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[From the Concordia-Intelligencer.]  
FLOWERS.

The radiant morn, and bright the sun,  
Comes shining down from sphere above,  
On fertile fields and verdant groves,  
On flowers sweet, those hopes of love.  
To bind you to this lonely earth,  
Than fragrant flowers, our bosoms help,  
When sorrow fills the place of mirth,  
But no purer ties exist on earth,  
Where all is desolation, woe,  
Where obscure clouds all scatter'd high,  
Besem the picture of some foe.  
But simple flowers elucidate  
The Christian's way while moving along,  
And impart new life to wandering souls,  
With heart's affection, long unknown.  
They are precious things, yet earthly things,  
But early things in beauty's mould,  
And Nature's, too, that goddess winged,  
With many a celestial fire untold,  
How pleasant at morning-side of life,  
When our daily labor's just begun,  
To spread fresh flowers o'er our path,  
Too sweetly freshened by many a song.  
When Spring in joyous garment comes,  
To greet us with her music wild,  
She brings along her flowery host,  
That lovely once did grace the "Nile."  
No fairer objects round are seen,  
None more sacred would I see,  
Than flowers that soon so quickly fade,  
To remind us of mortality.

A STRANGER.

## LILLY DALE.

'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light  
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,  
When friends mute with grief stood around the death-  
bed  
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.  
O—Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,  
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little  
green grave  
Nearth the trees in the flow'ry vale.  
I go, she said, to the land of rest,  
And ere my strength shall fail  
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,  
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.  
O—Oh! Lilly, &c.  
Nearth the Chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,  
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,  
Where the birds that warble their songs in Spring  
There lay poor Lilly Dale.  
O—Oh! Lilly, &c.

## REPLY TO LILLY DALE.

BY CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

My Lilly dear is sleeping  
Nearth the old Chestnut tree,  
The spot where oft she wandered  
When innocent and free;  
The wild rose and myrtle,  
Still cluster round the spot,  
But my heart's filled with sorrow,  
And lonely is my lot.  
Toll, toll the bell for gentle Lilly Dale,  
And let its tones echo through the vale,  
My Lilly dear I've lost, so loving, kind, and true,  
Sing to-day, one sad lay, for Lilly Dale.  
In Spring the birds are warbling  
A sad and mournful tale,  
Of beauty, once so blooming,  
Now lying cold and pale;  
The streamlet ripples onward,  
So quiet through the vale,  
The wild rose drops a dewy tear  
For each lost Lilly Dale.  
Toll, toll the bell, &c.  
Oh! Lilly dear, I'm weeping,  
Oh! I'll tell thee never come?  
To greet me with a blessing,  
From thy far angel home.  
My sad heart is now aching  
With heavy care oppress;  
Oh! may I quickly meet thee,  
In that pure land of rest.  
Toll, toll the bell for gentle Lilly Dale,  
And let its tones echo through the vale,  
My Lilly dear I've lost, so loving, kind and true,  
Sing to-day, one sad lay, for Lilly Dale.

QUESTIONS IN ARITHMETIC.—The following are a few suggestions taken out for the benefit of those who are entrusted with the delicate task of teaching the young military mind how to do something more than shoot, which was formerly his sole accomplishment.  
If fourteen pounds make one stone, how many stones will make one stone and a half?  
If five yards make a half mile, what is the height of a mountain?  
Test with two birds the accuracy of the arithmetical proposition, that thirty and a quarter square yards will make one perch, and that two gallons will make one peck.  
If there are sixteen nails in one yard, how is it that there ought never to be more than five nails in a foot?  
If a certain number of hogsheads make a pipe, is it possible, with any quantity of bird's eye to make a cigar?  
If the earth takes twenty-four hours to get around the sun, how many hours will it take to get around the moon?  
If a man can dig a hole six feet deep in one day, how long will it take him to dig a hole six feet deep in one hour?  
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## Selected Tale.

[From Harper's Magazine.]  
FLORENCE MAY.

A LOVE STORY.

The golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a stile watching for the arrival of the London coach. It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a green valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to a village a few miles distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble cottage—all alone, unless her recitance and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people. Mrs. May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving as curates sometimes do, a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence. Having fought the fight of life nearly out on £50 or £60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for £1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out-of-the-way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs. May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London, to her of "something to her advantage." This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbors, her own character, and a mother's prayers.

She has been absent more than a week—What has happened in the meantime? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tell of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence!

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came scudding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hillside to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However, here it comes, the Tally-ho, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage swaying to and fro. "That's a girl's voice as screamed," said a man to the Whip as they passed. "Full, inside and out!" was the reply, and on went the Tally-ho along the level lap of the valley.

"She is not come," murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hang their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attended to, then dropped occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that fitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; they utterly forgotten, as she herself went waiting down the stream of the future, that widened as she went, and flowed, at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairy-land. The schoolmen have sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, passed to gaze at her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when neared and grasped at, hardened into reality, vulgar and boresome. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurled; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow-boughs was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams. There is a certain pride in disappointed nature, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, so if an could imagine a more beautiful thing than God has impressed on the countenance of the stranger, it would be the countenance of the stranger.

stood by her side, "I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn."

"The roof of the mansion shows above the trees," replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

"I might have guessed so," said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; "and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be."

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electricity along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. "Florence May," said she, "is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders."

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorized question?

"Child," replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, "you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present let me thank you, and say farewell."

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered, almost breathless, with surprise and excitement, and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued that her use, if it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidity of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Eros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but "a concealed fault is half pardoned." We were invisible, and heard every word they said—It should all be set down here, but it is dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she, partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly to give vent to her indignation, turned her head behind the rampart of her maiden modesty, and answered only by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe his words. Like all lovers, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from; all he wanted to know was, whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and of course Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations, she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive, impertinent stranger? Impertinent! Nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanor; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why—perhaps it would be a matter of regret—should he not pursue his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that hers was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eyes, her lips trembled, and she was on the point of periling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

"No," said she, "I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience. He is certainly captivating in manner, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part—And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been led to wear the willow, after having said 'Yes' too soon.

In the afternoon, a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misunderstanding that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr. Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of this beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these things; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been "taken in."

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed slightly, but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. "Do not be alarmed, Miss May," he said; "I came here in hopes to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you and for my unauthorized accusations. Do you that you are no longer angry."

"Of course—of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire; I must not be seen by the neighbors talking to a stranger at this hour."

"There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you a minute. Can you not find in your heart to give me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, maddened by your cold indifference."

"You have no right, Mr. Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and— But I must go in."

"This gives me hope," cried he; "I ask no more. Florence—dear Florence!"

He took her hand, and kissed it over and over again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion that had seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

"She will come to the meadow to-morrow," said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success. But Florence did not come.

Mrs. May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon: a den of thieves was nothing to it. The "something to her advantage" was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself "much obliged" to her correspondent; adding, however, that "some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good morning, and hoped he would repeat before he arrived at Botany Bay." Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs. May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that she had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

"Bless me," exclaimed Mrs. May at length, setting down her tea-cup, "I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy. You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!"

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr. Angelo. Let it be admitted, that she suppressed all allusion to the last interview.

"Well, child," quoth Mrs. May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—"I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any serious attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?"

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. "I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character, of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—we shall see; but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners."

It was no easy matter for Mrs. May to gain the information she required. The whole village, it was true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who, as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise. Poor Mrs. May was highly indignant when she learned that all these visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that in so many, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

"You must," she said, "forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions."

"I will try," replied her daughter, with an arch look; "but there he is coming down the street toward our house."

The stranger had heard of Mrs. May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interview, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was loved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavored to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr. Angelo found it

necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

"My name," he said, "is Angelo Melvyn, and I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally with melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighborhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have wished to say of my feelings toward her?"

The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, while two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

Seizure of the Black Warrior.  
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.  
President Pierce transmitted the following message to Congress on the 16th inst., in relation to the recent seizure of the steamship Black Warrior, in the port of Havana. The President takes the right view of the matter, and speaks as becomes the Chief Magistrate of this great and free people. The message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and ordered to be printed:  
In compliance with a resolution passed by the House of Representatives, I herewith transmit the report of the Secretary of State, containing all the information received by the department relative to the seizure of the Black Warrior at Havana, on the 28th ult.  
There have been in the course of a few years past, many other instances of aggression upon our commerce, violations of the rights of American citizens, and insults to our national flag by the authorities of Cuba, and all attempts to obtain redress from them have led to protracted and fruitless negotiations.  
The documents in these cases have been very voluminous, and when they are prepared will be sent to Congress.  
Those now transmitted relate exclusively to the seizure of the Black Warrior, and they present so clear a case of wrong that it might reasonably be expected that full indemnity should be made for it, as soon as this unjustifiable and offensive conduct should be made known to her Catholic Majesty's Government. But similar expectations in other cases have not been realized.  
The offending party is at our doors with large powers for aggression, but none, it is alleged, for reparation.  
The source for redress is in another hemisphere, and the answers made to our first complaints from the home Government are but repetitions of the excuses rendered by inferior officers to their superiors, in reply to representations as to their misconduct.  
This peculiar situation of parties has undeniably much aggravated the annoyance which our citizens have suffered from the Cuban authorities, and Spain does not appreciate, to the full extent, her responsibility for the conduct of her authorities.  
In giving very extraordinary powers to them, she owes it to justice and to her friendly relations with this Government to guard with great vigilance against any exorbitant exercise of those powers, and in case of injuries, to provide for prompt redress.  
I have already taken measures to represent to the Government of Spain the wanton injury done by the Cuban authorities by the detention and seizure of the Black Warrior, and to demand immediate indemnity for the injuries which have thereby resulted to our citizens.  
In view of the position of Cuba, its proximity to our coast, the relations which it must ever bear to our commercial interests, it is vain to expect a series of unprovoked and unprovoked infringements of our commercial rights, and the adoption of a policy threatening the honor and security of these States, can long consist with peaceful relations.  
In case the measures I have taken for an amicable adjustment of our difficulties with Spain should unfortunately fail, I shall not hesitate to use the authority and means which Congress may grant to insure the observance of our just rights, or obtain redress for injuries received, and will vindicate the honor of the flag.  
In anticipation of that contingency, which I earnestly hope may not arise, I would suggest to Congress the propriety of adopting such provisional means as the exigency of the case may seem to demand.  
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

## A Female Hunter.

PERFORMANCES OF A YOUNG LADY.

I received a letter a few days since, from a friend of mine, travelling as a pedlar in the wild portions of Delaware and Sullivan counties, New York, in which he related an account of an adventure he had. If you think it is worth the trouble, you will please give it a place in your paper. The story is as follows, I give it in his own words:

I must relate an adventure that I met with a few days since. As I was trudging along one afternoon, in the town of Fremont, one of the border towns of Sullivan County, I was overtaken by what I at first supposed was a young man with a rifle on his shoulder, and being much pleased with the idea of having company through the woods, I turned around and said, "Good afternoon, sir." "Good afternoon," said my new acquaintance, but in a tone of voice that sounded to me rather peculiar. My suspicions were at once aroused, and to satisfy myself, I made inquiries in regard to hunting, which were readily answered by the young lady, who I had thus encountered. She said she had been out ever since daylight, had followed a buck nearly all day, got one shot and wounded him—but as there was little snow, she could not get him, and was going to try the next day, hoping that she should get another shot at him, and she was quite certain that she would kill him.

Although I cannot give a very good idea of her appearance, I will try to describe her dress: The only article of female apparel visible was a close fitting hood upon her head, such as is often worn by deer hunters. Next an India rubber hunting coat; her neither limbs were encased in a snug fitting pair of curduroy pants, and a pair of Indian moccasins upon her feet. She had a good looking rifle upon her shoulder, and a brace of double-barrelled pistols in the side pockets of her coat, while a most formidable hunting knife hung suspended by her side. Wishing to witness her skill with her hunting instruments, I commenced bantering her with regard to shooting. She smiled and said that she was as good a shot as was in the woods—and to convince me, took out her hunting knife and cut a ring, about four inches in diameter, in a tree, with a small spot in the centre. Then stepping back thirty yards, and drawing up one of her pistols, put both balls inside the ring. She then at thirty-five rods from the tree, put a ball from her rifle in the very centre.

We shortly came to her father's house, and I gladly accepted an invitation to stop there over night. The maiden hunter, instead of sitting down to rest, as most hunters do when they get home, remarked that she had got the chores to do. So out she went; fed, watered, and stabled a pair of young horses, a yoke of oxen, and three cows. She then went to the saw-mill and brought a slab on her shoulder that I should not like to have carried, and with an axe and saw soon worked it into stove wood.

Her next business was to change her dress and get tea, which she did in a manner which would have been creditable to a more scientific cook. After tea, she finished up the usual house work, and then sat down and commenced plying her needle in a most lady-like manner. I ascertained that her mother was quite feeble, and her father confined to the house with the rheumatism. The whole family were intelligent, well educated, and communicative. They had moved from Scholastic county into the woods about three years before, and the father was taken lame the first winter after their arrival, and had not been able to do anything since, and Lucy Ann, as her mother called her, has taken charge of, ploughed, planted, and harvested the farm, learned to chop wood, drive the team, and do all the necessary work. Game being plenty, she had learned to use her father's rifle, and spent some of her leisure time in hunting. She had not killed a deer yet, but expressed her determination to kill one, at least, before New Year's. She boasted of having killed any quantity of partridges, squirrels, and other small game. After chatting some time, she brought a violin from the closet, and played fifteen or twenty tunes, and also sang a few songs, accompanying herself on the violin, in a style that showed she was far from destitute of musical skill. After spending a pleasant evening, we retired.

The next morning she was up at four o'clock, and before sunrise, had the breakfast out of the way, and all her work out of doors and in the house done, and when I left, a few minutes after sunrise, she had on her hunting suit, and was loading her rifle for another chase after the deer.

NOVEL CONDENSED.—Moonlight night—shady grove—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor—great obstacle—young man proud—very handsome—very smart—sure to make a fortune—young lady's father very angry—won't consent—mother intercedes—no go—rich rival—very ugly—very hard hearted—lovers in a bad fix—won't part—die first—moonlight again—garnet window opens—type ladder—light—parag—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—won't forgive them—discovers them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—al forgiven—all made up—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion—quit comfortable—have little children—much happiness—Finis.

The man that hung himself with a yarn was cut down with a shoulder blade and restored with a glass of water from the Spring of the year.