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Selected Sketch.

JESSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The great maples in the door-yard that had blazed so long in russet and golden fire had showered the last withered leaves upon the path; the creeping vine on the piazza columns glowed scarlet in the misty autumn air, and the woods in the valley were stained with the bloody footsteps of many a midnight frost. And yet Hezekiah Underhill, standing pensively polishing his spectacles before the fire, was not satisfied with nature's great kaleidoscope of color.

"It don't seem just right!" soliloquized Hezekiah, "not to have a genuine snow storm afore Thanksgiving!" "Take things as you find 'em, father!" said Mrs. Hezekiah, a stirring body who never stood still long enough to give a wrinkle time to settle down on her face, and whose coffee-colored cap-ribbons, owing to "perpetual motion," were like brown birds continually on the wing. "Elder Jones says there's nothin' but what's for the best!"

"Well, there's no harm in wishin'," I hope," said Hezekiah, argumentatively. "No," said Mrs. Underhill; "but it was goin' to wish, 'twouldn't it, for such a little thing as a fall of snow. I know what I'd give a big apple for."

"What?" questioned Hezekiah, rather surprised at his wife's helmsman's expression: any ungratified desire.

The little woman flitted up close to him, and there was a liquid glimmer in the eyes she raised to his face. "Think of the many, many empty seats there'll be around the Thanksgiving frescoes to-morrow, Hezekiah! O, if I could have my wish, I'd bring 'em all back from the graves upon the battle field, and from the weary hospitals. Think of our Jared, keepin' guard along the Potomac; think of Hiram Steele's brave boy wounded under the very flag he fought for, and dying in a strange land!"

"Do you think he will die, Aunt May?"

A slight figure was clinging to Hezekiah's arm, and a pale, pretty face, with bands of shining black hair and wild, startled eyes, was turned upward in breathless suspense.

"There, now, I do say for I never meant she should hear! I sposed she was up stairs!" ejaculated the flurried old lady. "No, dear, I hope he'll get better; any way its our duty to hope for the best. That's what Elder Jones said only last Sabbath day."

"Uncle, tell me, do you think he will die?" repeated the girl, turning to the old man, as if she had neither heard nor needed her aunt's words.

"Child, how should I know? You've asked me that self-same question forty times this last week if you've asked it once," said Hezekiah, good-humoredly. "Sposin' he don't get well, why should you fret about it? When he was away, six months ago, you was a flirin' with Harry Mosmore, and playin' with his feelin's just exactly as our cat teases a mouse. Didn't I hear you with my own ears tellin' Frank Steele he was nothin' more'n a friend to you, and you wondered at his presumption to ever soppin' he could be anything more?"

"I never meant it, uncle!" sobbed the girl, "never! It was that mad spirit of coquetry that possessed me, I scarce know how. The words had not passed my lips before I would have given worlds to recall them. But O, the punishment is greater than I can bear. Tell me, uncle, do you believe he will die? O, if I could die, too!" "He is in God's hand, my child," said the old man, solemnly, "He who raised the widow's son at Nain, and brought Lazarus back to life, will not fail to do all things well. Trust in Him, Jessie, and pray to Him."

Jessie Underhill scarce heard the old man's words; she had resumed her seat by the window and was gazing sadly out upon the gold and incarnadine of the sunset as it flamed above the western pine forests, likening it in her own mind to the flash of cannon and the dreadful stains of blood upon the battle-field. And with the throbbings of her heart rose and fell the treasured bit of paper cut from the list of "Wounded" in the daily journal, and containing but one line—

"Francis Steele, Private, Dangerously."

Hezekiah Underhill looked at his niece's drooping figure, while strange contortions passed over his weather-beaten features. Once or twice he opened his mouth and shut it again with a click like the spring of a steel trap; once or twice he made an involuntary step toward her, and then resumed his former posture as if by an effort.

"No, no," he muttered between his teeth, fairly beating a retreat, and never pausing until he was out under the teasing boughs of the old maples.— "She's daughter, and niece, and everything else to me; but I can't do it! It would spoil all! Poor Jessie, poor little broken-hearted dove!"

that he should break out into that strange smothered chuckle, even while the tears were streaming down his cheeks? Certain it was that he conducted very strangely all that evening, reading the newspaper with its columns aside down, depositing the pitcher of cider in his wife's work basket, and finally bringing down on his devoted head that lady's remonstrance by trying the fire with his snuff box and attempting to put the poker in his waist-coat pocket.

"Hezekiah, are you crazy?" ejaculated Mrs. Underhill.

"Well, no, not exactly," said Hezekiah, sheepishly; "but I do feel kind of elevated. Come up to the fire, Jessie; don't sit away in the cold. That's right puss—nestle down in your old chimney corner seat. That's the way you and Frank Steele used to sit together when you were children."

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Underhill, reproachfully, as Jessie burst out crying, with her face hidden on her aunt's knee.

"I didn't mean to," apologized Hezekiah, but even then his face was in a glow with something brighter than the genial shine of the fire-light.

It was evident that Hezekiah was glorying in the mystery of some wonderful secret. And never did any secret struggle so desperately for disclosure as Hezekiah's on that Thanksgiving eve. But he kept it. For the honor of mankind let it be recorded that Hezekiah Underhill kept his secret.

Of course its use trying. Sayer himself, even were he gifted with the descriptive powers of the wizard of Waverley, never could have given you any idea of Mrs. Underhill's Thanksgiving dinner. The brown, crackling turkey, unctuous with stuffing and oleaginous with rivulets of gravy; the pyramids of crimson quivering jellies; the green crisp pickles; the battalion of pumpkin pie, nestling like amber lakelets in shores of russet crust; the pudding a triumphant mystery of culinary art; the whole dictionary would fall short of expressing the piteous glories of that feast of fatness.

Hezekiah disappeared soon after breakfast—whether he had gone nobody knew, for all the explanation he vouchsafed to his wife was that he was "goin' to bring company home to dinner." But punctual to the noon mark on the kitchen floor he returned, but not alone.

Jessie was in her own room, thinking sorrowfully and crying a little between whiles, when Mrs. Underhill came up with flushed cheek and a voice strangely tremulous.

"Darling, your uncle wants you to come down stairs."

"Indeed, aunt, I had rather not," and Jessie shrank involuntarily into her chair.

"But he has brought home a friend, dear, and would like—"

"Oh, no, aunt! Please let me stay here—I have such a dread of strange faces just now."

"My dearest, but your uncle particularly wishes it! Come, there's a good girl—let me smooth your hair and put on your pink ribbon bows. Now you look sweetly!"

Mrs. Underhill's hand shook and her eyes overflowed while she fastened the simple brooch in Jessie's collar.

battles had come at last. May every gallant soldier in the land reap the same sweet harvest.

Miscellaneous.

A Yankee Eclipsed.

On Thursday evening as Mr. Jeremiah Higgins from the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, was leisurely going along Broadway he was accosted by a very gentlemanly looking individual, who very politely inquired if he would not like to see the eclipse of the moon a little in advance of the people of Gotham. Mr. Higgins eyes opened remarkably at this announcement, and, as a matter of course he consented to be shown the wonderful curiosity. The stranger took Mr. Higgins's arm and they marched together to Scharwood, on the corner of Park Place and Broadway, where they indulged in sundry plates of oysters and numerous "prize drinks" for which the resident of Litchfield Connecticut made himself responsible. After reaching the pavement the stranger asked Mr. Higgins if he was prepared to look at the eclipse, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, they proceeded arm in arm to an opposite corner where the proprietor of a mammoth telescope was stationed with his apparatus which was open to the inspection of all at the remarkably low sum of six and a quarter cents per head. Mr. Higgins "plunked the dough," but having previously indulged in several glasses of the genuine article he was unable to see the moon in consequence of the telescope becoming refractory and not keeping its position long enough for him to bring matters to a focus.

"How creation long it is a getting right," ejaculated Mr. Higgins bringing his right foot before his life with commendable dexterity. "I never saw such a one on earth."

"Have patience," said the stranger, "you must not expect to see it in an instant. Remember it has thousands of miles to travel! Have patience."

"I tell you afore and tell you again, I would have patience, but she won't have anything to do with me."

"Now mind—let me have your watch and I'll tell you when to keep your eyes skinned said the stranger, and then you will not have to strain them so much."

Mr. Higgins handed him his watch and commenced observations.

"It is coming now, look sharp, quick," giving the emigrant from Litchfield a private nudge; "look sharp, I tell you, it is about."

"Do me so again," vociferated Mr. Higgins. "I feel it's a coming."

There was no reply to this last observation—all was silent as a country church yard in October. Mr. Higgins looked around, the stranger had disappeared not only with the apertures of his individual anatomy, but with Mr. Higgins's gold watch, and his pocket-book containing \$1.53.

He was not long in discovering that he had seen the eclipse, and "nothing else."

I CAN.

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, in your every thing; I can't! A brave, hearty, substantial, manly, cheering expression. There is a character, force, vigor, determination, will, in it. We like it. The flavor, genuineness, about them which takes one in the very right place.

I can! There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigrammatized, rammed into these few letters—Whole sermons of solid, ground virtues. How we more than admire to hear the young man speak in our bravely, boldly, determinedly, as though it was an out-searching of his entire nature, a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that will battle the race, and tumble with the world in a way that will open and brighten, and mellow men's eyes.

I can! What spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, power and praise. It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm foot, an indomitable will. We never knew a man possessed of its energy, vitality, fire and light, that did not attain eminence of some good sort. It could not be otherwise. It is in the nature, constitution, order, necessity, inevitable of events that it should be so. I can! rightly, truly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly, heroic, determined deed, is the secret solution, philosophy of men's lives. They took I can for a motto, and went forth and steadily made themselves and the world what they pleased.

Then, young men, if you would be something besides a common, dusty, prosy, waylamer in life, just put these magic words upon your lips, and their meaning, hopeful, expanding philosophy in your hearts and arms. Do it and you are a made man.

Incident of the American Revolution.

On the morning of our national birthday, the fourth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of the American Independence was made—when the committee, previously appointed to draft that instrument, made their report, through their chairman, Thos. Jefferson, and by whom it was read, the house paused, hesitated.

That instrument, they saw, cut them off even from the mercy of Great Britain. They saw, with prophetic vision, all the horrors of a sanguinary war, carnage and desolation passed in swift review before them. They saw the prospect of having riveted still more closely upon their already chafed and bleeding limbs, the chains of slavery. The house seemed to waver—silence, deep and solemn silence reigned through out the hall of the spacious capitol. Every countenance indicated that deep meditation was at work; and the solemn resolutions were calling for double energy. At this fearful crisis, when the very destiny of the country seemed to be suspended upon the action of a moment, the painful silence was broken.

An aged patriarch arose—a venerable and stately form—his head white with the frosts of many years. He cast on the assembly a look of inexpressible interest and unconquerable determination, while on his visage his hue of age was lost at the burning patriotism that fired his cheek. "There is," said he, "a tide in the affairs of men, a nick of time. We perceive it now before us. That noble instrument upon your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning, by every pen in the house. He who will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of a freeman. Although these grey hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the public executioner, than desert, at this crisis, the sacred cause of my country. The patriarch sat down, and forthwith the Declaration was signed by every member present. Who was that venerable patriarch? you ask? I answer, it was John Witherspoon, of New Jersey, whose name is found among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Magna Charta of our nation's independence. Yes, it was John Witherspoon, a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian church, a lineal descendant of John Knox, the great Scotch reformer.—SPEECH OF THE REV. S. S. TEMPLETON.

Matrimonial.

The following advertisement is taken from an eastern exchange:

"I have lived solitary long enough—I want somebody to talk to, to quarrel with, then kiss and make up. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any color but red. As near as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty, or under twenty-five years of age. In height I am either five feet eight, or eight feet five; I am not sure which. Weight 135, 315 or 531, one of the three; recollect such figure perfectly well, but as to their arrangement am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature, and free from dandruff—Eyes butternut bridle, tinged with paeagon. Nose blunt, according to the Ionic order of architecture with a touch of composite. Mouth between a catfish's and alligator's—made especially for oratory and the reception of oysters. Ears pointed, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog hair, moss and briar brush—well behaved and fearfully luxuriant. I am "sound" on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 6, when quietness are not troubles me, and write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges—to read backwards, crosswise and diagonally. Can play the jew's-harp, bass drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first rate at tennis; have a great regard for the sabbath, and only drink when invited. Am a domestic animal and perfectly docile when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a pre-dominating virtue it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to attempt to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting, and as to snoring in my sleep, I want somebody to tell me. Money is no object, as I was never troubled with any, and never expect to be.

Time.

It waits for no man—it travels onward with an even, unintermitted, inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delays of mortals. The rest less hours pursue their course; moments press after moments; days tread upon days; years roll after years. Does man linger, procrastinate? Is he listless or indolent? Behold the days, the months and years, unmindful of his delay, are never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession. Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings may be suspended by sleep; darkness and silence and death may reign around us, but Time is beyond the power of any being, besides Omnipotence.

The clock may cease to strike, the sun to shine; but the busy hours pass on. The months and years must move on ever, forward.

A Fashionable Call and All They Said.

"How do you do, my dear?"
"Patty well, thank you. [They kiss.]
"Pleasant to day."
"Yes, very bright—but we had a shower yesterday."
"Are all your people well?"
"Quite well, thank you, how are yours?"
"Very well, I'm obliged to you."
"Have you seen Mary B.—lately?"
"No, but I've seen Susan C."
"You don't say so. Is she well?"
"Do call again soon."
"Thank you—but you don't call upon me in an age."
"Oh, you should not say that, I am sure I am very good."
"Good day."
"Must you go?"
"Yes, indeed; I have seven" calls to make. Good day.

"In one of my visits, very early in life to that venerable master, Dr. Peppesch," says Dr. Burney, "he gave me a short lesson that made so deep an impression that I long endeavored to practice it. 'When I was a young man,' said he, 'I determined never to go to bed at night till I knew something that I did not know in the morning.'"

Legal Notice.

NOTICE.

TAX DEEDS! TAX DEEDS!

PROVERBS.

Threatened folks live long.
Two of a trade seldom agree.
Two heads are better than one.
That is true which all men say.
Time flies away without delay.
Thinking is very far from knowing.
Time and tide tarry for no man.
Two dry sticks will kindle a green one.
Truth finds foes where it makes none.
The weakest spoke is a cart breaks first.
Too much of one thing is good for nothing.
Take time when time is, for time will not wait.
Take your wife's first advice, not her second.
The proof of the pudding is in the eating.
The mouse that has but one hole is easily taken.
To cast oil in the fire, is not the way to quench it.
There is no general rule without some exception.
That's a wise delay which makes the road safe.
The greatest talkers are always the last to speak.
Truth may be blamed, but it shall never be shamed.
The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners.
There is no better looking glass, than an old true friend.
The dead and the absent have no friends left them.
The plough goes not well, if the ploughman holds it not.
There is no evil but some good use may be made of it.
That which is one man's meat is another man's poison.
The creditor hath always a better memory than the debtor.
Two dogs strive for a bone, and the third runs away with it.
The feet repeated the thousandth time, broke the Tumbler's neck.
The pitcher does not go so often to the water, but it comes home broken at last.
Two cats and a mouse, two wives in one house, two dogs and a bone, never agree in one.

Village of Oskaloosa.

Jefferson Township.

Rock Creek Township.

Village of Winchester.

Grasshopper Falls Township.

Village of Oskaloosa.

Kaw Township.

Kentucky Township.

Village of Grasshopper Falls.

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