

BY NO. B. RUSSWURN.

N. Y. YORK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1848.

The Military Sketch Book.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

"Who goes there?" "Rounds?" "What Rounds?" "Grand Rounds."

Splash went the steel, and patter went the rain, as the above dialogue rapidly passed between the officer of the rounds and the advanced sentry of Ballyvaughan guard house, one army night in the depth of December, and in the midst of the Wicklow mountains.

"Guard, turn out!" instantly bellowed with true Highland energy, from the lungs of Sergeant M'Fadgen, and echoed quickly by those of Corporal O'Callaghan. Increased the panic to its climax, and broke up the circle of story tellers who were enjoying themselves round a huge turf fire, and, for aught yet known, a bottle of pure poteen.

The officer's visit did not last many seconds, for the night was too wet, and nothing had occurred, with the guard worth his particular notice; off he galloped, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs was almost drowned in the word of command given by Sergeant M'Fadgen, as he returned, the guard; for the Sergeant always made it a point, when giving the word within the hearing of an officer, to display the power of his non-commissioned lungs in the most laudable manner.

The arms were speedily laid down, and each man ran to take up his former position at the fire, or perhaps to secure a better, if permitted to do so by the rightful owner; this, however, was, as regarded the stools, without any reference whatever to the sergeant's seat—an old oak chair, which he leisurely, gravely, and consequentially resumed.

"The Major was in a hurry to night, Sergeant," observed Corporal O'Callaghan, as he fixed himself at the front of the fire, elbowing his supporters right and left.

"The Major's no fool, Corporal; it's a could an' a raw night," replied the Sergeant.

"Could; did ya say, Sergeant," returned O'Callaghan. "By the powers of Mull Kelly, he knocks fire enough out o' the wet stones to keep both him and the basto warm. I could ha' lit my pipe with it when he started off."

"Awel, he's done his duty as exactly as if he had stumped an' booted a dianna fash, but gi' us that redry you were just commencing afore the turn-out."

"Yes, yes, the story, Corporal?" "Give us the story." "That's a fine thing, my boy. Let us have it." "I was, and a dozen similar requests followed, the Sergeant, on the man of the night, when the due quantity of lamp, tallow, and apology, equal to all rights, each Corporal O'Callaghan commenced the following

STORY OF MARIA DE CARMO

"Well, if yiz will have the story I suppose I must tell it.—Maria De Carmo, you see, is a Portuguese name, as you Redmond, and you Tom Pattherson knows well; for it's often you saw the sell same young girl I'm going to tell about; and as purty a creature she was as ever stoop in shoe-leather,—a beautiful and as sweet a young blossom, as the sun ever shone upon, with her black curls, and her white teeth, set just like little rows of harsichord trays; and her eyes, and her lips, and her ankles! O! she bet all the girls I ever saw in either Spain or Portugal; that you may depend upon. Well, Harry Gainer was her sweetheart; poor fellow, he was my comrade for many a long day. You knew him well, Sergeant."

"I listed the lad myself at Waterford, about this time ten years, as near as possible; an' a gay gallant he was," said M'Fadgen; and then with an important sigh resumed his pipe."

"Well, Harry and I went out with the regiment from Cork to Lisbon in 1810, and it was in March; for we spent our Patrick's Day aboard, and drowned our sham-rock in a canteen of ration rum, just as we were laying sight of Ireland; and we gave the country three cheers on the forecastle—the whole lot of us together, sailors an' all, as the green hills turned blue, an' began to sink away from our sight. We had a fine passage, an' landed at a place called the Black Horse-Square, though in March, as one of our July days here. Well—to make a long story short, we made no delay, but, according to orders, we re-embarked aboard the boats, and sailed up the Tagus to Villa Franca (as pretty a river as ever I sailed in,) and then the regiment marched on to Abrantes, where we halted; it was in this town that Harry first met with Maria De Carmo. Both he and I were quartered at her father's house, a nice country spot of a place, what the Portuguese calls a Quinta, in the middle of a thick wood of olives, on the side o' the high hill of Abrantes."

"We halted here about a month, during which time Gainer was always looking after this young girl; and faith! he hadn't much trouble to find her any day, for she was just as fond of looking after him! I often met them, both strolling up along the side o' the river, like two turtle-doves, billing and cooing, and I could ha' told how the matter would have gone, in two days after we arrived; for, pon my soul! I don't know how it is, but when a young couple meets, that's made for one another, there is such an attraction, an' such a shaking towards this way, an' that way, that they are always elbowing and jostling, till they fall into each others arms."

"Poor Harry was a warm-hearted bow as ever was born, and as honourable too. He called to me the night before we marched from Abrantes for Elvas, and says he to me (we were just outside the town, taking a bit o' a walk in an orange garden,) says he, "Tom, an' the poor fellow signed enough to break his heart to do Tom," says he, "I don't know what to do with that girl; the regiment marches to-morrow, and God knows will I err, sea, here again. She wants to come with me, takes me to her parents." "An' will you take her?" says he. "Take her?" says he. "I can't an' she's the only child of the poor man; she could make a good servant if well to do." "Lord, she'd be a good servant if she'd fall into the river," says he. "I'd break the neck of her father."

"Och! I know well, before I mentioned it, that Harry's heart was, in the right place." "Well," says I, "you must only love her, poor thing; it's better you take her with you." But what does her father say?" "O," says Harry, "the poor man would be willing enough to let her marry me if I was settled; but although he likes me so much, he knows well that this is no time for marriages with soldiers." "Well, then," Harry, says I, "there's no manner o' use in talking; you must only give her a lock o' your hair and a parting kiss,—then God speed you both." "With that, we went back to our quarters, an' took share o' a canteen o' wine; but although Harry drank, I saw it was more for the dthrowning of his troubles, and the sake of conversation about Maria, than for any like he had to licker. But, faith! I am sure, although I'm no great hand at it myself, I think a glass, on such an occasion as that, when the heart o' the poor fellow was so full, an' my own not very empty, an' when we were going to march from the town we spent some pleasant hours in, was a thing that if a man could not enjoy, he ought to be thrown behind the fire, as a dirty chip."

"We were just finishing the last glass, when the old man, our patron, signior Joze, came to say that we must ate a bit o' supper with him, as it was our last night in the place; and although I didn't understand much o' the language, yet he explained himself well enough to make us know that he was in the right earnest of good nature. We had no more wine to offer him, at which he smiled, and pointed to the parlour below.—"La esta bastente," says he; which means there's enough below stairs, my boys. We went down to supper, which was a couple of Gdlin, as boys, or, in plain English, roast fowls, an' soup; with oranges of the best quality, just plucked out of the old man's garden. Maria was with us, an' I don't think I ever passed a pleasanter night. God knows whether it was so with Harry an' his sweetheart or not. I believe it was a sort o' mixture. They were both not much in the talking way, an' Maria looked as if she had a hearty meal o' crying before she sat down to supper.—However, I kept up the conversation with Joze, though I was obliged to get Harry to interpret for me often enough, as he was a far better hand at the Portuguese than I was, from always discoursing with Maria—faith, in learning any language, there's nothing like a walking dictionary.—that is to say, a bit o' a sweetheart."

"Signior Joze, gave us a terrible account of the French when they came to Abrantes first; and all he feared was that ever they should be able to make their way there again. He hoped he would never see the day on account of his dear Maria; for they hadher spared age nor sex in the unfortunate country. They call themselves Christians; says he, and the English infidels; but actions, either all, are the best things to judge by; the sign of the cross never kept a devil away yet; if so, there should not have been such a Legion of them here along with the French; for we had gross enough." "Joze was a liberal man in his opinions; although a Catholic, an' once attached to Harry, an' no more, retaining the same religion, yet he was not like the bigot o' our times; I mean a liberal one; that would oppose every faith as liberal as his. He was for allowing every man to go to the devil in his own way."

remarked Sergeant M'Fadgen, "the truth of which observation a general mission was given by all the fire-and-brimstone."

"Well, we broke up about one o'clock purty merry, but not at all out of the way; and, as we had to march a little after day-break, I thought three or four hours rest would do us no harm; so I would not let the Patron open another bottle. Harry looked a little out o' sorts at my preventing him; but I knew what he was of; he didn't want the drink; but just to keep sitting up with the girl, therefore I thought it better to go; for he an' she would have been just as loth to part if they had been six weeks more together without stopping. Next morning we turned out at day-break; an' faith! Harry might as well have staid up all night for the sleep he got—he looked the picture of misery and trouble. We had our rations served out the day before; but faith! we did not want much o' that—Harry and I, for Joze had stuffed our haversacks with every species of eatables."

"We mustered in the square or market place—inules and all, by four o'clock, and at half past four we marched off to the chime o' Patrick's Day upon a fine band as ever listed; which, in the middle o' foreign parts, as I was, made itself a little consated, I assure. The regiment was followed by a crowd of Portuguese, as far as the bridge over the Tagus, where we crossed. Poor devil's! the band didn't seem to make them to look pleasanter; they were like as if they suspected we were not certain of keeping the French out long."

"Just as the light company was moving on to the bridge, Harry and I belonged to the light company, we halted a few minutes; and he fell out to speak a parting word to Maria an' her father, who were both waiting there at the bridge. Her mother almost covered her face, but still I saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, poor girl, like rain. In a few moments the column moved on, and Harry was obliged to fall in. We both shook hands with the old father—Harry kissed his sweetheart, and we marched on over the bridge. But to make a long story short, our regiment at Elvas about three months, when the French began to attack us, and we retreated upon Abrantes. This was the time that they boasted of going to drive us into the sea, 'cause, out o' Portugal, but our soul! the Mounseers never was more mistaken in their lives. Well, we had our share from Maria for two months, and I remember it was late in the evening, when we entered Abrantes on our retreat. Harry an' I didn't want to taste bit o' supper; all we went down to bid Joze's house, and there we learnt that he died of a fever six weeks afore; poor old man! I was sorry to hear it an' so, was Harry—very sorry indeed. We inquired about the daughter; an' heard that she was living with a particular friend of her father's, at the other end of the town. We soon found her out; an' although she was denied to us at first by an old woman, but faith! a nice looking young boy dressed like a pizarro, or soldier, had a wide black hat an' red waistcoat, an' his arms round Harry's neck, kissing him. By my soul, I was sure enough; he was the same fellow that I had seen at the bridge; and he was for allowing every man to go to the devil in his own way."



Poetry.

FOR THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL.



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LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND JEREMIAH GLOUCESTER.

Is Gloucester dead! The man of God? Why! I saw him, but the other day With cheerfulness upon his brow, Oh! has he now so soon decayed!

Yes, I saw him, mount the sacred desk; There, with energy proclaim the truth, While, listening ears, hung upon his lips; And is it possible, he's dead and gone!

What, gone—left his newly wedded bride— Forlorn, to weep and mourn—a widow! Left the people of his charge alone? Has he gone, and left the world for ever!

DEPART'D, in the morning of his days, In the blooming primrose of his life; 'Mid, the hopes of future usefulness; Is he, suddenly cut down—by death!

Yes, I read the record of his death!— While, I read, my bosom palpitates; Tender tears come rushing to my eyes! But, oh, delightful, cheering thought; that, Though he moulders in his silent urn, He's free from every care and pain; Gone to rest from all his labours here; And to receive a rich reward in Heaven!

AMICUS.

LINES, written on hearing a beautiful Young LADY express a determination to live an OLD MAID.

WHAT! live an old maid! the idea is distressing, Be banish'd for ever the thought—'tis unkind, Remember great Natur's design, you're transgressing, By leaving the pleasures of marriage behind.

Why live an old maid?—have Love's arrows lost power To wound—to infix their soft sting in thy heart?

Why offer celibacy's sturine a fair flower, Whose fragrance such ecstatic thrills can impart.

Thou, live an old maid! nay, I cannot believe thee, Thou wilt not connubial pleasure forego; Hymeneal bliss is a balm will relieve thee From every sorrow;—'tis Heaven below.

'Tis a gleam which in beautiful radiance shineth, Vain are words, its dear rapturous transports to tell.

'Tis a flame which terrestrial comfort refueth, A source of pure pleasure—a Heavenly spell.

Thou, 'twant' with the thought—be no longer forsaken, The soul-bearing prospect of conjugal bliss; Call fancy to aid—it will soon re-awaken, The thrilling delight of a chaste nuptial kiss.

What, live an old maid!—thou art now in youth's morning— Be called as "Old Maid" to the crowd; of thy life, More wisely ends—say, for more adorn— Are the eyes of "Aunt Sarah" and "Aunt Mary"?

ALL ORDERS FOR JOB, OR FANCY

PRINTING.

Really Executed, at the Office OF THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL, 162 Church-Street, NEW-YORK.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH MUSIC SCHOOL

THE Public is respectfully informed, that the above SCHOOL, (under the direction of Mr. RABSON,) is open every Tuesday and Friday Evening, at 7 o'clock, in the School Room, under St. Philip's Church.

Persons wishing to join, are requested to do so without delay. Terms made known at the School, January 18.



Economy is the Road to wealth—And a penny saved is as good as two pennies earned. Then call at the United States CLOTHES DRESSING Establishment,

JAMES GILBERT,

Who has removed from 411 to 422 Broadway, and continues as usual to carry on the Clothes Dressing in correct and systematic style; having perfect knowledge of the business, having been legally bred to it, his mode of cleaning and Dressing COATS, PANTALOONS, &c. is by STEAM SPONGING, which is the only correct system of CLEANING, which he will warrant to extract all kinds of STAIN, GREASE-SPOTS, TAR, PAINT &c. or no pay will be taken

N. B. The public are cautioned against the imposture of those who attempt the Dressing of Clothes, by STEAM SPONGING, who are totally unacquainted with the business, as there are many Establishments who have recently been opened in this city.

All kinds of Tailoring Work done at the above place.

All clothes left to be cleaned or repaired will be good for one year and one day—if not claimed in that time, they will be sold at public auction.

AFRICAN FREE SCHOOL.

NOTICE.—Parents and Guardians of Coloured Children, are hereby informed, that a male and Female School has long been established for coloured children, by the Manumission Society of this city—where the pupils receive such an education as is calculated to fit them for usefulness and respectability. The male school is situated in Mulberry-street, near Grand-street, and the female school in William street, near Duane street; both under the management of experienced teachers. The boys are taught Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography and English Grammar—and the Girls, in addition to those branches, are taught Sewing, Marking, and Knitting, &c.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Pupils of 5 to fifteen years of age are admitted by the Teachers at the Schools, at the rate of twenty-five cents to one dollar per quarter, according to the circumstances of the parents; and the children of such as cannot afford to pay any thing are admitted free of expense, and enjoy the same advantages as those who pay.

Each school is visited weekly by a committee of the trustees, in addition to which a committee of Ladies pay regular visits to the Female school. Care is taken to impart moral instruction, and such have been the happy effects of the system pursued in these schools, that although several thousand have been taught in them since their establishment (now more than thirty years) there has never been an instance known to the trustees where a pupil having received a regular education has been convicted of any crime in per Courts of Justice.

By order of the Board of Trustees, PETER B. TUTTUS, RICHARD FIELD.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber is authorized to offer to his coloured brethren, TWO THOUSAND Acres of excellent LAND, at less than one half its value, provided they will take measures to settle, or have it settled by coloured farmers. The land is in the state of New-York, within 70 miles of the city; its location is delightful, being on the banks of the Delaware river, with an open navigation to the city of Philadelphia. The Canal leading from the Delaware to the Hudson river, passes through the tract, opening a direct navigation to New-York city. The passage to either city may be made in one day or less. The land is of the best quality; and well timbered.

The subscriber hopes that some of his brethren, who are capitalists, will at least invest 500 or 1,000 dollars, in these lands. To such he will take the liberty to say, this land can be purchased for 5 dollars the acre, (by coloured men,) though it has been selling for 25 dollars. He also takes the liberty to observe that the purchase will be safe and advantageous, and he thinks such a settlement, formed by coloured families, would be conducive of much good. With this object in view he will invest 500 dollars in the purchase.

SAMUEL E. CORNISH. New-York, March 20.

N. B. Communications on the subject, post paid, will be received and attended to.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

MR. GOLD, late of Connecticut, takes this method of informing the coloured population of this city, that he teaches English Grammar, upon a new and improved plan, by which a pupil of ordinary capacity, may obtain a correct knowledge of the principles of the English language, by attending to the study thereof two hours in a day in six weeks. He would be willing to teach a class of coloured persons, either in the day or in the evening (as may suit their convenience;) and his terms will be such, that no one desirous to learn will have cause to be dissatisfied with them.

Persons wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity of learning English Grammar will please to call upon the Rev. B. Paul, No. 6, York-street, or the Rev. P. Williams's 62 Crosby-street, with whom also the names of those who determine upon becoming pupils of Mr. Gold, will be left. Nov. 16, 1827.

B. F. HUGHES' SCHOOL.

For Coloured Children of both Sexes. Under St. Philip's Church, is now ready for the admission of Pupils.

In this school will be taught READING, WRITING, ARITHMETIC.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR, GEOGRAPHY with the use of Maps and Globes, and History. Terms from two to four dollars per quarter. Reference.—Rev. Messrs. P. Williams, S. E. Cornish, B. Paul and W. Miller. New-York, March 14.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

THE "AFRICAN MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETY, for the instruction of Coloured Adults, of both Sexes," have opened their SCHOOL on Monday Evening, October 1st, at their former School Room, under the Mariner's Church, in Roosevelt-street. The School will be open on every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evenings, at half past 6 o'clock.

Those desirous of receiving instruction, will be taught to Read, Write and Cypher, until the first of April, 1828; for the small sum of one dollar, to be paid on entering the school. An early application is requested, as there will be no allowance made for past time.

JAMES WOOD, JAMES MITTS, WILLIAM P. JOHNSON, ARNOLD FINE, E. M. AVANTAGES, HENRY KING, Trustees.

G. & R. DRAPER

In Fore-street, BALTIMORE, Manufacture all kinds of Smoking and Chewed TOBACCO Scotch, Rappee, and Macabey SNUFF Spanish, Half Spanish, and American CIGARS. N. B. The above CIGARS have been made a larger size of TOBACCO than any other brand, and are of the best quality, and will be sold at any quantity at all the prices.

A CARD.

FRANCIS WILES, RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends, and the Public generally, that his HOUSE, No. 102 Church street, is now open, for the accommodation of genteel persons of colour, with BOARD AND LODGING.

Grateful for past favours, he solicits a continuance of the same. His house is in a healthy and pleasant part of the city, and no pains or expense will be spared on his part to render the situation of those who honour him with their patronage, as comfortable as possible. New-York, Sept. 1827. 26—3m

EVENING SCHOOL.

AN EVENING SCHOOL for persons of Colour, will be opened on the 15th of October next in the African School Room in Mulberry street; where will be taught READING, WRITING, ARITHMETIC, ENGLISH GRAMMAR, GEOGRAPHY, &c. TERMS.—Three Dollars per quarter payable in advance. Hours from 6 to half past 9 o'clock. Sept. 18. 28

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

B. MERMIER, respectfully informs his Friends, and the Public Generally, that he has opened a REFRESHMENT HOUSE, at No. 422 Broadway, where such as favour him with their custom, may always expect to be served with the choicest Liquors and Refreshments, at the shortest notice. New-York, Dec. 11, 1827.

The Freedom's Journal.

Is published every FRIDAY, at No. 152 Church-street, New-York. The price is THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, payable half yearly in advance. If paid at the time of subscribing, \$2 50 will be received. No subscription will be received for a less term than one year.

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All Communications, (except those of Agents) must be post paid.

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