

# The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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## Tales and Sketches.

### LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

LEAF FROM OUR WEEKLY.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1856.

Those who witnessed the assault, say that upon receiving the blows given in quick succession and with terrible force, Mr. Sumner attempted to rise from his seat, to which he was in a measure prevented by his legs being under his desk—the legs of which, like all the desks of the Senate Chamber, have plates of iron fastened to them; and these plates are firmly secured to the floor. His first attempt to rise was a failure, and he fell back into his chair, and the blows of his assailant continued to fall mercilessly upon his uncovered head.

His second attempt ripped up the iron fastenings of his desk, and he perceptibly himself forward; but being blinded and surrounded wide of the direction in which Mr. Brooks stood. Prostrated on the floor, and covered with blood as I never saw man covered before, the assault continued until Mr. Murray and Mr. Morgan, both members of the House of Representatives from New-York, had time to come from the extreme south-east angle of the Senate Chamber; and so, forcing their way through the crowd of Senators and others, in the midst of whom Mr. Sumner was lying senseless and being beaten, seized the assailant and rescued the body of Sumner. Of course, I do not speak from personal knowledge, but Mr. Murray informs me that not only did the blows continue until he had reached the scene of action and forced his way through the crowd; but when he first threw his arms around Mr. Brooks he failed to secure his right arm, and at least one blow was inflicted upon the prostrate form of the insensible Senator, after Mr. Murray had laid hands on the assailant.

It is not the assault upon Mr. Sumner upon which I feel called to deplore and to hold up to the calm and indignant condemnation of the people of the United States; but because by this assault upon a Senator of the United States, in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and when in the discharge of his legal duties, the Constitution has been trampled under foot, the sanctity of the Senate has been violated, freedom of debate has been attempted to be suppressed by brute force, and Liberty itself—constitutional liberty and freedom of thought and action, has been ruthlessly assailed, and the assault being justified and applauded by grave Senators, and by every Representative of the people, save two (Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky and Henry W. Johnson of Maryland) living in the Slave States, and by every Representative of the People who speaks the sentiments or sustains the measures of the existing Administration of the country.

After nearly thirty years of editorial labor, always speaking my sentiments frankly and fully, it is unnecessary to remind the daily reader of *The Evening Star* that in no man in the United States has ever been willing to go further in sustaining the constitutional rights of the South in regard to the peculiar local institution, than I have. I have repeatedly published and proclaimed that I do not look upon Slavery as a curse to the slave; but on the contrary, in the aggregate, a great blessing, and so, I think, designed to be by God, and have aided and published and every day, by my life, I am now confirmed in the conviction that Slavery is a curse to the country where it exists, and utterly demoralizing to the people who tolerate it.

That it is an Aristocratic and Anti-Republican Institution, is proclaimed by the very terms of "Master" and "Slave" by which alone it can be described; and like all aristocratic institutions, produces specimens of the highest refinement, the most elegant habits and the greatest culture, only to render more conspicuous the general brutality and debasing recklessness which it imposes upon the great mass of the people. In what section of our country—whether in the Slave or Free States—occur the most street fights, homicides, brawls, and acts of violence? I am safe in saying that during the past five years, the deaths or injuries in the Slave States, from these causes, would average at least two a week; while in the Free States, during the same period, they would not average two per annum; and even in those cases, the probability is, that the actors in them would prove to be the inhabitants of the Slave States.

Let me instance the occurrences of the kind alluded to, within the last five months, which have happened here in the capital of the Nation, and in which members of the House of Representatives have been the principal actors. I confine the record to them alone.

First, then, William Smith, an ex-Governor of the State of Virginia, and a Member of the House of Representatives, assaulted and beat the editor of *The Evening Star*, in December last, in the lobby of the House.

Second, Albert Rust, a Member of the House of Representatives, from Arkansas, assaulted and beat the editor of *The New York Tribune* in the grand hall of the Capitol, immediately after leaving the House of Representatives.

Third, Philip P. Herbert of Alabama, a Member of Congress from California, shot down and killed an Irish waiter at Willard's, and is now under bonds to appear before the Grand Jury and await his trial for such crime as they may adjudge him to have committed.

Fourth, Preston S. Brooks, a Member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina, assaulted and beat unmercifully a Senator from Massachusetts, when occupying his seat in the Senate of the United States, and engaged in the transaction of business legitimately appertaining to his station.

Here, then, you have in five months four flagrant breaches of the peace on the part of Members of Congress who were born and bred in Slave States, and who are necessarily demoralized by that institution; while during the same period, not a solitary instance has occurred of Members from the Free States forgetting what is due by public Legislators to law and order, to civilization and to the decencies and courtesies of the society in which they live.

You must next look to the manner in which these flagrant breaches of the peace by those whose duty it was, above all others, to respect the laws, have been treated by the House of Representatives, and by the public. The first and second offenses—whipping and assaulting persons from pollution, by deeply respecting persons from greater and more despising force—were considered such trivial offenses, that the subject was not even referred to in the House, which was outraged by such conduct on the part of one of its members. The third offense—the shooting down and killing an Irish waiter at Willard's Hotel—was gravely considered by the House of Representatives and voted to be an occurrence not meriting investigation even; and every supporter of this Administration, save one, united in suppressing inquiry; and the offender daily takes his seat in Congress, and legislates and aids in the passage of laws for the government of the country, while he himself is about to be tried for the gravest crime which man can perpetrate against his fellow man.

The last offender, Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, will, at least, have his conduct inquired into; but it must not be lost sight of that such inquiry by the House, of which he was a member, was strenuously resisted by every member of that body save two, who represent the Slave States, and by all who sustain the present Pro-Slavery Administration.

To attempt to describe the actual state of affairs here in the Capital of the Nation, would be a hopeless task. It would not be believed were one from Heaven to proclaim it trumpet-tongued through the land; and yet you can live here, as I have for the last six months, without feeling his blood boil at witnessing the fears and apprehensions of fatal consequences, on the part of our Northern men, if any one ventures openly and manfully to speak the truth in the bar-rooms, or the corners of the streets, and on the floor of Congress. And there is reason for these fears. This is a city in a Slave Dis- trict, and it is the tone and sentiment of Slavery; its visitors are mostly from the Slave States, and a large majority of them (not the better portion of them) carry pistols and bowie-knives; and what is more, both here and elsewhere, prove that they will not hesitate, on occasion, freely to use them. They are overbearing, threatening, and defiant in their manners, and our people have been overawed and cowed.

It is the right of Freeman boldly to express their sentiments here, as well as elsewhere; I tell them, in all sincerity, that the time has arrived when they must do so, courteously but fearlessly, on all proper occasions and in all proper places, or we shall all, and speedily too, become as completely the slaves of the Slave Power as are their plantation chattels; or, what is far more dreadful, we shall become the same pliant, straggling, and syphilitic instruments of the Slave Power. Now the demagogues who are made by the present Administration to discourage just such music as their Southern masters may be pleased to dictate for the time being.

Aside from the favored few in the Slave States, uncounted thousands of their population carry arms—bowie knives, pistols and sword-canes! And against whom are they so armed? Against a common enemy or against their slaves? By no means. *Against each other.* And this solitary fact and the consequences which naturally flow from it are conclusive as regards the demoralizing tendencies of an institution which the present Administration, acting under the dictation of the Slave Power, and aided by unscrupulous politicians of the North, are endeavoring to force upon the free people and the free soil of Kansas. To this, the entire influence and patronage of the Government, civil, military and moral power, are all directed; and alongside of these, prominent and threatening, stands the *Bullying of the Slaveocracy*, boasting pointing to the bowie-knife, the pistol and the bludgeon, and impudently taunting the entire North with cowardice! I cannot blame them for their love of power and their desire to extend it; do not quarrel with their race civilization, the natural offspring of their peculiar institution; and I do not wonder at their believing that the dogfaces of the North, who so meekly do their behests, are but a type of our whole people, and that we can be bullied, whipped and "kicked" into any course of policy which they may please to dictate to us.

Will the North—the free, and educated, and civilized, and peace-loving North—tamely submit to the impudence and the bullying of the Slave Power? This is the question which I desire to put directly, to every law-abiding and Union-loving freeman of the North. I would have the entire North awaken to the attempt of the Slave Power, to extend the institution into Free Territory, and the means resorted to, to accomplish the nefarious purpose. I would have them feel that the time for action has arrived; and that not only must that action be prompt and efficient; if we would protect ourselves from the encroachments of Slavery, but that if we tamely submit to the blistering and bullying habitually resorted to here, in the Capital of the Nation, we shall very soon be taught that Liberty of Speech is a boon which we hold subject to the caprices of the Slave Power, and to be taken away at any time by the discretionary application of the pistol and the bludgeon. Of the purpose of the Slave Power and its Northern allies in the coming Presidential Election, there is no longer any doubt. It is openly proclaimed by the Democratic press from Maine to Texas; and only this day, the Government organ published in this city, boldly declares that "whatever other question may enter into the coming contest, the SLAVERY issue is included in the Kansas question, and must be settled at that precedent. In comparison with it, all other questions are of minor importance." And in allusion to Mr. Buchanan's past Federalism and the suspicion only, that it may cause him to prefer his country and the rights of Freedom to mere party, it adds, "they want no man whose record is not thoroughly Democratic." These declarations are significant; and richly will the people of the free North have merited the outrage and contumely which are daily heaped upon them by men immeasurably their inferiors as regards manhood and civilization if they hesitate to vindicate their right to freedom of speech, or falter in their determination to drive back into the feus and marshes where it properly belongs, the institution which Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison alike condemned, but of which Pierce and Douglas and the dogfaces of the North, acting under the lash of the Slave Power, have become the willing propagandists.

It is due to Mr. Sumner to say, as a fact familiar to all who are accustomed to read the debates in the Senate, that in each and every of the five last sessions of Congress, Messrs. Seward, Halle and Sumner, have ceased at the hands of Senators from the Slave States and the plant tools of the North, ten times—nay, a hundred times the abuse, which in his late incomparable speech he so scathingly hurled back upon his assailants.—All this has heretofore been submitted to in silence; and in my judgment, too long submitted to; and now, when forbearance exacts us to be a virtue, and the Member for Massachusetts, in vindication of his manhood and in the exercise of his privilege, retorts upon his assailants a typhoid only, of the abuse they have so long and so insparingly heaped upon him and his friends, he is told that his "audacity" is absolutely incomprehensible, and his purpose inconceivable! Alas! astounded that the man of peace and the meek, modest and retiring scholar, should dare to retaliate any attack whatever, and cowed and crushed by its scathing severity, Mr. Douglas exclaims under the smart of the wounds inflicted, "What does the Senator mean by this attack upon the majority of this body? What, I ask, does the Senator mean? What does he want us to do? We already refuse to know him socially. Does he want us to kick him? I ask again—Does he want us to kick him?" Mr. Mason of Virginia follows in a similar vein; and Mr. Brooks of South Carolina, a member of the House of Representatives, resorts to the bludgeon, and assails him in his seat in the Senate Chamber of the United States.

The wrong lies at the door of those who commenced the use of these personalities, and the miserable plea that because the person thus violating the decorum of parliamentary rules, was willing to back his language by the duel, he was justified in his assaults; while his adversary, if not thus willing to follow up his retort, is bound to submit in silence.—Such, I say, is the plea of the slave power in defense of their attacks, and in condemnation of Sumner's resorting to the same weapon of defense. They proclaim everywhere, that their attacks upon the non-combatants of the North, are justified, because those making them are willing to fight; and that unless the assailed Senator will adopt the law of the slave power thus manufactured for him, he must submit in silence or be beaten to death with bludgeons, even in the Senate Chamber of the nation.

Have we no remedy for this? Are there not among us—can there not be found in the great North, men of qualifications for both the Senate and the House of Representatives who also possess the necessary moral daring and physical courage to meet and put down this disgusting bullying, either with pistol or with bludgeon, as circumstances may require? If there be such, let them be sent here as your Representatives until the Southern taught after their own fashion that there not only is a North, but that it is unalterably determined to assert all its rights and maintain all its liberties, at the same time that it will give good faith, at all times and in all places, promptly discharge all its duties to the Union, and hold sacred the rights of any section of country (whether section, local, or national,) under that Constitution to which the allegiance of all is equally due.

### THE SLAVE WIFE: OR THE SUDDEN DUEL.

At the close of the Mexican war, the city of Brownsville, on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande River, and immediately opposite to Matamoros, sprung up suddenly as if by magic, developing the full growth of an urban community within the course of a few months; its singular flow and rapid increase, its advancement in business was the result of the living spirit of American enterprise, the commercial passion of a restless people, eager alike for glory and for gain.

Among the many adventurers who swarmed to the Rio Grande in the first prime of its golden promise, was a young lawyer, one Elam Parks, recently from South Carolina. Although descended from an ancient line of ancestors, and bearing in his veins the blood of the revolution, and having received a classic education, yet his father's vices having squandered an immense fortune, the son was left poor; to fight the fierce battle of life, relying altogether on his own resources, without the hope of aid or comfort from kindred or friends. Nature had endowed him with handsome person, excellent judgment, and true courage.

On arriving at his new sphere of action, young Parks encountered an unexpected difficulty. He discovered that there was very lucrative business transacted in the courts, and this had already fallen into the hands of a few advocates, who managed adroitly to monopolize every case of the smallest importance. It would be impossible to sit down and patiently wait until matters would be cleared up by the doubtful evolution of time and chance. The price of bread and lodging was dear, and his wardrobe needed renovation even before he was fit to appear at the forum at all. In this crisis of his fate he conceived a plan that looked, in the light of sober reason, wild and visionary. He sold off all his books at auction, and with the proceeds opened a garden, within a mile of the city, for the purpose of supplying the market with vegetables, which happened at about period to be extremely scarce, as the natives of the soil wanted both the will and the wisdom to turn the rich alluvial of the region to any account. As the experiment flourished and Mexican labor was cheap, the ex-ortatory urged his operations farther, and the little garden soon expanded into a field. To sum up the general result in a single sentence, the end of three years found him not only independent, but wealthy.

Having amassed sufficient fortune to satisfy his desires, he thought of selling out, and returning again to the profession which he had been compelled to abandon, when an incident occurred to change his purpose. A family by the name of Garcia, assumed to be of Spanish origin, arrived at Brownsville, from New Orleans. They were apparently in affluent circumstances, intelligent, polished in their manners, and remarkably handsome in their persons. They were all dark featured, they claimed descent. Until, indeed, they made it matter of boast that a slight tincture of Moorish blood colored the current in their veins. Wealth possesses a golden key to unlock the most exclusive doors, and beauty has the force of fire to melt the hardest heart—so that the new addition to the soci-

ety of Rio Grande, as one might imagine, caused the utmost enthusiasm, and was hailed as an era in the history of frontier life.

There was a member of this comely household who immediately became an especial favorite in the community, and drew the admiring attention of every observer by the powers of his unspeakable loveliness. May Garcia was one of those rare combinations of graceful form, luminous features, and spiritual expression, that resemble the faultless ideals of imagination, or the radiant pictures of perfection which glitter in the dreams of early youth; rather than the shapes of flesh and blood that breathe common air, and mingle with the things of earth. Her small, regular, exquisite face revealed a complex, refined, and gentle cadence in her tone, at the fall of each sentence, like the lisp of young women of fancy, and the sweet murmur of soft winds among the pine tops.

Females of any description were scarce in the community, and this beautiful creature, who seemed to have dropped, as it were, from the clouds, before the end of six months had refused half a hundred excellent offers.—However, the little boy called Cupid, who searches out every fair form as a mark for his flaming arrows, found her at last. In company with a number of young persons she paid a visit of mere curiosity to the famous flower garden, and fell in love at first sight, with the handsome proprietor, who responded to her affection with equal ardor.—The fruits of their union, within three years, were a son and a daughter, who, as a matter of course, became the idols of their fond father and mother—for it seems to be a general, if not universal psychological law that husbands are justly those making them; and that unless the assailed Senator will adopt the law of the slave power thus manufactured for him, he must submit in silence or be beaten to death with bludgeons, even in the Senate Chamber of the nation.

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Have we no remedy for this? Are there not among us—can there not be found in the great North, men of qualifications for both the Senate and the House of Representatives who also possess the necessary moral daring and physical courage to meet and put down this disgusting bullying, either with pistol or with bludgeon, as circumstances may require? If there be such, let them be sent here as your Representatives until the Southern taught after their own fashion that there not only is a North, but that it is unalterably determined to assert all its rights and maintain all its liberties, at the same time that it will give good faith, at all times and in all places, promptly discharge all its duties to the Union, and hold sacred the rights of any section of country (whether section, local, or national,) under that Constitution to which the allegiance of all is equally due.

Among the many adventurers who swarmed to the Rio Grande in the first prime of its golden promise, was a young lawyer, one Elam Parks, recently from South Carolina. Although descended from an ancient line of ancestors, and bearing in his veins the blood of the revolution, and having received a classic education, yet his father's vices having squandered an immense fortune, the son was left poor; to fight the fierce battle of life, relying altogether on his own resources, without the hope of aid or comfort from kindred or friends. Nature had endowed him with handsome person, excellent judgment, and true courage.

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On arriving at his new sphere of action, young Parks encountered an unexpected difficulty. He discovered that there was very lucrative business transacted in the courts, and this had already fallen into the hands of a few advocates, who managed adroitly to monopolize every case of the smallest importance. It would be impossible to sit down and patiently wait until matters would be cleared up by the doubtful evolution of time and chance. The price of bread and lodging was dear, and his wardrobe needed renovation even before he was fit to appear at the forum at all. In this crisis of his fate he conceived a plan that looked, in the light of sober reason, wild and visionary. He sold off all his books at auction, and with the proceeds opened a garden, within a mile of the city, for the purpose of supplying the market with vegetables, which happened at about period to be extremely scarce, as the natives of the soil wanted both the will and the wisdom to turn the rich alluvial of the region to any account. As the experiment flourished and Mexican labor was cheap, the ex-ortatory urged his operations farther, and the little garden soon expanded into a field. To sum up the general result in a single sentence, the end of three years found him not only independent, but wealthy.

Having amassed sufficient fortune to satisfy his desires, he thought of selling out, and returning again to the profession which he had been compelled to abandon, when an incident occurred to change his purpose. A family by the name of Garcia, assumed to be of Spanish origin, arrived at Brownsville, from New Orleans. They were apparently in affluent circumstances, intelligent, polished in their manners, and remarkably handsome in their persons. They were all dark featured, they claimed descent. Until, indeed, they made it matter of boast that a slight tincture of Moorish blood colored the current in their veins. Wealth possesses a golden key to unlock the most exclusive doors, and beauty has the force of fire to melt the hardest heart—so that the new addition to the soci-

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