

# Independent Republican

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1858.

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## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Oh, prithee away with thy country pride,  
The diamond ring, and thy chain of gold!  
No pinions for me—wouldst thou buy a bride,  
Go seek her in marks where vain hearts are sold!

Deep down in my heart, is a nestling bird,  
Just learning to coil its love-ropes sweet;  
All day, through the dim of dawn, it is heard  
Tossing, for a while, with its wings spread.

Rings of a cottage—my home to be—  
Which equities bless and peace bring,  
And honey bees through each leaf-crowned tree,  
Where water-cress grows by the orchard spring.

Where the summer breeze reveals through jasmine  
bowers,  
Or tops with the tassels of sly corn;  
Where lilies smile sweetly through silver showers;  
And roses bud laugh at the blush of morn.

Then prithee away! for the sike tie  
Of love I prefer, to thy chain of gold—  
My wreath of corn, to thy plume of gold,  
Contentment and peace, to the jewel of gold.  
Dinock, Pa. Ida Artois.

## AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PROF. J. F. STODDARD, BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL, in Montrose, Nov. 11, 1857.

My Young Friends—This is probably the last opportunity I shall have to speak to you during the present term, which is soon to close. It would be a source of pleasure to me, and I doubt not you all, to try to mind the many pleasant hours we as teachers and students have passed together—to recount the many acts of kindness we have received from each other, and from the citizens of Montrose, who have, at all times, extended to us, cordially, the hand of friendship, and who have taken every means in their power to encourage us to perform our duties with diligence and cheer, that our stay in this city, might not only prove pleasant and profitable, but that, when we leave these halls and assume the responsibilities of this Teacher, we shall be the better prepared to discharge those duties creditably to ourselves and more profitably to the pupils under our charge.

These are facts upon which the mind in after years will ever increasing interest and delight. Hence, I shall leave the scenes of the past term, with their anxieties and their pleasures, which are deeply engraved on your minds, to be thought and talked over at your leisure, and will direct your thoughts to the consideration of what should be your future course of endeavor, with the view to spend the half hour more profitably to you, than I could by recalling past events, however pleasing such a review may be to us all.

Allow me now, at our separation, to urge upon you the importance of putting forth vigorous effort in the acquisition of knowledge. Never rest satisfied to be mere drones in society, but strive to become active, living agents, dispersing good to all around. Allow the talents of youth and the soaring ardor of enthusiasm to elevate your physical nature and to steal the bloom of health now playing upon your cheeks. Vigor of both body and mind is yours, and remember, that these are the wings with which a laudable ambition can elevate you to positions of honor and trust, and prepare you for the broadest sphere of usefulness.

Instead of pointing to men who stand forth as the firmament of science and are stars of imposing brilliancy—to men of educated and refined minds—to women who weave roses round our way and gladden all our being—to women

and sighing that we are not thus endowed with genius and talent; that we are not thus entitled to revel in temples of learning, and to participate in the rich pleasures of erudition; or in other words, that we do not thus command the admiration of the world by the splendor of our genius and the excellence of our deeds, be up and doing—do not faithfully in polishing and burnishing your intellectual and moral powers—put forth effort commensurate with the high standing to which you would attain, and success will inevitably crown your endeavors. While, on the other hand, if your only exertion consists in an earnest wish, or longing desire to become educated and useful, rest assured your hopes will allure but to deceive you.

It is natural for all to desire to be educated, that they may become a positive, intellectual, moral and religious power on earth. So strong is this desire that would the summit of the hill of Science be gained without an effort, or our part, the whole congregate world would stand on its commanding height, delighted with the varied, the beautiful, the endless and the grand scenery, that would everywhere greet their sight; or, could the world be enlightened by physical forces, thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands more would revel in its bliss. But how few, how comparatively few possess patience and perseverance enough to put forth severe and long-continued exertion of the mind to acquire the education their very nature craves.

It is idleness that paralyzes every effort, that magnifies every slight difficulty in the paths of learning and causes us to be content to grope our way in life through the dark valleys of ignorance and vice. My friends, be not discouraged. Remember, that ordinary talents combined with good judgment, earnest integrity, and aided by a strong industry, will make a man whatever he wills. Friends may discourage, the hand of poverty hind, want stand knocking at the door, and the silly finger of affluence point to denunciation and scorn at his toilsome lot, still he will arise and assert his dominion over the world of ignorance and wealth, and as he ascends the hill of science, the nobler the purpose which inspires him to continued effort, will cause the very thorns in his path to blossom into roses of brightest hue and sweetest fragrance.

It is well to bear in mind that many of the brightest stars in the learned professions, many of the most brilliant gems that adorn the coronet of art, of science, and of literature, are treasures of richest beauty and rarest worth, which the humble cottage can boast.

With these truths before them, a majority of the young enter the broad arena of life, and engage at once, in a struggle for the accumulation of wealth, regardless of the means they employ, little thinking that

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## THE BRONZE GAITERS.

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I had taken this parlor for my office, because it was pleasantly situated and just suited me and my profession—being on Bleeker street, and on the precise portion thereof east of Broadway where physicians seem most to congregate. In New York certain streets seem to be relinquished to certain professions, as traders and street dentists, gentlemen and Bieder street, (east) to medical men. Whether so many doctors have got together there because 'misery loves company,' or because in the multitude of counselors there is safety, I know not. The fact only is clear. In old times a young physician would have set up his 'shingle' in a village far from any one; but an opposite policy seems to be pursued in the principle that one in a flock of birds is more likely to be hit than one flying alone.

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"Well, Mrs. Bracegirde, have you anything to say?"

Her eyes surveyed deliberately and admirably my handsomely furnished room, with its handsome curtains, elegant book-cases, rich sofas and chairs, and showy carpet, before she replied, and then with a pleasant smile and a knowing nod, she said, "I do wonder, Doctor, you don't get married! Such a nice room, and you could have the one above it for your sleeping room, and I could, you know, if you liked, let you have your meals private like, letting your office-boy, Tim, the lazz, rogue, with nothing to do but play marbles and chalk up my sidewalk, set and wait on and clear up the table! I do wonder you don't get married, and such a pleasant-spoken gentleman, and so quiet and respectable for a young doctor, in your habits, all calculated to make a wife happy! It's a pity such nice furniture and such a nice room should be thrown away so!"

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I had taken this parlor for my office, because it was pleasantly situated and just suited me and my profession—being on Bleeker street, and on the precise portion thereof east of Broadway where physicians seem most to congregate. In New York certain streets seem to be relinquished to certain professions, as traders and street dentists, gentlemen and Bieder street, (east) to medical men. Whether so many doctors have got together there because 'misery loves company,' or because in the multitude of counselors there is safety, I know not. The fact only is clear. In old times a young physician would have set up his 'shingle' in a village far from any one; but an opposite policy seems to be pursued in the principle that one in a flock of birds is more likely to be hit than one flying alone.

But leaving this matter for the discussion of others, I merely state that I had Mrs. Bracegirde's parlor and tenanted for a year and three months and never had a word with her save in the kindest manner and cheerfully presented for her rheumatism without charge, as my favorite.

"Well, Mrs. Bracegirde, have you anything to say?"

Her eyes surveyed deliberately and admirably my handsomely furnished room, with its handsome curtains, elegant book-cases, rich sofas and chairs, and showy carpet, before she replied, and then with a pleasant smile and a knowing nod, she said, "I do wonder, Doctor, you don't get married! Such a nice room, and you could have the one above it for your sleeping room, and I could, you know, if you liked, let you have your meals private like, letting your office-boy, Tim, the lazz, rogue, with nothing to do but play marbles and chalk up my sidewalk, set and wait on and clear up the table! I do wonder you don't get married, and such a pleasant-spoken gentleman, and so quiet and respectable for a young doctor, in your habits, all calculated to make a wife happy! It's a pity such nice furniture and such a nice room should be thrown away so!"

Mrs. Bracegirde was handsome, not over forty-one, a widow, (so said rumor) had laid up not less than nine hundred dollars in the savings bank, and had a fine parlor and regular boarders. These facts forced themselves upon my mind, and I looked now at my hostess to see if she was trying to lay a snare for me. It is true she had on a shade sharper than usual, and looked unusually attractive; but when I reflected that she had regarded me always more with a motherly feeling than a 'young widower's' one, I dismissed the unwelcome suspicion from my thoughts and said, smilingly,

"And where shall I get a wife, dear madam?"

"Bless me! a handsome young man, with such white teeth, (Mrs. Bracegirde had splendid teeth) a horse and buggy, a good practice, and some money of his own, to ask where he shall find a wife! There's fifty ladies would jump to get such a chance!"

"You flatter me, my dear friend," I answered, secretly rejoicing in the flattery, as all we vain bipeds do, albeit we profess not to be taken with it. "A wife is a dangerous risk. One must change one's habits if one marries. I should lose my independence. I can do as I please—smoke, lounge, wear my slippers, go out and in, I wish, sit on three chairs and a table, too, as I take a notion to spend myself, and if I lay anything down I know where to find it. Why, if it makes me nervous to see my wife, the chambermaid, come in my room with that duster of an old torn silk handkerchief, lest she should do mischief, what would become of me with a wife who would 'put every thing in order,' not understanding that there exists in a certain systematic arrangement perceptible to my own eyes, especially as the last had been cut into rather small pieces; but to our great surprise we found the water almost colorless, and the meat almost as raw as when it was first put into the pot. One of the miners told us it was of no use trying to boil anything, as nothing could be cooked by water on the top of that mountain; for although the water bubbled away very fast, the heat was not great enough to boil a potato. [At great intervals the water begins to boil, before it arrives at the heat of 212 degrees of Fahrenheit; and as the water cannot get hotter than boiling point except by compression of the steam, nothing can be cooked except by some means of confining (with safety) the steam.]

"I saw directly how the matter lay, and sticking the lid tight on the pan, made it fast with heavy lumps of silver ore that were lying about attached to the handle, and putting others on the top of it. In a very short time the steam got up, and though it made the lid jump a little, I managed to get a good bubble, to the great surprise of the miners, who could not perceive what I was about.—Bunyan's *Chili and Peru*.

## THE GRAVE-YARD.

Oh, rest ye now, ye slumbering dead!  
Each your peaceful, narrow bed,  
Your toils are past, your labor done,  
Eternal peace be yours!  
How busy fancy wanders now,  
And questions, Ah, when, where, and how,  
This life by you was spent?  
For many turfs, mounds here rise,  
With marble tops, or epithets,  
To tell no jests or lies.

Alas! who could but fondle hopes  
Were crushed and buried with this mound;  
What fond, what dreaming of the heart,  
Were laid beside you in the ground,  
But echo answers, "No, no, no!"  
For silence reigneth here,  
And mounds and marble cold declare,  
Of coffin, pall, and shroud, — Ida Artois.

## THE BRONZE GAITERS.

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