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Select Poetry.

THE COT ON THE GREEN.

BY MRS. E. B. C.

Beyond the blue hill
Runs a silvery rill,
While a meadow green
Lies laughing between;
There a little cot,
With its grassy plot,
Is evermore seen,
On the village green.

Beside the low door,
Where willows bent o'er,
From morning's gray light
Till soft, dowy night,
An old gentle pair,
With long silver hair,
Are evermore seen,
In the cot on the green.

From its rustic nook
That treasure old book
Is oft pondered o'er;
Like martyrs of yore,
They dwell with delight
On each promise bright,
More precious to them
Than rich diadem.

The pomp of this life,
Its follies and strife,
Ne'er entered that cot;
Content with their lot,
The love which they bear
Made a palace fair,
Of that cottage seen
On the village green.

The sun, golden rayed,
Through the willow strayed;
I looked as before
To the cottage door:
All sad and alone
On the huge gray stone,
That old man was seen,
Who lived on the green.

His right he kept
While the matron slept;
For the angel of death
Came with chilling breath
And bore her away—
To the realms of day
She went gently,
When 'twas 'cot on the green.

Fall many a sigh
When the days passed by,
And he bowed his head;
Low down with the dead;
And those who together
Lived long on the hearth,
From life's stormy weather
Are resting forever,
So more to be seen
In the cot on the green.

Message Bird.

Miscellaneous.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

"Jane, I most wish one of our girls was a boy!"

"Why, Mr. Clark, what a singular man you are—as much as you think of the girls!"

"Well, the fact is just this," resumed the worthy husband of the lady, "I must set out these trees, and I want some one to steady them for me, else they won't be set straight. Now if Minny was only a boy, she'd do it complete!"

"Come, Minny," said the kind father as he put his head through the open window, "Come, now, 'twont make your fingers ache half as much as 'twill to drum everlastingly on that piano, if it does tan them. Come, now, 'twont make the rest of the girls, and don't make me stop the team in the middle of the furrow. I shall have to, if you don't; come, for if I call Bill, why Dennis must stop; he can't plough alone."

Minny whirled half round on the music stool and looks inquiringly—

"Would you, mother?" is the language of her pleasant eyes.

"Well, now, Mr. Clark," says Mrs. C., "if you and I ain't so rich as some, I don't see as it is any reason why our girls shouldn't be brought up ladies; if they aren't it shall not be my fault—I'm willing to work my fingers' ends off to give them an education—it's about all we can give them. I will work out of doors, if any of us must, though I don't really think it is a woman's place."

"Why, I can't help thinking strange that you should think of such a thing."

"Suppose Minny's music teacher, or anybody else that we care for, were to come and see her helping you out of doors—why I never should get over it."

"Well, then, I'll stop the team."

arrange the plum trees, and Mrs. B. and Dennis follow suit, we will sit in the parlor with the girls, Minny and Louise.

Look at this piece of embroidery, isn't it delicate! isn't it magnificent! look at the stitches! Don't think of 'Hood's Song of a Shirt,' but think of somebody's 'Song of a Fire Screen,' yet unsung. Stitch, stitch, stitch; days, weeks—early and late, till eyes ache and fingers stiffen.

"Well, now, love, I should really like to help father do that."

"So should I, but then, as mother says, I shouldn't just like to have anybody that we care for see me."

"As to that, everybody knows how hard mother has to work, and I do sometimes think 'tis too bad. No body thinks any the less of Lucy Hayden for doing all sorts of work. Some one said that the other day when Professor G. called to hear her play, she was out in the yard spading—she has a spade of her own—and that she never thought of making an apology, but walked into the house, after placing her spade in the tool-house, and played until the Professor was actually delighted with her music."

"Yes, I know it all," says Louise; "she can do any kind of kitchen work as well as she can play. But now I'll tell you how 'tis, Minny; rich folks can do anything of that kind, and it will pass muster, you know, mother says so, but 'twould not do for us.—Why, Hayden could buy and sell father forty times over. I know mother works very hard, and sometimes I am ashamed when I am asked, 'if mother does such and such things, or if we do them.'"

"Well, now, Minny, I tell you just what I think; anybody can do house-work, that has half common sense, and get along complete, and no credit to them, either; but it is not every one that can embroider like that," (holding up the fire screen,) "paint on glass, or make wax flowers, (pointing at a stand in the corner of the room;) 'besides it's disagreeable, house-work is to me, it's too short a step from the sublime to the ridiculous for me to take; so let us quit the subject and take a walk, for I feel the need of exercise.'"

So reader, we will take our leave. This is no fancy sketch, but actual truths; and it is to be regretted that the observation of not a few in our country towns will attest to its truth.

If we admit, as our observation will compel us to, that this untrue view of life is taken too often by mothers, as well as daughters, then we must own that such wrong views are at variance with our true relations, and are sure to end in disappointment and unhappiness. If there is beauty in fitness, then there is nothing beautiful in a mother's allowing herself to be over-worked, or overburdened with care, while her grown-up daughters are, as is too often the case, overburdened with mere superficial accomplishments, to the neglect of much that is really of solid worth.

Out-of-door employment—by this we mean actual labor of some sort—if we are to credit the testimony of our best physicians, will act as powerful preventives of that extreme delicacy and invalidism to which our young ladies are fast becoming victims. Where is the sensible person who would think a whit the less of a young lady for assisting her mother in the kitchen, or her father in the garden or the orchard?

Girls, we love music, but to our ear there is no music in the long drawn sigh of a kind but over-indulgent mother, worn down with sorrow, and years of fretting care.

Girls, we love painting, but we must look some time longer, in this light, in that shade, before we see touches of beauty, or exquisite loveliness in a picture of what we fear some of you will be—*shiftless wives*.—*Traveler*.

A night of sadness only makes the morning of joy more bright and beautiful. If we could only reckon most of our misfortunes as "blessings in disguise," there would be small room left for repining.

Idleness is the prolific source of vice, and opens the way to all manner of evil.

When the purse is empty, and the kitchen colder, then is the voice of flattery no longer heard.

Who Caused the War.

The copperheads of the North everywhere charge the 'abolitionists,' and Republicans with causing the war. A blacker falsehood was never uttered.

Alexander H. Stephens the ablest man in the South, in a speech delivered in the convention of Georgia which met to vote on secession, and published in all the leading papers of the South at the time, declared emphatically, that the South had no cause for secession or rebellion—declared that under the benign government of the Union they had amassed all their wealth, became great and honored, and warned them to pause ere they committed the mad act proposed, and plunged into the bottomless gulf of anarchy and confusion. He says:

"That this step once taken could never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow, (as they would see,) will rest on the Convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demons of war which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery cars of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolation of war upon us; who but this Convention will be responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise measure, (as I honestly think and believe,) shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act, by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate?"

"Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reason you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us? What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case! and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point, on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer!"

He then proceeds to show that all the demands of the South had been conceded—the African Slave Trade for 20 years; the vast territories of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas acquired for the expansion of Slavery—the Fugitive Slave Law enacted, and with a few exceptions on the part of individuals, faithfully executed—the three-fifths rule and fugitive slave clause of the constitution—in fact every thing had been conceded that was reasonable. He tells them that the war which will inevitably follow their rash rule or by a decree of universal emancipation. (Almost prophetic.) And having vividly portrayed the past and ominously painted the future, under secession, he concludes as follows. Although they are lengthy, we give the closing remarks entire, as they are of painted and historic value:

"But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the general government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South; as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had six years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the Executive Department. So of the Judges of the Supreme Court, we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the Free States, yet a majority of the Court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the Legislative branch of government. In choosing the presiding President (pro tem) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House, we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the Representatives, from the great population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have

we had a less control in every other department of the general government. Attorney-Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the Free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies so as to secure the world-markets for our cotton, tobacco and sugar on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher officers of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of Clerks, Auditors and Comptrollers filling the Executive Department, the records show for the last fifty years that of the three thousand staff employed, we have more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the Republic.

"Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting government. From official documents, we learn that a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of government has uniformly been raised from the North.

"Pause now while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Look at another necessary branch of government, and learn from stern statistical facts how matters stand in that department. I mean the mail and Post-Office privileges that we now enjoy under the general government as it has been for years past. The expense for the transportation of the mail in the Free States was, by the report of the Postmaster General for the year 1860, a little over \$13,000,000, while the income was \$19,000,000. But in the Slave States the transportation of the mail was \$14,716,000, while the revenue from the same was \$8,001,026, leaving a deficit of \$6,714,974, to be supplied by the North for our accommodation, and without it we must have been entirely cut off from this most essential branch of government.

"Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North; with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition,—and for what, we ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American government established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of Right, Justice and Humanity? And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government—the most equal in its rights—the most just in its decisions—the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon."

"Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

And yet, for all this, Mr. Stephens was bought up by the secessionists with the office of the Vice Presidency of the Southern Confederacy, which place he now occupies. What will be the judgment of posterity against him? He sinned with his eyes open and his understanding enlightened, and the blood of the slain of the nation is upon him!

GARRIBALDI AND THE LOST LAMB.—The General got up as soon as he had finished the bowl of milk, lighted a lantern, and, without saying a word, started off again to seek the missing lamb. We ran after him, following him over the crags and through the thorny brush-wood—and, from time to time we heard the bleating of the deserted creature; but again the cry ceased, and the light of the lantern failed to show us where the poor little lamb lay. It was nine o'clock and morn, and we were very tired; so we once more returned to the house and went to bed. About midnight we were aroused by a voice; it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck, to keep it quiet, so that no one should know the kind act he had done. At five o'clock in the morning we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades and began to work also. Not a word was said of the lamb, although everybody was thinking of it. How like the good Shepherd seeking the lost!—*English Writer*.

Mohammed and his Word.

Driven on by the secret impulses of the age; overcome with the grandeur of the mission to which he was inflamed for the inspiration he craved; reckless, daring, subtle—he preserved, in the midst of his delusions, in all the confusion of his teeming fancies, in all the disorder of his wild ambition, that steadiness of purpose, that marvelous wisdom, that just conception of the tendency of the age and of the wants of his nation, and that absorbing identification of his mind with its will—that profound understanding of the influences which controlled it, of the passions which deformed it, and the virtues which ennobled it—which would have made him one of the greatest sovereigns, if he had not succeeded in becoming one of the greatest reformers. In Arabia, Christianity had made but little progress, already encumbered as it was with theological machinery, too obscure for the easy comprehension or the satisfactory solace of those fiery sons of the desert, who, in the midst of their idolatries, had never wholly lost sight of the Jewish conception of one God. Christianity had to plant itself in the hearts of the nation it subdued. Mohammedanism already existed. It was but a new life—quickerened by a fresher impulse. The fire once kindled spread rapidly and far. The heart of the East throbbled fast. Fired by the visions of the future which opened upon their fevered eyes, the armies of the prophet swept over Western Europe, till struck down in their drunken career by Charles Martel, they reeled away forever. It is thus, in the previous history of Arabia, that the chief explanation of Mohammed's success is to be found.

Other men may have been as great, but the sphere was wanting for the exhibition of their power. Revolutions which are to have a significance in the history of the world, which mark phases of progress and constitute epochs of change, never fail to develop remarkable characters—to perplex us again with the mystery of genius. But without this world wide meaning, a revolution is but a whirlwind or a disease, and dies away from the memory of man as swiftly as it came. Thus, in all this long history of the East, among these ancient races through these countless ages, there is but one name to attract our career to instruct us—the life of Mohammed and the doctrines of Islam.

CLOUD PAINTING.—Clouds form one of the most beautiful studies in Nature. More gorgeous than the flowers, grander than the forests, mightier than the rivers, gentler than the zephyrs, they change from gloom to glory, from leaden to golden, as silently as the passing of a soul.

No rider down was ever so light; no fleece was ever so fair; granite and grim to-day, Tyrian and mother-of-pearl, to-morrow. In the morning, a breath that a seraph in full song might have breathed; at night, a bank the worlds red roses might have grown on. Pleasure clouds, rain clouds, clouds of a hundred gems. This one might have issued from the chimney of the old homestead at a winter sunrise; that is as grand as the pillar of flame that went before the host in the wilderness. Mountains covered with snow crags dripping chrysolites, plains sowed with gold, vales full of night; breath of a sparrow, song of the stars; waves of the sea, walls of Alabaster, marble of Cararr; panions of princes, banners for armies, mantles for Tempest and robes for the dead. Moulded by the fingers of the winds, they blossom in the sunshine, petals of the flower-cup of Heaven.

We build our castles of the granite of cloud, and we stand on the ledges that glow under the sandals of day, as it steps from cliff unto cliff into Heaven. Palates, where Evening paints the gone morning "from memory," the visible song of the Day that is dead; ships of the sea of Heaven, quarries out of which we hew Paradise, are they all. When we think that morning cloud is like life, we are sad, but when we see it waiting in royal array, in God's western gate, we are glad again, or we think how beautiful it may be when dying.

If all men would only extend the same charity to others they exercise towards themselves, the world would soon see the noon-tide of the millennium.

It is patient toil that overcomes obstacles and conquers the world. He who grows weary and flags in his efforts, will surely fail of success.

Let not the "winter of discontent" deprive thy soul of the spring-light which should ever illumine the spirit of him whose conscience is clear. The ills of life should never shut out the heaven from thy inner being.

Many men want wealth—not a competence along, but a *five-story competence*. Every thing subserves this; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning rod to their houses, to ward off, by and by, the bolts of divine wrath.

Lincoln in Mail.

The Tycoon of Japan, lacking a knowledge of our implements of war, has sent the President a Coat of Mail, a description of which is appended below. We imagine Mr. Lincoln, with his long, unstapely frame, upon which his clothes hang rather than fit, would "cut a figure" in this oriental costume. Here is the description:

"An umbrella-like helmet, made of fabricated sheets of steel and copper, shields the head, while a vandyke of interwoven silk cord and lacquered net work falls gracefully upon the shoulders. The outside of the helmet is profusely ornamented with chrisanthimums of gold, with now and then a rimming of purest silver. The visor is of copper, lacquered in scarlet and brown. The armlets are of the finest copper chain work. The brassplate is of copper, intersected with parallel stripes of lacquer, and woven together with delicate wire and golden cord. A short kilt accompanies the armor, and with lacquered leggings, grotesquely formed, completes the set.

In a car on a railroad which runs into New York, a few mornings ago, a scene occurred which will not soon be forgotten. A person, dressed as a gentleman, speaking to a friend across the car said: "Well, I hope the war will last six months longer. If it does I shall have made enough to retire from business. In the last six months I've made a hundred thousand dollars—six months more and I shall have enough."

A lady sat behind the speaker, and necessarily heard his remark; but when he was done she tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him: "Sir, I had two sons—one of them was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg; the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro."

She was silent a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, overcome by her indignation, she suddenly slapped the speculator, first on one cheek, then on the other, and before the fellow could say a word the passengers sitting near, who had witnessed the whole affair, seized him and pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one not fit to ride with decent people.—*Post*.

Hast thy fellow—thy brother—offended thee? Before thou gettest angry with him ask thyself if thou hast never offended another. If thou hast, beware of thy ire; it may afterwards arise in judgment and condemn thee.

Farm and Household.

Ohio Wool Grower's Convention.

As previously announced, the Ohio Wool Growers' Convention assembled in Cleveland on the 15th. We are indebted for what we give below, to the *Ohio Farmer*. The propositions presented for consideration by the business committee, were:

1. Is it expedient for wool-growers to shear sheep without washing, considering the interest of the manufacturer as well as the wool-grower?

2. What would be the difference in weight generally, between unwashed wool and wool washed in the usual manner?

3. What is the best method of marketing wool?

A disjunctive discussion arose upon these propositions, the weight of which was—1st. It is highly desirable for wool-growers to dispense with washing sheep, and they are determined to do so as soon as they can secure from the manufacturers a just system of discount for the difference between washed and unwashed wool.

2. The actual difference between wool shorn without washing and that washed in the usual way ranks from ten to twenty per cent., according to the style of the sheep and the thoroughness of the washing.

One gentleman said the wool-growers of Addison county did not wash their sheep, and that 40,000 pounds of their wool went to market unwashed, and was sold at ten cents per pound less than the market value. Another gentleman said the great objection to washing heavy fleeced sheep is, that they hold water for many days to the injury of the health of the sheep; also, their being handled by inexperienced hands when in the water, results in serious damage. If we wait till the water is warm enough to wash with safety, and let the sheep run long enough afterwards for the wool to "come to life" before shearing, it makes shearing quite too late; wool falls off equal to one-twelfth, and the new wool does not get a start before hot weather comes on.

Others consider the washing of sheep injurious to the flock, as they become heated while driving, and then chilled by the water.

The committee on resolutions reported the following for action by the convention:

ing, which secures a greater quantity of wool, a longer staple, and a better condition of sheep and lambs through the year.

2d. Of the exposure to contagious diseases, such as scab, foot rot, &c., in places frequented by different flocks to be washed.

3d. It is an expensive, unpleasant job, and unhealthy, both for man and sheep.

4th. That the manufacturer must cleanse the wool at all events, and he can do it cheaper than the grower.

5th. That it is to the interest of the wool-growers to put their unwashed wool in as good condition as possible, by keeping their yards well filtered, and by throwing away all filth that can be separated from the wool.

5h. Some lots of wool are more gross and gummy than others; therefore, no rate of reduction could be agreed upon suitable to all grades and classes, but that each lot should be bought upon its own merits for quality and condition.

7th. As generally practiced, washing is little or no improvement to the fleece. These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Klippart of Columbus offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That those gentlemen present who may resolve not to wash their wool this season, are respectfully requested to keep an account of the loss incurred, or the deduction made, and report the result to the editors of the *Ohio Farmer*, as soon as the result has been fully ascertained, and should they wish a part to give a full statement and comparison of the two systems.

Mr. Alexander offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the practice of wool-buyers in making little or no distinction in the purchase of wool as to its cleanliness, is a downright premium on dishonesty, and is dollars and cents a reward for slovenliness.

A committee of three, from the members, was appointed to meet with the State Board of Agriculture, to assist in making up premiums on sheep for the next fair, and also a committee of three to correspond with manufacturers, to learn their views upon shearing sheep without washing, and whether they would come to a fair discrimination between washed and unwashed wool.

The Box Elder.

To the Illinois Horticultural Society.

DEAR FRIENDS: In pursuance of the pledge I made you at the December meeting of your body, that I would verify the utility of the Box Elder (*Aces Negunda*), as an essence for making dry grained sugar, I now present to you through the public prints, my findings in the premises, together with such other information as I have gained from intelligent, reliable persons in regard to its saccharine qualities.

1st. Hindered by circumstances that I could not control, I was not able to commence operations until the 22d of March, when the sugar season was well nigh past. The flow of sap was abundant and of similar quality to that of the sugar maple. Whether the saccharine qualities of the sap varied according to the earlier or later period in which it is drawn, I could not verify; but the appearance of albumen in the sap, with a large proportion of lime held in solution, indicates that it is subject to the same laws that affect the sugar maple.

2d. Evaporation produced a molasses and sugar in every respect in taste and appearance like the sugar maple. The quantity and quality comparing, so far as I could judge without varied and extensive trials, were exactly with the product of the maple under similar circumstances.

From information derived from intelligent persons having some knowledge of its adaptability to produce sugar, (their knowledge was from its common use for that purpose in other States,) it would seem that its sap is hardly equal in richness of saccharine matter to that of the maple, but that the sugar made from it is equal in every respect.

From the limited experiment I made, and the information I have obtained from various sources, I cannot hesitate expressing the conviction that its value, in an economical point of view, will soon commend it to very general favor in our prairie States. The ease and facility with which it may be propagated from seed, will render it cheap. Its vigor of growth, cleanly habit and perfect adaptation to the soil of the prairie, fit it most admirably for those sheltering wind breaks that our farms now call for.—*Smiley Shepherd*.

Remedy for Ringworm.

The *North British Agriculturist* says that the disease locally known as ringworm or tetter, which shows itself about the head and neck of young cattle, in the form of whitish dry scurfy spots, can be removed by rubbing the parts affected with iodine ointment. The disease may also be combated by the use of sulphur and oil, iodine ointment is, however, to be preferred. As this skin disease is easily communicated to the human subject, the person dressing the cattle should wash his hands with soap and hot water after each application of the ointment.