MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1834.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

"And, Thou, Lord in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are works of thine hands.

"They shall perish; but thou remainest: and they all shall wax old as doth a garment;

"And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

HEB. CHAP. 1. 10, 11, 12 v.

The deep foundations of the earth are thine,
Laid by thy hands Almighty, when of old
From ancient chaos order rose, and light
From darkness, beauty from a shapeless mass,
A glorious orb from its Creator's hands
It came in light and loveliness arrayed,
Crowned with green emerald mountains tinted with gold,
And wearing as a robe the silver sea,
Studded with jewels of resplendent [illegible]
[illegible] the heavens are thine — [illegible]
That moves his [illegible] beneath thy [illegible]—
The ocean fount of all the streams of light
That pour their beauty [illegible] the wide,
[illegible] ether, watering with their rays
The wide [illegible] the burning sands
Of dark [illegible] barriers throw
Against the [illegible] their crystal streams,
[illegible]
[illegible] thy character grand,
In which upon the page of [illegible] heaven
Thy hand [illegible] by grace,
The glory, thy magnificence and power,
For eye of man and angel to behold,
[illegible] wondered o'ore.
[illegible] Earth with time
[illegible]

[illegible]

From the London Literary Souvenir.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

The forests of North America are now unceasingly granting under the axe of the backwoodsman; and it is no uncommon spectacle to behold a village smiling on the spot, which a few months before, was an almost impracticable forest, or the haunt alone of the wild beast and the savage.

'Great changes!' I exclaimed as I alighted at the door of a log building, in front of which hung a rude sign to arrest the steps of the traveller. 'A few years ago, there was scarcely the trace of a white man to be seen, where I now behold a flourishing town and a numerous colony of inhabitants—large tract of forest land enclosed, and corn shooting up amid the dying trunks of its aboriginal trees.

'Our village thrives,' was the laconic remark of a tall, slender personage, who was lounging against the sign post of the village inn, around which half a dozen idlers were assembled.

'True; civilization has made rapid strides—but the red men, I perceive, have not yet disappeared from among you.' (Four or five Indians were lying stretched upon a bank at a short distance from the inn door, basking in the rays of the setting sun.)

'Not yet,' was the reply. 'They come into the [illegible] to sell their peltries; but at present they [illegible] very well satisfied with the intercourse we have had together.'

'How so? Do you take advantage of their ignorance of the value of their merchandise?'

'Possibly we do; but that is not their chief cause of dissatisfaction. They still prefer their council grove and summary punishment, to our court house and prison.'

'Court-house and prison! Cannot so small a community as this be kept together without the aid of such establishments?'

'I know not; but few communities, however small, are willing to try the experiment. As yet our prison had but one tenant, and to his fate may be attributed the surly deportment of yonder savages. They belong to the same tribe.'

I expressed a curiosity to hear the particulars of his story. My communicative friend led the way into the tavern, where, as soon as we were seated, he commenced his account in nearly the following words:

'Tangoras was the chief of a neighbouring tribe of Indians. He is now advanced in years, but still retains much of the vigor of youth. Brave, expert in the chase, patient of fatigue, and beloved by his people, his voice is a law; for he is looked upon as the sole remaining example of what the tribe was before the whites appeared among them.

'He seems to have beheld the progress of civilization with the same feelings as the shipwrecked mariner watches the approach of the wave that is to wash him from the rock on which he has attained a foot hold. The land of his fathers had been wrested from him. He defended it bravely, until resistance was found to be fruitless; and when he became subject to the laws of the pale faces, he viewed their proceedings as tyrannical, and himself as little better than a slave.

'They told him that his condition would be ameliorated; but they would not suffer him to be happy in his own way; and, unluckily for the old chief, no one can define happiness in such a manner as will accord with the conception of another. All imagine they comprehend its meaning, and all differ. From the cradle to the grave, we are struggling to catch it; but, like the delusive vessel formed of mists, it vanishes when considered nearest, and leaves us hopeless and alone in the midst of a turbulent sea.

'When he complained of the injustice done him, they urged that the earth was given to man to cultivate, and that he who refuses to fulfil the condition loses his title to it. In vain did the old Indian argue from the same authority, that the fowls of the air and the beasts of the fields were also given to man's use, and that he therefore preserved his hunting grounds inviolate; that he cultivated as much as his wants required; and that he who does more brings a curse, rather than a blessing, upon his fellows, by introducing among them luxury and its attendant evils.

'They also told him that the christian religion confers upon its professors who are the inheritors of heaven, a right to the soil paramount to any human claim. The old chief, as he bowed to this decision, calmly replied—'While you who profess superior knowledge, are taught to pursue a line of action as perfect as can come within the conception of human intellect, whenever the cross has appeared, instead of awakening the best feelings of your nature, the demon of destruction seems to have roused within you, and death and desolation have followed. That you tell me it is the emblem of peace to all mankind, to us, at least, it has been the signal of war, of exterminating and merciless war.'

'But to proceed with my story:

Tangoras seldom entered the villages of the whites, and refused to make use of our manufactures. He dressed himself in skins instead of blankets, which his people had adopted: for he said, he would live as his fathers had lived, and die as they had died. About a year ago, at the head of a dozen of his tribe, he descended yonder hill by the narrow path which winds over it. His followers were laden with peltries; but the old chief marched erect, with his tomahawk only in his hand, and his hunting-knife stuck in his girdle, for he scorned to be a pack horse for the pale faces.

'As he entered the village his countenance was stamped with more than usual austerity. I spoke to him but he made no reply. He refused to enter our cabins, and turned away from food when it was proffered him. He stretched himself beneath the shade of the cypress tree at the big spring, while his followers proceeded to dispose of their merchandize.

'It so happened that four or five Indians, belonging to a tribe inhabiting a tract of country somewhat lower down the river, were in the village at the same time. They had made their sales and purchases, and were about to depart as Tangoras and his people appeared. They soon mingled together, and a low guttural conversation ensued. From the violence of their gesticulations, we concluded that the subject was of deep interest. A tall handsome savage of about five and twenty years of age, active and athletic, kept aloof from the crowd, and appeared to be the subject of conversation, from the ferocious glances cast at him by the tribe of Tangoras. He was evidently uneasy; and as he slowly receded, as if intending to leave the village, he kept his [illegible] eye lowering suspiciously upon the crowd. He had already passed the furthest house, and drew nigh to the spot where Tangoras lay, too much wrapped in his own reflections to attend to what was going forward.

'The sound of footsteps awakened his attention: he slowly turned his herculean frame, and appearing to recognize the young savage, sprung in an instant upon his feet. A fierce yell succeeded, which the distant hill re-echoed, and the next instant we beheld the stranger flying like the affrighted deer from the famished wolf towards the mountains. Tangoras followed close behind. They crossed the plain with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow, and at intervals the fiend-like yell of the old chief, startled the eagle as he enjoyed his circling flight in the upper air.

'While crossing the plain, the youthful activity of the fugitive Indian enabled him to exceed the speed of his pursuer; but in ascending the opposite ridge, it was evident that he was losing ground sensibly. A shout of triumph which the evening breeze carried from mountain to mountain proclaimed that Tangoras was aware of his advantage. The rest of the savages watched the chase with intense interest, and preserved a dead silence. They hardly breathed as they leaned forward with their eyes fixed upon the parties ascending the rugged and winding path. The young Indian now stood upon a bare rock upon the brow of the ridge. He paused for a moment to breathe. The motion of his body did not escape us as he drew a deep inspiration. He cast a look downwards upon his pursuer, who followed close after him. It was but a momentary glance, and the young man disappeared on the opposite side of the mountain. Tangoras sprang upon the rock, sent forth a yell, and the next moment was out of sight also. He did not pause to breathe, nor did he slacken his pace as he ascended the ridge; he could have kept on from the rising to the setting of the sun without fatigue or without abating his speed, for he united with the strength of the rugged bear the activity of the deer; nor did he fear to wrestle with one without a weapon, or to hunt down the other without a dog to keep him on the trail.

'They were no sooner out of sight, than the savages in the village started in pursuit of them. As they sprang over the plain they yelled and leaped like a herd of famished wolves on their prey. It was indeed a wild sight to behold them rushing along the narrow path over the mountain.

'The fugitive pursued his course down the western declivity with increased swiftness. It was the race of a maniac. He leaped from rock to rock at the hazard of his life, and had gained considerably upon Tangoras, who followed with his eye fixed upon his victim, and without slackening his speed. At intervals he sent forth the piercing war-whoop, and the fearful sound increased the speed of the fugitive.

'At the base of the mountain was a river deep and rapid. The fugitive came rushing down with the ungoverned velocity of a thing inanimate. He reached the green bank of the river, and without pausing sprung into its waves. The current bore him rapidly along, and the cool water refreshed his burning body. He had not swam long before Tangoras stood upon the bank, and immediately with a heavy plunge dashed into the river: beat aside the wave with his sinewy arms; his head was elevated and his broad chest parted the water, even as the prow of a vessel.—He glided upon the surface as though he had been a creature of the element, and the small waves leaped about his brawny neck in playful wantonness. By this time the rest of the savages appeared on the brow of the mountain, and they rushed down the rugged path like fiends at their sport, leaping from crag to crag, as reckless of danger as though they had been immortal. As they threw their reeking bodies into the water, the fugitive was about ascending the bank on the opposite side.—Tangoras was close behind him, for he had gained considerably upon him in the passage of the river. The race was now resumed. The fugitive darted off with renewed vigor, and the old chief followed at a steady pace across the verdant plain through which the river pursues its way.

'The Indian once more outstripped his pursuer; but as they entered upon the high lands his speed diminished. The old chief perceived it, and as he kept on his even course, sent forth the war whoop as if in derision. The race continued over ridges and plains and through streams, until they arrived at the foot of the next spur of the mountain. As they entered upon the steep ascent, the pursued strained every nerve to keep up his speed while Tangoras was followed with as much ease to his motions, as if it had been but a race of amusement.

'The fugitive now deviated from the narrow path, and entered upon the most dangerous and rugged ground, in hopes that his pursuer through fatigue would desist from the chase; but the hope was vain, for he still followed with the same fixedness of purpose as at the outset.—They soon found themselves in the depth of the wilderness. Higher and higher they clambered up in silence, assisting their ascent by clinging to stunted shrubs and the jutting pieces of rock. The other savages followed at a distance, yelling like fiends, and were guided by the echoes occasioned by the fragments of rocks, which yielding to the tread, rolled down the side of the mountain. the young Indian had been hunted to desperation when an ascent almost inaccessible presented itself. He braced every nerve, and leaping up, seized hold of the branch of a tree that grew from the declivity. Fortunately it sustained his weight, and he drew himself beyond the obstruction. He sprang from the tree to a jutting rock, it yielded beneath the pressure, and as he felt it moving, he threw himself forward flat upon the earth, as the only means of preservation. The stone rolled from under him down the mountain, and a fearful yell was mingled with the crushing that it made in its passage. He turned and beheld Tangoras prostrate on the ground. A second look disclosed that he was bleeding. A burst of joy and derision burst from the lips of the fugitive, who was still stretched upon the earth, but his triumph was of short duration. Tangoras soon sprang upon his feet again, his rage augmented by the smarting of his wounds, and leaping up with the elasticity of the panther, he readily achieved the ascent which had nearly exhausted the remaining strength of his victim, who slowly arose and again exerted himself to escape his determined pursuer.

'They had now almost reached the summit of the mountain. Tangoras pressed closely upon the young Indian, who with difficulty dragged along his wounded and exhausted frame. At length he attained the higher point, and as he cast a look down the western declivity he started back, for it was too precipitous for mortal to descend and live. His deadly foe was on his countenance. The fugitive was unarmed, and hope forsook him when he beheld the other draw his hunting knife, as he leisurely ascended, confident that his victim could not now escape. The young man stood erect, and facing his foe, tore off his slight covering from his bosom, which heaved as he drew his shortened breath. They were now face to face on the same rock—a pause ensued—their eyes glared upon each other.—Tangoras raised his arm. 'Strike!' cried the fugitive, and the next moment was heard the sound of his colossal body as it fell from rock to rock down the deep chasm, startling the birds of prey from their eyries. Tangoras stood alone on the rock; and the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. The affrighted birds were screaming and flying in a circle over the spot where the body had fallen. When the rest of the savages had ascended to the mountain, the old chief was still standing on the same spot, with the bloody knife in his hand his mind absorbed by his feelings. They asked for the fugitive; he made no reply, but held up the blood stained weapon, smiled, and pointed down the abyss. The friends of the deceased silently withdrew to search for the body, while Tangoras and his people returned to their village.'

'The young Indian had a short time before assassinated his only son; and his tribe refused to deliver up the murderer to punishment, the father in conformity to their custom took justice into his own hands, not dreaming that the whites would pronounce that a capital offence, which both the laws of the red men and their religious creed imperatively called upon him to perform. He was, however, apprehended, tried and convicted of murder. He did not speak during his trial, but looked in scorn upon our grave deliberations; and sat in the prisoners' bar with the dignity of a hero rather than the compunctuous bearing of a criminal. He heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him without moving a muscle; and as he was led forth from the court house to the prison, he moved on with a firm step and haughty demeanor, which showed that though he had been condemned by others, he was not self condemned. The miserable remnant of his tribe had asembled to await the issue of his trial. They fell back as he appeared, and he moved through them in silence, without bestowing even a look upon them, and they followed him to prison, gazing at him in stupid wonder.'

'Did they witness his incarceration without an attempt to set him free?'

'Certainly; what else could you expect from those who have taken no more than the first step towards civilization? There is no condition in life so abject as theirs.—They view the laws of society as being at constant variance with natural privilege; and while they dread and groan beneath the former, they have not the hardihood to assert the latter. They look upon the restrictions as intended for their abasement and not to elevate them to an equality; and while you strive to teach them the superiority of their nature, you only convince them that they were born free, and that the social compact has made them slaves.'

'And what was the fate of old Tangoras?'

'That will be decided to-morrow. Look out of the window towards the prison, and you may see the gallows tree prepared for his execution.'

I did so, and beheld that the limb of a stout oak tree near the prison had been trimmed for the purpose; a ladder was reared against it, and three Indians were lounging beneath it. At this moment two Indian women passed the window; their countenance denoted deep affliction, and their heads were bent downwards.'

'Those women,' continued my informant, 'are the wives of Tangoras. They have been remarkably attentive to him during his imprisonment, and are now going, doubtless, to take their final leave of him.'

We could distinctly see what was passing from the tavern window. They approached the prison, knocked at the door, and the jailer permitted them to enter. I expressed a desire to see the unfortunate old chief; and my communicative friend, who by the way was the village schoolmaster, promised to gain me admittance to his cell on the following morning, as it was then near the hour of closing the doors for the night. In a few minutes the Indian women again appeared. They looked towards the gallows tree, and spoke to each other. As they passed beneath the window of the inn, I perceived that their countenances were much more placid than when they entered the prison.

The stillness of the evening was now broken by the sound of a distant drum, which gradually became more distinct.—In an instant the whole of the villagers were in the street gazing anxiously in the direction whence the sound proceeded; and even the sluggish savage felt sufficient interest, to arise from his recumbent posture. While expectation was on tip toe, a corps of military appeared winding around the base of the mountain that terminated the prospect on the eastern side of the village. A troop of ragged urchins ran delighted to meet them. The soldiers had been sent for to a neighbouring town, to intimidate the savages from interfering with the execution of the laws.

I arose at day-break the following morning, and on descending to the bar room, found the schoolmaster already there, waiting to conduct me to the prison. It was a delightful morning in spring. As we walked forth the birds were singing joyously, the green grass sparkled with dew, the morning air was refreshing, and laden with fragrance from the foliage of the surrounding forest. A number of Indians were standing beneath the gallows tree, with their faces towards the east, their heads were bent in sorrow, and they preserved unbroken silence as we passed by them. The wives of Tangoras were among the number. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon as we entered the prison.

We were conducted by the jailer to the apartment in which the old cheif was confined. We found him standing in the centre of the cell with his eyes raised to a small grated window through which the gray light of morning, was stealing. His mind was too deeply engaged with its own reflections to notice us as we entered. The jailer accosted him, but he made no reply and still kept his eyes fixed on the same object. The schoolmaster also spoke to him, but still he appeared unconcious of our presence. A solitary sunbeam now stole through the grating, which falling on the face of the old Indian, relaxed its austerity. Still he moved not. My companions looked at him, and then upon each other in astonishment, which was increased by the low sound of a number of voices joined in song. The music was varied by occasional bursts of passion and passages of deep pathos. Tangoras joined the strain in a low guttural tone, scarcely audible; he closed his eyes as he sang, and listened to the voices apparently with deep interest.

'What is the meaning of all this?' I inquired.

'It is the Indian death song,' replied the schoolmaster: 'and they relate in their wild strains the most daring exploits of their favourite chief.'

Tangoras stood motionless for about a quarter of an hour, during which the song continued. His eyes remained closed, and his countenance underwent various changes. The expresion indicated pain, and finally it became so completely distorted as to prove that he was labouring under intense torture, though he still continued to mutter the death song. It was now with the utmost difficulty that he sustained himself; he staggered, his knees bent under him, and the next moment he fell to the floor, and shouted the war whoop as he fell. They heard the signal from without, and immediately the death song was changed to a wild burst of exultation.—We approached to support the chief, who was struggling in the agonies of death, but he waved his hand and forbade us to touch him. We inquired into the cause of his sudden illness, and he replied with a smile of triumph, 'that nature impelled him to die as a man, while the Christians would have taught him to die as a dog.'

'The old Roman virtue—consistant to the last!' exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The dying Indian writhed on the floor, and suddenly turning on his back, threw out his gigantic limbs, and lay stretched at full length. His broad chest heaved, his teeth were clenched, his hands closed, his eyes turned upwards, and a slight quivering ran through his whole frame. The song of exultation still continued without. There was now a gentle knock at the outer door, and the jailor left us to attend to it. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by the wives of Tangoras. They looked upon him as he lay upon the floor, and then exchanged glances with each other. The struggle was over; the body was now motionless. They knelt down beside it, covered their faces, and having remained in this posture a few moments, arose and left the prison in silence. The song of exultation ceased as the jailer closed the door after them. As I returned to the inn, I expressed astonishment at the cause of his sudden death.

'The cause is plain enough,' replied the schoolmaster. 'The women who visited him last evening, left a dose of poison with him. It was evident that the plan was preconcerted.'

About an hour afterwards, we beheld the dejected Indians slowly ascending the mountain, bearing the remains of the old chief to a spot where they might repose without longer being trampled on by the justice of the pale faces.'

FORCE OF HABIT.

The New Bedford Gazette gives an amusing instance of the force of habit. In the days of our grandfathers there was one Jo Bowers, conspicuous above all wooers for his unremitting attention to his lady-love. By night and day, in storm or in calm, he knew but one road, and that led to his mistress' home. His dog, his horse, his cat—every thing that belonged to him—went that way and no other. Even an old pair of boots which he threw away one night, were found the next morning kicking against her door, with the toes turned out just as he used to wear them, having travelled two miles alone in a dark night, with no other guide than their knowledge of the road.

BITTER FRUITS OF CRIME.

The case of Walter F. Osgood, who was recently sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in the State Prison, for forging Revolutionary papers, by means, of which he defrauded the Government of large sums is an appalling admonition to the dishonest. Osgood was once a respectable member of the New York bar. His family was among the most respectable in the state. One of his sisters was the first wife to the late De Witt Clinton. Another sister is the wife of Citizen Genet. Upon being handcuffed with a common felon, his feelings overcame him, and he remained senseless for half an hour. He is labouring under an incurable disease, which will probably abridge the wretched period of his incarceration.—*Albany Journal.*

IN CHANCERY.

9 Dec 1833.

William Glenn

a

Edward Kain and William Kain, and others.

THE object of the bill filed in this case is to obtain a decree for a conveyance from the defendants to the complainant of the Land hereinafter mentioned.

The bill states, that Edward Kain and [illegible] Kain, sold to Thomas Ayres, a parcel of land situated in Harford county, called "Mount [illegible]ta" containing forty seven acres and a quarter, for five hundred and six dollars and sixty and two thirds cents; That said Ayres paid the purchase money, but never received a conveyance; That said Ayres has sold said land to the complainant, and received the purchase money; That said Edward and Mary Kain are both dead, leaving Edward Kain, William Kain, Thomas Kain, and Catharine Smith their heirs at law. The bill also states that the said Edward Kain and William Kain reside out of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered, that the complainant, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted once in each of three successive weeks before the 9th day of January next, in some news-paper, give notice to the said absent defendants of the substance and object of the bill, that they may be warned to appear in this court in person, or by a solicitor, on or before the 9th day of May next to shew cause if any they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

True copy—Test,

RAMSAY WATERS,
Reg. Cur. Can.

Dec. 12—3w.

SOMERVILLE PINKNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

HAS removed his Office, to West street, between the Offices of Alex'r. Randall and J. H. Nicholson, Esquires, opposite the Farmers' Bank of Maryland.

Nov. 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT all Trespassers on the Lands now in the occupation of Thos. Burley and Richard Boston, will be dealt with according to law.

R. LOOCKERMAN.

Dec. 5.