

The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS,

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

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME III, NUMBER 23.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, JANUARY 31, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 127.

An Original American Romance.

(COPY-RIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.)

EVANGELINE; OR, 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 Weldon," "The Rival Hunters," etc.

PART SECOND.

Chapter XV.

EVANGELINE.

EVANGELINE had been in constant communication with Norville during Monday, sometimes personally and at others through Tom as a medium; and but for the fact that he was her fast friend there is little doubt but that all her efforts to elude the pursuit of Tippleton must have proved futile. Norville felt the importance of the part he was acting, and although he knew every step was beset with danger, yet he determined to repay the debt of gratitude he owed to Miss Marston, cost what it might.

Evangeline entrusted to him the plan by which he should be duped, and secure he slave instead of herself. Of course she could not tell what would be the scene at the meeting—could not foresee that her servant should be honored with the kisses of the wretch. But she expected he would be greatly disappointed and chagrined when he discovered the mistake.

All the details to make sure of the success of this plot were made known to Norville, who entered into the joke with a right earnest good will and reported all the particulars to his superior, which led to the abduction of the slave under such circumstances as rendered a mistake almost beyond the probabilities, so far as human foresight is concerned.

Norville felt that there was danger to himself should the Captain suspect him of complicity in the matter, and he could plainly perceive that such a suspicion on his part would be natural enough. After the event was over, and the excitement of the preparation past, the mind being left to sober reflection, he calmly contemplated the aspects of the case, and became satisfied that the Captain would subject him to a close examination. How to avoid this he could not see, unless he should leave the company in which he had enlisted—if so he must leave the country also. But so his former benefactress escaped, he cared not for other consequences. If the "worst came to the worst," he would face the foe and "head the lion in his own den."

But now the Captain is in the mansion, with ample numbers of willing tools at his back, and what becomes of the lady? Her reluctance is encouraged and maddened to recklessness. He will even brave personal danger to gain the object for which he seeks. He is resolved to make certain of his prey this time, and moves forward with every precaution, to ensure the complete success of his enterprise.

Following the slave-girl came Tippleton and his two men. Stealthily they moved along, as the tiger approaches its victim, scarcely making a noise that their own ears could detect.

Tippleton desired, if possible, to seize Evangeline without arousing the other members of the family; but should he fail in this, his intention was to carry her off at all risks and in the face of any opposition that might occur. He carried with him a dark lantern, and when the girl came near the room of her mistress, and said she could not be sure which was the right door without a light, he at once produced the desired illumination.

answer that you are here and wish to see her immediately."

"Yes, I understand."
And she tapped away at the door. No answer.

"Knock again," said Tippleton. She did so, but all was yet silent. "Knock harder!" he ordered. She obeyed—no response.

"Harder yet!" he said. The knocking was repeated with more zest, but the occupant of the room did not move.

"Harder still—hard!" he commanded, and the thumping now resounded through the hall with the same result as before.

"Harder still—hard!" he commanded, and the thumping now resounded through the hall with the same result as before.

"Harder still—hard!" he commanded, and the thumping now resounded through the hall with the same result as before.

"Where is your mistress?" he demanded of the girl, who stood in the door-way; and his eyes fairly flashed fire as he spoke.

"I don't know unless she be on de boat."

"On the boat?"

"Yes, sah, de boat."

"What boat?"

"De steamboat, I specs."

"Did she talk of going on a boat?"

"Yes, sah."

"Where to?"

"I's dunno, but I specs on de river, ob course."

"Was she going up the river or down it?"

"I's dunno; I specs if she no go up she go down."

"You black imp of Satan, have you no sense?"

"I's dunno, not much I guess."

"Why didn't you tell me your mistress was going off on a boat?"

"'Cuz, massa, you no ask me, an' I's not thinkin' it good manners for a slave like me to be speakin' to gentee folks without bein' asked to do so."

"You niggers are such infernal liars nobody knows when to believe you."

By this time several other slaves made their appearance with open mouths, and eyes which showed they were somewhat alarmed and more astonished at what they saw.

"Where is your young mistress?" demanded Tippleton of a group assembled in the hall.

"O she been gone dis three or four hours."

"Gone where?"

"To de boat."

"What boat?"

"De steamboat."

"I mean what is the name of the boat?"

"Dunno."

"Where is Tom?"

"Gone wid his mistress."

Tippleton muttered curses between his teeth which he cannot repeat, and then betinking himself, enquired:

"Has the boat left yet?"

"Dunno, massa, I specs if it hant left it at de wharf yet."

"You cursed blockhead!" roared Tippleton. "I've half a mind to put a ball through your thick skull."

This semi-threat half frightened the negroes, but they looked very innocent, and it was difficult to tell whether they were really dumb or only acting a part. We may as well say, however, that they were all well posted, and knew exactly what they were about. Their apparent stupidity was all assumed, but their part was acted with such consummate skill that the most careful observer could not have detected the cheat. That which had the appearance of almost incredible ignorance was only a cloak to conceal what they really knew. This is a characteristic of the slave population throughout the South. It is almost impossible to learn anything from them that they wish to conceal, and yet they make a show of the utmost candor, the most unsophisticated innocence and simplicity.

It requires no small share of talent, and a good deal of training to perfect the slaves in the method of acting, which is sometimes their only resort to save themselves from punishment or from betraying their friends. But their ready gift of imitation enables them to become proficient in this respect.

Tippleton saw that he was again foiled; but betinking himself that possibly it might not yet be too late to secure the prize, he commanded:

"To the wharf, boys! to the wharf! The boat may still be there; and if it is we will secure the lady yet."

Away they started for this new scene of effort, the Captain calling off his men from the house to stand by him on the boat.

No sooner had Evangeline perfected her plans for the deception of Tippleton than she prepared to leave. Already had she secured a passage on the boat for Cincinnati. Her trunks were packed and ready for removal; and she only awaited the result of the adventure of the arbor to have them taken on board the vessel.

She it was who entered the side-gate into the garden, and her time in the arbor was spent in giving her last and minute directions to the girl who was to personate her during the next few hours, and then in taking leave. It was no fiction that deceived the ears of the men, as they fancied they heard sobs; for the girl did bewail her mistress whom she did not expect to see soon again, if ever; and she loved her.

Making all haste to the house, Evangeline barely had time to reach the window from which she could look out on the scene, ere the men disappeared with the girl and hasten off.

"Completely deceived!" she said within herself as she noted their movements. Then turning away, she called Tom, and said:

"Now get my trunk on the boat quickly. No time is to be lost!"

Tom did not wait for a second command. He was to accompany his mistress and secure the long-promised freedom in Ohio, and he needed no other incentive to work with a will. In an almost incredible short time the trunks were on board the boat, and very soon after wards his mistress was there too. He parted from his fellow-servants with tears, and from the elegant carriage and fine span of horses which it had been his pride to drive, with regret. But soon all these emotions were lost in the one absorbing reflection that he was soon to be a man.

As Tippleton reached the wharf, the boat was there.

"The slave is sure enough!" he said. "Now, boys, you wait here till I go on board and ascertain if the lady is a passenger."

He went in quest of the information indicated, and enquired of the Clerk:

"Where is this boat bound for?"

"New Orleans."

"Has a lady by the name of Marston taken passage?"

"Marston? Marston?" repeated the Clerk musingly. "Is she young or old?"

"Young."

"I forget; the name sounds familiar; but I must look at the books."

He makes the examination and reports:

"No, sir, no one by that name on board."

"Has any other boat left this port to-night?"

"Yes, the Cincinnati packet went out some three hours ago, just as we came in."

Tippleton turned on his heel and muttered to himself as he sullenly left the boat.

"She's on the other boat, and I must give up the chase for the present;—the luck! But curse me if I don't follow her there!"

He had by this time reached the wharf and saying to the man:

"We are too late, she is gone!" ordered them back to camp. Then following out the train of thought which filled his mind as he left the vessel, he continued:

"Yes, I shall follow her; and if I reach the North too late to prevent her union with that accursed Wainer, I'll make her a widow, and leave his hated carcass on some lone spot for the vultures to pick at! Yes, I'll do it!"

At this juncture came the remembrance that he was in the rebel service, and here was a new difficulty.

"Curse the luck!" he growled between his lips. "Every thing goes wrong! But I'll make it win yet!"

And he set his busy, plotting brain to work, to devise some plan of action that would suit his case.

Evangeline had a pleasant trip; and without accident landed at Cincinnati. She felt relief, as though a load were taken from her spirits, the moment her feet were on free soil. She felt something of the blessed difference there is between freedom and slavery, and in her heart began to wish that every shackle was broken from the slaves.

At the earliest hour she made Tom free, at which he was greatly delighted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

While the name of Dr. Franklin occupies so prominent a place in the history of our country, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William—about whom we think little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim to veneration is for the invaluable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was, from first to last, a devoted loyalist. Before the revolutionary war he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1763. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonists were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favor of royalty, and endeavored to prevent the legislative assembly from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress at Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did little to sway the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained for two years in East Windsor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exiled, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1818, at the age of 82.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age, by my only son; not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which if of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate which he endeavored to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.

THE WOUNDED.—Many a soldier has bled to death on the battle-field, whose life might have been saved by a handful of flour bound on the wound. It is not generally known, (as it should be,) that gunpowder is one of the very best styptics. Reduce the grains to dust, scrape a little lint from some garment and fill it with this fine powder and apply it to the wound, binding or holding it fast. Soldier, remember this and you may sometimes save your own or a comrade's life.

Our principles are the springs of our actions,—our actions the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.

The truest heroes are they who can say "No" when solicited to do wrong.

Selected Poetry.

Blackwood's Magazine, which graciously bestows praise upon any literary production that has an American origin, pronounced the following poem "the best lyric of the century." How much it is to be regretted that the gifted author, like that other wayward man of genius, Edgar Allan Poe, became an early victim to strong drink. Alas! the wine and its attendant excesses and debaucheries, should hurry so many of the brightest intellects to premature and unhalloved graves!—Ed. Ins.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY CAPT. GEORGE W. COTTELL.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the sea,
Creeping along, a small-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I saw the peasant faintly reel,
At the toll which he faintly bore,
As he turned away at the early wheel,
Or ragged at the weary car:

When I measured the panting courier's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could but think how the world would feel
As those were out-stripped 'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing wheel,
Or chained to the flying car.

But! but! they have found me at last,
And they invite me forth at length;
And I rush to my throne with a thunder blast
And laugh in my iron strength!
Oh! then you saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide;
Where now my fiery armies range,
No wall for wind or tide.

Harm! hurray! the waters o'er
The mountains steep decline;
Time—space have yielded to my power—
The world!—the world is mine!
The giant streams of the queenly west,
And the ocean folds divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And in waters of the briny deep
Cover trembling all my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the god-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darkness depths of the faithless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks no'er saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up,
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal globe o'ertop.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steels,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mist,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, nor breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you my "go and play"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the trumpet sounds a chain.

Miscellaneous.

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.—It is almost trifling, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on-going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally amazing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vociferation of gossip— an order of society that perpetrates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are which become mischievous only by being heard a second time; and what an army of both sexes are sworn to see to it, that the fatal repetition shall be had. Blessed is that man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up, and fastening them on the next passenger! Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacinated and scandal ridden world would get healed and tranquilized.

While on the march from Holy Springs, Gen. Ross observed a young and delicate soldier, belonging to an Ohio regiment, lagging behind, and asking him if he were tired.

"Yes, indeed, General; I should like to keep up, but I am very, very tired."
The fatigued expression of his face gave proof of his sincerity; and the general, without further questioning, said:

"Here, my good fellow, give me your musket, and ride my horse."
The poor soldier-boy hesitated, but Gen. Ross dismounted, and taking his gun, carried it several miles while the weary soldier rode by his side.

We need more officers of this kind, who have sympathy for the men under them, and a willingness to share their hardships and relieve their sufferings.

Sin may be pleasing for the moment, but afterwards it is followed by many evils and pains.

The reward of a good deed done with a pure motive, is always sure.

Sleep is Death's youngest brother; so like him that you should never trust yourself with him without first saying your prayers.

TO REMOVE RESIN SPOTS FROM SILK.—Many silk dresses receive stains from Turpentine; being spilt upon them—these stains are due to the resin which is held in solution by turpentine, and which remains in the silk after the volatile or spirituous portion has evaporated. Alcohol applied to the stains with a clean sponge will remove the spots because alcohol dissolves the resin. The silk stains should be moistened with the alcohol first, and allowed to remain soaked for a few minutes. Fresh alcohol is then applied with the sponge, and with a slight rubbing motion. It is then wiped as dry as possible and afterwards permitted to dry perfectly in the open air. Alcohol also removes grease and oil spots from silk and woolen dresses, but oil generally leaves a yellow stain behind. A mixture of alcohol and the refined light petroleum, called benzene, is excellent for cleaning light kid gloves, ribbons and silks. It is applied with a clean sponge. Persons who apply these liquids and mixtures to cleaning silks, gloves &c., must be careful to do so in an apartment where there is neither fire nor lamp burning, under the penalty of an explosion.—Scientific American.

Mr. R. J. Meigs, for many years a resident of Nashville, Tennessee, where he was engaged in the practice of law, and at this time three score years of age, all spent in the Southern States, replies to an article in the Baltimore American on the subject of emancipation as affecting the condition of the negro. After referring at length to the changes which are taking place in the West India Islands, Mr. A. observes: "Let us candidly dismiss from our minds all apprehensions of calamities to flow from the emancipation proposed by the President. The worst that can happen from the measure will be that those who can force the negro to labor for nothing, will be compelled to pay him a reasonable compensation for his toil, from which they (the employers) will reap not less, if not greater profits. The moral condition of both races will not be sacrificed, as an atonement to offended justice, by that divine decree which has gone out against every people that has been guilty of the inexcusable crime of the enslavement of men.

A soldier in one of the hospitals, who had lost one of his arms, rejoicingly said: "My grandfather lost a leg in the Revolutionary war, and our family has been bragging over it ever since. That story is an old one, and now I am going to be the hero of the family."

An inquest in London on the body of a child, who died from insufficient food, elicited the fact that the mother tried to support herself and five children by making flannel shirts for three pence apiece, she finding needles and thread! The united labor of the whole family, working the entire day and the greater part of the night, enabled them to make three shirts.

No wonder the child died of starvation! The man who exerted work at such prices was a murderer.

The Emperor Napoleon has conferred upon Col. John E. Cowen, of Boston, the order of "Chevalier of the Legion." Col. C. has been absent six years, most of the time engaged in raising ships in Sebastopol harbor. The Russian government confiscated all his property because he failed to finish the job in the time contracted for its completion. Is that the reason the French Emperor conferred the honor upon him? If so it was cheaply won.

No man can safely go abroad who does not love to stay at home—no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue—no man can safely govern who would not cheerfully become a subject—no man can safely command who has not truly learned to obey—no man can safely rejoice but he who has the testimony of a good conscience.

Russian emancipation already shows that in three provinces the number of village schools rose in 18 months from 338 to 2,671, and the number of scholars from 5,207 to 50,579.

Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor, because all men's expectations and desires grow faster than their fortunes.

Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of ambition is merely the shadow of a dream—the shadow of a shadow.

Friendship requires action. Love requires not so much proof as expressions of love; and demands little besides the power to feel and require love.

It requires more courage to desist from doing a wrong act than to combat with an enemy.

He who can face the cannon's mouth without blanching, may be weak as an infant when attacked by a besetting sin, or assailed by temptation.

Let us live patiently. We should have aspirations, but, till the time of flying comes, let us brood contentedly upon our prayers.

Farm and Household.

Influence of Sunlight on Stock.—The Dairy Farmer has an article upon this subject, from which we extract the following:

A mistaken notion prevails with many, that animals need little or no light while confined in the stable. Physiologists declare that, other things being equal, families who occupy apartments on sunny side of dwellings are the most healthy and happy. Fresh air and sunlight are promotive of health, and yet, in the construction of stables for animals, many seem to forget that these requisites are important.

One would suppose that in localities where the attention of farmers is almost exclusively devoted to stock, anything connected with the management of animals, conducing to their health and comfort, would be the subject of the 't. Yet, how few, even for a moment, are willing to give this subject the attention it deserves. To suppose that an animal confined in a dark, damp, unventilated stable, will thrive, and be able to yield the same profit that it would if occupying a place the reverse of these, is to suppose an impossibility. Disease, tho' it may not at first be apparent to the eye, is, nevertheless, doing its work, and in some way will make itself felt, to the loss of the owner.

Hogs that have their pens so made that the sunlight can be freely admitted, thrive better and are more easily fattened than when confined in pens where the rays of the sun never penetrate. So with horses. Serious diseases are engendered from badly constructed stables. The horse is fond of fresh air and light, and his stable should be provided with the means of thorough ventilation, and the admission of the sun's rays. He enjoys these quite as much as his master, and it seems thoughtless and cruel to deprive so good a servant of that which costs nothing, but yet serves to make him happier and more contented with his lot in life. Doubtless, animals, like men, have their gloomy days, in which things are turned topsy turvy; and could their feelings be expressed in words, we doubtless should hear sad stories of their being compelled, under the whip, to do heavy and exhausting work when sick, and of being deprived of comforts through the ignorance and thoughtlessness of those who have them in care.

On the score of economy, we believe that it pays to treat all animals kindly, and to provide them with suitable buildings for shelter. We know, from actual experience, that the cow that has been wintered in a warm dry, well ventilated stable, properly fed and cared for, will pay for all extra trouble and labor, in the increased quantity and better quality of milk yielded, through the summer following. When we hear of dairymen complaining that the annual yield of cheese per cow has fallen down to 300 or 350 lbs., we have strong suspicions that the fault lies somewhere in the keeping or management of stock.

We hold that a good stable for stock should be provided with windows, to admit sunlight; it should be dry and well ventilated, and the same general rules for health, applicable to persons, should be ever before the eye of the farmer, and guide him in his treatment of stock.

If any one doubts that sunlight has a beneficial influence on health and spirits, let him compare his feelings during a long term of cloudy, wet weather, and then again, when every day is pleasant with warm, bright sunshine. The difference, we think, will be observable, at least, with most persons.

Mortar for Building.

Although not strictly an agricultural labor, the erection of buildings often devolves upon farmers, and any information obtainable with reference to the subject must prove of value to them as an industrial class. We copy the following from the Scientific American:

In common practice, the cohesion of mortar is greatly impaired by using too large a portion of sand; it should never exceed two parts by measure to one of lime paste. A cask of lime weighing two hundred and eighty pounds, made into eight cubic feet of lime paste, should be mixed with sixteen bushels of damp sand. The notion used to be generally entertained that the longer lime was slaked before it was used, the better would be the mortar made of it.

This, however, is not the case with our common fat lime and sand mortars. The sand should be mixed with the slaked lime as soon as the latter becomes cold, and no more water should be employed than will reduce the lime to a thick paste. In preparing mortar, the unslaked lime should be placed on boards and sheltered from the sun and rain; it should be open above, and surrounded with some sand. The water necessary to slake lime should be poured upon it with any suitable vessel, and care should be taken to stir the lime so as to bring the water into contact with every portion, when it may be left all the vapor has passed off. The may now be incorporated with the by means of a hoe or a shovel; necessary, a little water may be produced a homogeneous, co-