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WHOLE NUMBER 73.

POETRY.

The Printer Respondeth.
In seasons when our funds are low
Subscribers are provoking slow,
And new supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes departing rapidly,
But we shall see a sadder sight,
When our press pour in from morn 'till night,
Commanding every sixpence bright,
To be forked over speedily.
Our bonds and due bills are arrayed—
Each seal and signature displayed—
The holders vow they must be paid
With threats of "Law and Chancery."
Then to despair, we're almost driven—
There's precious little use in livin'
When our last copper's rudely riven
From hands that held it lovingly.
But larger yet these dues shall grow
When interest's added on below,
Length'ning our chin a foot or so,
While gazing at them hopelessly.
Tis so, that scarce have we begun
To plead for time upon a dun,
Before there comes some other one
Demanding most ferociously.
The prospect darkens. On ye brave,
Who would our very bacon save!
Waive, Patrons! all your pretexs waive!
And pay the printer cheerfully.
Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,
A few delinquents now to meet,
Asking of us a clear receipt
For papers taken regularly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Speech of Hon. T. C. Perrin.

The following abstract of the remarks of Mr. PERRIN, made at the recent Railroad meeting at Edgefield, we copy from the *Advertiser*:

Every age is characterized by some leading event—some guiding sentiment. Ours is emphatically an age of railroads. These great channels of intercommunication are now regarded as the hand-maids of trade and commerce, and the necessities of all civilized countries demand them. The great idea of this age of practical science is to improve the channels of trade furnished by nature, and to invent others that may rival and even surpass those of nature herself. In giving growth to different commodities in different countries, and thereby creating a necessity for trade and commerce, nature herself prompts man to this exercise of his inventive powers.

Some countries, and some States of this Union, are greatly distinguished by the vast improvements they have made upon the natural channels of intercommunication. Look to New York. See her beautiful streams—her magnificent rivers—her broad lakes! There is the great Hudson, with its waters deep and calm as a lake, capable of bearing upon her broad bosom the finest models of steamship navigation. There too upon her borders are the noble waters of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, suited to the best inland navigation. Yet, not content with these great natural channels of trade, the energetic people of that State have carved out new and magnificent ones. They have constructed a canal 360 miles in length, from Albany to Buffalo, which has been and is now doing an immense business. The canal freights last year amounted to \$3,000,000. They have constructed also a railroad on the banks of this canal, along its whole length, from Albany to Buffalo; and this too is paying handsomely. And strange as it may seem, they have built another railroad, running from New York city across the whole State to Dunkirk and Buffalo, on Lake Erie, actually rivaling these other great channels of trade. In addition to this, New York has an immense number of railroads running in and through every part of the State.

This enterprising people have made these extensive railroad improvements at a cost of not less than \$75,000,000. But has it been done without profit? One could scarcely believe the statement, if he could hear the tremendous results of these railroads in New York. They have made her chief city the emporium of these United States. Her vessels and other craft now bear an immense commerce to every seaport town on the globe. Her capitalists direct nearly every enterprise of magnificence on this whole Continent. New York has been rising and rising, rivalling even Liverpool and London in their commerce, and will, in time, probably surpass them. And the people of the whole State have been rendered prosperous, contented and happy in the highest degree.

Let us, for a moment, turn to South Carolina, and observe the contrast. Look at Charleston; her streets almost deserted; her hotels almost abandoned; her merchants looking to the North for their fields of operation. The tale is briefly told. Charleston, compared with New York, has done little for the construction of railroads to her limits. One road leads into her city, and that is all.

Look across the interior of South Carolina. Blessed with a great variety of rich products of the earth, (in this respect far surpassing New York, or any

other Northern State,) with a genial and delightful climate, the lands of the State are become impoverished and worn. Gullies and washes upon her hill-sides, like wrinkles upon the face, denote age and decay. Our people, in a half-lethargic state, view this sad picture before their eyes, with scarcely any efforts worthy of their generous character, to retrieve the fortunes and prosperity of the State. We are doing nothing, literally nothing, to fertilize, beautify and enrich our native land, whilst others, by their energies and liberal outlay of capital, are gradually carrying off our wealth.

These things are not uttered by way of reproach to our glorious little State, to which no one is more devotedly attached than myself, but to awaken if possible her high-minded people to a just sense of their true interest—to induce them to throw aside the fatal lethargy which has so impeded their prosperity, and to show themselves in the manly energy which so naturally belongs to them.

Let us be satisfied of one fact. In this progressive country of ours, no State can be great and prosperous without railroads. These are now inseparable from the full development of the resources of any country. Railroads get up improvements of nearly every description. They cherish the mechanical arts. They betget improvement in the lands of a country. They introduce manners of various kinds, and all improved methods of agriculture. It has been estimated, from correct data, gathered in countries where railroads have been built, that along the line of railroads lands have generally doubled in value, and the instances are numerous where they have been trebled and even quadrupled.

But do not suppose that these works can be achieved without great labor and expense. No great good, no magnificent enterprise, can ever be effected without extraordinary efforts, and large outlay of means. A niggardly grasp of the purse, and a timid spirit of adventure will utterly destroy the prospects of any undertaking requiring large means and liberal efforts. Do not believe that you can build a railroad of any magnitude without you are willing to subscribe freely and to use the most active energy. But why may you not do what others have done? Take encouragement from the noble examples furnished by citizens of other States and other countries. They have not hesitated to engage in the most stupendous works, under the heaviest outlay of means. The Hudson River Railroad, running upon the banks of the river for 144 miles, cost upwards of ten millions of dollars, at an average cost per mile of \$70,184. The Erie Railroad, 360 miles in length, cost upwards of thirty-three millions of dollars, at a cost per mile of \$71,269. In England the cost has been still heavier. The railroad from Liverpool to London cost \$299,833 per mile; the Great-Western Railway cost \$281,000 per mile; and it will be found that the average cost of the leading railroads in England has not been less than \$226,883 per mile. Yet in all the roads abovementioned, in this country and in England, the stockholders have realized more than the legal rates of interest upon the amount of their subscription, to say nothing of the immense incidental advantages resulting from these roads.

At the South our roads cost less, though they will compare favorably in point of durability and speed with the railroads in any other country. The South Carolina Railroad, in all 248 miles in length, cost \$7,000,000, or about \$28,938 per mile. Several things, however, conspired to increase the expense. In the first place, it was an experiment—it was the pioneer road in South Carolina. The art of constructing roads was then very imperfectly known. It was first made on short piles; but experience soon taught the necessity of laying the timbers on earth. Again, it was first built with flat iron; this soon was abandoned, and the flange iron adopted; but soon again the T iron was manufactured, and its superiority at once suggested its use.

The Georgia Central Road, 101 miles in length, cost about \$3,465,000, or about \$18,000 per mile. The Georgia Railroad cost about \$10,000 per mile. The Macon and Western Railroad about \$12,000 per mile. The Greenville and Columbia Railroad, 164 miles in length, cost \$2,220,000, at a cost per mile of \$13,414.

When others have done so much at so heavy a cost, and have derived benefits so large, how can you hesitate to engage freely in your enterprise with heart and purse?—You must be satisfied that the best way to improve your country is to build railroads. If you desire your region to thrive, and your children to settle around you when they grow up, improve your country. Enrich your lands; beautify your houses, gardens and fields; multiply your comforts and conveniences; open up to your children a field of action in which they can become intelligent, happy and prosperous, and they will not desert the homes of their fathers to seek uncertain fortunes in distant lands. See what has been done for your neighboring Towns and Districts! Look at Newberry, Laurens, Abbeville, Pickens—all blessed with railroad facilities, which have greatly increased their prosperity, and are rendering their people cheerful, contented and happy. Where stands Edgefield? She has not a

railroad she can call her own. Her people are standing still, while all others are moving ahead. You are, gentlemen, behind the age in which we live. A few years ago we of Abbeville, in going to Columbia, had to pass through your District by stage. After a hard day's journey, over rough road, the first night we abided in your village; we then consumed part of two days to reach Columbia. You still trudge along in the old-fashioned slow way; while we quietly take our breakfast at home, at the usual hour, jump upon the cars, and are borne pleasantly to Columbia on the wings of steam, time enough to get our dinner at a convenient hour; in time to transact our business and return home the next day to dinner, if we choose. Are you willing to allow your neighbors to continue to enjoy these advantages over you?

The truth is, the Road from Ninety-Six or New Market to Aiken ought and will be built. This side of Santee needs a direct railroad communication with Charleston, Abbeville, Edgefield, and Anderson Districts make not less than 60,000 bales of cotton. Why compel all this, and other produce, destined to Charleston, to go through Columbia, when it can go direct, saving at least 35 miles? But if the Blue Ridge Railroad be built, there will be an imperative necessity for this road. The immense quantity of Western produce, intended for Charleston and for transshipment to foreign ports, will not suffer the delay and hazard of the road by Columbia. It is unreasonable that it should, when nature has afforded a more direct and safe route, over this section of country, from Ninety-Six or New Market to Aiken.

Will you permit the Blue Ridge Road to fail? Then down goes Charleston, the chief city of your State, in the prosperity of which every citizen of the State is deeply interested. This is indeed a great enterprise, affecting favorably every part of South Carolina, and it is the duty and interest of every one to favor it, and to urge it on to completion by every legitimate means. It is almost certain that the road will be built. From the report of the able gentleman at the head of that enterprise, whose high character for integrity and worth secures for his report the fullest credit, five and a half millions of dollars have already been subscribed to that grand undertaking, while much of the road is already under contract, and the contractors are steadily at work. The road cannot fail; and hence the connection between the Greenville and Columbia Railroad at Ninety-Six or New Market, with the South Carolina Railroad at or near Aiken, must and will be made.

Admitting, then, the fact that this railroad should be built, shall it be built in conjunction with the Greenville and Columbia Railroad? Why not? Much has been said in depreciation of this latter road. It has many detractors who know little of its true condition. It is unnecessary at this time and place to go minutely into the history and condition of that road. This much however may be said in sincerity and in truth: It is a good road—one of the safest in the State, forty thousand passengers having been carried over it the last year and not one injured. It is, moreover, doing a good business, and running in good time; and as to its location, it is the best that could have been selected, except as to about three miles. The main injuries to the road by the large freshet of August were caused by a gin-house and pine tree striking the pier-head of the bridge. This may never occur again. The bridge is above high-water mark, and not at all likely to be carried off. Since that freshet much of the whole road has been re-constructed, and is now in excellent repair. The expenses of keeping up the road about Broad and Saluda rivers will hereafter be little more than will be necessary along the line generally.

This Road is again made the subject of censure on account of its curvatures. All admit, that straight roads are preferable, yet all know they are impracticable. All roads leading from low-grounds to the mountains will be curving. There is no other possible way of overcoming grades. But it is a great mistake to suppose that roads having curves are not good and safe roads, and remarkable for speed. There are no roads among us more filled with curves than the great Hudson River Rail-Way; yet where is there a finer road than this, whether in point of durability, speed, or safety? Away then with the idea that the curves in the Greenville & Columbia Railroad deteriorate its value.

It is again said that the finances of this Company are in an unprosperous condition; that a large debt overhangs the Company, and that the Stock is only worth 60 cents in the dollar. The road with its equipments may be fairly estimated at \$3,000,000. The debt of the Company amounts to \$800,000. The most of this is already funded, and the rest will soon be. What are the means now of meeting the interest on this debt, of paying the expenses of the road, and of declaring dividends on the capital of the Company? If a report made in July last to the Stockholders of the Company it is set forth that the income of the road for the present year, will reach at least \$300,000. One half of this amount will be absorbed in expenses, leaving \$150,000 as net profits.

Take out \$50,000 for interest on funded debt, there will remain \$94,000 for dividends, which will be 7 per cent. interest on the entire capital of the Company, with balance of \$2,617 59.

This report has been subjected to the scrutiny of the Stockholders, among whom are many shrewd, practical men, alive to their own interest and that of the Company.

That the Stock of the Company is worth only 60 cents in the dollar is nothing strange or unusual. It is the fate of all railroad Stocks, till the roads are firmly established, and yield handsome profits. Consult the history of the railroads in this State and in Georgia, indeed, of the whole country. You will find that, in the beginning, their Stocks were all low, selling often for not more than 30 or 40 cents in the dollar. Shrewd men took the advantage of this reduction, and made large fortunes. They who wish to buy Stock of the Greenville & Columbia Railroad at 60 cents to the dollar had better do so at once. In a short time it will be out of their power. Unless all reasonable calculations are baffled, not many years will elapse before it will be at par and probably above par. The road has passed through its severe ordeal. Its difficulties are pretty well over. "The darkest hour is just before day," and it is fair to suppose that our dawn is near at hand, when all will be bright before us, and no tongue will be needed to tell of our prosperity.

These remarks have been made with no view of lauding the Greenville & Columbia Railroad, but to meet objections which one of your Committee has suggested to me since my arrival in this village. That road needs now no commendation. It stands for itself. Let the reflecting look, and judge for themselves.

The sum of the matter is, that advantages are now offered to you for building a railroad, which you are not likely again soon to have. To construct this Road will take not less than \$800,000. By raising \$250,000 of private subscriptions, the Company offers to build the road for you; to take you as stockholders, with all the privileges and rights belonging to them, with exemption from all future assessment, and with the full assurance of dividends from the first year after your subscription.

Can you build a railroad yourselves? Where is the money to come from? And how much better off would you be than the Stockholders in the Greenville & Columbia Railroad? You would find that your Stock, too, for a number of years, would not exceed 60 cents in the dollar, and years might roll around before your Company could declare dividends. Every new Company has its ordeal to pass, during which their prospects seem gloomy, and their difficulties hard to surmount. You could not expect to escape this ordeal.

Judge then, for yourselves whether or not it will be to your interest to build your Road in conjunction with the Greenville & Columbia Railroad. At all events build the road. It will bring you immense benefits. If it takes another direction, your losses will be great. If Edgefield does not bring a railroad to her, she will go to the railroad. Rival towns will soon make their appearance, and your village must fall into decay and ruin.

Before closing his remarks Mr. Perrin begged to express his thanks to the ladies for the interest they were taking in this noble enterprise. When generous deeds and liberal contributions were called for, they were generally the first to respond. They had done so in the dark hours of our revolutionary history, and by their smiles of encouragement, had aided materially in carrying out many of the magnificent enterprises of our country. For his part, he was willing to leave the contributions to this road entirely to them, being well assured, that the road would be brought to a speedy and happy completion.

Mr. Perrin sat down amid the applause of his delighted audience. Every one was convinced by his persuasions. It is confidently hoped by the friends of the enterprise which this meeting was intended to promote, that his words were as "seed sown in good ground," to bring forth at an early day thirty, forty, aye, a hundred fold.

As soon as Mr. P. had taken his seat and a stirring piece had been executed by the spirited "Edgefield Brass Band," Judge Butler was called out and greeted by his old constituency in a manner that must have been truly gratifying to him. He arose in response, and for a half-hour fixed the attention and aroused the feelings of every listener by one of those off-hand harangues for which he was in his younger days so justly celebrated. Many gleams of the old fire were still perceptible.

Gen. Bonham was also called for and responded briefly, feelingly and pertinently. Many thanks are due the members of the "Brass Band," for the animating music with which they enlivened the occasion. And much credit belongs to Messrs. Coyer & Goodman for the admirable style in which the dinner was prepared.

Great good feeling prevailed throughout the day, and, although only twenty-six thousand dollars of additional Stock were taken at the time, the effect produced upon the general mind was of a kind to keep the ball in motion. No little has been subscribed

since the day of the meeting, and much more is faithfully promised. Altogether, there is enough to make us look forward with confidence to the early building of a road "from some point on the Greenville & Columbia Railroad to Aiken, via Edgefield C. H."

An Irish Duel.

The following purports to be contributed by a "Corkonian," to the London Sporting Magazine:

And now my third duel—the last I saw in Cork—remains to be told. I would not induce myself to pass it over; but if it were only as a lesson to young men, especially military men, I cannot forego the benefit I may, perhaps, cause to some whose circumstances may be similar. Would I had written this some years back, when I first was honored with permission to take a place amongst the contributors to this sporting periodical; it might have caught the eye of one or other of two noble fellows, brothers-in-law and brother officers, in the * * * and one of whom fell by the hand of the other, and it might have prevented a catastrophe which brought misery into the hearts of many a happy home. But I proceed:—

Lieutenants Herbert and Welsh both resided in Cork, one (Welsh) half-pay in the army, the other (Herbert) in the navy; they were dear, my bosom friends; not a day passed that they did not meet or spend the day one with the other. The following was the cause of this unhappy quarrel, as well as I can recollect; and I am sure there are some alive now in Cork who will recollect this unfortunate circumstance, and can testify to the truth of my narrative.

At the time I speak of, it was the custom for young gentlemen to walk in the evenings on the Grand Parade and South Mall, in Cork, with peculiar dresses—large hats, high shirt collars, carried to an extravagant size; in fact, caricatures of the then fashions. Lieutenant Welsh invited his friend Herbert and wife to take tea on a certain evening, and that after tea they would, accompanied by their wives, go out to see the "dandies." It was stated at the time, by those who knew the cause of the quarrel, that Lieutenant W. said, "Be with us at seven o'clock, and after that we will go out; now mind, Herbert, we will not wait for you after seven."

However, seven o'clock came, and they waited until eight o'clock, when finding Herbert and his wife did not arrive, they took tea, and left about half past eight. At nine, Lieutenant Herbert and his lady arrived, and were informed that Lieutenant W. and his lady had taken their tea and gone out. It was the rumor that upon Mrs. Herbert's suggestion, her husband immediately proceeded in search of his friend to demand satisfaction.—Would, for the sake of human nature, I could believe otherwise; but I do believe that the fatal business was caused by the imprudence of the lady.

Herbert sent home his wife, went immediately and purchased a whip, and meeting his friend Welsh and wife in Gillin's fruit shop on the Grand Parade, proceeded to lay on the horsewhip. Welsh, being the more powerful of the two, wrenched the whip from his antagonist, and laid on him soundly. I was passing at the time—saw the whole transaction, the exchange of cards, &c., and never ceased enquiry until I was acquainted with the time and place for the arrangement of the difference.

The next day, at two o'clock, in the spot selected—a field on the Boreenmana road, between the Blackrock and Passage roads; it was a painful circumstance to notice that Lieutenant Herbert's house was in view of the spot selected for the duel, and still more extraordinary and more painful the fact that Mr. II. viewed the fatal scene from her bedroom window.

There was no time lost after the parties took the ground; the pistols were loaded, and each was handed the deadly weapon. Lieutenant Welsh said, before he was placed, "I have no cause of quarrel with my friend except his horse-whipping me; but as he supposed my absence from home, when he was invited, was an insult, and one premeditated to him, which I here solemnly deny, I will not fire at him."

Herbert, who was a brave man, but who suffered from a bad wound in the head, received in battle, which, when he was excited, caused him to act more like a madman than one incarcerated in lunatic asylum, swore out a tremendous oath that "he came there for satisfaction, and that nothing but blood would satisfy him." I must confess my feelings at the time were the excess of nervousness and horror at the oath and sentiment; I trembled from head to foot. In reference to the state of my feelings, I often since thought "coming events cast their shadows before."

The seconds finding it useless to interfere, calculated that Welsh's firing in the air would satisfy his opponent, but in this they were mistaken. The words "present—fire" were given quickly; Herbert took deadly aim at his antagonist who fired in the air. But Welsh was untouched. An endeavor was then made to arrange matters, but wholly in vain. Welsh was willing to do anything that was honorable, but his opponent's obstinacy was not to be overcome. It was awful; I use the word "awful" because he more than once swore fearfully, and only a few moments before his death, by his

Maker, using the name of his Redeemer, "that he would plink his man."

I never saw—I never would wish to see—such an expression of hopeless misery as that depicted on Lieutenant Welsh's countenance, on hearing the words used by his former friend.

He spoke aloud nearly as follows: "Let God witness I stand here to defend my life against a madman—and I will do so."

Again were the loaded pistols placed in their hands; seconds retired, and again "present—fire" was quickly spoken. Both shots were as one; but ere the smoke could be said to curl upward from the weapons' mouth, Herbert fell on his back on the ground, a corpse. Not a sign of life was visible, his was instant death.

I must confess I was not prepared for this fatal termination, and if we were to judge of the conduct of the lookers-on, neither were they; a panic seemed to take possession of all present, and I found myself, with about fifty others, literally running away from the scene. On getting to the gate of the field, I looked back, and what a scene did I witness; there was the dead body, with Lieut. Welsh over it on his knees, his hand inside the waistcoat of his former friend, striving to find the beat of a pulse he had longed for. In vain his second strove to lead him away; he still hoped against hope; calling to his dear friend Herbert to answer him and relieve him from the blighting thought that he was his murderer.

I saw at the time Dr. Sharp riding by the road on his well-known cream-colored nag, and knowing the doctor intimately, I called to him to come into the field, as I believed a person was killed in a duel. He dismounted and came to the dead man, and on his looking at him, at once pronounced life extinct; he requested Welsh to leave the place to avoid an arrest, which he reluctantly complied with, when the doctor said, "Let me see, where did he hit him?" and turning the body round on the side, he found where the ball had entered, between the fourth and fifth ribs; he then laid the body on his back, and actually passed his cane through the body from side to side, and with the utmost unconcern, exclaimed, "Why, here is daylight enough let in to kill a giant."

At the following assizes Lieut. Welsh surrendered to take his trial; there was no prosecution—the duel was considered fair; I was present when he was placed in the dock, only to be discharged; but the load of fifty years was added to the appearance and gait of as fine a young man as I ever saw on the day of the fatal duel.

MAKING ANGR HOLES WITH A GIMBLET.
—"My boy, what are you doing with that gimblet?" said I to a flaxen-haired urchin, who was labouring away at all his might at a piece of board before him; "trying to make an augur hole," was the reply, without raising his eyes.

Precisely the business of at least two-thirds of the world—this makes augur holes with a gimblet.

Here is A., who has just escaped from the clerk's desk behind the counter. He sports his moustachios, his imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, talks big about the profits of banking or shaving notes. He thinks he is really a great man; but every body around him sees "he is only making augur holes with a gimblet."

Mr. B. may be put down as a distinguished professor of the gimblet. He was a farmer. His father left him a farm, free from incumbrance—but he wouldn't be content, speculation in corn and flour erode before him; fortunes were made in a twinkling, so he sold out, bought largely, dreamt of the riches of Astor and of Rothschild—no more work. But at last the bubble burst. The Irish wouldn't stay starved; prices fell; and now Mr. B. has found out "that it is difficult to make augur holes with a gimblet."

Miss C. is a nice pretty girl, and might be very useful too, for she has intelligence; but she must be the ton, goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines that she is a belle, disdains labour, forgets, or tries to, that her father is a mechanic; and all for what? why she is trying to work herself up into the belief "that an augur hole can be made with a gimblet."

Good for Ben.—A little boy came to his mamma one rainy afternoon, as he returned from school, and said, "Mamma may I go just down the street with a little girl that goes to our school?"

She replied, "No my son, it rains."
He said, "Why, ma, I must go."
"Well, then," said his mother, "go, if you must."

On his return, she asked if the little girl was a favorite of his.

He said, "O, no; she treats me very ill, worse than any other scholar in school."
"Then why do you wish to go with her?"
He said, "You have taught me that we must do good to them that spitefully use us, and she had a chair to take home, and I did not know of any other way to do her a kindness, so I thought I would carry it for her, and that would be rewarding good for evil."—*S. S. Advocate.*

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much sooner than a regular north-easter.