

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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Correspondence.

A DREAM.

On the eve of the fourth day of August, A. D. 1855, weary and worn, I sat down, and soon became oblivious to surrounding objects. In an unquiet slumber, as it now appears, I dreamed that I had journeyed long and far; that I had passed the boundaries of civilization, and was in the wild wastes of the far off West; roaming over the trackless prairies—near the close of day my eyes were greeted with the sight of an Indian village. I was kindly received by a chief of the tribe, and sheltered within his ample wigwam. I was made to feel that though among untutored savages, (to me at least,) they were friendly. A bountiful store of smoked venison and wild-fruits was spread before me, upon which I feasted with a relish far better than that of many who sit down to tables loaded with the choicest dainties.

The report over, the tinkling of a small bell gave notice of a gathering of the tribe at the Great Wigwam, or Council House. I inquired the cause, and found that a company of musicians from a neighboring tribe had hired the wigwam, and were to give what (with us) would be called a musical concert. For the purpose of learning how such things were conducted among the wild men of the prairie, I followed the Chief to the Council House. At the door we found a fine looking Indian collecting admission fees of all who entered. The fee was twelve beads, which he first strung and then deliberately strewed away under his blanket.

Fortunately I was in possession of the necessary article, paid my fee and entered. There were but few in the lodge. Seated on a low stool, I was carefully observing the few who were in waiting. An unusual noise attracted my attention toward the door, where a bevy of young Indian girls had just entered. They were swarthy, but fair as Europe's daughters. They passed on in high glee, and seated themselves in front of the musicians. Their merry mood was freely indulged in for a while, and I perceived by their remarks that the reception which the musicians were likely to receive from them was not such as awaited members of their own tribe on similar occasions. I learned that not in civilized life alone, does jealousy exist.

Other companies came in, and a large number of the young warriors of the tribe ranged themselves on the farther side of the lodge from the musicians, and by their boisterous mirth, rendered the scene more lively than pleasant. Soon a young Squaw arose; her locks thrown back, displayed an ample forehead, fine features, and an eye that glared a soul within. A string of pearls encircled her neck. In her hand she held an instrument resembling a guitar. Her dark cheeks assumed a darker hue; her bosom heaved with emotion; she advanced a step or two, gracefully bowed, and sung, keeping time with her fingers on the instruments. It evidently cost her a severe effort, but she sang her lay and sat down.

The young leaves were in ecstasies; they cheered most heartily. She came forward again, accompanied by her mother, sung and retired. This time the applause was overwhelming. The scene was repeated again and again, each time more boisterous and terrible than before, until the fair young creature seemed bewildered with terror. Her mother spoke kindly to the young warrior and asked for peace and quiet. But quiet did not follow. Then a stately Chief arose, and turning his fiery eyes on the young men, he too, demanded peace and quiet, but the response was still the same.

And yet that girl sang sweetly songs which sounded strangely familiar to me, like Home Again, and others which I had heard before, while the noise increased every moment, until every other sound was drowned in the horrid din. Then, nerving herself for a last effort, she raised her voice and sounded out shrill and clear, a parting song. She ceased and sank down exhausted with exertion and fear. And such a yell arose; such screams and groans, and such a mad hurra for the girl, that the regions had broken loose.

Startled from my slumber, I sprang to my feet, gasped for breath, and rushed wildly from the scene. As I emerged into the open air, my consciousness returned, and I found to my astonishment that I had attended a concert in Montrose, the Metropolis of Susquehanna Co. The Great Wigwam was the old Court House. There were 40 Indians there, but the civilized, dignified and genteel men and daughters of Pennsylvania.

which is more than questionable, their whole performance has been very indiscreet, if not deeply fraught with peculation and selfishness.

That our Superintendent, after his election, the only one of all our literary men, and at that particular time too, should patronize the Association, and become a fervid co-operator, was a mystery till their 'Institute' was established; and from that time to the present, every act and resolution have apparently gone to show that they were working together for mutual benefit, and not the public good. That the young men were wheeled from their original purpose, and that their 'Institute' was established where it is by craftiness for some selfish ends, I cannot raise a doubt. And that it has injured the Association, as some of its members alleged, it would, without conferring any benefit upon our primary schools, is unquestionable.

Early in last November there was a rumor that our teachers had not been examined as they should have been. I did not—I could not believe it. But when I saw their resolutions of thanks, and complimentary for the manner in which they had been examined, every doubt was removed, and upon inquiry I found it to be not only unquestionable, but that many had been let to teach without being examined at all, and strangers too.

The complaint is general that our schools have not been visited and superintended, as they should be, even by whole townships. Now, if this is owing to the greatness of the task, or the neglect of duty, the office is unprofitable and unnecessary. But the teachers' Resolved that the County Superintendent has discharged with fidelity the duties devolving upon him according to the conditions of his election. I was not aware of any 'conditions,' but probably and undoubtedly there are between them and the Superintendent. It was also Resolved that we heartily approve the principles of the Common School Law, establishing the office of County Superintendent. The design of this resolution appears to be to forestall public opinion, and teach ignorant and complaining parents that they are incompetent to judge in such matters, and ought therefore to succumb to the opinions of resolving pedagogues, and 'approve' as heartily as they.

Now, why was all this? Why, but that teachers and Superintendent were checked by joint cooperating for mutual benefit, and would gain hide their craftiness from the public gaze. The plain fact is, our teachers are nominally independent; almost exempt from examination and visitation placed beyond parental reach, and are all but 'Captain, mate, and all hands.'

Some say their craft is to secure employment for the members of their Association to the exclusion of all others; that having thereby produced a scarcity of teachers, they can then raise their wages at pleasure, as they did last fall, in part after many of these most competent had, as the report is, by the agency of the Superintendent, been sent out of the county. In fact, things do seem to list that way.

When the season opened for procuring teachers, all were minors yet, under age and under agreement; knew not what salary to demand, and could not possibly tell, as some affirm, 'till after the Institute met.' Then they all forthwith became of age—the mystery was dissolved—a lack of teachers, according to previous calculation, was apparent, and they, irrespective of qualification or ability, resolved upon higher and uniform wages. This, like many other things, was 'too good to keep,' and hence some of the less discreet were made confidants and told of it. Thus, then, we have the sum total of all they have yet done, or ever design to do, to benefit our youth; and he who believes their Association 'has doneis doing, or will ever do any public good, is confiding in error and delusion. He who will take a leisure and impartial review of all they have said and done, cannot fail to see that their entire literary flourish is only intended as a ruse to blind and deceive us. In senatorial array they have met and debated several topics without coming to any definite conclusion, or showing the least probability that they ever will or can. Indeed, what interest can the public possibly have or feel in the rehearsal of the same old, dull and insipid piece, performed in endless variation? I admit they have as good a right to debate, resolve, indite and publish, if they can find favor, as any others; but to hold a man by the hand or button to obtain a hearing, or to pour an incessant din of trifling volubility and nonsense in one's ears, who cannot easily retire from annoyance, is not an act of greater rudeness and unmanliness than it is to cram the public against their taste, through the medium of our public journals, perpetually, with a series of filibuster, trifling and useless reports of meetings, debates, resolutions, adjournments, &c., merely to gratify vanity and cover design. It was really amatory and displaying much deference to the ladies, to debate the profound question, 'whether women are competent to teach schools, or not?'—a question which, unluckily for them, (the gents,) has long since been decided by actual experiment—they (the ladies,) have surpassed and can surpass very many of those egotistic gents, in teaching and governing too. But their last explosion of wisdom goes off with wonderful force. Its effect, however, is not so horrid as to kill, as did the loaded pump which the Hebronites discharged to celebrate the nation's birth-day. But to our admiration the world has been illuminated thereby

to redundancy, and which cannot fail to endure for one whole generation—probably much longer! May they, then, in much kindness, cease to emit any more of such ineffable effluence from the matchless splendor of their radiant orb, lest the overwhelming flow of light become more oppressive than total darkness!

Gentlemen, draw let the curtain down and stop the play, on our account and yours too. 9. 1. 8.

For the Republicans.
Messrs. Editors.—As little as many of the teachers of the present day may have learned of nature and of common sense, they have observed that men of 'scientific lore and erudition' do not trouble themselves about 'imbecility, frivolity,' and 'things of the most trifling kind.' Hence the surprise at the anomaly in the case of the recent correspondent to your paper, over the signature of 9. 1. 8. They have also learned that there is a class of men who have no criterion for judging others except by themselves; hence they can see nothing but 'sinister motives' and 'self interest' in the doings of their fellow men.

But to the question, which is, if I understand it, 'can a school be properly governed without whipping?' Well, what saith the author of the wonderful production to which reference has been made? 'Try every other means and method first.' That is all any one asks, I believe; for when every other means and method shall have been tried, the scholar that still remains incorrigible may be set down as a hopeless case; and to the credit of fallen and depraved humanity, the number of such is small.

The practice, then, of using the 'rod,' or of inflicting corporal punishment, by any other means, is virtually condemned by itself. Making it an expedient of a last resort—places it in the lowest scale, and puts upon it the meanness estimate as a means for school discipline and government.

'Chastisement,' says he, 'to do good, should be administered without the least sign of anger.' Were that the case, we would have less to say. But it is rare that a teacher does take the rod in hand, and ply it to the smarting back of a scholar, in that state of mind. And he who knows any thing of human nature, or of common practice, and considers the 'busy' and very often trying scenes of the school room, will be the last to expect it, and show signs of anger, in asking it.

It is a matter of almost every day's observation, that the scholar that is flogged most at school is still the worst; hence we have to conclude, that he would be inconceivably more troublesome than the average, or that the whipping does not make him materially better. The latter is quite as likely to be the fact; and there is good reason for it; for boys, like men, love distinction in some way, and act in accordance with the feeling 'I have got the name and may as well have the game,' and thus are ripe for any amount of mischief. There is 'moral suasion' unavailing, and the rod only potent for evil. And the belief that the rod does not generally make scholars better, is strengthened when hearing the irreverent and defiant shout, 'whipping won't kill me, and kill me you don't!'

For their benefit, they are referred to Proverbs 26 and so on. As one of them, I have corrected all those passages, and found neither teacher, scholar, nor one word about 'whipping' away here in Pennsylvania. There are sundry hints and instructions to fathers relative to their sons. And if 'sparring the rod,' &c., is to be understood emphatically in that sense, how different the relationship existing between father and son, and between teacher and pupil. How different, too, the circumstances under which admonition may be given, and chastisement administered. In the former case, they are generally done, as they should be, between the parties alone, away from the eye or ear of spectators; while in the latter, they are done in a public manner. Hence follow good effects from the former, and hardening and debasing effects from the latter. Is it proof of which, we have only to turn our eyes to the fact that children that are ashamed of, and almost ready to deny, chastisements received at the hands of a judicious parent, at home, if not proud of punishment at school, will be of the act that induces it.

But we are asked, if 'moral suasion' will do in the school room, why it will not reform fellows? Well, suppose it fail in both cases. If flogging be needful for a scholar, why not for the criminal? It certainly is the more barbarous mode of punishment, and as such, should be nearer commensurate with the crime. A striking analogy, though, is perceptible in the cases of an unprepared and childish act of a school-boy, and the midnight act of the felon. (And it is doubtful that placing them in the same category, will meet with general approbation.) But they are to be classed together, they should be regarded as alike troublesome and dangerous in community; hence treated alike, and all shut up together, or brought on to the stage to be flogged together.

But there are good reasons for doubting the propriety or necessity of fathers using the rod, so long as there are other untried means and methods. But that, so far, is a matter of their own; and if they cannot govern their children without it, every experienced teacher will say, use it by all means; for his experience is, that children that are properly trained and governed at home, are seldom the ones to make trouble at school.

'Think not that you are the Calibans and Weibsters of the age,' says he. We don't think any such thing. (But did we think so, and should say anything in favor of a school law, or do anything in behalf of schools, we should not expect to please the Newtons of the age.) We readily concede that enviable distinction to those who vainly attempt to ridicule us. They ought in justice, however, to give us the credit for 'calling them out,' for without the effect of our doings, they might have lived and died in obscurity.—They ought, too, to give us credit for that 'literary directness,' for what we have felt of to furnish directly, our doings have elicited from them.

For the benefit of those who regard the 'Teachers' Association' as so 'frivolous a thing,' and its members as actuated by so much 'vanity,' they are referred to Proverbs 12-11: 28-19. S. T. SCOTT.

Tales and Sketches.

THE SERP MARRIAGE.

An Illustration of Life in Russia.

A group of girls were collected round the door of an isba, or log-hut, in the village of Gorky, belonging to General Petrovitch. They were all dressed in the national costume of the government of Toula, consisting of a long white gown, over which they wore a plaid worsted tunic short and narrow, with a low bodice, with narrow shoulder-straps, confined a loose puff white muslin chemise.—Their hair was combed off the face in one long plait, from which hung a profusion of ribbons of all colors down their backs; a quantity of bright colored glass beads hung on each side of their faces, and round their necks; these formed the more ornamental items of their dress, which was otherwise only completed by a very thick and serviceable pair of leather shoes.

By the earnestness of their gestures, and the apparent interest of their conversation, it was easy to see something unpleasant had lately occurred. After a little time, they all dispersed except two who remained at the door of the log spinning, between whom the following conversation took place:

'Nadegda, dost thou really believe the master will oblige one of us girls to marry that ugly, ill-tempered fellow, Kit? What possible inducement is there? He possesses neither horse nor cow; his isba is in the worst condition of any in the village; and beside his own devilish propensities—that are only safely to be encountered when one makes his holy sign and prays to St. Sergius—his only sign of a mother and her attendant mother, for his wife to work and care for.—No! most certainly not one of us girls will consent to have him for a husband.'

'As to that, Katinka, thou sayest true; but from what I heard my father say yesterday, the master is determined now to give us soldiers; and as thou well knowest, while single they are all liable to be taken at any time as recruits.'

'Tell me again,' said the first speaker, what said thy father, good authority! he has no doubt better than the sarosta who is doing in the village? [The sarosta is an old peasant, of a somewhat superior station, put over the others to drive them to their work, and see the orders of the land-steward punctually carried out.]

'I'll gladly tell thee all I know,' replied the sarosta's daughter. 'Last night, when my father came home, he told us that Borsoff, the land-steward, had received letters from our master, telling him that all the family are coming here immediately to spend a year.—Owing to some severe losses sustained at cards, his excellency comes down to live quietly to economize. Several of the free servants have been discharged, and for fear any of the good hands should be taken by the recruiting party, he has sent orders that the whole village should be rid of him.'

'Old fool!' exclaimed the general, 'dost thou think I am going to part with one of my best hands because you ignorant dogs think he is bewitched? Since when has the sligh dared to have a will of their own? It is high time, indeed, I come among you, to teach you to be quiet, and to let the sarosta's dog, I'll see he gets a wife. The sarosta shall draw lots for him, and thy daughter in to the bargain, to punish thee for thy disobedience; and think thyself well off that I send not for a bundle of rods for thee. Begonia, dog, or I will strike thee to the earth!'

'I saved the general in his anger at being thwarted by the old sarosta, trembling and silent, and left the room. The sarosta, however, for, and ordered to collect the next morning all the girls above the age of eighteen. 'And mind,' added the general, 'they are all forthcoming—the more the merrier. It will be quite an event in the village, drawing lots for a husband!'

heads, and assisted to push the heavy equipages up the steep hill leading to the house; several girls standing near also bowed their heads to the ground, saying, 'Welcome, father, and good night to you, my mistress, among your own people. May the Lord bless your high nobility!'

As the general descended he bowed to all around, and extended his hand for those nearest him to kiss. The ladies stopped also to speak kindly to some of the women and children, and their hands were also covered with kisses. As they passed into the house, the peasants separated to their respective homes. Nadegda alone remained looking about until late, but she had a companion, who stepped to talk with her as she passed and repeated; may, more, once he was actually seen to kiss her. Yes, the serf girl was happy, and Vladimir was true.

The evening Borisoff was closeted for some hours with the general, and when he left him, the expression of his face was somewhat discomposed and ruffled. The subject of their conference will be learned in the sequel.

Early the next morning, Borisoff sent for the sarosta, Nadegda's father, and after giving him orders for the day's work, addressed to him that he must attend to the orders of the master. All the ladies will be mated this week, except the serf fellow Kit, who, as your honor knows, is no favorite in the village, and not one of the venches will consent to have him. Indeed, I pity the poor thing who would have to wait upon his old folks, who are not better than they should be, and all it is true that one Sarosta has been mated this week, except the serf fellow Kit, who, as your honor knows, is no favorite in the village, and not one of the venches will consent to have him. Indeed, I pity the poor thing who would have to wait upon his old folks, who are not better than they should be, and all it is true that one Sarosta has been mated this week, except the serf fellow Kit, who, as your honor knows, is no favorite in the village, and not one of the venches will consent to have him. 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