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Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909. 4446

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*Stops only on Signal.
Leave Washington, Seventh St. Wharf, (weather permitting,) 4 p. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday for the following River Landings and Baltimore:
Washington, Alexandria, 4.45 p. m., Glymont, Liverpool Point, Riverside, Bushwood, Lancaster, Cobrums, Stones, Leonardtown, 6 a. m., Abell's, Piney Point, *Cintra, Lodge, 10 a. m., Mundy Point, Kinsale, 12 noon, Coan, Bundick's, Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowart's, Lewisetta, Miller's, 4 p. m., Grason's, 5 p. m., Brome's, Porto Bello, 6 p. m., Baltimore.
*Stops only on Signal.
Arriving in Baltimore Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Mornings.
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Everyone who deals with Voigt is pleased.
Nov. 12—1y.

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,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Per Private Secretary.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, LL. D. author, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1795; died Oct. 25, 1870. He graduated at the University of Maryland in 1812; was admitted to the bar in 1816; served in the Legislature in 1820—24; member of Congress 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 XIII.

Up she rose, and forth she goes—
I'll mote she speed betimes.
ADAM BELL.

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I'm forced to yield, though I'm goodman.
It's not for a man a woman to threape,
Unless he first give over his plea;
As we began, we now will leave
And I'll take my old cloak about me.
OLD SONG.

It was nine o'clock of the morning before Dauntrees and his companions, Garret and Arnold, rose from their beds. Pamesack, whose taciturnity was not greater than his indifference to fatigue, had, at an earlier hour, gone his way. A breakfast was provided the in Captain's quarters, and the three heroes of the past night sat down to it with a relish which showed that, however unfit they might be to contend against spiritual foes, their talents for this encounter of material existence were highly respectable.

"You have had a busy time of it in dreams, Master Weasel," said Dauntrees, "since you laid yourself down on your truckle bed this morning. You have been reacting your exploits at the Chapel. I heard you at daylight crying aloud for sword and dagger."

"Ah, Captain Dauntrees," replied the publican, "my head has been full of fantasties since I laid me down to rest—for I was exceeding weary—and weariness doth set the brain to ramble in sleep. There was good argument, too, in our deeds at St. Jerome's for a world of dreaming."

"Last night has made a man of you my gallant vintner. You should bless your stars that you fell into such worthy company. You knew not heretofore—even with your experience at Worcester—what elements of vapor it pleased Heaven to mix up in the mould whereof you were made. A man never sufficiently values himself until he has had some such passage as this."

"Ay, and look you, Captain Dauntrees," said Garret, his eye flashing with self-gratulation, "you will reflect that I had the brunt of it *alone*, whilst you three were banded together for common defence and support. There I was, by my single self, in the very centre of them. A man needs more comfort and companionship in a matter with witches and devils, then he does against your sword and buckler fellows. Tut! I wouldn't have cared a fig for a foe that could be struck at; but these pestilent things of the dark—bags on besoms, and flying bats as big as a man, great sword fish walking on legs, with their screechings, and mopings, and mewings—how it tries the reins of a solitary man! But you had flashing, and firing, and charging, Captain, which is more in the way of what one expects in a fight, and one is prepared for: it has life in it."

"That is most true, doughty Garret. A culverin is but the whiff of an oaten pipe, compared with a hag upon her broomstick. You were ever the man to encounter these women. It needs your mettle to face them. Now there is your wife, Master Weasel—oh, but that is a peril in store for you! You shall go to her and have it over, whilst I make my report to his Lordship; when that is done I will straight for the Crow and Archer, to help you in the battle, which by that time will doubtless find you sore at need."

"I must go to his Lordship with you," replied Garret, in a lowered key; "I must have my hand in the report; after that we will set out together for the inn."

"Why, man!" exclaimed Dauntrees, with affected astonishment, "would you tarry to do your duty to to Mistress Dorothy? Do you not know that she has suffered agony of mind the live-long night in your behalf, and that she is now in the very tempest of her affection waiting for you?"

"I know it, I know it, worthy Captain; but it does not become my respect for Lord Charles's service to defer his business for mine own."

"You shall not budge an inch," said Dauntrees, "on any other path than that which takes you quickly to your loving wife."

"Truly, Captain," replied Weasel, dolorous tone, "I would have you go with me; I beseech you heartily, allow me to bear you company to his Lordship. His Lordship will think it strange I did not come: and it will take more than me to pacify the dame."

"Well, friend Weasel, in consideration that you contended single handed last night with a whole score of devils, and bore yourself gallantly; and, moreover, as it is such heavy odds against you in this matter of Dame Dorothy—for, of a verity, I know she is in a devil of a passion at your contumacy, and not less at mine, I'll be sworn—why we will make a muster of it and breathe our defence in solid column. Arnold will go with us. And mark me, vintner at the fitting time we shall regale."

"On the best in cellar or larder at the Crow and Archer," replied Garret. "You have the word of a man and a soldier for it."

"I wot of a woman and no soldier, whose word would go further to that bargain, Garret, then yours. Make ready, friends, we must move."

Dauntrees now set his beaver jauntily over his brow, and throwing his short clock across his arm, marched through the postern of the fort, followed by his trusty allies, to the mansion of the Lord Proprietor.

Lord Baltimore received them in his library, and there heard from the Captain a circumstantial narrative of the events of the preceding night.

"It is a strange tale," he said, "and may well perplex the faith of the simple rustics of the province, that evil spirits preside over that blood-stained house, from your testimony, Captain Dauntrees, may no longer be denied. Friends, you all saw these things?"

"All," said Garret Weasel, with emphatic salemnity, as he straitened his body even beyond the perpendicular line. "Pamesack and Arnold stood by the Captain and can vouch for him. I maintained a post of danger, an please you Lordship, alone; what I saw neither the Captain, Arnold, nor Pamesack, saw—it was a fearful sight."

"What was it?" inquired the Proprietary, with some earnestness.

"A woman," replied Garet, "*seemingly* a woman, an your Lordship comprehends; but in truth a witch, as we all do know:—Kate of Warrington, of whom your Lordship has heard. She it was who came suddenly down upon the world. How she came," here Garret shook his head, "and what came with her,—it was a sight to look upon!"

"The vintner affirms to sundry fantastic shapes of imps and spectres in company with the woman of Warrington," said Dauntrees. "We saw nothing of the hag, having left Master Weasel some distance in our rear when we visited the Chapel. He was cold, and required comfort. What he recounts, my Lord, you have his own avouch for."

"And what says you, Arnold?" inquired his Lordship, smilling.

"These ghosts and goblins keep a hot house, and the less we have to do with them the better," replied the forester, gravely.

"They fired upon you, Captain?" said the Proprietary; "with what weapons!"

"They had the sharp crack of the musket and pistol," replied Dauntrees, "or what seemed to be such: yet I would not swear that I saw carnal weapons in the strife, though in the flash I thought I noted firearms. This may tell better than guess of mine, my Lord," he added, as he held up his cloak and pointed to a rent in one of its folds; "this was made by some missive from the house: whether it be a bullet mark or an elf-shot, I will not say."

"Body o' me!" exclaimed Garret Weasel, as the Captain pointing to the damage he had sustained, "I knew not this before. There was hot work, I warrant."

"There is knavery in alliance with this sorcery," said the Proprietary, as he examined the cloak. "These wicked spirits ever find kindred amongst men. They have profligate companions of flesh to profit by their devilish arts. I thank you, friends, kindly, for this exploit, and will turn it to wholesome account hereafter. Fare you well."

The party left the room, and now shaping their course towards the Crow and Archer, soon descended below the bank and took the road along the beach.

Whilst they trundged through the sand and gravel, midway between the fort and the town, Dauntrees, looking behind, saw a figure descending on horseback from the main gate of the fort down to the road upon which they now travelled. It was that of a woman, whose gestures, at the distance of half a mile, were sufficiently observed to show that she urged her horse forward with impatient earnestness. As soon as she arrived at the level of the beach, her speed was increased nearly to the utmost of the faculty of the animal which bore her, and she now came flying over the sand, with her garments and loose tresses floating in the wind.

"In the devil's name, what have we here?" exclaimed Dauntrees. "As I live, it is our queen of the hostel! Oh, Garret, Garret, here is an out-come with a conclusion at hand! Stand, masters, firmly on your legs, and brace up for the onset!"

"Alack, alack!" groaned the publican; "the woman is bereft. She has my nag from the fort."

"Ay, and rides upon your saddle, as if it were made for her," ejaculated the Captain. "Take post behind me, Garret: I will answer her speech."

"It were no more than the luck she deserves," said Garret, pettishly, "if she should fall from the nag and break her little finger, or at the least sprain an ankle joint."

"Hold, runagates! varlets! out upon you for a filthy Captain!" shouted the dame, in a shrill voice, as she came within call of the party, and now galloped up to the spot at which they had halted. "Give me that idiot from your beastly company. Garret Weasel, Garret Weasel! you have been the death of me!"

"Good lack, Mistress Dorothy, wife, why do you bear yourself in such a sort as this?"

"I will bare you to the buff, driveller, for this. Are you not steeped in wickedness and abomination by evil consorting with this copper Captain, and this most horrid wood ranger? Have you no eye for your family; no regard for good name, that you must be strolling o' nights with every pot-guzzler and foul-breathed and cankered cast-off of the wars? I am ashamed of you. You have been in your cups, I warrant, the live-long night."

"Dame, I must speak, now," said Dauntrees.

"Thou, thou!" interrupted the hostess, with her face scarlet from anger. "Never in a Christian land should such as you be permitted to lift your head before honest people. His Lordship would do but justice to the province to chain you up in a dark stable, as a bull which may not be trusted at large. Did you not beguile me last night with a base lie? Did you not practice upon me, you faithless, false-hearted coward?" here tears fell from the flashing eyes of the voluble landlady. "Did you not steal that lob, my husband, from me, thief?"

"Appearances, dame," replied the Captain, with a grave composure, "if they might be trusted, were certainly to my disfavor last night. But, then, I knew that when this matter was all over, I had a most sufficient and excellent reason, which a considerate, virtuous, and tender-hearted woman like yourself would fully approve, when she came to hear it. There was matter in hand of great import and urgency: no revelling, dame—no riot—but brave service, enjoined by his Lordship, and which it was his Lordship's most earnest desire should be committed in part to your husband. It was an action of pith and bravery he had on hand; and his Lordship being well aware, dame, that Garret's wife was a woman of a loving heart, and gentle withal in her nature, and not fitted to endure the wringing of her affection by such a trial as the adventure imposed upon Garret, he charged me to make some light pretext for withdrawing your husband from your eye, which, by fraud, I confess, I did, and am now—since Garret hath worthily achieved his most perilous duty—here to avow my own treachery. There is promotion and great advantage at hand for this which will set up your head, dame the highest among them that wear hoods.

"We have barely escaped with our lives, Mistress Dorothy," said Weasel, in a whining accent of deprecation; "we should be made much of and praised for our duty, not be set upon with taunts and foul rebukes; and when you know all, wife, you will be sorry for this wounding of our good name."

"This is but another trick," said the landlandy.

"Nay, good Mistress," interrup- the Captain, "I will agree to be gibbeted by your own fair hand, if I do not satisfy you that in this adventure we are deserving of all applause. The Lieutenant at the fort, doubtless, told you that we were absent last night on special duty at his Lordship's command?"

"The varlet did feign such a story, when I thought to catch this fool in your company. And he would deny me, too, the nag; but I brought such coil about his ears that he was glad to give me the beast and set all gates open. Where do you say you have spent the night?"

"At the Black Chapel, mistress," said Weasel, with a most portentous solemnity of speech: "at the Black Chapel, by his Lordship's order; and, oh, the sights we have seen! and the time we have had of it, wife! it would make your blood freeze to hear it."

"On the honor of a soldier, dame! by the faith of this right hand!" said Dauntrees, as he offered it to the hostess and took hers, "I swear this is true. We have had a night of wonders, which you shall hear in full when the time suits. We are on our way now to the Crow and Archer, for you especial gratification."

"Can this be true, Arnold?" inquired the mollified and bewildered landlady. "I will believe what you say."

"You may trust in every word of it, as I am a Christian man. There be marvellous doings at the Black Chapel. We have seen spirits and devils in company."

"It is graver matter, wife, than you wot of," said Weasel.

"Ride forward, dame," added Dauntrees; "you shall see us soon at the hostel. And I promise you shall have the story, too, of the Mercer's Wife from beginning to end: you shall, dame."

"You are a wheedling, cogging cheat, Captain; thy roguery will have a melancholy end yet," replied the dame, as she now rode forward with a sunshiny smile playing upon features which but a few moments before were dark with storm.

When they reached the Crow and Archer they found a group of traders assembled on the quay, gazing with a busy speculation towards the mouth of the river. By degrees the crowd increased, and the rumor soon spread about that the Olive Branch was in sight. A vessel was, indeed, discernible across the long flat of St. Inigo's, just entering the river, and those who professed a knowledge of nautical affairs had no scruple in announcing her as the brigantine of Cocklescraft. She was apparently an active craft, belonging to the smaller class of sea-vessels, and manifestly a faster sailer than was ordinarily to be seen at that period. A fair and fresh breeze impelled her steadily towards her haven, and as she bounded over the glittering waters, the good folks of the little city were seen clustering in knots on every prominent cliff along the high bank, and counting the minutes which brought this messenger from the old world nearer to their salutation.

Meantime the Olive Branch began to show the sparkling foam which broke upon her bow: then to give forth voices from her deck, audible to the crowd; presently to lower sail; and at last, being stripped to her bare poles and naked rigging, she glided with lessening speed, slower and slower, until her extended cable showed that her anchor was dropped and her voyage at an end.

It was past noon when the brig came to her mooring, opposite the Town House wharf, and after a brief interval, Cocklescraft, arrayed as we have before seen him, except that he had changed his sombrero for a tasseled cap of cloth, landed on the quay, and soon became the lion of the Crow and Archer.

To Be Continued.

The distribution of hot springs in the United States coincides very closely with that of the mountain uplifts.