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. $2,00 at the year's end.

Miscellany.

From Putnam's Magazine for February.

Living in the Country.

The Children are sent to School—Old Soldiers—An Invitation and Cruel Disappointment—Our Eldest begins to show Symptoms of a Tender Passion—Poetry—The Melodies of Mother Goose—Little Posterity by the Wayside—A Casualty—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. When I came home from the city in the evening, I found them with their new carpet-satchels all ready for the morning. There was quite a hurrah! when I came in, and they swung their book-knapsacks over each little shoulder by a strap, and stepped out with great pride, when I said, "Well done, my little soldiers." Next morning we saw the old soldiers marching up the garden-path to the gate, and then the little procession halted; and the boys waved their caps, and one dear little toad kissed her mitten at us—and then away they went with such cheerful faces. Poor old soldiers! what a long, long siege you have before you!

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 flinty 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. Learning a thousand lessons that city children never learn; getting nature by heart—and treasuring up in their little souls the beautiful stories written in God's great picture-book.

We have great times now when the old soldiers come home from school in the afternoon. The whole household is put under martial law until the old soldiers get their rations. Bless their white heads, how hungry they are. Once in a while they get pudding by way of a treat. Then what chuckling and rubbing of little fists, and cheers, as the three white heads touch each other over the pan. I think an artist could make a charming picture of that group of urchins, especially if he painted them in their school-knapsacks.

Sometimes we get a glimpse of their minor world—for all fledged ambitions, its puny cares, its hopes and its disappointments. The first afternoon they returned from school, open flew every satchel, and out came a little book. A conduct-book! There was G. for good boy, and R. for reading, and S. for spelling, and so on; and opposite every letter a good mark.—From the early records in the conduct-books, the school-mistress must have had an elegant time of it for the first few days, with the old soldiers. Then there came a dark day; and on that afternoon, from the force of circumstances, the old soldiers did not seem to care about showing up. Every little reluctant hand, however, went into its satchel upon requisition, and out came the records. It was evident, from a tiny legion of crosses in the books, that the mistress's duties had been rather irksome that morning. So the small column was ordered to deploy in line of battle, and, after a short address, dismissed, without pudding. In consequence, the old soldiers now get some good marks every day.

We begin to observe the first indications of a love for society growing up with their new experiences. It is curious to see the tiny filaments of friendship putting forth, and winding their fragile tendrils around their small acquaintance. What a little world it is—the little world that is allowed to go into the menagerie at half price! Has it not its joys and its griefs; it cares and its mortifications; its aspirations and its despairs? One day the old soldiers came home in high feather, with a note. An invitation to a party, "Master Millet's compliments, and would be happy to see the Masters and Miss Sparrowgrass to tea, on Saturday afternoon." What a hurrah! there was, when the note was read; and how the round eyes glistened with anticipation; and how their cheeks glowed with the run they had had. Not an inch of the way from school had they walked, with that great note. There was much chuckling over their dinner, too; and we observed the glow never left their cheeks, even after they were in bed, and had been asleep for hours. Then all their best clothes had to be taken out of the drawer and brushed; and the best collars laid out; and a small silk apron, with profuse ribbons, improvised for our little maid; and a great-to-do generally. Next morning I left them, as I had to go to the city; but the day was bright and beautiful. At noon, the sky grew cloudy. At two o'clock, it commenced raining. At three, it rained steadily. When I reached home in the evening, they were all in bed again; and I learned they had been prevented going to the party on account of the weather. "They had been dreadfully disappointed," Mrs. Sparrowgrass said; so we took a lamp and went up to have a look at them. There they lay—the hopeful roses of yesterday, all faded; and one poor old soldier was sobbing in his sleep.

We begin to think our eldest is nourishing a secret passion, under his bell-buttons. He has been seen brushing his hair more than once, lately; and, not long since, the two youngest came home crying, without him. Upon investigation, we found our eldest had gone off with a school girl twice his size; and, when he returned, he said he had only gone home with her, because she promised to put some bay rum on his hair. He has even had the audacity to ask me to write a piece of poetry about her, and of course I complied.

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

My love has long brown curls,
And blue forget-me-not eyes;
She's the beauty of all the girls—
But I wish I was twice my size;
Then I could kiss her cheek,
Or venture her lips to taste:
But now I only can reach the ribbon
She ties around her waist.

Chocolate-drop of my heart!
I dare not breathe thy name;
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
In a sweet, but secret flame:
When you look down on me,
And the tassel atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there,
On the clothes lines, hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you;
And I thought, as I swung on the gate
In the cold, by myself alone
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

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

"I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap"—

Ivanhoe looked up with questioning eyes, as if he would have said, "how did you know that?"

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 begone, 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 uncommonly brilliant dog! and "Simple Simon," who was not so simple as the pieman thought he was; and Jacky Horner, whose thumb stands out in childhood's memory like Trajan's legended pillar; and the royal architecture of "King Boggin;" and the peep 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—"Tell tale tit," and "Cross-patch, draw the latch," are better than twenty household sermons. And then those golden legends; "Bobby Shaftoe went to sea;" and "Little Miss Muffitt, who sat on a tuffit;" and the charming moon-story of Little Bo Peep with her shadowless sheep; and the capital match Jack Sprat made, when he got his wife; and the wisdom of that great maxim of Mother Goose—

"Birds of a feather flock together."

What could replace these, should the priceless 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 toilsome grand parties; its clanging 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.—Little Posterity! Sitting in judgment by the wayside, and only waiting for a few years to close, before it brings in its solemn verdict.

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 chubby arms, when goodness steps into the room.—What a sad-faced group in 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 sloops, 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 thro' 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. Then they slowly rowed her 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. Meanwhile we lashed hooks to other poles, and along the beach, and on the dock, a number of men were busy searching for the body. At last there was a subdued shout—it came from the river, a little south of the boat-house—and the men dropped the poles on the dock, and on the beach, and ran down that way, and we saw a little white object glisten in the arms of the boat-men, and then it was laid tenderly, face downward, on the grass that grew on the parapet of the rail-way. Poor little fellow! He had been bathing on the beach, and had ventured out beyond his depth in the river. It was too late to recall that little spirit—that slender breath had bubbled up through the water half an hour before. The poor people wrapped up the tiny white death in a warm shawl; and one stout fellow took it in his arms, and carried it softly along the iron road, followed by the concourse of people.

When I came up on the bank again, I thanked God, for the group of small, sad faces I found there—partly for their safety—partly for their sympathy. And we observed that afternoon, how quiet and orderly the young ones were; although the sun went down in splendid clouds, and the river was flushed with crimson, and the birds sang as they were wont to sing, and the dogs 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.

Dr. Kane.

A SKETCH, BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The "grave and reverend chronicler," passing over his beginnings, presents him abruptly in his full-grown greatness; men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he got into his maturity of excellence. This curiosity is not an idleness of the fancy, but a personal interest in the facts that springs out of those aspirations which possess every man upon the fulfillment of his own destiny. How came this man to excel—what was in him—what happened to develop it? "Some men are born great; some have greatness thrust upon them." How came this man by it? Is it within my reach also? and, by what means? History provokes us with such questions as those: Biography answers them.

Doctor Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigate the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized man. He has encountered the extremest perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seaman; attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is, nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experiences had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy, his instinctive bent impelled him to the indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline. It was almost in the spirit of truancy that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rodgers, and cultivated, at once, his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services in the field of physical geography. But, in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors, as well as though his college studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated, and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its development, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania—first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical, department. His special relishes in study indicated his natural draft: chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance, and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his *Alma Mater* a good classical scholar, a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer, and surgeon. But he lacked, or thought he lacked, robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Tael; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and clambering down some seven-hundred more through the scoriæ, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of surphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip, he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot; he had visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archæological researches.

At home again, when the Mexican war broke out, he asked to be removed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the field of a more congenial service; but the government sent him to the Coast of Africa. Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Bonny, and through the infamous Dr. Souza, got access to the baracoons of Dahomey, and contracted, besides, the Coast Fever, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered.

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 crowd the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; 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, calld the Spy Company, who 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 Torejon, 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 rascals 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 bullow-candle through a plank, and that the momentum of a body in its weight multiplied by its velocity, he dashed through the opposing ranks, and turning to engage after breaking their line, he found himself fairly surrounded, and left to the enemy giving him their special attention. One of these was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, who, with a blow of his fore foot, floored his man; and wheeling 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 melee 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 whom 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 lances 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 grappling 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 adieus.—Shifting the soldier and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery, and put the wounded man in condition to travel. The ambulance got 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 defence of his prisoners! When they reached Puebla, the Doctor's would prevent the worst in the party.—He 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 captor and benefactor, dividing his attentions 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 become committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill-starred 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.

He 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 dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is 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 has returned, 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 Narative," 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 uninterrupted 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 of course be suppressed. We would gladly supply it, but as yet this is impossible to us. His journal is 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 the 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. 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 or 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 furlough from all the active duties of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 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 journeys 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 intercourse 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 celerity 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 deserve; and when the interview is never, a feeling of disappointment remains for the failure in your efforts to ransack the man as you wished, and to render the tribute which you owed him.

We wish we could be sure that he will not, in his forthcoming work, give us the drama without its hero; or we wish the expedition and its hero had a chronicler as worthy as he would be were he not the principol 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 region far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party, and these perilous adventures, crowded with romantic incidents, which, in the language of the Secretary of the Navy, "not only excite our wonder, but borrow a novel grandeur from the truly benevolent constitutions which animated and nerved him to his task."—*Graham's Magazine, Feb.*, 1856.

From Littell's Living Age.

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, but said, "It will do no good; I shall die." The next day he called her to him, and requested her and the little girl 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 am convinced that it is a good 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 leggins 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. Whenever 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 surfeit 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 he was dead. When the messenger told him 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 mournful 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 this 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 cars 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 heeded. 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 we all 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.

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 which I have not before thought for years, that made a great noise and created a tremendous excitement at the time. It made its appearance in Robertson county, Tenn., some thirty years ago, or upwards, at the house of an old Mr. Bell. Hence I call it the "Tennessee Ghost," or perhaps I had better call it the "Bell Ghost," as it seemed to have visited his house on account of a daughter he had familiarly called, "Miss Betsey Bell." It was in the form of a voice speaking in different parts of the house. It generally, as ghosts are wont to do, manifested itself only in the night; and, if I am not mistaken, the lights had all to be put out before it would speak. It would be heard sometimes in one part of the house, and sometimes in another; moving about from the floor, under the floor, and the walls, to the beds, open space in the midst of the house, the roof, &c. The ghost would converse freely with persons; and such was the excitement it created, that the house was constantly thronged with perrons from all parts of the country—coming even fifty miles or more to hear it. When asked how long it was going to remain, it would reply, "Until Joshua Gardner and Betsey Bell get married." Now Mr. Gardner was a very likely young man, who resided in the neighborhood, and with whom the writer of this subsequently became well acquainted. Such was the number of people who thronged the house, night after night, that they came near eating old Mr. Bell, out of "house and home."

But the thing could not always last; the spell of enchantment was destined to be broken. It turned out that Miss Betsey Bell was a ventriloquist—had, from some circumstance, become aware of the possession of such powers—had fallen in love with Mr. Gardner, and wished him to marry her—and had fallen upon this plan to bring about a matrimonial union. But Joshua Gardner and Betsey Bell never married; and the ghost at length "vanished into air," as is generally the end of all ghosts. There are numbers now living, in Robertson county, Tenn., and elsewhere, who heard this ghost, and were well acquainted with the circumstances.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Colored Discourse.

My tex', bruderen and sisterin, will be foun' in de fus' chapter ob Genesis, and de twenty-seben verse:

"So de Lor make man jus' like Hese'f."

Now my bruderen, you see that in de beginnin' ob de world, de Lor' make Adam. I tole you *how* he make him; he make him out ob clay, an' he sot him on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say 'Furs-rate;' an' when he got dry, he brethe in 'im the breff ob life. He put 'im in de garden ob Eden, an' he sot 'im in 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 Ebe. I tole you *how* he make her. He gib Adam lodnum, till he got sound sleep; den he gouge a rib out he side, and make Ebe: an' he sot Ebe in de corner ob de garden; an' he tole her to eat all de apples, 'cepten' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he want for winter-apples. Wun day de Lor' go out a bisitin': de debbil come 'long; he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, an' he find Ebe; an' he tole her: 'Ebe! why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?' Ebe say: 'Dem de Lor's winter apples.' But de debbil say: 'I tole you for to eat dem, case deys de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple, an' gib Adam a bite; an' de debbil go away. Byme-by de Lor' come home, an' he miss de winter-apples; an' he call Adam! you Adam?! Adam he lay low: So de Lor' call again: 'You Adam!' 'Hea! Lor,' an' de Lor' say; 'Who stole de winter-apples?' Adam tole 'im he don't know—Ebe, he expee'! So de Lor' call: 'Ebe!' Ebe she say low; de Lor call again; 'You Ebe!' Ebe say: 'Hea Lor'. De Lor' say: Who stole de winter-apples?' Ebe tole 'im she don't know—Adam she expee'! So de Lor' cotch 'em boff, an' he trow dem eber de fence, an' he tole dem, 'Go work for your libin'!'"
—*Knickerbocker.*

The following incident we find in Knickerbocker for February:

"Our little four-year old boy is a practical-amalgamationist. 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 Abey!' His colored friend was 'purging thick amber' at the time, and the request struck us forcibly 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 ingenuous 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 urged 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 all these counts, he was mulcted to pay the price of the young man's life; which was fixed at eighty piastres, and was accordingly exacted.

Waggish Chaplain.—The Fairmount *Virginian* 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 Fairmount he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation, as manifested in turning their heads to see every body that came in. "Brethen," 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 Sutterfield!" 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' that I was goin' to California, and I thought the school bell was the 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 to me lately. "Yes," I 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 indorsed his bill, and I was taken for him by the bailiff."

Pretender to a crown.—A lady's bonnet.