

INS AND OUTS.

I'm out of pocket, and, of course, I've pocket room to let; I'm out of patience, just because, I'm never out of debt; Besides I'm dreadfully in love, and more than half in doubt...

THE DEATH OF WIND FOOT.

BY W. WHITMAN.

Three hundred years ago—so headed the tale, not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang...

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveler from a distant tribe had entered the village, and desired food and repose. Such a petition was never slighted by the red men; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chief himself.

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 in 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 Manitou snapped the fibres one by one asunder."

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 glided noiselessly in, and taken his station at the 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.

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 moon beams.

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 the 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 straits; 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 saw the numbness of but few winters, I myself vainly traversed our hunting grounds, as you have done to-day. The 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 Kans!"

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

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 the 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 Kans! 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 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 rise, 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 distant 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 Kans! 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 the 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 Kans! 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 all 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 in darkness; the next, it was lifted up, and a flood of moon-light filled the apartment. A startling sight was back there, then! The strange Indian was sitting upon 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 around him as before.

It was now 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 that night.

Among the former inhabitants of this continent, it was considered rudeness, of the highest degree, to annoy a traveler or a guest with questions about himself, his late 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 of 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 a short journey, to perform which and return, would probably take him till nightfall. He enjoined the boy to omit 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 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 the 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 for him, say to the chief these words, 'Unless your foe sees you drink his blood, that blood loses more than half its sweetness.'"

The Unrelenting started as if a scorpion had stung him. His lip 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 uttered to the Kans! child whose father he slew 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 Kans! 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 and gathered together a few of his warriors, and started swiftly to seek his 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 on a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty gi-

ant of the woods that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed 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 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 a'arm; his companion's eyes had that dreadfully bright glitter again—and while they looked at each other terrible forebodings arose in the boy's soul.

"Young chieftain," said the stranger, "you must dig!" "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. Harken, branch from an evil root—I am a Kans!—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 scalp adorns the lodge of the Unrelenting, but the wigwam of the Kans! 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 cheek cannot be wet with tears."

The Kans! looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant scowls. Then producing from an 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 rude stone weapon resembling a poniard.—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 parental love; they followed on—winding on again—at length coming to the fallen tree. The trail was now less irregular, and they traversed it towards the shores of a narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. Onward went they, and as the sun sank in the west they saw his last flitting gleams reflected from 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 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 Kans! should once get him in the boat and gain a start for the opposite side where very likely some of the tribe were waiting for him, release would be impossible. For a moment only they paused. The Unrelenting sprang off, uttering the battle cry of his tribe, and the rest joining in the terrible chorus and followed him.

As the sudden sound was swept along by the breeze to the Kans! ear, he jumped to his feet, and with that wonderful self-possession which distinguishes 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 still possessed 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 Kans!!" the chief madly cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm wrest 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 to the ears of the furious father. The savage did not look found, 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 last struggle. Vain his efforts! for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foe, and fell to the ground. That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kans!. With the speed of lightning, the chief's bow was up at his shoulder—the cord twanged sharply—and a poison tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to the 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 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 flitted a lovely look, transient as the ripple athwart the wave, a slight tremor shook him, and the next minute Wind-Foot was dead.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

TREASURERS' NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I will attend either in person or by deputy, for the purpose of receiving taxes, at the usual places for holding elections in the several townships in Henry county, as follows, to-wit:

Table with columns for Township and Date. Includes entries for Harrison, Damascus, Richfield, Myo, Liberty, Freedom, Ridgeville, Pleasant, Flatrock, and Napoleon.

Also, in Napoleon and Freedom 3 mills; 1 in Flatrock; 2 in Harrison, and 4 in Liberty are levied for poor purposes.

Also in Ridgeville, Pleasant, Harrison and Liberty 2 mills are levied for school purposes.

NOTICE. THE following order Auditor's Office, Henry Co., Ohio, was made by the Commissioners of Henry County at their June session, 1845.

ORDERED, That a tax of Eighty cents be levied on each hundred dollars valuation of taxable property for the year 1845, fifty cents on the hundred dollars valuation to be worked at one dollar per day and the remaining thirty cents at seventy-five cents per day.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed Administrators of the Estate of William Mills, late of Putnam County, Ohio, deceased, and have qualified as such administrators.

LANDS FOR SALE IN PUTNAM COUNTY. WEST half of North East quarter of Section 28, Town 1 South, Range Six East, 20 acres.

NOTICE. IS hereby given that the Commissioners at their June session, 1845, levied a tax for Road purposes for the ensuing year of eight mills on each dollar's valuation of taxable property in the county of Putnam, Ohio.

NOTICE. IS hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed Administrators of the Estate of William Mills, late of Putnam County, Ohio, deceased, and have qualified as such administrators.

PUTNAM COMMON PLEAS. IN CHANCERY. In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Putnam and State of Ohio, at their May Term, A. D. 1845, Elijah Bunker is hereby notified that on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1844, Matthew Chambers of the County of Putnam, filed in Court his bill in Chancery against the said Elijah Bunker and Nelson McAllister, setting forth, that on the 31st day of December, 1842, he obtained by the consideration of Whitfield Ackley, a justice of the peace within and for the county of Putnam, a judgment against the said Elijah Bunker for the sum of \$124 08 and costs of suit—that there remains unpaid of said judgment the sum of \$96 34 with a large amount of interest.

NOTICE. IS hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator de bonis non on the estate of Noble Beveridge late of Putnam county deceased. Dated this 27th day of June, 1845.

1845. 100,000 DOLLARS WANTED! New Goods AT GILBOA, OHIO.

B. SMITH has just received and is now opening a general assortment of spring and summer goods, suitable for this market; among his stock may be found Cloths, Calicoes, Satinets, Summer stuffs of every description, Vestings, Veils, Tickings, Sheetings, Shirts, Buttons, Thread, Drillings, Jeans, Cotton yarn from 6 to 10 of the best quality, Pantaloon stuffs, and Laces, Sewing Silks and Bed Cords.

GROCERIES—Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Alum, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Pepper, and Indigo.

IRON, NAILS and Glass, SICKLES, SYTHES, AND SNATHS; ANY QUANTITY OF BOOTS, SHOES AND SOLE LEATHER.

CROCKERY—Tea Sets, Plates, Mugs, Pitchers Bowls, &c. &c.

Mr. Smith has tried the High Pressure System onr enough, and henceforth Goods will be sold Cheap, and for Cash only; Bring on your money, and you shall have as many goods as you can carry away. TRY AND SEE!

THE PRODUCE of the country will not be refused in exchange for goods, and a high market price paid for Beeswax, Ashes, Feathers, and Ginseng.

N. B. Old Accounts must be settled. Gilboa, June 20, 1845. 226x

The Farmers' Library.

More than half the first number of THE FARMERS' LIBRARY AND MONTHLY JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE is already stereotyped, and the remaining will rapidly follow. We barely hope, however, to issue the work promptly on the 1st of July, as some of the Illustrations require more time than we had estimated, and cannot be hurried. A fine Portrait on Steel of the late Hon. STEPHEN VAN RENSSLAER will face the title-page, while an original Memoir of that illustrious man, with especial reference to his labors in and services to the cause of American Agriculture and that of Popular Education, will open the Journal of Agriculture. We design this as the commencement of a series of portraits and biographical sketches of early and eminent champions of Agricultural Improvement, particularly but not exclusively those of our own country. It is high time that the fame and honors hitherto monopolized by Warriors, Politicians and Statesmen be bestowed in at least equal measure on those noiseless benefactors of our race whose fearless triumphs are won in the domain of rugged Nature, and of which "the spoils" are enjoyed by the whole Human Family.

The Farmers' Library will open with PETZOLDT'S AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY, originally published in London last year, and now first printed in this country. This work is less profound and dazzling than the justly celebrated treatise of Prof. LIEBIG on the same subject, but it is far simpler, less abstruse, and more readily understood by those who have little or no prior acquaintance with the science of Chemistry. It will be completed in two numbers of the Library (July and August) and may be bound up by itself if any desire it. It will be found complete, concise, lucid and a signal help to every practical farmer. We have, on mature consideration, decided to open with this rather than "Stephens's Book of the Farm"—an excellent work, but very voluminous, and requiring extensive and continual alterations to adapt it to the wants of Farmers in this country. Petzholdt's Chemistry will cover less than 100 pages of the Library.

Among the contents of the Monthly Journal, will be found a full and clear account of the application of Electricity to Agriculture in England, its cost and its wonderful results. Also, of the application of Guano—the most approved methods and the effect, &c. &c. This will be by far the largest, and we hope the best Agricultural work ever published in this country. The Editor, Mr. J. S. SKINNER, devotes himself unremittingly and joyously to his duties, and is determined to show that the projector and conductor of the first Farmer's periodical ever printed in this country has not fallen behind the times.

We do not expect many to pay for such a work as the Farmers' Library till they have seen and approved it; we do not expect to receive immediately any adequate return for our heavy outlay in this enterprise; but we are grateful for every intimation of sympathy with and good will to this publication. Subscriptions and suggestions will be gratefully received by

GREELEY & MELRATH, 158 Nassau street, New York. \* \* Editors, who would like to receive the Library, will oblige us by noticing the above.

Reprint. OF CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL, published at the Albion office 3 Barclay street, N. York. The first year of our reprint of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal being about to expire, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say, that it has received a support commensurate with the intrinsic merit of the work, and that its continued republication is therefore established on firm basis. We shall feel indebted to subscribers who will make the Journal known in their respective neighborhoods, as well as give currency to the annexed terms of publication.

In order to put this work within the reach of all classes of the public, we have determined to issue it at the very low price of one dollar and a half per annum; and also to furnish it to agents at a discount from this price, of thirty-three and a third per cent. And in order to disseminate the publication still more extensively, we have determined to give individuals or companies of individuals who may order five copies the advantages possessed by agents, and to extend to them also the benefit of the discount. A remittance of five dollars, then, provided it be in funds at par in the city of New York, or not more than five per cent, discount, will command five annual copies. The publication is weekly, contains eight pages, and is printed in the quarto form, with neat type and on good paper. It is scarcely necessary to state that the low price at which we offer the work, will oblige us to adhere to the cash system without any deviation whatever. Editors throughout the country inserting this Prospectus four successive weeks, and sending a copy containing it to the Albion office, will be entitled to a free copy for one year.

LAND AGENCY. THE subscriber has established a Land Agency at Kalida, Ohio, for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, payment of Taxes, &c., in the Counties of Putnam, Paulding and Van Wert. Being connected with the American Associated Agency, which extends throughout the United States and the principal States of Europe, he expects to be of essential benefit to all who may engage his services. GEO. SKINNER. Kalida, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1844. 209tf

THE KALIDA VENTURE, IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY JAMES MACKENZIE. TERMS.—If paid within six months from the time of subscribing, \$2 00 After six months, and within the year, 2 50 After the expiration of the year, 3 00 ADVERTISING.—For 1 square 3 weeks, 1 00 For each subsequent insertion, 0 25 Yearly Advertisements will be charged, for one square, or less, 8 00 For one column, 30 00 No unpaid letters taken from the Post Office, and no paper discontinued until arrears are paid.