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"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."
VOL. 5. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1859. NO. 30.

The Two Boas.

One summer's morning fresh and sunny,
After a month of cloudless weather,
To gather in their choicest honey,
A pair of bees set forth together;
They flew and buzzed as they went,
Of the same good and gracious queen.

They'd not gone far when in the air
They met a wandering or sweet,
Who came from a garden fair,
A cottage garden, plain and neat;
Where poor but ill hands had set
Some charming bed of nigamoths.

And fragrant with the perfume
Of roses, white and red, were there,
And dainty hollyhocks in bloom,
That seemed majestic, straight and tall,
Like mighty monarchs over all.
"Hurrah! you garden plot," said one,
"A large and luscious spot will yield."
"So say the other," "this bright sun
Shall tempt me further yet—
Perchance to pass my morning hours
With richer and with rarer flowers."

So one within the garden staid,
And sought the bees with flight and hum,
Watched by a little bright-eyed maid,
Who listened to his joyful hum,
And as he flew to lower the bee,
A life-directing lesson drew.

The other onward onward sailed,
But joyous was his flight and hum,
And all disconsolate and woe,
He sought the garden plot to find,
Which he had left behind.
Alas! to his profound relief,
A pair of bees were seen to fly,
And welcome glances, bright and brief,
He caught of a general partner;
He hurried on, and in a trice,
Alighted in a Paradise!

How fortunate at last was he
Admitted to that realm of beauty—
But happily the bees were seen,
Applied to his appointed duty,
And more than once bewailed the fate
That gave such privilege so late.

The sequel now, at eventide,
When the bees were home expected,
The one came early to the hive,
The other late, and much dejected;
The one produced a golden bee,
The other half his wanted store.

The queen, who ruled by birth right
Of sense sublime and princely spirit—
Who made it her supreme delight
To humble proud and foster merit—
Summoned forth her subject-bees,
And briefly spoke in words like these—
"My friends," said she, "the richest treasure
And those who travel far for pleasure
Will find that what has cost them dearest
Is far less precious, when its earned,
Than the cheap happiness they spend."
And men, like bees, may oft regret
The folly of the morning hour,
When with a cold and stern "Not yet,"
They shut the door of opportunity,
Which had abundant power to bless
With years of honored happiness.

From Sharp's Magazine.

That has a church and a schoolhouse, and where
Nature has been kind; Ah! Nature, thy teachings
Have been learned here; thy eloquence is unobeyed by
the people. Teachers, who are entrusted with the
young here, are you fulfilling your mission as you
should? And O! Church of God, are not thy duties
neglected? HOAK,
June, 1859.

For the Independent Republican.

Boarding Around.

The question—"how shall we board the teacher?"
has of late been a great annoyance to School Directors
and the friends of education; a few urging a reform
on the old system of boarding around, while the
majority (like the man balancing his grist with a
stone because his grandfather did) are in favor of the
teacher's boarding from place to place, as he is well-
known or rejected by the parents of the district in
which he labors.

One reason urged by many for thus subjecting the
teacher to this barbarous practice of "boarding
around," is that it is cheaper, which in his opinion
is so much gain, while in fact it loses an incalculable
amount of school training for their children; that
they might receive if the teacher were provided with
a permanent boarding place.

They cannot appreciate the fact that if the teacher
is supplied with a room, he can prosecute his
studies and derive plans to promote the best interests
of his school; but to be of the opinion that he
has arrived at the summit of perfection in his
profession, and all that is necessary is to enter the
schoolroom and go over the same routine of studies,
day after day, until the three months have passed away.

It is an enormous idea of the teachers of this
country that boarding at one place is more expensive
than boarding around, for while they are few sibilings
in an immediate pecuniary point of view, they are
vast in amount in the mental culture of their
children; which Solomon says "is better than fine
gold."

We have often heard the teacher remark that "they
don't value him." We would not deny that to apply
for some responsible office, perhaps Secretary of the
Treasury would be best suited for their great
powers of financial calculation. If they succeed, we
doubt not that the finances of our country would at
once be restored to their wonted equilibrium.

Why should the teacher have a permanent board-
ing place? We answer, first, that he, like others, is
a progressive being, and needs not only the culture
of his own mind, but using actively his profession,
that he may be able to do the best to
promote the interest of his school; these objects he
cannot attain while boarding from place to place.

Second, that he is responsible to God and his fel-
low man how he discharges his duties in the school-
room, in training the youthful mind along the rugged
paths of science, and therefore must be master
of his profession in his various departments. The
greater share of the people think that the
teacher is impervious to the chilling blasts of Winter,
and the driving rains of Summer.

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The Laurels of Napoleon.

Strange as it may seem, it is no less true, that the
laurels of the warrior always grow on the field of
battle, where the soil is saturated with the blood
of millions of human beings. In roots are nourished
the seeds of the future, and the laurels of the
hero are not those of Hermon, they are the tears
of the disconsolate widow, and the helpless orphan,
and whose aged looks have been silvered by the
frost of many a winter's day, and whose stern
decrees are inflexible, irrevocable, from which
there is no avenue of escape.

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Hereditary Features.

An extract from the Records of Creation, will be read with interest:
A peculiar thickness of the upper lip has
been remarked in the imperial family of
Hapsburg ever since the marriage, some centuries
ago, with the Polish family of Jagellon,
whence it came. In the English royal
family a certain fullness of the lower and
lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in
the portraits of the whole series of sovereigns
from George to Victoria, and has been
equally marked in other members of the
family. The females of the ducal house of
Gordon have long been remarkable for a
peculiar elegant conformation of the neck—
The Clackmannans Bruce, who are de-
scendants from the common stock of the
famous Robert Bruce, of Scotland, are said
to have a strongly marked form of the
cheek bones and jaws which appears on the
coins of that heroic monarch, as if it did in
his actual face, when his bones were disinterred
at Dumfries, about thirty years ago.

The signal was given, and the men arranged
themselves between the river and the
steep bank, and three or four rows were
formed, and applied their torches to the dry wood; slow-
ly the smoke ascended, and then the blaze
crept upward; while the loud shouts of the
exploding savages drowned the tears and
groans of Harris.

Through the mingled throb of the living,
and over the bodies of the dead, strange
being upon the burning pile, and a hatched
releas the sufferer from his perilous position,
as the fire was left the work which
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As the rescuer laid Mr. Harris on the
ground, he exclaimed:
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The friendly Indians descended the river
rapidly in their canoes, and were in season
to save only the lives of the whites.

AN ARMY AT REST.—The Albany Evening
Journal remarks:
"There is an army which will never quit
Italy. It steps on its arms in an eternal
bivouac. New recruits join at an average
of a thousand a day. They are the picked men,
the bravest in both armies—the foremost in
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has been strewn with twenty-seven thousand
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Sunday Doings Among Horses.

Our person is one of the kind who give
the people the worth of their money, so he
gets up pretty extensive sermons for such
hot days. Last Sunday I sat until he got to
11th, and by that time I got as dry as a
contribution box; so I stepped out to get a
drink at the pump. The meeting house is on
the corner, and the horses are hitched
along on both sides.

When I got out to see something was on foot
along the back side.
I stepped out to see something was on foot
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along the back side.

The little Black reached his head over to
investigate the disturbance among the horses,
and as he passed he saw the man who was
drinking at the pump. He was outside the
rails and hitching posts in a paved gutter,
each bearing a tattoo with a quartette of iron
hoofs, which I thought would be more profit-
able for the blacksmith and farrier than for
the owner; but as the owners were mostly
young men, they were not so much interested
in the matter.

The Black then moved the meeting-bee
organized, by calling the Big Boy to the chair.
This motion was carried, and the chairman
proceeded to state the object of the meeting
as follows:
Fellow-Horses—We have now organized
ourselves into a convention for the purpose
of peaceably discussing our grievances,
in accordance with the republican character
of our indelible rights. We are brought
from our stables and pastures every Sunday
to be tied up here in this hot weather, upon
a pavement of hot stones, and exposed to
the best of a mid-summer sun and the
bites of merciless flies. Many of us
have not a stitch of fly net to our backs, and
all of us have been more or less incapacitated
from protecting ourselves by having our
tails clipped to gratify an unseemly fashion,
which neither our owners nor mistresses
seemed disposed to honor in their outward
continuations. Besides our check reins are
left tied so tight that we can not bite a fly
from our shoulders, or ease our aching muscles
a single minute. In view of these abuses,
we have called our convention especially for
redress, and hope this convention will devise
some means of relief.

The Black then nominated the Chestnut as
Secretary, which was agreed on.
The Cream Color moved a committee of
three to present a platform for the consider-
ation of the meeting. Carried, and the chair-
appointed the Cream, the Black, and the
Red, said Committee.

While this Committee was consulting to-
gether, the Chair called for an expression of
opinion from the different members of the
convention, and requested that each one
bring in a resolution embodying his senti-
ments, whereupon the following were of-
fered:
By the Deacon's Yellow Mare:
Resolved, That the merciful man is merciful
to his best. Adopted.

Resolved, That every horse should be provided
with a fly net.
This was amended by the Sorrel, so as to read:
"and that the said fly nets should be con-
structed so as to protect the flanks and
legs, as well as the back and ears," and in
the foregoing resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That it is an abridgment of our
own natural rights to curtail us at one end
and tie us at the other, while the flies are suf-
fered to suck our blood. Carried with much
unanimity.
By the Black Pony:
Resolved, That these flies bite like h—!!
Objected to by the Deacon's Yellow Mare.
(The Pony had been brought up in a lively
stable where his morals had been sadly neg-
lected.) The little Sorrel said the Pony was
right. The old Dun thought the language
too strong for the place, but would vote for
any other day but Sunday. The Big Gray
moved to strike out all after the word
Resolved, and insert "that these flies have the
faculty of causing the members of this con-
vention, and our race generally, much pain
and annoyance."

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