

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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Poe's Corner.

THE FREED BIRD.

BY MISS HERMAN.

Return, return, bird!
Dreaded thy cage with flowers,
Thy lovely as a violet bud,
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free, I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the falling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me, the blue, bright sky!"

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing bowers and bounding deer;
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Work'st thou not in the little bowers,
When thy song breathed sweetest here?

"Did my song of the summer breathe sweetest here?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
—Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,
I had tales of a burning heart to tell!"

"From a dream of the forest that must spring,
Through its notes the wild wood, my native place,
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd the bees,
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest!"

Was it with these, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In the quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tamerless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that pant'd through heaven,
—Soar—
Who nee not back—I return no more!"

"My home is high, amid rocking trees,
My kindred thence the star and the breeze,
They must come to me in the lonely play,
And the odors that wander safe away!"

Farwell, farwell, then, bird!
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd like thee to part,
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love may guard them, they joy'd to be free!
When the war of the planet is o'er,
Farwell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!"

Tales and Sketches.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

A Triangular Bridal.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

We have recently become acquainted with the facts of one of the most extraordinary dramas in social life of which we have knowledge. The material, which will gradually unfold itself in the following narrative, combined with the requisite machinery, and interwoven with delicate characters necessary to the artistic development of the plot, would complete a fortunate position, in an absolutely thrilling romance. Our sketch, however, is an unfinished daguerrotype of facts which recently transpired in one of the most attractive island cities of the "dark and bloody ground," and situated not a hundred miles distant from "La Bella Riviera." We submit the skeleton, leaving the elaboration and finishing touches to be woven into dramatic texture, to artists enjoying more time and possessing more skill and imagination than we command.

A lady, young, lovely, accomplished, and the daughter of a distinguished Kentuckian, enjoying independent competence, imperiously commanded the admiration of the gallants of the vicinage, and attracted zealous suitors from abroad. She was a belle of most unrivalled charms, and received numerous declarations of attachment, many of them earnest and sincere. Like most keenly dramatic and fortunate positions, in an absolutely thrilling romance. Our sketch, however, is an unfinished daguerrotype of facts which recently transpired in one of the most attractive island cities of the "dark and bloody ground," and situated not a hundred miles distant from "La Bella Riviera." We submit the skeleton, leaving the elaboration and finishing touches to be woven into dramatic texture, to artists enjoying more time and possessing more skill and imagination than we command.

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DOBBSTICKS BETS ON PENNSYLVANIA.

I had not any money to bet, but I did have a new suit of clothes, and I was willing to risk them, and try to win another suit on the State Elections. Was sure of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, for the Republicans—so I made up my mind to bet on the Opposition, and started out in pursuit of a customer. Was willing to bet with anybody who had good clothes, and on anybody who I thought would win.

Went into the "Pewter Mug"—Buchanan man in his shirt sleeves with ragged breeches and a battered hat, wanted to bet \$10,000 that "Old Buck" would carry his own state fifty thousand majority—then, when no one took him up, he offered \$30,000, against \$10,000, but as there was no \$10,000 man on hand, he magnanimously came down to \$5,000, but as there didn't appear to be that small amount ready at that instant—he lowered his terms to a thousand dollars, against which he proposed to lay \$30,000, but still no one offered—he went on offering greater odds—and made bold defiance to the world to put up ten dollars against \$30,000; and finally offered to stake a hundred thousand dollars against a glass of whiskey on the democracy of Pennsylvania—finding no one to take him up even at that offer, he turned away in high disdain, staggered up to the bar and wanted something out of a black bottle, and in two minutes the enterprising barkeeper kicked the hundred thousand dollar man into the street because he couldn't raise three cents to pay for his liquor.

The bar room seemed to be full of millionaires, who all wanted to bet on Buchanan, to any amount—thought that the possession of a great deal of money must make a man thirsty; for I noticed that when any one called the crowd up to drink, the millionaires always responded to the invitation, and took double horns—observed, too, that they never asked any one to drink, and I thought, it must be because they feared setting a bad example, and leading strangers into dissipation.

Then a Filmore man wanted to take a vote on the Presidential question, so he asked all those in favor of Filmore to come up and drink, and the millionaires all came up—then Buchanan man requested all who were going to vote for Buchanan to come up and take a horn, and the millionaires again came up—then Filmore man claimed that the other man claimed him—then he hit—Buchanan man went down like a rap from a chair, but not before he had filled Filmore with a decanter—disinterested millionaire dressed daintily in a black eye and second-hand coat, anxious to preserve the peace, took the decanter from Buchanan man and drank the contents before the bartender caught him at it—then the barkeeper got excited, jumped over the bar and pitched into his wretched customers—he was perfectly sober, and consequently had a tremendous advantage over the others—so he devoted himself for a few minutes to great energy and singleness of purpose to an individual, who, a little while before, had expressed a willingness to stake half a million on Pennsylvania, but who was now surreptitiously filling his pockets with gold and crackers, and hustled him out—then he took a sixty thousand dollar day by the nose of the neck and pitched him into a corner, then he gave his attention to a seventy thousand fellow, and a poverty-stricken fellow who hadn't offered to bet more than fifteen thousand on Buchanan, which two were having a quiet fight all alone, and kicked them into the gutter—then he went prominently and impartially at the rest of the crowd with a club, and dealt out two-handed hickory "justice" until he was satisfied that he had satisfied—then he came to me in like affectionate manner, but I called for two drinks and showed him the money, and he thought better of it. Thought there wasn't much chance of winning my new clothes from these gentlemen, so I hurried for Buchanan, threw a quarter to the barkeeper, and took myself off while he was looking for it behind the bar.

In the course of the day I found Brown, who was well dressed and willing to take a bet—So I made the following wagers: a new hat that Pennsylvania would give twenty thousand Republican majority, and a cravat, a pair of pants, and a half dozen shirts on ten thousand—I got a bet of a pair of pants and an oyster supper on the general result in Indiana—went home and thought I had done a good day's work, and made a suit of clothes of a gooder than I could in any other way—went to bed satisfied with the world and dreamed about the cut and quality of my new coat.

Next day the election came off—met Damphool, he'd been getting on Pennsylvania too, that it would go for Filmore. So had all his namesakes, in fact he informed me, that all the Damphools had bet on Filmore, and on Filmore, Met. Brown and I told him I'd take a six dollar bet, or, if he'd make it a cash bet and pay it then, I'd allow him a small discount—But Brown said "Wait."—Told Brown he might as well go home, but put on his old one, as to wait till night, but Brown strangely preferred to wait—told him to be careful meantime and not sit down in any dirty spot with any pants on, then followed him slyly for two hours, admiring my new clothes from a distance.

Night came at last and it was time for the returns to come in—went to the newspaper office and heard the results read. Fremont seemed all right—wished that I had ten hats, bet, and clothes enough to last me ten years. Then the seal seemed to change, and I'd a little while I didn't care for more than half a dozen hats, and was glad on the whole, that I had got a ten year's stock of clothes at stake as they might go off of fashion, before I could wear them out. The other telegraph came in and I thought I would make three hats do—then another cried and I began to be rather glad that I hadn't my old clothes as well as my new ones—then the telegraph said that Fremont wouldn't have more than five thousand majority; thought that this report must be wrong—went to the Times office, same news there, walked up to the Herald office, same kind news, and then I went to the office of a friend, and he told me of news, only worse, and a mighty sight of it—tried to get a moment, then I thought of "the mountains" with gloom, and the "back o'woods" with a joyful hope. News kept coming, same kind—got a little scared—found the fellows I had bet with and tried to convince them that I had meant a suit of summer clothes, a straw hat, and cow-hide boots. Brown pulled down the corner of his eye and said, "No you don't." Cried Brown!

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GRANT POLITICAL PRISON, Leocompton, Kansas, Oct. 19, 1856.

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As we have said, such was the condition of things on the arrival of our new Governor. He appeared among us about the 1st of September, and was hailed as our deliverer. The much lamented Major Hoyt, who had known Geary in Pennsylvania, in Mexico, and in California, assured us that we might hope for justice and protection. Geary's course at Leawards City, and the assurance of Mr. Adams, his confidential friend and adviser, together with our ardent hopes for peace and rest, led us to believe he would be our friend. All, at least, were willing to act with him, and under his advice. Nor was this confidence in his friendship shaken by his Inaugural and Proclamation, which was issued on the 11th of October, and which was pronounced by Mr. Adams, and read to the people. We therefore determined to take no offensive steps without his sanction.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 12th of September, Governor Geary, at the head of 400 United States troops, rode up to the fort on Capitol Hill, near Lawrence, and asked of the Captain of the place, Captain Bickerton answered: "I have the honor to command here at present." The Governor then advanced, saying, "I am Governor Geary, of Kansas; I have come to prevent the effusion of blood. I have heard that a body of fifteen hundred men were marching on Lawrence, for the purpose of destroying the town." Geary was then asked if he knew that to be a fact, and replied that he had it officially from Captain Bickerton, remarking that "if there were no more than fifteen hundred, they will go back faster than they came." With an appearance of astonishment, the Governor asked, "Don't you expect to be governed by the Constitution?" Captain Bickerton responded, that the Free State men had always been governed by it. "Well," said the Governor, "don't your people sometimes burn houses and commit other depredations?" and he inquired if, at this time, some of our citizens were engaged in such a course. Captain Bickerton, adding, as he pointed to the brass cannon, "I was at Frankfort, and aided in the taking of Titus's Fort. We found Titus the evening before engaged in robbing houses and stealing horses, (and) he might have continued 'till morning, if he had not been taken by our citizens." If the destruction of such a town, murders and plunderers is house-burning, then are the Free State men house-burners indeed." The Governor said that he must see the laws (Territorial) be obeyed.—Bickerton replied, that the Free State men could not do so, so long as they believed Slavery to be an evil, for they could not even express sentiments in accordance with their belief, without exposing themselves to the heaviest penalties. After some further conversation about the laws, and their validity, the Governor inquired as to who were the constituted authorities of Lawrence, and being answered that there were no persons possessing that particular title, he offered to "treat" with Captain Bickerton. The Captain, however, declined, and sent the Governor into town, where he was warmly welcomed by a large number of citizens and other Kansas settlers, who have taken refuge in this place, the Governor assuring them in a speech that he intended to drive all lawless bands out of the Territory, but for the present advised the Free State men to remain under arms for their own protection and not disband until he should first have accomplished his part.

While Lawrence was being visited by the Governor, a band of robbers, headed by the leader of one Robertson, made a descent upon the town of Grasshopper Falls, and after plundering the same, set fire to it, burning a considerable amount of property. They then retreated to Hickory Point, where they intended to remain fortified until called upon by the main body of the "Law and Order" army, to aid in the "wiping out" of Lawrence. The day following, General Lane, who had not yet seen the Governor's proclamation, with between 50 and 100 men, happened to the town of Hickory Point, and the unanimous demand of the citizens upon him, led them to attack upon the fortified ruffians; but having no artillery, he found himself unable to dislodge them without great loss, so withdrew, sending to Lawrence for reinforcements. Lane's messenger arrived at Lawrence on the evening of the 13th. Many wished to obey the summons at once—others were in a quandary. Robertson's company would soon join the forces before Lawrence, and must be whipped them, if not now.

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At daybreak, on the morning of the 12th of September, Governor Geary, at the head of 400 United States troops, rode up to the fort on Capitol Hill, near Lawrence, and asked of the Captain of the place, Captain Bickerton answered: "I have the honor to command here at present." The Governor then advanced, saying, "I am Governor Geary, of Kansas; I have come to prevent the effusion of blood. I have heard that a body of fifteen hundred men were marching on Lawrence, for the purpose of destroying the town." Geary was then asked if he knew that to be a fact, and replied that he had it officially from Captain Bickerton, remarking that "if there were no more than fifteen hundred, they will go back faster than they came." With an appearance of astonishment, the Governor asked, "Don't you expect to be governed by the Constitution?" Captain Bickerton responded, that the Free State men had always been governed by it. "Well," said the Governor, "don't your people sometimes burn houses and commit other depredations?" and he inquired if, at this time, some of our citizens were engaged in such a course. Captain Bickerton, adding, as he pointed to the brass cannon, "I was at Frankfort, and aided in the taking of Titus's Fort. We found Titus the evening before engaged in robbing houses and stealing horses, (and) he might have continued 'till morning, if he had not been taken by our citizens." If the destruction of such a town, murders and plunderers is house-burning, then are the Free State men house-burners indeed." The Governor said that he must see the laws (Territorial) be obeyed.—Bickerton replied, that the Free State men could not do so, so long as they believed Slavery to be an evil, for they could not even express sentiments in accordance with their belief, without exposing themselves to the heaviest penalties. After some further conversation about the laws, and their validity, the Governor inquired as to who were the constituted authorities of Lawrence, and being answered that there were no persons possessing that particular title, he offered to "treat" with Captain Bickerton. The Captain, however, declined, and sent the Governor into town, where he was warmly welcomed by a large number of citizens and other Kansas settlers, who have taken refuge in this place, the Governor assuring them in a speech that he intended to drive all lawless bands out of the Territory, but for the present advised the Free State men to remain under arms for their own protection and not disband until he should first have accomplished his part.

While Lawrence was being visited by the Governor, a band of robbers, headed by the leader of one Robertson, made a descent upon the town of Grasshopper Falls, and after plundering the same, set fire to it, burning a considerable amount of property. They then retreated to Hickory Point, where they intended to remain fortified until called upon by the main body of the "Law and Order" army, to aid in the "wiping out" of Lawrence. The day following, General Lane, who had not yet seen the Governor's proclamation, with between 50 and 100 men, happened to the town of Hickory Point, and the unanimous demand of the citizens upon him, led them to attack upon the fortified ruffians; but having no artillery, he found himself unable to dislodge them without great loss, so withdrew, sending to Lawrence for reinforcements. Lane's messenger arrived at Lawrence on the evening of the 13th. Many wished to obey the summons at once—others were in a quandary. Robertson's company would soon join the forces before Lawrence, and must be whipped them, if not now.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

Here we halt our march, and pitch our tent, On the rugged forest ground, And light our fire with the branches rent By wind from the beeches round.

Wild storms have torn this ancient wood, From a wild night's wind, With hail of iron and rain of blood, To sweep and scathe the land.

How dark waste rings with voices shrill That startle the sleeping bird; Tomorrow eve must the voice be still, And the stop must fall unheard. The Biron lies by the blue Champlain, In Ticonderoga's towers; And ere the sun rise twice again, The towers and the lake are o'er.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides, Where the fire-flies light the brake; A ruddier juice the Briton likes, In his forests by the lake. Build high the fire, all the panther leap From his hole he'll be high, And we'll strengthen our arms with sleep, For the deeds of to-morrow night.

VOICES FROM THE POLITICAL PRISONS OF KANSAS.

GRANT POLITICAL PRISON, Leocompton, Kansas, Oct. 19, 1856.

To the American People:

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