

# Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1858.

H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER—VOL. 4, NO. 19.

## SONG OF THE SEWING-MACHINE

By GEORGE F. MORRIS.  
To the Iron Needle-Woman!  
Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;  
And, unlike the fragile human,  
Nearer every night-day;  
Never shedding tears of sorrow,  
Never mourning friends untrue,  
Never caring for the morrow,  
Never begging work to do.  
Forsyth brings no disaster!  
Merely I glide along,  
For no thankless, servile master,  
Ever asks to do me wrong?  
No extortioners oppress me,  
No insolent words I dread—  
I've no children to distress me,  
With meanness for my bread.  
I'm of hearty form and stature,  
Endurance framed aright;  
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,  
Doom'd life's battle here to fight!  
Hine's a song of cheerful measure,  
And no under-current flows  
To destroy the throbs of pleasure  
Which the poor so seldom know.  
In the hall I hold my station,  
With the wily ones of earth,  
Who commend me to the nation  
For economy and worth,  
While unpaid the female laborer,  
In the attic-chamber toils,  
Where the smile of friend or neighbor  
Never for a moment soils.  
My creation is a blessing,  
To the indigent secured,  
Diminishing the cares distressing,  
Which so many have endured;  
Mine are sinews superhuman,  
To the weak and weary of steel,  
I'm the Iron Needle-Woman,  
Born to toil and not to feel.

## HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In preparing biographical sketches of prominent statesmen in the thirty-fifth Congress, we are constantly reminded of the advantages which a Republic confers upon energetic and gifted men, who, born in comparative obscurity, might, under other forms of government, never rise above the rank of daily bread. The most striking illustration of this purpose that wringing by fierce struggle a bare subsistence for themselves and families, would pass on into the silence of nameless obscurity "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." If Congress may be taken as a criterion, the Republic has not so greatly degenerated after all; for many of the most prominent legislators of the past few months, whose names, genius, intense application, indomitable will, and unwavering rectitude have enabled them to rise from the obscurity of the factotum, the farmer, the mechanic, the factory, the forge, and the farm, to the social dignity which, after all, crowning still appertains to American Senators and Representatives.

Among those who in elevating themselves had illustrated the ability of our institutions, we must award a very high place to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow. Mr. Grow was born in Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on the 21st of August, 1823. His father, Joseph Grow, died when the subject of this memoir was only three years of age; leaving the mother to provide for a family of six children, of whom four were sons. The youngest of these, Galusha, was quite old at the time of this sad bereavement, and setting up the affairs of the family it was then barely enough of property to pay up all indebtedness. Fortunately Mr. Grow was a woman of remarkable energy and decision of character; instead, therefore, of losing all courage and becoming despondent, she gathered all the strength of her own mind, and, by her own industry and resources, she not only supported her children, but she was able to pay up all her debts, and she was able to provide for her children's education. She had done what she could, but she was happy to believe, in a representative of a great many others, that in the lowly career, as a poor widow, and by the sacrifices of maternal love, she quite content to have inscribed upon her tombstone, "She hath done what she could," but of whom history and God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

When Mr. Grow was eleven years of age, his mother found that her industry and enterprise had enabled her to save a sufficient sum to defray the expense of removing to the West, and for the sake of her children she determined to make that great sacrifice. Twenty-five years ago the tide of emigration was setting westward; the Northeastern States had commenced to push out advance parties of settlers, who, knowing nothing of what they should encounter, struck boldly into the forests and laid the foundation of our Western prosperity. There were no railroads then; they carry the emigrants in a few hours, and for a few dollars, from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Mississippi; but painfully and slowly the caravans moved like snails toward the setting sun; and when the last good-by was said to relatives, and the last view had been taken of the old homestead, the emigrant felt that years must pass before he saw either again, and had faint hope of returning at all.

Despite these serious drawbacks, the Grow family started for the West, and finally took up their abode in a wild and mountainous part of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, which from its romantic beauty they named "Glennwood," and there is still the residence of the subject of this sketch. For the next few years Galusha led the ordinary life of a farmer's boy attending school, when there was opportunity, and undergoing the noble discipline which is afforded by wild mountain scenery to a quick perceptive nature which has also something of cultivation. It is told of him in those early years that he was often in the woods for a week or ten days, sleeping on hemlock boughs, and trusting to his own skill to provide his food.

Lying in a region of country in which lumber was abundant and good, the winter occupation of all the settlers was the cutting of timber, to be floated in the spring down the stream on which they lived to the Susquehanna (of which it was a tributary), and on 34 find a market at Baltimore, and other

## SEEKING FOR COMETS.

This great observatory at Harvard College was established in 1847. Among the most brilliant discoveries made there since its establishment, are no less than fourteen comets. The most celebrated of these is the magnificent comet of Mr. George P. Bond. The tenth was discovered in March, 1853, by Mr. Charles W. Tuttle. The remaining four by Mr. Horace P. Tuttle.

Few persons are aware of the patience and labor exercised by the astronomer in making discoveries of this kind. It requires several years' study and practice to qualify one to discover a comet. It is undoubtedly the most difficult of all the sciences; but when it is required to discover an unknown one, wandering in its "long travel of a thousand years" in the profound abyss of space, the labor then becomes truly prodigious. The amount of physical suffering occasioned by exposure to all kinds of temperature, the bending and twisting of the body when examining near the zenith, and the constant strain of the eye, cannot be fully understood and appreciated by one unacquainted with an astronomer's life.

The astronomer, with his telescope, begins at the going down of the sun, and examines, in zones, with the utmost care and vigilance, the starry vault, and continues till the "circles of glory" bring the sun to the eastern horizon, when star and comet fade from his view. It requires several days to complete a thorough survey of the heavens; and often these nights do not follow in succession, being interrupted by the full moon, by clouds, auroras, and by various other meteorological phenomena. He is frequently vexed by passing clouds, fleeting through the midnight sky, and strong and chilly breezes of the night. His labors are continued throughout the year, and his unwearied exertions do not slacken during the long wintry nights, when the frozen particles of snow and ice, driven before the northern blast, cause the stars to sparkle with unusual lustre, and his breath to congeal on the eye-piece of the telescope. It frequently happens that his labors are not crowned with a discovery until after several years' search.

Nothing can exceed the sublime spectacle presented to the astronomer, when, by the clear midnight sky, he sweeps athwart the gorgeous constellations in their "starry dance" around their appointed center. Occasionally the field of the telescope is filled with the dazzling radiance of unnumbered stars or a field of rich and beautiful colors. The field of the telescope is often illumined by the sudden transit of a fall-of-meteor, invisible to the naked eye. Sometimes a large one falls from the zenith, and silently exploding, fills the midnight sky with a startling spectral light. The solitude and silence of the night are broken, in spring, summer, and autumn, by the low murmuring voices of migrating birds, and the half-suppressed humming of their weary wings, which darker for a moment the field of the telescope in their flight. These are the only living companions of the astronomer aloft in the sky at midnight.

There is a momentary excitement when his weary eye detects a small wisp of pale scattered light in the field of his telescope. It is a very comical-like, but he does not feel quite sure that he has not seen a meteor. He looks at a cluster of stars—so remote as to defy the utmost power of assisted vision to resolve it into its individual components. He immediately ascertains the exact position, and examines the catalogues for information of its character. If it is unrecogred, he is obliged to bring the wondrous mechanism of human hands to his assistance. The sidereal clock, and the minutely graduated circle of his telescope, inform him of his right ascension and declination. Usually the distance of the unknown body is rigorously measured by the micrometer—a work of unsurpassed delicacy—from a star in the same field.

In the summer of 1855 he visited Europe in company with Hon. E. B. Morgan and Hon. B. Fringle, of New York, Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, and others. They intended to visit the Crimea, but were prevented by the prevalence of cholera. While in Paris, our Representatives were treated with great consideration by the Emperor of the French, being invited to the ball given in honor of Queen Victoria, who was then visiting Napoleon.

With the probability of a long life before him, having thus early distinguished himself, it would be an idle speculation to set limits to his future. He has already attained a high position as a leader in debate and parliamentary tactics. We may reasonably anticipate more honor and distinction for him, but the pleasure of him for himself, and the worth of them for others, will be found in the fact of his strict personal upright and private integrity.—Harper's Weekly.

A HEARTY LAUGH.—After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a refrigerator! What an exerciser of the eye spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it dissolves the gums of age, the grinder of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or simplifies the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, controlling, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Burton's transformation under every circumstance, and everywhere a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy forever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off.—Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot prudently contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughing and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic.—Dublin University Magazine.

Why is the heart of a tree like a dog's tail? Because it is the farthest from the bark.

## A BALLAD.

The blackbird sings in the hazel dell  
And thrushes sing on the tree;  
And Maud she walks in the merry green-wood,  
Down by the summer sea.  
The blackbird sings in the hazel dell;  
And the thrushes sing on the tree;  
And Maud she walks in the merry green-wood,  
Down by the summer sea.  
O, Maud, Maud, die in the hazel dell!  
And Maud, Maud, die on the tree!  
And Maud, Maud, walk in the merry green-wood,  
You are nothing else to me.

## PAINTING BY COMPULSION.

As an artist of talent who has been making studies in Algeria, has recently arrived in Paris, bringing from his artistic expedition rich treasures of research and study; landscapes, monuments, interiors, types of all races, costumes, animals and stuffs. He has observed and collected everything, studied every thing, with intelligence and with his pen, which he has used for making a multitude of fine and curious pictures.

He has brought also many things as mere curiosities, and among them is a set of very exact copies made by him of some original paintings which decorate one of the pleasure houses of the ancient Deys, situated some hour's distance from Algiers.

The copies are first singular, and there are so in fact, the circumstances under which the originals were executed, are still more remarkable.

It was in the first years of the present century. The Deys of Algiers took a fancy to collect in the Court of the Kasaba all the European captives that he had at that time in his power. He ranged them in a line and passed them slowly before him, as he bled, and he said, "Do you know how to paint?" "No," replied the prisoner, "I don't know how to paint." The Deys made a sign, and a slave, armed with a long katana, made the head of the captive "Do you know how to paint?" asked the Deys of the second prisoner. The captive, frightened at the spectacle he had just seen, covered with blood, and not understanding very well the question, opened his eyes wide without making any answer. At a signal his head flew off like that of the first.

At the question, "Do you know how to paint?" the third, frightened out of his wits, answered, "Yes, I believe I do. I think that." "Ah, you are not true," said the Deys, and a third head rolled in the dust.

"Do you know how to paint?" asked the Deys, smiling, of the fourth prisoner. This fourth captive was a bold and fearless Parisian, formerly a Paris street boy, who had very often stopped before the doors of wine merchants or restaurateurs to see sign painters at their work, and he had seen the sign and full glasses, full of lacon and venison pies.

"Do you know how to paint?" cried he. "Certainly I do; am the best pupil of the illustrious David, painter to the Emperor." "What do you wish for, most mud and clement Deys, speak and be obeyed." "You shall know immediately what I want," said the Deys, and went on with the review.

Calling to his aid the Parisian had taught the Deys, and that was to be done. All replied that they knew how to paint. The Deys, enchanted with the success of his measures, put all the painters, (there were about thirty), under the orders of the Parisian; and he then led this battalion of impromptu artists to one of his pleasure palaces, and directed them to ornament the walls with paintings like those which decorate the palaces of European sovereigns.

Colors and brushes were sent for, and our artist went to work. The Musselman religion forbidding the representation of the human form, the task was very much simplified. He painted the sea and naval battles, where ships were to be seen, but not a sailor. Bullets and bombs were crossing each other in the air, which was darkened by smoke and reddened by fire, but not an artilleryman was seen in the piece.

Calling to his aid the recollections of his childhood, he made signs of one bright blue, in which he placed Mr. Sun, Madame Moon, and the Miss Stars. Then he painted the great phenomena of nature—storms, torrents, volcanoes in eruption, vomiting flame and smoke. The Parisian and his battalion of painters made use of the most lively and harmonious, but it was striking. The Deys was enchanted.

Happily, strangers who were connoisseurs in painting, never penetrating into this pleasure palace, the voluptuous retreat where the favorites of the Deys passed the summer season, no criticism was made, and the Parisian passed in the eyes of the Deys, for one of the greatest painters in France. Not only he and his assistants kept their heads upon their shoulders, but to reward them the Deys bestowed upon them their liberty.

It is these paintings which have been copied by a real artist. Strange as they are, there are some of them which show a singular intelligence on the part of the Parisian. These pictures are, moreover, very interesting specimens of what can be done, by the most absolute inexperience, and most complete ignorance of art, having to contend with the necessity and strengthened with the sentiment of the preservation of life.

An Eastern paper says "there is a bank in the West with a capital stock of coon skins." There is a bank at the East with a capital stock of codfish. It is the Bank of Newfoundland.

## MYSTERY OF HOWE'S CAVE.

Doubtless all have had, at times, the desire awakened in their hearts to see the mysteries of the "Mammoth Cave," to listen to the dull sound of the falling stone, dropped into the "Bottomless Pit," as it goes bounding and leaping on its way towards that vast sea of molten lava, which geologists tell us of, and which must be more easy to imagine than to describe, or to engage the services of Charon, and explore the unknown wonders of the cold, black "Styx," or listen to the tales of ancient "Indian towns" in the interior of the cavern's wall, and wonder how the race lived, and when they died. Indeed, such reveries may have led to this cave, and expense render a visit to this cave near at hand a cave of almost fabulous proportions and features is found; and even a slight and imperfect sketch of it may prove acceptable to our readers.

Howe's Cave is situated in the town of Cobalt, St. Lawrence county, in the State of New York, and deserves the celebrity so generally awarded to it of being the greatest natural curiosity in the United States; and many who have visited the cave of Kentucky, prefer to linger here.

The town is easy of access either from Cherry Valley, or Canajoharie. Having safely landed, (for not being able to describe the nature's laboratory as it is, must need give it its own name, we booked our names at the "Cave House," and having donned a suit of clothes that seemed to have suffered in a desperate struggle for existence with the old clothes man, we descended a few stone steps and entered with a shudder (perhaps occasioned by the cold blast that issued) this wondrous boudoir of Dame Nature.

In "Entrance Hall" we, of ourselves, and, after lighting our torches, discovered (to be a rocky passage, two hundred and sixty feet in length, by thirty-five in width—being satisfied with our view of stone and smell of dampness, we entered "Washing-ton Hall," which is one hundred feet long and thirty wide; here is a beautiful staircase, resembling the "Father of his Country," and what is really in a fine, and his statue. His mantle is falling in graceful folds from about his commanding person, while his epaulettes, removed from his shoulders, are hanging on the wall beside him. On the opposite side of the wall hangs "Lady Washington," a woman of the same height and breadth as the "Father of his Country," and what is really in a fine, and his statue. His mantle is falling in graceful folds from about his commanding person, while his epaulettes, removed from his shoulders, are hanging on the wall beside him. 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