

The Independent Press.

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(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

VOLUME 2—NO. 15.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1854.

WHOLE NUMBER 67.

POETRY.

What I Have Seen.

I've oft in passing through this world,
Seen men of strange repulsive mould,
And wondered oft why they should seem
So dead and senseless, drear and cold.
I've often lingered on their look,
And mourned, alas, their gloomy fate!
And tried to know, instinctively,
What brings this wretched saddened state.
I've often seen the cheerless lark,
And marked the cold repulsive eye,
And seen within the frigid soul,
A mystery deep that brings a sigh.
I know not where the wrong doth rest,
Nor can we tell, for all is sin,
But once the soul is dead to good,
Has naught on earth to joy within.
Oh! cold phlegmatic creature man,
Can life nor joy within you start?
Shall gloom o'er-shroud your brightsome way,
And nothing ope to cheer your heart?
I cannot feel that life is sweet,
To you who grope in sullen gloom;
How can you make this earth a hell?
As dismal as the darkness tomb?
Has Satan fixed his hand on thee,
And marked thee with his vile impress?
Or has the world to you grown cold,
And all around is dreariness?
Methinks this life is hard at best,
And none, alas, should dare repine!
Our days are few, and numbered too,
And to our fate we should resign.
I've seen the rich man in his hall,
Arrayed in all his splendor there,
And yet, forsooth, I've often traced,
The marks of deep and dark despair.
This mighty nature man has got,
It is a problem strange to me,
Oh, would that I some power had
To prove this dark deep mystery.
Our mortal ken, so finite here,
We cannot grasp the hidden cause,
The veil that shrouds our visual range
Is spann'd with God's eternal laws.
Deep mystery then is man to me—
A Biped of the strangest mould,
His ways are ways of heaviness,
And yet the tale is half untold.

Mc Carmel, August, 4th, 1854.

MISCELLANY.

Gen. Jackson and the Clerk.

Many of our readers will recognize the point of the following joke, which we heard related "long time ago," but which was never saw in print.

While General Jackson was President of the United States, he was tormented day after day, by importunate visitors, (as most Chief Magistrates of this "great country are") whom he did not care to see—and in consequence gave strict directions to the messenger at the door, to admit only certain persons on a particular day, when he was more busy with State affairs than usual.

In spite of the peremptory orders, however, the attendant bolted into his apartment during the afternoon, and informed the General that a person was outside whom he could not control, and who claimed to see him—orders or no orders.

"I won't submit to this annoyance," exclaimed the old gentleman, nervously. "Who is it?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know! What is his name?"

"His name? Beg pardon, sir—it is a woman."

"A woman! Show her in, James, show her in," said the President, wiping his face, and the next moment there entered the General's apartment a neatly clad female, of past the middle age, who advanced courteously towards the old gentleman, and accepted the chair proffered to her.

"Be seated, madam," he said.

"Thank you," replied the lady, throwing aside her veil, and revealing a handsome face to her entertainer.

"My mission hither to-day, General," continued the fair speaker, "is a novel one, and you can aid me, perhaps."

"Madam," said the General, "command me."

"You are very kind sir. I am a poor woman, General."

"Poverty is no crime, madam."

"No, sir, but I have a little family to care for—I am a widow, sir; and a clerk employed in one of the departments of your administration is indebted to me for board to a considerable amount, which I cannot collect. I need the money sadly, and come to ask if a portion of his pay cannot be stopped, from time to time, until this claim of mine—an honest one, General—of which he had the full value, shall be cancelled."

"I really—Madam—that is, I have no control that way. What is the amount of the bill?"

"Seventy dollars, sir—here it is."

"Exactly—I see. And his salary, madam?"

"It is said to be twelve hundred dollars a year."

"And not pay his board bill?"

"As you see, sir, this has been standing months unpaid. Three days hence he will draw his money, and I thought, sir, if you would be kind enough to—"

"Yes, I have it. Go to him again and get his note to-day, at thirty days."

"His note, sir? It wouldn't be worth the paper on which it was written; he pays no one a dollar voluntarily."

"But he will give you his note—will he not, madam?"

"O yes, he would be glad to have a respite that way, for a month, no doubt."

"That's right then. Go to him and obtain his note, at thirty days from to-day: give him a receipt in full, and come to me this evening."

The lady departed, called upon the young lark, and dunned him for the amount—at which he only smiled—and finally asked him to give her his note for it.

"To be sure," said he, with a chuckle, "give a note—sart'n—and much good may it do you, munn."

"You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you?" said the lady.

"O, certainly," was the reply. And in the evening she again repaired to the White House with the note. The President put his broad endorsement on the back, and directed her to obtain the cash upon it at the Bank.

In due time a notice was sent to the clerk that a note signed by him will be due on a particular day, which he was requested to pay.

At first John could not conceive the source from whence the demand could come, and supposing that it had been left for collection, was half resolved to take no notice of it. But as he passed down the avenue, the unpaid board bill suddenly entered his head.

"Who has been foolish enough to help the old woman in this business, I wonder?" said John to himself. "I'll go and see. It's a humbug, I know; but I'd like to know if she's really fooled any body with that bit of a paper!" and entering the bank, he asked the teller for the note which had been left there for collection against him.

"It was discounted," said the teller.

"Discounted! who in the world will discount my note!" said John, amazed.

"Any body, with such a backer as you've got on this."

"Backer! Me—backer—who!"

"Here's the note; you can see," said the teller, handing him the document, and on which John recognized the bold signature of the President of the United States.

"Sold, truly!" exclaimed John, with a hysteric gasp, and drawing forth the money—he for he saw through the management at a glance.

The note was paid, of course, and justice was awarded to the spendthrift at once.

On the next morning he found upon his desk a note which contained the following entertaining bit of personal intelligence:

Sir—A change has been made in your office. I am directed by the President to inform you that your services will no longer be needed in this department.

Yours, &c., Secretary.

John Small retired to private life at once, and thenceforth found it convenient to live on a much smaller allowance than twelve hundred a year.—Rockland County Journal.

Dogs, Versus Negroes.

A dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail came running and yelping down the street scared nearly to death.—For protection, he dodged into a marble yard, but the owner of the yard kicked him out, and away he went "ky ye, ky ye," out of sight.—The next day the owner of the marble yard bought a dog which turned out to be the identical one that had the kettle to his tail. The first time the neighbor's boys saw him in the street, they caught him and tied another kettle to him. Away he sped for the marble yard, where the owner, instead of kicking him, went up to him gently, patted him on the head, and relieved him from the kettle. It soon became known about the village, that this dog had a master, and ever after he was permitted to go and come, when and where he pleased without molestation.

Moral.—All dogs should have masters, not because dogs without masters deserve to have tin kettles tied to their tails, but because boys will tie tin kettles to dogs' tails that don't have masters. So people will abuse negroes that don't have masters, and therefore all negroes should have masters.

We might go on with this tale and tell how there was a crazy man in the village who went about trying to persuade the people that "every dog must have his day," which meant that dogs should not be tied up, but left to go and come as they pleased.

He was told that the boys would tie tin kettles to their tails and frighten them to death if they were not kept at home. This he would not believe and pointed to the fact that boys did not tie tin kettles to pig's tails as proof that they would not to dogs.

"But," said the dog owners, "there is a difference between a dog and a hog—as much difference as between a negro and a white man."

Still, the crazy man went about lecturing on the freedom of dogs, and wrote long essays to show that they were as good as hogs and ought to have the same freedom and privileges. He made himself exceedingly unhappy about the condition of the poor dogs, and raised quite a disturbance and became very troublesome to the neighbors. The time and money that he spent in this cause, nearly ruined him; his family grew

lawless, ragged and rude, and his own little pig that would have made them a barrel of pork, had it been attended to and fed, grew poorer and poorer, until at last, it died of starvation.

The following, from the Cincinnati Commercial will further illustrate these remarks in a more practical manner:

On Wednesday evening some scholars from the Mt. Auburn school were attracted to an alley by the dismal groans of a respectable and rather dignified negro, apparently aged sixty-five or seventy years. The white grave blossoms on the black man's head were stained and clotted with blood from two or three gashes on the forehead and skull, having the appearance of club wounds. Water was brought to the sufferer, and when sufficiently recovered, he confessed to being a runaway slave from Kentucky. He had escaped across the river with three daughters, the youngest being fourteen, whom he was anxious to educate in a free State, or in Canada. The party had safely proceeded as far as the foot of Sycamore Hill, when he was suddenly attacked by a gang of rowdies, probably from this side of the river, knocked down, cut and beaten, and left senseless on the ground, where he was found by the children. When the old man came to himself he found that his daughters had been kidnapped?—His own pockets had also been rifled of six dollars in silver! It was nearly dark when the party was attacked, so that the wretched African is not able to identify the scoundrels; he is only certain that none of them were of the vicinity of his master's estate. They were probably either hired bullies from rum-holes and brothels, or fellows of like character, who stole the negroes and hurried them across the river for sale, or for an anticipatory reward. We learn that a reward of one thousand dollars had been offered for the fugitives. They were from Lexington.—N. Y. Day Book.

New Cotton.

"A MERCHANT," a correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, notices the announcement of the receipt of two bales of new cotton from Texas, and says:—"According to the samples exhibited, the quality is very inferior, and the cotton evidently picked before being fully matured." The bales, he says, instead of being of the regular weight, are only bags of about 250 pounds, and he complains that planters should thus, as in the instance alluded to, have their names "posted off in the newspapers," misunderstanding their own interests, and doing injury to the whole trade.

What has become of all the "smart planters" of Georgia, who used to be so anxious to see their names in the newspapers in connection with the "first bale of new Cotton." Have they learned a little more sense? If so, it is only sustaining the reputation that Georgians enjoy abroad for "sharpness." The man who is guilty of such folly, as hurrying and driving to get the first bale of new cotton to market, to have the fact heralded through the press, has about as comprehensive and correct an idea of his true interest, as the planter who buys for his negroes poor or damaged bacon, (and gives them a small supply of that) and inferior clothing, blankets and shoes, because they are low priced. He does not reflect that to have a healthy, vigorous man of the greatest physical power of which his frame is capable, enjoying good health, and living to a good old age, you must not only give him good, sound food, but an abundant supply, and keep him well and comfortably clad for all weather—with good sleeping apartments, that he may rest comfortably and sleep soundly, and thus be enabled to endure a greater amount of labor with less fatigue. A negro thus cared for, enjoys better health, and performs his duties with cheerfulness, while those who are poorly fed, worse clad, and severely driven, (and there are such,) are often diseased, generally short-lived, and always require to be driven to the performance of their duties.

If there be among our thousands of readers, one man (he does not deserve the name of man) who pursues this unwise policy in the management of his slaves, we invoke him to resolve from this day forward to give his negroes, always an abundant supply of the best and soundest food—(never buy poor bacon,) give them good, comfortable clothing and shoes, and large, heavy blankets that will keep them warm and dry—in short, see that they are well cared for and made comfortable in every particular, and never require much of them—then you may expect to have healthy, vigorous, long-lived slaves, who will perform their duties with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will be a more thrifty, wiser and happier man, and better Christian than you ever can be under your stinging, half-starving, half-clothing and over-driving policy.—Chronicle, and Sentinel.

ONLY SIXTEEN.—The census takers found great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of the girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring county, there were found twelve girls between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Whatever may be said of woman's right to vote and legislate, their right to bear arms is pronounced to be unquestionable.

Convicts in the Georgia Penitentiary.

Dear Sir—I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines giving a short description of the convicts in the Georgia Penitentiary. As you are fully aware of the general character of convicts, I will only notice what sort of convicts are at present in confinement. There are three sentenced for life; for murder; others for one to ten years for an assault with an intent to murder; another class from one to four years for manslaughter in its various degrees. Then comes in those of the Murrel clan of robbers, or more recently known as Dr. Roberts' clique, who are stalking through the country, the finest gentlemen among us—wolves in sheep's clothing; a general supply of negro thieves, in the persons of Irish, Dutch, Yankees and Germans. Then come others, not a few in number, whose offences should not be mentioned here, (and here I regret to say your favored county has one of this class.) Besides the remainder, made up of horse thieves, swindlers, and those guilty of petty larceny of every grade. So much for their crimes.—They are made up of all grades of persons from thirteen years of age to seventy-five.

To see them all seated together during divine service on the Sabbath, or at table during meal time, and reflect on their various characters, and that they are sent from almost every county in the State for crimes of every character you can name, is enough to attract the attention of parents as the best mode of educating and training their children. Here you may see the old grey-haired father and the youthful son inmates of the same prison, and brothers brought chained together, to be imprisoned for years; the diseased of almost every kind—some with consumption, some with dropsy, others with old chronic diseases, some having fits every day—cripples, too, may be seen, some on crutches with one leg, and some with one hand, who have gone through almost everything that human thought can imagine. Yesterday, I understand from good authority, they received one from Lowndes county with but one hand, who has been bit twice by rattlesnakes, crushed through a sugar mill, struck with lightning, torn up by a panther, covered up and left for dead, and while the panther pursued another boy who was with him, he made his escape, about six weeks ago stabbed a man so that he died, and is now in the Penitentiary for three years.

Of the one hundred and sixty-four convicts now confined in the Penitentiary, at least one hundred and fifty of them are confined for offences committed while under the influence of liquor, numbers of them can neither read nor write, not one-fourth of them had pious, praying mothers, and not one out of ten of them ever saw their fathers kneeling at church or around the family altar. This will be a good text for Uncle Dabney and others of the temperance cause to dwell upon.

This is a short sketch of what might be said, were I more acquainted with their individual cases. I may at some future time give you a more extended view of the inmates of the Penitentiary, as one of the officers of the Institution is preparing a list of them, with their crimes, character, and early training, moral habits, and their means of education, a copy of which he has promised me as soon as completed. K. A. O.

The Mechanic.

Sparks ye are, artisans of the earth, from the great anvil that six thousand years ago, rang with the giant strokes of Tubal Cain. Sparks that will transmit their light through all time, and gleam heavenward from the shores of eternity.

The ant and little bees build their homes themselves—tool and labor are their portion, and what little creature is there of the insect world that bears a better name among the ease-loving sons of earth than they? Mankind is prone to praise in others what they do not themselves practice, but practicing it themselves they praise not others, but their own humble selves, and so it is in regard to labor, they like to see others work and toil for their daily bread, but do not like to do it themselves, nor have the praise of working for a living. They are drones, the dust that floats upon the wings of labor, and shifted by their own worthlessness from one place to another, until the gaudy glitter, borrowed from the reflection of their own wealth, becomes the means whereby they are hurled from existence—from memory itself.

And the artisan, does he live for the present or for the future? Or does death, when he grasps him, pall him forever from the recollection of the living, and leave but a blank space in the frolic circle of sorrow to occupy until filled by another!

The answer is plain. The mechanic leaves his imprint upon the age in which he lives, and Time marks his history as a guide for the future. A palace is drawn upon a paper, a mere pencil sketch. It is passed to the mechanic.—Weeks, months, perhaps years roll by; and the pencil structure of the brain becomes a reality, lifting its marble walls and lofty towers to the sky, and from its dome, the artisan looks down and then passes a shiny, vulgar and indistinct yet massive in conception, and what is it!

That when those for whom it is built, those who live, love and pass from life to death within its walls, shall have been forgotten, he will be remembered, for his name is carved upon its table.

Yes, he will be remembered, and the time will come when labor, and labor alone, will be the guarantee of honesty, virtue and greatness—labor, whether with the pen, plough, or at the smoking forge, is all the same.

Reformation of William Wirt.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or seven months after his marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead.—Her death led him to leave the country in which he resided, and he removed to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in Bacchanalian revelry. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble.—After some months attention he asked her hand in marriage. She replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your attentions some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable had I not reciprocated the affection you evinced for me. But I cannot yield assent until you make me a pledge, never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drink."

This reply to Wirt was unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all future consideration on the subject, and he left her. Her course towards him was the same—his resentment and neglect.

In the course of a few weeks he went again and solicited her hand. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as an insult to his honor, and vowed that it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin.

One day while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, a young lady whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home, not far off, and beheld him with his face turned up to the rays of the scorching sun, she took her handkerchief with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After having remained in that way for some hours he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name was on it. After pausing a few minutes he exclaimed:

"Great God! who left this with me?—who placed this on my face?"

No one knew. He dropped the glass exclaiming—

"Enough! Enough!"

He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst but not his debauch, the handkerchief or the lady, vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her carriage or on foot, he popped round the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage to accept. He told her if she still bore affection to him he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:

"My conditions are now what they ever have been."

"Then," said Wirt, "I accept them." They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word and his affairs brightened, while honors and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been ennobled high in the temple of fame; while patriotism and renown live after him in imperishable lustre.

How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted, friend of humanity, of her country, and the relation of Lafayette!

Smith Drunk vs. Smith Sober.

Smith, the Razor Strop man, occasionally breaks off from the subject of the very superior quality of his strops, and gives his audience a short lecture on temperance in his own peculiar, droll way. Here is a short extract:

"Smith's Cat.—When I drank grog, I owned a cat, poor, lean, lantern-jawed thing, that was always getting into a scrape. As I had nothing for her to eat she was compelled to take to the high-way; and the neighbors were continually crying out, 'Cuss that Smith's cat, she's drunk all my milk.' Poor thing, she had to steal or dig for she could find no pickings at home, even the poor mice that were left, were to poor and scraggy that it took several of them to make a shadow; and a decent cat would starve to death in three weeks on an allowance of eighteen per day. But when I reformed, things took a different turn. The kitchen being well provided, the crumbs

were plenty, and the old cat, grew fat and honest together. Even the mice grew fat and oily and the old tabby would make a hearty supper on two of them, and then lie down and snooze with the pleasing consolation of knowing that when she awoke there would be a few more of the same sort.

And again: When I was a beer guzzler, mother cried, father cried, Bill cried, Moll cried, and the cat cried. But when I signed the pledge, father sung, Bill sung, Moll sung and Bet sung, and I bought a new frying-pan, and put a nice piece of beef-steak in it, and placed it on the fire, and that sung and that's the kind of singing for the working man.

And a third: the difference between Smith drunk and Smith sober is this:—Smith drunk was rummy, ragged and riotous—Smith sober is joyous, jovial and jolly. Smith drunk was stuttering, stupid and staggering; Smith sober, is cool, clear-headed and cautious. Smith drunk was sick, sore, and sorry; Smith sober is hearty, healthy and happy. Smith drunk was ill-read, ill-bred, and ill-led; Smith sober is well-saved, well-behaved and well-shaved."

"The Workies."

There are a class of thin skinned gentry, odoriferous from the toilet and labelled with white kids and patent, who turn up their noses at what they call "the workies." The honest brown handed mechanic and artisan, whose toil builds up cities and fleets, and enriches the world, and whose sons, educated at our noble free schools and academies, will, by and by, as "self-made men," rule the industry and the councils of the land, are held in contempt by this horde of modern aristocracy—the most shallow and insufferable that ever disgraced humanity—who seem to have forgotten that their fathers were gardeners, butchers, tailors, and tinkers.

We hardly know how to utter our scorn of such caricatures of mankind. There is no language adequate to measure the littleness and meanness to which they sink in the scale of honest judgement. "The workies!" We should like to know, if the workies were taken away, what then would be left. Only a foul scum, compounded about equally of knaves, fools, elarletans, and demagogues—the fungi of the world—parasites on the enterprise, the industry, and the moral worth of mankind.

We have taken a glance through our city, not to go farther, to see what "the workies" are doing. They are building the ships, or forging the engines which are to compass land and sea, linking the nations in brotherhood, by the bands of commerce. They are rearing the great store-houses and palatial dwellings, in which our "merchant princes" live, move, and have their being. They are performing all the real labor of the interchanges of trade, the rich profit of which crafty middle men reap. They fill all the artisan shops, ringing out their sturdy music on the anvil and with the saw, the trowel, and the plane. They are, in fact, producing all that is produced. Upon their sweat our city lives, expands and grows rich and beautiful. They feed and clothe us all, and yet a band of effeminate idlers, whose lives are a round of debauches and shame, point at workers the finger of contempt!—Out upon such insolent affrontory.

We, that is Mr. Pick—have been a worker, and a hard-worker all our life. With us it has been a necessity, a duty, and a pleasure to work, and we have not felt our moral or social worth, nor our "nobility" disgraced thereby. It is the divine injunction that "man shall earn his bread," and we have been ever ready and proud to fulfil the injunction, even by grinding with a hand organ, and we hold ourselves, all inky as our fingers, may be in putting the Pick to press, as good in blood, and spirit, or whatever goes to form an essential manhood, as the best man on earth. We will not say as good as the thin-skinned gentry under notice, for we would shrink from shaking their leprous hands, though their liveries were a thousand times more imposing, and their kids and patent leather had a ten-fold fairer lustre.

Honest, useful labor is the patent for true nobility. We are satisfied in striking for that. We prefer not to rank with those who build no monuments and leave no signs when they die, that they once lived; we had rather count with the great host who have opened up the treasure of the earth, founded cities and nations, and left everywhere imperishable traces of the power and the genius of men. We had rather be the honest builder of a pyramid or palace than its idle robber tenant. "If we had sons and daughters, we should curse any fortune that would leave them to idleness, or inspire them with a contempt for labor. The working man is lord of the earth, however much he may be swindled, robbed, and oppressed. Such are Mr. Pick's sentiments. Price, only 3 cents.

ALAS THE BACHELOR.—We dropped in suddenly on a visit to a bachelor acquaintance the other day says the St. Louis Ledger, and just as we made our appearance, he put something in his pocket very hurriedly, and looked guilty as if he had been caught on a hook to a minister. We cast our eyes at his pocket and half-way out hung the shabby, old, worn-out, and shabby, and I thought, "How has been damning it, and it stretched out to see what particular he arrived at in this branch of home industry. You may give him up girls.