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"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

THE JERSEY HOMESTEAD.

BY REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

I fain would have thought chosen
A mansion such a farmer's pride;
And old stone, with hanging eves,
And casements clambered o'er with leaves;
Fair but not fine, of ancient guise;
There shadowing elms around should rise;

Full barns, clean houses, nor forgot
Clean floor, and door—so great

After the pine in thought, I view
The spreading lawn of fresh hue;

And stretching back, in stately mien,
A garden, with its alleys green;

Where every herb and even fruit,

That may be found, is here;

Such lawns in concert with each flower

Shall be seen a Jersey bower.

Then let a rippling brook flow by

On whose green margin there may lie

At intervals, a well-born seat;

To pause, amid the noonday heat;

And here am I, as good may seem,

Broad willows weeping o'er the stream,

Or locusts, where, in balmy June,

The bees may hum their sleep-tune.

Such be the centre of my reign,

Whence to survey my fair domain;

But reaching far, every side,

And sombre groves; and thicket grey,

Where I may fly at height of day.

O'er the emerald's award, let stray

The herd and flock, at food or play;

With them, still, and those who care,

Call on the clover, to direct the share,

And sow, and reap the golden store,

Till winter close the massive door,

Then, while the winter tempest is coming,

And there flies the cheerful fire,

The crackling billets, flaming high,

Shall send a gleam to every eye,

Of happy inmates round the hearth,

Full of warmth cheer, and healthful mirth.

Here let me sit, and dream, and muse,

And standards hug her wintry task,

And hardy urchin doll his share;

And chubby girl don her spire;

And John, with school-boy tone, release

The newest, last, in prospect rose;

Back to the Jersey home free!

Such comforts may there ever be!

Tales and Sketches.

LITTLE FLOY.

HOW A MISER WAS RECLAIMED.

Of all the houses which Martin Kendrick owned, he used the oldest and meanest for his own habitation. It was an old tumble-down building on a narrow street, which had already lived out more than its appointed term of service, and was no longer fit to "cumber the ground." But the owner still clung to it, the more, perhaps, because as it stood there in its desolation, unsightly and weather-beaten, it was no unfit emblem of himself.

Martin, the miser! Years of voluntary privation, such as in most cases follows only the train of the extremest penury, had given him a claim to the appellation. It might be somewhat inconsistent with his natural character that, with the exception of the one room which he occupied, the remainder of the large house was left tenantless. After all it was not so difficult to account for. He could not bear the idea of having immediate neighbors. Who knows but they might seize the opportunity afforded by his absence, and rob him of the gains of many years, which discharging banks and other places of deposit, he kept in a strong box under his own immediate charge.

Martin had not always been a Miser. No one ever became so at once, though doubtless the propensity to it is stronger in some than in others. Years ago—so many that at this time the feeble only came to him dimly, like the tame sound of an almost forgotten tune—years ago, when the blood of youth poured its impetuous current through his veins, he married a fair girl, whose life he had shortened by his dissipated habits; and the indifference and even cruelty to which they led.

The day of his wife's death the last remnant of the property which he inherited from his father escaped from his grasp. These two events, either of which brought its own sorrow, completely sobered him. The abject condition to which he had reduced himself was brought vividly to his mind, and he formed a sudden resolution, rushing, as will sometimes happen, from one extreme to the other, that as prodigal as his past life had been, that which succeeded should be sparing and parsimonious in the same degree, until, at least, he had recovered his losses, and so far as fortune went, was restored to the same position which he had occupied at the commencement of his career.

But it is not for man to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—to give him up body and soul to one engrossing pursuit, and at the end of a limited time wear himself out.

Habit grows by what it feeds on. It was not long before the passion of acquisition acquired a controlling influence over the mind of Martin Kendrick. He reached the point which he had prescribed for himself, but it stayed him not. Every day his privations, self-imposed though they were, became more pinching, his craving for gold more insatiable. Long ago he had cut himself off from all friendship—all the pleasures and amenities of social intercourse. He made no visits to his tenants, and those only on quarter-day. Nor were these visits of an agreeable character to those favored with them, for Martin was not a merciful landlord. He invariably demanded the uttermost farthing that was due, neither sickness nor lack of employment had the power for a moment to soften his heart or delay the execution of his purpose. His mind was drawn into itself, and like an uncultivated field, was left to all the barrenness of desolation. Such is always the case when the man by his own act shuts himself out from his kind, foregoes their sympathy and kind offices, and virtually says, "I am sufficient unto myself."

Martin had one child, a girl, named Flossie. At the time of the death of her mother she was but six years of age. He had loved her, perhaps, as much as it was in his power to love any one, and as long as she remained with him he did not withdraw him self so entirely from human companionship. But at the age of seventeen years she became acquainted with a young man, a mechanic. Those favor her affections were enlisted. He proposed for her hand, but her father, in whom love of gold was strong, on account of his poverty, drove him with scorn from his

home. The young man was not to be balked thus. He contrived to meet Florence secretly, and after a while persuaded her to forsake her home and unite her fortunes with his—with the less difficulty, since that home offered but few attractions to one of her age. Her father's indignation was extreme. All advances towards reconciliation on the part of the newly wedded pair were received with the bitterness of scorn which effectually prevented their repetition. From that time Martin Kendrick settled down into the cold, apathetic and solitary existence which has been described above. Gradually the love of gain blotted out from his memory the remembrance of his children whom he never met. They had removed from the city, tho' he knew it not, and the total want of interest which he displayed respecting them, discouraged any idea they might have entertained of informing him.

"It's a cold night," quoth Martin to himself as sat before the least glimmering which could be decently called a fire in the apartment which he occupied. He cast a wistful glance toward a pile of wood which lay beside the grate. He lifted one, and poised it for a moment, and glancing meanwhile, at the fire, as if he was debating in his mind whether he had best place it on. He shook his head; however, as it were too great a piece of extravagance to be thought of, and softly laid it back. He then moved his chair nearer the fire, as if satisfied that this would produce the additional "warmth" without the drawback of expense.

It was indeed, a cold night. The chill blasts swept with relentless rigor through the streets, sending travellers home with quickened pace, and causing the guardians of the public peace, as they stood at their appointed stations, to wrap their overcoats more closely about them. On many a hearth the fire blazed brightly, in composed defiance of that insidious visitor who shuns the abode of opulence, but forces his uncomely entrance into the habitations of the poor.

A child, thinly clad, was roaming through the streets. Every gust as it swept along chilled him through and through, and, at length, unable to go farther, she sank down at the portal of Martin Kendrick's dwelling. Extreme cold gave her courage, and with trembling hand she lifted the huge knocker off from her nerveless grasp, and the unshod foot sounded peigneur into the room where Martin sat cowering over his feeble fire. He was startled—terrified even—as that sound came to his ears, echoing through the empty rooms in the old house.

"Who is it?" quoth Martin, pointing it out to Floy, who followed him closely, "there is a bed. It hasn't been slept in for a great many years, but I suppose it will do as well as any other. You can sleep there if you want to."

"Then I shall have a bed to sleep in," said Floy, joyfully. "It is some time since I have slept on anything softer than a board or perhaps a rug."

Martin was about to leave her alone, when he chanced to think that the room, would be dark.

"You can't unders in the dark, can't you?" I asked.

"I haven't got one, but I light a candle," I replied.

"Then I will bring you some to-night if I can get any."

The clerk had cleared away the dinner dishes, washed them, and put them in the closet, an operation which the simplicity of the meal rendered but a short one. Floy began to look round her to see what else she could do. A desire seized her to explore the old house, of which so many rooms had for years remained deserted. They were bare and desolate, inhabited only by spiders and crickets, who occupied them rent free.—It might have been years, perhaps, since they had echoed to the steps of a human foot.—They looked, dark and gloomy enough to have been witness to many a dark deed of midnight assassination. But it was all fancy, doubtless, and in little Floy, they produced no other feeling than that of chilliness. She rummaged all the closets with a feeling of curiously—but found nothing in any one of them to reward her search until she came to the last. There was a large roll of some thing on the floor, which on examination, proved to be a small carpet, quite dirty and somewhat moth-eaten. It had probably been left there inadvertently and remained undiscovered until the present moment. Floy spread it out, and examined it critically.

"Now," said Martin, cheerfully to Floy, "we will have you a little better dressed, so that you need not fear the cold."

"I am sure," said Floy, gratefully, "that I am much obliged to you, and I don't know how I can repay you."

"You have already," said the old man with feeling, "done a great deal for me."

"My name is not Floy," said the old man.

"They only call me so. My real name is Florence—Florence Eastman."

Florence Eastman!" said the old man starting back in uncontrollable agitation.—

"What is your mother? tell me quickly."

"Her name is," said the old man, somewhat surprised, "was Florence Kendrick."

"Who was her father?"

"Martin Kendrick."

"And where is he? Did you ever see him?"

"No," said Floy, shaking her head. "He was angry with mother for marrying as she did, and would never see any of us."

"And your mother?" said Martin, striving to be calm. "Is she dead?"

"Yes," said Floy, sorrowfully. "First my father died, and my wife left very poor.

Then mother was obliged to work very hard

sewing, and finally she took a fever and died leaving me alone in the world. For a week I wandered about without a home, but at last you took me in. I don't know what would have become of me if you had not had me, said Floy, looking at her steadfastly.

"Yes," said Martin, looking at her steadily, "you have already done a great deal for me."

"I am grateful to you for your kindness," said Floy, smiling.

"I am glad to see you are a good girl," said Martin, smiling.

"I am freezing. Let me come in and sit by the fire, if only for a moment. I shall die upon your steps."

The old man deliberated.

"You're sure you're not trying to get in after my money—what little I have? There isn't anybody with you, is there?"

"No one. There is only me. O, sir, do let me in. I am so cold."

The bolt was cautiously withdrawn, and Martin, opening a crack, peered forth suspiciously. But the only object that met his gaze was a little girl, ten years of age, crouching on the steps in a way to avail herself of all the natural warmth she had.

"Will you let me come in?" said she, impulsively.

"You had better go somewhere else. I haven't much of a fire. I don't keep much, if any, for myself."

"I am freezing. Let me come in and sit by the fire, if only for a moment. I shall die upon your steps."

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Martin looked on, without a word, while Floy, taking his silence for assent, proceeded to roll back the clothes, shake the bed vigorously, and then spread them over again, laying a broom at the corner of the room she took it and swept up the hearth neatly. She then glanced toward the miser who had been watching her motions, as if to ascertain whether they met with his approval.

"So you can work?" said he, after a pause.

"O, yes, mother," used to teach me I wish," said Floy, after a while, brightening up as if struck with a new idea. "I wish you would let me stay here, and I would work for you. I would make your bed, and take care of your room, and keep everything nice."

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