

Green Mountain Freeman.

VOL. XIII. NO. 7.

Our Inalienable Birthrights --- Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

NEW SERIES, NO. 7.

S. S. BOYCE, (Office over Hubbard & Blake's, Main Street.

MONTPELIER, VERMONT, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1856.

TERMS, \$1.50 strictly in advance.

Miscellany.

From Putnam's Magazine for February.

Living in the Country.

The children are sent to school--Old Silliers--An invitation and Credit Disappointment--Our eldest begins to show Symptoms of a Febrile Plethora--Poetry--The Soldiers of Mother Goose--Little Posterity by the Wayside--A Cassak--The Drowning of Poor Little Tommy.

We have sent the children to school. Under the protecting wing of Mrs. Sparrowgrass, our two eldest boys passed in safety through the narrow channel of orthography, and were fairly launched on the great ocean of reading before a teacher was thought of. But when boys get into definitions, and words more than an inch long, it is time to put them out, and pay their bills once a quarter. Our little maid, five years old, must go with them, too. The boys stipulated that she should go, although she had never gone beyond E in the alphabet before.

Thank Heaven for this great privilege, that our little ones go to school in the country. Not in the narrow streets of the city; not over the fifty pavements; not amid the crush of crowds, and the din of wheels; but out in the sweet woodlands and meadows; out in the open air, and under the blue sky--cheered on by the birds of spring and summer, or braced by the stormy winds of ruder seasons.

What could replace those, should the precious volume be closed upon childhood forever! When we think of the great world, and its elaborate amusements--its balls and its concerts; its theatres and its opera-houses; its costly dinners, and its gorgeous grand parties; its dancing pianos, and its roaring convivial songs; its carved furniture, splendid diamonds, rouge, and gilding; its hollow etiquette, and its sickly sentimentalities, what a poor miserable show it makes beside little Posterity, with its toils and pleasures; its satchel, and scraps of song, sitting by its slender pathway, and watching with great eyes the dazzling pageant passing by.

What delicate perceptions children have, lively sympathies, quick-eyed penetration. How they shrink from hypocrisy, let it speak with ever so soft a voice; and open their little chubing arms, when goodness steps into the room. What a sad-faced group it was that stood upon our bank, the day little Tommy was drowned.

There is a smooth sand beach in front of our house, a small dock, and a boat-house. The rail-road track is laid between the bank and the beach, so that you can look out of the car-windows and see the river, and the palisades, the slopes, the beach, and the boat-house. One summer afternoon, as the train flew by the cottage, (for the station is beyond it a short walk), I observed quite a concourse of people on one side of the track--on the dock--and down by the water's edge. So when the cars stopped, I hurried back over the ground I had just passed, and on my way met a man who told me a little boy was drowned in the water in front of my house. What a desperate race Sparrowgrass ran that day, with the image of each of his children successively drowned, passing through his mind with the rapidity of lightning flashes!

When I got in the crowd of people, I saw a poor woman lying lifeless in the arms of two other women; some were bathing her forehead, some were chafing her hands, and just then I heard some one say, "It is his mother poor thing!" How cruel it was in me to whisper "Thank God!" but could I help it! To rush up the bank, to get the boat-house key, to throw open the outside doors, and swing out the davits, was but an instant's work; and then down went the boat from the blocks, and a volunteer crew had pushed her off in a moment. They were slowly rowed down the river, close in shore; for the tide was falling, and every now and then the iron boat-hook sank under water on its errand of mercy.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, and believing that his constitution was broken, and his health rapidly going, he called upon President Polk, and demanded an opportunity for service that might redress the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; and the President, just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with despatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy. This embassy was marked by an adventure so romantic, and so illustrative of the man, that we are tempted to detail it.

On his way to the Gulf he secured a horse in Kentucky, such as a knight errant would have chosen for the companion and sharer of his adventures. Landed at Vera Cruz, he asked for an escort to convey him to the capital, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare--he must wait, or he must accept, instead, a band of ruffian Mexicans, called the Spy Company, which had taken to the business of treason and trickery for a livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward. Near Puebla his troop encountered a body of Mexicans escorting a number of distinguished officers to Orizaba, among whom were Major General Gaona, Governor of Puebla; his son, Maximilian, and General Torrejon, who command the brilliant charge of horse at Buena Vista. The surprise was mutual, but the Spy Company had the advantage of the ground.

At the first instant of the discovery, and before the rasals fully comprehended their involvement, the Doctor shouted in Spanish, "Bravo! the capital adventure, Colonel, from your line for the charge!" And down they went upon the enemy; Kane and his gallant Kentucky charger ahead. Understanding the principle that sends a bullet through a plank, and that the weight of a body is its weight multiplied by its velocity, he dashed through the opposing ranks, and turning to engage after breaking through them, he found himself fairly surrounded, and he was so entangled that he could not retreat. One of those was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, with a blow of his fore foot, felled his man; and whirling suddenly, the Doctor gave the other a sword wound, which opened the external iliac artery, and put him hors de combat. This subject of the Doctor's military surgery was the young Maximilian. The brief duel terminated with a cry from the Mexicans, "We surrender." Two of the officers made a dash for an escape, the Doctor pursued them, but soon gave up the chase. When he returned, he found his ruffians preparing to massacre the prisoners. As he galloped past the young officer who he had wounded, he heard him cry, "Senor, save my father." A group of the guerrilla guards were dashing upon the Mexicans, huddled together, with their hands in rest. He threw himself before them--one of them transfixed his horse, another gave him a severe wound in the groin. He killed the first-lieutenant, wounded the second-lieutenant, and blew a part of the colonel's beard off with the last charge of his six-shooter; then grasping with him, and using his fists, he brought the party to terms. The lives of the prisoners were saved, and the Doctor received their swords. As soon as General Gaona could reach his son, who lay at a little distance from the scene of the last struggle, the Doctor found him sitting by him, receiving his last aid. Shifting the soldier and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery, and put the wounded man in condition to travel. The ambulance went up for the occasion, contained at once the wounded Maximilian, the wounded second-lieutenant, and the man that had prepared them for slow traveling, himself on his litter, from the lance wound received in defense of his prisoners. When they reached Puebla, the Doctor was taken to the government house, but the old General, in gratitude for his generous services, had him conveyed to his own house--General Childs, American commander at Puebla, hearing of the generosity of his prisoner, discharged him, without making any terms, and the old General became the principal nurse of his captive and benefactor, dividing his attention between him and his son, who lay wounded in an adjoining room. This illness of our hero was long and doubtful, and he was reported dead to his friends at home.

When he recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast Survey. While engaged in this service, the government by its correspondence with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his illustrious companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasms--the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this, that sort of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor; and besides this cordial assumption of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a noble brave spirited woman to the chivalry of the American Navy.

It was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States on his destined voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as it well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen months' absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of this cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he was hampered, after verifying by actual observation the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82°, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100° below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. But this part of it which best reports his own personal agency, and would most justly present the man to the reader, will only be private property, the extracts which we may expect will be only too shy of egotism, and his companions have not spoken yet, as some day they will speak, of his conduct throughout the terrible struggles which together they endured.

To form anything like an adequate estimate of this last achievement, it is to be recollected that his whole company amounted to but twenty men, and that of this corps or crew he was commander, in naval phrase; and when we are apprised that his portfolio of scenery, sketched on the spot in pencil, and in water colors kept fluid over a spirit-lamp, amounts to over three hundred sketches, we have a hint of the extent and variety of the offices he filled on this voyage.

Dr. Kane.

It is quite touching to see how solemnly the old soldiers listened, when this was being read to them; and when I came to the lines--

It is surprising how soon children--all children--begin to love poetry. That dear old lady--Mother Goose! what would childhood be without her! Let old Mother Goose pack up her satchel and bodega, and a dreary world this would be for babies! No more "Pat-a-cake baker's man"; no more "Here sits the Lord Mayor"; no more "This little pig went to market"; no more "Jack and Jill," going up the hill after that unfortunate pail of water; no more "One, Two, buckle my shoe"; and "Old Mother Hubbard," who had such an unaccountable brilliant dog; and "Simple Simon," who was not so simple as the peasant thought he was; and Jacky Horner, whose thumb stands out in childhood's memory like Trajan's legendary pillar; and the pop into court life derived from the wonderful "Song of Sixpence"; "what would that dear little half-price world do without them! Sometimes, too, the melodious precepts of that kind old lady save a host of rigid moral lessons--"Tall tale tit," and "Cross-path, draw the latch," are better than twenty household sermons. And then those golden legends; "Bobby Shaftoe went to sea"; and "Little Miss Muffit, who sat on a tuft"; and the charming moon-story of Little Bo Peep with her shadowless sheep; and the capital match Jack Sprag made, when he got his wife; and the wisdom of that great maxim of Mother Goose--

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dog's sported across the grass, and all nature seemed to be unconsciously gay over the melancholy casualty; yet our little ones were true to themselves, and to humanity. They had turned over an important page in life, and they were profiting by the lesson.

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He was in fact the surgeon, sailing-master, astronomer and naturalist, as well as captain and leader of the expedition.

This man of all work, and desperate daring and successful doing, is in height about five feet seven inches; in weight, say one hundred and thirty pounds of so, if health and rest would but give him leave to fill up his natural measure. His complexion is fair, his hair brown, and his eyes dark gray, with a hawk look. He is a hunter by every gift and grace and instinct that makes up the character; an excellent shot, and a brilliant horseman. He has escaped with whole bones from all his adventures, but he has several wounds which are troublesome; and with such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on full from all the active duties of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitudes 82° 30' and gaze upon the open Polar Sea--to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe--to report the lowest temperature ever endured--the heaviest sledge journey ever performed--and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his adventures.

The secret spring of all this energy is in his religious enthusiasm--discovered alike in the generous spirit of his adventures in pursuit of science; in his enthusiastic fidelity to duty, and in his heroic maintenance of the point of honor in all his intercourses with men.

In his department there is that mixture of shyness and frankness, simplicity and fastidiousness, sandwiched rather than blended, which marks the man of genius, and the monk of industry. He seems confident in himself but not of himself. His manner is remarkable for the clarity of movement, alert attentiveness, quickness of comprehension, rapidity of utterance, and sententious companions of dictation, which arise from a habitual watchfulness against the betrayal of his own enthusiasms. He seems to fear that he is boring you, and is always discovering his unwillingness "to sit" for your admiration. If you question him about the handsome official acknowledgments of his services by the British and American governments, or in any way endeavor to turn him upon his own gallant achievements, he hurries you away from the subject to some point of scientific interest which he presumes will more concern and engage yourself; or he says or he does something that makes you think he is occupied with his own inferiority in some matter which your conversation presents to him. One is obliged to struggle with him to maintain the tone of respect which his character and achievements demand; and when the interview is never, a feeling of disappointment remains for the failure in your efforts to ransack the man as you wish, and to render the tribute which you owe him.

We wish we could be sure that he will not, in his forthcoming work, give us the drama without his hero; or we wish the expedition and its hero had a character as worthy as he would be were he not the principal character in the story.

Dr. Kane's Narrative of the Expedition, now preparing, and in process of publication by Messrs Childs & Peterson of Philadelphia, will embrace the important discoveries made in the frozen regions far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party, as before. The remark struck like an electric shock, and, as was intended, did execution, as his remarks in such cases were very apt to do. After dinner, the officer referred to remarked to his companion that if the General had struck him over the head, with his sword, he could have borne it, but the home thrust which he gave him was too much. It was too much for a gentleman. It is to be hoped that it will be too much for any one who pretends to be a gentleman.

Death of Red Jacket.

He was taken suddenly ill in the Council House, of cholera morbus, where he had gone that day dressed with more than ordinary care, with all his gay apparel and ornaments. When he returned he said to his wife, "I am sick; I could not stay till the Council had finished. I shall never recover." He then took off all his rich costume, and laid it carefully away; he reclined himself upon his couch, and did not rise again till morning, or speak except to answer some slight question. His wife prepared him medicine, which he patiently took; and the next day he would go no good; "I shall die," he said, "if he will call to him, and requested the little girl who he loved so much to sit beside him, and listen to his parting words.

"I am going to die," he said, "I shall never leave the house again alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me. You have loved me. You have always prepared my food, and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry I ever treated you unkindly. I am sorry I left you because of your new religion, and has made you a better woman, and wish you to persevere in it. I should like to have lived a little longer for your sake. I meant to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my daughter will remember what I have so often told her--not to go in the streets with strangers, or associate with improper persons. She must stay with her mother, and grow up a respectable woman."

"When I am dead it will be noised abroad through all the world--they will hear of it across the great waters, and say, 'Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead.' And white men will come and ask for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress--put on my leggings and my moccasins, and hang the cross which I have worn so long around my neck, and let it lie upon my bosom. Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with pagan rites. I wish the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion, if you choose. Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise among pale faces. I wish to be surrounded by red men. Do not make a feast according to the customs of the Indians. When

ever my friends chose, they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have never eaten with me in my cabin, to forfeit at my funeral feast."

When he had finished, he laid himself again upon the couch, and did not rise again. He lived several days, but was most of the time in a stupor, or else delirious. He often asked for Mr. Harris, the missionary, and afterwards would unconsciously mutter, "I do not hate him; he thinks I hate him, but I do not. I would not hurt him." The missionary was sent for repeatedly, but did not return till Mr. Harris had not come, he replied, "Very well. The Great Spirit will order it as he sees best, whether I have an opportunity to speak with him." Again he would murmur, "He accused me of being a snake, and trying to bite somebody. This was very true, and I wish to repent and make satisfaction."

Whether it was Mr. Harris that he referred to all the time he was talking in this way could not be ascertained, as he did not seem to comprehend if any direct question was put to him; but from his remarks, and his known enmity to him, this was the natural supposition. Sometimes he would think he saw some of his old companions about him, and exclaim, "There is Farmer's Brother; why does he trouble me--why does he stand there looking at me?" then he would sink again into a stupor.

The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke parting words, or gave a parting blessing; but as his last hour drew nigh, his family all gathered around him, and murmured it was to think that the children were not his own--his were all sleeping in the little churchyard where he was soon to be laid; they were his step-children--the children of his favorite wife.

These he had always loved and cherished, and they loved and honored him, for their mother had taught them. The wife sat by his pillow, and rested her hand upon his head. At his feet stood the two sons, who are now aged and Christian men, and by his side the little girl, whose little hand rested upon his withered and trembling palm. His last words were still, "Where is the missionary?" and then he clasped the child to his bosom, while she sobbed in anguish--her ears caught his hurried breathing--his arms relaxed their hold--she looked up, and he was gone.

He had requested that a vial of cold water might be placed in his hand when he was prepared for the burial, but the reason of the request no one could divine. It was complied with, however, and all his wishes strictly fulfilled. The funeral took place in the little mission church, with appropriate, but the most simple ceremonies; and he was buried in the little mission burying-ground, at the gateway of what was once an old fort--around him his own people--aged men, sachems, chiefs and warriors, and little children.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.---On a certain occasion, Gen. Washington invited a number of his fellow officers to dine with him. While at the table, one of them uttered an oath. The General dropped his knife and fork in a moment, and in his deep undertone, and with characteristic dignity and deliberation, said, "I thought that all self-supposed ourselves gentlemen. He then resumed his knife and fork, and went on as before. The remark struck like an electric shock, and, as was intended, did execution, as his remarks in such cases were very apt to do. After dinner, the officer referred to remarked to his companion that if the General had struck him over the head, with his sword, he could have borne it, but the home thrust which he gave him was too much. It was too much for a gentleman. It is to be hoped that it will be too much for any one who pretends to be a gentleman.

and elsewhere, who heard this ghost, and were well acquainted with the circumstances.---Saturday Evening Post.

A Colored Discourse.

My text, "bruders and sistern, we find found in de first chapter ob Genesis, and de twenty-second verse:

"So de Lor make man jas' like Hev'ly." Now my bruders, you see dat in de beginning ob de world, de Lor make Adam. I tole you how he make him; he make him out ob clay, an' he set him on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say 'Fura-rata,' an' when he got dry, he breathe in 'im de breath ob life. He put 'im in de garden ob Eden, an' he set 'im on one corner ob de lot, an' he tole 'im to eat all de apples 'cepten' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for de winter apples. Byme-by Adam he got lonesome, so de Lor make Eve. I tole you how he make her. He gib Adam lodnam, till he got some sleep; den he gogesse a rib out ob de side, and make Eve; an' he sot Eve in de corner ob de garden; an' he tole her to eat all de apples, 'cepten' dem in de middle ob de orchard; den he want for winter-apples. Wun day de Lor 'go out a bishin'; de debil come 'long; he dress himself in de skin ob de snake, an' he find Eve; an' he tole her: 'Eve! why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard!' Eve say: 'Dem de Lor's winter-apples.' But de debil say: 'I tole you for to eat dem. Eats de best apples in de orchard.' So Eve eat de apple, an' gib Adam a bite; an' de debil go away. Byme-by de Lor come home, an' he miss de winter-apples; an' he call Adam; you Adam! Adam he say low: 'So de Lor' call again: 'You Adam!' He's Lor, an' de Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter-apples?' Adam tole 'im he don't know--Eve, he expect!' So de Lor call again: 'Eve! Eve she say low: de Lor' call again: 'You Eve!' Eve say: 'Hea Lor'. De Lor say: 'Who stole de winter-apples?' Eve tole 'im she don't know--Adam she expect!' So de Lor' tole 'em both, an' he tole dem eber de fance, an' he tole dem: 'Go work for your libia!'"---Knickerbocker.

The following incident we find in Knickerbocker for February:

"Our little four-year old boy is a practical amalgamation. Going out the other morning for our daily tramp over the hills, we found him playing with a little colored boy of his own age, as happy as a lark. We gave him a kiss, and was passing on, when he said, pointing to the little black boy, with a sorrowful expression, as if he had been neglected or overlooked, 'Fader, kiss Anny!' His colored friend was 'purgin' thick anny' at the time, and the request struck us faintly as one not to be complied with. No, though he had 'washed him in snow-water, and made his face never so clean,' we don't think we could have 'done the deed!' So we passed on, musingly, thinking alone of the frank and ingenious sympathies of children."

LOVE AMONG THE TURKS.---A young man desperately in love with a girl at Stancho, eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his disappointment, he bought some poison and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman, as the cause, by implication, of the young man's death, under the fifth species of homicide; he became, therefore, amenable for this act of suicide. When the case came before the magistrate, it was argued literally, by the accusers, that if he, the accused, had not a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love, consequently, he would not have been disappointed, and had not died. Upon these counts, he was acquitted by the price of the young man's life; which was fixed at eighty piastres, and was accordingly exacted.

WAGHISH CHAPLAIN.---The Fairmont Virginia says the Rev. Henry Clay Dean, the present Chaplain to the United States Senate, was some years ago, a resident of North-Western Virginia. While preaching one day at a church situated a few miles from Fairmont he was annoyed by the intonation of his congregation, as manifested in turning their heads to see every body that came in. "Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach, when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church." Of course this remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered. "Brother William Sutherland!" called out the preacher, while that "brother" was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to guess what was the matter. Another person came in. "Brother Joseph Miller!" bawled out the preacher, with a like result; and so perhaps, in other cases. After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out, in a loud voice--"A little old man, with a blue coat and white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves!"

A GOOD REASON.---A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these boys were very late, and were called to give an account of it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"

"Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was a dreamin' dat I was goin' to California, and I thought de school bell was de steamboat bell I was goin' in."

"Very well," said the master, glad of a pretext to excuse his favorite--and now, sir," turning to the other lad, "what have you got to say?"

"Please, sir, please," said the puzzled boy, "I, I was waitin' to see Tom off!"

"Colonel Watson is a fine looking man, isn't he?" said a friend in no lately. "Yes," he replied. "I was taken for him the other day," continued my friend. "You!" said I, "why, you are as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that, I was taken for him once; I loaned his bill, and I was taken for him by the bill."

PRETENDER TO A CROWN.---A lady's husband.

Variety.

The Tennessee Ghost.

Seeing in a late Post a notice of the celebrated "Cocklane Ghost" of London, I am reminded of another ghost of