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Maryland Journal.

VOL. I. ROCKVILLE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1846. No. 52.

STATE OF MARYLAND, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, *to wit*:—On application to the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of said county, in the State of Maryland, by petition in writing of LEVIN HOUSE of the county and State aforesaid, stating that he is in actual confinement for debt and for no other cause, and praying for the benefit of the act of Assembly, entitled "an Act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors," passed at November session, 1805, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms therein mentioned, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors so far as he can ascertain, them, being annexed to his petition and the said Levin House having satisfied me by competent testimony, that he has resided two years within the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the time of his application, and having also satisfied me by the certificate of P. J. Connell Deputy for D. H. Candler Sheriff of said county, that he is in canfinement for debt and for no other cause, and the said Levin House having taken the oath by the said act prescribed for the delivering up of his property, and given sufficient security for his personal appearance before the Judges of the next County Court of said county, to be held at the Court-house in Rockville, in and for said county, on the first Monday of March next, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed William O. Chappell his trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from the said Levin House a conveyance and possession of all his property, real, personal and mixed, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted,) and the said trustee having certified the delivery into his possession, of all the property of the said petitioner mentioned in his schedule—I do hereby order and adjudge, that the said Levin House be discharged from imprisonment, and that he give notice to his creditors, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said county, once a week for the space of three months before the first Monday of March next, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said Levin House should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements, as prayed. Given under my hand and seal, this 25th day of October, 1815. NATHAN HOLLAND.

Copy test, S. T. STONESTREET, Clerk.
dec 3—3m

STATE OF MARYLAND, MONTGOMERY COUNTY *to wit*:—On application to the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of said county, in the State of Maryland, by petition in writing of WILLIAM DOYLE of the county and State aforesaid, stating that he is in actual confinement for debt and for no other cause, and praying for the benefit of the act of Assembly entitled "an Act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors," passed at November session eighteen hundred and five, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms therein mentioned, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors so far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said William Doyle having satisfied me by competent testimony, that he has resided two years within the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the time of his application, and having also satisfied me by the certificate of the Sheriff of said county, that he is in confinement for debt and for no other cause, and the said William Doyle having taken the oath by the said act prescribed for the delivering up of his property, and given an sufficient security for his personal eppearance before the Judges of the next County Court of said county, to be held at the Court-house in Rockville, in and for said county, on the first Monday of March next, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him, and having appointed Nelson Burns his trustee, who has given bond as such, and received from the said William Doyle a conveyance and possession of all his property, real, personal and mixed, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted,) and the said trustee having certified the delivery into his possession, of all the property of the said petitioner mentioned in his schedule—I do hereby order and adjudge, that the said William Doyle be discharged from imprisonment, and that he give notice to his creditors, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said county, once a week for the space of three months before the first Monday of March next, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said William Doyle should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements, as prayed. Given under my hand and seal, this 11th day of November 1845.

NATHAN HOLLAND.

Copy test, S. T. STONESTREET,

POETRY.

THE NEST AMONG THE GRAVES.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The cloudless sun went down
Upon a church-yard scene,
And there a quiet nest I mark'd
Hid in an evergreen,
As wandering mid the hallow'd mound
With velvet verdure drest,
I paused where two sweet sisters lay
In death's unbroken rest.

There was a marble seat
Beside that couch of clay,
Where oft the mournful mother sate
To pluck the weeds away,
And bless each infant bud,
And every blossom fair,
That breath'd a sigh of fragrance round
The idols of her care.

The unfledg'd birds had flown
Far from their nest away,
Yet still within the imprisoning tomb
Those gentle sleepers lay;
But surely as those bright-wing'd birds
Forsook the sheltering tree,
And soar'd with joyous flight to heaven,
Such shall their rising be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Review.

DEATH OF WIND FOOT.

AN INDIAN STORY.

BY W. WHITEMAN.

Three hundred years ago—so heard I the tale not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race from whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang—three hundred years ago, where now stands one of the most powerful of the American States, lived a pretty Indian tribe, governed by a brave and wise chieftain. This chieftain was called by a name which in our language signifies Unrelenting. His deeds of courage and subtlety made him renowned through no small portion of the northern continent. There were only two dwellers in his lodge—himself and his youthful son, for twenty moons had filled and waned since his wife, following four of her offspring, was placed in the burial ground.

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveller from a distant tribe had entered the village, and desired food and repose. Such a petition was never slighted by the red man; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chief himself. Among that simple race, no duties were considered more honorable than arranging the household comforts of the guest, those duties were now performed by the host's own hand, his son having not yet returned from the hunt on which he had started with a few young companions at early dawn. In a little while, the wayfarer was led into the dwelling by him who had given the first notice of his arrival.

"You are welcome, my brother," said the Unrelenting.

The person to whom this kind salute was addressed was an athletic Indian, apparently of middle age, and habited in the scant attire of his species. He had the war tuft on his forehead, under which flashed a pair of brilliant eyes.—His rejoinder was friendly and brief.

"The chief's tent is lonesome—his people are away?" continued the stranger, after a pause, casting a glance of inquiry around.

"My brother says true that it is lonesome," the other answered. "Twelve seasons ago, the Unrelenting saw five children in the shadow of his wigwam, and their mother was dear to him. He was strong, like a cord of many fibres. Then the breath of Manita snapped the fibres one by one asunder. He looked with a pleasant eye upon my sons and daughters, and wished them for himself."

The Unrelenting turned as he spoke, and pointed to an object just inside the opening of the tent.

A moment or two before the figure of a boy had guided noiselessly in and taken his station back of the chief. Hardly twelve years seemed the age of the new comer. He was a noble child!—His limbs, never distorted with the ligatures of civilized life, were graceful as the ash, and symmetrical and springy as the bounding stag's. It was the last and loveliest of the chieftain's sons—the soft-lipped, nimble Wind-Foot.

With the youth's assistance, the preparations for their frugal meal were soon completed. After finishing it, as the stranger appeared to be weary, a heap of skins was arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.

It was a lovely summer evening.—The moon shone, the stars twinkled, and the thousand voices of a forest night sounded in every direction. The chief and his son reclined at the opening of the tent, enjoying the cool breeze which blew freshly upon them, and flapped the piece of deer-hide that served for their door, sometimes flinging it down so as to darken the apartment, then raising it suddenly up again, as if to let in the bright moonbeams.

Wind-Foot spoke of his hunt that day. He had met with no success, and, in a boy's impatient spirit, wondered why it was that others' arrows should hit the mark, and failure be reserved for him alone. The chief heard him with a sad smile, as he remembered his own youthful traits; he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same perverse fortune.

"Many years since," said the chief, "when my cheek was soft, and my arms felt the numbness of but few winters, I myself vainly traversed our hunting grounds, as you have done to-day.—This dark Influence was around me, and not a single shaft would do my bidding."

"And my father brought home nothing to his lodge?" asked the boy.

"The Unrelenting came back without any game," the other answered; "but he brought what was dearer to him and his people than the fattest deer or the sweetest bird meat!—he brought the scalp of an accursed Kansi!"

The voice of the chief was deep and sharp in its tone of hatred.

"Will my father," said Wind-Foot, "tell."

The child started, and paused. An exclamation, a sudden guttural noise, came from that part of the tent where the stranger was sleeping. The dry skins which formed the bed rustled, as if he who lay there was changing his position, and then all continued silent. The Unrelenting proceeded in a lower tone, fearful that they had almost broken the slumber of their guest.

"Listen!" said he, "you know a part, but not all the cause of hatred there is between our nation and the abhorred enemies whose name I mentioned. Longer back than I can remember, they did mortal wrong to your fathers. The scalps of two of your near kindred hang in Kansi lodges, and I have sworn, my son, to bear them a never ending hatred.

"On the morning of which I spoke, I started with fresh limbs and a light heart to search for game. Hour after hour, I roamed the forest but with no success; and at the setting of the sun I found myself weary and many miles from my father's lodge. I laid down at the foot of a tree, and sleep came over me. In the depth of the night, a voice seemed whispering in my ears; it called me to rise quickly—to look round. I started to my feet and found no one there but myself: then I knew that the Dream Spirit had been with me. As I cast my eyes about in the gloom I saw a distinct brightness. Treading softly, I approached. The light was that of a fire, and by the fire lay two sleeping figures. O, I laughed the quiet laugh of a deadly mind, as I saw who they were—a Kansi warrior, and a child, like you, my son, in age. I felt the edge of my tomahawk—it was keen as my hate. I crept towards them as a snake crawls through the grass. I bent over the slumbering boy; I raised my weapon to strike. But I thought that were they both slain no one would carry the tale to the Kansi tribe. My vengeance would be tasteless to me if they knew it not—and I spared the child. Then I glided to the other; his face was of the same cast as the first, which gladdened me, for I then knew they were of close kindred. I raised my arm—I gathered my strength—I struck, and cleft the warrior's brain in quivering halves!"

The chief had gradually wrought himself up to a pitch of loudness and rage, and his hoarse tones at the last part of his narration, rang croakingly through the lodge.

At that moment, the deer hide curtain kept all within darkness; the next it was lifted up, and a flood of the moonlight filled the apartment. A startling sight was back there, then! The strange Indian was sitting up on his couch, his distorted features glaring toward the unconscious ones in front with a look like that of Satan to his antagonist angel.—His lips were parted, his teeth clenched, his arm raised, and his hand doubled—every nerve and sinew in bold relief.—This spectacle of fear lasted only for a moment; the Indian at once sank noiselessly back, and lay with the skins wrapped round him as before.

It was now on an advanced hour of the night, Wind-Foot felt exhausted by his day's travel, the father and son arose from their seat at the door, and retired to rest. In a little while, all was silence in the tent; but from the darkness, which surrounded the bed of the stranger, flashed two fiery orbs, rolling about incessantly like the eyes of an angry wild beast. The lids of those orbs closed not in slumber during the night.

Among the former inhabitants of this continent, it was considered rudeness of the highest degree, to annoy a traveller or a guest with questions about himself, his last abode or his future destination. Until he saw fit to go, he was made welcome to stay, whether for a short time or a long one. Thus, on the morrow, when the strange Indian showed no signs for departing, the chief expressed not the least surprise, but felt indeed a compliment indirectly paid to his powers of entertainment.

Early the succeeding day, the Unrelenting called his son to him while the stranger was standing at the door. He told Wind Foot that he was going on a short journey, to perform which and return, would probably take him till nightfall. He enjoined the boy to remit no duties of hospitality towards his guest and bade him be ready at evening with a welcome for his father.

The sun had marked the middle of the afternoon, when the chief finishing what he had to do sooner than he had expected, came back to his own dwelling, and threw himself on the floor to obtain rest, for the day, though pleasant, had been a warm one. Wind Foot was not there, and after a little interval the chief stepped to a lodge near by to make inquiry after him.

"The young brave," said a woman, who appeared to answer his questions, "went away with the chief's strange guest many hours since."

The Unrelenting turned to go back to his tent.

"I cannot tell the meaning of it," added the woman, "but he of the fiery eye bade me, should the father of Wind Foot ask about him, say to the chief these words: *Unless your foe sees you drink his heart's blood, that blood loses half its sweetness!*"

The Unrelenting started as if a scorpion had stung him. His lips trembled, and his hand involuntarily moved to the handle of his tomahawk. Did his ears perform their office truly? Those sounds were not new to him. Like a floating mist, the gloom of past years rolled away in his memory, and he recollected that the words the woman spoke were the very ones he himself had uttered to the Kansi child whose father he slew long, long ago, in the forest! And this stranger? Ah, now he saw it all. He remembered the dark looks of his guest—and carrying his mind back again, traced the features of the Kansi in their matured counterpart. And the chief felt too, conscious for what terrible purpose Wind Foot was in the hands of this man. He sallied forth, gathered together a few of his warriors, and started swiftly to seek the child.

About the same hour that the Unrelenting returned from his journey, Wind Foot several miles from home, was just coming up to his companion, who had gone a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty giant of the woods that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed about with his new acquaintance through one path and another with the heedlessness of his age, and now while the latter sat in perfect silence for several minutes, Wind Foot idly sported near him. It was a solemn spot, in every direction around were towering patriarchs of the wilderness growing and decaying in the solitude. At length the stranger spoke:

"Wind Foot!"

The child, who was but a few yards off, approached at the call. As he came near, he stopped in alarm; his companion's eyes had that dreadfully bright glitter again—and while they looked at each other, terrible forebodings rose in the boy's soul.

"Young chieftain,' said the stranger, "you must die!"

"The brave is in play," was the response, "Wind Foot is a little boy."

"Serpents are small at first," replied the savage, "but in a few moons they have fangs and deadly poison. Hearken, branch from an evil root—I am a Kansi! The youth your parent spared in the forest has now become a man. Warriors of his tribe point to him and say, "His father's scalps adorn the lodge of the Unrelenting, but the wigwam of the Kansi is bare! Wind Foot, it must be bare no longer!"

The boy's heart beat quickly—but beat true to the stern courage of his ancestors.

"I am the son of a chief," he answered, "my cheeks cannot be wet with tears."

The Kansi looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant scowls. Then producing from the inner part of his dress a withe of some tough bark, he stepped to Wind Foot, and began binding his hands. It was useless to attempt resistance, for besides the disparity of their strength, the boy was unarmed, while the savage had at his waist a hatchet, and a stone weapon resembling a poinard. He pointed to Wind Foot the direction he must take, gave a significant touch at his girdle, and followed close on behind.

When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child and that fearful stranger, they were lucky enough to find the trail which the absent ones had made. None except an Indian's eye could have tracked them by so slight and devious a guide. But the chief's sight was sharp with paternal love; they followed on—winding, and on again—at length coming to the fallen tree.—The trail was now less irregular, and they traversed with greater rapidity.—Its direction seemed towards the shores of a long, narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. Onward went they, and as the sun sunk in the west, they saw his last flickering gleams reflected upon the waters of the lake. The grounds here were almost clear of trees, and as they came out, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the range with their keen eyes.

Was it so indeed? There, on the grass not twenty yards from the shore, were the persons they sought—and fastened near by a canoe. They saw from his posture that the captive was bound; they saw too, that if the Kansi should once get him in the boat, and gain a start to the opposite side, where very likely some of his tribe were waiting for him, release would be almost impossible. For a moment only they paused. Then the Unrelenting sprang off, uttering the battle cry of his tribe, and the rest joined in the terrible chorus and followed him.

As the sudden sound was swept along by the breeze to the Kansi's ear, he jumped to his feet, and with that wonderful self-possession which dis inguished his species, determined at once what was safest and surest for him to do. He seized Wind Foot by the shoulder, and ran towards the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. It was a fearful race, and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick as the Indian dragging his child, approached the water's edge.

"Turn, whelp of Kansi!" the chief madly cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm warrest against children. Turn, if thou darest and meet the eye of a full grown brave!"

A loud taunting laugh was borne back from his flying enemy in the ears of the furious father. The savage did not look round but twisted his left arm, and pointed with his finger to Wind Foot's throat. At that moment he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy heard his father's voice and gathered his energies, faint and bruised as he was, for a struggle. Vain his efforts! for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foe, and fell upon the ground. That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kansi. With the speed of lightning the cord twanged sharply—and a poison tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to its mission it cleft the Indian's side just as he was stooping to lift Wind Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek; his blood spouted from the wound, and he staggered down upon the sand. His strength, however, was not yet gone. Hate and measureless revenge—the stronger that they were baffled—raged within him and shot through his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with death-damps. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind Foot. He felt to his waistband and drew forth the weapon of stone. He laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—he shouted aloud—he raised the weapon in the air, and just as the death-rattle sounded in his throat, the instrument, (the shuddering eyes of the child saw it, and shut their lids in intense agony,) came down, driven too surely to the heart of the hapless boy.

When the Unrelenting came up to his son the last signs of life were fading in the boy's countenance. His eyes opened and turned to the chief; his beautiful lips parted in a smile, the last effort of expiring fondness. On his features fitted a lovely look, transient as the ripple athwart the wave, a slight tremor shook him, and the next minute Wind Foot was dead.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—The Newburyport (Mass.) Advertiser says that a Mr. Short lately slipped from a wagon, and it was supposed died soon afterwards; but while preparations were making for his interment, and the corpse placed in the coffin, the doctor discovering that the glass in the coffin lid was somewhat covered with vapor, took his handkerchief for the purpose of removing it; but finding that it proceeded from the inside of the glass, he at once pronounced the man alive, and he was taken from his "narrow house," and he is now as well as ever he was in his life!

Clergymen should recollect that long sermons do not set well upon hungry stomachs.

Important from Mexico.

The Mexican schooner Julia arrived here this morning from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the 30th ult., and from the city of Mexico to the 23d ult. The Julia also brought J. Tilghman Hoffman, Esq. bearer of despatches to our Government, from whom we learn that Paredes was certainly on his march to the city of Mexico, and that our Minister, Mr. Slidell, was still there. From the Vera Cruz and Mexico papers we have hurriedly gleaned the following important news:—*N. O. Tropic, Jan.* 13.

The Monteur of the 21st ult. says that the Supreme Government has appointed Gen. Bustamente Commander in Chief, and Gen. Rorregon his second in command, of the Army to oppose Gen. Paredes. That paper says the Government is indefatigably working to quell the revolt, and that it has already taken the necessary measures to put the Capital in a state of defence, and given out 3,000 guns to be distributed among the citizens. On the 21st ult., the Senate concurred with the Government in giving Dictatorial powers to President Herrera. El Siglo says that Paredes had seized upon the Public Treasury of the Fair at St. Juan, which had been committed to his charge. El Veracruzana of the 24th says that on the 23d a salute from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, under the command of Cassanova, announced the first movement of the Army and Navy in favor of the proclamation of San Louis Potosi, by Gen. Paredes, and that it was immediately seconded by the garrison of the place at whose head is the brave Laudero, with the exception of a part of the battalion Sigero, numbering about 100 men, who left their barracks with their officers, refusing to join their companions. This body, as they were marching out, fired a volley on those who remained, killing a captain and ten veterans, and wounding three others.

It then marched to the Government palace, and was ordered to quarter in the Convent of San Francisco, where they remained at the latest dates. The same paper says that at a later hour it learned that the city and garrison of Jalapa had pronounced in favor of Paredes, and that it was momentarily waitng for a similar movement in Orisana and the fortress of Perote.

On the 23d, the forces of Paredes were said to be only three days march from the city of Mexico.

On the 24th, the troops at Puebia under Gen. Inclan, who had received orders to march to the Capital, refused to depart, and it was certain that, notwithstanding the efforts of the General to the contrary, they would soon declare in favor of Paredes.

Mexico, it was said, would in a few days open its gates to Paredes.

The Vera Cruzano of the 20th, says that it learns by letters, of responsible persons, from Mexico, that the imbecile and short sighted Cabinet had mortgaged to England the department of Yucatan, on condition that she would pay its immense debt. There, says that paper, are facts that will soon be divulged.

A Circular of the 24th, transmitted by President Herrera to the Governors of the different Departments, delegates to said Governors the tremendous extraordinary powers with which Congress had invested him, and already had the Capital of the Republic begun to feel the weight of such despotism, as imprisonments, irrespective of persons or characters, had become common, and even the Arch Bishop Garduno, had been obliged to fly from the persecutions that awaited him. Gen. Ampudia had gone over to the revolutionists, and the Government troops had publicly espoused their cause.

Gen. Almonte was concealed, fearing persecutions.

The latest intelligence is to the effect that Perote had declared itself for Paredes, and that the numerous cavalry of that General were in the near vicinity of the Capital. His artillery and infantry were between the city and Arroya-Sarco. The cities of Orizava and Guanajunato had also declared for Paredes at the approach of his forces.

Gen. Urrea, says El Siglo of the 19th, has been defeated by the forces of Generals Campuzana and Cuesta, each party having lost about 60 persons.

The same paper says that the Government Council, after long deliberation, had determined not to receive Mr. Slidell in his ordinary official capacity, notwithstanding its previous engagement to receive a Plenipotentiary from the United States with special powers to treat on the subject of Texas. This conclusion of the Government took place after Mr. Parrott had reached Mexico on his return from the U. States. In the *Monitor* of the 23d is published Herrera's proclamation calling upon his compatriots to rally in defence of the laws.

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