

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poe's Corner.

ULALUME.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were withering and sore—
The leaves they were withering and sore;
It was night in the lone October
Of my most memorable year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty and moonlight of Auber,
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of press, with Psyche, my soul—
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scarlet rivers that ran
As the lava that restlessly roll'd
Their sulphurous currents down Yankeek
In the ultimate climate of Auber,
That grows as they roll down Mount Yankeek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palmed and serene—
Our memories were treacherous and sore—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was waning,
And the stars shone in the sky,
The star-dimmed mist of morning
At the end of our journeying
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miscellaneous crew
Arose with a duplicate form—
As the bedchamber attendant
Distinct with his duplicate form.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian;
She reveals in a region of signs
She has seen that the tears are not dry
These cheeks may yet be wet with eyes,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path of the skies—
The Lesbian passion is in her eyes—
(Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the air of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Silly that I must—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust—
O, hasten—O, let us not linger!
O, fly—fly to thy life—for we must,
In terror she spoke—she shone like light—
Wings until they trained in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they cowardly trailed in the dust.

advances of Smith. He was an industrious, hard working and kind man. Every body loved him; and never a clergyman traveled that way who wouldn't leave his road a couple of miles to stop all night with Job Churchill. There was so much hospitality about him—so much of the 'help yourself in welcome' tone in his conduct, that they felt at home when they got under his roof and sat down to his handsome fare. 'Yes, everybody loved him, everybody loved him—' said John Smith; 'and why did not our man Smith love him also; [How could he help loving so generous and noble a friend? That's a secret I never pried into. True I have heard people guess at the cause, but their guessing had no much to do with bands and probate doings that I never troubled myself to understand. Smith was seldom hard to speak for his neighbor; never in positively good terms. 'I guess he's a good Methodist,' I would answer some times, when interrogated as to his character; or others he would give a peculiar twist to his face, and say—'Ask the ministers; they all put up there, and I guess they know all about him.' But all Smith's hatred and spitefulness could not keep little John from visiting at neighbor Churchill's. When he had a leisure hour he was sure to spend it there, even at the risk of a smart scolding when he got home.

Ellen Churchill was only one year younger than himself, and he loved her dearly to be with her. And who wonders? She was one of the sweetest, prettiest, sprightliest creatures in the whole world. She was a wee little bit of a thing when John first got acquainted with her; but when she would chase a butterfly the whole afternoon in the same field where he was working, or sing little bits of pretty songs to him as he plied the hoe among the weeds, young John was, John loved her—and she loved John.

When John was sixteen years of age, he began to take a good deal of interest in things about his home. His father spent most of his time away, and he was left to do nearly all the work about the little farm. He grew thoughtful, but not like his father; he was not morose, but he was thoughtful. He talked incessantly, and talked hard. He tried to make his mother happy; and would speak encouragingly—bravely and nobly, for a boy—when she looked sad or spoke of her sad lot.

Towards evening, he would walk over to Farmer Churchill's, and, taking Ellen by the hand, they would trip across the field, and over to the banks of the little brook, which ran through the pasture. They would sit on the bank, and talk of this and that, and sometimes in thoughtful silence, till the whippoorwill commenced their night songs. Then they would walk slowly back again. John would kiss Ellen's pretty white forehead at the gate, promising to love her till they met again, and then trip gaily home, whistling as he went some sprightly tune, and thinking of the little treasure he had just left behind.

One night John came home at a later hour than usual, and found his mother in tears. It was no new thing to see her weep; but her grief seemed now more intense than ever he knew before, and he felt anxious to know its cause. Still he did not like to so far intrude upon it, as to ask any questions. He sat down by his mother's side, took her hand in his own, and begged her not to cry.

"He of stout heart, dear mother; father will come home by and by, and then I will beg him not to go to Scribner's any more." "Fear it is too late," replied the mother, her sobs increasing; "your father, I fear is lost forever. I have heard this evening that our little farm is mortgaged to Scribner, and that the sunlight is mortgaged for so large that your father has no expectation or hope of redeeming it."

late ever since I was large enough to work in the field; but with all I could do, all my poor mother could, we have obtained only a tolerable living. We have not got before-hand enough to build a new barn or repair our old log house. Now we learn—my mother learned it yesterday—that house, barn, land, and all are mortgaged to Scribner, for nearly their full value. My father has drank them up. The mortgage, however, has yet more than four years to run; and I have thought, if I could get work in some of the large towns on the seaboard, I might possibly, in that time, redeem our home—and save us from utter ruin. Perhaps if I were away, father would do better; at least I think he would harvest the crops I have labored so hard to secure. I shall speak to him and to mother to-morrow; and if they are willing, I shall feel bound to try my fortune some where else. It is our only hope.

John listened in painful silence. She had never thought of a mortgage before; it came suddenly upon her young heart. But she saw in the prospect of her lover something worthy of gratitude, and she determined not to give him additional pain by raising objections. "Go," she said, as the hot tears now ceased to freely down her pale cheek—"go, and I will love you and pray for you."

John went on gathering in the valleys, and about the hills, and in the distance, the whippoorwill were heard in the distance; the young lovers were warned it was time to return home. Just then they heard a slight rustling in the thicket on the other side of the stream. Possibly it was Farmer Churchill, for Ellen found him not at home when she arrived there.

The next day John spoke to his mother of his plan of redeeming the farm, and though he could not inspire her with much faith in its success, he did finally obtain her consent to his making a trial. The father was not so soon to give way, for he knew that if his son was absent, he must be more at home; but his opposition was not violent, and he at last was obliged to say that John is a good boy, and may go where he pleases.

On the following Monday morning, John took what clothes his mother had prepared for him, carefully packed in a large bundle, kerchief, hung them to a stick cut for the purpose in the thicket by a tree, lifted them to his shoulder, shook hands with his father, kissed his mother, and with as stout a heart as could be expected in one of his years, left the old log cabin in which he was born. At the foot of the hill, and hid from the view of either cottage, he met Ellen, who had come here to give him a parting word, and a warning kiss. She was all giddy, with tears in his eyes, but with a strength beyond womanhood, she urged him to keep up a good heart, and rely on her constancy till his return. He answered her with an assurance of his undying affection, and the expression of his determination to return home at the end of four years, whether he should have accomplished his object or not. They then embraced and parted.

When John came opposite the neat cottage of Farmer Churchill, he found the good farmer himself standing at the gate. He approached him to give him a parting shake of the hand. Uncle Job, as he was called, drew him gently aside, to a corner of the yard, and they conversed together for some time. "All they said, I might tell the reader, if I knew; but when they parted, Uncle Job was seen to slip a couple of silver dollars into the boy's hand, and was heard to tell him to be wary of bad company, to trust in God, and to remember his mother, and all or any to make which John was too much affected to make any reply. In a short time he was again on his way towards the bustling cities of the seaboard, in some of which he hoped to earn the money that should preserve to his mother her home.

man-of-humanity; a man who could pity and feel for him; a man all kindness of heart—Smith himself could hardly tell how it came about, but before leaving Farmer Churchill's he promised that clergyman he would never drink any more.

And he never did—never, at least, to my knowledge. He set about mending his fences, repairing his house, and getting food and clothing for himself and wife; and when spring came, he sowed and planted as he had not before in years. Everything went well with him, and but for that mortgage hanging over his head, he would have been happy.

Where was his son? A few months after his departure from home, a drover who arrived back from Boston, and who knew him, said he saw him in that city, and that he was engaged in hoisting cotton into a loft. A year afterwards, another acquaintance saw him in a wet shawl, though in what capacity he could not say. And then a year afterwards, somebody had seen him as head clerk in a large wholesale establishment. This was all the news that his native town knew of him. Whether his mother and Farmer Churchill, and Ellen knew anything of his location or employment, I will not venture to say; but Mrs. Smith went regularly to Scribner's and paid the interest on that mortgage in Boston bank notes; that Farmer Churchill occasionally had a letter from the same place; and that always, when he got one, Ellen would rejoice over the event till she cried for very gladness.

Four years have passed since young John Smith, with his bundle on his back, took his way toward the seaboard. Then he was not quite seventeen years of age; now he is nearly twenty-one. In this long time he has regarded well the advice of his good old father, and he has not forgotten his mother and thought often of his home and of Ellen? Perhaps, we shall see. Let us go on with our story.

John has come. The rich grain is waving in the meadows. The yellow corn leaves are rustling in the gentle breeze. Over there stands Ben Scribner's grog shop; just where it stood four years ago—But the doors and shutters are closed, Ben's customers have left him; and Old Scribner's grog shop, look over the hill. There comes a pretty one horse buggy, containing a single individual—a gentleman, I should judge from his appearance. He looks young, and yet he looks manly. A noble heart looks out from his beaming countenance. His hair is raven black, his eyes are deep blue, and his nose is straight. He is dressed in a simple but elegant manner. He is driving straight to the door of Ben Scribner's, and leaps from his carriage. Ben is cooling himself in the little back parlor, but meets the stranger at the gate. After a few words in a low voice they enter the house together, and Ben turns to his desk. In a single little drawer he finds what he is searching for, and evidently with some reluctance, he hands it over to the stranger. The latter looks over the paper carefully, folds it up, puts it in his pocket-book and hands Ben a roll of bank notes. Then he leaves the house, jumps into his carriage and is away. I'll bet my inkstand that was the mortgage of John Smith's farm.

Farmer Churchill has risen from his dinner and is sitting in his chair for a moment's rest on the piazza of his pretty white cottage. Ellen is there, and she is looking at the paper which she has just received. She has a look of surprise, but she says nothing. The latter looks over the paper carefully, folds it up, puts it in his pocket-book and hands Ben a roll of bank notes. Then he leaves the house, jumps into his carriage and is away. I'll bet my inkstand that was the mortgage of John Smith's farm.

For the Republican.
THE INVITATION.
The moon looks over a mountain
Under a quiet vale,
Where sleeps a silver fountain,
Under the moonlight pale.
There flows the little-limbed willow,
Its head when the sad winds sigh,
And the wild bee's drowsy pillow
Is the blue flower blossoming high.
A murmur comes down from the forest,
A low whisper creeps through the air,
Some by one, then rustles,
O'er the meadow and the fair.
Where the sparrow's dark form towers
Above the rustling forest,
Half hidden 'mong grass and flowers,
I pause to rest and dream.
The whippoorwill's voice through the valley
At intervals comes and goes;
And the cuckoo's cry is heard,
Repeats the tale of her woes.
The wandering night-breeze has made a
Harpy of this spycatcher tree,
Oh, come and share, lovely Ada,
This hour of beauty with me.
Oakland, August, 1855.

From the Warren News.
A LETTER FROM O. A. BRONSON.
We have received, and publish below, a letter from Mr. A. O. Bronson, of Boston, in which he expresses his warmest sympathies for the cause of the oppressed, and his determination to do all in his power to bring about their liberation. We are glad to see that there are still so many noble spirits in our country who are willing to sacrifice all for the rights of the slave.

My Dear Sir—I have received this morning your copy of the 7th inst., with its enclosure. I am glad to hear that you are determined to do all in your power to bring about the liberation of the slave. I have no objection to your doing so, and I am sure that your efforts will be successful. I have no objection to your doing so, and I am sure that your efforts will be successful.

I claim (and never have claimed for the Pope) the temporal sovereignty of which he is the temporal sovereign, not temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, or authority, properly so called. The only power the Pope has in this country is his power over Catholics as the spiritual head of the church. It is purely spiritual power, and can only be exercised for a spiritual end, and even then only over Catholics, for the church does not judge those who are without.

In matters purely temporal, I, as a Catholic, owe no obedience to the Pope, because he is not a temporal sovereign, and has no authority in temporal matters. He is only a spiritual head, and his power is purely spiritual. He is not a temporal sovereign, and he has no authority in temporal matters.

But here is a difficulty. The Church, following the Holy Scriptures, makes civil allegiance a religious duty, and says with St. Paul, Rom. xiii. 1-2: "Let every soul be subject to the highest powers, for there is no power but from God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase damnation to themselves." Here you see I am forbidden by the law of God to resist the power, and commanded, on the peril of damnation, to obey. Here is my conscience bound to obedience, and my conscience as a Catholic is bound to obey.

become a tyrant. This is all I understand by the deposing power. The power itself, everybody, not a tyrant or a slave, asserts. The American Congress of 1776 asserted it, and deposed George the Third. The only difference, some give it to the people, some to the individual, and I claim it for the Church, and the Pope as head of the Church.

The Pope does not in this exercise a civil power or jurisdiction, and it is called his temporal power only because it is a power exercised over temporal sovereigns, or in relation to the jurisdiction of the subject to obey the prince. But even here the Pope does not relieve from civil allegiance, for that the prince had forfeited by his tyranny. He releases the subject only from the spiritual or religious obligation, superadded by Christianity to the civil, and this only in case of the Catholic conscience.

The Pope is the proper authority to decide for us whether the Constitution of this country is or is not repugnant to the laws of God. If he decides that it is not, as he has decided, then I am bound in conscience to obey every law made in accordance with it; and under no circumstance can he absolve me from my obligation to obey, or interfere with the administration of government under it, for the civil government is free to do according to its constitution, unless it please, that is, not repugnant to the laws of God, or to natural justice. That it is free to do more than that, I presume no man in this country will pretend.

I have made these remarks to aid you to understand the doctrine of the articles to which I have called your attention. You are a stranger to me, but I take you to be a serious-minded man, and a lover of truth and justice, and I am sure that you will not be misled by the opinions of those who wish to conceal. I am a Catholic, and as such I aim to be true to my God and to my fellow-men.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
O. A. BRONSON.

Hugh J. Davis, Esq.

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.
In "Cooper's Naval History of the United States," highly interesting facts are stated. We learn that the first decked vessel ever built within the limits of the United States, was constructed on the banks of the Hudson, by Adrian Block, in the summer of 1614. She was a yacht, and her first voyage was made through Hall Gate into the Sound, and as far east as Cape Cod, by the Vineyard passage. It was in this voyage that Black Island was first discovered. Within the first 40 years after the settlement of Massachusetts, there were built in Boston and its vicinity 730 vessels, varying from 8 to 230 tons burden. One of these, the Blessing of the Bay, a barque of 50 tons, was built in 1631.

The celebrated English patriot and divine, Hugh Peters, caused a vessel of 300 tons to be constructed at Salem, in 1641. The first schooner ever launched is said to have been built at Cape Ann in 1714. In 1613, Connecticut had but 2 brig, 20 sloops, and a few smaller craft, employing but 120 seamen; while Massachusetts, about the same time, had 462 vessels, the tonnage of which was 23,406, and employed 3438 seamen. The first ensign ever shown by a regular man-of-war, was hoisted on board the frigate Alfred, in the Delaware, by the hands of Paul Jones, in the latter part of December, 1775. What this ensign was, is not precisely known, as the present national colors were not formally adopted until 1777.

The first regular American cruiser that went to sea, was the Lexington, a little brig of 14 guns, commanded by Capt. John Barry, of Philadelphia. She sailed some time in the winter of 1775. The first American man-of-war that got to sea after the adoption of our present form of government, was the Congress. She was originally an Indian, but was purchased by the government, and converted into a cruiser, having an armament of 24 guns. She sailed in May, 1798, under the command of Captain Richard Dale, who was first Lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard, when that ship captured the Serapis.

The Constellation was the first of new built vessels that went to sea, under Captain Truxton. She sailed, in 1793, and was followed by the United States, and a little later, by the Constitution; both these latter sailed in July the same year. The first prize under our present naval organization was the French Privateer, La Croisade. She was a schooner of 14 guns, and was captured by the sloop of war Delaware, Captain Deatur.

SOME THINGS FOR THE LADIES.—The London Gazette contains some information for the ladies in regard to the manner of placing their lips when they desire to look amiable, dignified, &c. It says that when a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say Besom, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides, until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say Brush, the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth small and pretty, she must say Flip; but if the mouth be already small, and needs enlarging, she must say Cabbage. Ladies, when having their daggers ready to be taken, may observe these rules with some advantage.

A friend writes, who is one of those inveterate fellows that never reads or hears anything like the above but that it reminds him of a story, begs us to add the following as an illustrative anecdote: A lady of his acquaintance, somewhat turned of 40, was unfortunately favored with a month of very unusual capacity, and with lips of such remarkable globosity as to heighten the effect of her deformity. She was usually accustomed, on occasions of special exposure to the gaze of the fashionable world, to prepare herself for the emergency by putting as good a face as possible upon her misfortune, or, as she termed it, "puckering up" her mouth. One day, having thus arranged for a public promenade, she was arrested by her dutiful cook with the question, whether the mutton or the pork with which the latter was provided, should be served up for dinner. After repeated unsuccessful attempts to indicate her wishes by various signs and contortions of countenance, she at length despairingly burst upon the carefully closed aperture of her head with the broad and unmistakable cry of "po-ark;" and then basted her cook roundly for having imposed upon her the laborious operation of puckering up her mouth again.

"You Honor Me!"—A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens, who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive.

On Saturday night he had been bribed, to keep peace and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngest through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than become comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngest with nothing on but a night wrapper and a cloth cap.

"You forgot me," said he in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church. The feelings of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.*

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—The following excellent directions for those who write for the press are taken from one of our exchanges. If they were universally followed, printers would be relieved from a deal of trouble, and their days in the land of the living would be prolonged.

Write all your communications in a very plain hand. Properly capitalize and punctuate so that every comma and period beaded shall be in their proper places. Be particular with the names of persons and places, that all the letters of the word be clearly formed, because we cannot depend on the sense of a sentence to decipher a badly written name. Make no contraction of words. No person ought to pretend to write for the press who cannot prepare the article so that it will properly appear if printed as written. Be short. Let all that be done, then, others are sent and merit in the article, it will stand a fair chance for an insertion.

SPORTS IN KENTUCKY.—Hunters, say, friend, is there anything to be done here, today?—Wal, nothing but about bare, strange; and the schoolmaster is down the hill, yonder; you can pop him over.