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POETRY.

Where Rest may be Found.
Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway rear,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more!
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toll and pain,
The weary soul may rest!
The low winds softened in a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as they answered—"No!"
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where wretched man may find
The bliss for which he sighs!
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies!
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Paused as they passed, and answered—"No!"
And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
As sleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy rounds,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot!
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a sweet, sad voice responded—"No!"
Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death!
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest!
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals
Given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—
"Rest in heaven!"

MISCELLANY.

My First Visit to an Opera Masquerade.

If the reader will promise not to laugh I will give him the story of my first visit to an opera masquerade. I had come to London from Manchester by coach, having several orders to take, and wishing personally to see after our agents, besides having about two thousand pounds to receive on account of our firm. Well, you must know that we had only one inside passenger beside myself, who appeared a discreet, proper fellow man, and rather gave me to understand that he was a clergyman.—Somehow or other, I don't know why, the conversation turned on my affairs, when I told him exactly what I was coming up about; and indeed I produced one or two of the bills I had in my pocket-book, as he offered to tell me whether the drawers and acceptors were good.—As they lived, and all other information relative to them. We had a very pleasant journey, and I was quite disappointed when my friend got out just before we entered London, as I was much pleased with him, and anxious to renew our acquaintance. I unfortunately agreed—not that I approve of such things, but merely as a matter of business—to meet that evening at the opera masquerade. Nay, don't start—I merely consented to go there to receive a considerable order the gentleman offered to procure for me, and give me there. I accordingly got up about twelve o'clock at night, for I went to bed directly I arrived in Charing-cross, and walked from my hotel to the opera house. Oh! such a scene, such a confusion, such a hurly-burly, I never beheld. Shop-boys spring the leading fashionables of the day, married men in dominoes, seeking partners, or looking after suspected wives; ballet girls dressed up; courtiers dressed, pushing, squeezing, jostling, and all in short, seemed to have forgotten their natural decency; and nothing but a strong desire to meet my new friend, should have tempted me to remain.—Presently a very elegant looking female came towards me. She was closely masked, but from the delicacy of her hands I saw she was a lady, and the head of her domino, falling back, gave me an idea she was my friend. To my amazement, she addressed me by name, and told me several things, for which I am even yet at a loss to account. She told me she was, and I must confess I spent some time in almost making me forget my friend had come to see.

She had a black and white proposed that we should meet at the opera-house, and she said it would be impossible for her to do so, as she was in a very high state of nervousness, and she had heard where I was, and she had come to see me.

It was about twelve o'clock the following day when I awoke. I found myself in a very handsome room, my head still confused from my orgy of the preceding night, and my left arm bound up. I rang the bell, and learned to my great surprise that I was still in the hotel where I had supped; and that just as I had apparently concluded that meal, I had been taken with a fit or somniferous attack of such determined obstinacy that, though a surgeon had been sent for and bled me, it had been deemed advisable to have me removed instantly to bed. The waiter now congratulated me on my recovery.

"And the lady?" demanded I, remembering my companion of the last evening.
"Oh, sir, she was in great distress.—She told us she was your niece; and said she would call before nine this morning to ask after your health."
"Did she do so?"
"Oh Lord, yes, sir. She was here by eight o'clock, and took away a bundle with her; and then she came again about an hour ago, and brought some things back with her. She said it was linen, and as she was so nearly related to you we allowed her to do so."

My first thought was that I had been robbed. I jumped directly, but found my things just as I had left them the night before. My pocket book still remained in my breast-pocket; my purse was untouched in my waistcoat. So I dismissed the waiter and began to dress myself—sorely puzzled at the charming creature who had evidently fallen in love with me.

I now descended, paid my bill, and, leaving my address in case she should call, repaired to my hotel in Charing-cross. Arrived at the bar, though I felt foolish at having slept out, I boldly asked for my key.

"Your key, sir?"
"Yes, the key of my room, No. 10."
"Ha, sir," said the landlady, "we have given it to a family since you left this morning."

I stared with astonishment, and began to think every one in London out of their senses.

"What then have you done with my portmanteau and my luggage?"
"The woman seemed surprised in her turn. 'You took 'em with you, didn't you?'"

"Not I."
"Here, John," cried the landlady, "didn't this gentleman take his luggage away with him this morning when he left the house?"

The husband came forward, and glancing suspiciously at me, as if I were come to make a claim for goods I already possessed, replied rather angrily in the affirmative.

"What do you mean my good man?"
"Sir, I have not been in your house since last night."
"Ah, ah, sir; that's a good un, however. You are joking, sir?"

"Not I."
"Well, that passes all. Why, Jim," turning to a waiter, "you called a coach for this gentleman about nine o'clock this morning, didn't you? And you, Sally, received his bill. Why, sir, what a short memory you must have. Don't you remember you told me your name was Smith Smith, and that you were going down to Manchester by the Highgate?"

"My name is certainly Smith Smith, but you are dreaming when you say I have conversed with you this morning."
"Deuce a bit; it's you that are dreaming. Why, I'd know the cut of your coat out of a thousand. You showed me your pocket-book; it's an old black morocco one. You carried it in your breast-pocket; and paid me out of your purse, which by-the-by, I remember as being made of blue and pearl. Do look and see if I am right or not!" It was unnecessary. He had but too well described the contents of my pockets.

"Beside, sir, your face, your squint, your stiff arm: I couldn't be mistaken; and the bills you showed me you were going to receive at Count's, Drummond's and other banks."

I instantly pulled out my pocket-book. The bills were gone; and I rushed from the house, and jumping into a hackney coach. Every bill had been presented, and paid; and what was still worse, every cashier and clerk had solemnly declared that they had paid the money to me. Alas! alas! what was to be done? I went to the police. They promised to look out for the thieves, and laughed at my simplicity when I ventured to assert that I thought it could not be so gentlemanly a man as he with whom I had traveled; nor could so amiable a lady as the one I had met at the opera-house have had any hand in it. To these two persons however, they subscribed it; and supposed the lady had dropped my purse and carried my clothes to the male proprietor in the street, who, assuming my habitments and personal appearance, had thus deceived my bankers and the police.

"But what was worse than all this, the whole affair was in the newspapers the next morning."

Strange Life of a Murderer.

A writer in the Thomsville Watchman gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter in that county. Three years in a dungeon, is nothing to what he has endured:

"About twenty-one years ago a young lady of this section of country, belonging to a respectable family, became the victim of a vile seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narrative. Her mother, as is the case usually, married a man of low breeding, and in adverse circumstances, consequently her son was destined to receive but a limited share of education or of moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar, and in some respects extraordinary. When only seven years old he was attending a sugar-cane mill; by some means his left hand and arm were crushed, by which incident he forever lost the use of his hand. At the age of ten years he was bitten by a rattlesnake; being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to aid all the presence of mind of which he was master. Fortunately he used the proper antidote, and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore he was again rescued from the jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen he made several attempts to take the life of his step-father, which shows that he would not be imposed on. About that age he also snapped, several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old, he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked while hunting in the woods by a very large panther. The panther snatched him down. He exhibited great presence of mind by feigning death. The panther then carried him into the swamp, covered him up with sticks and grass, after which he took his leave in search of more prey. Our hero, after the panther's departure, arose and made his escape home. He was badly torn—two of his jaw teeth were bitten out, and many wounds were inflicted. But he was not thus to die, for he soon recovered, and very soon after his recovery gave his step-father a severe whipping and left him. Excepting another slight shock by lightning, his path was smooth, until nineteen, when he became enamored of a young lady. Though figuring in a higher sphere, his superior intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy's misfortune, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives, who made severe threats against her. But what cared he, who had successfully battled against rattlesnakes, panthers, and even the high power of heaven, for the threats of man? Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims, and after finding all his efforts for a compromise unavailing, he commenced a determined course. He procured his license, placed a magistrate at a convenient point in the woods, and proceeded himself on foot, to the house that sheltered her whom he loved, secretly forced the door of her chamber, and conducted her about five miles through the woods to the place of rendezvous.

Before arriving at the place upon which the hymanial altar had been temporarily erected, illuminated by the blaze of light-wood knots and the pale rays of the moon alone, our hero fell into his former path of bad luck, for he was bitten by a moccasin snake; and he was too well used to snake bites to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis, and like a brave and undaunted boy pursued his course, and, in accordance with his anticipations, was lawfully married, about twelve or one o'clock at night. His moccasin bite did not keep him long in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unerring attention. After final recovery, he carried his wife to the home he had provided for her, hoping that his cup of misfortune was now full, and that he would then enjoy that bliss attending a married life.

But he was not destined long to enjoy that repose which he so much sought. He soon became entangled in a quarrel with one Mr. Wheeler. The result was Wheeler was killed, and our hero, after a regular trial in a court of justice, was convicted of manslaughter; and now, at the age of twenty, has gone, leaving his wife, his anticipated babe, and his sweet home, to the penitentiary; there to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years— which to him must be long! long! Who can contemplate his past life, and not say surely he is the child of misfortune! His misfortunes ended! Alas, who can tell! The dark curtain of futurity conceals the rest of his history.

"Is a man and wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman in a state of exasperation as she was holding his scolding head to both hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well then, and what I come from, I shall stay, and what I come from, I shall stay."

A Free Negro Community.

Richard Randolph, eldest brother of John Randolph, of Roanoke, died in the year 1796 at "Bizarre," the name of the large estate bequeathed him by his father, John Randolph, Sr., and lying on the head waters of the Appomattox river, near the town of Farmville, Va. He is represented to have been a man of talents scarcely inferior to those of his celebrated brother, and of extraordinary goodness of character. Entertaining the opinion, then general in the South, and especially in Virginia, that slavery was a curse like to master and to servant, Mr. R. liberated his slaves by will, and made ample provision for their maintenance. Owing to pecuniary embarrassments, the provisions of the will were not carried into execution, until fifteen years afterwards, and not until many of the slaves had been sold to liquidate the heavy mortgages which rested upon the estate. About 1811, John Randolph, who had assumed the management of his brother's affairs, removed to the county of Charlotte, and the negroes, variously estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and thirty in number, entered upon the enjoyment of their freedom.

A portion of the Bizarro estate, consisting of three hundred and fifty, (some say five hundred) acres, partially cleared, well timbered, and well watered, was divided into sections of fifty and twenty-five acres, and upon these sections the various families, according to the number and age of the individuals composing them, were settled—those having aged and infirm parents to support, received more, and those not having these encumbrances, less land. All were provided with means to build themselves houses, and with agricultural implements to till the soil. Fairly settled in the land of promise—the Caucasian to which they had looked so longingly for fifteen years—they gave it the name of "Israel Hill"—an appellation which explains the sanguine anticipations and religious tone which guided them to its choice. No doubt they looked forward to the time when Israel Hill should be a thriving and populous village—"a city set upon an hill"—shining gloriously to the eyes of their brethren in bondage, as did the Delectable mountains to Bunyan's Pilgrim.

Here, then, they were left to work out their destiny, and there, indeed, if ever, it was to have been expected that the African would thrive and prosper, and fulfill the expectations which prompted his noble master to set them free. The conditions of the experiment were pre-eminently favorable for the manumitted—and the elements of success surrounding them numerous,—and such as can never again be brought to bear upon them in any future experiments. They were the choice servants of one of the most aristocratic, humane, and cultivated families in the State—reserved from sale because of the excellence of their dispositions, their fidelity and their industry. They had enjoyed the advantage of association with intelligent whites; they were taught the principles of the Christian Religion.—They were trained to habits of labor, and were settled upon fertile land in a temperate climate. Fuel and water were abundant. They were surrounded by kindly disposed neighbors, who gave them employment at harvest and at many other times during the year, who ministered to their wants in sickness, and who gave them advice in matters of business. And more than all, they were not brought into competition with white labor—the bane of the African who settles in the free State.

Under these propitious circumstances it was reasonable to expect that the little colony would have gone on to prosper—that this miniature Liberia would have become rich, populous, fertile—the parent of other colonies to the free States—that the system of parcel culture would have made every inch of the soil productive—that Israel Hill would have become a handsome village, surrounded with orchards and gardens, and sheltered by luxuriant shade trees. The philanthropist who shared the opinions and the hopes of Richard Randolph would have expected to hear in this village the sound of the hammer, the saw, the plane, the church going bell—the evidences of thrift, of industry, and of good morals. But now, that forty years have passed away, what are the facts of the case? How has the experiment succeeded?

The traveller on the Southside Railroad passes through the centre of Israel Hill, without being aware of its presence. The few miserable huts which constitute the village, are not attractive enough to retain his attention for more than a moment, and he passes on ignorant of the lesson which a mistaken philanthropy might have taught him. The visitor to the neighborhood, who has the curiosity to inquire into the results of this unhappy experiment, will be astonished by its details. He will find that a healthy, happy, moral community of slaves has from the day of their liberation degenerated into a wretched, diseased, and degraded miserable population. The land which had been so liberally bestowed upon them, is now a waste and a desert. The houses which had been so liberally bestowed upon them, are now a waste and a desert. The land which had been so liberally bestowed upon them, is now a waste and a desert. The houses which had been so liberally bestowed upon them, are now a waste and a desert.

of number, they have decreased; and it is the opinion of all who have looked into the matter, that disease will eventually exterminate them.

In 1850, it is said they numbered about as many as were originally liberated—say 130; and now in 1854, they are generally supposed to number 100, or less; some have placed them as low as 85. In consequence of their vicious habits, many of the women are barren; the children, as before stated, poisoned from their birth. Hence, it may be readily believed that the average yearly mortality among them is equal to that of Farmville—a place more than ten times as populous—and some years it is much greater. With the indolence and improvidence characteristic of their race, they have wantonly destroyed their woodlands; have exhausted their soil by unsystematic and improper culture; have suffered their houses and enclosures to decay; have contented themselves with the production of the bare necessities of existence; and have as yet given no evidence that the germs of progress or improvement ever existed in their unhappy natures. The money derived from the sale of their crops is invested in whisky; and the ill-gotten gains of booty pilloined from the neighboring gentry is expended in the same way. They grow nothing except Indian Corn and Tobacco, with a few Potatoes and Peas; these scanty crops maintain a doubtful contest with the crab grass, carrot weed, briars, and other ill-favored products of an impoverished soil. These spring luxuriantly around their cabin doors. What they never grow. The idea of planting an orchard, a vegetable or flower garden, seems never to have entered their heads. Nothing like a system, order, prudence, economy or foresight is perceptible among them. It would be silly to talk of refinement in connection with such a people.

Idle, dishonest, drunken, profligate, it is not to be wondered that this community should be the theatre of scenes of destitution, disorder, immorality, and crime, sufficient to cause the bones of the good Randolph to turn in his grave, and such as to call for the frequent interposition of the neighboring planters, and not infrequently that of the country authorities. Thus we hear in one case of two sisters, one of whom makes a midnight foray into the corn patch of the other, and pulls up the entire crop by the roots. In another, we are told of an old woman starving to death, and in another of a sickly, poor creature placed under the charge of a drunken woman who goes to town to buy whisky, leaving her charge to die of sheer neglect. Reports of broils and battles are common; scarcely a day passes without some of the adjacent farmers being called in to interfere in behalf of some of the oppressed inhabitants of this wretched community. But yesterday two of the Israel Hill women came to the house where the writer of this article is sojourning, to lodge a complaint against a fugitive slave who was harbored in the Hill, and who had suddenly rushed upon them, threatening to cut off their heads with a scythe blade which he held in his uplifted hand.

Such is a familiarly drawn picture of Israel Hill in 1854, after more than forty years of freedom, and such are some of the disastrous consequences of an impolitic and unwise philanthropy. Had these people remained slaves, who can doubt but that their destiny in this life, and perhaps in the life to come, would have been far different, far happier! The humiliating results of the well intended benevolence of Richard Randolph, are fraught with no salutary lesson for the negro philanthist; but they may serve to confirm the intelligent slaveholder; to warn the inexperienced advocates of emancipation; and to rebuke the many who shake with laughter at the idea of a republic in France, yet believe in the capacity of the negro for the enjoyment of republican freedom.

I Can't, and I'll Try.

"I can't—it is impossible!" said a foiled lieutenant to Alexander. "Begone!" shouted the conquering Macedonian, in reply—"there is nothing impossible to him who will try;" and to make good his words, the haughty warrior, not yet come to weep because there were no more worlds to subdue, charged with a phalanx the rock-crosted fortress that had defied his timid subaltern, and the foe were swept down as with the beam of destruction. "I can't," said a daring sculptor to the same warrior, "hew Mount Atlas into a statue of Alexander!" and so, doubtless, he could, but the Macedonian, satisfied with his faith and will, put him not further to the test.

"There is a beautiful and instructive story touching Robert Bruce, who, failing on the road of his destiny, beheld, as he lay despairing, a spider battle repeated days and nights to its destined goal. 'I, too,' said the proud Scot, and triumphantly he rose. 'I'll try.'—What American would have stung in his mind's ear that the great eagle of Col. Miller, when asked what he would do to take the enemy's battery? 'I'll try,' said he; and he did; he drove the guns of the face of Fort Sumter, and the flag of the Union flew from the fort."

leaps instinctively, at every obstacle, and peril, the battle is already more than half won. Fortune smiles on such, for they compel her. "I'll try!"—that motto has spurred the discoverers of hemispheres, and the founders of nations. That motto has won the victory on the tented field, gathered roses in the desert, plucked down laurel and bays from the close grasp of fame, and in all paths that are travelled by heroism, civilization and freedom, made memorable conquests. The adventurer circling the globe, like the contestant for the poorest smile of beauty, accomplishes triumph only by trial. Trial is the crucible from whence all things beautiful and brave issue.

We have no patience with can't, particularly the "I" sort. It is a cheap, shuffling excuse for wrongdoing, and doing nothing at all. "I'll try" is the model man, accomplishing everything. Even if he fails at times, attempting too much, he loses no honor. What can be done he'll do—cut Gordian knots, and solve the riddles of the Sphinx. "I'll try!"—make that the earnest motto, and no man shall lack triumph.

There are just two classes of mankind—the "I can't's" and the "I'll try's." The one lead, rule, possess—the other follow, obey, and be ruled. The one are timid, idle, shiftless—the other brave, active, vigilant, and energetic. The one have their field choked with weeds and tares—the other harvest the fairest fruit and grain. The one wish—the other win. The one expect fortune—the other deserve and have it. The "I can't's" are abundant. Your gay Miss is one of them; she can't do what her mother has done; for some reason of dignity, pride or sloth. Your young, fast Master, is one of them; he can't do as his father has done; for he scorns old industry and prudence, and the virtues generally. The man of vice can't reform because he won't, and the cheat can't be honest for the same reason. A false, knavish, or miserable whining "I can't," lies at the bottom of most failures. Men can do very nearly what they will, if they only try.—N. Y. Mirror.

New Cure for Stammering.

The last number of the Scientific American contains quite a long article on Bates' apparatus consisting of "a belt, intended to be worn around the neck after the manner of a stock, with a view to pressure on the glottis as the seat of the difficulty with respect to guttural sounds." By means of a screw and a pad, the glottis is acted on so as to allow a free passage for the air. A thin tube of gold or silver, attached to the roof of the mouth by a gum elastic spring, is also worn—one end opening against the teeth and the other extending backwards. The use of this tube is to "carry off the breath, which would be converted in its absence, into a spasmodic lingual sound." This is yet another instrument—"a small metallic disk, convex on both sides and hollow. In the centre of one side is an aperture, designed for the ingress of the expired breath to its cavity, while in its periphery there is another aperture for the egress of the breath from its cavity into a little straight tube, which conveys it into the cavity of the mouth. This instrument has reference to the labial sounds."

Professor Duglison and other medical gentlemen are said to have pronounced very favorable opinions on the merits of this invention. If it should prove reliable, it will certainly be a most welcome thing to scores of sufferers from this painful infirmity. We have no doubt that mechanical aids to the organs of speech may measurably, and perhaps altogether, control the difficulty. The worst cases of it that we have ever seen have been greatly improved by the proper management of the breath. At one time Dr. Comstock, of Philadelphia, was very successful in elocutionary stammering into clever speakers. A good deal can certainly be done to lessen the evil; and we sincerely hope that Bates' plan may accomplish all which its friends expect.

THE GREEK CHURCH.—The fundamental difference between the Greek and Roman Catholic churches consists in the rejection of the spiritual supremacy of St. Peter on the part of the former, and the denial of any viable representative of Christ upon the earth. In the view of the latter, the Holy Ghost is also at various not only with the Roman Catholic but with the Protestant Churches. This variation consists in the idea that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Son alone and not from the Father and Son. It recognizes seven sacraments, sanctions the offering of prayer to the saints, and the Virgin, encourages the use of pictures but forbids images. It holds in reverence the relics and tombs of holy men, and enjoins strict fasting and the giving of alms—looking upon them as works of meritorious merit. It rejects auricular confession, and holds that modified form of the Roman doctrine of the Eucharist which is designated consubstantiation. It administers baptism by immersion, and many of its ministers consider almost entire abstinence from sexual intercourse. The members of the Greek Church do not observe the same fasts as the Roman Catholics. They observe the same fasts as the Roman Catholics. They observe the same fasts as the Roman Catholics.