

VERMONT PHOENIX.

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RAMBLERS THROUGH VERMONT.

No. 1. Address to the Vermontese. I shall never forget the mingled wonder of delight, with which I first gazed on the green hills and verdant valleys of Vermont...

New-England's mountaineers! hold Vermontese, A wanderer bails your green and glorious hills And fertile valleys, where content and ease abide...

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, NO. 1.

Among the infinite variety of diseases, to which the human family are rendered subject, there is none which breathes a more insidious fragrance, or bears a more appalling aspect...

The bills of mortality in our own country, give us astounding facts of its prevalence, and in the city of London, one fourth of all patients die of this potent destroyer...

There should be an elementary work on farming, making known the nature of the soils, the best methods of recovering, invigorating, and preparing them for the grains...

The first variety is that to which so many young people have an hereditary predisposition at the present day, and of which the discriminating physician so readily despairs of cure...

them, which is usually the case, they invariably occupy the upper and posterior part; impeding the free transmission of blood through the lungs, and likewise the ingress of atmospheric air...

Guilford, 1836.

EDUCATION.

The following excellent suggestions are from the Common School Assistant, published at Albany—

WHAT WE WANT.

How much of the practical business of life, do the children learn in our common schools? What is learned that assists the labors of manhood?

There should be an elementary work on farming, making known the nature of the soils, the best methods of recovering, invigorating, and preparing them for the grains...

Do the common schools teach the children anything concerning their SOCIAL RELATIONS? their duties to their neighbors, to their social institutions?

There also should be a text book on the first simple truths of "Political economy." Now, the pupils are not taught the use of a circulating medium,—money; nor the advantages of exchange and commerce...

The children should, as a part of their education, also learn something of their own nature, physical, moral and intellectual natures; and something of their relations to their Creator.

But are any of these things taught in our elementary schools? Yet, should they not all be taught? taught clearly, understandingly, and practically?

Guilford, 1836.

SINCERITY.

I'll never consent while I breathe, to treat a scoundrel with deference, at the expense of an honest man; to disappoint a friend—to spare the feelings of a fool, because he is a fool, and a stranger—no not even a stranger—an intruder.

Now, you are in earnest—now I believe you. That I am. I see friendship, love, common sense, and common honesty, sacrificed every hour, to what is called politeness.

Abominable!—they treat the lord of their affections, the partner of their bed, the father of their children, worse than any other man—they do indeed—there's no denying it.

Oh, but if you ask a man to dinner with you, you must give him something better than pork and beans. Not if I eat pork and beans myself. But he'll be offended.

Let him. He's a fool, if he expects to be treated at my own house, by my own wife, better than I myself am. Sir, I can tell, by looking at the plate of a man, exactly how he is esteemed by the woman at the head of the table.

Exactly the reverse. The husband will be worse off, and if there be any particular, dear friend—who comes often—somebody to whom the family are under great obligation, you may know him by the drumsticks in his plate—the muddly cider—and the small claws of the lobster.

Free, and easy!—Codfish and potatoes! Is that what you call being free and easy? Make your friends eat puddings and goose, out of the same plate. But so it ever is—we always treat them worst who treat us best!

American dollars and half dollars (says the Quebec Gazette, are now received at the Custom House of New Brunswick, by orders from home.

AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

The following facts were related, in my hearing, by a man of color from the southern states. This man has, by some means, purchased his own freedom and that of his wife; but his children, several of them, have been taken away from him, and sold he knows not where.

"I had a little boy about eleven years old. One night as he came home, he said to me, 'Father, the constable has been measuring me to day.' 'Measuring you,' said I, 'what does that mean?' 'don't know,' said he—'He measured me about my body, and then he measured how high I was. I am afraid, father, they are going to sell me.' 'I tried,' said the poor father, 'not to think of it—but the next morning, soon after I went to my work, a little boy came running up to me, crying out, 'John is gone yonder, they are taking him off now.' I went after them, and when I came near my denr babe reached out his hands to me, and said, 'Father, I'm gone—can't you do something for me.' At this, the man who was taking him away gave him a kick, and kicked him along the road, and I have not seen my dear child or heard of him from that day to this. I could do nothing to help him. It hurts me to think of it! Here he wept. Never in my life has my heart been so agonized at any deed of man, as when I heard this grey-headed father give this simple relation."

"I had a daughter also," said the poor old man, "who was married, and had one child. One day a carriage drove up to the door, and took her in with her child, and carried them on board a vessel then lying at the wharf, about to sail. As soon as I heard of it I went after them. When I went to go on board they pushed me back—but some one standing by said, 'that's too bad—let the old man see his daughter.' I then went on board, and my poor child threw her arms about my neck, and said, 'Father, I'm gone.' Here the old man's sobs prevented his utterance, but he recovered himself sufficiently to say, 'I have not seen or heard of my child since. Her husband heard of it, and went to the vessel, but they drew a dirk upon him, and would not allow him to go aboard. 'Oh,' said the old man, as the tears streamed from his eyes, 'it hurts me every time I think of it.' Probably it would hurt a slaveholder to suffer such wrongs, and the best of them could be no more injured by them than this poor disciple of Christ. This man has, (if I recollect the number,) six children sold into hopeless servitude, he knows not where. Three remained with him, and these, some months ago, were bought up by a notorious firm of slave dealers, and shipped for the southern market. Here the old man felt that he had lost his all; and the distress of his wife, 'who wept,' to use his language 'as though her heart would burst,' drove him with great reluctance, after endeavoring to put his trust in God, to state his case to some pious friends, and ask if something could not be done for him. A minister of the gospel, who was affected to tears at the old man's recital, went to the slave dealers and interceded for him. They at length consented, that if the poor father himself could raise the money in one week, (amounting to considerable more than two thousand dollars,) he might have his own children, i. e. the ones last taken away. Perhaps they considered the question settled, as they would consent to no other conditions, and regarded it as impossible for the father to do as they proposed. He lifted his cries to God, however, and they were heard, and friends raised up, who gave him some few hundred dollars, and at length made him a loan of what remained, amounting to eighteen hundred, on condition that it should be paid in two years. If at that time it remains unpaid, the children are to be sold to pay it. The poor father is now, with much diffidence, and great embarrassment, stating his case to the pious and benevolent, and asking their aid, that his children may not again be sold into bondage. If any heart is opened by this statement to do anything for him, information can be obtained respecting him at the Anti-Slavery Office, in this city, or by addressing a line to the writer of this.—Rev. Charles Fitch's 4th of July Address, in Pine street Church, Boston.

A MISER'S PRAYER.

Amongst many curious papers found after the decease of John Ward, member of the British Parliament for Hackney, there was one, in his own hand-writing, of which the following is a copy. It is an admirable satire, and we commend it to the perusal of certain persons, who must be nameless:

"Oh Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple, in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased! Oh Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said that the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that most profligate young man, Sir J—l—l. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful, that they may attend to my interest and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

Shipwreck of the Francis Spaight.

RELATED BY ONE OF THE CREW.

The Francis Spaight, of 345 tons, laden with timber, sailed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the 24th of November, bound for Limerick. The crew amounted to 14 men with the captain and mate; they had fine weather for a few days, but it afterwards blew so hard, that they were obliged to drive before the wind. At 3 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 3d the vessel, through the carelessness of the helmsman, suddenly broached to, and in less than an hour she lay on her beam ends, the greater part of the crew saving themselves by clinging to the rigging. Patrick Cusack and Patrick Behane were drowned in the fore-castle, and Griffith, the mate in the after cabin. The captain and Mulville got to the fore and main masts and cut them away; the mizen top mast went with them over the side and the ship immediately tilted. As soon as she righted, she settled down in the sea, and there was scarcely any of her to be seen except the poop and the bulwarks. No situation could be more miserable than that of the unfortunate crew, standing ankle deep on the wreck, in a winter's night, and clinging to whatever was nearest, as sea after sea rolled successively over them. On the dawn they discovered that their provisions had been washed overboard, and they had no means of coming at fresh water. The gale continued unabated, and for safety and shelter they gathered into the cabin under the poop. Even here, she was so deep with water, a dry plank could not be found, and their only rest was by standing close together. At ten in the forenoon a vessel was descried to the westward, but she stood far away beyond the reach of signal, and was soon out of sight. There were 13 hands alive, and not one of them had tasted a morsel of food since the wreck; and they had only three bottles of wine; this was served out in wine glasses at long intervals. There was some occasional rain, which they were not prepared at first for saving; but on the fourth or fifth day they got a cistern under the mizen mast, where it was filled in two days. The periods in which no rain fell were, however, often long, so that they stinted themselves to the smallest possible allowance. In seven days after the appearance of the first vessel, another was seen only four miles north. An ensign was hoisted, but she bore away like the former, and was soon lost to their view. Despair was now in every countenance. How they lived through the succeeding five days it would be hard to tell; some few endeavored to eat the horn buttons of their jackets, the only substitute for nutriment which occurred to them. There was no means of taking fish, and although birds were sometimes seen flying past they had no means of bringing them down. Horrible as this situation was, it was made yet worse by the conduct of the crew towards one another. As their sufferings increased they became cross and selfish—the strong securing a place on the cabin floor, and pushing aside the weak to shift for themselves in the wet and cold. There was a boy named O'Brien especially, who seemed to have no friend on board, and endured every sort of cruelty and abuse. Most of the men had got sore legs from standing in the salt water, and were peevish and apprehensive of being hurt; as soon as O'Brien came near them in search of a dry berth, he was kicked away, for which he retaliated in curses.

On the 19th December, the 16th day since the wreck, the Captain said they were now such a length of time without subsistence, that it was beyond human nature to endure it any longer, and the only question for them to consider was whether one or all should die; his opinion was that one should suffer for the rest, and that lots should be drawn between the four boys, as they could not be considered so great a loss to their friends as those who had wives and children depending on them. None objected to this except the boys, who cried out against the injustice of such a proceeding. O'Brien in particular, protested against it; and some muttering was heard amongst the men that led the latter to apprehend they might proceed in a more summary way. Friendless and forlorn as he was, they were well calculated to terrify the boy into acquiescence, and he at length submitted. Mulville now prepared some sticks of different lengths for the lots. A bandage was tied over O'Brien's eyes, and he knelt down resting his face on Mulville's knees. The latter had the sticks in his hand, and was to hold them up one by one demanding whose lot it was. O'Brien was to call out a name and whatever person he named for the shortest stick was to die. Mulville held up the first stick and demanded who it was for? The answer was 'for little Johnny Sheehan,' and the lot was laid aside.—The next stick was held up, and the demand was repeated, 'on whom is this lot to fall?' O'Brien's reply was, 'on myself,' upon which Mulville said, that was the death lot—that O'Brien had called for it himself. The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. The men told him he must prepare for death, and the Capt. proposed bleeding him in the arm. The Captain directed the cook, Gorman, to do it, but Gorman strenuously refused; being however threatened with death if he continued obstinate, he at last consented.—O'Brien then took off his jacket, and after telling the crew, if any of them ever reached home, to tell his poor mother what had happened to him, bared his right arm. The cook cut his veins across with a small knife, but could bring no flow of blood; the boy himself attempted to open the vein at the bend of the elbow, but like the cook he failed in bringing blood. The captain then said—"This is of no use, 'tis better to put him out of pain by bleeding him in the throat. At this O'Brien, for the first time looked terrified, and

begged that they would give him a little time; he said he was cold and weak, but if they would let him lie down and sleep for a little, he would get warm, and then he would bleed freely. To this wish there were expressions of dissent from the men, and the captain said, 'twas best at once to lay hold on him, and let the cook cut his throat. O'Brien, driven to extremity, declared he would not let them; and the first man, he said, who laid hands on him, it would be the worse for him; that he'd appear and haunt him after death. There was a general hesitation among them, when a fellow named Harrington seized the boy, and they rushed in upon him—he screamed and struggled violently, addressing himself in particular to Sullivan, a Tarbert man. The poor youth was however, soon got down, and the cook, after considerable hesitation, cut his throat with a case knife, and a tureen was put under the boy's neck to save the blood.

As soon as the horrid act had been perpetrated the blood was served to the men. They afterwards laid open the body and separated the limbs; the latter were hung over the stern, while a portion of the former was allotted for immediate use, and almost every one partook of it. This was the evening of the 16th day. They ate again late at night! but the thirst which was before unendurable, now became craving and they slaked it with salt water. Several were raving through the night and in the morning the cook was quite mad. His raving continued during the succeeding night, and in the morning, as his end seemed to be approaching, the veins of his neck were cut, and the blood drawn from him. This was the second death. On that night, Bahane was mad, and the boy Burns on the following morning; they were obliged to be tied by the crew, and the latter eventually bled to death by cutting his throat. Behane died unperceived or he would have shared the same fate. Next morning Maloney distinguished a sail and raised a shout of joy. A ship was clearly discernible, and bearing her course towards them. Signals were hoisted and when she approached, they held up the hands and feet of O'Brien to excite commiseration. The vessel proved to be the Augenera, an American. She put off a boat to their assistance, and the survivors of the Francis Spaight were safely got on board the American, and were treated with the utmost kindness.—Limerick Star.

MATTER OF FACT.—I am what the old women call an "odd stick." I do nothing without a motive; I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding; I ask no favors where I do not think they may be granted; I grant no favors where I think they are not deserved; and finally, I do not wait upon the girls, when I think my attention would be disagreeable. I am a matter of fact man. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a lady to her home. I did it seriously; that is I meant to wait upon her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her, and it has ever since been an enigma to me, whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I bade her good night and she said not a word. I met her next day and I said not a word. I met her again and she gave me a two hours talk. She feared I was offended, but could not conceive why. She begged me to explain, but gave me no chance. She hoped I'd not be offended; asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me, whether she wanted me to call or not. I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady and was informed that she was not at home. I went away doubting. I met her again; she was offended; called me unneighborly; reproached me for my negligence; thought me unkind, and I have ever since wondered whether she was sorry or not. Thus have things appeared to me doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What then is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? Is it the want of fact.—This is a matter of fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal only in matter of fact.—Northern Star.

Romance of Real Life.—A Grand Gulf (Miss.) paper tells the story of Mr Frank Williams of New York. In 1809, he was nineteen and a sailor, at the house of a wealthy and beneficent friend in Chatham street, when the habitation took fire. By some mischance the child of his friend, then 3 years of age, was forgotten in an upper story, and the stairs were in flames. Mr Williams flew to her rescue, caught the child, and let himself down by a lightning rod, and alighted amid the shouts of the now congregated thousands. The child's father took the young sailor into his counting house; he soon became the head clerk; in a few years the partner in business of the father; and next, the partner for life of the father's daughter, whom he had saved.

Horrible Story.—Some days ago as the attendants were about to place in the coffin the body of the wife of a physician of the town of St. Chamand, in Cantal; who was supposed to have died the day before, the assistants fancied that the body was still warm, and even that it moved. It was, in fact, ascertained that the vital spark was not extinct; and the room was about to be cleared, when the sister and servant of the doctor were both struck dead by lightning, which injured several other persons present, and set fire to the upper part of the house. The flames were soon extinguished. The shock also destroyed the feeble hope that had been entertained of restoring the physician's wife, and on the following day three corpses were carried to the cemetery instead of one. Galignani's (Paris) Messenger.