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Literary Selections.

IRA ALLEN.

HOW HE PAID THE VERMONT MILITIA.

[In Thompson's Romance, "The Ranger's, or the Tory's Daughter," there is a scrap of history worth reading and preserving. The scene is laid in time of our Revolutionary war. Burgoyne was marching southward, and danger was imminent. A meeting of the "Committee of Safety" was called at Manchester, Vt., to inquire what should be done, and various propositions were made, almost in the dark as to any practicable movement. The colony was without arms, or munitions of war, even if they could raise men to meet the enemy, and there was no authority to raise money by taxation. The meeting was composed of strong and sterling men. There was Olin and Paul Spooner, Rowley and Matthew Lyon, Benj. Carpenter, Ira Allen and others, and over all presided the sagacious Thomas Chittenden. Such men would not sit idly by and see the haughty Briton triumph, and they arose one after the other and made propositions based on voluntary subscriptions. One proposed raising one company, and another more sanguine, two, when Ira Allen arose. But we will let Mr. Thompson speak for himself.]

"And I go for neither, Mr. President," said Ira Allen, stopping short in his walk, and turning to the chair. "For I believe the council, on a little reflection, will conclude to do something more worthy of the character of the Green Mountain Boys, than the raising of the paltry force which even the best of these propositions involves. And I doubt not the means of so doing may be soon and abundantly supplied, without infringing the constitution or distressing the people. And I therefore move, sir, that this council resolve to raise a full regiment of men, forthwith appoint their officers, and take such prompt and speedy measures for their enlistment, that, within one week, every glen in Vermont shall resound with the stir of military preparation."

"Chimerical!" said one, who, in common with the rest of the council, seemed to hear with much surprise, a proposition of this magnitude so confidently offered, when the doubt appeared whether even the comparatively trifling one of Clark would be adopted.

"Impossible, utterly impossible to raise pay for half of them!" responded several others.

"Don't let us say that till we are compelled to do so," said the patriotic Carpenter, in an encouraging tone. "This jumps so well with my wishes, that I would not see it hastily abandoned. For, although I confess I do not pretend to see where the requisite means are to come from, yet some new light, in this respect may break in upon us by another day. And could we but see our way clear to sustain this proposition, we should feel like men again."

"Amen to all that," responded Clark. And as the hour for adjournment has now arrived, I move that our young colleague, who offered this proposition with so much confidence in the discovery of a way to carry it into execution, and who is said to be very fertile in expedients, be appointed a committee to devise the ways and means of paying the bounties and wages of the regiment he proposes to raise; and that he make his report to the council by sunrise to-morrow morning."

"Second that motion, Mr. President," cried Lyon, in his usual full determined tone of voice and strong Irish accent.

"I go for the whole of Mr. Allen's proposition, means or no means. But the means can, must, and shall be found, sir! We will put the gentlemen's brains under the screws to-night," he continued jocosely, turning to Allen; "and if he appears here in the morning empty-handed, he ought to be expelled from the council. Ay, and I'll move it, too, by the two bulls that redeemed me!"

"I accept the terms," replied Allen, bowing pleasantly to the former. "Give me a room by myself, pen, ink, paper, and a lamp, and I will abide the condition."

"For your lamp, Mr. Allen, as your task is to discover money where there is none, I advise you to borrow the wonderful lamp of Aladdin," gaily added Row-

ley, as the question was put, and carried; and the council, in a half-serious, half-sportive mood, broke up, and separated for the night.

At sunrise, the next morning, as had been proposed, the council punctually assembled to receive the promised report of their committee. Most of them, from having lodged in the same house, were aware that Allen had spent the whole of the intervening time on the business which had been committed to his charge; for, hour after hour, during that important night, they had heard the sounds of his footsteps, as he continued to walk his solitary chamber, intensely revolving in his teeming mind the vexed question, upon the decision of which he felt the last chance of making a successful stand against the invaders of the state would probably depend. And this and the expectation, which had somehow been generally raised, that he would present some feasible plan for carrying out his proposals, the character of which no one could conjecture, caused his appearance to be awaited with no little curiosity and solicitude. They were not left long in suspense; for scarcely had the president called the council to order, before Allen came in, holding in his hand an open sheet of paper, to which, as the yet undried ink showed, he had just committed the result his night's labor.

"Is the committee, appointed at adjournment last evening, prepared to make his report?" asked the president.

"Fully, your honor," promptly responded Allen, who according then rose and said,—

"My report, Mr. President, consists of two parts. The first comprises the nomination of a list of officers, from colonel to subaltern, for a regiment, to be styled *The Rangers*. The second part involves the subject more particularly committed to me, and proposes the means of raising and supporting them. As the first will be useless unless the second is adopted, I will submit it without present reading, and proceed at once with the second and more important proposition, which, after a long and patient consideration of every argument for and against the measure, I have concluded to recommend to the council, as the best and most effectual means of securing the desired end. And that proposition, for the sake of convenience, as regards the action of the council on the principle involved, I have thrown into the form of the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That by specific decree of this council and under regulations hereafter to be made, the estates, both real and personal, of all those who have been, or hereafter may be, identified as Tories, aiders and abettors of the enemy, within this state, be confiscated for the military defence thereof; and that so much of said estates may be needed for the payment of the bounties and wages of the regiment now proposed to be raised, be forthwith seized, and within ten days sold at the post, for that purpose, by the officers appointed by this council to execute its orders and decrees in that behalf."

The speaker without offering any further remark in explanation or defence of the measure he had reported, resumed his seat, and calmly awaited the expression of the council. But they were taken by such complete surprise by a proposition so entirely new in the colonies, so bold and so startling in its character, that, for many minutes, not a word or whisper was heard through the hushed assembly, whose bowed heads and working countenances showed how deeply their minds were engaged in trying to grapple with the momentous subject, upon which their action was thus unexpectedly required. At length, however, low murmurs of doubt or disapproval began to be heard; and soon the expressions, "unprecedented step!" "doubtful policy!" and "injury to the cause" became distinguishable among the over-prudent in different parts of the room; when Matthew Lyon sprang to his feet, and, bringing his broad palms together with a loud slap, exultingly exclaimed,—

"The child is born, Mr. President! My head has been in a continual fog, every hour since we convened, till the present moment; and I could see no way by which we could even begin to do all that the exigency required, without running against law, or distressing the people. But now, thank God, I can see my way out. I can now see, at a glance, how all can be speedily and righteously accomplished. I can already see a regiment of our brave mountaineers in arms before me, as the certain fruits of this bold, bright thought of our sagacious and intrepid young colleague. Unprecedented step is it? It may be so with us tin-

id republicans; but is it so with our enemies, who are at this moment threatening to crush us, because we object to receive their law and precedent? How were they to obtain the lands of the half of Vermont, which, it is said, they recently offered the lion-hearted Ethan Allen, if he would join them, but by confiscating our estates? What has become of the estates of those in their own country, who, like ourselves, have rebelled against their government? From time immemorial they have been confiscated. Can they complain, then, at our following a precedent of their own setting? Can they complain because we adopt a measure, which, in case we are vanquished, will not be slow to visit on our estates, to say nothing of our necks? Can these recreant rascals themselves, who have left their property among us, and gone off to help fasten this very government, complain at our doing what they will be the first to recommend to be done to us, if their side prevails? Where, then, is the doubtful policy of our anticipating them in this measure, any more than in seizing one of their loaded guns in battle, and turning it against them? Injury to the cause, will it be? Will it injure our cause here, where men are daily deserting to the British, in belief that we shall not dare touch their property, to strike a blow that will deter all the wavering, and most others of any property, from leaving us hereafter? Will it injure our cause here to have a regiment of regular troops, who will, perhaps, draw into the field four times their number, in volunteers? If this be an injury, Mr. President, I only wish we may have a few more of them; for, with half a dozen such injuries, by the two bulls, we would rout Burgoyne's whole army in a fortnight. Yes, Mr. President, this measure must go; for it promises every thing to cause, and threatens nothing that honest patriots need fear; and had I a hundred tongues, they should all wag a good stiff ay for its adoption."

"A bold measure, boldly advocated!" next spoke Carpenter. "But as bold as it is, Mr. President, I rise not to condemn it, but rather to say, that I am determined to meet it fairly, and without fear; and if, when I get cool enough to trust myself to make a decision, the objections to it appear no more formidable than they now do, I will give it my hearty support."

"If the public should call this a desperate remedy, they must recollect that it is almost our only one," remarked Olin, in his cool, quiet manner. "Nothing venture, nothing have;—let us go for it who dare!"

"Let us oppose it who dare!" warmly responded Lyon. "The measure will be a popular one; and let it once be known among the people, as I promise gentlemen it shall be, that this proposition was considerably recommended to us by a committee we appointed for the purpose—let this be known, and who among us has nerve enough to stem the storm of popular indignation that will burst on his head for the timid and cowardly policy which led him to go against it?"

"Vermont," added Rowley—"Vermont was the first to show her sister states the way to take a British fort let her also be the first to teach them the secret of making Tories bear their proportion of the burdens of the war. I am already prepared to give the measure my support, Mr. President."

Almost every member, in turn, now threw in a few observations. The doubts and fears of the more cautious and wavering gradually gave way; and it soon became evident that the measure had found too much favor with the council to be resisted. Lyon, with his rough and pithy eloquence, had broken the ice of timidity at the right moment; and he and the originator of the measure, at first the only unhesitating members of the assembly, perceived the gathering current in its favor, now warmly followed up their advantage; and within two hours from its introduction, the resolution was adopted. This was immediately followed by the passage of the decree named in the resolution, specifying the names of those thus far fairly identified as openly espousing the British cause in Vermont, and declaring their estates forfeited to its use. Allen's proposal to raise a regiment of rangers was then, as a matter of course, unanimously carried, and the officers he had nominated were, with a few alterations, as unanimously appointed. All were now animated with a new spirit. Hope and confidence had taken the place of doubt and despondency in their bosoms, and the remainder of the day was spent in carrying out the details of their plan, which all agreed should now be put in

execution, with the greatest possible promptitude and secrecy. In this, as soon as the different appointments, made necessary for the execution of the decree were completed by the united action of the council, all the members, individually, took an active part. And for many hours, they might have been seen sitting round the tables, silently and intently engaged with their pen; some in drafting despatches to be sent to New Hampshire and Massachusetts, some in writing confidential letters unfolding their plan, and asking the cooperation of the leading men in the different parts of their own state, and some in making out commissions for the military officers, or the commissioners and other officers of confiscation; while others were out, scattering themselves about town, warily and cautiously inquiring out prompt and trusty messengers, to be despatched, as soon as it was dark, simultaneously and post-haste, to convey these important missives to their different destinations round the country. And all being accomplished,—the blow struck, and the machinery put in motion,—the council concluded to adjourn, to meet again in a few days at Bennington, the interim to be spent by them in repairing to their respective spheres of influence among the people, and there taking an active part in defending and explaining their measures, and assisting to carry them into operation.

Such was the origin of those temporary tribunals in Vermont, subsequently termed courts of confiscation, which formed a prominent feature in her early history, and which furnished, it is believed, the first example of the exercise of this extraordinary power ever known in the United Colonies during the revolutionary struggle. And whatever may have been the effects of this retributive policy in other states, its results here were salutary and important. It put an immediate stop to any further espousing of British interests, especially among men of property, while, within the astonishingly short space of fifteen days, it brought a regiment of men into the field, well armed and prepared for instant service,—thus securing those advantages to the defenders of liberty, in the peculiar posture of affairs in which it was introduced, and giving that impetus to their military operations, without which the brilliant successes that marked the ensuing campaign in Vermont could never have been obtained. Of this there can scarcely be a doubt. And scarcely less doubt can there be, that the important measure in question would not have been brought forward and adopted at the crisis, in which alone the advantages it then secured could have been derived from it, but for its sole projector, the sagacious, scheming, and fearless Ira Allen.

Speculative writers have often amused themselves in tracing great events to small causes. And in this they have oftentimes so wonderfully succeeded, as to show, beyond the power of man to refute, some of the most trivial circumstances of life, considered by themselves, to have caused the revolution of empires. Were we to make out an instance of this character, to be added to the many other remarkable ones which have been noted by the curious, it should be done by tracing the independence of America to the measure which Allen so boldly projected, as he walked his lonely chamber, on the eventful night we have described. The independence of the colonies was, at that dark crisis, balancing, as on a pivot; and the success of Burgoyne must seemingly have turned the scale against us. The success of Burgoyne, at the same time, hung on a pivot also; and the victory of Bennington, with all its numberless direct and indirect consequences, as now seems generally conceded, turned the scale of his fortunes, when his success, otherwise, could scarcely have been doubtful. But the victory of Bennington would never have been achieved but for the decided and energetic movement of Vermont, which alone secured the cooperation of New Hampshire, or, at least, insured victory, when, otherwise, no battle would have been hazarded. And that essential movement of Vermont would never have been made but for the bold and characteristic project of Ira Allen.

All this, to be sure, is but supposition; but who can gainsay its truthfulness?

"A gentleman, in announcing his willingness to take a wife, declares that, as he is himself in clover, he has no objection to take a lady in weeds."

"Our language is made up of sixty parts of Anglo-Saxon to thirty of Latin, in an assumed hundred parts, leaving to the Greek and all other languages but ten parts."

INDIANS ON THE PACIFIC.

BY BISHOP O. C. BAKER.

The Indians on the Pacific are deeply degraded. The digger Indians in California are in many respects, to any aborigines I have seen. Their stature is short, but they are tolerably proportioned. Their hair is black, heavy and matted. Many of them have hardly a human expression in their countenance, it is more like that of a furious wild beast. Their huts are small, low and dirty, constructed of bark, boughs or old canvas. Their food consists of acorns, roots, seeds, grasshoppers, rats, squirrels, rabbits, fish, &c. Large quantities of grasshoppers are gathered by them when they can easily be obtained, for food. Having been put in a sack and saturated with salt water, they are placed for about fifteen minutes in a hot trench covered with hot stones. They are then eaten like shrimps, or ground and mixed with soup or mush. Some of their customs are exceedingly revolting, especially their burning of the dead, and mourning badges. In common with the aborigines generally, they believe that somewhere in the west are beautiful camping grounds, where the Indians enjoy perpetual ease and plenty. They also believe in the existence of two invisible spirits, the good and the bad, and that the heart of man is immortal, and if the evil spirit can be driven away, or diverted from beholding the hearth, it will leap from the body, and go away to the land of rest. Their deep and howling exclamations at the death of friends, are not designed merely to give expression to their grief, but partly to confer a special blessing on the departed. If by their noises, the evil spirit can be driven away, or his attention turned to other objects, the heart can safely pass away. After the body is suitably arranged on the funeral pyre, the dearest friend of the deceased comes forward, with torch in hand, and sets fire to the pile. After the body is consumed, the ashes are gathered up and surrounded with a rude wreath of flowers and weeds. Some of the ashes is mixed with pitch, and the hair and a part of the face of the relatives is besmeared with this mixture. This is a mourning badge, and it is suffered to remain on the face until it wears off, which usually requires about six months. Some Indians whom I have seen marked with this mixture looked really frightful.

The Oregon Indians are greatly superior to the Digger Indians in point of intellect. Yet I confess I never looked upon them but with sorrow and disappointment. They are evidently a doomed race, and not designed by Providence to continue their nationality. Those especially residing in the valley and in contiguous to the whites, are passing away like the morning cloud. Nearly all of them are more or less diseased, and they seem to have no recuperative energy in their systems to counteract the influences of disease, or power to resist the ordinary influences of the climate. To view them in their relations to the dead is to see them in their true position. They form a mere funeral train, passing solemnly to their houses of the dead. And the offices of our holy religion, which the church can render, are mainly to offer them the consolations of the gospel on the pillow of death, or to direct them in their bereavements to the Lamb of God which taketh away sin of the world. I hope their condition is more hopeful than I have here represented it, but certainly their state was wholly painful to me.

The burial of the dead among the Indians is singularly impressive. Could you witness a funeral train on the Columbia, where a long line of Indian canoes, in single file, and with a measured dash of the paddle approach the houses of the dead, you feel that human sympathy is not confined to civilized life. The Indian with all his degradation and faults, loves the dead! The mode of burial among the Indians is various. In some places on the plains, the emigrants saw dead bodies wrapt up in skins or blankets, and suspended high up in the branches of the trees. On the lower Columbia they frequently bury in Indian canvas. The dead body is carefully wrapt in blankets or buffalo robes and deposited in a canoe, and the canoe safely placed on some lonely island in the river. On Mount Coffin in the Columbia River I saw great numbers of canoes. Some of them were old and decaying, others were apparently in good condition and probably the most valued property, in most instances, which the deceased possessed. The practice of burying with the dead what on earth he loved most, very gen-

erally prevails among the Indian tribes on both sides of the mountain. A friend of mine examining a small mound, a few years ago in the West, dug up the skeleton of a babe, and by its side was found the rude rattle with which it had been accustomed to beguile its little sorrows. I can appreciate the feelings of that mother, who, knowing no better, buried with her infant child its dearest toy. But the little ones need no human artifices to secure their happiness. They go to the bosom of him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." While the near relatives of the deceased survive, they annually revisit their coffin canoes and furnish the dead with new blankets or robes. An old Indian told Rev. Bro. W. "Your nation do not care for your people when they die. You wrap in their clothing and bury them in a box, and you care no more about them. We care for our people. We give them new blankets every year."

On the upper Columbia, houses like an Indian lodge are built for the dead. They are called *Memorial* houses. At the Cascades, two of these houses were built near the portage round the rapid. One of them is still in good repair. Some boards or planks are used in its construction which they have ornamented with rude figures of animals and of the human face. The other has fallen to decay and great quantities of human bones are scattered about it. Riding by the bones one day in company with some Indians, I looked to see if I could detect any reverence they had for the place of the dead. But I could detect nothing. Perhaps no dear friend of theirs' reposed there. In some places I saw red streamers flying from poles raised over the home of the dead. In other places tin pans, pails, kettles, &c., are suspended over their graves. These articles, however, are broken or rendered useless for ordinary purposes, so that no vile person would be tempted to carry them away from their consecrated grounds.

The ceremonies of the Indians have been so frequently portrayed that I shall not attempt to describe them. A friend of mine who attended the council of the Indian Commissioners during the past summer in the Walla Walla county, related to me a ceremony somewhat different from any I have seen described. It seemed to combine the manifestations of opposite affections—revenge, glorying over the fall of an enemy, and the tender passion seeking its reciprocal manifestation. A large circle of young maidens was formed standing closely as possible to each other. In the centre was an old woman holding up the scalp of an enemy. When the native music commenced the young maidens with exact time would dance in unison, leaping from the ground and advancing perhaps, some three or four inches at a time in their circuit around the centre. The old woman in the centre was with horrid grimaces and violent gesticulations pouring contempt upon the quivering scalp, and showing how she would utterly destroy her enemies, and feeding the revenge of some bereaved family whose circle had been broken by some one of the race whose scalp was the exhibited, or inflating the vanity of some valiant brave who had brought in the scalp as a peculiar martial trophy. But the young people, it seemed, were far from indulging the feelings of war. As the maidens came round the circle, in their dance, a young Indian would gently tap on the shoulder of the maiden whom he would specially honor, and if his regard was mutually reciprocated, some outward expression would be made, to the evident satisfaction of the young gallant; but if the maiden showed by countenance or waive of the hand that his suit was rejected, the young man suffered no little mortification under the tauntings and loud laughter of his associates. Rather a perilous mode it would seem to read human hearts.

No traces of outward worship exist among the Oregon Indians. In this respect all our aborigines are similar. Their medicine men have certain incantations in which spiritual agencies are invoked, but as a race they build no altars, they have no distinct religious rites, and yet they acknowledge a superintending power, and believe in a future state. Our missionaries were the first to enter the country. They reached Oregon in the fall of 1834, the Presbyterian in 1835, the Episcopalians in 1837, and the Catholics in 1838. The Episcopalians have a diocese in Oregon under the care of Bishop Scott of Portland. There are under his care some four or five churches. The Presbyterians or Congregationalists and the Baptists have each some ten or

twelve different churches. The United Brethren and the Protestant Methodists have each some three or four principal charges. The exact statistics of these denominations I cannot give, not having seen their recent reports. But the above estimate, based on my personal observations and inquiries, proximates I presume nearly to the truth.

The Campbellites are found in nearly every part of Oregon in small numbers, but do not seem to be exerting any decided true religious influence. The Baptists have a college or high school in Oregon city, and the Presbyterians one on Forest Grove Prairie.

The Roman Missionary work has all been done by the Methodists, and the Presbyterians and the Catholics. The Catholics have exerted a strong influence on the Indian mind. Their system seems perfectly adapted to their degraded condition. Their forms and ceremonies, pictures, crucifixes and beads, &c., delight them, while morality they preach does not seem to interfere much with their pleasures. Oregon Territory was erected into an Apostolic Vicariate, in 1843, by Pope Gregory 16th. Two brothers now exercise Episcopal authority over what was formerly Oregon Territory.—One of them resides in Oregon city, and has the special oversight of Oregon, and the other resides at Vancouver, and presides over the Nesqually diocese, which embraces the Washington Territory. It is impossible to estimate correctly their numbers in the Territories. Their principal stations among the white settlements are at the French Prairies, Oregon city, Portland, Vancouver, the Colville, and two or three places near Puget Sound. Their Indian mission stations are widely spread from the Dalles to the Walla Walla, to Fort Colville, and even near the base of the Rocky Mountains. In 1847 they published that they had eighteen chapels and six thousand converts. But I am persuaded that their influence in the territory has not only relatively but really diminished since that time. Their schools at the French Prairies and Oregon city have both been closed up, and I am not aware that they have opened denominational schools in other places. The Indian, tenacious and unyielding, cannot appreciate the distinctive doctrinal differences of the different denominations and hence since they can obtain so easy indulgence for their crimes, they seem to prefer that denomination which offers eternal life the cheapest and easiest to the poor natives.

The Spokans, among whom the Presbyterians had a mission, will not, it is said receive a Catholic missionary. This fact shows how successfully their early missionaries instilled into their minds the elementary principles of the Gospel.

Amid all the wars and commotions among the Indians in Oregon, the Catholics have contrived to keep on good terms with the Indians.

Since the Protestant missionaries have been driven by war from the Indian country in 1847, some Indian families have kept up the forms of domestic worship in their wigwams. And occasionally an incident occurs showing that the former services of the missionaries are not without their influence. A Clackit Indian showed, a year or two since, one of our ministers a Testament which he received from Bro. Perkins in the days of the early mission. He kept it carefully rolled in a skin and though he could not read he knew it was the good book, and said that he occasionally wa-waved (preached to) the Indians.

GLIMPSE OF LOG CREEK.—I thought I had never seen a more lovely landscape than the island presented. The bay was clasped by an amphitheatre of gently undulating hills, in some places terraced with growing rice-fields, in others covered with greenest turf, or dotted with picturesque groups of trees. Rows of the lustrous bamboo—next to the pine, the most graceful of trees—almost concealed the dwellings which nestled together in the little dell opening into the bay, and which, with their stone enclosures, and roofs of red tiles, hinted of a much higher civilization than we had expected.—Taylor.

TASTE.—There are men with eyes in their heads, shrewd and self-loving wits, who yet are blind to half the pleasures of existence. The many-dotted sky, the sparkling firmament, the varied earth, the boundless ocean, are not for them; they see them, indeed, and so does a horse.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Helping a young lady out of a bad predicament.