



Devoted to Literature, Mechanism, Arts and Sciences, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Local Matter, Foreign and Domestic News, and General Intelligence.

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Poetry.

(Written for the Independent Delawarean.)

ROSA BLANCH.

Or the Blighted Rose of the Dairy.

BY ROMEO.

PART IV.

When man by error blights his name,
He may the branch restore;
But woman, when she stoops to shame,
Is lost for evermore.

When once within the dark vortex,
Condemn'd by man's spurn'd by her sex,
She sorrows to the grave.

Thus Ross, when she would return,
The cold, unfeeling world,
Refus'd her back, with mandate stern,
And insult on her hurt'd.

An outcast from the human race,
She saw no pitying eye,
The poor-house was the only place,
Where she might weep and die.

She feels her sands are nearly run;
Her soul must soon depart;
No friend is near the lonely one,
To soothe her troubled heart.

At that dark hour, when the soul
Shrinks back at every groan,
And death drops from the forehead roll,
Poor Ross was alone.

No, not alone!—for one above,
With an attentive ear,
Is listening with a father's love,
Her dying prayer to hear.

Though all the world may disappear,
He is forever nigh,
And sees the first repentant tear,
Fall from the mourner's eye.

The shaft is sped—she gasps for breath—
The grave yawns at her feet—
A spirit through the shades of death,
Spinks consolation sweet.

She sees beyond her present woes,
A brighter world than this,
And mildly smiles at death's repose,
In a dreamy bliss.

Her name not appears once more;
Now peering through the gloom,
Her father sits within the door,
And beckons her to come.

She hears again the loving word;
She calls the blushing flower;
Above her head the yellow bird,
Chirps in his leafy bower.

A light unthinkingly marks her eye,
And then a mist comes o'er;
A half drawn breath—a smile—a sigh,
And Ross is no more.

A coffin made of unplanned boards—
Rude shape and naked case,
Is all that shields and the poor.

The coffin lid was hammered close;
They laid the dead to rest within,
And little pains they took;
She had no friends, nor had she kin,
To take the last sad look.

The coffin lid was hammered close;
They laid the dead to rest within,
And little pains they took;
She had no friends, nor had she kin,
To take the last sad look.

No smother'd sobs were heard around—
No ceremony said—
No funeral hymn, with mournful sound,
Was raised above the dead.

The clouds are heap'd upon her breast—
No stone marks out the spot,
Where Ross lies in peaceful rest,
Unknown—unwept—forgot.

Thus blighted one, no minstrelsy,
Mourns thy untimely doom;
No epitaph is written for thee,
Except the flower's bloom.

They say when blooming in the Spring,
And when they fade away;
Thus didst thou bloom a fragile thing,
And thus didst die decay.

(Written for the Independent Delawarean.)

THE SILENT HEART AND LUTE.

BY ELLENE.

Talk not to me of happiness,
Of friends that love me now;
Ye are all dearer to me yet,
Then how can I forget?

You bid me laugh a merry laugh—
You ask in vain a song;
How could I smile, or sing to-night,
The songs neglected long?

They would recall too painfully,
The happiness of yore,
When gay fell the sunny hours,
Which I shall know no more.

Then ask me not to sing again,
The songs I used to sing;
Or rouse my weary, aching brow,
A flowery wreath to fling.

Those fairy blossoms would but mock,
The withered daisy beneath;
Once they'd have lightly decked my brow,
But now, take back thy wreath.

My late has lost its silvery notes,

My spirit loved to hear—

Not one faint sound can I make,

Which charmed the listener's ear.

Oh! memory thou'rt a fearful thing—

A thorn within my breast—

Oh! for one dream of Lute's bright wave,

To quiet this stormy guest.

Then I would tune my harp again,

To my full spirit's words,

That it might in richness forth,

Waking its silent chords.

Alas! I cannot still the storm—

It will not yet depart—

Upon the Lute no sound will wake,

For bleeds the minstrel's heart.

Select Tales.

From the Salem Sun Journal.

The Nobleman's Bride.

BY JOSEPH B. HOAG.

This world is replete with that which is wonderful in the extreme. Do we wish to find that which is really remarkable and strange, we have only to turn to facts of almost every day occurrence, and we can easily become acquainted with that, which for being remarkable in its character, far outstrips anything which is the product of the most active imagination, or soaring fancy. The observer of the facts of human life, finds at almost every step of his investigation, facts, inexplicable in their character, which the deepest genius cannot divine. There are seeming anomalies in the history of almost every individual which fill us with wonder and astonishment, were we to become fully acquainted with it. But I will not be prolix in preliminaries.

The leading features of the following tale may be relied on as strictly true; the writer having been furnished with them from the most reliable source.

Reader, I would conduct you (in imagination at least) to a splendid mansion, situated on the banks of the Hudson, surrounded by every appearance of wealth and comfort. It is the residence of the wealthy Mr. Gorman, whose wealth is not the best treasure he possesses; for his unequalled reputation any one might envy. He has always been a friend to the poor, and his name is lisp'd with accents of gratitude by many whom his bounty has relieved; and whose wants he has administered to.

In that splendid mansion the owner lies on a couch of sickness, to which he has long been confined. Every means within the range of human power has been resorted to, in order to check the progress of the disease, and restore him to his wonted health; but in vain, his physician tells him he must die. All hope has forsaken him, and he resigns himself to his fate. He has an infant daughter, his only child, and she must soon be left destitute of a father's protection. If he can secure her future well being, he can easily become reconciled to leave the world.

For this purpose he summons to his bedside his friend and neighbor, Charles Henton, and consigns to his care. They are schoolmates—they have always been friends, and in him the dying man fondly hopes he may repose confidence; and without hesitation and reluctance he consigns her to his care and protection.

After having, as he supposes, made all necessary arrangements, and placing a large amount of money in Mr. Henton's hands to defray the expense of his daughter Caroline's education, and for a fortune for her when she should arrive at maturity, he leaves the world in peace.

The scene now changes. We will take you, reader, to the town of Williston, in the State of Vermont.

Sixteen years have elapsed since the opening of our tale. We approach a stately mansion, surrounded by tall shade trees and gravel walks; no pains have been spared to make the place beautiful and lovely. It is the residence of Charles Henton, Caroline's guardian. This entire property was purchased with the money left him by Caroline's father, for her benefit. But where is Caroline?—She resides here; but her life is the station of a menial—her life one of toil and hardship. She who was amply provided for by a dotting father in his last moments, has been treacherously wronged out of her father's bounty, by the dishonesty of her guardian, who, forgetful of his vows to her dying father, has appropriated every farthing of the property which her father left her for his own benefit;—and instead of occupying the elevated station in society, which her father designed, and for which he made ample provision, she is doomed to a life of servitude. He has adopted her as his daughter, and she, ignorant of her true parentage, really supposes him to be her father.

Her education has been neglected, but she is beautiful in the extreme, and the admiration of all who saw her; yet she goes but little into society, from the fact that her unfeeling guardian, who has deprived her of her father's bounty, and in whose service she had thus far spent her life, denies her the necessary apparel to appear in society respectably. She knows that he whom she calls her father is wealthy—much more so than most of his neighbors; yet while most

of the young ladies of the neighborhood enjoy the benefits and pleasure of society and fashionable apparel, she is doomed to solitude through his parsimoniousness. In order to obviate this difficulty, after she has performed the labor of the family, she spins for the neighbors, and with her wages thus earned, she purchases clothing for herself; and in this way alone does she become the possessor of anything like finery.

Hard is the fate, poor girl, and deeply art thou wronged, though ignorant of the full extent of that wrong, or the vile treachery of him who uttered the most solemn vows to thy dying father, which vows have been disregarded and broken; yet despair not, for an angel of mercy is hovering over thy path with balmy wings, and a brighter destiny awaits thee.

Reader, we must now return to the mansion on the banks of the Hudson, the former residence of Mr. Gorman—Caroline's father. Caroline's mother still resides here, but she is no longer the widow Gorman. For several years she has been the wife of the talented and wealthy Henry Overst. Her ignorance of the true condition of her daughter is explained by the fact that she has frequently received letters from Mr. Henton, giving flattering accounts of Caroline's advancement in literary accomplishments, and of her perfect happiness. She has never known aught of the facts in the case until this morning. A few weeks since, a neighbor of Mr. Overst's having occasion to travel through the western part of Vermont, was requested to ascertain the location of Mr. Henton, and bring them intelligence of their daughter. This morning they have received a letter from him, stating that he has visited Mr. Henton—that there is living with him a beautiful and interesting young woman, apparently about sixteen years of age, by the name of Caroline, whom he calls his daughter; that he has been informed by Mr. Henton's neighbors that she has always been subjected to the necessity of working like a slave, and has been forced to work out, to clothe herself.

This news is like a thunderbolt to Mrs. Overst, who chides herself for having so long neglected to ascertain the true condition of her daughter, and she resolves to take measures to find her immediately.

We must now return to Caroline. It is a sunny afternoon in September; she is spinning in the chamber of a neighbor, who has just been told that the stranger who called at Mr. Henton's, had enquired respecting her, and was "something mysterious" rests upon her history. She feels melancholy and sad. She can arrive at no definite conclusion by what she has heard; yet it renders her unhappy; she looks out of the window and sees a carriage drawn by two beautiful horses, slowly winding up the lane that leads from the road to the house; she feels, she knows not why, that there is something good in store for her, and her depression of spirits suddenly gives way to her wonted cheerfulness. She sees a lady and gentleman alight from the carriage and enter the house.

In a few moments she is summoned to the parlor—she obeys the summons and after a few questions put to her by the strangers, she is told that lady is her mother, and that gentleman, her step-father. We will not attempt to picture her emotions, which can be more easily imagined than described.

She is taken at once from her unfeeling guardian, and placed at school, where she remained two years and made ordinary proficiency. Mr. Overst soon after was elected a member of Congress, and took Caroline and her mother with him to Washington. There, beauty and amiableness wins her many admirers. She moves in the highest circles, and is the admiration of all.

Again the scene changes. You must now accompany us, reader, to England—Here we approach one of the finest castles of this far famed Isle. It is the dwelling of Lord Henry Stuart. A gay party had assembled at this Lordly mansion. Here the noble, the high-born, and the grand have met. What can be the occasion of this assemblage? We gain a view of the apartments, and every appearance of grandeur meets our eye. Why have so many assembled here who are England's high-born, to spend a night of festivity and mirth? Lord Henry Stuart has just returned with his bride; and they have met to celebrate the occasion and congratulate him—but who is she who hangs on Lord Henry's arm as his bride? It is Caroline, the heroine of our tale. Lord Stuart was Minister Plenipotentiary, from England to Washington, at the time Caroline's step-father was member of Congress; and her lady-like appearance won his esteem and affection—he married her, conveyed her to England, and now Caroline, who was once treated with the utmost severity, was compelled to lead a life of servitude, and was most treacherously wronged by one who had assumed the relation of a parent to her, and most solemnly vowed to discharge the duties of that relation—enjoys all the affluence and grandeur of an English nobleman's bride.

But what, you ask, became of her unprincipled and cruel guardian? He was rewarded for his dishonesty by a most dread retribution. Previous to Mr. Overst taking his seat in Congress, he commenced a suit against him, which he left in the hands of an eminent lawyer, who prosecuted it with vigor, and the result was that Henton was stripped of all his property, and his children turned him out of doors, and he became a penniless exile in a foreign land,

They Can't Fool Me.

"Suspicion is a heavy armor, and

With its own weight impedes us more."

Billy Keene's peculiar boast was the utter

impossibility of being hoodwinked, or in his

more expressive phraseology, fooled."

"They can't fool me!" was ever at his

tongue's end, and so evident were his at-

tempts to impress this fact upon all with

whom he had any thing to do, that he not

unfrequently made a fool of himself."

Billy always made a point of expressing

his disbelief of every thing, however plausible,

that reached his ears, which by the way,

were exceedingly easy of access, being

not more than five feet two inches, from

the ground, when their owner stood upon

his feet.

Suspicion was always the "one idea" in

his mind; he suspected everybody of some

abortive design to gull him—from the

most respectable friend, down to the

old Isaac, who had no more idea of a practical

joke, than a polar bear might be expected

to have of a baby-jumper.

Billy was not naturally hard-headed, but

he was so suspicious, that he turned twenty

beggars from his door, where he relieved

the necessities of one. In vain was the

implored eye raised, and the wasted hand

extended to him for alms.—The more pitiful

the story, the more evident was it to him

a hoax. "It all sounds very pitiful,"

he would exclaim; "but I have seen too

much of the world—I've heard too much of

such stuff—it's no use—you can't fool me!"

and the wretched mediocrity was compelled

to seek in other quarters for that charity

which believeth all things, which thinketh

no evil.

Billy was once married, he'd it was a long

time ago he was "fooled into the state of

"double blessedness," yet, for the himself

has acknowledged he often felt with

bitterness, before he was "billy hood-

winked." We recollect his boasting of it, during

his bachelorship, that Emma, the only

daughter of a neighboring magnate, was

endeavoring to snare him into the mar-

riage, and he was making the boast to

his particular friend, "other people don't

notice it," said he, but it is as plain as day

to me. She thinks I don't see her plan!

"Ha! ha!—she can't fool me!"—Folks say

her father will give her a cool ten thousand;

bumping. If she's got the spoons why

should she be so anxious to get into my

good graces! that's the question. She's

rather pretty to be sure, but I wonder if

she thinks I believe her complexion and

teeth natural?—Guess she'll find I ain't

quite so verdant as she thinks I am. No sir,

she can't fool me!"

Billy accompanied these words with a

sly wink of peculiar expression, and gave

no little cause of astonishment to his friend,

who for reasons best known to himself, was

aware that the young lady was innocent of

any such intention as Billy imputed to her.

Billy was no less astonished the next day,

at hearing of the marriage of his friend,

exactly the morning with the alleged Em-

ma B., whose tale proved to be fifteen thou-

sand, and whose personal charms were all

natural; manage Billy's suspicions. His

friend found in Emma a lovely, devoted

wife, while he, still wrapped in his "heavy

armor," remained a bachelor.

But at length, as we have already told

you, our hero was married. How any mortal

of Eve managed to fool him into an

union, is now, I never remain to tell us

a profound mystery. We are certain how-

ever, that he was married, for we find him

at fifty, a widower, with an only daughter,

a beautiful girl of eighteen.

Our worthy friend was proud of his

daughter Mary; and well indeed he might

be; for she had a sweet, lovely face, and a

faultless form, and there was a word of

One sultry July afternoon, a pale faced young gentleman, whom Billy remembered to have seen in the street, but with whom he had no acquaintance called at his house and requested to see him immediately "on important business." He was shown by Mary into the parlor and our hero soon entered.

The pale-faced young man first introduced himself, and then the subject of his visit. "I have an unpleasant disclosure to make, which is of the greatest importance to you, and to the happiness of your daughter. You are of course aware that Edward Seymour has succeeded in making his friends believe that he has given up all hopes of marrying your daughter; this is merely to fool your suspicions, but I am confident that you have too much acuteness to believe it."

"Certainly," said Billy, highly gratified, "go on, he can't fool me."

"Well, as I was going to remark, my room at the Eagle is next to Seymour's and this morning I overheard him relating in high glee, to some one in the room a plan for over-reaching you! and eloping with Miss Mary! I detect eaves-dropping, but he was talking in a loud tone, and his door was a little way open—so it was forced upon me."

"Ha! ha!" roared Billy, "thinks he can fool me! the poor idiot! I should just like to have him try it, how is he going to do it?"

"His plan," said the pale face, "is deeply laid, but he is a fool to imagine that he can deceive you by any contrivance of his brain. He has employed a little black boy, who brushes boots and shoes and does odd jobs at the Eagle, to call at your house, just after dark this evening, with directions to tell you that your sister Emma has been taken with a dangerous attack of her old complaint and wishes you to come to Pineville, to see her immediately, and while you are gone, he intends to take your daughter in a carriage, to Jones's tavern, on the river road. Squire Curtis is to go with them to perform the ceremony, which will make them man and wife."

"A dutiful daughter, Mary, is, indeed; the jade, to consent to such a deception on her poor old father. I'll look the hussy up, till she shames to her senses, and I'll whip the nigger, and pull Seymour's nose—He teach 'em to try to fool me!"

"Calm yourself, I entreat you, my dear sir," said the pale faced young man, "reflect that such a course of proceeding would not only make the affair public, but it might seriously affect your daughter's reputation and happiness; to be sure she has been guilty of disrespect to you, but then she has undoubtedly been drawn into it by that rascal, Seymour. I know sir, that you could not have been duped by two such green ones, even if I had not discovered their plan to you, but at the same time, (if I may presume to offer you my poor advice) I think that you had better pretend to believe the yarn about your sister's illness, and under cover of going to Pineville, proceed straight to Jones's Tavern, wait for the runaway, break up their plan, cover them with confusion, and bring your daughter home."

This would convince them forever, of what they ought to know already, that they might as well give in—that they can't fool you."

"Capital idea!" said Billy, "much indebted to you, sir. You're right, they can't fool me! Good day, sir."

"Billy is indeed in an immediate fit of laughter, when his pale faced visitor was gone. "So Edward Seymour was going to fool me, was he!—ha! ha! I guess he'll find a tough one though; guess he can't be fooled so easy neither! and so deceived kind in him, too, to put me on my guard. He's a gentleman, and no mistake."

The afternoon, dark and cloudy, soon passed away, and after it came a black night, and a black boy. Billy heard the message of the latter with well counterfeited concern for Emma's illness, and bidding old Isaac saddle his mare, was soon on the road to Jones's.

The night was black, and a drizzling rain chilled his bones, but still he muttered to himself, as he slapped his arms together, to accelerate the tardy circulation. "Crackly, how they'll look, when they find we waiting for them at Jones! S'pose they think I'm half way to Pineville by this time. Ha! ha! guess Emma ain't acry bad. They can't fool me!"

"Why bless my soul, Mr. Keene, what brought you here in this storm," said the burly Jones, as our worthy friend, drenched to the skin, reined the old mare up to the door. His only answer was, "you'll see something presently, Mr. Jones." "I'll tickle you some, I calculate; they can't fool me!"

The old mare was soon in the comfortable stable, while her owner, pacing the bar room floor only uttered at intervals, "you'll see some sport presently, Mr. Jones, they can't fool me!"

An hour passed away—another—eleven o'clock and no carriage.

"That pale faced Jackass couldn't have been fooling me, could he?" thought the suspicious Billy. "No, by jingo!—here they come. Now, now, Mr. Jones, if you want to see some rare fun, just step to the door; they can't fool me!"

The carriage rattled up to the door in the furious haste; the driver reined in the reeking horses, and sprang from his seat; the steps were thrown down—Edward Seymour leaped out—assisted Mary to alight, and Squire Curtis followed. Billy conceal-

ed himself behind the door, until the happy trio were in the sitting room, then with an air of triumph, he very coolly walked in, exclaiming "smart set, too hot for you, you could fool me, did you! ha! ha! I come, Miss Jackass—naps, you'd better put your bonnet on again, sister Emma ain't dangerous and it's pretty late, so we'd better be getting towards home; ha! ha! fool me, will you?"

Mr. Keene looked around to see what effect his unexpected appearance had made, no one seemed at all surprised; Mary did not as might have been expected, faint away on the occasion but stepped forward, half weeping—half smiling, she broke the awful pause with—"I'm ready to go this minute, Pa; but first let me introduce to you my husband, Edward Seymour; we were married quietly at home about an hour after you started. It was so kind of you to go away and leave us to make our own arrangements, that we thought it would be too bad to make you ride home on horseback in this storm so we came to fetch you back, and offer you a seat in our carriage. Now you'll forgive us won't you, Pa?"

"I'm sold, give me your hand Seymour, this is the first time I was ever fooled; and you are the first person who could ever fool me. God bless you my son," said the old man, affected to tears, "you've done what no other living man ever could do—you've won her, and you're worthy of her."

The remainder of the scene, our pen, though made of the steepest steel, is too feeble to describe. Old Jones, who had been a wondering spectator of the singular meeting, shook hands with Billy, and assured him that he had seen much more fun than he had anticipated; and when the wedding party started for home, Mr. Keene recognized by the coach light, the pale faced young man transformed into a driver.

Our hero is still living, surrounded by a lovely group of grand children, and he still is firm in his own belief that he can't be fooled.

The last time we saw him, he was listening to an account given by Seymour, on his return from the city, of that wonderful invention—the magnetic telegraph. "I wonder," said the old man "if Ed thinks I suck all that yarn about writing and talking by lightning, or about sending a letter from New York to Buffalo in a second; no! nor in forty-four hours either; it's no use, Ed, you may tell the deucedest lies, but you can't fool me!"

—Geneva Gazette.

THE MIND.

Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realization of the great ends for which he was designed; without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere, mercenary motives and desires; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform, having no heart beating in common with those of his fellow men, no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said not to live. His mind is shut in by moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, a dregs to the tomb with scarcely a regret—Such beings we have seen and wondered at—wondered that a mortal, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainment of intellectuality, should slumber through a world like ours, in which is every thing beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind, and the heart, and of such a diversified character, that we may never grow weary. If, then, you wish to live, in the true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow men, and in seeking their happiness you will promote your own.

CONTENTMENT.

It is not the independence secured by the possession of immense wealth, nor all the goods of pomp, or the gratifications of idle vanity, that can secure for the mind that repose after which mankind is continually yearning. No, it is the consciousness that we have not forgotten the high duties which we have been placed here to perform, and that we have sufficient philosophy to enable us to bear "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." "Poor and content, is rich and rich enough," and he who can bear the evils of this life without repining—who can regard the splendors of opulence without envy—and while laying his hand on his heart, can conscientiously aver that he has done unto others as he would have others to do unto him—of that man it may be confidently asserted that he has fulfilled the bequests of the wise Dispenser of good, and that he has approached as nearly to a state of perfect happiness as we are permitted to enjoy in this probationary life.

THE SABBATH.

We are happy to learn from the *Statesman*, published at Lafayette, in the neighborhood of New Orleans, that the Sabbath is becoming emphatically a day of rest in that city. "No one," says the editor, "who has resided long in this community can fail to perceive the great change which in this regard a few years have wrought. Shops are generally closed and the business of the week laid aside; the houses of public worship are filled with attentive listeners, and an air of quiet and sobriety generally characterizes the greater portion of the city." It is said that New Orleans,