

THE INDEPENDENT.

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A Family Journal of Literature, News, Education, Philosophy, Morals, and the Mechanic Arts—Neutral in Politics.

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W. A. BRYAN,

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THE INDEPENDENT.

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Advertisements of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser, will be charged for, separately, and at the usual rates.

Odds, Ends & Oddities.

A literary magazine, out west, blew up last week, with a tremendous report.

Some people seem to think that umbrellas, like physic, are only made to take.

Why should elderly people never indulge in joking? Because it is bad-in-age.

A lazy fellow up north, spells Tennessee, 10 a c.

What tune does a tobacco chewer like most. Spittoon.

Why are whaling sailors like false hair—Because they are arter-fish-ile (artificial).

Why is Prince Albert like a stag? Because he is her Majesty's deer (dear).

The man who "fell into raptures" with a pretty girl, was got out with considerably difficulty.

The young lady who was lost in amazement, was found by means of a "multiplying glass," and dragged out.

"Have you much fish in your basket?"—asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good-ee!"

Mr. Careful having been told by his physician, that he had for some time back, practiced cutting his toe-nails twice a week.

Three spoonfuls of brandy make one cocktail, three cocktails one go, three goes one spree, three spees a fight with the night police and one visit to the watch-house.

A modest young lady, on being asked by a gentleman why she had a convincing over her "dressing harness" she replied: "I don't want to be taken in."

"Let us remove temptations from the path of youth," as the frog said as he plunged into the water, when he saw the boy pick up a stone.

A little child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother why don't the people let the man out of the box!"

There is a man out west so confounded mean that he won't plough his own corn ground for fear the crowd will get some of the grub worms.

A creditor learning that an absconding debtor had resolved to settle in California, said that he was glad to hear he intended to settle somewhere.

A man named David Fender, popping the question in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your—D. Fender."

Men dying make their wills—but what makes a woman's will? Why should they make what all their lives, the gentle dames have had!

What is the difference between a pool of stagnant water, and a power image of Isis? One is a dead level, and the other is a leaden dowl.

The following epigram was copied from a tombstone in a small village churchyard in the north of England:

"I lived in the memory of his best friend, who was a whole town and a home to him."

There is a man down east, rather a factious chap, whose name is Now. He named his first child something; it was something new. His next child was Nothing; it being nothing new.

It is stated that five hundred and forty-three young ladies who dined last year, more than ate half loaf to the crust of gallantry. Only two had the substance to fall upon the floor.

A barber pole pantalooned youth recently went on a visit to his grandfather in the country, and exhibited the very much by "cutting" such a goodly amount of straight razor.

Happiness is the way to wisdom. All that's necessary is a correct disposition, and it is done. A clean shirt, remember, is not clean, and low spirits are as deeply cut as a razor's edge.

"Come here, you miserable wretch, I have you." "Well you never get me." "Then I won't come, father, for I mean to be a good man, and the devil says so."

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved complexion. "Yes, my complexion is better," she said. "Not so much as I thought you were in." "I am, my dear sir, but you are not so much as I thought you were."

The Poet's Corner.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The sunset inhaled the dreary air,
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
Or the dim waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, ere while armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture held his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel creak upon the hillside crew,
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent still some replying warbler blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a conser swung.

And where the noisy meadows of the cove,
The busy swallows, trailing over near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a phantasm year—
And where each bird that charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
And warned the reapers of the rosy east,
All now was empty, songless and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
While croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom,
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Bring the floor with his inverted torch—
Amid all this—the center of the scene
Lied the swift wheel, and with a joyous gleam
Rat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow—he had walked with her—
Of sapped, and broke the bitter, when crust,
And still in the dead leaves, she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

Wills yet her cheek was bright with summer's bloom
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice she bowed to her his sable plume,
Regard the sword, but not the hand that drew.

And struck for liberty he dying lie,
Nor him, who, to his acre and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dawning wheel went on
Like the low murmur of a hive at morn;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through the loom and out of freedom's morn.

Alas the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Lid dropped the thread through his hands, and
While loving neighbors smoothed her eyelid down,
And death, and water, closed the autumn scene.

of the little patriotic band inclosed within their rough stockade of palmetto-logs, the humiliating measure was unnecessary. They acquitted themselves to their own immortal honor, and the imperishable glory of the country.

At the time of the investment, Fort Sullivan was occupied by the second regiment of South Carolina militia, the command of which was given to William Moultrie, with the rank of colonel, promoted from a captaincy in the recent Cherokee campaign. His chief aid was the subsequent celebrated partisan chieftain Francis Marion, holding at that time the rank of major. When the Carolina troop entered their entrenchments, they beheld, the solid walls of a strengthened fortification, nor the finished works of scientific engineers, but the mere outline of a rough stockade—the commencement only of a log protection. But it remained with them, the raw and undisciplined militia—troops unaccustomed to the trials and experience of tried soldiers, to bravely contest the palm of glory with England's pride and boast of acknowledged veterans.

The form of the fort was square, with a bastion at each angle; and when the second regiment crossed its lines, the palmetto-logs lay about in profusion, waiting to be applied to the erection of their purpose.

But our troops did not long hesitate. They immediately applied themselves to their task, and soon threw up a sufficient breastwork to partially protect them, although inadequately, from the enemy.

The fort was built of logs, laid one upon another, in parallel rows, to the width of sixteen feet, being securely bound together at numerous intervals with strong pieces of timber dove-tailed and bolted into the logs. Between the spaces was a filling of sand, which contributed to make the works more firm, and less liable to penetration from heavy shot. Palmetto-logs were used to wall the merlons, notched into one another at the angles, well and firmly bolted, and strengthened with heavy pieces of massy timber.

The defence of the fort was confined, as we have said, to Colonel Moultrie; and the force under his command consisted of four hundred and thirty-five men, rank and file, all told, of which four hundred and thirty were of the second regiment of infantry, and twenty-two of the fourth regiment of artillery.

The whole number of guns of the fortress was thirty-one, comprising nine French twenty-sixes; six English eighteenes; nine twelve, and seven nine pounders. Let these be the fort, and let go their anchors, with spring cables, preparatory to action; all was bustle and preparation in the American fortress.

Officers were seen hurrying to and fro, issuing their orders, and inspiring their men with confidence and bravery for the coming contest, while the gunners were hastily preparing and loading their artillery, which was being trained upon the ships by the field officers in person. Balls were piled up, ammunition was got ready, buckets of water were brought by the assistant artillerymen to sponge the guns; in short, every thing was in readiness for the approaching contest.

The day was clear and fine, not a cloud appeared to dim the distant horizon, or to obscure the rays of the sun, as he poured them with all his power upon the backs of the men, who, to operate more freely, had cut off their coats, and threw them upon the merlons, or the ground, as chafon became most convenient.

Near the center of the inclosed fortress, and leaning against a stake-driven hastily into the thick sand, stood an officer coolly employed in smoking his pipe, though eagerly and intently watching the movements of the enemy, by occasionally raising his glass and leveling it toward the threatening squadron. His pipe was seldom removed from his mouth, except to permit the smoke to escape, or to issue an order to some of his attending aids.

Around him, and with anxious anticipation, depicted upon their excited countenances, were gathered some three or four young officers, busily employed, like their commander, in gazing upon the spectacle before them. They were all young men, with the exception of one who, at this time, was sixty-six and forty years of age, and who acted in command of the garrison. This was Francis Marion, the intrepid partisan of South Carolina, to whom justly belongs the immortal honor of successfully conducting the campaign, which so long fermented his active state, the issue of which so gloriously redounds to her undying honor. Marion was wrapped in busy meditation, intently regarding the scene before him, with his eyes occasionally running over the busy preparation of the little band of patriots, and then quickly and anxiously turning to the manœuvres of the formidable-looking enemy with the practiced vision of the soldier, whom he was now about to recover by a slight touch upon the arm: "Turning around somewhat, he beheld Col. Moultrie, with finger extended, pointing toward the manœuvres of the enemy's ships, which had now become distinctly visible. The Expedition had been ordered, and five gun ships, were hauled directly down the coast, the former dropping anchor, and on a direct line with the latter, the remaining six ships, with the bomb vessel, were in similar column, and were so arranged, as to form a nearly parallel line, extending immediately in front, and within gunshot range of the fort.

"We shall, no doubt, soon hear from the commodore's flag-ship, the Bristol, which will probably be the signal for the opening of the contest with our force," exclaimed Moultrie, addressing Marion in a low voice.

"But thank to the industry of our gallant comrades, I trust we shall give them a warm reception," replied Marion; "and if my judgment does not err, our palmetto-logs will give them a fine opportunity to test the power of their guns. Their fifty-gun ships seem to take a particular fancy to us, as they have dropped anchor in such close proximity to our fortress."

"You're right, major," replied Moultrie, "the commodore regards us very highly, and will soon allow us to test his friendship in the shape of his heavy shot and bombs;" and resuming his pipe, he puffed away as lustily as ever, apparently as regardless of the warlike preparations around him, as though perfectly self-satisfied of the victory which his little band was destined that day to achieve.

Another officer of his own rank was now joined by the group, who, from his mien, was one of some rank, as the younger men modestly retired a short distance as he approached the commander. Lifting his hand in true military style to the front-piece of his cap, he saluted his commander gracefully but modestly. This officer was Captain Peter Horry, afterward brigadier general. He was a young man of good figure, of about the medium height, rather stoutly built, but not bulky, and having a fine, open countenance, every lineament of which was truly indicative of the soldier. After bowing to the others, he turned to Moultrie and said:

"Sir, the enemy is making some considerable demonstration towards the southern angle of the fortress, and, if I mistake not, with the intention of attacking it with one or two of his smaller ships. I observe that he is making preparation to employ his two largest ships at a direct blockade, while he seeks to annoy us on the left with his lighter vessels. Permit me, therefore, to suggest the propriety of placing one of our heavy guns to the assistance of that part of the fort."

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quitted themselves with the firmness and tried discipline of veterans. Though but raw militia, and opposed to the flower of the English navy—that arm of war upon which England has ever depended for military fame and support, yet for all this, did their patriotism and their determined resistance bear them safely and with honor through the bloody contest; and some idea may be gathered of their bravery when we recollect that of the two fifty-gun ships, the Bristol and the Experiment, the former lost forty-four men killed and thirty wounded, and the latter fifty-seven killed and as many wounded—the commodore himself, Sir Peter Parker, losing an arm. The men on board of the smaller vessels, however, suffered less from the fact that the fire of the fort was directed chiefly to the Bristol and the Experiment. The vessels themselves were considerably injured, and one of them, the Acteon, ran aground, and was subsequently burnt.

It was about the middle of the action, during which the cannonading had been severe on both sides, and without any apparent diminution of either, that a twenty-six pound shot struck the flag staff of the fort, which had been an old mast of a ship, felling it, and then glancing off obliquely struck the sand within a few feet of where, but a short time previous, Moultrie with his staff had been standing.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Moultrie, "our colors are down," and without appearing to notice their escape, he sprang upon a pile of balls to watch the descent of the flag, which came down with the remainder of the staff upon the edge of the parapet, and then balancing a moment, disappeared on the outside of the fort. It was just at this moment that Sergeant Jasper, observing the fall of the colors, sprang to the parapet from among the officers we have mentioned, and instantly leaped to the ground on the outside of the fortress, and deliberately walked the whole length of the fort the extreme left wing where the flag had fallen, and seizing it with his left hand, while with his right hand he quickly detached it from its somewhat bulky standard, and at the same time called lustily to Captain Horry, who happened to be in command of his eighteen-pounder in this wing, to give him a sponge staff.

"Quick, quick, for the love of heaven," cried the intrepid Jasper; for the balls are flying around me like hail stones, and in no very agreeable proximity."

"Ay, ay," shouted Horry, in reply, as he hurried to the parapet with the required staff, and mounted it with a shout, the gallant young officer waved it aloft as though in defiance of the enemy, and after driving it firmly into the sand upon the parapet, he quickly disappeared behind the walls of the fortress.

This little incident was, no doubt, the most noble example of individual bravery during the action; and as their colors once more waved upon the ramparts, the little band of patriots sent up a loud shout, and again applied themselves with increased exertions to the fight.

The intrepid Jasper was afterward rewarded for his bravery by the presentation of a sword from the hands of Governor Rutledge, who, in the presence of numerous officers, removed the scabbard from his side and bestowed it upon the gallant hero.

The ammunition of the fort was now nearly exhausted, and fears were entertained as to the result of the contest, when Marion, with the readiness which always characterized him in any emergency, taking a small body of men proceeded to the Power of the armed schooner and removed it to the fort, in order to maintain the action until a supply of five hundred weight could be received from the city, then on its way.

The supply was fortunately received, and with it a renewal of exertions immediately commenced. For some time previous to this commencing, the British were of opinion that the firing from the fort had ceased, so long and disconnected were their discharges. But they were soon undeceived as the cannonading broke forth in all its fury, and, as it seemed to them, with redoubled vigor. Taking advantage of the little respite they had received, the men of the garrison poured in their discharges rapidly and fatally. Nothing seemed to check their ardor. Their movements were alike rapid and decisive. They handled their guns with the *et al* of veterans; and, so judicious had been their discharges, and so terribly true their aim, that the British commodore now found it judicious as well as necessary to withdraw from the contest.

He beheld with pain the failure of his dearly cherished hopes, and saw with mortification the utter uselessness of protracting longer the action. He knew it was impossible, in his crippled state and with a new supply of powder in the garrison, to compel it to terms; while to remain, and suffer himself to be annihilated, would be madness itself. Under these circumstances he resolved to order a retreat, and immediately issuing his orders to weigh anchor, he ceased firing, and began to make instant preparations for departure.

But while the fleet were preparing to retire the firing from the fort had scarcely abated, and as the vessels, one by one, moved from their moorings and stood out to sea, three prolonged and deafening shouts rent the air from the fortress, to tell the enemy of the victory of his defenders.

The ships had all left their recent scene of strife with the exception of the Bristol, the

commodore's; and as she veered around, exhibiting her stern-sheets to the victors, they determined to give her a parting and final shot. This was terribly fatal. History has ascribed to Marion the awful effect of its aim. The gun had just been charged as the Bristol turned her head to sea, and seizing a lever, Marion suddenly applied it to the breach of the gun, and by a vigorous motion of the arm changed its bearing, which brought it full upon the stern of the ship. Then quickly applying the match, the piece sent forth its messenger of death, which, striking the ship at the stern-windows, ranged through the cabin, killing two young officers who were drinking a congratulatory glass upon their recent escape from the straits, and then moving obliquely to the main deck, swept three sailors into eternity, and finally buried itself in the bosom of the ocean.

This ended one of the most bravely contested battles of the Revolution. The Carolinians lost in this engagement, which was maintained for eleven hours, twelve men killed and about twenty-four wounded; among the former of whom was the brave Sergeant McDonald, who as he was borne from the embrasure mortally wounded, cried out to his companions—"Don't give up—you are fighting for your country and for liberty."

The battle of Fort Moultrie was most salutary in its effects. It everywhere inspired the patriots with confidence and hope, and its participators were universally hailed with congratulations of regard, and viewed as the immortal heroes of their native State.

A PICTURE OF WOMAN.—The following picture of woman is taken from an excellent essay published in a number of the "Quarterly Review." We would recommend it to the perusal of our fair countrywomen; who, feel disposed to believe, "sat for the drawing." In speaking of those in the middle ranks of life, the writer observes:

"There we behold woman in all her glory, not a doll to carry silks and jewels, a puppet to be dangled by coxcomb children, and idol to profane adoration; revered to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the true place which nature and society would assign to her, by sensuality or contempt; admired but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruling by fashion, not by affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt; the source and mirror of vanity."

"We see her as a wife partaking the cares and anxieties of her husband, and as a mother, all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness in the merited approbation of the man she honors. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructor of the children she has tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence, addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to be men and women in their turn."

OUR GLASS OF WINE.—We find in Harper's Magazine for April, a very interesting history of the birth, parentage, and rise to power of the present Emperor of France. Included in that article, we also find the history of "one glass of wine," as follows:

"But there is another party who repudiate the claims of the Bourbon, and espouse the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not in any respect distinguished man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head first struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding he was taken into a beer-shop, and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty; confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile."

How true it is that the traffic in intoxicating beverages not only brings misery and sorrow to the poor, but also to the wealthy and affluent. It spares not the high nor the humble. It dishonors the gray hairs of age; it turns all beauty to corruption, and conquers the might of the brave. The king on his throne, the wealthy in his palace, the beggar in his cot, all feel the devastating influence of its atrocious sweep. Look not upon the wine.

OLE BULL'S COLONY.—Notwithstanding a recent Bull, it seems too true that Ole Bull's Norwegian Colony in Potter County, has fallen through, and that the few colonists who remain are suffering for the want of the necessities of life. Mr. Bull, forgetting his own loss, is about giving a series of concerts for the relief of his colonists. May he realize sufficient for them, and some thousands over for himself. How is it that the project failed? Was not Ole Bull's fiddle equal to the lyre of Orpheus in building up a city?

A citizen of New Haven, (Conn.) offers a reward of \$20 for the discovery of a Vandal who stole a rose bush from his child's grave.