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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

Selected Poetry.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY E. S. RILEY, JR.

THERE cometh a bird, at twilight all still,
Holding a sad note, all solemn yet shrill,
Shricking it changeless, and voidless of trill,
Whilst pain it imparts, yet ne'er does it thrill,
With its sharp. sounding cry of harsh Whip-poor-will.

Leaving the wild wood. 'tis found at the mill,
As eve. with its shadows, trips light o'er the hill,
And bounding t' man's home from soft running rill,
He startles and makes our very blood chill,
At the shrill songless note of sad Whip-poor-will.

When fair Luna reigneth, our soothed mind t' fill
With dreaming poetic, these do ye kill
With gruff croakings loud from broad whiskereg bill,
That drive out gay thoughts, writ by the mind's quill,
By the doleful resounding of quick Whip-poor-will.

On deep, darksome nights, when devotees of still,
At midnight reel home, thou ceaseth to grill,
And hushed are the notes, that fall from thy gill,
As leaving the place of thy sky-colored dill,
There endeth the cry of the brown Whip-poor-will.

Thou, dweller 'mid graves stones, bringeth no ill,
Thy advent but heralds the season to till,
To farmer thou sayest, "with plow and with drill,
Up, ply thee with might, and unyielding skill,
While, I shall at eve, croak drear Whip-poor-will."

When cereus expands, and sweet dews distill,
Thou brown dusky fowl, art found by our sill;
When moonbeams are glancing, thou lingerest till
The dawn, then away to the deep wooded hill,
Where all day long, sleepeth the hushed Whip-poor-will.

Thou drear, mournful one, you've a lot to fulfil,
And lessons of labor, thou yet canst instill,
For whilst thou'rt crying, thou workest with will,
And many are they that owe much t' thy bill,
Thou, fretful old croaker that shrieks Whip-poor-will.

For while insects infest th' arbor to kill,
And death-worms their poisons in it do instill,
They yield to thy power, and fall 'neath thy bill;—
So whilst thou canst boast no gay plumaged frill,
Yet till thou art useful thou lone Whip-poor-will.

Written for the Transcript.

RED ELK.

A LEGEND OF THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

BY GRACE KENT.

PART I.

"Should you ask me whence these stories
Whence these legends and traditions?
With the odor of the forest,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the forest, from the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland
I repeat them, as I heard them,
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer,
Should you ask me where Nawadaha
Found these legends, and traditions,
Found these songs, so wild and wayward
I should answer, I should tell you
"In the bird nests of the forests,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoofprints of the bison,
In the eyrie of the eagle."

LONGFELLOW.

Three centuries ago, America was a vast wilderness, the buffalo and deer roamed free through the solemn aisles of the forests, and these depths of solitude resounded only to the wolf's shrill bark, or the still fiercer cry of the Red man; but *now* all this, is changed to scenes of civilization. Agriculture has stretched her hands over the country, and caused bold mansions to arise, where once rude wigwams stood. By the streams where, in those primeval times, bashful Indian maids, sat and twined, with beads their jetty tresses, and watched the reflex of their dusky eyes, great wharves *now* stand, and where the little birch canoe was only seen to glide along the margin of the waters, Commerce *now* reigns supreme, and brings her freighted ships from ports beyond the seas.

Towards the close of the year 1608, a fleet of vessels sailed from England laden with settlers and supplies for the little colony that was forming at Jamestown; as these vessels entered the Chesapeake Bay a violent storm arose, which produced much confusion among them, some cast anchor, others sailed on and entered the James river, while one was detached from the rest and driven by the violence of the wind entirely out of her course, she was somewhat disabled and entered a harbor, in the vicinity of the Patuxent river. The storm continued for several days, and the captain took this time, to employ the sailors, in repairing the damage done his vessel by the storm, they however, became in need of fresh water, but were afraid to venture on land to procure it, on account of the wild animals that infested the forest.

At the close of the second day, two of the emigrants, who possessed more courage than the rest, offered to go ashore and fill the casks with water, the little boat was lowered, and the men departed taking with them their guns and short swords, in case of an attack from wild beasts or Indians. They landed, fastened their boat to a broken tree, and went into the forest in search of some hidden spring from which to procure water, it was growing late, when after hunting about in vain, they returned to the boat, in order to re-embark for the ship, but what was their astonishment to find no vestige of the vessel. The storm had subsided, a favorable wind had arisen, and she had set sail and left the emigrants behind, nor did they ever see their friends and ship again.

Wilbur Le Brun and Brian Morcelle, (for these were their names,) left thus alone in midst of a wild unknown country, were at first appalled by their forlorn situation, the "shades of night were falling" and they knew not where to go, or what would become of them, after looking around them, they found an abundance of oysters growing on the logs and rocks, which afforded them a delightful repast; as darkness descended they got into their boat, and watched and slept alternately, first, however, carefully loading their guns, and placing them in readiness in case of an emergency, so the night passed, and day dawned upon these wanderers in a new country.

It was in late November, the air was cool but pleasant, the trees had changed from green, to those multitudes of gorgeous colors, only known to American forests.

The sun arose and glimmered through the leaves and sparkled on the tree tops illuminating the scene. The beauties of nature in their grandest form, tempted the strangers to remain and be content, far down in the liquid depths of the water, shadows of the overhanging boughs, moved restlessly about and seemed to beckon with their weired arms to them to stay.

And while Morcelle and Le Brun sat on the bank, and pondered on past scenes, and their present isolated situation gazing with admiring eyes upon the splendid panorama, a bird, (the first inhabitant of the wilds which they had seen) perched upon a branch above them, and poured forth a peal of melody that rang clear and free on the morning air, and awakened in their hearts feelings of adoration and thankfulness to the great Being who had watched over their welfare thus far, by sea and land.

They knelt upon the ground and offered prayer on high, commended themselves to the Divine care, and arose with spirits strengthened, and hearts ready to meet and brave the terrors, that probably awaited them.

Morcelle was the elder of the two, he was about thirty-five years of age. Le Brun was nineteen, with fair wavy hair and merry blue eyes. Morcelle was grave and sedate, being older. Le Brun was gay and light-hearted, but withal, fearless as a young lion. The two men were joined by the closest ties of friendship, and had left England for the purpose of adventure. What had been their past life before coming to this country, was never known.

After remaining a few days where they first landed, they again set forth, and this time upon a voyage of discovery, to find the head or source of the great Bay into which they had entered.

It was one of those Indian summers, which come off and on through the Autumn months. That peaceful time of the year when Nature rests behinds that misty veil which she hangs over valley and mountain, when she seems to say, as the days draw towards the close of the year, "that my work so far is accomplished." She seems to pause awhile to contemplate all the works of her hands, ere she throws a snowy pall over the dead leaves, flowers and birds, summer's children, or chains in their mountain beds the streams, and sets her frigid seal upon brook and river, creek and inlet, it was in one of these Indian summers, when the water is mirror-like, that the little boat with the wanderers moved along the coast of the Bay, advancing slowly towards the head, they sometimes stopped to slack their thirst at a cool spring hidden among the vines, or to gather a fresh supply of oysters for their daily food.

During their journey they caught no glimpse of either wild animals or savages, those terrors which they sometimes feared to meet.

At last they reached the upper part of the Bay, and first discovered those two small rivers the Elk and Sassafras. They went ashore on the South bank of the Sassafras, where they saw a cluster of "cone like cabins," which they took for an Indian settlement, nor were they mistaken, near the mouth of this small river, where fish and wild game were most abundant, and formed such splendid hunting grounds, was the village where resided the chief of all the land around, the Great Nemonset, sachem of the Chesapeakes.

This tribe of Indians was a branch of that extensive family of Algonquins which extend over the country from the Canadas to the Carolinas, and embraced all the tribes within that territory. Some tribes were more powerful and more conspicuous than others especially those in New England and Virginia this was because those states were first settled, and the colonists became familiar with the names of those Indians by coming in contact with them. By the time the Middle States were settled, years after, the most of the tribes occupying them, having heard of the encroachments of the white men to the North and the South, had moved farther and farther towards the West, and become identified with tribes beyond the Ohio.—We only know of the existence of these petty tribes, through the medium of tradition, that strange historian who writes indelible records on the minds of men.

At the time of the events in this story took place, tradition states the tribe of Indians on the Sassafras river known as the Chesapeakes, was much feared by the neighboring tribes. their chief Nemonset was a great warrior, over the door of his wigwam, a steeple of stag horns distinguished it from the rest, there hung thirty scalps that he had cleaved with his tomahawk, and twenty wolf skins. He was an old chief now, but his fame had gone abroad among the tribes for fifty winters. He had but one child, a daughter, called Hallulatu, or Star on the Lake, from the brilliancy of her eyes, which were as soft in their splendor as star beams on the wave.—Nemonset had promised this daughter in marriage to Red Elk, chief of the Delawares, when sixteen Mays had showered their blossoms on her young head. It was November, the following Spring the fierce young savage Red Elk, would come to claim her.

Bryan Morcelle and Wilbur Le Brun were men of gentle manners tho' bold and daring in disposition, and they felt assured from what they know of the Indian character of a friendly reception, if they were kind and forbearing with them.

In those very early times (before the bloody Indian wars, which happened later) the white man was received with kindness by the Indians, so these strangers met with much hospitality, from Nemonset, the mighty chief, of the Chesapeakes, although, at the same time, they were eyed with wonder and curiosity, being the first white settlers who had ever appeared in their midst.

PART II.

Morcelle and Le Brun soon adapted themselves to the habits of the Indians, they gave them their boat with the empty casks and cups for dipping water, the pieces of ropes and chains; the guns were looked upon with amazement, but the ammunition giving out, the soon became useless, Morcelle presented his watch to the chief and made him comprehend its mysterious mechanism. In various ways they gained their confidence and affection, the Indians on their part took the pale faces with them, on their hunting expeditions, after the Wild Turkey and Deer in the forests.

Morcelle and Le Brun, enjoyed with keen delight these sports, and at night when the Indians gathered on the shore, and built great fires and danced, it amused and interested them.

The winter passed away, spring came, and the time drew near when Nemonset was to give away his child. The old chief's heart grew sad, he could not bear to part with Hallulatu, so he sent a messenger to the Delaware chief saying he could not abide by the compact, Red Elk's reply was an arrow dipped in blood. Nemonset understood him, and prepared himself for the expected attack. Very soon a terrible battle took place, the forest wailed with the groans of the dying and wounded. Red Elk received an arrow in his shoulder and barely escaped with his life, he was carried off by his warriors bearing eternal vengeance in his heart, and swearing, he would yet return and secure his unwilling bride.

Hallulatu was well content to remain at home with her people.

The gentle voice and mild blue eyes of the stranger paleface Le Brun, pleased her fancy. Morcelle was devoted to hunting and left them much together. Le Brun was very young and tired of the chase, it pleased him better to wander through the woods and by the streams with this young Indian girl, this child of nature beautiful as the stars, her namesake, shy and wild as the fawn, on the mountain, having a matchless grace in her slight lithe form and witchery untold in those soft, bright eyes, fascinated the mind of Wilbur Le Brun, until he forgot old England, and was content to dwell forever on the Chesapeake with his forest love.

Days passed and found them happy with each other, sometimes he would gather ripe red berries or brilliant flowers and twine in her long black hair, or make wristlets of bark or stone, and clasp round her dusky arms, and Hallulatu's bright eyes would flash with pleasure and delight at these simple decorations. She always wore a crown of feathers on her head and her dress was deer skin interwoven with the plumage of the rarest birds. She made a brilliant picture, with her bright eyes, black hair and gorgeous dress. As time passed, Le Brun unconsciously taught her that same old story, known alike to queens and peasants in all ages of the world, since the time that Eve's young heart throbbed among the beauties of Paradise.

PART III.

Summer was gone, the frost glistened on leaf and blade of grass, still the strangers lingered, at night over the camp fires the Indians sang and told their wild traditions, some of which are altogether lost others have come down to us. They told of Nemœna, the witch who lived in a cave and attracted the young squaws to her cave, by throwing out, Will o' the wisps' for them chase and catch, and so get lost in the deep swamps.

They had another legend of a famous *pond* in the woods, whose waters they said were always *still* and never froze in winter, this pond was situated a few miles west from the Chesapeake settlement, and I shall give the legend connected with it at some future time.

The tribe had not been disturbed by any battles since the repulse of Red Elk, and he was in fact forgotten; when one night in late October, when the wind whistled drearily over the waters, and the mournful cry of the wild goose was heard in the distance, the tribe were awakened by a yell that sounded above the wind, and echoed far down the Chesapeake.

Red Elk was near, and with him all the warriors from every allied tribe in the region of the Delaware. The Chesapeake Indians were surprised and unprepared for the attack, but they aroused from their slumbers and rushed furiously upon their foes.

Morcelle and Le Brun lent their aid, to the aged sachem; all night they fought, and yell and shriek rose high in the air and mingled with the wailing cry of the women.

At last Red Elk, directed his men to fire the village, with blazing fire-brands they rushed upon it, burning, hewing with their tomahawks all before them, hundreds of arrows like pointed hail, flew around while the sky was illumined with the fearful conflagration.

The sad eyed Pleiad sisters looked down, mournfully upon the scene.

In the midst of this tumult and confusion, Red Elk sought the "star on the lake," but she was missing, furious with rage and disappointment he rushed to the river where an Indian said she had gone.

There a hundred yards from shore, he saw her and her English lover in a canoe, making for the opposite bank. He yelled with fury, he could not reach them, but should the paleface have his bride, "never," quick as thought an arrow left the quivering bow, aimed at the heart of Le Brun, but Hallulatu, saw it, and sprang between and so it penetrated both, they fell into the wild waves that were lapping the shore around.

The Chesapeake Indians uttered a cry of despair, when they saw the death of their Princess and they fought with greater fury, but at last were over powered.

Red Elk bore off many prisoners, among them the aged sechem Nemonset and Bryan Morcelle, the former died of his wounds, Morcelle was doomed to be burned but escaped and made his way by the assistance of some friendly Indians, but through many difficulties: as far north as the Dutch colony, forming on the Hudson. There he narrated his adventures, and remained awhile, but the sad fate of Le Brun his companion and friend saddened him, he sailed for England and years afterwards, some of his descendants came back to this country and settled on the Patuxtent river. But few of the Chesapeake indians escaped, these few, were hidden behind trees, in the forest, and crept from their hiding places, the morning after the massacre.

The tide cast upon the shore the bodies of Le Brun and Hallulatu; her soft red check was pressed against his fairer one, death held them in a tight embrace, her feathered crown was part buried in the sand, her soft eyes were closed to open in the region of the blessed, where Manetou, the great spirit was waiting to receive her.

Some of the broken and scattered tribe made them a grave upon the bank and with them were buried the young braves who fell the night before.

After the Indian custom, a huge pile of *stones* was erected on the spot and this rough msnument remained for many years, until the settlement of our state by the Catholic emigrants, then the owners of this tract bordering on the Sassafras, seeing the remains of this Indian burying ground, called tract of land by the name of *Stone-ton,* and this name remains at the present day.

There is a tradition, that after the downfall of the Chesapeakes, when the nights are cold in late October the wind and wave joined together in a requiem, which they have sung a hundred years, and the sea gull takes up the mournful wail as it sweeps over the graves of the lovers.

Every trace of the people, who once owned our soil is gone, except when children sometimes pick up a broken dart or tomahawk that has been thrown to light by the plough-share.

As the poet says:

"They are swept away like withered leaves
Before the Autumn Gale."

A Curious Calculation.

Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occupied by the whole population now living on this globe if congregated together; and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have even doubted whether such a number of human beings could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the averaged population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclusion: that the smallest county of Pennsylvania would afford sitting room for all the men, women and children now alive on the earth, and that a number of human beings, equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of the largest county in Pennsylvania

A Monkey Teacher.

In my drinking days I had a friend who had a monkey which he valued at a high price. We had always taken him out to our chesnut parties. He shook off our chesnuts for us, and when he could not shake them off, he would go to the end of the limb and knock them off with his first. One day we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass of brandy was left, and Jack took the glass and drank the contents, the effects of which soon brought him into full operation—skipping, hopping and dancing most entertainingly. Jack was drunk. It was agreed that we should come to the tavern the next day, and get Jack again, and have sport all day.

I called in the morning at my friend's house, who went after Jack. But instead of being as usual on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and there he was crouched up in a heap.

"Come out here," said his master.

Jack came out on three legs, applying his forepaw to his head. He had the headache. He felt just as I have felt many a morning. He was sick and couldn't go, so we put off three days.—We then met, and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs.

"Come here, Jack, and drink," said his master, holding out a glass to him.

Jack retreated, and as the door was opened, he slipped out and in a moment he was on the roof of the house.

His master went and called him down. He refused, however, to obey. My friend got a cow skin and shook it at him, which the monkey disregarded, and continued on the ridge pole, obstinately disobedient.—His master got a gun and pointed it at him, but unsuccessfully. He then got two guns and pointed one on each side of the house, then the monkey, seeing his bad case, whipped up the chimney, and got down one of the flues, holding on by his fore paws. My friend kept that monkey for twelve years afterwards, but never could prevail on him to taste another drop of whiskey.

The Sabbath.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest!" No books to post, no orders to fill, no projects to think over, no politics to discuss—none of the thousand wearing, temper-trying, heart-worrying cares of the every-day world, to-day. One day of quiet and tranquility—"emblem of eternal rest."

How sweetly comes the peace of the Sabbath morning after the toils and agitations of the week! Balmy as odors of orient spicy groves; gentle as the breath of sleeping infants, or the dying winds of evening; pure as the incense that rises before the throne of God comes the calm of this holy morning—"day of all the week the best." It is the day of home—home hushed and quiet, home beautiful and full of comfort. To-day the father is at home, and the mother with brow free from week-day cares, sits beside him; and the memories of sabbaths in the by-gone time, when love made the day of repose time of joy, come back in their pleasantness.—Father is at home and the little ones hang at his knee, telling their joys and troubles of the past week, and rejoicing that for a whole day he would be their company and lavish upon them, uninterrupted, his loving words and smiles.

Aye, pure, sweet and holy is the day of rest in the family; but it is all too brief—transient as the outline of the silvery vapor that floats on the summer sky—for the rush and turmoil of the troubling world come back to-morrow. Let not that thought mar the gentle joy of this sweet day; remember, rather, there is a "home" whose peace is never interrupted, whose joy is never broken, whose repose treads on to-morrow, and that a part of the privileges and happiness of to-day is to secure a place in that family whose circle is united forever more, in our Father's home on high.

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love, yet it is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night, the other is the rich fruit from the flower, that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away, when "hopes and fears that kindle hope," cease, when selfish jealousies and lover's quarrels are buried, when "honeymoons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye lost its moisture, then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home—a love such as youth never dreamed of nor realized.

A Maine man gives this method of treating baulky horses as follows: "Let me inform humane men and hostlers, and all who hold the rein, that the way to cure baulky horses is to take them from the carriage and whirl them rapidly round till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this—one at the horse's tail.—Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One dose will often cure him; two doses generally will; three doses are final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir.

"Grandma," said a sharp child "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you buy me some I will give you a part."

A Young woman being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

An editor, referring to an air-tight coffin, says, "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

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