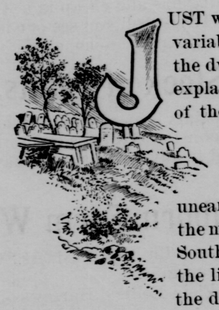
Land of Legendary Lore.



FROM this office there will soon be issued a book by the above title. It is written in flowing style, and portrays vividly the scenes in Talbot from its earliest settlement to the present day. There has been no work of the kind ever attempted before. It embraces biography, history, legends, manners, customs, and conduct of the people of Talbot. It is written by that man of many books, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, and will entertain every person who has ever known or heard of this part of Maryland. The chapters are numerous, nearly forty, and the illustrations are being made as rapidly as possible. The binding will be full cloth, library edition, handsomely engraved design on cover showing Wye House, the Lloyd Mansion, in the distance, the "canvas back," and Chesapeake Canoe in foreground. The book will be printed on handsome paper and may advance in price after publication. Cost of production already already warrants this assertion. The delay incident to getting out such a book is because of an endless amount of detail work in order that the book may not be slighted in the least degree. One of the most important requirements is "orders" and agents and solicitors are wanted. Liberal inducements made by writing to the publisher. Photographs of scenery, homes and historic places are also requested if sent immediately. Descriptive circulars sent on request. Specimen pictures are shown below.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD BURYING GROUNDS.



JUST why family graveyards were almost invariably placed in full sight of, and close to the dwelling house of the living is not easily explained. Some assert that it was a desire of the living to have their loved dead near them, while others say that in the olden time it was to protect the graves from Indian despoilation, or the bodies being unearthed by the wild animals. Whatever the motive the family burying grounds of the South are strangely near the habitation of the living. In many cases here in Talbot, the dead are inearthed close up to the mansion, or quite within a stone's throw of the broad piazzas upon which the families are wont to gather on summer evenings. These resting places of those who have gone before, under the eye of the living, seem a constant reminder that man's span of life was of short duration, and he, too, must soon go into the shadows of the Great Beyond.

In New England, and the Middle States the early settlers lived close together, the farms were not large, and a community had one burial place, there seldom being family burying grounds on a home estate. But in the South it was ever different and every plantation and farm, with rare exceptions, had its graveyard.

In Maryland, on the Eastern Shore and particularly in Talbot, these family burying grounds were a feature of every country home. Though there have been perhaps fewer changes here in Talbot of proprietorship of estates, so many remaining in the hands of descendants of the first American ancestors, yet there have a number changed ownership, and the bones of the dead went with the land, so to speak.

The change of owners meant also neglect of the burying ground on the estate; for new comers, unconnected by kindred ties with the dead, cared little, if anything, to keep the sacred spot in good condition; for death is sacred, and human ashes sanctify earth if anything does.

Talbot is dotted far and wide with these old family graveyards, a few in a fair state of preservation and well kept, yet most of them crumbling to decay, the brick walls a ruin, the gravestones time-worn, broken, moss-grown and even the inscriptions almost obliterated by the storms of many and many years. A few of these once respected sanctuaries of human ashes have even their history unwritten, while in places there are graves that are unknown entirely.

By a strange coincidence, however, one grave, standing alone and unmarked by a stone, many know of and recall its history. It is, however, marked by two trees, a large and small holly tree growing at the head and foot, and, *en passant*, I may remark that the holly grows to greater perfection and beauty in Talbot than any other place I ever knew. Many of them grow to the size of forest trees.

But to return to that lone grave. The one whose ashes rest there was a character, from all reports handed down of him. He was a hard drinker, or perhaps it would be as well to say an easy drinker, as he was fond of his glass at all times. He was also very fond of tobacco, smoking and chewing.

Dying, he did not wish to be deprived of either his rum or his tobacco, and doubtless having a respect for the Indian belief that one starting for the Happy Hunting Grounds should be well supplied, he left instructions that his coffin should be

Please cut this out and return it properly filled and signed or be kind enough to hand to a neighbor:

WILSON M. TYLOR, PUBLISHER, Easton, Md.

.....1898.

I hereby subscribe for.....copies of the book entitled **Land of Legendary Lore,** for which I agree to pay two dollars for each book after the same has been delivered, and upon inspection comes up to what was claimed for it in the advertisements—otherwise I disclaim this subscription.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

This party is responsible and the signature here placed is genuine.

.....Witness.

.....Address.

Persons who have acquaintances at a distance, or who know of those interested in Talbot county are requested to send their names to the publisher on a postal, and he will be glad to mail to such parties circulars descriptive of the book. Remember the offer of $2.00 per volume is not guaranteed after the book is produced. A well known publisher of Philadelphia in looking at the prospectus of the book said that the same would be cheap at $4 and ought to command $3 in advance. Send in your orders in writing, verbal orders not considered.

WILSON M. TYLOR, PUBLISHER.

MERRITT'S SWIFT MARCH.

A Notable Feat of the Colorado Ute Outbreak of 1879.

The selection of Gen. Wesley Merritt as military commander in the Philippines is particularly gratifying to the people of Colorado, who remember the important part he played in one of the most thrilling episodes of the State's early history. This was the Ute outbreak of 1879.

Eather Meeker was one of the kindest and most humane men that ever lived. Taking charge of the White River Agency in 1878 at a time when the relations between the settlers and the Indians were already strained, he attempted by kindness to soften the anger of the Indians and bring about an era of peace and good will. This attitude was looked upon by the Indians as an evidence of weakness. A year or two before one or two men had been killed on each side in brushes between the white men and the Indians, and to add to the hostile feelings of the Indians the Indian Bureau had sadly mismanaged affairs. All the supplies for the agency were in the Government warehouse at Rawlins, Wyo., and no efforts were being made to secure transportation from the railroad to the agency. The Indians were destitute and naturally blamed the agent for their condition, while the agent was helpless. The Utes finally went to Rawlins to endeavor to get some of the food and clothing that belonged to them, but the Government regulations were an insurmountable barrier to the accomplishment of their purpose, and the hungry squaws, pappooses and braves made the weary journey of 185 miles back to the agency. They had traveled 370 miles to get what was their own and had failed. Through the efforts of Agent Meeker the supplies were finally brought to the agency and the Indians were made more comfortable than they had been for years. But they were not satisfied. The long delay and their own sufferings had exasperated them, and they committed one outrage after another, until finally Agent Meeker became alarmed and sent for troops, after he had been brutally assaulted by Chief Johnson.

News of the serious state of affairs was carried to Rawlins by Col. John W. Steele, a mail contractor, who telegraphed the facts to Gen. Sheridan. Col. Wesley Merritt, commanding the Fifth Cavalry, was then stationed at Fort Russell, near Cheyenne, and Major T. T. Thornburg, of the Fourth Infantry, was at Fort Fred Steele, on the Union Pacific road, with a detachment of his regiment and a company of the Third Cavalry. Upon receipt of the request for troops from Agent Meeker, the War Department directed Gen. Sheridan to send a force to the agency, but the troops received special instructions that they were not to punish any Indians, only to inquire into the causes of the trouble and to restrain the Indians from further insubordination. Under no circumstances were the troops to fire in the event of a collision with the Indians. Hampered by such instructions, Major Thornburg went to the agency. He had only recently assumed command, and his first campaign in the West was his last. Col. Merritt was directed to afford Major Thornburg every assistance possible. The response to this order was characteristic of "Cavalry" Merritt, as he was best known in the Army of the Potomac. Within an hour after receiving his instructions, two troops of the Fifth Cavalry were on the way to reinforce Thornburg.

The command which left Rawlins on Sept. 14, 1879, consisted of Companies D and F, Fifth Cavalry, under the command of Capts. Payne and Lawson; Company E, Third Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Paddock, and Comyany E of the Fourth Infantry, commanded by Lieuts. Price and Woolley. At the old Fortification camp about fifty miles from Rawlins, the infantry was left behind to act as a reserve, and to afford protection for passing supply trains, while Major Thornburg, with the three troops, comprising 160 men, pushed on to the agency. A number of Indians were encountered at different times, and they all professed the greatest friendship, and went so far as to propose that Major Thornburg should take an escort of five men and accompany them to the agency. A consultation was held, and finally at the urgent appeal of Joseph Rankin, the scout in command, who feared treachery, Major Thornburg declined the invitation. He decided, however, to march the command within hailing distance of the agency and then, if the Indians desired a consultation, he would agree to it. When this answer was given the Indians rode away to bid their fellows prepare for an outbreak, and Thornburg and his men moved forward to their death.

At the crossing of Milk Creek, twenty-five miles north of the agency, the road passed through a defile with high bluffs on either side, affording an excellent opportunity for ambuscade. The defile was inside the reservation, and the Indians were on their own ground, with the soldiers tied up with instructions and at their mercy. Just before reaching the most dangerous part of the defile Major Thornburg, with the caution characteristic of a trained soldier, left the road and took a trail over the bluff. He had already taken the precaution to corral his wagons at the entrance to the defile three-quarters of a mile in the rear. As he turned off the road the Indians saw that their original plans had been disarranged and that they would have to fight in the open, but they did not decline the encounter. Major Thornburg had not proceeded far up the bluff when he was confronted by from 250 to 300 Indians well armed with Winchesters. He at once drew his men up in battle order and waited for the onset of the savages. It was apparent to every man in the command that the only way to insure its safety was to open fire before the Indians had a chance to make their dispositions. The scout, Rankin, an old Indian fighter, hurried to the side of the commander, pointed out to him the fact that he was being surrounded and that he was already flanked, and urged him to open fire, as that afforded the only avenue of escape.

"My God!" said Major Thornburg, "I dare not; my orders are positive, and if I violate them and survive, a court-martial and instantaneous dismissal may follow, I feel as though myself and men were to be murdered."

The Indians faced the troops about 300 yards distant and exhibited a determination to fight. They were rapidly throwing out flanking parties and placing themselves in a position to shut off the retreat of the doomed men. The cavalry was dismounted and placed in a position for defence, but was ordered not to fire until the Indians opened the attack. At last, when the Indians had made all preparations, they opened fire on the troops, who responded, retreating as they fired. By a sudden dash the Indians threw themselves between the retreating column and the wagon train. Maj. Thornburg at once mounted 25 of his men and headed them in one of the most daring cavalry charges on record. They reached the wagons, but Major Thornburg and thirteen of the men who made the charge were killed, and every officer was wounded except Lieut. Cherry of the Fifth Cavalry. A large number of men were also seriously hurt. Then began a siege which bid fair to result in the annihilation of the command. The Indians first picked off the horses and mules and within a short time from 150 to 200 animals had been killed. They were utilized for breastworks and aided in repelling the frequent assaults of the Indians.

Finally the situation became so desperate that Capt. Payne, on whom had devolved the command, decided to send for reinforcements. Scouts were sent out to find Capt. Dodge with his troop of colored cavalry, who were doing patrol duty in North and Middle Parks, and Scout Rankin undertook the desperate task of reaching the nearest telegraph station at Rawlins, Wyo., 160 mills away. Capt. Dodge was soon found, and he succeeded by a miracle in reaching the intrenched camp without encountering the enemy. Rankin got away in the night and made his famous ride of 160 miles in twenty-eight hours without injury, though he went through a country swarming with Indians.

It was on the evening of Sept. 30 that Col. Merritt received intelligence of the desperate condition of the little band. In less than half an hour from the time of receiving the news couriers and telegrams were flying to the different posts in the vicinity with orders to reach Rawlins by the nearest routes, and during the following day a strong force had been put into motion to go to the relief of their comrades. They were pushed forward as rapidly as the animals could travel and reached the entrenchments on Sunday morning, Oct. 5, the Indians retreating as soon as the head of the column came in sight. When Col. Merritt reached the scene, Capt. Payne, who had maintained a gallant fight for six days, though suffering from a wound, broke down completely, and, throwing his arms about his commander's neck, wept like a child. More than 200 horses were lying dead. Twenty men were dead and thirty wounded out of the 160 who went into the fight on the morning of Sept. 29.

After burying the dead, caring for the wounded and collecting what could be saved from the wreck and ruin, Col. Merritt pushed on to the agency, where he found that all the white men had been killed, the buildings plundered and burned, and the women carried off into captivity. The body of Agent Meeker was found 200 yards from the agency with a log chain about the neck, one side of the head crushed in and a barrel stave driven through the body. All the bodies were scalped and thoroughly mutilated. Chief Douglas, with a band of Indians who had remained at the agency, had begun the work of murdering the employees as soon as he received word that Capt. Jack had attacked the troops.

Col. Merritt established his headquarters at the agency, sent his report by courier to the telegraph office, and asked permission to follow the Indians up and capture the ringleaders of the outbreak, they to be punished according to law. In this suggestion he was supported by Gen. Sheridan, but the request was not granted. The women were rescued by the State authorities, and two or three of the leaders of the outbreak were captured, but none of them was ever punished. After remaining at the agency for three months pending an investigation set on foot by the Indian Bureau, Col. Merritt and his command retired to Fort Russell. His feat in assembling the troops from the different forts under his command and setting in motion a strong column within 24 hours to march 160 miles over mountain roads in three days and a half is almost without a parallel in the history of Indian warfare.

Reduced Rates to Nashville via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Christian Endeavor Convention.

On account of the Christian Endeavor International Convention, to be held at Nashville, Tenn., July 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets of the continuous passage, ironclad signature form, from stations on its line to Nashville, at rate of *single fare for the round trip*. Tickets will be sold, and good going, July 2 to 5; returning, tickets will be good to leave Nashville to July 15, inclusive, except that by depositing ticket with agent of terminal line at Nashville on or before July 15, return limit may be extended to leave Nashville to August 1, 1898, inclusive.

There is a nice line of Maslin Kettles holding from 8 to 16 qts. at hard time prices at

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