

The Independent.

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

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1861.

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 7.

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An Original American Romance.

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EVANGELINE.

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR.

A RECORD OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Massacre at Wyoming," "Alvarez, the Martyr," "George Welding,"

"The Rival Hunters," etc., etc.

Chapter I.

FORESHADOWINGS.

"Have you thought well of this matter, my dear Evangeline? Can you not find some warmer spot in your heart for the friend of your youth and the companion and confidant of your childhood? Must I leave you with the sad conviction that all these tender reminiscences have faded from your mind; that these memories, which have made my life so happy, and shone so lightly along my path even in the darkest hours of the past, have all been forgotten by you? Oh, I pray you, say it is not so!"

"Of all things in the world, Augustus, I look upon hypocrisy and deception as most inexcusable in matters involving the deepest and dearest interests of life. I have forgotten nothing of the past. Its memories are bright and fresh, and cheering; and I remember our childish attachment and riper friendship with the liveliest feelings of pleasure. Nothing, I think, will ever banish them from my mind. But, as I have already told you, I do not feel that the sentiments these occurrences and retrospections awaken in my heart, are such as would warrant me in giving you the pledge you ask. If I ever bestow my hand upon any one, I wish my heart to go with it; for without the sanctifying presence and influence of true affection, I look upon marriage as a sacrilege which must ever be attended with misfortunes and the frown of Heaven."

"It seems hard that the hopes of a life-time should be so suddenly crushed and blasted! That all the fond anticipations which have crowned the future with radiance should in a moment go out in darkness—a darkness so deep that no ray of light glimmers through it.—And you think this is your final answer?"

"I know not what is in the future; but I will not, I dare not bid you hope."
"If it were ten, ay, twenty years hence—any period in the future to which I could look forward with hope, I should be content. May I not ask that you will give me some small comfort for the dim days yet to come?"

"It might prove the most cruel thing I could do for you. I have been frank, honest and openhearted with you. I have fully explained the matter and stated my reasons for the course I have felt it my duty to take. It has given me much pain, more than I can express, to be thus candid with you, the friend of my youth. But you are too much too sensitive, to wish an empty hand, and plighted truth which had no love in it. It is, therefore, mercy to both of us that a thorough and final understanding be had without further delay. I can hold out no hope for the future."

"May I not at least have the thought, nay, the assurance, to console me, that no other has left his image on your heart?"

"I do not think it your right to enter the sacred sanctuary of another's soul further than your personal interest and destiny are concerned; and you will pardon me if I decline to answer your inquiry."

"Indeed, Evangeline, am I not personally interested to the very center of my life's hopes in you and your destiny?"

"Not now, Augustus. I have just settled that point."

"But if no one else has possession of your heart I may yet hope."

"The very circumstances which you plead, the confidence, friendship and intimacy of the past, forbid such a thought. Surely if my heart could ever love you, it would have done so ere this."

"You are cruel."

"You mistake me; I am kind; and it is in kindness that I speak thus plainly and decidedly. I would save you to yourself and for another more worthy of your regard."

"It never can be."

"Time works wonderful changes."

"Yes, it is true; too true; and that is why I am an unsuccessful suitor for your hand to-day."

"I do not understand you."

"Until the advent of a stranger, your heart was true to me."

"It is just as true now as it ever was, and I trust you will not lessen my esteem by stooping from the dignity of a gentleman."

"Since you will not give me the least hope, but purposely and unfeelingly cut me off from any and all pleasing anticipations, you must not be surprised if I should become reckless or even desperate."

This was spoken with so much deliberation; that it struck the lady as being theatrical instead of real, as a part of an act, rather than an upgushing feeling of the heart, and she lifted her eyes to the face of the speaker, to read, if possible, his thoughts. A sinister expression seemed to rest upon his countenance, the first she had ever noticed there.

"I hope," she replied, "you have too much pride to become less than a man, or to forget that you have been educated in refined and cultivated society."

"Whatever else may be my fortune, I cannot forget that the light of my life has gone out—that I have been deceived where my dearest hopes were centered."

"Perhaps it would be best you should forget."

"I think it best to remember. If I cannot enjoy the prize myself, it will be some consolation to know that no other is more fortunate."

She bent a searching glance upon him as she enquired:
"What am I to understand by such language?"

"Plainly, that I do not wish to see another possess that which I have hoped for and desired all my life."

"I do not yet comprehend your meaning."

"Then let me say that I have taken a vow that no one shall wed you except myself."

There was fire in the eyes of the maiden as she responded:
"And pray, who made you ruler over my destiny?"

"I have done it myself."

"Let me assure you that no such authority is either recognized or regarded by me. I shall proceed to dispossess myself as I please, despite the edict of your royal highness, or any vow or proclamation your majesty may choose to make or set forth."

There was a bitter irony in these remarks which cut keen as the sharpest Damascus blade, and every word went

to the quick. The man was maddened and thrown off his guard.

"You evidently speak without a knowledge of either my power over your destiny, or of the quickly coming events which will soon startle the world. Know you that that Northern clodhopper, who has come between me and my hopes, is this day in my grasp?"

"I know nothing," she said, "of the grapple I have just had of your real character, I know the person of whom you speak is far nobler and more refined than yourself—that you are the 'clodhopper,' and he the gentleman."

"It matters not to me what you now say; I have grown desperate and am determined in my course. What I have said is no idle boast. I have only to give the word, and this Northerner will be lynched in an hour."

"I did not know that you were a coward before."

"A coward?"

"Yes."

"What mean you?"

"That no one who is really brave will have recourse to a mob to carry out his personal revenge."

"It is well you are a lady. No man can call me a coward and live."

"No, you would assassinate him, or set the robber after him! Brave man! You should have a monument erected to perpetuate your heroic deeds!"

This cutting speech had the desired effect. It threw the already highly excited man still further off his guard, and led him more fully to reveal his purposes:

"You little understand where you and he and I stand. Let me but say the one word, 'Abolitionist,' and even I could not save him!"

"But he is not an abolitionist."

"He is from the North—all Northerners are suspected, and none are safe with an enemy near, who was born and has been raised on Southern soil."

"And you would be guilty of falsehood of the basest kind to gain revenge on an innocent man."

"I care not for him; it is you I wish to reach."

"And what is he to me more than other men?"

"Everything."

"You make assertions without proof."

"Declare to me solemnly that this Northerner is no more to you than any other man, and I will pledge myself with an oath that not a hair of his head shall be touched."

"I am not here for such a purpose, nor do I permit you here, to dictate terms to me. I shall determine my own actions, and give pledge only to those whom I chose to select, for that purpose."

"Very well; I know your secret, and my course is determined."

"Well, sir, sit down and reveal all your designs."

"Gladly, if it will gratify you. My first object is to put this Northerner forever out of the way. I have already told you how."

"Perhaps you may find yourself in the hands of the law, if you are not careful."

"Such remarks only show that you are in total ignorance of the startling events about to occur. In less than three months there will be an end of the United States government, an end of the Union of the North and South, and a new Southern Confederacy, which is destined to become the most glorious nation on the face of the earth."

"I have heard such idle talk before, and for many years."

"And now the time for talking is about to end, and the hour of action come."

"Suppose it is, what then?"

"Simply that your law will be of no effect that will be deemed a virtue to kill off all abolitionists as spies in the land, and that instead of dishonoring it will be deemed honorable and patriotic to put our enemies out of the way."

"I do not believe that Southern men or Southern society will ever sanction assassinations, especially when the deed is done to carry out private animosities."

"Motives will not be looked after, so the work is done; and it can be performed under the garb of patriotism and become praiseworthy in the sight of men."

"Is it possible you have a heart so black?"

"It is my fate. Blame yourself, not me. I knew not what was in me myself until it was aroused by despair and disappointed love."

"Such a heart never did and never can truly love. Thank God my fate in this life was not united with one so black."

"Beware of your words! There is a point beyond which even your character as a lady may not be a protection."

"I trust to no privilege for safety from such as you have proved yourself to be. Destitute of true honor and nobility, there is nothing to check your wickedness but fear of consequences."

"A true foe all personalities. What I have told you are coming events will soon pass into history—a history most likely of blood and devastation; and many an innocent one may suffer with the guilty. It will soon become a duty on our part to clear the South of abolitionists and spies, and every Northern man is liable to suspicion. This is all I ask for my present purpose. I shall be doing my country a service by getting rid of a rival who has destroyed my peace of mind and made me feel more like a fiend than a man."

"I cannot believe you design so dishonorable an act."

"I assure you on my honor as a man I will do it!"

"Your honor is entirely too shadowy a myth to swear by. If you expect to be believed, swear by some reality."

"As sure, then, as we are conversing together I will denounce Alfred Warner as an abolitionist, and have him hung."

"You cannot prove the charge, and the falsehood will recoil upon your own head."

"I can prove it. I have two negroes who will testify that Warner had conversed with them about freedom and their escape."

"You know the testimony is utterly false."

"I know it is, but I care not; it will answer my purpose just as well as if it were true."

"But a negro's evidence will not be taken in court against a white man."

"I know that is the law; but such evidence is the very best kind against an abolitionist in Judge Lynch's jury room."

"Now, sir, I have drawn you out in this manner on purpose that I might know exactly what you are, and what you are worth as a being in the shape of man. I have weighed you in the balances and I find you are worse than wanting—you are a black-hearted villain!"

"Spare your words!"

"I shall spare nothing. You have made your threats, now hear my decree: As sure as the blue heavens are above us, as sure as there is a God above those blue heavens, if you hurt a hair of Alfred Warner's head; if you lay, or cause to be laid, a finger on him for harm, you shall die! No secret cave on the earth or remote island of the sea shall become a hiding place for you. Justice and vengeance shall overtake you, and you shall be slain! Do you hear it?"

The lady had all her Southern blood excited, and her eyes flashed like orbs of fire, as she thus denounced this sentence of doom upon the craven before her. All natures like his are cowardly, perhaps because a guilty conscience makes them so, and the fellow actually turned pale and slightly trembled before the heroic girl, who thus stood up for the defenseless and innocent; and he was speechless for the time. For a few moments she stood thus, noting fully the effect of her words, then she repeated:

"Say, do you hear it? do you understand it, Mr. Augustus Cesar Tippleton?"

Thus tauntingly appealed to, he aroused himself from the stupor of fear and awe into which her speech had cast him, and with a show of indifference replied:

"Certainly, madam; I am not deaf that I should not hear words so vehemently uttered; but what do you suppose I care for a woman's threat?"

"I think you care a great deal, and that if you dare to carry out your threat you will feel very much more than you

now wish me to think you care for the doom I denounce against you."

"Why, you are nothing but a woman!"

"And you are nothing but a villain and a coward!"

"It is well you are not a man!"

"If you were a man it would be well indeed!"

"As you please."

"Remember what I have told you; and especially bear in mind that which relates to Warner."

"I shall not forget, nor will you.—Touch Mr. Warner to harm him, and you will never see another hour of peace, neither in this world nor the world to come!"

The already cowed Tippleton stood irresolute a moment with eyes cast to the floor, unable to meet the burning gaze of the lady, twirling his watch seal between his thumb and fingers, and then said:

"I am willing to a compromise in this matter of Warner. I will spare him on condition that he leave the South never to return."

"I shall make no compromise with a villain. If you were to pledge me your word that he should not be harmed I would not trust you; for you would be treacherous enough to have him assassinated. All I shall do will be to give Mr. Warner such advice as I deem best, should I see him."

"And will that be to leave?"

"If I think there is danger of trouble or of his being wrongfully suspected, I shall probably advise him to return to the North."

"Very well; I will await your action and its results before proceeding to extremities."

"If Mr. Warner should be molested or injured in the least, in person or property, I shall hold you responsible; and you shall dearly pay for it. Don't forget this as you value your life!"

"I shall not disturb him for a few days; but he must leave or die. You understand?"

"I hear what you say, but have very little regard for it. You may go now; but you are not at liberty to call again until sent for. Good evening."

And as she spoke she turned away, determined to close the interview. He left with a rather uncivil adieu.

This little tableau was enacted in the city of Vicksburg, in the State of Mississippi, on the fifth day of November, of the year 1860; the day before the Presidential election. It needs no comment from the writer, but the undercurrent it reveals is worthy of the readers close attention. It shows how wicked men have seized upon the frenzied feeling at the South to wreak out their private hate and personal malice.

The actors are Evangeline Marston, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of that place, and Augustus Cesar Tippleton, son of another citizen, formerly a large planter in the interior. The reader must learn additional particulars and developments by the perusal of the future pages of this record of events.

When Tippleton found himself alone, he soliloquized thus:

"What a fool I have been! I could almost curse myself for my folly!—Why did I throw off the mask? It would have been so easy to rid myself of this accursed Warner by simply representing his danger and advising her to persuade him to leave. He would have run quick enough, if he thought there was any danger. And then I would have stood even better with Evangeline than before; and he out of the way, all might yet have been well. A double curse on my folly, say I! And then to be so outgeneraled at my own game! I believe she would kill me! I never saw such an eye! Gods! but I had rather not encounter its flashes again, especially if it were behind a revolver, or guided a hand armed with a stiletto! Fool! fool! fool! Well, it can't be helped now, and I must await developments. Perhaps I can yet make amends for my miserable failure and folly to-day!"

As for Evangeline, she shut herself up in solitude to meditate and determine how to proceed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

While eating buckwheat cakes, what insect do we generally make?—We make the butter fly.

TO THE FALLEN.

By RALPH SANDERS.

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,
Oh! mourn for the slain,
Whose blood in deep torrents
Are trampling them down,
On the fields that have echoed
Their fathers' renown!

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,
Oh! mourn for the brave,
Who for God and for freedom
Have gone to the grave!
See! they sink all despairing
On the far-distant plain,
Where now they are bleeding,
And bleeding in vain!

Oh! mourn now, my country,
Thou chosen of earth!
For the torch of a demon
Is red on thy hearth;
And the wail of bereavement,
The shriek of despair,
From thy heart broken daughters,
Is filling the air!

One prayer for the dying,
One tear for the dead—
Then strike, O my brothers,
For the heroes that bled:
Arise in your fury,
Arise in your might,
And down with the foemen
Of God and the Right!

Taking up Tender Plants.

We are no sooner fairly into the galaxy of beauty with our flowers, than the continually increasing colder evenings remind us that the fall is approaching, which will render necessary the operation of lifting such tender plants as we may require to preserve. Where large quantities are planted, many that are now of gorgeous beauty, will be allowed to perish with the first frost, simply because no room can be found for such exuberant growth that a summer gives to plants that in the spring, perhaps, could only just be seen. Besides this, some kinds do just as well from cuttings propagated during winter and spring, and which then gives room in the greenhouse for plants that furnish flowers during winter.

Taking up and potting plants of strong summer growth, requires some practice and experience to render the matter certain, simply because instead of masses of fibrous roots as we find when the same plants are confined in pots, they have comparatively few roots of strong growth, in keeping with the tops they have made, while the fibres, or those the plant required for immediate use are some distance away from the ball of the plant, and cannot possibly all be collected. The remedy we use, as in tree planting, is dislodging and reduction of the top, to balance the unavoidable loss of roots. Attention to these matters, with such roots as can conveniently be obtained, and the parts kept in a close moist atmosphere for a few days, after taking up, they will soon recover.

Some kinds of plants flower better the second year from the cuttings, than the first; hence, it is important to save as many as possible. Of these, may be particularly mentioned the various kinds of scarlet, and other flowering geraniums, and even Lantanas, and Heliotropes, are less disposed to go to leaf, and afford more flowers when kept over winter. But the plant of all plants for summer decoration, the Verbena, needs nothing of this. A cutting, struck but a few weeks before planting time, if a strong and vigorous constitution, is better than any spindly chap, kept over winter in a greenhouse.

All that is necessary then, is to preserve sufficient plants to get those cuttings from, and if this cannot even be done, then the lover of verbena can do as Mr. Kimball advises them to do—grow them from seed.

In the window the verbena requires considerable care to winter it. In the greenhouse there is but little trouble. We preserve them both by taking up small pieces with roots, and potting into three inch pots, in September, and by cuttings, put in just before the final freezing up of water. There is no use in trying to save the entire plant. The outside points are the best.

EDGAR SANDERS.

—In Prairie Farmer.