaks, were seen, for the  
instant, within. Dauntress retreat-  
ed a few steps nearer to his com-  
panions, and drawing a pistol, held  
it ready for instant use. It was dis-  
charged at the window with the  
next flash of the light, and the re-  
port was followed by a hoarse and  
yelling laugh from the tenants of  
the house.

"Once more I defy thee!" shouted  
the Captain, with a loud voice; "and  
in the name of our holy church, and  
by the order of the Lord Proprietary,  
I demand that do you here  
with these hellish rites?"  
The answer was returned in a  
still louder laugh, and in a shot fired  
at the challenger, the momentary  
light of the explosion revealing, as  
Dauntress imagined, a cloaked figure  
presenting a barquebus through the  
window.

"Protect yourselves, friends!" he  
exclaimed, "with such shelter as  
you may find," at the same time re-  
treating to the cover of an oak which  
stood upon the bank. "These de-  
mons show weapons like themselves.  
I will employ the trade with thee,  
accursed spirits!" he added, as he  
discharged a second pistol.

The Ranger and Pamesack had al-  
ready taken shelter, and their car-  
bines were also leveled and fired.  
Some two or three shots were re-  
turned from the house accompanied  
with the same rude laugh which at-  
tended the first onset, and the scene,  
for a moment, would have been  
thought rather to resemble the as-  
sault and defence of mortal foes,  
than the strife of men with intangi-  
ble goblins, but that there were  
mixed with it other accompaniments,  
altogether unlike the circumstance  
of mortal battle; a heavy sound, as  
of rolling thunder, echoed from the  
interior of the chapel, and in the  
glimpses of light, antic figures with-  
in were discerned dancing with  
strange and preposterous motions.

"It avails us not to contend against  
these fiends," said Dauntress.  
"They are enough to maintain their  
post against us, even if they fought  
with human implements. Our task  
is accomplished by gaining sight of  
the Chapel and its inmates. We  
may certify what we have seen to  
his Lordship; so, masters, move  
warily and quickly rearward. Ay,  
laugh again, you juggling minions  
of the devil!" he said, as a hoarse  
shout of exultation resounded from  
the house, when the assailants com-  
menced their retreat. "Come into  
the field as veritable men and we  
may deal with you! Forward, Ar-  
nold; if we tarry, our retreat may  
be vexed with dangers against  
which we are not provided."

"I hope this is the last time we  
shall visit this devil's den," said  
Arnold, as he obeyed the Captain's  
injunction, and moved, as rapidly  
as his long stride would enabled  
him to walk, from the scene of their  
late assault.  
Whilst these events were passing,  
I turn back to the publican, who  
was left a full mile in the rear to  
guard the baggage and keep up the  
fire, a post, as he described it, of  
no small danger.

It was with a mistrusting con-  
science, as to the propriety of his  
separation from his companions,  
that Garret, when he had leisure for  
reflection, set himself to scanning  
his deportment at this juncture.  
His chief scruple had reference to  
the point of view in which Dauntress  
and Arnold de la Grange would  
hereafter represent this incident;  
would they set it down, as Weasel  
hoped they might, to the account of  
a proper and soldier-like disposition  
of the forces, which required a de-  
tachment to defend a weak point?

or would they not attribute his  
hanging back to a want of courage,  
which his conscience whispered was  
not altogether so wide of truth?  
There are many brave men, he re-  
flected, who have a constitutional  
objection to fighting in the dark;  
and he was rather inclined to rank  
himself in that class. "In the  
dark," said he, as he sat down by  
the fire, with his hands looked  
across his knees, which were drawn  
up before him in grasshopper angles  
and looked steadily at the blazing  
brushwood; "in the dark a man can-  
not see—that stands to reason. And  
it makes a great difference, let me  
sell you, masters, when you can't  
see your enemy. A brave man, by  
nature, requires light. And be-  
sides, what sort of an enemy do we  
fight? Hobgoblins—not mortal man—  
for I would stand up to any mortal  
man in Christendom; ay, and  
with odds against me. I have done  
it before now. But these whirling  
and whizzing ghosts and their  
crimes, that fly about one's ears like  
cats, and purr and mew like bats—  
what am I saying? no, fly like bats  
and mew like cats—one may cut and  
carve at them with his blade with  
no more wound than a boy's wooden  
truncheon makes upon the wind.  
Besides, the Captain, who is all in  
all in his command, hath set me here  
to watch, which, as it were, was a  
forbidding of me to go onward.  
He must be obeyed: a good soldier  
disputes no order, although it go  
against his stomach. It was the  
Captain's wish that I should keep  
strict watch and ward here on the  
skirt of the wood; otherwise I  
should have followed him—and with  
stout heart and step, I warrant you!  
But the Captain hath a soldierly  
sagacity in his cautions; holding  
this spot, as he wisely hath done,  
to be an open point of danger, an in-  
let, as it were, to circumvent his  
march, and therefore straightly to  
be looked to. Well, let the world  
wag, and the upshot be what it may,  
here are comforts at hand, and I will  
not stint to use them."

Saving this the self-satisfied mar-  
tialist opened the basket and solaced  
his appetite with a slice of pasty  
and a draught of wine.

"I will now perform a turn of  
duty," he continued, after his re-  
freshment; and accordingly drawing  
his hanger, he set forth to make a  
short circuit into the open field. He  
proceeded with becoming caution on  
his perilous adventure, looking slyly  
at every weed or bush that lay in  
his route, shuddering with a chilly  
fear at the sound of his own foot-  
steps, and especially scanning, with  
a disturbed glance, the vibrations  
of his long and lean shadow which  
was sharply cast by the fire across  
the level ground. He had wander-  
ed some fifty paces into the field,  
on this valorous outlook, when he  
bethought him that he had ventured  
far enough, and might now return,  
deeming it more safe to be near the  
fire and the horses than out upon a  
lonesome plain, which he believed  
to be infested by witches and their  
kindred broods. He had scarcely  
set his face towards his original post  
when an apparition came upon his  
sight that filled him with horror,  
and caused his hair to rise like  
bristles. This was the real bodily  
form and proportions of such a  
spectre as might be supposed to  
prefer such a spot—an old woman in  
a loose and ragged robe, who was  
seen gliding up to the burning  
fagots with a billet of pine in her  
hand, which she lighted at the fire  
and then waved above her head as  
she advanced into the field towards  
the innkeeper. Weasel's tongue  
clave to the roof of his mouth, and  
his teeth chattered audibly against  
each other, his knees smote togeth-  
er, and his eyes glanced steadfastly  
upon the phantom. For a moment  
he lost the power of utterance or  
motion, and when these began to re-  
turn, as the bag drew nearer, his  
impulse was to fly; but his bewil-  
dered reflection came to his aid and  
suggested greater perils in advance:  
he therefore stood stock still.

"Heaven have mercy upon me!—the  
Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner!"  
he ejaculated, "I am alone, and the  
enemy has come upon me."  
"Watcher of the night," said a  
voice, in a shrill note, "draw nigh.  
What do you seek on the wood?"  
"Tetra grammaton. Ahaseel—in  
the name of the Holy Evangel, spare  
me!" muttered the innkeeper, fruit-  
lessly ransacking his memory for  
some charm against witches, and  
stammering out an incoherent jargon.  
"Abra-cadabra—spare me, excellent  
and worthy dame! I seek no hurt to  
thee. I am old, mother, too old and  
with too many sins of my own to

account for, to wish harm to any one,  
much less to the good woman of this  
wood. O Lord, O Lord! why was  
I seduced upon this fool's errand?"  
"Come nigh, old man, when I  
speak to you. Why do you stand  
there?" shouted the witch as Fidelity  
stood erect some twenty paces in  
front of the publican and beckoned  
him with her blazing fagot. "What  
does thou mutter?"  
"I but sported with my shadow  
mother," replied Weasel, with a  
tremendous attempt at a laugh, as he  
approached the questioner, in an ill  
assumed effort at composure and  
cheerfulness. "I was faine to divert  
myself with an antic, till some friends  
of mine, who left me but a moment  
since, returned. How goes the night  
with you, dame?"  
"Merrily," replied the hag, as  
she set up a shrill laugh which more  
resembled a scream, "merrily; I can-  
not but laugh to find the henpecked  
vintner of St. Mary's at this time of  
night within the sound of the tide at  
the Black Chapel. I know your  
errand, old chapman of cheap liquors,  
and why you have brought your cro-  
nies. You pretend to be a liegeman  
of his Lordship, and you travel all  
night to cheat him of five shillings.  
You will lie on the morrow with as  
sad a face as there is in the hundred.  
I know you."

"You know all things, worthy  
dame, and I were faine to keep a  
secret from you. What new com-  
modity, honest mistress, shall I find  
with Rob? The port is alive with  
a rumor of the Olive Branch; I would  
be early with the Cripple. Ha, ha!"  
he added, with a fearful laugh, "thou  
seest I am stirring in my trade."  
"Garret Weasel," said the beldam,  
"you may take it for a favor, past  
your deservings, that Rob will see  
you alone at his hut even in day  
time; but it is as much as your life  
is worth to bring your huffcap  
brawlers to St. Jerome's at midnight.  
It is not lawful ground for you, much  
less for the hob-nailed fools who  
bear your company. Who showed  
them the path to my estate, must  
be driven out."

"Worthy mistress, methinks I  
am ignorant of what you say?"  
"They will call themselves friends  
to the Chapel; but we have no friends  
to the Chapel amongst living men.  
The Chapel belongs to the dead and  
the tormentors of the dead. So fol-  
low your cronies and command them  
back. I warn you to follow, and  
bring them back, as you would save  
them from harm. Ha! look you, it is  
come already!" she exclaimed, rais-  
ing her torch in the air, as the  
flashes from the Haunted House  
illumined the horizon: "the seekers  
have aroused our sentries, and there  
shall be angry buffets to the back of  
it!" At this moment the first shot  
was heard. "Friends, forsooth!"  
she shouted at the top of her voice;  
"friends, are ye? there is the token  
that you are known to be false liars.  
We to the fool that plants his foot be-  
fore the Chapel! Stand there, Garret  
Weasel! I must away. Follow me but  
a step—raise thy head to look after  
my path, and I will strike thee blind  
and turn thee into a drivelling idiot  
for the rest of thy days. Remem-  
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In uttering this threat the figure  
disappeared; Garret knew not how,  
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He had hardly recovered himself  
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fire, before Dauntress, Arnold, and  
Pamesack arrived, evidently, flurried  
by the scene through which they  
had passed, as well as by the rapid-  
ity of their retreat.  
"Some wine, Garret! some wine,  
old master of the tap!" was Dauntress'  
salutation; "and whilst we wait  
as briefly as we may, have our  
horses loosed from the trees; we must  
mount and away. To the horses,  
Garret! We will help ourselves."  
"I pray you, Master Captain," in-  
quired the publican, having now re-  
gained his self-possession, "what  
speed at the Chapel? Oh, an we  
have all had a night of it! Sharp en-  
counters all round, masters! I can  
tell you a tale!"  
"Stop not to prate now," inter-  
rupted Dauntress, in a voice choked  
by the huge mouthful of the pasty  
he was devouring; "we shall dis-  
cuss as we ride. That flask,  
Arnold—I must have another draught  
e'er we mount, and then, friends, to  
horse as quickly as you may; we  
may be followed; we may have ghost,  
devil, and man of flesh, all three, at  
our heels."

"I have had store of them, I can  
tell you—ghosts and devils without  
number," said Weasel, as he brought  
the horses forward.  
"You shall be tried by an inquest  
of both, for your life, if you tarry  
another instant," interposed the  
Captain, as he sprang into his sad-  
dle.  
"What are we set upon, oom-

rades?" cried out the vintner, man-  
fully, as he rose to his horse's back,  
and pricked forward until he got  
between Pamesack and Arnold.  
"Are we set upon? Let us halt and  
give them an accolade; we are enough  
for them. I warrant you! Oh, but is  
there?" shouted the witch as Fidelity  
stood erect some twenty paces in  
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