

Green Mountain Freeman.

L. P. Bailey

WE HOLD THIS TRUTH TO BE SELF-EVIDENT, THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.

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GREEN MOUNTAIN FREEMAN.

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Poetry

For the Green Mountain Freeman. LINES. Written on the death of SOPHOMORA BROWN WOODS, a beautiful friend and relative, who died April 24th, 1854.

The Family Circle.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger.

RESPECT FOR LABOR.—All plans for the regeneration of a people will fail, unless they are in the first place brought back to that respect for labor which is the distinguishing feature of all those young communities that are destined to achieve greatness.

Why should we place ourselves in the footsteps of preceding individuals or generations, and fancy the path our own peculiar world? Why should we consider every kind of labor but to that which we are accustomed degrading or impossible? All labor is honorable, for the end and purpose of all labor are the same.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.—The Redeemer has declared, "All power is given to me in Heaven and in earth." This was not a vain boast.

Did you notice what sort of a varmint that was you doing the business for? "I could not just exactly tell, 'cause I had n't time; but I believe he was a Blackfish," answered Martin.

bars of the tomb; it was not possible that he could be hidden of them; and he rose to ascend up on high.

Miscellaneous.

FLEET-FOOT—A KENTUCKY LEGEND.

IN 1778 Kentucky was the home of remarkable men. They were men who exceeded the Indian in cunning; who had more enduring powers of resistance to fatigue, and who were as relentless in pursuit of their red foes as were ever the most savage red men in pursuit of the white intruder upon the ancient hunting grounds of their tribes.

There are Indian wigwags now toward the Rocky Mountains, and on the plain sloping from the Sierra Nevada, and there are white men, who dare wrap themselves in their blankets and go to rest alone in the forest—who are brave and hardy, and who know from severe experience the trials and fatigues of a hunter's life, but there are none who may be selected as fair representatives of the hunters of Kentucky.

Among the most exciting traditions of the times of trials to the pioneer in the great Valley of the West, those belonging to Kentucky have pre-eminence. Her pioneers had to teach a horde of desperate Indians, not before disturbed, that they must retreat from the valley or the hill-side where the white man chose to build his cabin.

Bold and brave, stout and determined men alone, were fitted to carry the rifle and swing the axe in the forests to be filled, in 1778, for the cabin and the corn-field.

One legend is about such a man. Two of them were in the depths of a dense forest on a certain morning, when, though the early harbingers of dawn had given place to rosy tints, which glowed upon the hill-tops touching the eastern horizon, it was so dark in the wooded valleys that the hunters with difficulty groped their way.

"By powder, it's old Martin," cried one of the hunters, and springing from his ambush, he drew his rifle to his shoulder and levelled it to the person thus indicated, who gave a sudden yell, and then, in a rough tone, said— "Put down your shootin' iron. I ain't fond of such motions, if they are in fun. What's Mac?"

"Ready to pop you if you'd been a red-skin," answered the individual inquired for, showing himself. "Well, I've got a leetle news for you in particular, but may be Fleet-Foot'll take a sort of notion to it, too. Sit down on this 'ere log till I tell you, for it's a leetle serious and I'm kinder worried up about it."

The three hunters sat together in earnest conversation until the sun shone broadly on the tree tops, and checked shadows lay all around them on the fallen leaves.

Old Martin, after reminding the others that he had gone away from the fort at Harrodsburg the day before they left, informed them that he had been working about ten miles distant, where some friends were making a settlement.

"Did you notice what sort of a varmint that was you doing the business for? "I could not just exactly tell, 'cause I had n't time; but I believe he was a Blackfish," answered Martin.

who gave me my nickname. If I could 've got his fastest red devil then, and as I did when I crept into the fort, when Mac's brother was shot this summer, Mac and I kin overtake the varmints now, and we will.

"That's a fact," cried Mack, "they know us and they can 'jist calculate that we'll stretch a few of the rascals if we get a chance, or they'll do our business for us right quick. They've got one of my folks, and that's as many as we mean to let them have—Kato shall be rescued or we avenged; anyhow, we'll give 'em ton to one for cutting off Harry and Bob."

The hunters separated without formality; old Martin hastening with all his energy to exercise his mission, and Mac and Fleet-Foot striking a line for the cabin.

Fleet-Foot had an interest in the success of the enterprise, about which he did not speak. It was venturous for the two hunters to start from the cabin on the night previous, to follow they knew not how many Indians, but they went only as spies. It was much more venturous—much more desperate for Fleet-Foot and his companion to undertake what they threatened.

On another occasion Fleet-Foot was shooting at a mark near the fort with a brother of his present companion. They were suddenly surrounded by Indians. The other marksmen was shot.

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That's a leetle encouraging. It shows the women are yet alive anyhow, but it's t'arnal strange we haven't ketch'd them other boys. I 'l'ieve they've been a leetle careless and the Ingias have got 'em.

He had gone but a few steps after he made those remarks, when Fleet-Foot cried— "Jist as I expected. Here's one on 'em anyhow. Them Ingias'll roast the other, by powder, if they don't get 'em out of their hands."

That they will, answered Mac, who looked upon the dead body of a hunter, with whom he had been well acquainted, lying directly in their path. He had been shot and his scalp taken.

While Fleet-Foot and his companions were groping their way by starlight, the Indians were holding a council upon the fate of their prisoners.

The spies had found much difficulty in tracing the path of the Indians, but they left behind them such signs as clearly indicated to their followers the path to be pursued.

"There are ten or a dozen of 'em," said Fleet-Foot. "I can't exactly tell which, but any how, there's too many of 'em for us to-night, but by powder, Ingias or no Ingias, them wimen shall be out of their clutches afore the varmints leave this camp, or I'm a dead hunter."

"That's my mind to a bar," answered Mac, grasping Fleet-Foot's hand. "It's t'arnal queer old Martin haint come up, but may be he has seen his fire, jist as we did, and there's half a dozen other fellows smokin' 'bout here now."

"May be," said Mac, "but we can't find 'em, and dare not make any signal, or we'll have all them Ingias up in a minute, and no tellin' what might happen. We must calculate about 'em, and ef we get into a fight and old Martin's about here, we'll have him on our side quick enough."

"Well," resumed Fleet-Foot, "there's only one way to do it—that fire's gittin' low—it would be to queer if them Ingias on the watch went to sleep, 'cause they know the prisoners can't get away; and I'm certain they don't suspect any body on track of 'em. Ef they did they wouldn't keep up such a fire. Now you follow me, and we'll go over there and watch the varmints, and whenever they shut their eyes you take one and I'll take the other so quick he shan't even give an Indian grunt, and then it'll be an easy matter to cut the prisoners loose."

Mac agreed to this arrangement. Daylight was now drawing near. Whatever plans were calculated on, must be executed without delay.

light of a bright fire blazing on them, more than one Indian eye was continually cast. Again Fleet Foot whispered. To his great joy he saw that the young woman heard and recognized a friendly voice, but having been warned by the conduct of the savage watching her, was shrewd enough to make no movement that would admit to her suspicions.

"I'm Fleet Foot, and Mac's not far off; and old Martin's cousin with a party of sharpshooters, and afore morning will give them varmints what'll keep 'em from killin' any more white folks, or stealin' any more wimen. When you get a chance, whisper to the old woman, and tell her not to go to sleep, and to let that chap tied up hear her to be on the look-out for a fight."

The young woman dropped her head, as if it had fallen upon her breast with a nod in sleep, and Fleet Foot understood that his message and warning were distinctly known.

A considerable length of time had elapsed while the hunter was engaged in his dangerous enterprise of reconnoitering, and of communicating gliding tidings to the prisoners, and it was far advanced in the night. He had for more than an hour expected that the Indians would appoint a watch for the prisoners, and break up their council.

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While the two Indians guards were growing the weary and sleepy, they had no suspicion that two hunters with drawn knives were ready, if they slumbered, to make that their last sleep.

from the dim light of the fire and out of sight of the hunter, but Mac rushed upon and grasped with him. Fleet Foot sprang to cut the bands which confined the prisoners. Meantime Mac struggled with the savage; both were powerful men—for a moment the savage was confused, and did not employ his strength and agility as he might have done under ordinary circumstances—of this confusion the hunter took advantage, and was quick enough to plunge his knife into the red man's breast—he fell with a cry which aroused his fellow-warriors, who slumbered in confidence that his watchfulness protected them.

Ten Indians were on their feet, with their rifles in their hands, before the death cry of their guard had died in the woods. The fire which they had left brightly burning, had nearly gone out. The brands were scattered. They could neither see their prisoners nor any foe. They did not rush forward to ascertain the fate of their sentinels, nor did they hasten to the spot where they had been sleeping.

When Fleet Foot rushed to release the prisoners, he found the good work accomplished. A rough hand grasped his arm, and a voice which he knew well, said— "We've been watchin' the varmints most all night. The're skeered now, but they won't run nor show themselves yet awhile, our boys understand. We must lay low with our guns cocked till it's day, and we'll all git a blaze at 'em. How many?"

"Ten, I guess," said Fleet Foot. "Take care of this woman," said old Martin. "It was Kate. Fleet Foot said not a word, but put his arm around the girl as if he had a special right to protect her.

There was no wind stirring. It was as quiet in the deep woods, as if there had been no Indian camp—no desperate adventure—no struggle—no scene of death. Softly the morning light began to steal through the dense foliage—it searched its way among the green leaves, and slowly dissipated the gloom which hung tenderly around the trunks of the trees—among the low bushes, and in the wooded ravines.

Many an animal was, no doubt, watching in that fresh light of morning for an opportunity to secure such prey as he was wont to satisfy his hunger upon; and there were other eyes watching an opportunity to satisfy a passion, which will lead men often to more desperate deeds than hunger. The quiet, beautiful scene, a lover of nature would have rejoiced to delight in, was to be disturbed by other conflicts than those between cruel animals and their victims.

It was scarcely broad daylight, when one of the Indian warriors thought he saw a movement in a clump of bushes, a dozen rods or more distant from him. He watched intently. He was not mistaken; other Indians had their suspicions excited; knowing glances were exchanged. The suspicious bush became more attractive to the savages. Presently what was apparently a woman's bonnet was to be seen cautiously elevated nearly to the top of the bushes slowly turning around as if there were eyes within sharply looking out to ascertain if there were foes, or suspicious signs of foes in view.

"That's uncomfortable true," answered Mac. "You brag about runnin', but it liked to lose your scalp for you this time. That fellow was enough for you on a race, and a leetle too much in a fight."

Fleet Foot and Mac, on retracing their steps, were met by the other hunters—they were joyful meetings which need not be described—nor need it be told, that when the party reached the fort (which it did early the following day), there were immediate preparations for a wedding, which was not long afterwards celebrated in a rude, but for the period, distinguished style.

Fleet Foot figured prominently in the after affairs of Kentucky, and was subsequently known as General—. He left a posterity which has been engaged in modern politics as warily as was ever their brave ancestor, in pioneer enterprises.

wild leaps and sudden turns, but the white man was equal to him in agility, and at length, when there was a clear piece of woods before him, he found that he must soon be overtaken. Too brave to allow himself to be struck or taken prisoner when in flight, he turned and awaited his pursuer. Nothing daunted, Fleet Foot pressed forward. The Indian had the advantage, should he rush upon him, and the hunter checked his career, when within a few paces of the savage. A moment the foe glanced at each other. Three times had Fleet Foot distanced this Indian, twice to save his own life—the last time—the present one, to take the life of the red man. Each knew the other. Now was to come a struggle severer than any previously decided between them. The Indian was the larger man, and he was, perhaps, better skilled in the use of the knife.

The savage did not wait for his foe to recover from his long chase, but when his eye had run over the frame of his antagonist, and taken in the distance between them, he sprang toward him, fiercely aiming a violent blow with his knife, which Fleet Foot dexterously parried almost at the same moment giving the savage a left-handed blow which staggered him. Following up his advantage, Fleet Foot made a thrust at the Indian's breast; the red man caught the arm which bore a knife swiftly towards his heart, and then followed a light tussle—a moment two knives gleamed in the air—then both fell to the ground, and the Indian and the hunter were each struggling to escape the other's grasp.

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DOWNFALL OF THE "PILLAR OF PEACE."—On one of the highest cliffs which form the dividing line between Lancashire and Yorkshire, and which constitute at that point the "backbone of England," there was erected in the years 1814-15, a tall and massive column of rock, commemorative of the joy which the inhabitants of those wild districts felt at the abolition of Napoleon—a suggestive memorial of the blessings which peace had at last brought to the two counties which it separated.

A few weeks since, however, as we learn from the London Times, the people of Langfield were alarmed by a loud noise, as of a peal of thunder from the heavens; and on looking towards the summit, they found that their old landmark lay in ruins about its base. An ominous accident.

STONE TALK.—There is a tree in Mexico called the chio, a very fine wood, which, according to a writer in the National Intelligencer, became petrified in a few years after being cut, whether left in the open air or buried. From the timber houses could be built that would in a few years become fire-proof, and last as long as those built of stone. The wood is easily worked, and is used for building wharves, forts, &c., and would be very good as railway sleepers or for plank stringers.