

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

MONROE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1855.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. I. NO. 60

"Peet's Corner."

For the Republic.
The Christmas Flower.

Legend exists in many parts of the country, in Pennsylvania particularly, that there is a certain flower that springs up and blossoms on Christmas Eve, at midnight, but disappears before sunrise the following morning.

Christmas flower, golden flower,
Thou hast sprung up in an hour,
Through the hard and frozen earth,
(Come to prove a Saviour's birth.)

Christmas flower, golden flower,
Thou dost own a magic power;
Not like common flowers bound,
By deep snows and frozen ground.

Christmas flower, fair and bright,
Thou wilt never see the light,
For before the morning sun
Strikes the East, thy work is done.

Christmas flower I tell you why
Thou so soon dost fade and die?
Fair flower! why not stay
Till 'tis ushered in the day?

Christmas flower, I will raise
Unto thee my warmest lays;
Golden flower! thee I'll sing,
When my muse her off'ings brings.

THE MAIDEN OF C.

It was some two or three months ago,
In this town of C.,
That a maiden I saw whom you may know—
But you never will know from me,
As this maiden she lived some fifteen miles
From this beautiful town of C.

Was in love, and she was in love,
(At least she was said to be)
But she loved with a double and twisted love,
Which is more than most folks know.
She loved the man who was her affianced,
And she loved the man who was her foe.

And this is the reason, some weeks ago,
In this old town of C.,
That this fellow came into this village looking
Like a man who had been through a mill.
The maiden saw him, and she was
Quite wrong and winning her way from town,
And with a will she went,
To shut her up in his new log-house
Some fifteen miles from C.

She was in love, and she was in love,
And she was in love with him,
And she was in love with him.

Tales and Sketches.

[From the Albany Evening Journal.]

ROMANCE IN THE POST OFFICE.

Mr. Holbrook, the well-known Post Office special agent, has published a book from which we make the following extracts:

CHASING THE CLEVER—AN INNOCENTS' TRICK.

A person of good standing in community, who had claim not only to a moral, but a religious character, was visiting in a large town in the Hudson river, about midway between New York and Albany. This person owned a clergyman, living in New Haven, Connecticut, the sum of one hundred dollars; and one day he called at the house of another clergyman of his acquaintance in the town first mentioned, and requested to be allowed the privilege of writing a letter to his clerical creditor, in which he was to promise to pay the man five to be inclosed. Writing materials were furnished, and he prepared the letter in the study of his obliging friend, and in his presence.

After he had finished writing it, he said to the clergyman, "Now, as the mails are not always safe, I wish to be able to prove that I have actually sent the money due that gentleman; for consider it a great favor if you will accompany me to the bank, where I wish to obtain a hundred dollar note for some small trash I have, and bear witness that I inclose the money and deposit the letter in the post office."

The reverend gentleman readily assented to the request, and went with him to the bank, where a bill of the required denomination was obtained, and placed in the letter, which was then sealed with a wafer, the clergyman all the while looking on.

They then went to the post office, (which was directly opposite the bank,) and after calling the attention of his companion to the letter and its address, the writer thereupon dropped it into the letter-box, and the two persons went their ways.

The letter arrived at New Haven by due course of mail, and it so happened that the clergyman to whom it was addressed was at the office, waiting for the assorting of the mails. He saw a letter thrown into his box, and called for it as soon as the delivery window was opened.

Upon breaking the seal, and reading the letter, he found himself requested to "Please send one hundred dollars, &c., with which request he would cheerfully comply with, but for one slight circumstance, namely the absence of the bank note."

This fact was apparently accounted for by a postscript, written in a heavy, rude hand, different from the body of the letter, and reading as follows:

"P. S. I have taken the liberty to borrow this money, but I send the note that you needn't blame the man who wrote it."

The rifled document was immediately shown to the postmaster, and in his opinion, robbery had been committed. The letter gentleman was advised by the postmaster to proceed at once to New York, and confer with the special agent, and at the same time to lay the facts before the Postmaster General. He did so, and it was not long before the agent had commenced the investigation of the supposed robbery.

In addition to the postscript appended, the letter bore other indications of having been tampered with, which at first sight would seem almost conclusive on this point. Upon the envelope were two wafers, differing in color, one partly overlapping the other, as if they had been put on by different persons at different times.

Notwithstanding these appearances, there were circumstances strongly conflicting with the supposition that the letter had been robbed. The postscript was an unusual affair, for no one guilty of opening a letter for the purpose of appropriating its contents, would stop to write an explanatory postscript, especially as such a course would only increase the chances of his own detection; and, in the present instance, there had been no delay of the letter to allow such an addition to be made.

By a visit to the office where the letter was mailed, the agent ascertained that it must have left immediately after being deposited, and the advanced age and excellent character of the postmaster, who made up the mail on that occasion, entirely cut off suspicion in that quarter.

An interview was then held with the clergyman who witnessed the mailing of the letter, and from him were obtained the facts already stated. Concerning the writing of the document, and its deposit in the letter-box in a perfect state, after the money had been inclosed, he was ready and willing to do so, and had he been called upon he would have done so in all sincerity and honesty.

In reply to an inquiry, whether he used more than one sort of letter paper, he informed me that he had had but one sort in his study for several months, and at his request, immediately brought in several sheets of it. A comparison of this with the sheet upon which the rifled epistle had been written, showed that the latter was a totally different article from the first. The shape and design of the stamp, the size of the sheet, and the shade of the paper, were all unlike. Moreover, the wafers used at the bank, where the hundred dollar note was obtained, and the letter was mailed, were very dissimilar to either of those which appeared upon the "post boy" letter.

From the consideration of all these facts, I was satisfied that a gross and contemptible fraud had been perpetrated by the writer of the letter, and lost no time in proceeding to the village where that personage lived. I called upon the postmaster, and made some inquiries relative to the character and pecuniary circumstances of the person in question. From the replies made, it appeared, as I have already stated, that his reputation in the community was good.

I thought it might be possible that, in so small a place, I could ascertain whether he had received a hundred dollar note, as he would have been likely to have done, if it was true that he had not inclosed it in the New Haven letter.

Calling at the store which received most of his custom, I introduced myself to the proprietor, made a confident of him to some extent, and learned that the very next day after which the storekeeper letter was mailed, his author offered him, in payment for a barrel of flour, a hundred dollar note on the bank from which a bill of the like denomination had been obtained, as before mentioned, in exchange for the "small trash."

The merchant could not then change it, but sent the flour, and changed a bill which was afterwards to be the same a few days afterward.

Armed with these irresistible facts, I proceeded to call on the adventurous deceiver of the clergyman, who had attempted to make one member of that body second his intention to cheat another. "Insultate artem?" could not one say?

"Mr. T.," said I, after some preliminary conversation, "it is of no use to mince matters. The fact is, you did not send the money in that New Haven letter; you offered it the day after you pretended to mail it, at Mr. C's store. You see I've found out all about it, so I hope you will not deny the truth in the matter."

I then gave him his choice, to send the hundred dollars promptly to his New Haven correspondent, or allow me to prove in a public manner the facts in my possession.

Being thus hard pressed, and finding himself cornered, he confessed that he had prepared the letter which was received at New Haven—postscript, double wafers, and all, before he left home, and that, while crossing the street from the bank to the post office, he substituted this for the one he wrote in the study, and learned that the postmaster had sent the money, and pretended that he had suffered severely in his feelings on account of the dishonest act.

There is no United States law providing for the punishment of such an offence; but public opinion and private conscience make nice distinctions that the law can do, and often mete out a well-deserved penalty to those who elude the less subtle ministers of justice.

In the present instance, the foregoing story was made public by direction of the Postmaster General; and the author of the trick, unable to sustain the indignation and contempt of the community in which he lived, was compelled to make a hasty retreat from that part of the country.

Here is an incident of another nature, and more dramatic, perhaps, than the last:

The lady soon made her appearance. She was young, rather prepossessing, and evidently indulgent rather. Finding that I was the bearer of the note, she addressed me, expressing great surprise that her husband had sent a request so unusual; and with an air of independence observed that she did not know 'about paying over the money under such circumstances to a mere stranger.'

Distingering not to mortify her unnecessarily by making explanations, and the presence of others, I requested her to step into a vacant room near at hand, and after closing the door, I said in a low tone—

"It is an extremely painful thing for me, Mrs. M., but as you do not seem inclined to comply with your husband's order, I must tell you plainly that the money was taken from the man by him. There is no mistake about it. He has had a mail-key which I have just recovered, and has made a full acknowledgment of his numerous depredations. I beg you to bear this dreadful news with fortitude. No one will think less of you on account of his dishonest conduct."

I expected to see the woman faint immediately, and had mentally prepared myself for every emergency; but, a moment after, I should have been more likely to have fallen into that condition, if astonishment could ever produce such an effect; for, as soon as I had finished what I was saying, she stood before me, more erect than before, and with some fire in her eye, and an arm "a-kimbo," she replied, in a spirited manner—

"Well, if he has done that, he's a darned fool to own it—I wouldn't do it."

She gave up the money, however, soon after, and although the recklessness displayed in the speech above quoted, seemed to make it probable that she would not be so easily duped by her husband's guilt, it afterwards appeared that this exhibition of "spunk" was due to the impulses of a high-spirited and excitable nature, which sometimes, as in the present instance, broke away from control, and went beyond the bounds of decorum.

From "The Widow Bedott Papers."

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Elder Sniffles, having preached the Thanksgiving sermon, was invited to dine with Mr. Maguire.

ELDER SNIFFLES UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

"Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece of the Turkey."

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning, that I did not send the money in that New Haven letter; you offered it the day after you pretended to mail it, at Mr. C's store. You see I've found out all about it, so I hope you will not deny the truth in the matter."

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Here is an incident of another nature, and more dramatic, perhaps, than the last:

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddings. Jeff, my son, fly around and help your mar change the plates. I'll hold the pudding. Melissa, you may tend to the pies. Jeff set on the cider. So here's a plum pudding. It looks nice. I guess you've had good luck to day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some out of it."

"No, I'm obliged to ye. I've got ruther of a headache to day, an' plum pudding's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the-punkin' pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some out of it, courses?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat, is esteemed highly injurious, and I warmly protest against it; furthermore— as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will, for once, overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of time and place."

"Jemima! wife, this is good puddin' as I ever eat."

ELDER SNIFFLES PARTAKES OF PUMPKIN AND MINCE PIES.

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie?"

"Here is a mince pie and a pumpkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but as regards mince pie it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution— inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients, it extends to exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, Elder—quite the contrary, and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally finds its way into the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed, your reasoning is quite new to me, yet I confess it to be the most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie."

ELDER SNIFFLES TINKERS SWEET CIDER SUPPLIES.

"Wife, I'll take the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist, Mrs. Maguire, desist! I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jemima! you don't mean to call new cider intoxicating liquor, I hope. Why, man alive, it's just made—hasn't begun to work."

"Indeed, I believe it to be exceedingly insubstantial, and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment, and you will readily perceive that, being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixtures—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it more agreeable and facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable indeed, Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice of pudding, Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some of the pie?"

"No more, thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass?"

ELDER SNIFFLES ILLUSTRATES HIS PRINCIPLES BY EXAMPLES.

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more my friends—nothing more, whatsoever; for, as I have several times remarked during the past, I am an individual of extremely abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example, that which is so strenuously enjoined from the pulpit, to wit: temperance in all things."

"Walk into the sitting room, Elder."

MORMONISM.—An official statement has been published in the Deseret News, at Salt Lake City, giving some facts of interest in connection with Mormonism. According to this statement, the church has about ninety-five missionaries in Europe, and an equal number in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Islands, besides large numbers of native elders in the various fields of labor, and also a considerable number scattered throughout the United States and British America. Of newspapers and periodicals, the church has one in Salt Lake City, issuing four thousand copies weekly; one in New York; one in Liverpool, issuing twenty-two thousand weekly copies; one in Swansea, South Wales; one in Copenhagen, in the Danish language; one in Australia; and one in India.

"SHOW ME A DEMOCRAT!"—A rather green sort of well-dressed individual walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, and stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Where are the Loons? Show me a Loon, gentlemen, and I will show you a liar."

A large number of quiet gentlemen were present, and in an instant one of them stood before the noisy intruder in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed—

"I am a democrat, sir."

"You are?" queried the incredulous greeney.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, just step around the corner, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in the ward!"

one which has often occurred to my own mind.

"Take some more of this chicken pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend, I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more; for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

ELDER SNIFFLES OVERSTEPS HIS USUAL BOUNDARIES.

"Well then, we'll have the pies and puddings. Jeff, my son, fly around and help your mar change the plates. I'll hold the pudding. Melissa, you may tend to the pies. Jeff set on the cider. So here's a plum pudding. It looks nice. I guess you've had good luck to day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some out of it."

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"Walk into the sitting room, Elder."

murder, Mat, sure an' ye have the devil in the sack. Bate the old haythen, thin; yer'll niver have a better chance. Bate the horns of 'em; lather 'em like blazes, me darlint'!"

"Augh," says Biddy, "I'm faintin' wid the power uv 'im. Cast him off yer, Mat."

"Howly St. Father!" says Mat, throwing down the sack; "Biddy, the bastin' is a pot-stick. Lave the house, or yer'll be kilin' me tirely. Murder and turf, how the haythen smills. Och, Biddy Maloney, a-purty kettle o' fish yez made of it, to be sure, to be mistakin' that little devil for a harmless cat."

"Mat, for the love o' God, if yez convenient to the door, be after openin' it, for 'Tm nearly choked wid 'im. Och, Biddy Maloney, bad luck to yez for lavin' out Ireland, to be murdered in this way. Howly Mary, protect me! Mat, I'm plane killin' intirely—take me out o' this!"

Mat drew her out of doors, and then broke for the pump like a quarter-horse, closely followed by Biddy, who was under the stone.

"Shure, that little villain bates the devil intirely; he's ruined me house, an' kilt Biddy, an' put me out o' conastid wid meself for a month to come. Och, desavin vagabone, bad luck to 'im, and Mat plunged his head into the horse-trough up to his shoulders."

"Get out o' this, Mat, I'm nearly blind, and Biddy'll want under the stone. Och, the northern baste," says Biddy, spluttering the water out of her mouth, "me best pitcoat is spoilt intirely. Mat Maloney, yez a trap will I ever help yez to sit for a cat again!"

"Don't trouble yourself, Mistress Maloney—ye've played the devil's game, an' a real fool ye are to be takin' a baste uv a pole cat for a house-cat."

Mat and Biddy went cautiously back to the cabin, from which the offensive quadruped had taken his departure. Things were turned out of doors, Biddy's petticoat was buried, the bed, which fortunately escaped, moved to the next passage, and the stone moved outside, and for a week they kept house out of doors, by which time, by dint of scrubbing, washing and airing, the house was rendered once more habitable, but neither Mat or Biddy have forgotten the "strange cat."

What is the Crime?

Homer calls it the land of the Labyrinthians, who were giants and ate men's flesh, and from whom the much enduring Ulysses escaped with some difficulty. The Crimea is also known to tragedy as Tauris, and the custom of sacrificing all strangers upon its altars, which then prevailed shows that from the earliest ages it was a dangerous place for foreigners. Then it was called Cimmericia—the land of darkness. To the sun-loving islanders of the Egean, night and storm and eternal winter dwelt beyond that Euxine sea which only a few adventurous mariners dared to penetrate. Cimmericia is a meaning in that name. It is only Crimea in its full development. It was one of the battles of Caucasian in their first western migration—the Tartars (Scythians they were then called) drove them out, and on they went, these wandering Cimmericians. They called themselves Cimber when they arrived in Europe. A portion of them in Wales, with fantastic legends of the fall of Troy in their early and Cimmerician history, are still known as the Cymry; and they are the parents of all the race of the Celts; and now the invaders, English, French, Scotch and Irish, are only seeking their ancestral place and making themselves at home after a tolerably long absence.

They found there the old Scythian tribe who ejected them. To be sure their former conquerors have not been justly expelled the whole time, not very much of it. "Little more in fact than half a century is it since they finally took it into their keeping; for driving out the Cimmericians, they (these Scythian Tartars) were themselves expelled; but they have come back and got the start of the original owners, who now, after near two thousand years, are still returned to look after the old homestead."

There is another little association with the Crimea that to us Americans is interesting. One John Smith—the John Smith, the adventurous captain of Virginia, was also a warrior against the Turks or Tartars. He cut off several Muslim turbans with heads inside of them, but was unhappily captured and sold as a slave. He was carried up the Straits of Kerch and into the Sea of Azoff. Some where in the Crimea, or thereabouts his captivity ceased. He killed his master, seized his horse and clothes, and rode for dear life to the nearest Russian post, at that time to him nearly synonymous ideas. He was kindly received, and neighboring from one of the native states to another back to friends of civilization. With every stay a new instalment of gratitude became due from him—which he duly discharged through his heirs and assigns; for he founded Virginia. Virginia one day, with her sister colonies, became the United States of America. England was at war with France and her own revolted colonies. The house of Bourbon and the house of Guelf had no leisure to look eastward. In fact, there was not an "Eastern question" at all. Catherine of Russia stepped in with her armies; and the Crimea was hers. France came to the rescue only too late. English country gentlemen were too full of the Middlesex election and the American war, the "no popery" riots and the national debt, to think much of the schemes of the Czarina; their Indian Empire was but just beginning, and no Napoleon had taught them the value of the pashalik of Egypt to the overland route to the East. The fall of the Crimea, was but the annexation of a barren khândi; a revolted State of Turkey. The Austrian Empire could hardly have taken more interest in the annexation of Texas than England then did in the Crimean transfer to Russia. The seeds of future calamity are sown in silence. The tempest is foretold by a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand; which comes out from the sea; and to day the Crimea is the centre of the world's gaze, and what is now passing on her soil may be changing the whole visible current of affairs.

The total length of the Mississippi and all its tributaries is fifty-one thousand miles, which is more than twice the equatorial circumference of the earth!

There are one hundred and seventy places called "Washington," in the United States, besides the one in the District of Columbia.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Many popular impressions concerning the Declaration of Independence are derived from Fourth of July orations and pictures, both of which are apt to mislead as does the picture of "the First Prayer in Congress." Nine out of ten suppose that somewhere about noon on the fourth of July, 1776, Congress passed the vote affirming the Colonies independent, and that the old bell-ringer in the steeple of the State House, receiving the intelligence of this event, was seized with a sudden enthusiasm to swing the old bell to ring out the news to the people in such a loud, joyous manner, as put the quiet citizens of Philadelphia in a wonderful excitement. In fact, I once heard a very intelligent member of a Presbyterian General Assembly, met in that city, work this incident into a telling paragraph in his speech on slavery. Then there was the signing of the Declaration, we have a picture of that too, which teaches us how the representatives of the Colonies, gathered together in putting their names to the immortal instrument, so that before night, the famous parchment, the original paper, which now is seen in the Patent Office, was engrossed, and signed as we now have it!

A few facts, gleaned from various sources, will be interesting, as rectifying these impressions, and showing the true character of the crisis in human affairs. On the 10th of June, 1776, Mr. Harrison, of Virginia, reported, a resolution, part of which is said to have been a literal transcript of the instructions given by the Convention of Virginia to their representatives in Congress, and which was moved by Henry Lee, Mr. Harrison's resolution, embodying Mr. Lee's is in these words: "Resolved, That the consideration of the first resolution be postponed to Monday, the first day of July next; and, in the meanwhile, that no time be lost, in case the Congress agree thereto, that a Committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said first resolution, which is in these words: 'That these United States, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'"

This resolution was adopted.

On the 11th of June, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston, were appointed a Committee to draft the Declaration. Richard Henry Lee, as the original mover of the resolution for declaring the Colonies independent, would have been named as Chairman of the Committee, but unfortunately for himself, he received intelligence of sickness in his family, which made it necessary for him to be absent before that committee was appointed. Jefferson had the reputation of being a brilliant writer, and succeeded in drafting the Declaration. The elder Adams, in his autobiography, says that he saw and read the original draft of the declaration and he speaks in terms of rapturous admiration of it: "I was delighted with its high tone, and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery." He further says that it had not been read by all the members: "We were all in haste. Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe in Jefferson's hand writing."

On the 28th of June, the Committee reported the original declaration, which was read for the first time in Congress. On the 1st of July, this declaration was again read and discussed in Committee of the Whole. It was carried in the Committee by vote of the States, Pennsylvania and South Carolina voting against it. John Adams says, that in the discussion of July 1st, Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, opposed the declaration, "in a speech of great length. He concluded the debate not only with great ingenuity and eloquence, but with equal politeness and candour, and was answered in the same spirit."

Dickinson, a brother of Gen. Philemon Dickinson, of New Jersey, an officer whom Washington frequently mentions with honor, was a strong debater, and a sincere patriot, notwithstanding the grave and composed bearing he carried behind the big red chair in the hall, and his serene and heroic spirit that animated such men as Adams, Witherspoon, and Lee. Hence he shrank from an open rupture with Great Britain, as certain to end not only in greater evils to the country, but to individuals prominent in the rebellion. "In this feeling two other representatives from Pennsylvania shared. But of this more in another place."

Dickinson's speech produced a profound impression, and this is not to be wondered at, when we consider the nature of the contest which it was the object of that speech to show. John Adams, one of the most fluent and powerful speakers, answered Dickinson, and it cannot be too much regretted that a seat in the hall, greatly relieved by telling to Mr. Jefferson the criticisms made on the sign which a hatter in Philadelphia had over his shoulder. About one quarter, according to the elder Adams, or one-third, according to Jefferson, of the original paper, was stricken out, leaving the document as we now have it. The adoption of this paper was warmly debated through the second, third and fourth days of July, and towards the close of the latter day the motion to adopt prevailed. It was then signed by nearly every member present, except Mr. Dickinson, who refused to sign. Willing and Humphreys, two delegates from Pennsylvania, purposely absent themselves to avoid signing. These three gentlemen were decapitated forthwith by the Convention of Pennsylvania, then in session, and men elected in their place who would sign. Of the other Pennsylvania delegates,

Franklin, John Morton, and James Wilson, signed the declaration; at once, and Robert Morris, the remaining delegate, was absent on public business, and had permission to sign afterwards.

It is a fact worth knowing, that the delegates from New York were willing to sign, but waited for instructions from home, which they received, and put their names to the declaration on the 15th of July.

Matthew Thornton did not take his seat in Congress until the 4th of November, and at that time he signed the declaration.

The original paper, as interlined and amended, was given to the Secretary of Congress to be engrossed on parchment, and this engrossed copy, the one in the Patent Office, was signed by most of the members on the second of August, and at different intervals afterwards by the rest. Can any one tell whether the real original is yet in existence?

These facts are gleaned principally from the Journals of Congress, Tucker's Life of Jefferson, and the Life of John Adams.

The message on negro slavery which was erased from Jefferson's original draft, is not published in books accessible to the most— that passage is as follows: "He—the king—has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel nations, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN KING OF GREAT BRITAIN. Determined to keep open a market where Men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms against us, and to purchase that liberty which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the Liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the Lives of another."

Tucker, in his Life of Jefferson, supplies this remarkable passage, together with all the changes made in the original draft of the declaration.

Gordon, in his History of the Revolution, says the reason why the first of July did not become Independence Day, was that neither the colonies nor members being unanimous, it was postponed till the next day.

But what message, if any, still preserved in Independence Hall, next to the notes of liberty? Gordon has the following answer: "July 8th. This day, at 12 o'clock, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed at the State House in Philadelphia, amidst the greatest acclamations. The same evening the equestrian statue of the king was laid prostrate on the ground. The lead of which it is made, is to be run into bullets."—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

THE STRANGE CAT.

Matthew Maloney, better known by the boys at the mill as "Father Mat," on returning from work one evening, was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement.

"Mat," says she, "there's a strange cat in the cabin!"

"Cast her out, thin, an' don't be botherin' me about the baste."

"Faix, an' I've been strivin' to do that same for matter of tin months past, but she's fit beyond me reach behind the big red chair in the corner. Will ye be after helpin' me to drive her out?"

"To be sure I will, had luck to the constable she has for my house; show her to me Biddy, till I tache her the respect that's due a man in his own house—to be takin' possession without as much as yer lave, the thafe o' the world!"

Now Mat had a special antipathy to cats, and never would let pass an opportunity to kill one.

This he resolved to do in the present case, and he instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving but one mode of egress for the animal, he says to Biddy: "I have a heavy male bag in the house, me darlint'?"

"Divil a wan is there, Mat. Yez tuk it to the mill wid yez to bring home chips wid, this mornin'."

"Faix an' I did, and there it is yit thin—Will ye up like a bag, Biddy?"

"Cross an' I have Mat; there's me Sunday petticoat—ye can draw the strings close at the top an' sure it will do better nor jastin' the cat be lavin' yez."

"Biddy, darlint, yez a jewel to be thinkin' of that same; be after bringin' it to me."

Biddy brought the garment, and when the strings were drawn close it made a very good substitute for a meat bag. Mat declared it was "illigant."

So holding it close against the chest, he took a look behind and saw a pair of eyes glaring at him.

"An, its there yer ar yo, divil! Be out o' t'gaw, bad luck to all yer kin, ye thavin' vagabone ye. Bedott, an' ye won't lave me house thin at all perlike axin'. Yer self-will bates a pig's intirely. Biddy, have yez any hot water in the house?"

"Yis, I've plinty, Mat; the tay-kettle's full of it."

"Be after castin' the matter of a quartz thin behind the stut, till I see how the shy-divil likes it."

"Hould 'im close, Mat; here goes the water!"

"Dash went the water, and out jumped the animal into Mat's trap."

"Arrah, be the howly poker, I have 'im in, Biddy," says Mat, drawing close the folds of the garment; "and now bad luck to yez, ye thafe, it's nine lives ye have, is it? Be after axin' me forgiveness for the thavin' ye have bin doin' in me house, for 'I'm thinkin' the nine lives ye have won't save ye now, my boy." Biddy's hault of the poker, an' when I'll shoulder the haythen, ye'll bate the day light out o' 'im."

Mat threw the bundle over his shoulder, and told Biddy to play "St. Patrick's day in the mornin'" on it. Biddy struck about three notes of that popular Irish air, and suddenly stopped, exclaiming—

"What smilla se quare, Mat? It's takin' me breath away wid the power o' it. Och,

one which has often occurred to my own mind.

"Take some more of this chicken pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend, I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more; for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

ELDER SNIFFLES OVERSTEPS HIS USUAL BOUNDARIES.

"Well then, we'll have the pies and puddings. Jeff, my son, fly around and help your mar change the plates. I'll hold the pudding. Melissa, you may tend to the pies. Jeff set on the cider. So here's a plum pudding. It looks nice. I guess you've had good luck to day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some out of it."

"No, I'm obliged to ye. I've got ruther of a headache to day, an' plum pudding's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the-punkin' pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some out of it, courses?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat, is esteemed highly injurious, and I warmly protest against it; furthermore— as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will, for once, overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of time and place."

"Jemima! wife, this is good puddin' as I ever eat."

ELDER SNIFFLES PARTAKES OF PUMPKIN AND MINCE PIES.

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie?"

"Here is a mince pie and a pumpkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but as regards mince pie it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution— inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients, it extends to exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, Elder—quite the contrary, and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally finds its way into the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed, your reasoning is quite new to me, yet I confess it to be the most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie."

ELDER SNIFFLES TINKERS SWEET CIDER SUPPLIES.

"Wife, I'll take the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist, Mrs. Maguire, desist! I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jemima! you don't mean to call new cider intoxicating liquor, I hope. Why, man alive, it's just made—hasn't begun to work."

"Indeed, I believe it to be exceedingly insubstantial, and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment, and you will readily perceive that, being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixtures—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it more agreeable and facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable indeed, Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice of pudding, Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some of the pie?"

"No more, thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass?"

ELDER SNIFFLES ILLUSTRATES HIS PRINCIPLES BY EXAMPLES.

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more my friends—nothing more, whatsoever; for, as I have several times remarked during the past, I am an individual of extremely abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example, that which is so strenuously enjoined from the pulpit, to wit: temperance in all things."

"Walk into the sitting room, Elder."