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WHOLE NUMBER 70.

POETRY.

Death.
Angel who treadest in the track of Time!
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime,
Whence come no whispers to the world below,
Whence not a song we hear,
Of triumph or of cheer,
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro.

Fate as the Maybell trembling in the breeze,
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer seas
Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing;
Fierce storms thou summonest
From the deep mountain breast,
To be thy pursuivants when thou art wandering.

Thy name is terrible; thine icy breath
Stern order to the War Fiend uttereth,
Who taints the pleasure turf a fearful red,
Or dashes in the wave
Myriad spirits brave
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

Yet have I known thee, Death, with gentle hand
Lead some poor wanderer to the heavenly land,
Amid the purple light of autumn eyes;
While to the harvest moon
Arose a rustic tune
From sun-burnt, lusty reapers, binding up
Their sheaves.

And even if, in some too cruel mood,
Thou didst neglect the weary multitude,
To watch the fair bride in her orange bloom—
To dim her eyes of light,
And upon the marriage night,
Ahear her pallid beauty to the marble tomb.

Or the sweet shill who prattles all day long
Died touch with chillness 'mid his cradle-song,
Yet unrepining, let us hope and pray
The Master calls his own,
Up to his golden throne;
When they are gathered there, thou, Death,
Shalt pass away.

MISCELLANY.

[From the South Carolinian.]
What's the Use?
I am an old woman. I may say a very old woman, and mine has not been an inactive or unobscured life. Eyes, ears, mind and memory have always been busy, but it seems to little purpose; for I find myself capable of being astonished, indeed, perfectly astounded, by things which occur in this present day and generation.

The telegraph bewilders, the power of steam astonishes, mesmerism, spirit rappings, and table moving, fairly terrify me; but I can keep away from these things. I feel it a duty to do so, for I believe them to be the wholly results of dealings in magic, and that the people who get them up will most assuredly come to some strange and dreadful end—be lightning-struck, blown up, wrapt forever in strange sleep, haunted by angry spirits, or knocked in the head by some frantic table. I don't see why men will be hammering their brains, and wear out their bodies, to score up such deviltries. What's the use! But, as I said before, I can keep away from these things—stand off at a safe distance and watch their eventual catastrophes. But some of the fast movements of the day I cannot keep out of the way of. Everybody seems to be in a dreadful hurry about everything—no slow, deliberate, or correct movements now, and the consequences of this hurry-scurry go-ahead-itive-ness will force themselves upon me everywhere I go.

I usually spend the summer months with a friend, whose residence is on a public road, and who consequently is often compelled (not by any inclination or necessity of her own, but by a wish to oblige), to accommodate benighted travellers. It was a rainy afternoon in July. My friend and I had sought in the piazza the comfort which the sultriness of the weather forbids our finding in the house. Everything was still, doleful, and dripping. My friend, resisting sundry attempts at conversation on my part, dropped her knitting in her lap, and went fairly off to sleep. Thrown entirely on my own resources, I endeavored to seek refuge in thought, as I usually do, when things external are painful or uninteresting. But its chain was unconnected. For once in my life I couldn't think of anything to think about.

Every one who has experienced the dreary monotony of a rainy day in the country will understand the intensity with which I viewed the approach of a vehicle that, at the close of the day, made its appearance. It was a stage-coach, and I had heard that it was a very high and tilted forward in a manner which, although anything but comfortable, was not without its advantages. One of the passengers was an individual who formed a singular contrast to the rest of the party. He was a tall, thin man, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that looked as if they were made of glass. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant manner, and he carried a large, black, leather bag.

As the coach drew up, he stepped out, and I saw that he was a stranger to the party. He looked at me with a steady gaze, and I saw that he was a man of some consequence. He then turned to the driver, and said, "I have heard that you have a very good horse here, and I should like to see it." The driver then led him to the stable, and I saw that he was a man of some consequence.

oldness to her "tout ensemble" which the occasional lightning up of her large, black, sleepy eyes, and glimpses of her brilliantly white teeth could not remove. Their request to remain all night was granted.

Now, "I loathe that low vice, curiosity," but I couldn't help feeling a desire to know something of these people, where they come from, where they were going, and how two such persons came to be yoked together; but I was disappointed, for I found no opportunity for any conversation with the gentleman, and from the female I could only elicit the facts that "they were going to see her husband's kin," (for which said "kin" I immediately felt much compassion,) and that "she never felt like nothin' when she hadn't her pipe; smokin' done her a power of good," and I couldn't help believing it, as I viewed her crouched down upon the door step, with both elbows resting on her knees, and the smoke puffing out from between the hands which supported her face, she looked as though she had never in her life sat in any other position, or done anything else but smoke a pipe. Some women have an eternal toothache, or earache, which is evinced by the face being eternally bound up with a white handkerchief, making a young person look old, and an old person, look dead; of course she had this habit which she told me was caused by "such a misery."

Early the following morning the couple took their departure. The husband, bounding gaily into the old gig, bid us "good-by" in his own hearty, jovial manner, and went on his way rejoicing, while the listless, slouching wife (who had got up with "a misery in her jaw, and pains kinder runnin' all over her") crawled into the vehicle with her pipe in her mouth, and said nothing to nobody.

"Well," remarked my friend, "that is a queer couple—one is as much too fast as the other is too slow," and, (giving me an arch look,) she added, "you are always complaining of people's being too fast, I presume that smoking individual just suits you."

"No," I replied, "to live within sight of her, or her bisterous liege lord either, would kill me in a month."

This was in early July. About the middle of the following September we were one afternoon startled by a loud, quick rap at the door; and it was energetically repeated before the servant could attend. From where I sat I obtained a view of the visitor through a window, and her appearance (for it was a female) induced me to accompany my friend to receive her. She was a young, and remarkably handsome, but bold looking woman. She wore a sun bonnet made of calico, the color of which was black, relieved by very large and vividly red flowers, and high up on top where the bonnet (after a fashion not the latest) was gathered in a bunch, fluttered a large fierce-looking red bow. Her hair, which was black and glossy, streamed in a long cork-screw ringlet on each side of her face, and

"The sun with ardent frown
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
Her glittering black eyes, red lips and brilliant teeth forbade my complaint against her complexion. Her dress, which was of the same glaring red and black material as her bonnet, was somewhat short, and fully displayed a stout, serviceable ankle and foot, strongly if not handsomely cased in bright blue stockings; her white apron was made with large tucks nearly to the waist, and long strings which reached the ground, or if there was a breeze, floated a yard or two behind her; she held in one hand a calico "satchel," as she called it, and in the other a large yellow cotton handkerchief, which she held elegantly by one corner, and swung actively to and fro as she walked. I never forget a face, though I may forget at what time and place I saw it, and it was thus in this instance, for so complete was the metamorphosis of dress, manners and speech, that I did not entertain the slightest suspicion before me was the smoking acquaintance of two or three months back. My friend did not remember her at all, and in reply to her familiar greeting, indicated as much.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor, who made the red bow dance, "why, don't you know me—when me and my old man stop here this summer on our way to Fairfield! My name's Tompkins—Miss Tompkins—we staid here all night, and that old lady there asked me a power of questions, and was down on me for smokin' and lyin' up my face."

This secured our recognition at once, and I inquired if she had learned to dispense with her handkerchief and pipe.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never catch a pipe now, and I never have that misery in my face."

We then inquired after her husband, and without any change of countenance, and in the official and uninteresting manner which new acquaintances are wont to observe, she said that he was dead.

to say that all his property goes to his first wife's children: but I'll see what the law can do."

"And how did you get here?" I asked, "you could not have walked such a distance?"

"No—I rid with Peter Hall, the tin pedlar; he's a knowin' young man, as well as good lookin', and he said that I could get my thirds of Tompkins' property in spite of them; and if I did, he'd"—here she stopped suddenly, her eyes fell, and the shadow of a blush flitted over her cheek, while she added, in a hesitating tone—"he'd see me again."

"You certainly," said I, "bear the loss of your husband with great fortitude."

"To be sure," said the widow, "what's the good of fretting? Now, what's the use?"

Receiving no encouragement to protract her visit, the lady left us, and then I fell into one of my long spells of thinking (I have them often.) I contrasted the present with the past, and came to the conclusion that nothing is as it should be; and I attribute it all to the railroad speed with which people are dashing through life; they don't have time to think, and of course they can't feel.

This man dies in as great a hurry as he would have done any thing else; the slow wife finds her prop gone, and becomes the fast widow—she's obliged to do it or be walked right over. She throws aside her pipe, handkerchief and "misery," brisks up and marries Peter Hall right away. This is a true story. Were it fiction, I could have given my heroine refinement as well as beauty; I could have thrown around her a flowery robe of interesting circumstances; but it would not really alter the case any. She was in a hurry, and so is everybody else.

I could expatiate for hours on the follies of the present generation, but no body minds an old woman like me, so what's the use!

A Roadside Confab.
[To every one of our patrons having a neighbor like the "Squire" in the dialogue below, we suggest that they loan this number, pointing out as especially instructive this short chapter. Surely a man has no right to reap when he will not sow.—Praxs.)

"And so, Squire, you don't take your district paper?"

"No, Major. I get the city paper on so much better terms; and so I take a couple of 'em."

"But, Squire, these country papers prove of great convenience to us. And the more we encourage them, the better their editors can make them."

"Why, I don't know any conveniences they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them."

"But I paid three dollars for it."

"And made much more than three dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained that press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means to advertise your farm. I saw a notice of your daughter's marriage in one of those papers. Did that cost anything?"

"No; but—"

"And your brother's death was published with a long obituary notice."

"Yes, yes; but—"

"And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things were exaggerated till the authentic accounts of our newspapers set them right."

"Oh, true, true; but—"

"And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified in his newspaper defence, which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes; but these things are news for the readers. They cause people to take the papers."

"No, no, Squire, Grudge, not if all are like you. Now I tell you, Squire, the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life, and the printer will put it in type, with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types for these sayings, will remark of you, 'Poor mean devil! he is even sponging for an obituary!'"

"Good morning, Squire."

A Desperate Fight in Mississippi.
A correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser, writing from Kemper county, Mississippi, relates the following:

I stopped at Mr. James Rupert's plantation on Saturday night, and found Mrs. Hall, the wife of the overseer, in great distress about her husband, who had gone to De Kalb. She said that a Mr. Bias had rented a part of Mr. Rupert's land from Mr. Hall, and not long since some of the gentlemen in the neighborhood, suspecting Bias of trading with their negroes, set a trap for him and caught him. Hall, seeing that Bias must leave the place, bought the crop that was growing on the place, to secure the rent for Mr. Rupert, because he, as Mr. R.'s agent, had rented it to him. Some words passed between a Dr. Brown and Hall, upon Hall's purchase of the crop, and Hall was accused of being accessory to Bias' rascality, or conniving at it, which exasperated Hall, and he put a pistol against Dr. Brown's breast and snapped a cap; whereupon a warrant was issued to arrest Hall, who said that he would not be taken.

I had not been in the house more than an hour when Hall's horse returned without him, but with the saddle and bridle on. Mrs. Hall exclaimed that her husband was killed; I then sent out a boy to look for him. He returned with Mrs. Hall's father, who was with Hall, and reported that the latter was killed. It appears that the sheriff, Mr. Gully, and four men were in pursuit of him, and met him and his father-in-law coming from De Kalb—about a mile and a half from De Kalb. Hall rushed past them; Gully then wheeled and rode up, and summoned him to surrender, telling him that he had men enough to take him, and did not want to kill him. Hall swore he would not be taken, and fired his pistol at Gully, which had two balls in it; one ball shivered his knife and the other took effect in the right groin. Gully then rode up to him again and presented his pistol, intending to shoot first, but (as Gully told me himself) Hall was ready to fire again, and both fired at once. He is not sure that he shot Hall, but Hall's shot took effect in Gully's left arm, shivering the elbow, and one shot lodged in the arm. Gully, finding his bridle arm useless, dropped his pistol and caught the bridle rein with his right hand, and then pursued and rode ahead of Hall. Hall then seized Gully, and they both fell to the ground. Gully called on his friends to shoot him, as he had nearly been killed. Hall seeing one in the act of shooting, rushed at him. It appears the man shot Hall through the left hand, and finding himself disabled, leaped a fence about ten feet off, at which time the man (I do not recollect his name) fired his second barrel (a shot gun) into Hall's back, just below the neck. Hall fell, and by the time that he could be examined was dead.

Little Pitches with Great Earn.
"Mother," said little Agnes, "what made you marry father? You told aunt Charlotte you had all the money."

"Hush, child! what are you talking about? I did not say so."

"Why, yes, mother, you said he was poor, and had no thought of being burdened with so many 'country cousins,' as you call them, you never would have had him—Don't you like... t Phabs, and aunt Polly, and aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."

"Why, Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."

"Yesterday, ma, and I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one, I'm sure you did say so, dear mother, and I pity you very much; for you told aunt there was a time before I was born when father drank too much, and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge,' and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."

"My dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle Jethro and his family."

"But they have no Agnes, mother, and you know you told about father's failure in business. Uncle Jethro never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, your money paid for everything, but the world did not know it, and—"

"You have told quite enough, my child. What do you stay listening in my back parlor, when I sent you up stairs to study? It has come to a pitiful pass, if your aunt and I must have all of our privacy retailed in this way. I suppose you have already told your father all that you have heard?"

"No, mother, I haven't, because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father, and I never told him anything to make him unhappy."

"Agnes, sat looking in the fire and asked: "Mother, if people really love others, do they ever talk against them? Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulty? and if Edward and I say wrong words you tell me never to repeat them, and I never do."

"Agnes," said the rebuked mother, "listeners are despicable characters. Don't you never let me know of your doing the like again; you don't hear right, and you make a great deal of mischief in this way."

North and South—Ignorance and Crime.
Our readers will find in another column a sensible and judicious communication on this subject. If we understand the feelings of the South, we desire only that justice should be done us. We would not deprive the North of one whit of its well-earned reputation for what it has done in the cause of education, morality and religion. The whole world is its debtor; and we have shared in the blessings it has been instrumental in dispensing abroad. But crime exists in the North; we fear, from the reports which reach us daily through its journals, that crime is on the increase there. We ascribe its prevalence to no peculiar institution or social custom of the North, but to the same causes which operate amongst ourselves to lead men to disobey the law of God. When, therefore, a murder is committed at the North, we do not say that if it had not sent its slaves to the South, and thus deprived itself of this safeguard, such an offence had not been known there. The New York Tribune is welcome to a monopoly of such logic, or if a castigation must be inflicted, let it be by its brother abolition print, the New York Evening Post. If a Northern man should be detected in the folly and sin—alas too common North and South—of appropriating to himself, without due credit, the fruits of other men's mental labors, we do not say that it is chargeable to the state of society about him. We leave such logic and christian courtesy to the Boston Congregationalist. Such a war of recrimination is not to our taste. We would hide the offences of brethren when no demand of truth and righteousness renders exposure necessary. And when compelled to speak, we would do it in the spirit of clarity and brotherly kindness.

A Southern Lady.
The fair editress of the Yazoo (Miss) Whig, Mrs. Prowett, herself a Northern-born lady, nobly expresses the feelings and vindicates the character of the South during her travels this summer through the North. She writes for her own paper:

"My first contact with an abolitionist occurred on the cars between Rochester and Syracuse. At one of the stations two great saucy-looking negro men came into the ladies' car, and began looking about for a seat. No one made place for them; but those who had left their places walked back to them and stood guard over them. The colored gentlemen were not at all put out, but kept walking up and down, looking for seats. My little boy said no "nigger" should sit by him. Some of the passengers laughed, but others looked awfully offended. A white woman that was before me, and was almost as ugly as aunt Harriet Stowe, turned fiercely on the boy and said, "If the gentlemen are colored, they are as good as you or me." "Madam," said I, "they are no doubt as good as you, and better; but they are not as good as my child, and shall not sit by him." If one could be annihilated by a look of contempt, I should not be writing this. When the cars stopped at the next station, my interesting neighbor got up to leave, but determined not to lose the opportunity of dropping a word to the poor benighted Southerner, came up to me and said, "You will find when you come to die, it matters not what is the color of the face, so the heart is white." "Madam," I replied, "if old Mother Nature intended the face to be an index of the heart, she made a great mistake in not giving you a black one."—Just then the cars started, and she had to run, leaving me the victor."

Things we Decidedly Object to.
We decidedly object to the first-floor lodger coming home in a state of inebriation, and getting into our bed with his boots on.

We decidedly object to a waiter always telling us he's coming, and never doing it.

We decidedly object to a young lady with her hair done up in a newspaper advertisement.

We decidedly object to an infatuated dramatist reading us the manuscript of his five act tragedy.

We decidedly object to a baby dabbling his damp little hand about our face, while the mother stands by, and remarks that the little dear is beginning to "take notice."

We decidedly object to a doctor telling us in a friendly way, that our family were always noted for weak chests.

We decidedly object to a person mistaking us for his mortal enemy, and giving us a tremendous blow on the back under the conviction.

We decidedly object to a man's always laughing at his own jokes, and never laughing at ours.

We decidedly object to any one purloining our good things, and palming them off as his own.

We decidedly object to a tailor's man bringing home a coat, and bawling out in the passage that his master told him not to leave it without money.

We decidedly object to sharp children, lawyer's letters, damp shirt collars, amateur performances, tight boots and an umbrella trickling down our back.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GREYSTOWN.—The bombardment and burning of this wretched little place, is creating quite a sensation at home and abroad. We feel sorry that our government condoned to notice the contemptible rattle in the way it did. If a boatswain had been sent ashore with a number of men, with cat-o-nine-tails, and flogged the rascal soundly, it would have been the proper sort of treatment.

[Summer Banner.]

A letter from New York states that William E. Atter, former Treasurer of the General Education Board, has been elected to the office of Secretary of the same.

Mothers and nurses cannot be too careful of young children. A melancholy instance from the want of proper attention occurred in New York on Wednesday last. A young mother who was asleep in her room awoke and found that her child had been drowned in a pail of water while she had been sleeping. The child had crept to the edge of the bed, and fallen into a pail of water, in which it held its immovable.

Let S. S. Nicholas, late of the British Legation (Venetian) Diplomat, says that trials are to be held in the city of Rome, the result of which will be expected to have some effect on the subject of national pride.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE COLOR OF MANKIND.—For 1800 years the Jewish race has been dispersed into different latitudes and climates, and they have preserved themselves most distinct from any intermixture with the other races of mankind. There are some Jews still lingering in the valley of the Jordan, having been oppressed by the successive conquerors of Syria for ages—a low race of people, and described by trustworthy travellers as being as black as any of the Ethiopian races. Others of the Jewish people, participating in European civilization, and dwelling in the Northern nations, show instances of the light complexion, the blue eyes, and light hair of the Scandinavian families. We see then how to account for the difference in color, without having to refer them to original or specific distinction.—Prof. Owen.

The New Orleans Crescent of Friday says: "We regret to announce the death, by typhoid fever, yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, of John T. Stewart, a printer of this office. Mr. Stewart was 48 years of age, a native of Pittsburgh, and for many years a resident of this city. He was much esteemed by every one who knew him for upright-ness of character and for his many excellent qualities."

The proceedings of the last Democratic Convention in California, we should judge from the reports in the papers of that region, were of rather a stormy character. They met in a Baptist Church, and during their quarrels they made such havoc with the pews, that the trustees of the building ordered them to leave. At the next session of Convention, the sum of \$400 was voted to pay for the damage to the Church.

A gentleman residing not far from Pittsburg, went recently to that city for a supply of potatoes and corn; his fields being entirely burned up. Unable to procure articles wanted, he went to Wheeling, where he met with no better success, and had to go to Cincinnati before he could get his supplies. A letter from a gentleman at Cleveland, Ohio, states that every thing in the shape of vegetables is burned up in that region of country.

ESSEX PRICES FOR MULES.—On Monday last, at Georgetown, Kentucky, a large number of mules, belonging to the Boone county, were sold to W. W. Burbon, for \$110 each. The best of the prime mules paid \$324 each.

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