The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &C., &C.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,] "Let it be Instilled into the Hearts of your Children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—*Junius.* [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 2---NO. 26. ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1854. WHOLE NUMBER 78.

POETRY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

Boldness of Speech Recommended.

Messrs. Editors: The unmerited rebuke you have recently received for expressing your preference between two rival candidates has called forth the following article. Without seeking in the slightest degree to detract from the merits of others, Col. BROOKS, I may say, is one of the rising statesmen of whom South Carolina may well be proud.

"PAUL waxed bold."—*Acts of the Apostles.*

Be bold, ye ministers of grace,
Amongst an erring, sinful race,
And shun not to declare to all
Our sad declension by the fall!
Let not your lips or tongue be tied,
Before the haughty sons of pride:
Unto the "filthy dreamers" show
Their present guilt and future woe;
And to the sordid misers tell
Their brother DIVES is in hell.

Be bold, ye patriots of the land,
With censure and with shame to brand
The wretch who'd seek again to light
The torch of terror, awe and fright,
That lately blazed throughout the State,
Attended by the fiends of hate:
Behold, ye patriots, our foe
Awaits to strike a deadly blow;
Like brethren, therefore, we should be
Prepared to meet the enemy.

Ye who conduct the public PRESS,
Your censure or your praise express,
Regardless though you rouse the ire
Of village gent or country squire.
Be bold the statesman to commend,
Who shows himself the PEOPLE'S FRIEND;
Be bold, likewise, and blame bestow
On him who shows himself *their foe.*
Thus faithful sentinels you'll be
To guard our lives and liberty.

Ye Carolinians, one and all,
The sainted dead upon you call,
To trust not those who shall foment
Disunion, strife, and discontent;
If in your councils they should be,
They'd stir up strife and enmity—
In heaven itself, should they get there,
The *blades* would soon kick up a flare,
And have some censures or complaints
Against the seraphs or the saints!

HAFIZ.

MISCELLANY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

The Self-Murdered Wife.

THE history of the *Liquor Traffick* is the repletest page in the annals of retrospective crime, woe, and ruin.

This society-corrupting and soul-blighting curse has scattered, as upon the breath of a thousand storms, the foulest malaria of hell. Its ravages, as the foot-prints of "the angel of death," are graven, in *glaring relief* upon every feature, condition, and rank of human society. Urged forward by the inspiration of Mammon, and the love of "dishonest gain," it has fed, with insatiable thirst, upon human blood, and chanted its triumphs with the furious strains of the "song of death."

The melancholy incident which we are now about to relate, occurred in the Fall season of 184—, in the county of C——, in North Carolina. The unfortunate individual who forms the subject of our mournful narrative, was the wife of WILLIAM L——, a *religious distiller!* She had been for a number of years a highly respectabe and exemplary member of the same denomination of which WILLIAM L—— himself was a nominal member; and possessing in no small degree those amiable traits of character which ever adorn her sex, she was justly regarded a "model woman." The responsibilities involved in the relations of a wife and mother were acted out by her with all the characteristic fidelity and affection of a noble and virtuous heart. The happiness and interest of her family was the theme that occupied with intensest emotions her heart and her life. But, she had a *distiller* for her husband. Unfortunate woman! We have often pitied thee, and pity thee still.

We have already remarked that her husband, or rather the tyrant monster whom, by her misguided affection, she was doomed to recognize as such, was also a member of the same church. On becoming apprehensive, however, that the church was about to take him in hand for his "deeds of daring" in the [illegible] of hell-taught science, he withdrew from the church, upon which his name for years had reflected slander, and determined that his wife should do the same.

And now [illegible] we approach the climax of the [illegible] which soon followed [illegible] the wife's name from the Church book. The unfeeling, heartless deliberation with which he demanded her name to be stricken from the Church of her preference, was enough not only to provoke the reprobation of men but also to arouse the indignation of devils.

His friends remonstrated—his wife implored; but all, all, was utterly unavailing, for vengeance inhuman kept the bosom of the tiger-man! "Take her name off the book," was his only response to the entreaties and tears of the minister, congregation, and, more than all, his poor wife.

The name of WILLIAM L—— lives in our memory but to be regarded as one of the worst of men. Devoid of principle, pity or shame, and stained with the blood of her whom he had sworn at God's altar to protect, cherish, and love, his life has been a slander upon the society of men, and his acts a disgrace to the sympathy of friends. The fearful day of eternal retribution, however, awaits him, and we are content that it is so.

From the moment that it was announced by the minister that ELIZA L—— was, in consequence of her husband's demand, no longer a member of the church at Kadish, a cloud of mental anguish was seen to gather upon her once cheerful but now woe-smitten countenance. The minister wept, and the congregation was bathed in tears. Poor ELIZA wept too. Her delicate frame shook as the leaf of autumn is shaken by the first breathing of wintry winds. With feelings that mock description, she arose and left her favorite seat, to be occupied by her no more forever. Her troubled heart throbbed its last farewell, in silent grief, to her much loved brethren, as she bent her way from the house of their communion to the fatal spot of self-destruction.

A few nights of more than Tautalian torture is endured by this miserable and unprotected woman, and she desperately resolves to die! In prosecution of her purpose, she is seen to steal softly up from her more than weary pillow, and by the dim light that flickered upon the hearth, to pass from the eldest of her children to the youngest, imprinting as she goes a mother's last kiss upon the unconscious lips of the innocent sleepers. She lingers for a moment while she holds in her hand the little fingers of the quietly sleeping babe. But all is over. Her frenzied soul seeks relief but in death. She passes out, gently closing the door behind her, and at the still and dreary hour of midnight, she hastens her steps to a creek near her wretched dwelling; and, after taking her stockings from her feet, and throwing them upon the bank of the stream, she encountered with reckless desperation the enemy to whom she desired to yield herself an easy captive. A few moments, and a few struggles, and she sleeps in death.

Unfortunate woman! thy blood, in unison with the blood of millions slaughtered before thee, crieth from the ground for vengeance against the confederate murderers, AVARICE and RUM! When shall its voice be heard? and when, oh! when, shall their hands be stayed?

M.

Indian or Negro.

AT the last term of the Court for Richland District a very interesting trial, involving a solution of this problem in regard to a girl claimed as a slave, was heard. The following, taken from the *Patriot*, is by far the most satisfactory history of the affair that we have seen:—

Some fourteen years ago, a Mr. Darby, of Chester District, purchased a girl called Lucy, who was carried to that neighborhood by a man named Thompson, said to have been seen in Washington, D. C., as late as 1851, practising law. The girl had the looks of an Indian, but was sold to him as a negro. She ran away repeatedly, telling her playmates she was an Indian. Some three or four years ago, she was lodged in jail in Columbia as a runaway, and advertised. Her owner came for her, and was required to show his bill of sale, which was not considered altogether satisfactory. Several citizens were impressed by the girl's appearance, and advised the jailor not to give her up, as she was evidently an Indian. He applied to Gov. Means for advice, and the Governor directed him to stand a suit, and let the case be decided by an appeal to evidence. Gov. Manning, also, upon coming into office, expressed an interest in the trial, as one involving important rights to the girl.

After long delays by the party claiming her, to procure evidence, the case was tried at the late term. Some [illegible] years since, an old Cherokee chief visited Columbia, upon hearing that an Indian girl was in jail. He said that fourteen years ago, while his tribe was on the way from North Carolina to Arkansas, an Indian girl about four years [illegible] sister's daughter; that this girl is Lut-es and that she is as much like her mother as her mother's sister's children are like her mother's sister.

The chief's name is Inaluskie. The old man removed eight years ago from Arkansas, and now lives in North Carolina. He old was stolen from his party; that great distress was caused to her parents; that she was the child of his sister's daughter, and that her name was Lut-se; that he came to Columbia with the hope of seeing Lut-se; and that as soon as he laid eyes on her, his heart was rejoiced to see the face of his was a Captain under Gen. Jackson at the battle of the Horse Shoe Bend, where he commanded one hundred and thirty warriors, and fought with much distinction.—Commissions were read from several chiefs of tribes now in North Carolina, stating that a girl named Lut-se was stolen from one of their party about fourteen years ago. A commission was read of the examination of Mrs. Carter, the wife of a man who purchased the girl from Thompson and sold her to Darby. In this she stated that, learning from her children that the girl said she was Indian, she called her up and questioned her about it, when she said "No, she was not Indian, but her mother was negro." This was offered as evidence, and, strange to say, admitted. But it had the opposite effect of what was intended. As it was clear that among her playmates the girl told the truth, and to her master or mistress she evidently had been taught to say otherwise. Evidence was brought forward that she had for fourteen years, been in Chester, in possession of Darby, working as a negro, and so considered, although called "Darby's Indian." The most striking testimony adduced in the case was that by our distinguished, talented and scientific townsman, Dr. R. D. Gibbes. This is not only mine, but the opinion of others. He understands the anatomy of our races as well as I know my multiplication table. As proof of my declaration, he was put upon the stand, and called upon to explain the ethnological distinction of races. He was asked to point out the characteristics of the Indian and Negro, which he did very minutely and fully, and in a manner to bring conviction to the whole assembled crowd. He exhibited a cast of an Indian skull—of an aboriginal—said to be from one in the Academy of Science in Philadelphia, from a mound in Ohio. He explained all its characteristics, and then called up the old chief and interpreter, and showed the identity with their heads. He then compared it and their heads with that of Lucy, and established them all as of the same type.

He then handled a negro skull, and demonstrated clearly the peculiarities, and showed by comparison the marked difference between them. He explained the prominent differences in the anatomical structure of different parts of the body, and gave an exceedingly interesting account of the distinction in the hair of the Caucasian, Indian and Negro race. He stated a very curious fact, as resulting from microscopical observation: that in the mulatto cross the hair of one or the other parent was present, and sometimes hairs of both, but never a mongrel hair; that no amalgamated hair existed; that as often the mulatto had straight hair as kinky. He stated the microscope revealed that the hair of the white race was, when transversely divided, *oval*, that of the Indian *circular*, and that of the Negro eccentrically *elliptical*, with flattened edges; that the hair of the Negro was not hair, but wool, and capable of being *felted;* that the coloring matter of true hair was in an internal tube, while in the Negro it was in the epidermis or icales covering the shaft of the hair.

In corroboration of his statement that both white and negro hair were sometimes found in the same head, a singular case was mentioned in my hearing, by Dr. W——. He stated that he once attended a half-breed Indian and Negro, who had straight Indian hair. He was ill, and had his head shaved and blistered. On his recovery, when his hair grew out, it was Negro hair—crisped and wiry.

These are very curious facts, and of much importance in the distinction of races.

The counsel of the plaintiff proposed and insisted on Dr. Gibbes to give the facts as to the hair of grades of blood; but he said he had not examined by the microscope any but the half-breeds. It is to be hoped that full investigation will be made of this subject, and the facts published.

On the whole, the evidence set forth by Dr. Gibbes was extremely interesting, and developed some facts I never heard of before. There has been but one opinion expressed in relation to it.

The jury decided in favor of the girl's being Indian, and she left Columbia next day, with the old chief, on her way to Arkansas to her parents and friends. Gov. Means was so convinced that the girl was Indian, he was heard to say, that if the case was decided against her he would buy her and set her free. [illegible] had the case been decided against her, the citizens would have [illegible]

We are hooted at by abolitionists [illegible] not make a slave. [illegible] has set his stamp upon [illegible] such. Is there any free State that annually makes provision for a remnant of the Aborigines remaining there, as ours does?—South Carolina regularly appropriates a sum of money for the support of the Catawbas, in York District, where part of the tribe is still left.

J. C. JANNEY.

The Slave Trade.

Some ultra-benevolent souls in our country both North and South are beginning to advocate the re-opening of the slave trade, not on the score of gain to America, but of kindness to the poor benighted African! These poor deluded creatures would be so much benefitted if removed from their own land of darkness and cruelty to this land of light and love. I'ts a pity to let them remain where they are another day! So then let ships and rafts and boats of all sorts be prepared and let the eighty or three hundred millions of these ignorant and vicious sons of Ham be transported to our shores where they can make cotton and rice, hear the Gospel preached and learn to *read the Bible*, for if we bring them over to the states to *enlighten* them it will never do to shut them out from the light and close the Word of God against them. Let them come then, one and all, for if one, or a dozen should be transported to enjoy the blessing of the Gospel and the sweets of civilization, so should the millions. Let them all come and give them a free passage too. Where is the use of acting niggardly in this, the greatest benevolent enterprise of the age? But why confine a work of so much benevolence to benighted Africa? Why not bring the millions of India and of China, the Sons of Japan, the Cannibals of the Isles, the Laplander and the Turk?

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
From Afric's sunny fountains,
Bring all to this good land.

They all need salvation, and if we are going to re-open the slave trade to Africa, that her poor, sable sons may enjoy the light of the Gospel, why not send round our benevolent ships to all other lands and bring the benighted of all lands to slavery and salvation?

If the slave trade is opened again and any more Africans brought to South Carolina it should be purely for the sake of doing good to them and not because they are needed to tear up and destroy the soil, or for the safety of the Commonwealth.

According to the last Census, there are in Abbeville District, 6920 blacks, (slaves and free) more than whites. If we attend well to these in temporal and spiritual things we will do well. In the whole state of South Carolina there are 119,381 blacks (slaves and free) more than whites! No doubt hundreds of these are unable to answer the question "who made you?" They are literally "without God and without hope in the world." Here is a wide field for missionary work, and we would do well to cultivate it. It is already white to the harvest. There is no use of importing cargoes from Africa and adding to the mass of moral putrefaction. If any are imported let them be transported to the free States and Nebraska. There is room for them there, and as the free States are so fond of negroes, let Africa be sent to them, they will have their hands full for once, and a door will be opened for them, wide and effectual, to do good to the colored race. We have as many slaves in South Carolina as we can well attend to in the way of religious training and the numbers are multiplying; but if the slave trade must be opened by way of blessing the Africans with the Gospel, let the ship loads be landed at New York and Boston and let our Abolition friends have a glorious time of running them round on the underground railroad and doing them all the good they can.

However, we are not disposed to back out in a good cause. If the slave trade must be opened again to bless the Africans with the Gospel, suppose we *swap!* Would it not be fair to land one ship load of enlightened, religious slaves on the shores of Africa and bring back double the amount to supply their place, of poor, benighted idolators? Those who would be sent to Africa would spread the Gospel around and those who would be brought back in exchange would enjoy its genial influence here, and thus the whole colored race would soon be renovated and become men and christians, capable of self government.

Men are surely not in earnest in advocating the re-opening of the "horrid slave trade." The thing is an absurdity, a monstrous proposition.—*Telescope.*

H.

ORDERING OUT CONSTABLES.—Monday last, being the first day of the General Elections, gave rise to some disputation and two fights before 11 o'clock, A. M. Whereupon Judge Wardlaw directed the Sheriff to bring up [illegible] *pro tem.*, who were sworn in [illegible] to preserve the peace as far as possible during the elections. For this [illegible] of authority, his Honor [illegible] the thanks of our people, as it [illegible] a most excellent [illegible]

[illegible]

Drunkenness, Somnambulism, or Foul Play.

To either one or the other of these causes is to be attributed the fall of Simpson Berry from the trestle at Newberry, on Thursday night last. Simpson Berry was one of the prisoner's most important witnesses in the case of the State against Dr. Gunter, indicted for the murder of Jesse Scurry. He testified to the fact that Scurry threw two pistols into his buggy, before starting to Cross Roads Church, in Newberry, on the day of the occurrence of one of the difficulties between the deceased and the prisoner, and his testimony, doubtlessly, went far to strengthen the jury in the conviction that Scurry was contemplating an attack on Gunter. He had also been in the employ of Jesse Scurry, as an overseer, during the last year of his life, which relation was dissolved by the death of Scurry, and Simpson had engaged his services for the coming year to another gentleman. So much in relation to the character and occupation of Simpson Berry. On the night of the eventful Thursday, Simpson's room-mates report that he was perfectly sober when he retired to bed, at about 11 o'clock at night, and strange to say, he was found under the trestle in a mangled condition at an early hour on the next morning, having fallen a distance of about thirty feet. Now the question that puzzles us is—how did Simpson Berry get to the trestle that night, and who or what is to blame for his fall? Four or five persons lodged in the same room with him, but they can give no account of the time or manner of Simpson's exit from that room. Can any body do it? We must come to one of three conclusions in the premises, and first, that Simpson was either drunk and slipped out of the room late at night, and as he "paced along upon the giddy footing" of the trestle, stumbled and fell into the vortex below, or secondly, that he was seized with a fit of somnambulism, and was led by his *evil spirit*, or some other *spirit*, to this dangerous precipice, or thirdly, that some one who was not pleased with Simpson's testimony in the Gunter case, having either gagged, or, by some "foul potion," deprived him of reason, bore him "*vi et armis*" to the trestle, and pitched him from that lofty eminence, thus reeking their vengeance on him. This last supposition, we learned, whilst in Newberry, is agreeable to the account which Mr. Berry himself gives of his fall. He states, we learn from good authority, that he was forcibly seized and thrown from the trestle—that he recognized the man who did the deed, and if he should recover, will disclose his name, but thinking that his chances for recovery are doubtful at present, he persists in refusing to do so. Strange idea!—that Newberry is a a hard old District! It may be that the Newberrian or Newberry Sentinel can throw some light upon the transaction.—We shall see.

Mr. Berry's physician reports him to be in a very precarious condition. One of his arms was broken by the fall, and one of his legs so badly injured as to make it necessary to amputate it, besides injuries upon other parts of his body. We hope if it be true that Simpson was thrown from the trestle, that the scoundrel who did it, may be detected—tried for his life—and that the verdict of the Jury may *not* read "NOT GUILTY."—*Southern Rights Advocate.*

The South and the North.

Various suggestions have been made as to the course parties should pursue in the slaveholding States. Many Southern newspapers have insisted that the South should unite in hostility to all parties in the North. In our judgement this would be unwise, and in bad faith towards the sounder portion of the Northen democracy. There is and always has been, a portion of that party who have voted with the South in the many agitating questions involving our rights and interests, connected with the institution of slavery. In doing so, they have placed themselves on constitutional grounds; true they do not, as yet, take a perfectly sound view of the question of slavery, in a moral and religious point of view; in these respects they are all against us, more or less. But they have, and do vote with us on the constitutional questions, they have voted with us in acquiring the vast domain of Texas, in preventing the circulation of incendiary matter through the office—in repealing the Missouri Compromise line—in opening Nebraska and Kansas to be settled equally by slaveholders, and non-slaveholders, as circumstances may determine. The present democratic administration is declared to be by our immediate Representative in Congress, "a Cuba acquiring Administration."

In addition to all this, the supporters of President Pierce in the North are now politically sacrificing themselves (for a time only we hope) in sustaining measures for which they and our Southern men of all parties have [illegible] voted. Would it not be unjust, [illegible] not to say ungrateful, for the South [illegible] political association with such [illegible] unite with Northern Whigs, Free [illegible] Abolitionists destroying them for [illegible] The only hope of [illegible] the [illegible] the South in the Union is [illegible] confessedly and universally associated in the late issues with Northern Freesoilers and Abolitionists, it is impossible that the mass of the Southern Whigs, and the patriotic portion of the politicians among them, can longer sustain that party. There woud be nothing inconsistent or dishonorable in them to make common cause with Southern Democrats in supporting the party of the constitution, and therefore of the South.—The old party issues of Bank, etc., are extinct, no reason exists for a longer continuation of a Southern Whig party. It is only possible that a few calculating leadars of that party could be benefitted personally by the success of Northern Whigs in a future Presidential election, which would be only disastrous to the South, and a triumph of all the anti-slavery and unconstitutional principles of the combined hosts of Freesoilers.

We are therefore oppossed to the South taking a position which will insolate here from all political co-operation with the true Democratic party of the North, and leave her without sympathy or support from any party there. "They who would have friends should show themselves friendly." And if the Southern States mean to stay in the Union, expect to enjoy their equal privileges in any measure, they must co-operate in party-political association with those in the North who vote with her on questions involving her rights and honor.

Greenville Mountaineer.

THE FARMER.—To cultivate the earth is the noblest vocation of life. Upon the products of the farm, the very existence of society depends. In the fabulous days of Eden, when the human family was small, our great ancestor Adam, like the lazy and luxurions "Poet of the Seasons," could place his hands where his pockets were to be, open his mouth, and feast his fill upon the spontaneous fruits of Paradise. It is not so now. Men must work, or beg, or steal, or starve; and as no occupation is so honest, so healthful, and so entirely in accordance with the Divine behest, as farming, we take the liberty of suggesting to the correspondent who writes so pleadingly to us for a "situation," that he turn his attention to mother earth whose breast is every ready to yield sustenance to her children, multiplying a thousand fold the good seed cast into her bosom.

A TRUE LAWYER.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate of which there was material defect in the title-deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the title vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorable to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare. The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and to the age he lived in.

A young planter from Virginia, who had formerly been a student in Philadelphia, arrived there last week and put up at James' Hotel, Chestnut street. On Tuesday he was waited upon by a genteel looking man, who ingratiated himself into his, the planter's, good graces by inviting him to visit the Girard College. In the afternoon the twain went to the College, and after witnessing within and without that benevolent Institution, the gentle young man swindled the planter out of $855 by the "ball geme."

Some young ladies, feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply, "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions it is well enough to hang out a sign."

Various robberies have been committed about Louisville, Ky., during the late State Fair there. The Courier says Mr. [illegible] J. Smith, of Lexington, was robbed of about $150 in cash, and notes to the amount of $8000. A gentleman of Bardstown was robbed of a watch which was valued [illegible] 40. An unwary printer, while on his way to the races, was also relieved of a valuable gold watch.

Here is a very tender stanza perpetrated by some soft hearted lover:

My dearest Arabeller,
You've been in my heart a dweller,
And if I catch you talking to another feller,
I'll pick up a candlestick or umbreller,
And hit him on the smeller,
And make him beller.

A Dutchman on being called upon to help to pay for a lightning rod for his village church, towards the building of which he had subscribed liberally, exclaimed—

"I have helped to build a house for de Lord, and if he choose to donder on it and knock it down, he must do it at his own risk."

The Bank where the wild thyme grows, has declared a dividend of ten "scents" on the share.

Geologically speaking, the rock upon which the hard drinker splits, is [illegible]