

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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Poet's Corner.

From the London Leader. A NEW ARISTOCRACY.

A title once could only show
The signs of noble birth;
And men of rank were years ago
The great ones of the earth.
They deemed it just the crowd should shrink
Before the cap and gown;
They thought it wrong the poor should think
And right to keep them down.
Those were the days when books were things
"The People" could not touch;
Mark for the use of lords and kings,
And only meant for such.
To work the loom, to till the soil,
To cut the costly gown,
To tread the round of daily toil,
Was quite enough for them.
Time was when just to read and write
Were thought a wondrous deed,
For those who walk with morning light
To turn to letters were
The man a more submissive slave,
The less his head-piece knew,
And so the mass from him were
Their birth-right to the few.
Now look around; the light of Truth
Is spreading far and wide,
And that which fills the English youth,
East down our streets and kings,
The mind alone can wield the sword;
In spite of wealth and rank,
The artisan may face a lord,
With thousands at his back.
We scorn no trace of high degree,
For so were wronged to do;
But poorer men as rich can be,
And quite as noble too.
The price of a good part,
But he who works for bread,
May have, perchance, a warmer heart,
Perhaps a clearer head.
Then grieve not for "the good old times,"
Which were so bright and true;
The causes of our fathers' crimes
Are wearing fast away.
Before the Pen, the Press, and Ball
Must old opinions be;
The mighty project cannot fail—
Then aid it one and all.

Tales and Sketches.

From the New York Leader. THE FOUR TRAVELERS.

BY ALICE CARLY.

THE night had shut in with snow, and by nine o'clock the wind which drove gustily from wood to meadow, and from meadow to wood, had piled a great drift against the door of a small tavern, where sat three men as bright as wood fire as ever, with red sparks, drove away the thoughts of a black and stormy night.

The snow was of that fine and flinty quality which strikes against the traveler's face like needles, and the wind of that trying and familiar description that rattles and tumbles hair and garments, and whistles inside out, and causes the luckless wayfarer to peep about him for the friendly glimmer of some wayside light.

Our travelers were therefore nothing surprised when the door opened and a stranger entered. He was a little pale-faced man, with a quiet look; and having placed his small bundle noiselessly on the floor, and brushed the snow from his thin cloak, he advanced toward the tavern, and inquired in a voice singularly sweet and modest whether he could be accommodated with lodging.

"No!" answered the host, in a tone meant perhaps to be only decided, but which was in reality rude, greatly beyond the requirement of denial, for in truth he liked not the threadbare garments and altogether unpromising appearance of the stranger. He had been intruded upon by a man who had drawn back the curtains of his comfortable chamber, and who had interrupted the charming story which one of the three accommodated travelers was relating.

"I suppose your little tavern is already crowded," said the pale, little stranger, speaking sweetly and modestly as before, "and I ought to have known better than to intrude—pardon me, my good friend," and stepping toward the stranger, he began to draw back the curtains of his comfortable chamber, and who had interrupted the charming story which one of the three accommodated travelers was relating.

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farmer. The night was as wild as this, and it was soon agreed that the young man should remain with us till morning, and his proposition meanwhile be held under consideration.

"During the evening I was the object of many a satirical shaft—and the young man whose Christian name was Bartlett, suggested that I was admirably calculated to hunt bears. To keep a steady eye upon one of them critics, he said, and step backward from him, just as I had retreated from himself, was the true way to cow the down."

"You might imagine that my first prejudice against him was deepened considerably by this and kindred allusions, and that I parted from him for the night with feelings bordering very closely upon hatred. I lay awake, I remember, trying to compose a challenge, and selecting from among my school-mates a boy who I thought would have courage enough to present it. To make the story short—my father hired the man—he was to perform such farm labor, errands and chores as were required of him, and to receive for a term of three months of this sort of service twenty-five dollars, having also his board and washing; but that's neither here nor there. For the life of me I could not overcome my first dislike, but it softened somewhat, and I delayed my revenge indefinitely.

"The first week of Bartlett's apprenticeship I was busy most of the time in a small shop adjoining the stable, where harness and tools of various kinds were kept, in an attempt to make a hand-saw—which was the greatest object of my boyish ambition. Over and over again, when Bartlett stopped at the door, I slammed it in his face, and by other little attentions of the same nature gave him to understand that any amicable relations between him and me were altogether out of the question.

"At last the sled, a rude and clumsy affair, was completed, and hung up on a peg opposite the door.

"After supper I went to view my treasure once more, and to persuade myself that it was better than it was, for I had not equalled my expectations, and was very much dissatisfied, notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary.

"What was my surprise and indignation to find Bartlett curiously examining my clumsy mechanism!

"My first impulse was to shut and lock the door, and having once done it, I was ashamed to undo my work, but went suddenly to the house, resolved that I would return when it was quite dark and set my prisoner at liberty. The key of the parlour was still in my hand when I entered the house, and for the need of doing something I slipped on to my feet, and began swinging about. Naturally enough, I lost control of it presently—it flew across the room, and hit my father in the face—he quietly put it in his pocket, and sent me to bed in disgrace. I might have slept on the rack as well—but once did I close my eyes, and such fearful imaginations as haunted me, heaven grant I may never be troubled with again.

"The next day, instead of the workshop being open, and in the best winter weather—decidedly uncomfortable—perhaps Bartlett would freeze to death! The more I thought of it the more likely it seemed to me that he would; then, of course, I would be taken to prison, and in the end either have my head cut off, or be hanged! I wished I had never seen Bartlett, and, alas! all things I wished I had not looked him up in the workshop! That night was so long, I thought I could have walked around the world before the first glimpse of daylight. Be sure I was up at one o'clock, and at the door of the workshop a minute thereafter, trembling in every limb. I listened, but not a sound could I hear. Bartlett was no doubt, past making any noise. At length, however, I knocked and shouted—still no reply. At last I fell on my knees and wrung my hands, and prayed with all my might. The cold was certainly very intense, and my cheeks were stiff, as with the whitening daylight I pressed my face against the cracks of the door, to see if I could discover the corpse of Bartlett.

"Presently my eye began to distinguish objects, and it was not long in fixing itself upon one—not Bartlett, but the most workman-like and beautiful new sled imaginable, hung up in the close neighborhood of my poor and unsatisfactory one.

"While I stood lost in wonder and admiration, I heard a footstep, and turning around I saw the face of Bartlett, who, safe and sound, was coming into the barn-yard to attend to his morning work. He seemed not to observe me particularly, but went about his chores as if nothing had happened.

"Shame, mortification, and sorrow weighed me to the earth, and in spite of the desperate effort I made to divert myself, by picking the burrs from the tails of the oxen, I finally burst into tears.

"Why bless me, my little man, what is the matter? Are you freezing?" exclaimed Bartlett, approaching me; and dropping from beneath his arms two bundles of oat-straw, which he carried preparatory to feeding the sheep, he began to chafe my hands, while he hovered over me in the tenderest and most affectionate manner.

"I am not freezing, Bartlett," I snubbed at last. "I am crying, because you worked in the cold and made me such a nice sled, and after I had locked you up, too!"

"O never mind the locking up," said Bartlett; "I'll never have a worse jailer I may thank my stars—but come, let us try the new sled!" and bringing it out of the workshop (he had the key in his pocket) he placed me, together with the two bundles of oat-straw, on it, and away he began dragging me after him, past the barn, and up the hill to the sheep-pasture, my fine new sled dividing flocks of gobbling turkeys and gabbling geese as we went.

"After that you may be sure that Bartlett never did the morning chores alone; and ultimately the mortifying of the sled was not more from that which joined our hearts."

"How did he escape from your prison?" I asked one of the three travelers, with a peculiar expression of face which showed that some secret feeling of his own had found sympathy.

"Ah, I forgot that," replied the story-teller; "in one end of the workshop there was a window not much higher from the ground than a man's head, from which I always supposed he had slipped down. I never really knowed how the subject was one, which I was

very careful not to revive. I would give a great deal to see Bartlett now; musingly concluded the traveler. "He must be twenty-five years since we parted; but I have the little sled at home in a state of perfect preservation."

"Ha ha," laughed the third traveler, who had hitherto sat silent in the dimmest corner. "I am very glad to hear it, sir, for I consider it quite a triumph of ingenious workmanship, at the time; especially in view of the circumstances under which I wrought it, my only light being manufactured from a rag and cup of grease, previously used for brightening up the harness!" As he finished speaking, he arose and shook hands with the story-teller so heartily, that all present must have recognized by the generous maker of the sled; even without the confirmation of words.

The landlord punched the fire with terrible energy, and having turned toward it back and forth repeatedly, said he had just drawn up his overcoat—"it is no use!—all the fire in the world could not make me warm while that poor young man is out in this miserable storm." And opening the door without more ado, he dashed out into the night and the snow.

"Your story reminds me," said the second traveler, "of an early experience of my own which has probably had a greater influence on my life and character than any other single event of my life, but the confession involves a degree of guilt on my part which I might well shrink from, were I not sure that I have more especially to do with two—one of the daughters—a beautiful and saucy little girl of ten years—and one of the latter, the property of the former.

"I was a poor boy, but independent in disposition, and perhaps from a sense of disapproval towards my parents, I happened that day as I went to, and returned from school, and this little puppy barked at me regularly, morning and night, with a degree of malignity which I considered into a pointed insult from the whole family—especially from Miss Jenny, the mistress of the offending puppy. She was often in the doorway, and it appeared to me that she took pleasure in the ill-tempered manifestations of her favorite. One day when he flew at me with unusual demonstrations of ill will, I shook my fist in his face, which so angered him that he followed me some distance down the road snapping at my heels. Seeing that Miss Jenny was watching us from the grass plot, and apparently enjoying my retreat, I picked up a hard stone, and threw it at her, which she caught with such force as to send him hopping. Truth is, I constructed the ill-manners of the puppy into an insult from all the members of General Brown's family, as before remarked.

"The spirit of Pet, for so his mistress called him, was not at all subdued by the blow he had given him; on the contrary, I found him more treacherous than before, and once when he took me at disadvantage, and started me into a bay of fright by growling suddenly at my heels, his pretty little mistress clapped her hands in a most provoking way.

"That day I determined on revenge, and it was not long in coming—I stole the dog, and sent him to the coast of Norway, by the district school at about the same hour, but it unfortunately happened that we met, but he had never bestowed upon one another so much as a recognizing glance.

"When the weather was unusually fine, Jenny would sometimes walk home in the evening. Upon one of these occasions, and by one of those coincidences that make justice to all, my dog had had named Snarl-er, in remembrance of his old tricks, flew at the little girl and bit one of her hands severely. Forthwith he was reported mad, and the indignation of the whole neighborhood was directed, not only against my dog, but against myself. What business had the little rascal to keep such an ugly great brute, as any man who kept the general reputation. Some went so far as to say it was a pity it had not been me who was bitten instead of the dear little girl, while others declared that they only waited the opportunity of seeing their own dogs upon me. Poor Snarl-er had to pay with his life for his bad behavior. In vain I pleaded for him—in vain I proposed to confine him to his cage, or to let him run at large, for I could not at first be persuaded that my brave and beautiful favorite was really mad. Public opinion ran against me with such desperation, however, that I was forced to yield, and indeed my own fears were so wrought upon by reports of Jenny's critical condition, that I would scarcely have objected to lay my head on the block. My apprehensions were carried to the point of distraction, almost, when I learned that the great Dr. — who lived fifty miles distant from General Brown's, had been sent for to visit his daughter. Night after night I lay awake, and I cannot think that the sufferings of any martyr who ever fit the fire wrapping about him a sheet of flame, can have exceeded what I endured.

There was one reflection of peculiar bitterness in the circumstances, that while I stood the night, by causing him to forget his mistress, I was the occasion of his bringing her to the most horrible of deaths.

If there had been in the neighborhood a confessor to whom I might have gone with the terrible truth that was pressing the very life out of me, it would have been the greatest imaginable relief, but with that awful secret in my heart, it seemed to me that I must die. When it was told me one day that Gen. Brown had just driven up to the door of our house, in his carriage, I positively trembled, with agitation and fright—indeed, he had shaken hands and spoken kindly with me, I could not help feeling he

had a hangman's rope concealed beneath his cloak.

He came, simply to ascertain our opinion as to whether the dog was mad or not, and also to assure me of his deep interest in me, and sympathy for me. "Suppose you ride over with me," he said, when he was about to take leave; "it would be a great relief and comfort to Jenny to hear you, yourself, express the belief that the dog was not mad."

"I was an awkward youth, and my embarrassment rendered any sensible apology utterly out of the question, and if the Gen. had asked me to accompany him to London, I must have done so."

"Through a great hall, and up a wide staircase I was conducted, seeing nothing distinctly, but feeling almost overborne by a firm consciousness of magnitude, and thence into a room of such luxuriant elegance of furnishing, as might, I thought at the time, befit a queen. There reclining on a low bed, pale almost as her white dress, was the unfortunate Jenny. She lifted forth her hand as she saw me, and, reaching forth her hand, smiled so sweetly as to make my evil doing seem darker than it had ever seemed till then. I thought she was an angel, and I deviled, and resolved that I would not add a drop of misery to her other wretchedness. I stripped off the mask the first moment I found myself alone with her, and showed myself in all my evil deformity. Hearing the footsteps of her father approaching, she hurriedly, and with a look of sweet trouble in her face, lifted up one little white hand, whispering at the same time the softest of hushes! There was something in the tone and manner that unlocked a deeper deep in my heart than had ever been touched before—something that said as plainly as words could have said—"I don't let father know how bad you are!"

"I don't care anything about it!"

A secret of my sort was never known to two persons in a dangerous way, and I was so extremely, for it led to another one before long, the revealing of which would have been the spoiling of all our happiness. When Jenny was fifteen, we were engaged, Mrs. Gen. Brown's decision to the contrary notwithstanding. She had brought her husband a good deal of money, and though she had been a most dutiful daughter, she was so violently opposed to having her daughter follow the example she set. What the result was you can all guess—we stole away one rainy night, and at sunrise were man and wife; and Jenny, God bless her, notwithstanding the bite of the dog, has never to my knowledge been mad for a single instant."

"And were the old folks over reconciled?" asked the first traveler.

"Heaven only knows," replied the happy husband. "I have never seen the face of either of them since—but I have no doubt that our runaway match was the best thing that could have happened—it threw me upon my own energies; fortune smiled, and I rather think, concluded my travels, and returned home with such success as to send him hopping. Truth is, I constructed the ill-manners of the puppy into an insult from all the members of General Brown's family, as before remarked.

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WESTWARD HO.

AN ague-stricken hypochondriac, who has been on a trip out that way, thus answers some questions in a letter to the Saturday Evening Post.

The first question comes from Cambridgeport, Mass., and reads as follows:

"Which is the best time for going West, the Spring or Autumn?"

The best time for going West is when you have the most money about you, and the least fear of losing it. If you come in the Spring, you are sure to shake yourself to death with the ague before Fall. If you come in the Fall, you may live until Spring, if you don't freeze to death before you get there. If you come at all, you had better get your stomach lined with water-proof cement, so as to be able to digest corn bread, bacon and whiskey; for this is all we have to eat, except a few French hogs, and bilious looking tadpoles, which we catch when the river runs down.

Second question—"What part of the West is the best to emigrate to, taking in consideration the healthfulness of climate?"

A variety of opinions about that, my dear fellow. Our Senator, Mr. Douglas, says Kansas is the best. So it is if you want to go into the stock business, raising an unruly kind of mixed cattle, that will stray off to Canada, in spite of the compromise of 1850 or 1856, or Senator Douglas. Or, if you want to speculate in paposes, white scalps, and get your own scalp taken off accidentally, go to Nebraska by all means. If you want to play poker for a living, and set up whiskey drinking for a business, to live on corn bread and bacon week days, and slipper elm bark and Sunday, come to Illinois. If you want to go where they have no Sundays nor anything to eat, only what they brought from the east, go to Iowa; or if you want to go to give on all four, and do as other kinds of cattle do, go to Salt Lake.

If you want to go where they receive the mail annually, where they live on wild cranberries crumbed in water from the Mississippi river, where three widows make a city, and a paper of pins and a bar of Yankee soap, a night's sleep to Missouri.

Third question—"Does the fever and ague prevail much in Wisconsin?"

Of course it does. "Nobody out West is fool enough to ask such a question. Every body shakes; even the trees shake; you can't coax a crab apple to stay on when it is good for anything; it will shake a man out of his bed, kick him out of doors, and shake the bedstead at him till he gives it up."

Fourth question—"How long does a pre-emption hold good?"

That depends on circumstances. If you have a good rifle, and know how to use it, you have a chance to ten that you may live until you starve to death. But if you can't stand fire, and are not a good shot and a quick one, take my word for it, you had better get away in a hurry, and your head be grown grey, they are all too smart for you in these woods.

Fifth question—"In the land to be had in the northwest part of Ohio for \$1.25 per acre, and is it good?"

That's all fudge, got up by speculators to sell some greenhorn like you or me, for the best of my knowledge or belief, Ohio was worn out ten years ago. The whole business of the railroads in warm weather, is to carry back persons who have been fools enough to come west. All the railroads are doing this winter is carrying dirt into Ohio out of Michigan to raise a few beans and oats, to keep the folks from starving to death next summer.

As the land in the northwest of Ohio, is eighteen inches under water most of the year, and will probably be worth \$1.25 per acre, when water makes and copper heads bring as much per barrel in the New York markets as potatoes are worth per bushel in Alton.

And lastly he wants reliable information—a short article in your paper relating to the subject, decent land and fair water.

Exactly! Why my dear sir, there is no such thing as reliable information out West, unless you pay well for it. A lawyer would tell the truth unless you give him \$500, and then you can't believe half he says.

A witness won't tell the truth in court unless you first scare him with death and make him swear he won't lie, and then neither himself nor anybody else knows whether he tells the truth or not.

On the whole, if you feel obliged by our "short article," so do I. If you want to go to a healthy land, stay at home, and don't be a fool like myself and come out west. And as for decent land, my dear fellow, what do you mean? You must know that our wild prairie is very indecent, especially when it is burnt over and left as naked as when it was born. The true nature wears a sort of fig leaf upon every summer, out of a course kind of grass, but it soon gets burnt off, and is as indecent as ever.

As for fair water, we have none, it is all a bilious compound of liquid mud, dead buffaloes, fish and rotten potato-skins.

Our common drink, when we can't get whiskey, is one-third coffee, one-third prairie mud, and one-third tobacco juice.

Upon the whole, if you have good water, and can get half a jug to eat, stay where you are. Yours truly, W.

"DEADS IT LIKE A DOG."—In the Court of Special Session, a short time since, a man named Smith was arraigned for stealing a demijohn, containing three gallons of whiskey.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Wall, you can call it what you likes, I tuk the whiskey, that I admit, and drank it too."

"You tuk it without leave, did you not?"

"I never wait to be asked, when that article is in my hand."

"You drink all you can get?"

"Try me and see, Judge; I reckon I'm experienced in the line of 'trading.'"

"I think from your appearance that no one will doubt your word on that point."

"I can prove a character, if any body doubts it."

"Nobody doubts that, and it will be necessary to send you to the penitentiary three months to get the whiskey out of you."

"Can't stand it Judge, I've liv'd on that 'ar article for fifteen years; it's been my meat and drink, and you'd better hang me and do with it."

"It's a pity, but there's no help for you; it will do you good to get sober."

"Wall, if I must, must; but I'll tell you what I judge, I judge it like a dog."

SLAVERY IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The Constitutional Convention.

THE question of how Slavery was looked upon at the time the Constitution was adopted, is now adding a good deal of interest. And to aid our readers in forming correct conclusions on the subject, we extract the following from an abstract of the debates and proceedings in the Convention that framed the Constitution, in 1787, which we find in the "American Statesman," page 64, &c.

In establishing a rule of future apportionment, great diversity of opinion was expressed. Although Slavery then existed in every State except Massachusetts, the great mass of the Slave population was in the Southern States. These States claimed a representation according to numbers, bond and free, while the Northern States were in favor of a representation according to the number of free persons only. This rule was forcibly urged by several Northern delegates. Mr. Paterson (of New Jersey) regarded slaves only as property. They were not represented in the States; why should they be represented in the general government? They were not allowed to vote; Why should they be represented? It was an encouragement of the Slave trade. Said Mr. Wilson, (of Pennsylvania): "Are they admitted as citizens? Then why not on an equality with other citizens? Are they admitted as property? then why not other property admitted into the computation? A large portion of the members of the Convention, from both sections of the Union, were that neither extreme could be carried, favored the proposition to count the whole number of free citizens and three-fifths of all others."

To render the Constitution acceptable to the Southern States which were the principal exporting States, the Committee of detail had inserted a clause providing that no duties should be laid on exports or on slaves imported, and another that no navigation act might be passed, except by a two-thirds vote. By depriving Congress of the power of giving any preference to American over foreign shipping, it was designed to secure cheap transportation to Southern exports. As the shipping was principally owned in the Eastern States, their delegates were equally anxious to prevent any restriction of the power of Congress to pass navigation laws. All the States, except North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, had prohibited the importation of Slaves; and North Carolina had proceeded so far as to discourage the importation by heavy duties. The prohibition of duties on the importation of Slaves was demanded by the delegates from South Carolina and Georgia, who declared that, without a provision of this kind, the constitution would not receive the assent of these States. The support which the proposed restriction received from other States, was given to it from a disposition to compromise, rather than from an approval of the measure itself. The proposition not only gave rise to a discussion of its own merits, but revived the opposition to the apportionment of representatives according to the three-fifths ratio, which had forth some severe denunciations of Slavery!

Mr. King, (of Massachusetts,) in reference to the admission of Slaves as a part of the representative population, remarked: "He had not made a strenuous opposition to it heretofore, because he had hoped that this concession would have produced a readiness, which had not been manifested, to strengthen the general government. The report of the Committee put an end to all those hopes. The importation of Slaves could not be prohibited; exports could not be taxed. If Slaves are to be imported, shall not the exports produced by their labor supply a revenue to help the government defend their masters? There was so much inequality and unreasonableness in this view, that the people of the Northern States could never be reconciled to it. He had hoped that some accommodation would have taken place on the subject; that at least a time would have been limited for the importation of Slaves. He could never agree to let them be imported without limitation, and then be represented in the national legislature. Either Slaves should not be represented, or exports should be taxed. The Government of Massachusetts (of New York) pronounced Slavery a nefarious institution; it was the curse of heaven on the States where it prevailed. Compare the free regions of the Middle States, where a rich and noble cultivation marks the prosperity and happiness of the people, with the misery and poverty which overpread the barren wastes of Virginia, Maryland, and other States having Slaves. Travel through the whole continent, and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of Slavery. The admission of Slaves into the representation marks the prosperity and happiness of the people, with the misery and poverty which overpread the barren wastes of Virginia, Maryland, and other States having Slaves. 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