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Independent Republican

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG"
VOL. 5. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1859. | NO. 18.

REV. GEO. B. CHESTER ON SLAVERY AND THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

A man getting public embolism of the crime of adultery with the wife of a black man, but on the contrary, if the black should catch the white man in the very crime, and murder the adulterer, it would have been merely manslaughter in the eye of the law, yet being a black man, he becomes a murderer. The crime of adultery was never committed by the white man on the black, because slaves have no marital rights, and therefore such a crime as that of adultery is impossible. And the injured husband, being a black man, and having no right to his own wife, exclusive, had no right to be thrown into a state of imprisonment for the violation of his wife by his white owner. And this shame in the open eye of day! This page of diabolic law pleaded in Washington! This jurisprudence, reeking with such abomination, foul with such impurity and licentiousness, applied to, and commented upon, as a matter of trial for the protection of common morality! Slaves no marital rights! No rights as husband and wife, no possible contract of matrimony, no right to each other's persons or affections, consequently no such crime as that of adultery possible to be committed! No rights of parents or children, no family ties, no possibility of the family in its situation as appointed of God for mankind, and consequently no sin in the violation and breaking up of that institution, in the surrender and selling of its members, or in turning it into a factory for the breeding of stock!

WHISPER SOFTLY.
BY ADA AXTON.
Softly, softly, April showers,
Fall around our darling's head,
Whisper of the fragrant flowers,
Spring will scatter o'er his bed.
Whisper of the blue-bird's song,
Trilling sweetly by the spring,
In the orchard, all day long,
Honey-bees upon the wing—
Coaxing out the apple-bloom
Filled with choicest honey-dew;
Humming o'er the shaded gloom
Of dried grasses, where the mer,
Tender blades are creeping up,
To the sunshine—from the grey
Dandelion's golden cup.
Steel her forehead with a tear,
Tell him of the rose robes,
When she scatters silver robes,
And his head of ruffled hair,
How she reproves the maid
Of his own outworn hair,
Kissing his white brow; alas!
Damp and shadows gather there.
Sed and lone, his mother pines,
With a sigh through the twilight hours,
O'er the deep, celestial vale,
Fondly watches all the stars.
For her darling's pathway lies
Through their wilding silver light;
Steel her forehead with a tear,
Guide, with love, his steps aright.

and each, in his turn, seemed anxious to get a rear seat, but falling in this, took the last unoccupied, such at the same time commencing immediately to read.
Mr. Defoe thought there was something strange in this, and, as a mystery always pleased him, could not suppress a smile at the anxiety and distress of the literary strangers, who, while they held papers in their hands, looked around the saloon.
"I think the girl has sold me," he said to himself, and good-naturedly dropping the paper from his hand, was about to order a beef-steak, when he saw a young lady enter the right door. She was tall, graceful in her movements, had been black eyes, and was richly, though not gaudily, dressed. She passed down the opposite aisle with a manner somewhat haughty, cast a furtive glance along the line of gentlemen who held papers in their hands, and finally gave Mr. Defoe an unmistakable nod of recognition.
He returned the salutation as if he had met an old friend, and immediately joined her.
"Mr. Defoe, I presume," said the pretty lady.
"The same, and happy to meet you, Miss Ballou," he replied.
"Tell me, Mr. Defoe, what you thought of my advertisement?"
"I thought it very singular that a female should want a mate of such independence for a husband—I answered it.—What did you think of my reply?"
"I thought much. In the first place, that you were not handsome, and I am not disappointed. Also, that you were not dressed like a dandy, which is also true. Also, that you did not mean what you said, which of course is true."
"Then why did you answer me?"
"Because I thought so. You do not suppose a sensible woman would advertise for a husband, with an honest motive, and I know that no honest man could write such a letter as you did. I did not come to compliment you, as you did."
"I will not complain that you flatter me!"
"Reflections were served up, and the conversation, though necessarily carried on in a low tone, became animated.
"Pray tell me," said Mr. Defoe, "the precise motive you had in publishing such an advertisement and in meeting me here?"
"I did it for my own sake, and to my disposition. Do you see that row of new overcoats there, near where you were sitting, each with a newspaper?"
"Yes."
"Well, those deluded gentlemen all came here at my solicitation. They all answered my advertisement; I wrote the letter you received, and my sister made twelve copies of it, which were dispatched to as many gentlemen. Seven of them, it seems, have accepted the invitation, and are waiting for me."
"And what will you do?"
"Nothing. I did not expect to recognize them. I came to enjoy the sport of seeing them who were so anxious to get a wife, to watch the ludicrous expressions of anxiety and disappointment. They are dishonest, selfish, ignorant men, I am sure, or they would not have written as they did. In fact, I am sure that as honest men would not have written at all. Now, see them! They look over the top of their papers as if they were afraid of me."
"And you came here to laugh at them?"
"Certainly. This is my menagerie of tamed animals. I took them wild; but I fancy this discipline will domesticate them."
"Why is it that you have honored me above all the rest, and do not laugh at my calamity in common with the others?"
"Because you wrote an able letter. I saw at once you did not intend to have me believe you. But those animals suppose I was foolish enough to think they meant what they said. I would not trust a soul of them with my dinner. They thought to deceive me, perhaps get some of my property, and, at any rate, to get into the society I move in."
"And how did you know I was the person who wrote over the name of Defoe?"
"The simplest thing in the world. You sat there with a broad grin on your face, with a look of perfect indifference. The paper lay beside you on the table, as I knew it would, if I was five minutes behind time! You were thinking you had been 'sold,' and that Betty Ballou had played you a good trick. The others were anxious and uneasy. They were meditating the schemes which brought them here."
"Your name, of course, is not Ballou?" suggested Defoe.
"No more than yours is Defoe," replied she.
"The menagerie" was by this time in a state of disorder. The animals were uneasy at the delay of the expected called for different articles of diet and drink, and one by one withdrew. Mr. Defoe also expressed regrets at parting, but said he must go.
"Must our acquaintance end here?" he asked.
"Yes, unless you should chance to get acquainted with my husband, and he should invite you to his house, in which case I shall be happy to see you as his friend. He does business in — street, No. —. I should not like to have him know of this adventure; but I must have some amusement. If you ever know him, you will not mention it."
Defoe pledged his honor not to reveal the fact to him, and bade her adieu.
Neighbor Wilson caught a cooper stealing some hoop-poles which he had just got ready for market. The cooper was as stout as a bear, and offered farmer W. ten dollars to mention the fact, which proposition, duly backed by the money, was accepted. But that same evening, when Mr. Wilson, the cooper, and a lot of their mutual neighbors were talking politics at the village grocery, the former turned to a friend; and asked:
"Did I ever tell you, neighbor Jenks, that I caught the cooper here stealing my hoop-poles?"
The cooper betrayed his guilt by blushing crimson, and the party addressed declared in reply:
"You never did."
"Well, then," added Mr. Wilson, "I never will, for I promised him I wouldn't."
On the next day a first-rate cooper settled in a neighboring village.
A WARRIOR GOWN.—After all, there is something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world.

A SIX-WEEKS FIGHT.
"I never told you about my scrimmage with the Ponces, did I?" inquired Zeke.
"We all replied in the negative."
"Well, give me another tetch of that red-eye, Bob, and I'll say a word or two about it."
After a handsome pull at the bottle, Uncle Zeke favored us with the story:
"Some years since, while on a tributary of the Platte with a party of trappers, Uncle Zeke was dispatched to Fort Kearny, some four hundred miles distant, for medicine, the supply with which the Company started having been lost in crossing a stream somewhere in the Sioux country.
"About midway between the camp of the trappers and the Fort, the mountaineers had made a cache, in passing some six weeks previous, owing to the loss of two of their pack animals. I cannot designate the spot.
"The depository was a large cave in a range of low hills not far from the Platte, and the deposit consisted of a sack of beans, a sack of flour, two bunches of jerked venison, some few trappers, and a five-gallon keg of whiskey. The trappers left the provisions without regret, as they expected to reënter in their downy way, when, after a long absence from such luxuries, they would be doubly acceptable.
"Although twenty miles out of his way, Old Zeke determined to visit the cache in returning from the Fort—to look after the provisions, he says, but probably to tap the whiskey keg. Arriving at the cache, he fastened his pony to a stunted cedar, near the mouth of the cave, and rolling back the rocks secreting the opening, was in the act of entering, when a party of Ponces dashed up and surrounded him. Seizing his rifle, he dropped the nearest savage from his horse, and then jumped into the cave, just in time to avoid a shower of arrows sent flying after him. There was a large and the opening small. The Indians made a charge into the cave, but two shots from his revolver sent a pair of them howling back, and the idea of carrying the place by storm was abandoned. So dark was it within that the hunter could not be seen from without, and every attempt to obtain fresh air, by directing arrows through the opening proved unavailing.
"At length the red devil built a large fire around the mouth of the cave, with the view of burning or smoking him out. This, also, was a failure, for the fact that Zeke discovered a small opening near the back part of the cache, through which he was enabled to obtain fresh air. After keeping the fire up an hour or two, the Indians, presuming the trapper had been suffocated, hauled the blazing faggots from the opening, and commenced entering. A well-aimed shot from Zeke's revolver stretched another of the enemy across the mouth of the cave, and the mountaineer was still master of the field.
"Finding that he could be neither smoked nor driven from his hiding-place, the savages determined to starve him out, and for six weeks they kept constant guard upon the order. Zeke found the provisions in good order, and boring a hole through the head of the keg with his bowie-knife, subsisted very comfortably upon venison, whiskey, and a little water standing in a pool at the bottom of the cave. Once or twice the Indians attempted to surprise him at night, but he was too wide awake. During the last week of his imprisonment, Zeke remained perfectly quiet.—Again believing him dead, the enemy prepared to enter the cave. Somewhat desperate, the hunter determined to 'lay low' and give them a warm reception. Accustomed to the darkness, he waited until three of them had fairly entered, when he killed two of them on the spot, and wounded the third. Disheartened, the savages now yielded the contest and withdrew, and two days after, Zeke cautiously reëntered the cave, and in a week found his way into camp, on foot.
"He informed his companions that he had been a prisoner of the Ponces, and with difficulty escaped, but avoided mentioning the place of his incarceration; and some months after, when the trappers visited the cache, and found four dead bears there, but no whiskey, Zeke seemed to be the most astonished member of the party."

The Skater and the Wolves.
An incident some time ago happened to a Canadian settler, in which his skates, though they certainly led him into the danger, also bore him safely out of it. His habitation lay on the banks of a river, and being fond of skating, he had gone out alone one moonlight night to enjoy it. The moon shone with unusual splendor, and the water, from the brilliancy of the myriads of stars, which shone like diamond points, deep set in the clear interminable blue. The ice was smooth and clear; and reflected in its motionless mirror the radiance of the heavens, and the deep shadow of the primeval forest, which stretched gloomily on either side. Tempted by the night, he wandered rather far from home, and had entered one of the smaller creeks, that joined the river. Here his path gradually darkened, and, as the stream grew narrow, the tall old trees met and interlaced overhead.
Suddenly, from the brush at his side came a low growl, and looking around, he saw two eyes glaring bloodily at him through the darkness—non other, and others, on all sides, and closer, till he thought he could feel the hot breath of hungry wolves which were closing around him. Instant flight was his only chance for life, and turning, he rushed for home. The wolves followed, the skater kept well ahead, and many of his pursuers gave up the chase. He was approaching his home, and could at last even see the light from his window glancing occasionally through the forest; but he felt that his powers were nearly exhausted, and some of the wolves were still on his track, with their long lumbering gallop that never tired. He was now close to the mouth of the creek, and some sound of his water dog's barking. Oh, for one minute of Lon or Ranger—but alas, they were chained and could render him no help. The wolves were at his heels, and without any other thought than that of meeting his fate, he turned sharp to one side.—The foremost wolf made a dash at him, but unable to check his velocity on the slippery ice, he slid past him, and the skater found himself with a fresh start, and sneaking himself away, he dashed on. A second time overtaken, he had recourse to the same manoeuvre, when, probably frightened by the loud barking of the dogs, the wolves gave up the chase, and in joy and thanksgiving, he returned home, resolved not again to indulge in the romantic at such hazard.

Drunkness.
Drunkness expels the reason, breaks the memory, defaces beauty, diminishes strength, causes external and internal and incurable woe, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, a beggar's companion, a wife's woe, children's sorrow, the picture of a beggar, a self-murderer, who drinks good health to others, and ruins his own.
"And yet the march of ruin onward! It reaches abroad to others, invades the family and social circles, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, age in its wisdom. It breaks the father's heart, grieves the loving mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases parental love, blocks out filial attachment, blots parental love, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, and sends fathers and mothers to the grave. It kills fathers, feeds rheumatism, nurses goul, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your sympathy. It engenders contumacious, fosters quarrels, and kindles riots. It contemns law, ruins order, and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It commences the lie, respects the truth, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorps virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his off-spring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind his parient's axe. It hurrs up man, consumes women, wastes life, curses God, and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defies the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disgraces the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and insatiate with have, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out the memory of the crimes that the world and laughs at its ruin."

BETTY BALLOU AND HER "MENAGERIE."
Those who have taken the trouble to look over the advertising columns of the New York Herald, will have observed advertisements under the head of "Matrimonial," in which persons of both sexes announce themselves as candidates, and invite correspondence with this view. If we believe these announcements, the advertisers, almost without exception, are patterns of modesty, virtue, honor, and intelligence; generally, too, of refinement, wealth, and high social position. It is not very long since an advertisement informed the public that a young lady of good education and accomplished manners, being convinced that the formalities of society are mostly absurd, and restrictive of free individual development, would like to correspond to any man of sense and sense, with a view to matrimony. She was twenty years of age, moved in respectable society, and believed she could make a good man happy. Any such person was invited to address "Betty Ballou," at the Union Square Post Office.

A young man answered this advertisement with the signature of Julius B. Defoe, as follows:
"Miss Betty Ballou: I have read your advertisement in this morning's Herald, and have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I am a man of sense. That I am a man of independence, would clearly appear to you if we should be married, for I would not promise to pay any more attention to a wife than I chose; and if I wanted to go to the theatre or opera with somebody else, as I probably should, I should do it in spite of her. In short, she could do as she pleased, if she chose to; and if she didn't, I'd make her; and I should do as I pleased, whether she was willing or not. If that is not independent enough for you, I beg you not answer this letter."
"That I am sensible, clearly appears from my mode of life. In the first place, I have spacious apartments with a private family in Fifth avenue, and manage my affairs in Wall street—with about four hours' labor per day. I pay my man to attend to my horse, and I pay my man to spend or give away, go where I have a mind to, smoke in the parlor when at home, and get drunk as often as I am disposed."
"If this suits you, write and address me at the Broadway Post Office. If it don't, do what you like."
"I will say, however, that I should be happy to see you, and think you will not find me as savage. If you are disposed to gratify me, state when and where we can have an interview."
Yours, respectfully,
"JULIUS B. DEFOE."

Three days after depositing the above letter in the Union Square Post Office, Mr. Defoe called at the Broadway Post Office, and found a reply awaiting him. It was written in a neat plain hand, and the purport of it was, that Miss Betty was curious to see him, but was conscious of the impropriety of inviting a stranger to call upon her, however, he would be at Taylor's Saloon, at two o'clock on a certain day, he would meet her there. "Go as far back as you can," said the letter, "on the left hand side, take a newspaper in your hand, and read, and enter, walk near him, and read, and the purport of it was, that when I enter, I will recognize you with a nod; then, please come and sit by me."
A few minutes before the appointed time, Mr. Defoe, having provided himself with a newspaper, went to the place designated, took a seat as requested, and commenced reading. He soon observed a young man enter, walk near him, and look around at his presence. Finally, however, the stranger sat down immediately in front of him, and with many looks expressive of "What business have you here?" also took out a paper and commenced reading.
"Unfortunately," thought Mr. Defoe, "if this fellow keeps on reading, she may mistake him for myself. However, when she sees he does not recognize her, she will try me."
While these thoughts were passing thro' his mind, an elderly gentleman with a very red nose, also came up, and politely requested Mr. Defoe to go forward and give him the seat he occupied. "I would not ask it, sir," he added, "had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain, for doing so."
"And I!" rejoined Defoe, "I would not do so reasonable a request, had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain, for doing so."
The elderly gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, but taking the last unoccupied seat back, also took out a paper and commenced reading.
"Nothing remarkable," soliloquized Mr. Defoe, "in three men reading papers at the same time, in a row; yet, under the circumstances, it is a singular coincidence." And this suggestion derived additional weight from the fact that few other persons in the saloon were at that time reading.

AN AMIABLE AMUSEMENT OF THE LION.
Among the numerous fearful stories with which Gerard, the French lion-tamer, regales his readers, we find the following description of a trait in the character of the king of beasts.
The lion treats a man very differently from any animal he is accustomed to kill for food. If he kills a person who has fired at him, he never eats the body. If he meets in his nightly promenade a man well clothed in burnos, his experience shows him that he is no marauder, and that he may kill him for food, or if the fancy happens to take him, he will kill him by fear, little by little, just as pastime.
In the first case, he will give him barely time enough to say his prayers, and then bounding on him, will crush his head in a single bite, instead of strangling him, as he is accustomed to do with other animals.
In the second case, he sometimes will bar the passage of the unfortunate fellow by lying along by his side, purring and showing his teeth like a tiger, sometimes he makes believe to go away and leave him alone, and then making a long detour, he will conceal himself along the path, and charge at him with a roar. Sometimes he crouches down like a cat, and bounds on his victim, who gives himself up for lost, but the tantalizer tounded, and offered farmer W. ten dollars to mention the fact, which proposition, duly backed by the money, was accepted. But that same evening, when Mr. Wilson, the cooper, and a lot of their mutual neighbors were talking politics at the village grocery, the former turned to a friend; and asked:
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A WARRIOR GOWN.—After all, there is something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world.

BOB-MOVS OF TALLEYRAND.—Never was a wind-bag so handsomely punctured as when he took the "sublime" out of an egotistical and vainglorious speech of Mirabeau. At some important political crisis the great orator was descending in the society on the subject of which a motion required to be carried the nation from its difficulties, namely, the great knowledge, genius, familiarity with the lower classes, popularity with the lower classes, the gift of writing and speaking eloquently, all of which qualities it was obvious enough he reckoned as his own. Every body seemed with admiration to watch the orator, who simply listened attentively to his comrade and observed: "It seems to me you have omitted one of the qualities of this excellent man; should he not be very much pitted with the small pox?" This could be no other than Mirabeau, and the effect upon the auditors can only be imagined.
One of the most famous politicians is told in Lord Brougham's "Times of George III." Not long after his breach of friendship with Mme. De Stael, that very intellectual and very masculine woman wrote her novel of *Delphine*, in which she satirized her former friend in the character of an old woman, whilst she intended all the delicate charms of the heart to be taken as her own. Changing to meet Madame De Stael soon after the publication of the book, in a fashionable assembly, he said to her, bowing politely, "I understand I figure, that in your last novel you and I figure disguised as females."

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A SMART MAN.—Thank the Springfield (Mass.) Republican for letting the world know it, the West doesn't own all the fools that get into Legislatures or Congress. That paper tells the following, as an actual occurrence, on one of the Democratic representatives from a town in the same county with Springfield:
"Some years ago, when a young and growing lawyer of the town read 'The Declaration of Independence' at a fourth of July celebration, our selection and representative to the general court was asked what he thought of the performance." Gillies said he was "a good fellow, but he was more than nothing—and I'll bet a dollar Burt wrote it for him."—When the same individual came home from the general court, it was spring time, and there was a great swell among the country brooks and river—a good deal of a "fresh," as they say down south, which was the theme of remark in a circle where he figured. Thus he delivered himself: "This ain't nothing to what I see in Boston—I went down to the wharf one morning and the water was clean down—you could see the mud all around. I went down again towards night and the water'd riz morn' twenty feet—'twell, how do you account for it? I did it myself, you know. 'Rain,' said he, 'no a drop of rain there—I suppose they might of had a little shower up north somewhere.' We move that man be discharged from further public service, until his constituents can afford to buy him 'a capacity.'"
"I'm a client," while bathing at Trinity, said the agent rise up, after a long stay, at his side. "Ho, there, Mr. —, have you taken out a fugate warrant against Burt?"
"He is in good," replied the agent, and instantly dived again, showing his heels as he parted with to his client; "nor did I hear more of the interview with the shark than he got account, containing the entry, 'To consultation at Trinity against the incarceration of Burt, six and eightpence.'"
"When you speak to a man look him in the face."

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