

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1855.

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Poet's Corner.

SHOWER.

BY REV. RALPH ROY.

In a valley that I know—
Happy scene!
There are meadows sloping low,
There the fairest flowers blow,
All serene!
But the sweetest thing to see
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest-hoping swain,
Is the rain.

Ah, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh,
How ungratefully they frown,
When the clouding shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down,
From the sky!

They desire no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower,
Seems an hour.

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might!

While they seem to hold a talk
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
"To keep cool!"

But when that quiet dell,
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessings swell,
And they break a brimming shell,
On the air;

There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!

Sketches of Israel.

Correspondence of the Republican.

Traveling Notes of an "Untraveled" Traveler.

CHICAGO, June 4, 1855.

ENS. REPUBLICAN.—In this day of stir and steam, when everybody travels, and every public journal heralds forth what everybody has seen and heard along the way, when "notes of travel" have become so abundant and common that even the sketches of eminent tourists are perused by but few really interested readers, how can I have any reasonable grounds to expect that the readers of the Republican will give even a passing glance to my random scribbles. But, in order to comply with your kind request, and to afford me a pleasant pastime for some perhaps otherwise unemployed moments, I will briefly relate some of the incidents, observations and impressions of my trip from Montrose to Chicago.

On Saturday, May 26th, I took my departure in friend Hatch's line, for Kirkwood.—Persons going West by the Erie Rail Road will find this a very safe and pleasant route. The scenery along the way is made up of that rough yet attractive variety for which Northern Pennsylvania is justly celebrated. The only point particularly "known to fame"—the Salt Spring—lies just off the Creek road, and is a delightful place of resort for a sultry summer's day. Nothing of special importance that might by others be considered in any way worthy of mention occurred on the route—great occurrences and startling events being rare in that section—but in the little incidents of the way I found a sufficient fund for amusement and contemplation. It is, in fact, those seeming trifles that make up the larger portion of the great problem of life, and that in many senses have a more general and important bearing on our characters and interests than those peculiar and wonderful events that thrill us with pleasure or pain because of the uncommon circumstances under which they originated. I was somewhat amused, and really quite interested in observing the amicable business relations and arrangements existing between our driver, Mr. Bartle, and many of the residents on the road. I could not but commend his kind, accommodating spirit, but, in the light by which the world generally judges of men, I could not help wondering at his forbearance. One sends to "town" for a little spice and sugar, another commissions him to call at a neighbor's and bring her flour enough for a "short-cake," and a dozen others send for many little things "convenient in a family," all of which requests are promptly heeded, and the desired articles duly delivered by return of stage. There was to me an important lesson in this exhibition of gentlemanly kindness on the part of friend B. It is most pleasant to reflect that humanity is not all hard and cold—to see such a cheerful, genial ray lighting up its too often uninviting and forbidding features. It proved, what very many would be unwilling to admit, that it is possible to be a "stage driver," and yet be a man. I am sure that he loses nothing in self-respect, or the respect of others, by cultivating a disposition so obliging. The usual currency paid for these favors, seemed to be a "much obliged to you," which might answer the purpose in many cases, for the courtesy of some people is better than the coin of others; but an outlay of so many little bits of time would seem to demand a substantial than mere empty thanks. Leaving Mr. B. to his kindly labors, we will pass on. From Kirkwood the Mail Train: soon brought me to Binghamton, where I remained over the Sabbath. The village of Binghamton is marked with progress, although all branches of business are materially hindered by the present pressure of the times. The new "Porcelain" Store is open, and making a fine display of its "eternally enduring" and "unassailable" wares. But I would not awaken unpleasant memories in the minds of certain speculating gentlemen in Montrose

and vicinity, who enlisted in this vague enterprise. Business detaining me longer than I anticipated, I did not leave B. till the 30th, when I took the afternoon Express for Elmira. At Waverly my friend T. A. L. and his lovely bride, came on board. The wedding has just transpired, the rows of life-long fidelity have been spoken, and now, with love and happiness beaming in their faces—and I trust a world of it in their hearts—they are en route for Niagara via Buffalo. Long may they wave, and no blighting frost of adversity ever chill the bright summer of their hopes. Leaving them to pursue their happy way, I took the cars on the Canandaigua Road from Elmira to Niagara. This part of my journey would have been essentially lacking in spice and variety, but for the company of a wedding party which came on board at Elmira. From appearances, they might be the "first cut" of the town, as the term is usually accepted, but they exhibited a little too much genteel rudeness, to give me the most favorable impression. The newly joined couple seemed desirous of preserving a becoming amount of dignity, but their kind friends would not allow, and so they must submit to be "lumbered up" and "mussed over" with the rest. Not long after leaving Elmira we passed through two covered bridges, a short distance from each other. The idea of *wicked mischief* was no doubt suggested by the passage of the first, for just as we emerged into day-light from the second, three or four of the gentlemen were seen in the very act of snatching kisses from the fair damsels at their sides. How shabby it was of day-light to come around quite so sudden! After this model party had left, I secured a comfortable seat, and enjoyed the remainder of the ride as well as a rough road and an excessive amount of dust would permit.—Reached Niagara a little before midnight, and put up at the Niagara House. Took to my bed immediately, and was soon lost in quiet slumber, not so much on account of the soothing, lulling influence of the great cataract, roaring near at hand, but because I was very tired. There is romance in talking about the quieting effect of a waterfall, but there is much more of reality in the luxury of sleep, when we are worn with care or fatigue.

21st. The general appearance of the Falls is materially the same as when, '52, I was attracted hither by the great Celebration of Lady's Lane. The tens of thousands of people who then congregated in the grove, and swarmed on every hand, are gone, but noble Niagara has lost none of its beauty, and terrible majesty. Its wild waters rush on as swiftly, and plunge down as madly, as before. Its roar never ceases, and its spray continually ascends like incense to the throne of the Eternal Father. My brief limits will not allow a description, and it is as well, for no pen can do justice to the subject, much less mine.

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June 1. Rode to the Suspension Bridge, intending to take the early train on the Great Western Rail Road for Detroit; but, (confusion to those Hotel keepers for such willful or careless deception) we were behind time. While waiting for the next train, I had an opportunity of examining that great structure of art, and triumph of mechanical power, the Railroad bridge, which spans the great chasm to the Niagara river, two miles below the falls. The distance from shore to shore is 800 feet, and from the track to the water, 250 feet. The floor of the Railway is suspended on four immense wire cables, ten inches in diameter, each cable containing 3659 No. 9 wires. The weight of the suspended mass is 750 tons, and the maximum weight of loads passing over, 500 tons. The total length of the wires is 4000 miles, and the cost, half a million dollars! It is indeed the great wonder of modern times, and is considered as safe and durable as any bridge ever constructed.

At 11. 15. A. M., (11. 45. American time) we were making our way through the Queen's dominions. I could see but little difference between "free soil" and "slave cursed mud," only in favor of the latter; not that I hate slavery less, but I hate anarchy more.

Canada is, in many respects, behind the States, and had she enjoyed Free Trade long ago, would have been much in advance of what she is now. The advantages already derived from the Reciprocity Treaty prove the truth of this, for they are now getting about three times their former prices for all that they produce. It is estimated that duties to the amount of half a million have been paid by them since the 10th of September, which will be refunded by our government. Between Thorold

and St. Catharines, a draw bridge takes us across the great Welland Canal, which runs through from Hamilton Bay, on Lake Ontario, to Chippewa, on Lake Erie, and along which vessels of nearly every description carry immense quantities of freight from lake to lake. The Great Western Road is of the medium gauge, and is allowed much more space than the Yankees are willing to give, the distance between its fences being in many places twelve, and nowhere less than eight rods. Some of the scenery on the route is fine, especially where it runs along the borders of Lakes Ontario and St. Clair, and Michigan. I have not "seen Sam" anywhere in these regions. I suppose this British climate is not congenial to his taste or health. I am not quite sure that I should know him, never having seen one of Chase & Hollenback's "little looks," but from the description published in the Democrat, I think I could give him the grip a la Watson. If I meet him during my travels, I will send you his "mezzograph."

At Detroit I had no opportunity of viewing the place, for the shades of night had gathered around some time before our arrival.

June 2. After a long and tedious journey, all the night through, we arrived, in Chicago at nine o'clock A. M. The rain had been falling during the night, and the breeze which blew strongly from the Lake, was as chilly and raw as mid-December, making the latter part of the ride very uncomfortable.

4th. The Sabbath passed away much as Sabbaths usually do in large cities—far more of recreation than church-going or devotion, with the masses. The weather became a little warmer, but before evening, overcoats and shawls were as common in the streets as on a winter's day. This (Monday) morning opens finely, seeming to promise summer by and by. To-day the people of Illinois are to vote on the Liquor Law. Some little disturbance has been anticipated here, but as yet all is quiet. An Anti Prohibition procession are parading the streets, headed by a "Lager" Band, but perfectly in order. The general impression is that Chicago will go against Prohibition.

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spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the functions of the body.

It was evening when Vivencio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped his cell in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, nor from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, the desolation by day, and the oppressive gloom by night, were all that he encountered. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejected on his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams waded his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him; in whose ravishing illusions he soon forgot the remembrance that he was Toff's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight, but how long he slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horror.

He gazed around with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason shuddered at the task of lifting up before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished; and, recalling again the present, which clung to him as from the present of a winter's day. This (Monday) morning opens finely, seeming to promise summer by and by. To-day the people of Illinois are to vote on the Liquor Law. Some little disturbance has been anticipated here, but as yet all is quiet. An Anti Prohibition procession are parading the streets, headed by a "Lager" Band, but perfectly in order. The general impression is that Chicago will go against Prohibition.

In my next I will give a brief description of this great "New York of the West," and some of my impressions in regard to the Western country, expecting before the week close to be far over the Prairie.

Unmistakably yours,
4. 2. 23.

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Selected Tale.

THE IRON SHROUD.

The castle of the Prince of Toff was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Sylla, in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of Middle Ages, the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined for whose ransom an enormous price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured whom revenge pursued—the dark, fierce and unyielding vengeance of an Italian heart.

Vivencio, the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace, the young, the brave, the proud Vivencio fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spell. He was the prisoner of Toff, and he languished in that rock encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage; for the roof and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massive bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors behind them, which occupied the centre, no egress, or ingress, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron ladder, littered with straw, stood in one corner, and beside it a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivencio shrank with dismay as he entered this abode and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate. The living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue.

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps. And as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time; and he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful woman he loved, and whose minion he had been. Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to live. In and by what means? By secret poison? Or by murderous assault? No; for then it had been needless to bring him hither. Famine, perhaps; a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it; but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idleness.