The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Select Poetry.

From the London Daily News.

PEACE AND WAR.

SUNDAY, Nov. 5th.

The village bells were ringing
By the border of the sea;
The robin blithely singing,
Chanted in the holly-tree;
From the elms about the hall—
From the mill beside the weir—
Underneath the churchyard wall—
Came the gathering groups to prayer.

Then they softly closed the door,
And the people all arose,
'Mid the knights upon the floor,
Who had Saracens for foes;
And the simple psalm was sung,
And the children turned to pray,
Where the baron's hatchment hung,
And the grim Crusader lay.

In the carved chancel stalls,
Knelt a maiden in the sun,
And the marble on the walls
Told of fields her father won.
She was pleading in her love,
That her lover might not die;
And the angels wept above—
For they heard his dying cry.

The sweet chimes from the steeple
Reached the sailor on the waves,
The voices of the people
Whispered low among the graves;
Through the meadows and the lane—
To the lighthouse on the hill—
To their homes they went again,
And the village green was still.

On the hill-side, on the heights—
Where in Spring the violets blow—
Famous among famous fights—
Raged the battle with the foe;
Through the dark the rifles flashed;
Sword and plume were wet with rain—
Through the bush battallions dashed,
Charged, and cheered, and charged again.

Man to man, and steel to steel—
When the muskets cease to fire—
Till the swerving columns reel,
Till the swarming serfs retire;
Guards and Chasseurs side by side,
Earned themselves a glorious name,
Bravely fought and nobly died
In the brotherhood of fame.

Underneath the pollard oaks
Clustered on a grassy knoll,
Where the woodman's ringing strokes
Never slash the slender bole;
Meeting death among his men,
Grasping still his father's sword
Never more to change again;
Lay the loved one on the sward.

By the ruined mill he sleeps
In the grave his comrades share,
And the maiden's gift he keeps—
One soft tress of shining hair;
She will often pass in dreams
To that grave beside the mill,
When the Winter moonlight streams,
And the snow lies on the hill.

Tales and Sketches.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I was at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables-d'hote*, I established myself at a hotel in the Juden-strasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Muller, master of this establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house. One might pass thro' the servants' room, and even through the kitchens, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended.—The cellar was as well arranged as a book-case, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hour of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table-d'hote* there prevailed a tone of good society, which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well-executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Muller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Settin Beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Muller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Muller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood;—such was Ellen Muller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Muller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Muller, a man of extensive acquirements and great sense, took part, with a choice of expression and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed the most profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Werter, were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the Baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there in a mute ecstacy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The Baron brought Mrs. Muller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and heightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through the time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists.—But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, when we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna.—In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus:—'Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more.'—Mr. Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent developement of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness towards the new comer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices; at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations; it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him.—Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man; nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was pre-occupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said, in a low voice, 'It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary.'

'I should be surprised at that,' I replied, 'and what is more, I would lay a wager that he musical.' The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever heard in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duett.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, 'I thank you!'

'Very odd indeed,' said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing room.

Mrs. Muller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said in a low voice:

'If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music.'

'With your mother's permission,' rejoined Malthus, 'I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you.'

Mrs. Muller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick:

'If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure.'

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, 'One meets people like you everywhere,' and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon 'Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendency over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody;—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, 'My arm would support him so well!'

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the rightmindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant, with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughters were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled, Werter approached Mr. Muller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

'It were well,' she said, 'first to know what Ellen thinks.'

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

'Beside, he is very young,' added Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarassed, and abruptly left the room.

'A mere child,' quoth the baron, 'should be sent back to his books.'

Malthus, who had observed all that passed rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

'It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, that the young man's choice pleads in his favor, and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves, in my opinion, that whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficiently to admit himself unworthy of it.'

'If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit,' interrupted the councillor, 'I know one man who would not hesitate'—

'And who is that?' inquired Mrs. Muller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

'Myself, madam,' replied the councillor—'Baron Von Noth.'

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable '*myself*' appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

'At my age men do not change,' continued the baron; 'the present is a guarantee for the future.'

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference.—Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa and knelt down beside her.

'You have not understood me, then?' he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

'Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!'

'Sir,' said Malthus to Mr. Muller, 'my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration.'

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose *denouncement* remained in suspense.

'Mr. Y.,' said she to me, somewhat maliciously, 'do you not feel the effect of example?'

'Perhaps I might have been unable to resist,' I replied, 'had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me.'

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least it seemed to do so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am much flattered by the honor you have done me'—

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

'I have something to tell you,' continued Mr. Muller, 'which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skillful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

'One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappered, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.

'It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him; questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

'I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position.'

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Muller ceased speaking, we still listened.—Presently the Jew broke silence.

'I have little,' he said 'to add to your narration: the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree he struck against a stone, and since then he lips as you perceive.'

We were all motionless with surprise.—Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Muller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated. Tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

'All that I possess belongs to you,' he cried, 'and I have the happiness to inform you thus your capital has doubled.'

'Of all that you possess,' replied Malthus, I ask but one thing, to which I have no right.'

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and, placing it in that of the Jew—

'Sir,' he said, addressing himself to me, 'you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

A CHEAP STUMP-PULLER.—"We noticed a very simple contrivance for pulling stumps, which Mr. Edgarton says works very well indeed. It is so simple in its structure, that we commend it to those wishing anything of the kind. It consists of a log of strong timber, from ten to twelve inches in diameter at the large end, and eight or ten at the smaller, and about sixteen or twenty feet long. To the larger end is attached a very heavy chain about three feet long, with a very large and strong hook at the free end, while at the other there is a ring sufficiently large to slip over the larger end of the lever. To the small end of the lever a yoke of cattle is hitched. The manner of using it is as simple as the machine, and acts on the same principle of some tooth-hook of the dentist. The large hook is caught hold of some of the large roots, and the cattle are then driven round the stump so as to wind up the short heavy chain, and then continue on in the even tenor of their way, till the stump gives itself and surrenders its prsition. Thus they are removed easily and rapidly.—*Exchange.*

☞ We open the hearts of others when we open our own.

From Putnam's Monthly.

WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes:
His merriment shines in the dimpling line,
That wrinkles his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
In the midst of the mighty Sea!

But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless winds unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the Wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the self-same strain!

Political.

SHALL UTAH BE ADMITTED INTO THE UNION?

The member of Congress who must vote on the admission of a State, must ask himself, if it becomes necessary, Has this applying State a republican form of government? And thus we ask, do the Mormons form a republic? This leads to another question; What is a republic? Dictionaries, which hardly ever give definitions, but merely strive to indicate the sense of the word, are of no use to us in this case, and in an inquiry, which, if successful, would furnish authority for the lexicographer, but cannot take the lexical explanations as a standard. Above all, we are bound to take the word Republic in the sense in which it was usually taken at the time of the framing of our Constitution, and in which we know, or have good reason to believe, the framers to have taken it.

A State is not a republic, simply because its chief is non-hereditary. The Dalai-Lama is, if not elective, certainly selective and non-hereditary; but Thibet has never been considered a republic. Nor does the elective character of the chief magistrate stamp the State with republicanism. No man has ever called the States of the Church a republic, because the Pope proceeds by election from the conclave. Nor is a State a monarchy because the chief magistrate is hereditary, as the stadtholders of Holland were for a time. Napoleon went even so far as to have his first five-franc pieces inscribed, on the obverse, with the words: Napoleon, Emperor of the French, on the reverse, with those of: French Republic. We suppose they will be called in future, Transition Fives.

However difficult it may be to give a perfect definition of the term Republic, simply because it has been used in many different meanings, we know this much for certain, that our institutors understood by Republic, a goverment of a popular cast, in which the legislature forms an organism through which public opinion shall pass into public will, that is, law; and in which the chief magistrate is limited, both in power, and duration of office, which is filled, directly or indirectly, by the choice of the people. They meant, by Republic, a polity founded upon the broad principle that the first source and starting point of power is in the people. Never, even as colonists, had their political convictions been tinctured with the fabled Jus Divinum; for they were English by descent.

It is true, there existed a variety of republics when our institutors resolved on independence. There were especially before their eyes the Netherlands Republic, which had so decided an influence upon the framing and naming of our federacy; and the republic of Venice, which was in former times often admired by political observers, for the wisdom and great power wielded by so narrow a State. Our Constitution, however, shows with perfect plainness, that no Venetian government, no aristocracy was meant to be included within the term Republic, as used in that instrument, for it contains the injunction that 'no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States,' and, for fear that this might not be considered to banish nobility from the land, the Constitution provides that 'no State shall grant any title of nobility.'

Whoever will study the Constitution, the debates, the times when the Constitution was framed, the political culture of the framers, the history of the colonies, and of the term Republic itself, will find that by Republic our fundamental pact means a popular and institutional polity with a representative government, in which its great powers or functions are clearly divided and distinctly limited, and in which no power, office, or distinction is hereditary, or derived from any principle or region beyond or without the popular State itself.

According to this standard the Mormon polity is no republic. The Mormons themselves call it a theocratic government, and a theocracy is not a republic, whatever the Mormons may choose to jumble together, when, occasionally, they call their government a theo-democracy, which conveys about as distinct an idea as the imperial five-frane pieces we mentioned. The Mormon government is still less a republic than many other hierarchies have been, because the chief of that revolting system claims, and is considered by his subjects, to be daily and hourly inspired, by direct infusion of the Divine Spirit. We have been told that the present Emperor of Russia, when some person extolled his immense power in his presence, condescended to point to the heavens, saying: 'there is one greater still.' The Czar, we should think, considers himself pretty near to the heavenly quarters, but then he allows, and insists upon, that he *is* Czar; and what is his belief in himself, compared to Brigham, who publishes divine decrees in the 'Day and Seasons,' as Radway's Ready Relief is published in our papers. The most absolute chalif has never claimed any similar authority; no such authority even in Mohammed was acknowledged by any of his followers. Yet this man, with this running inspiration, is the head of a thoroughly organized government, over which he rules by this pretended inspiration. Where is the American that would dare to call such a state of things a republic! What are their two orders of priests, the highest of which, it has been hinted, will be made hereditary, and to preserve the blood of which *pure*, it is proclaimed that soon it will be made lawful to marry sisters and brothers of the same father, though of different mothers? What are these orders but a nobility? Let us not hear the objection that all this is 'religious,' with which, therefore, we have nothing to do. We shall presently show that we have a good deal to do with their 'religion,' but in this place we do not speak of their so-called religion. What we maintain is, that the form of government of the Mormons is a pretended theocratic government, and that, therefore, it can no more be admitted into the Union than the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and his people, or the Pope, with his dominion, could. The King of the Sandwich Islands would, no doubt, be very willing to be received as a member of the Union, could he remain on the throne—a sort of Attalus to us—and there would not be half the objection against his reception that exists against the admission of the Mormons.

Nor could it be of any avail were the Mormons to establish a *pro forma* political government, and were to insist upon it, that the organization of the Latter Day Saints is an affair of the church, with which our government has no business. The law does not allow subterfuges, nor do we mean to allow our great political relations to rest on falsehood. It would resemble too much the dozen of soda bottles, pretending lawful traffic, in a little entry, which leads to a brothel in the rear.

This consideration would be sufficient to prevent any citizen, loyally adhering to the Constitution, from sanctioning the admission of the Mormons into our circle of States; but there are other, and equally weighty reasons.

It has been shown on what two occasions the subject of religion is mentioned in our Constitution. It enjoins upon the United States never to make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and ordains that no religious test be ever required as a qualification for any public office. At the same time, it prescribes certain oaths to be taken, for which, however, solemn affirmation may be substituted—a substitute which had been adopted in England, with reference to Quakers, prior to the framing of our pact.

We shall not inquire whether the prohibition of 'establishing' a church, which means acknowledging and supporting it as a part and parcel of the State, and the command of allowing 'free exercise of religion,' as well as the religious tests, whether these are sufficient to bind us in all cases of admitting a State, wholly to dismiss the question of religion—whether, in no case whatever, we ought to ask ourselves, Can people, with such or such a religious system, possibly form a wholesome part of our system; can the consideration of the commonest decorum be disregarded in admitting an ingredient with a revolting religion into the great organism?

Some vexing cases may be readily imagined. We must not forget that the Union, from being a neighboring State to Europe, has become a contiguous country to Asia, and our new and incipient relations to Asia might produce a large influx of Asiatic paganism, coupled with a distinct race, which, without any great stretch of our imagination, might be supposed to reach the point of application for admission, and it might, then, become necessary to ask the question: What did our forefathers exactly mean when they used the word religion in the Constitution? Where are the limits of the word, or are there none? Have we to understand it according to the *usus loquendi*, the meaning it had at the time, among these men who used it, and the sphere of action and thought in which they used it? The *usus loquendi* is one of the elements of all safe interpretation. Or ought we to take the term religion in its widest sense, in which the philosophical writer uses it, for the aggregate of all relations which subsist, or which men imagine to subsist, between them and all that surrounds them on the one hand, and a superior, or many superior beings of influencing power on the other hand?

We waive this whole consideration. We grant that the member of Congress may dismiss the question of religion when a State calls upon him for admission, that is, we grant that he need not occupy himself with religion *as* religion. He need not trouble himself in the case we contemplate, with the exact relation in which the Mormon, in his own conscience, believes himself to stand to his bodily, perfectible, married Buddah god. So far as this goes, he may leave the Mormons, to use a favorite expression of their own, 'severely alone.' But the question does not end here.

Religion, as we have considered it so far, is a purely mental or psychological matter. It is like the moral theory of ethical philosophers, who differ as to the moral sense. It is a very different matter when we come to morality and moral acts themselves, when we have to remember that all States and every compound of States are jural societies, and that the very idea of rights and justice is founded on the antecedent idea that man is an ethical being. Neither trees nor animals have rights, whatever obligations may be imposed upon us towards them as being the creatures of our own Creator. In looking, in this case, for the moral character of man, we do not go 'behind the record,' on the contrary, we take political man in his constituent parts as we must take him, and as we must take all else if we wissh to handle the given material wisely, rightly and righteously.

The first consideration that presents itself here is, that although we may have sound reasons for dismissing the subject of religion in certain spheres of reflection, this does by no means imply that, because a man chooses to call an act of his religous, therefore he can do it with impunity, or that it prevents us from taking cognizance of it. We enjoy religous liberty, and mean to perpetrate it for our children; but this liberty has never been understood to mean a license of doing anything provided it is called religious. Religious liberty means that no one shall be troubled about his faith—his inner man; but acts remain for ever subject to the law.

There is not a crime or vice, however mean or frightful, in the long catalogue of sin and shame, that has not at some time or other formed an avowed element of religious systems. Cheating, theft, murder, and refined cruelty have been parts of religions. Prostitution and drunkenness have had their proclaimed shrine in worship. Children have been fattened like calves to be eaten, spicily dressed by elaborate cookery, in honor of the gods. Hosts of men have been slaughtered by priests and temple servants, religiously to honor the corpse of a king, and to magnify the glory of a departed despot.—Hundreds of women have been throw over precipices, because the gods demanded thus to honor the presence of an embassador.—This has been; this is still, and this will be again. Grieve as we may, it is but too true, not only that 'everything happens,' but also that everything happens over again. And is all this crime politely to be suffered because the perpetrator cloaks his misdeeds with the ragged mantle of his fiendish religion? Fantastic squeamishness is no element of statesmanship. There is nothing more calamitous in rulers than political conceits. If the worship of Astarte, with all its naked, harlotries were revived, should we countenance it? Do not charge us with unnecessarily travelling beyond the pales of actuality. There is, unfortunately, directness enough in all we say, for the nearest purpose which we have in view. Suppose the blessed time of burning heretics should return, and one of your communities should make it lawful, would you take such a community as a sister-state to your bosom? Let us speak out like men, and have the truth in a bulk at once. The cunning king's malicious *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*, must be reversed into the republican Who cannot face the truth cannot rule.

To speak of all the immoralities and obscenities sanctioned by the Mormon Law, would be impossible here. It would be a loathsome task, and besides, it would be necessary to quote their chapter and verse for each statement of ours, because without it, happily, many readers would not believe us. This, however, would obviously lead us beyond reasonable limits. We shall then restrict ourselves to their acknowedged polygamy. They avow it; they boast of it; they challenge the world on this ground; they do not only sanction it by their law, but they proclaim it as an essential part of their whole polity and religious system; they carry it to their celestial spheres; they revel in it, and not only has it already borne the poisonous fruits which it always produces, but that peculiar element of vulgarity and knavery which has passed from the characteristic foulness and cheating jugglery of the founder into all Mormonism, has also shown itself, even at this early period, in the 'divine institution,' as the Mormons actually call their polygamy, to such an extent that Eastern polygamy appears like a state of refinement compared to this brutality.

Yet, Mormon polygamy is a 'religious institutions.' Be it so. Let us not touch their religion. It defiles. Polygamy may be their religion, and so far we have as little to do with it as the law would have to do with a man, who like Madan, should write a book in defence of a plurality of wives. But the polygamy of the Mormons is no book speculation; it is an act, a fact, and the legislator *has* to do and deal with acts and facts.

A STAGE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

Gentlemen of St. Louis and elsewhere are endeavoring to establish a daily or weekly line of stages between Missouri and Californin. They wish to organize a company, with capital to sustain the line a year. The means being made sure of, the Company would obtain a force of men, stages, and horses, adopt a line across the plains and through the mountains, and locate stations fifteen, twenty, or thirty miles apart, as the character of the country might admit, and improve the same by permanent tenements, stables, and inclosures, with men at each station to guard the property and take care of the stock, and sufficient horses or mules for changes and relays. Ten through passengers daily, at $100 each, would produce $720,000. The way-business would add to this, according to to the statement of Mr. Mitchel, and an immense amount of gold would pass over the line at a heavy freight. The mails, they say, could be carried in twelve days from Kansas to Sacramento, and of course the line would be employed to carry the mails. These views were detailed with minuteness. F. P. Blair followed in a clear and convincing review of the great merits of the enterprise. Col. Mitchel, an experienced "mountain man," approved of the project, and said that his experience satisfied him that the stage in the mountains would not be more materially obstructed by snows in winter than the stage lines in New York and Massachusetts. Col Campbell confirmed the statement. He had spent three winters near the mouth of the Yellow Stone, and there was no snow to hinder any kind of travel. Col. Campbell said that the grass of the mountains did not rot in the fall, but dried and became hay, and could be used by stock. K. M'Kenzie, another "mountain man," confirmed these statements.

Mr. Holiday, of California, who had driven stock over the route, believed in the entire practicability of the project, and said the "Californians would meet Missouri half-way." Finally, resolutions were adopted for making application to the Legislature for a charter for this great project; and we are encouraged to believe, says the *Illinois Weekly Journal*, which gives this account, that those persons have taken hold of the measure who will be likely to carry it through.

WHISKERS.—'The editress of the Lancaster Literary Gazette says she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow, as to allow a man with whiskers to kiss her. *Cincinnati Columbian.*

We don't believe a word of it. The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arises from envy. They can't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies, God bless them! adopt our fashions as far as they can. Look at the depredations the dear creatures have committed on our wardrobe during the last two or three years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching necks in our standing collors and cravats—driving us men to flatties and turn-downs.—Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waist-coats, instead of thumping against the outside, as nature intended it.

They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables—unwhisperables, unthinkaboutables, in short, as Micawber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high heeled boots. Do you hear gentlemen? we say boots!—*Western Paper.*