

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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Poe's Corner.

From the National Era.

A SONG.

INSPIRED BY THE FAIRMOUNT CIRCUS.

Beneath thy skies, November!
Thy skies of cloud and rain,
Around our blazing camp-fires
We close our ranks again.

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

For God be praised! New England
Takes once more her ancient place;
Again the Pilgrim's banner
Leads the vanguard of the race.

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Along the lonely Hudson,
A shout of triumph breaks;
The Empire State is speaking
From the ocean to the lakes.

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

The northern hills are blaring,
The Northern skies are bright;
And the fair young West is turning
Her forehead to the light!

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Push every outpost forward,
Press hard the Northern host;
Another Balklava,
And the Malakoff is ours!

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

But keep the same old banner,
For better none can be;
Pass on the same old watchword:
FAIRMOUNT AND VICTORY!

And sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?
G. W.

From Syria.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. L. LYONS.

Duma, Aug. 30, 1856.

DEAR PARENTS:—It has been my practice to send home from time to time my journal of events that transpire in our little circle, but this morning he started off in company with Mr. Benton and Mr. Aiken, to be absent three weeks in Bhandun and Aheh, so that for the time being the business of keeping up the record of our affairs in Duma, will devolve upon me.

Last Tuesday (the 20th), we arrived safely from our trip to the Cedars of Lebanon and Balcé. Henry sent home a letter the same day, in which I put a few lines for you. As he intends to write a full account of our late interesting excursion, I need not undertake to give you a description of it here.

On Wednesday (the 27th) we received your letters of July 15th. They gave us a great deal of pleasure, and did us a great deal of good. We were rejoiced to hear of the safe arrival of our boxes from Syria, and the satisfaction you took in opening them and exhibiting the contents. There were some other things which we intended to have sent, but which were omitted in the hurry of getting the box ready in time to go with Mrs. Whiting.

Day before yesterday, Mr. Benton, from Bhandun, (three days journey from us) and Mr. Aiken, now residing in Aheh, arrived at our house. We were heartily glad to see them, as we had seen none of our missionary friends for many weeks. They remained with us all day yesterday, and this morning left us, taking Henry with them. They were going a round about way, so as to spend the Sabbath at the Cedars of Lebanon, and will probably reach Bhandun on Wednesday next.

SABBATH DAY, AUG. 31.—How different from the Sabbaths at home! Here the people regard the first day of the week as a fast day; some of them work, but the most of them spend the day in visiting from house to house. We sometimes have throngs of visitors on the Sabbath. We endeavor to direct the conversation to suitable subjects in order that the time may not be spent profane-ly, and frequently sing for their comfort, and our sweet familiar hymns, accompanied by the melodeon. Sometimes, after two or three hours conversation in Arabic, I find myself almost exhausted. Henry, however, is getting so far along, as to be of great assistance to me in this respect. I hope before the close of the year he will be able to help me in our Sabbath services. To-day the people began to come in about 8 o'clock, as usual. I talked with them all about ten, our time for services, and then played and sang some hymns. Having collected quite an audience, I read to them from the third chapter of John. They gave them a sermon of about half an hour's length, from Eph. 2: 8, 9. "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of works lest any man should boast." I chose this text for the reason that the people here, being for the most part nominal Christians, (members of the Greek and Greek-Catholic churches,) place great reliance on good works, as a means of salvation. My discourse consisted of three parts, in which I endeavored to show: 1st. That salvation is not by works. 2d. That salvation is all of grace, the gift of God: "8d. That it is to be obtained only by true faith in Christ. That all our good works, prayers and fasting will never save us, nothing will avail, without a sincere faith and trust in Christ the only Saviour.

After our services, most of the men went out, and Katy led the women and children into our other room, and there tried to enlighten their poor darkened minds in respect to the great truths of the gospel. In the meantime, I enjoyed the opportunity to read a few pages in the very interesting memoirs of Dr. Judson.

In the afternoon there were more in than in the forenoon, I again took up the subject of the morning. Tried to explain to them what it was to trust in Christ, used the illustration of a boy in a burning house, calling from the window to his father below to save him. The father says, "throw yourself into my arms and I will save you." The boy fears, trembles and hesitates, but at last, seeing he is about to be devoured by the flames, throwing himself into his father's arms, and is saved.—So, I told them, if they would escape the fires of hell, those flames that are never quenched, they must throw themselves into the arms of Christ. They were very attentive, and seemed much interested. O that the truth might take hold upon their hearts! Towards the close of the afternoon, a well dressed man came in, apparently on purpose to ask questions, and cavil, and hear himself talk, for we have such men among the Arabs as well as among other people.

He began by asking if it was ever right to tell a lie, saying he had not seen a man in five years who could give him an answer.—We conversed upon the subject a short time, and then he broke out in a new strain—"How adj, don't you think it is ever right to work Sunday?" "No," I replied, "unless in a case of great necessity." "But see," said he, "that man out in the vineyard there; he works Sunday." "Yes," said I, "a great many of these people profess to love God and yet break his holy commandments. I would say to them, as John the Baptist said to just such people in his day, 'O ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.' My Arab friends remarked in an under tone to one at his side, 'Hear him quote scripture in Arabic,' and then turning to me said, 'But, Howadj, I have five persons in my family. I earn four piasters a day, and we eat four piasters worth every day; so we eat just all I earn, and when Saturday night comes I have nothing for Sunday, what shall I do?' But," I asked, "is it true that you eat up every piaster you earn?" "Yes," he answered, "every piaster." "But," added I, "you have a good robe and pantaloons, and tarboosh and stockings, and shoes, and a pipe, where did you get the money for all these?" Upon this the people broke out into a laugh, and we changed the subject.

We usually have our Sabbath evening family worship at sunset, but there were persons in, and they gave us no chance even to eat our supper alone, but sat by and looked on as they frequently do; and after supper looked a number of others came in, and with them our Arab teacher. Being pretty well tired out, I gave the teacher a testament and told him to read and talk to the people, which he did until about 8 o'clock, when, to our relief, they all bade us good evening and left. Thus from eight in the morning till eight at night, I have been pretty fully occupied, with scarcely a moment's time for private reading or meditation. All our Sabbaths are not so full, I taken up as this has been, but frequently the Sabbath is the most laborious day in the week, and God grant it may prove the most useful.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—To-day commenced translating an Arabic grammar, and writing it out into English. A young man applied to me to teach school under our supervision. Found he could read and write tolerably well, and then asked him a few questions. My first question was posed for him. It was this, "Suppose I buy eight rattles of figs for fifty-six piasters, how much a rattle?" He thought of the matter a long time, and at last answered, "Perhaps it would come to, seven and a half or seven and a quarter piasters a rattle." I found, however, he knew more than the majority of the people; and after seeing more of him, perhaps shall employ him, for we are quite desirous of opening a school here, that we may benefit the children and get a stronger hold upon the people.

This evening, before dark, took a walk with one of the neighbors through his vineyard, and ate our fill of splendid grapes, besides bringing a load home. The people are very generous in their presents of grapes and figs. Scarcely a day passes without our visiting some of their vineyards, or receiving a basket of fruit from some kind neighbor.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—To-day my bundle of papers arrived; (Tribunes and Evangelists,) a week or more behind the time. I read the papers thoroughly, and am well posted on all public affairs at home. As I read of the awful outrages and wrongs perpetrated on the Free Soil settlers of Kansas and emigrants from the North, it almost makes my blood boil within my veins. I tremble for the future of my country. Give a hurra from me for Fremont. If I were at home, I do not know but that I should feel it my duty to preach anti-slavery sermons Sundays, and electioneer for Fremont week days.

At sunset took a walk to "to smell the air," as the Arabs say, with my teacher. The climate is delightful, Thermometer 74 deg. I think it has not varied from that 10 degrees all summer.

SATURDAY, 8th.—Visited a poor sick woman to-day. She has a large painful swell-

ing on her breast, and will not probably live long. I talked with her about the Saviour and the heavenly land where there is no pain, or suffering, or death, but she seemed too stupid to take much interest in what I said. She has a son of some 22 years of age, an intelligent young man for an Arab, with whom I have had considerable religious conversation. He is a member of the Greek church. May God by his Holy Spirit bring him to a knowledge of the truth.

SABBATH, 7th.—This morning took up the last half of the fifth Chapter of Matthew, and explained the meaning to the people. Katy had 200 in her class to-day.

In the afternoon a large number came in, mostly women, merely to visit and see the Howadj and Signora. I played and sang for them, (Katy assisting me.) "Happy Land," in English, and explained to them the meaning, and what it is necessary for us to do in order to reach the Happy Land. Sang and explained some other hymns.

It is now 9 o'clock in the evening. In five hours more you will be attending the monthly concert. How I would like to be there a little while.

Katy says there were forty persons at one time in our house, this afternoon.

MONDAY, 8th.—Studied as usual, commenced preparing a sermon in Arabic from the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—Advanced to the 18th page in translating and writing the Arabic grammar. A few weeks ago I began making a dictionary in English and Arabic of the words in most common use among the people. I have got as far as the letter O in English and to D in writing the Arabic. Our huge lexicon in Arabic and Latin contains thousands of Arabic words which the people never use and know nothing about. I suppose the vocabulary of the great mass of the people scarcely contains 6,000 words. As the preacher however has to address the learned as well as the unlearned, he is compelled to adopt a higher style than that of ordinary conversation, in his sermons. He must therefore understand the language better than the people themselves, and if a word is not understood he is able to explain it. It is much the same in respect to our own language.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th.—To-day received letters from our missionary friends at Beirut and Aheh. Letter also from Henry.—He is enjoying himself greatly. We shall expect to see him the latter part of next week. Katy has been at work to-day in translating stories of a religious character from English into Arabic, to read to her class.

At sunset took a walk. An old woman in her vineyard described us, and called out, "Howadj! taul hane," (Howadj come here,) so we went there and got all the grapes and figs we could eat and carry away.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—To-day have had a great deal of company, as it has been a feast day among the people; the "feast of cutting of St. John the Baptist's head." I tell them they ought not to feast over the murder of St. John, they had better fast and grieve.—An hour or two before sundown the old Doctor came in and gave us all a cordial invitation to go to his house, and eat figs. So we clambered down the little rocky, narrow path, Katy and I, and Menna and the baby, and found a charming little spot at the foot of the hill, a little primitive cottage, shaded by mulberry and fig trees and overhanging grape vines. While we were eating the doctor's figs a man came and commenced talking to me about my country, said when I went to America he would like to go too, and would go if I would pay his expenses! Magnanimous man! This makes the sixth application of the kind I have had.

THURSDAY, 11th.—Just as I took up my pen to write, an old priest came in, and a friendly good natured old man he is. He knows we are here on purpose to break down his church, (the Greek church,) yet we are always on friendly terms with each other.—He comes in, takes a seat, smokes his pipe, inquires about the news and talks, and is a very sociable, agreeable companion. He has been in once or twice at our Sabbath service. I tell him I am writing to my friends at home. He says, "I must write too." "Very well," I reply, and having handed him my letter, he has written the line which you see above. It reads thus, "Being present at the time of writing, John, the scribe, priest of Duma, sends you very many salams," (compliments.)

SEPTEMBER, 12th.—A very inquisitive man called on us to-day and he is not the only one of his kind; we find many such here. He had a great many questions to ask. Here is a specimen. I had just been playing for him on the melodeon. He began: Question. "How much did that music thing cost?" Answer. "Fifteen hundred piasters." Q. "Do you belong to the nobles?" A. "No particularly." Q. "Do you receive your money from the Government?" A. "No." Q. "From whom?" A. "From kind people at home." Q. "How much do they send you?" A. "As much as I need." Q. "How much do you spend?" A. "Sometimes more, and sometimes less."

Have lately heard from brothers Plumer and Beebe, of the American mission. They were both well.

We expect to go to Tripoli in about four weeks, or perhaps sooner, if it commences to rain. With much love to you all, and commending you to our Heavenly Father, your ever affectionate son,

LORENZO.

Tales and Sketches.

LODGINGS TO LET.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Last year, during the Exposition, Paris was visited by the same mania for lodging letting which ravaged London in 1851, during the Great Exhibition. From the middle of April, hanging up at the doors of the houses in the fashionable and central neighborhoods of the French capital might be seen bills with the following heading: *Un appartement meuble a louer presentement*.—Handsome furnished apartments to let; a many a family, many a widow, many a bachelor or widower, emigrated to some distant outskirt, giving up their apartments to strangers or foreigners, in consideration of receiving some thousand francs; while they themselves nestled down, during the great influx, in some humble lodgings, within or without the city walls. In fact, there was no distinction of rank or grade; the terms were the same for one and all—for the native patriot, as well as the Milord Anglais—for the German Baron, as well as the Russian boyard, the Polish count, the dollar-laden American—for everybody, in short, who could pay; that was the one condition.

Madame de Y.—a young and handsome widow of five-and-twenty, who, on the first of April in that memorable year, had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself to the rest, to the reigning epidemic. One morning she rang for the lodge-keeper of the house in which she resided in the Chaussee de Antin, and desired him to mail up at the porte-cochere the great chest which she had packed up, containing her wardrobe, her trunks, and her chest of drawers, with a piteous shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter, but who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance; for he, also, hoped to reap a golden harvest from the new comers.

"At last," he groaned the porte-cochere, Cerberus, as he pecked the silver pieces, and promised, in a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do his best. "That evening, too, accompanied by her *jeune de chambre*, took up her quarters in a small cottage near the village of Fontenay aux-Roses, outside the Barriere d'Enfer, and contiguous to the city of Bois de Meudon, where she resided in the full enjoyment of her independence, widowhood till the expiration of the term.

On the 2d of August following, Madame de Y.—returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartment, which had been let by the concierge, was vacated and ready for her.

"At last," said Andre, "the gentleman has not yet got home." "What gentleman, Andre?" "The lodger, madame, Monsieur de R.—a provincial gentleman, very *comme il faut*. Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him, three days ago, that his time was up, and that he must go; but he said to me that it was all right; it was his affair, and he would square all matters with me, while they were in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief; called to thank her for her last munificent donation, which, she said, would keep him and hers forever.

"You were absent, my too generous benefactor, but I had the honor of meeting here with your husband?" "My husband? ejaculated the widow. "Ah, madame, what an excellent, what a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are married, for you suit each other admirably. Yes, madame, I told him every thing, and how kind, how Providence-like you were to me. He seems to love you very much, and how could that be otherwise? 'Good woman,' says your husband to me, madame, 'your benefactress is absent for the time being; but one day she will be back with me for you; and thereon he put in his hands a pocket-book containing bank-notes—a fortune, madame. I was loth to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, although God knows you have already done much for me and my poor fatherless children. Ah, dear madame, how happy you must be with such a husband! But 'tis only the just reward of your excellent heart and Christian virtues. May Heaven bless and preserve you both for years and years to come.'"

"Strange, strange, passing strange!" she said. "Settle my tedious lawsuit—provide for my poor widow and her children—leave some trace of myself everywhere around me! But men are such queer characters, such originals, now-a-days. She resolved, however, not to speak to the baron of his generous conduct towards her portegee, fearful lest she might betray her *sensibilite* to a noble action. "But another circum-

stance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and nervously to call a second time. This circumstance was as follows: A young coxcomb, Leopold de F.—imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y.—because living in the house opposite to hers, had chanced now and then to see her at the balcony, before missing her all on a sudden at her departure from her apartment. After many days' anxiety, he determined upon writing her a *billet doux*, informing her of his love, and stating that he would call that evening for an answer. Having written his note, he wrapped it up in a small paper parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into the window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second breakfast he had taken in the house, and was poring over the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room.—He took it up and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following: "Charming neighbor, for weeks and weeks I have admired you from my window-seat opposite. O how superlatively happy should I be were you to do me the honor of admitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call for admission, and learn my fate.—Till then, minutes will glide away like years from my impatient heart. Farewell till then, goddess of my adoration.

LEOPOLD.

The came, and the door was opened to him by the baron in propria persona. "She is not at home for you," said the baron. "And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?" "Methinks that right is very evident." "And you are here in her apartment?" "True; but for the time being it is my own."

The dialogue went rapidly on from cross words to a challenge; and on the morrow a duel took place in one of the coppice woods of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y.—had every reason, she thought, for blaming the baron's conduct; so another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

"How is this, Monsieur le Baron?" said the widow in tremendous and reproachful accents—"expose your life with such a purpose—a life so useful, so precious! O truly, I cannot but think you more foolish than wise."

"I confess, madam, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy, as you justly call him, in his right place, and save you ever from his importunities. He scratched me, but I gave him a gentle scold which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come.—Was that not a service worth having, my charming lady?"

"Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation. Gracious! baron, what will your friends think of me after such an affair? You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct."

"'Tis true, very true, dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a reparation."

"Well, my dear baron," said she, proffering her hand, "since it is to be, it must be so let it be—we are friends."

"And betrothed ones, my charmer," cried the enamored baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. "And the marriage-day? When?"

"O dear me! Mon Dieu, what a man! In a month hence." And the compact was sealed.

THE PHYSIQUE OF CRIME.

There is a certain monotony and family likeness in the criminal countenance, which is at once repulsive and interesting; repulsive from its rugged outlines, its brutal expression, its physical deformity; interesting from the mere fact of that commonness of outward character, the expression and the structure and the style of features being so unaccountably alike, as to suggest that there must be a common cause at work, to produce upon these faces so remarkable a result.

What is this cause? Is it mere habit of life? Intellectual pursuits, is well known, affect the character, even the material form of the face; why not criminal pursuits? No person can be long in the habit of seeing masses of criminals together, without being struck with the sameness of their appearance. Ugliness has some intimate connection with crime. No doubt, the excitement, the danger, the alternative penalties and excesses attached to the career of the criminal, make him ugly. A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison, and never in a person who has been a law-breaker from childhood. Well-formed heads, round and massive, denoting intellectual power may be seen occasionally in the jail; but a pleasing well-formed face, never.

What does this ugliness of the prison-population indicate? This—that the habit of crime becomes in a few years a fixed organism, which finds expression even in the external form. And is not such a fact full of morals? Does not every one feel how important it is—in the interests of society in the interest of the criminal himself—that he should be dealt with in the earliest stage of his career, before the evil that is in him has had time to fix it in the organization, to grow fast in the ever-hardening granite?

A man who has not seen masses of men in a great prison cannot conceive how hideous the human countenance can become. Looking in the front of these benches, one sees only demons. Moderately well-shaped heads and intelligent countenances are very rare amongst them. Occasionally the eye rests upon a cranium of a superior order—grand in outline and finely moulded; the man belonging to it no doubt, has a history, if it could only be got at. But the vast mass of heads and faces seen made and stamped by nature for criminal acts. Such low, misshapen brows—such animal and sensual jaws—such cunning, reckless, or stupid looks—hardly seem to belong to anything that can by courtesy be called human.—*Dixon's London Prisons.*

The Hartford Times states that the roots of the fallen Charter oak "still live," and that at the distance of about ten feet from the ground, on the stump, is a new shoot. Anything referred to in this memo, or inserted in our thoughts and feelings, is interesting to us all; but we must close for this king of trees is laid low for ever.

Perfection of Police Machinery.

In the last century, a merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit the metropolis on commercial business, carrying with him bills, and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of Paris; a gentleman looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect:

"Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau exactly answered the description I hold in my hand: You will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to the minister of police, Monsieur de Sartine."

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartine wanted with him; adding, at the same time, that he never committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

The messenger declared himself perfectly ignorant of the cause of his detention; and at the same time, that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartine, he merely had executed his orders, which were purely ministerial.

After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him accordingly. M. de Sartine received him with great politeness; and, after requesting him to be seated, to his great astonishment, he described his portmanteau, and told him the exact sum in bills and specie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of circumstances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himself.

M. de Sartine having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary question to him—"Sir, are you a man of courage?" "The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of such interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a strange question, adding, at the same time that no man ever doubted his courage."

"Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night! If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel and retire to rest at your usual hour; but be careful that you do not fall asleep. Neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the closets which are in your bedchamber; which he accurately described. "You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and discover no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure a person who shall accompany you and go to bed in your stead."

After some further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that M. de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refused to be persuaded, and formed an immediate resolution literally to follow the directions he had received.—He accordingly went to bed at his usual hour, which was 11 o'clock.

At half past twelve (the time mentioned by M. de Sartine) the door of the bedchamber was opened, and three men entered, one of whom was armed with a pistol. The gentleman, who of course was awake, perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death. The gentleman hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may be naturally supposed was under great perturbation of mind during such an awful interval of suspense; when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under M. de Sartine's orders, who were concealed under the bed and in the closets, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder.

The consequence was, that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. M. de Sartine's intelligence enabled him to prevent this horrid offence of robbery and murder—which, but for the accuracy of the system, would probably have been carried into execution.