

Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1858.

H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER—VOL. 4, NO. 18.

THE KNELL.
For the Independent Republican.
Why dost thou start,
Proud Allan Wayne?
'Tis but the tolling knell,
Telling aloud,
In mournful strain,
"Annabel sleeps."
In death's agonizing
Hark! canst thou read the knell?
How hast thou kept,
False Allan Wayne,
Vows, at the altar made,
When to thy side
She trusting came,
Tender and fair?
O lost one, still
Annabel lovely laid!
Come to her grave,
Proud Allan Wayne,
Cope with the night winds blowing,
"Still I'll be true to thee."
Thy heart's deep pain,
Say, if thou dar'st,
Annabel sleeping low.
Hark! 'tis the knell,
False Allan Wayne,
Beating the marble cold,
Counting the hours
Of weary
Scourge of the heart
That loved in vain,
Laid with a death wound.
Dimock, Pa. Ida Arros.

CHAT.
For the Independent Republican.
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MR. FRAZIER:—The pleasantest way to meet a friend, is undoubtedly in propria persona when you can sit down and have a cozy chat. "Chat the tolling knell," is my bachelor friend. Well, call it what you will, but allow it to be friendly and confidential. Would masculine friendship be the worse for a little more confidence or a little less reserve than is usually employed in its cementing? A friend to talk to is very well; but a friend with whom you may *chat*, as the little bonnets that together in an acquisition seldom acquired by the sexes, is a *patronage*. But when a friend is mentioned and commended upon, how agreeable is the ability to *envelope* one's foibles, representative, and by the magic of a three-cent postage stamp, send to chat in our seat. Especially to the land filled with wandering Yankees, is the vilification of post-offices a blessing, partially by destroying the selfish and feelings by which almost every American is separated from his friends. In sentimental romances of a peculiar style, the heroes and heroines who part cruelly, are supposed to gaze steadfastly at some "bright particular star," previously agreed upon, in the most romantic manner. This evening incense of azure blue, brown hazel, or dark black eyes, is offered up for the purpose of obtaining consolation from the idea that the object of affection is at the same time gazing at the same. The idea is a very poetical one, to be sure; but a common-sense substitute for it, is to watch in the post-office the opening and distribution of the mail, thinking meanwhile that perhaps, in other post-offices, others are doing the same, watching for your letters as you are watching for theirs. For ordinary mortals, such a communion of hearts is most practical and quite as pleasant. When among strangers, the welcomed arrival of a brown paper envelope, with its travel-worn edges and corners, is a refreshing oasis in the desert of loneliness. The dark stained leather or canvas mail bag is not so beautiful in appearance as a carrier pigeon, but vastly more convenient and safe. The large one is generally well filled, while shall say whether its lock and rusty chain had not closed over more hopes and fears in a single year than were ever folded under the wings of all the messenger doves in Christendom? Any poet in want of a theme, may see one flung out upon the platform at a railroad station from every mail train that passes. Or, in his search for sentimentality, he may enter one of the great distributing post-offices, and watch the busy clerks assorting the private thoughts and feelings of the public, and afterwards crowding each separate heap of joys and sorrows, loves and hates, into its appropriate bag, and sending it forth to cheer, or desolate the hearts of whom it may concern. But my chat is not rather dry, as the chat of a single individual is very apt to be. Speaking intelligently, a cross improvement conversation as well as power; yet distinctive peculiarities are only to be preserved by "breeding in and in," as the agricultural papers say. A habit of thinking to one's self is the only means of obtaining the originality and freshness of ideas, so much to be desired in conversation. Yet so many of ideas will secure to all the ability to think, and to differ in their powers of attraction, as do the ores of iron. Some possess a power which is to them as native as magnetism to the loadstone. They are polite and courteous, as naturally as the loadstone attracts iron, and tend towards the north. Others again, although they may contain as much of the true metal of mind, only requiring the ability to be agreeable, as the magnet requires its ability to pick up needles, by contact with others already magnetized. These remarks are intended to be general; there may be here and there, exceptional cases of individuals who have acquired peculiar properties from the eccentric flash of the electricity of genius. Probably the illustration is about used up, unless we say that politeness, like polarity, is liable to sudden and considerable variations from local causes. The disturbing influences are various. None perhaps affect it more violently than a broiled chicken at a railroad dinner, which dinner is to be eaten in fifteen minutes and momentary expectation of the starting of the train. A hole in the elbow of your coat repeats strongly; but this is a digression.

The thought of the solitary individual is apt to move only in the narrow paths which are marked out by the preferences of his disposition; yet these paths are often well trodden. In conversation his thoughts are compelled to keep company with the thoughts of others, and being led away into regions which his mind's eye had never seen before, because he has nothing to say, he says nothing. In order to converse pleasantly, there must be some common ground over which interchange of thought can range. If you are addressing a stranger, this region is as yet unexplored, and it is often difficult to determine how far to proceed. The mutually exchanged ground once entered, all is well. As each tries to follow your nose, and once through over the big gate, if there is one

side a gravel walk wide enough for two, you will be pretty sure to find it. The great difficulty is passing the portal. Happy is he to whom some passing incident or thought offers the latch-string. Yet every one ought to have at command an assortment of skeleton keys, the forms of which he can vary at will to suit the wards of whatever lock may present itself. Of the numberless contrivances of this kind, there is no one more common use or capable of a more extensive and varied application than that much abused subject, the weather. Amiable reader, whoever you may be, don't refrain from using it, for fear of being laughed at. It's only a skeleton, like to which every body carries more or less, and he who laughs at you has his skeleton as well as the rest, perhaps of his own invention, and perhaps not. An individual friend of mine, now some thousand or more miles from here, in the unlimited and constant emotion of the United States, and not at all likely ever to see what I am about to write, was accustomed to preface his remarks, especially those addressed to young ladies, with the invariable question, "What do you find to kill time?" Yet this same individual had the audacity to sneer, in the presence of some fair young ladies, the light of whose countenance we all wished to enjoy at those who used the weather as an introductory subject of conversation. Some three or four of his companions, determined to have revenge for the partial eclipse which they had suffered in the bright eyes of their dulcinea, (he did take the *shine* off of some of us,) thereafter used no commencement except his favorite interjection, which he had hitherto considered, not without reason, as his chief colloquial ornament. The miserable skeleton was, in a single evening, as completely used up as were the wit and wisdom of its owner, who was compelled to return to his native element, the weather.

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Pursuing a Widow under Difficulties.

The Bicyrux, (O.) Journal, spins the following yarn, which, however faulty in its facts, is readable as a romance. The editor was prompted to "perpetrate" it, by observing in a Pittsburgh paper the marriage announcement of a couple who formerly resided in Bucyrus. The yarn is reeled off in this fashion:

Twelve years ago the bride was a young lady of twenty, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Washington, Pa. In her father's employ was a young man named Robert —, who, the young lady being bewitchingly beautiful, as in duty bound, fell desperately in love with her. She reciprocated the attachment, and they were betrothed. Unfortunately, the lady's father entered his protest against this pleasing arrangement, and accordingly the young people put off the happy day indefinitely. About a year afterwards she received a most tempting proposal, which urged by her father, she accepted, and to the eternal despair of poor Robert, was married. But alas for the poor bridegroom! Scarcely three months had elapsed when a kick from a vicious horse killed him. Robert consoled the widow, and determined at the end of a year or so to marry her. He had too much respect for her to press his suit immediately, and did not for fifteen months, when he proposed. To his horror, she informed him that she was already engaged, and that in three months more her second marriage would be consummated. Two years passed. In the meantime the widow and her husband had removed to Syracuse, N. Y., and Robert, possessed by some strange delusion, followed them. That season the cholera swept that city, and among its victims was the second husband; Robert allowed a year to pass, and was on the point of urging his claims, when he received an invitation to her wedding! She was to be married to her late husband's partner. Robert remonstrated: The lady assured him that her present step was not one of love, but purely of necessity. The partnership affairs of the late lamented, were in such a state that settlement was impossible, and to save immense losses she had determined upon marrying the surviving partner. She assured him, also, that her sentiments towards him were unchanged, and that should she ever become a widow again, she would give him the preference. She was married, and in a short time removed with her third husband to Detroit, Michigan. But a fatal fever seemed to pursue her. Herself and husband were on board a steamer that was wrecked near Buffalo, some years since. The husband perished, and she escaped only through the superhuman exertions of a friend who happened to be on board. This friend was young, unmarried, and his gallantry inspired such sentiments in the heart of the widow, that she married him before Robert had time to claim her. When he learned the state of affairs he was somewhat indignant, but she told him the circumstances, and managed to satisfy him, so that he never again ever sought to disturb her. The lady with her fourth husband, settled upon a farm near Bucyrus, while Robert removed to Mansfield, that he might be near her. In the course of a year they removed to Pittsburgh, where the husband went into the mercantile business on Liberty street—residing, however, in Allegheny city. Robert followed them, and finding employment difficult to obtain, he watched the chances closely. One day he was passing the store of Mr. —, when he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in, he saw Mr. —, a mangled corpse upon the floor. A cake of rice which was being hoisted, had fallen and killed him instantly. He inquired if any one had been sent to acquaint his wife of the accident. Yes, the first clerk just started. Looking aside merrily, as poor Mr. —, they were dressed splendidly. They were put on their sweetest smiles. They were positively charming to behold. John felt as happy as a man can feel and live.

SONG.

BY MRS. HENANS.
If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be hid,
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy lips, or on thy hat,
The stain which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet song again,
Give to thy touch a token.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

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"He has that once done you a kindness will be ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged!"
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JOHN WHITE AND SUSAN BLACK.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY.
We know a good story. It is true. All the incidents happened very much as we shall relate. The moral is unexceptionable. It is about John White and Susan Black.

CHAPTER II.—READ IT.
John White was raised on a rough, rocky farm in the State of Connecticut. Smart, ditto. John knew something about hard work. So did Susan. John had mechanical genius. Susan had not. A neighbor of John's, having emigrated to a neat manufacturing village in the State of New York, wrote to John that he would give him twenty dollars a month. John went.

THE RELIGION OF BRITAIN.

I spent some time in the churchyard, spelling out the names of some of the old inhabitants of our early days, and beholding with pleased surprise, from the (as usual) truthful epigrams, that many of them were decorated with virtues of which, while they lived, I had not the smallest suspicion; so artfully had Christian humanity concealed their excellencies.

Superstition no longer defies the dead, but affection agonizes them. For my part, I think if I were bedaubed and bediened with one of the jawdry epigrams I have sometimes seen in a country churchyard, it would be enough to make me get up in the night and scratch it out. There was our old acquaintance, farmer Veedy's fat wife, who resembled (as one would say of her like) "a fillet of veal upon castors"; decked out in a suit of scraps. Several others of our acquaintances I found were such wives, mothers, neighbors, friends; so charitable, gentle, forgiving! Surely the person in our time must have had an easy time of it, an absolute sinecure, to see such wickedness above ground, and so much goodness under it. Ah! if they could but change places, what a pleasant world it would be! Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, "Who can wonder that such much iniquity is left among the living, when each card lord of the old cardinal and other virtues sits thus yearly shovelled into the earth by the undertaker?" Any way, however, it is a pleasant thing to see our old friends improved by keeping, and looking better in their winding sheets than ever they did in silks or satins.—*Grayson's Letters.*

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THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Six has many tools, but all is the hand which fits them all.
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"He has that once done you a kindness will be ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged!"
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LOOK OUT FOR THE BRIDGE!

Some years ago, the manager of a "well regulated theater" somewhere along the line of the Erie Canal, engaged a good looking and brisk young lady as a supernumerary. It happened that the young lady in question, had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact which she was extremely anxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was well promoted, and in time became a general favorite with both manager and public.