The Independent.

Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861. VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2.

Professional Cards.

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M. R. DUTTON,
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UNDER the State Constitution, is and for Oskaloosa Township. Office at the County Clerk's office, adjoining the Dutton House, Oskaloosa, Jefferson County, Kansas.
apr.3-38tf.

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AND
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Oskaloosa, Jefferson Co., Kansas
Office south side of Public Square, next door to Newhouse's store. 2-1y

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THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to do surveying on short notice, and at reasonable fees. Persons wishing surveying done will please give me a call.
July 15th, 2-3m JOHN N. HALL

HENRY BUCK MASTER, M. D
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Office South side of Public Square, adjoining Crabb's Store.
Residence East side of Delaware street, 2nd Block South of the Public Square.
12-tf

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☞ Especial attention given to collections occurring in Northern Kansas. 4-6m

Pictures of Life.

THE HARSH LOOK.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

"MAGGIE, Maggie, how could you?"

"Why? what have I done but look at the child?"

"But Maggie, you look at her so harshly!"

"Well, and if I did—is she too good to be looked at?"

"Oh! but, Maggie, she is an orphan."

Maggie Lilburn tossed her head lightly, affecting disdain at her sister's trembling lips, but, nevertheless, the words and the tearful glance sunk into her heart.

In a chamber, richly furnished, two little beds stood side by side. Both were daintily shaped — furnished with soft linen and delicate netting like lace. Refinement floated in the air above them — touched the rare adornings of the room—laid in each dimple of the rounded cheeks — in each careless curl of hair, threading its golden way over the pillow.

There were two of them—two darling little girls, one in each soft bed; but one was ruddy and healthly, the other pale and more slightly formed. They slept the beautiful sleep of infancy; but, beneath the lashes of one were traces of tears, and the infantile lips curved downward slightly, as with grief.

It was very silent there; and, in the silence, soon a step sounded. Mary Lilburn, a gentle, graceful creature, came softly in, and, pausing, looked at the children. She kissed the brow of the rosiest slumberer; but over the other folded her hands, as if with a benediction, and gazed with a long, yearning glance.

"Poor little darling!" she murmured, at last: "how can any one speak harshly, or give one cold glance to so gentle a child! Poor little orphan! God bless you!" and she bent over and kissed her lips, lingering long on the fair face they pressed, and then she went to her own room.

She had scarcely gone before another step sounded along the chamber; and Maggie, the young, healthful, happy mother, came forward. As she stood there, a shade of regret stole over her beautiful face, and she sighed, "I suppose I haven't got the patience I ought to have with her, poor orphan!" but she kissed neither of the children.

It was the dead of night, and Maggie Lilburn, worshiped wife, happy mother, tossed restlessly upon her luxuriant couch. She had not yet slept. A little figure, looking mournfully out of dark eyes, haunted her. Occasionally she heard a short quick sob coming from the dim corner in which were outlined the beds of the two sweet children. At last the great clock of the city struck twelve, and Maggie had found the boon her nature craved—she slept. Slept, but not in peace—not in quiet. Her head turned uneasily, her hands moved, the lips quivered, and sobbing sighs and tears attested a troubled dream.

Still deepened the quiet gloom, and larger grew the shadows in the chamber. The babes were moved away, footsteps and whispering voices disturbed the silence. A sombre man, dressed in black, bent over the bed whereon lay Maggie Bilburn. A gentleman, much younger, stood further back, giving passionate way to some strong grief. He was half hidden by the pale blue hangings of the bed.—Mary, pale as marble—her beautiful white face an awful sternness in its anguish: the result of strife for self-composure — knelt, clasping one hand of the sufferer in her own. A servant crouched in the distance, hiding her face, and weeping in silence. On the bed lay Maggie, the young wife and mother, no longer restless, but white, faint, and still. Her blue eyes wistfully wandered from face to face; and the lips, so beautiful in repose, were distorted in her vain efforts to speak. At last the eyes closed, the lips were still. She slept, lightly, gently; it was, alas! the sleep that precedes death.

"She will be able to speak when she awakes," whispered the doctor.

His words were true. The dying mother awoke with renewed strength—a sudden meteoric brilliancy that flashed the promonition of dissolution.

"Husband! Mary!" she said, slowly; her eyes wandered from them and her white lips murmured, "My child! my little Maggie!"

They brought the little girl, who wept because her mother was so pale.

"This is the bitterest cup!" said the dying woman. "Oh! Mary—oh! my husband, how can I leave Maggie? Oh! this hard world—this cold, cruel world—how can I leave Maggie?"

"She shall be as my own," whispered Mary, the tears raining down her cheeks; "she shall be loved as you would love her; cared for as tenderly. God will give me strength and patience." Her voice failed her, she could only weep.

Quietly lay the mother—her life ebbing out—a troubled expression gathering, and deepening upon her face.—Again she essayed to speak. She turned her dim eyes toward her sister; her lips were quivering; the last tears drained from the fount of life, as she said, with a touching manner of self-rebuke, and so solemnly.

"Mary, you won't look harshly at my poor orphan?"

"God helping me, never!" cried Mary. Her voice seemed to ring with supernatural distinctness through the chamber.

The dying woman struggled fearfully, and—awoke!

Springing up in her bed, she clasped her hands together in an ecstasy of joy. The gray dawn crept through the shutters, paling the light of the dim lamp.

"Living! living!" she cried, "my child is not motherless! And oh! my heavenly Father, help me to profit by the vision Thou hast sent. Aid me to remember at all times, that she Thou hast entrusted to my care is motherless. That just as I have, the being who gave her birth, longed for her happiness, wept for her, prayed for her. Never, never will I forget. Thou who art the God of the fatherless, aid me in doing my duty by my sister's orphan child."

Stepping softly to the crib, she lightly kissed the brow of the motherless little one. The child awoke, flung its arms around her neck, and in that silent embrace, Maggie asked God again to aid her, that she might know no difference between her babe and the little charge He had given in her protection.

Miscellaneous.

THE SPRINGFIELD BATTLE.

Gallant Conduct of Kansas Volunteers.

We find in the Daily *Times* of August 22d, a letter containing a most graphic description of the hard-fought battle near Springfield, Mo., from which we make the following extracts, which will be read with intense interest by the people of Jefferson County.—EDS. INDEPENDENT.

* * * "In the meantime the Kansas 1st had been called out, fought nobly and retired with credit, taking a position near Totten's Battery

"At last the order came for the Kansas 2d to move to the front. In an instant every man was on his feet, ready to march. The spell was broken, and all that was thought of, was the work before them. Col. Mitchell took his position at the head of our little band — only about four hundred—and up the hill we moved, passing the Kansas 1st, and several other regiments who had fallen back to rest. As we filed up the steep ascent, we passed numbers of men who had "fought their last battle," and were sleeping their last sleep; and near the battery I saw large pools of blood. Still the column moved on firmly, until the summit of the hill was reached.

Company B, Captain McClure, was not with us, having been detached as skirmishers, under command of Major Cloud, and as we were marching by a left flank, Company K, Captain Tholen, was in front, followed by Company G, Captain Russell. Soon after reaching the summit of the hill, and before we had formed in line of battle, the front came upon a large body of the enemy, said to have been Cherokee Indians, who were concealed in the grass and brush. When within about thirty yards of them, they opened upon us a most terrific and destructive fire. It seemed as if the entire line, about three hundred yards, was fringed with a perfect blaze of fire and smoke, and the bullets rattled around us, and through our ranks, like hail. Captain Tholen's company delivered their fire, and broke into confusion, falling back upon Capt. Russell's company. Of course our ranks were somewhat broken, but the "Union Guards," true to the pledge made their friends, stood their ground, discharging their pieces right into the faces of the enemy, and only fell back into line when ordered by their Captain. The whole regiment was formed, into line of battle, about twenty yards back of where company K received the first fire, and in a moment or two we were pouring back into the ranks of the enemy, who still remained under cover, a most destructive fire of musketry.—After our line had been formed, we stood to our places as firm as rocks, every man feeling it his duty to load and fire as fast as he could. For about twenty minutes an incessant fire was kept up on both sides, then at last the enemy broke, and the field was left to us, with the exception of an occasional straggler, who, more bold than the rest, had remained to give us a parting salute; but as soon as their heads popped above the brush, a well directed ball from some of the boys, would settle them forever. Soon as the fire had ceased, two men came riding up to our rear. One inquired of Capt. Russell if he could pass down our rear. The Captain suspecting him to be a Secessionist, ordered him to halt, but instead of halting he put spurs to his horse and tried to escape. The Captain immediately drew his revolver and fired, the shot taking effect but not fatally. He immediately fired again, together with three others with muskets, when both horse and rider fell mortally wounded. Lieut. R. Newell went up to him, found him nearly dead, and removed from his person a fine revolver and sabre. He stated that he was an officer in the secession army. * * *

"In this charge we met with our heaviest loss, and here it was, immediately in the rear of Company G, that Gen. Lyon fell dead, the ball entering near his heart. A moment before he fell I was by the side of his horse, then falling into line I heard him cheer the boys on in his own clear, calm voice.

The next moment I heard that he was killed. His body was carried from the field to the ambulance by Lieut. Shryer of Co. K., A. Kepler and Ed. Spurlock, of Co. G, Kansas 2d, and not by his Aids, as stated by a correspondent of the Missouri Democrat.—At the time he fell none of his Aids were near him; and as the Iowa 1st was some distance down the hill at the time, it is not possible that he could have been leading *them* on to a charge, as stated in the Democrat.

On the death of General Lyon, the command of our forces fell upon Major Sturgis, who soon after ordered a retreat. The Kansas 2d was the last regiment to leave the field, and the only regiment that left with all the companies present, and in perfect order. We left slowly followed by the artillery, and soon were off the field. As we were leaving, a shell thrown by the enemy fell and burst near us, killing our Third Lieutenant, Robert Newell, from Oskaloosa. He was struck on the back of the head, and killed instantly.

He was a young man of sterling worth, and as true a heart as fought on the field. During the whole time he was at his post, cool and firm. His loss is keenly felt by us all.

"I cannot call this a defeat. Long before our regiment left the field, the enemy had commenced retreating and burning their trains. This I saw with my own eyes. Had Gen. Lyon lived, I think we would have held the field. That they did not follow us, looks as though they had been handled rather roughly, and were willing to quit.

"I do not wish to rob any regiment or company of their hard earned honors, but it is conceded by all hands that the Kansas 2nd made the bravest stand and best fight of any of the troops on the field. Certain it is that we were ordered to the most dangerous position, and held it for over two hours against fearful odds. They have a proud reputation among all the officers, Regulars and Volunteers, and they deserve it.

"I would like to speak of the Kansas 1st in detail, but have not the time. All honor is due them for their noble and gallant bearing."

Adventure of a Spy.

I have lately returned from the South, but my exact whereabouts in that region, for obvious reasons, it would not be polite to state. Suspected of being a Northoner, it was often to my advantage to court obscurity. Known as a spy, a "short shrift" and a ready rope would have prevented the blotting of this paper. Hanging, disguised, on the outskirts of a camp, mixing with its idlers, laughing at their jokes, examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening to this party and pursuing that, joining in the chorus of a rebel song, betting on rebel success, cursing abolitionism, reviling Lincoln, traducing Scott, extolling Beauregard, despising Northern fighters, laughing at their tactics and sneering at their weapons, praising the beauty of Southern belles and decrying that of Northern, calling New York a den of cut-throats, and New Orleans a paradise of immaculate chivalry, is but a small portion of the practice of my profession as a spy. This may not seem honorable or desirable. As to the honor, let the country that benefits by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger, often incurred, is more serious and personal than that of the battle field, which may, perhaps, detract from its desirability.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. I had collected my quotum of intelligence and was on the move for the Northern line. I was approaching the bank of a stream whose water I had to cross, and had then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me; I was on the outskirt of a wood fringing the dark waters at my feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all fours along the ground and groped with my hands — I paused—I groped again—my breath thickened, perspiration oozed from me at every pore, and I was prostrated with horror! I had missed my landmark and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank lay the skiff I had hidden, ten days before, when I commenced operations among the followers of Jeff. Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath with all the unmistakable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird or plunging of a fish would act like magnetism on my frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opening for escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge he has to the contrary; knowing, too, with painful accuracy, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster and feels his limbs as free and his spirit as light as when taking a favorite promenade, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness I felt to discover my true bearings—I was about to let myself gently into the stream and breast its current, for life and death. There was no alternative. The Northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should soon swing between heaven and earth from some limb of the black forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a blood hound struck my ear. The sound was revivng, the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread fled before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After the pause of a few seconds I began to creep, mechanically and stealthily, down the stream, followed, as I knew from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault. Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a slight cry from escaping me, as stretching out my hands I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half checked. In an instant I had scrambled on board and began searching for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings.

Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night!—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, my own skiff, (hidden there ten days before,) lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and on the log half buried in the sand, and from which I had that instant cast the line that had bound me to it, the supple form of a crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended and poising for a spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar I aimed a blow at his head, which however he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made the boat careened towards my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his forepaws over the side, at the same time seizing hold of the gunwale with his teeth.

Now or never was my time to get rid of the accursed brute. I drew my revolver and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but hesitated to fire, for that one report might bring a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasped my "bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering as I released it from the sheath like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank and was gone.

Five minutes' pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after, without further accident, I was among friends, encompassed by the Northern lines. That night I related at head-quarters the intelligence I had gathered, and in a few days shall again be gleaning knowledge in a Southern camp.

National Fast—A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

WHEREAS, A Joint Committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of Public Humiliation Prayer and Fasting, to be observed by the People of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplication to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessings on their army, and a speedy restoration of peace;

And whereas, It is fit and becoming in all people at all times to acknowledge and revere the Supreme Government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervor and contrition for the pardon of their past offences, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action;

And whereas, When our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, and in sorrowful rememberance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and to pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved; that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the re-establishment of law, order and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned under His guidance and blessing by the labor and sufferings of our fathers, may be restored in all its original excellence. Therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next as a day of Humiliation, Prayer and Fasting for all the people of the Nation, and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all Ministers and teachers of religion of all denominations, and to all heads of families—to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship in all humility, and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the Nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed, this 12th day of August, A. D. 1861, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth.

By the President:
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WM. H. SEWARD, Sec. of State.

An old "secesher" living on Drywood ran off and joined Jackson's army, leaving an unprotected daughter at home. Said daughter had a "luvyer," and said "luvyer" carried her off to the Union camp, where they were married by an ex-justice of the peace—no other being obtainable—and the wedding was duly celebrated by the assembled soldiers.—*Ft. Scott Democrat.*

A man in the right, though he be alone is in the majority, for God is on his side, and God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth.

Odds and Ends.

There has been a row at Toronto. A sergeant of the recently imported troops was passing up John street. A civilian asked the sergeant if he wouldn't like to buy a dog. The sergeant felt insulted and hit the civilian a knock-down blow. A policeman interfered, when the sergeant tapped his chest and made preparations for a sanguinary work by brandishing a bayonet. The policeman blew his whistle for aid, and the sergeant sounded a signal for reinforcements. Both sides gathered strength, but the police stations being quite adjacent, the civil arm triumphed, and the sergeant was conveyed to the station house, where the matter was "arranged." *Moral*—Never ask a man in soldier's clothes if he wants to buy a dog.

Garments for the Seat of War—The breaches made by the artillery.

Bail required for the appearance of the Southern Loan—The Cotton Bale.

We can all bear, with resignation, a rent in the dress of our very dearest friend. A lady said that.

What Sambo thinks of Bull Run—There's victory in de feet.

One of the chief reasons that matrimonial differences are so bitter is, that each party is so well informed of the enemy's weak side.

How to confiscate the property of the rebels—First get hold of it.

A man advertises in Poughkeepsie, "Wanted, a middle-aged woman to cook!" Gracious!

Prentice says the talent of making friends is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

The Louisville Journal says that the four great conquerors of the world are Love, Fashion, Death, and Gen. Scott.

EXPENSIVE.—The cost of keeping an army of 100,000 men in the field for one year, is estimated at $106,678,000.

PRENTICE'S LAST.—It is said that Gen. Price cares very little for the luxuries of life, if he can only have enough necessaries.

In the Presbyterian Synod of England an attempt has lately been made to prevent the use of organs in churches. The question is dividing the clergy.

A countryman seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the waters edge, exclaimed: "Upon my word, if the sea was a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom!"

An Augusta, Me., editor (Pike), thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriots: "Some esteem it 'sweet and decorous' to die for one's country; others regard it as sweeter to live for one's country; and yet others hold it to be sweeter still to live upon one's country."

☞ A good story is told, and it is true, of a Virginia emigrant who stopped at Willard's a few days ago. There was considerable doubt in the minds of many whether the man was really what he represented himself to be, or a spy. He told several persons who were standing around him, that he was so well known in Virginia as a Union man that $500 was now offered for his head.

"Why don't you go back and claim the reward?" asked a wag.

"I would," was the reply, "if I wasn't afraid they would pay me in Confederate bonds!"

It was unanimously agreed after this reply, that the man's loyalty was above suspicion.

ANXIOUS TO FIGHT.—A Lieutenant of Dragoons, named Tillinghast L'Hommedieu, a native of Cincinnati who has been on the sick list; hearing of the movement on Fairfax, rose from his bed, and contriving to elude the vigilance of his physician, chartered a carriage at the hour of midnight, for which he paid $50, and joined his company in the advance column.

The Postmaster General has directed the Postmaster at New York not to forward in the mails, any of the papers recently presented by the Grand Jury. The papers thus deprived of circulation are the Journal of Commerce, News, Day Book, Freeman's Journal and Brooklyn Eagle. It is a severe blow at treason, and the Missouri and Kansas rebels will feel it heavily.

☞ The Western Virginia correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette reports the following specimen of orthography as having been discovered in a rebel soldier's letter:

The writer, a soldier in a Georgia regiment, I believe, spelt "according to sound" most *literally*. For example, he wanted to tell the young lady to whom he was writing, that he "would find the accursed Yankees so long as God Almighty gave him breath." When he came to "God Almighty," he appears to have been puzzled. Finally he made a desperate dash, and wrote it down thus: G-o-d, God, d-l-e, dle, Goddle, m-i, mi, t-y, ty; Goddle Mity!