

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. 27.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1854.

WHOLE NUMBER 79.

POETRY.

Memory in Music.
It was an ancient melody,
A song of other years,
I heard with joy, yet seemed to feel
Upon my heart in sadness steal
Forgotten smiles and tears.
For when she sang that song to me,
That little mournful lay,
We thought that life would always seem
As beautiful—as bright a dream
As soothed our hearts that day.
She never sung that song again,
Her dream of life was o'er;
Yet oft amidst the weary strife
And ceaseless toil of busy life
I hear its tones once more!
It sounds—the little mournful strain—
As then, in other years—
I hear with joy—and yet I feel
Upon my heart in sadness steal
Remembered smiles and tears.

MISCELLANY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

Another view of Texas.

Mass. Editors: This country, like all other new countries, has no doubt been everted in some respects, but we can assure the readers of your invaluable paper that it is hard to excel. It is true, the facilities for transportation are not as good here as in some other countries; but the day will soon arrive when the "iron horse" will traverse its valleys, and then it will excel any of the Southern States.

We would not encourage any to migrate there with their families, before once going and satisfying themselves; for it is had policy in any one to dispose of his possessions, and, as a great many do, sacrifice them, to remove to a country he has never yet seen. People often emigrate to a country just because they have read or heard glowing descriptions of its excellence; and others again are moved by having relatives and friends there, and because those friends are pleased, they imagine they will be satisfied also. Often have we known sad disappointments to follow such unwise removals. They fail to realize the imaginary excellencies to which they had looked, and very probably the next we see of them they come rolling back to the old red hills, poorer but wiser men.

Society in the greater part of eastern Texas is good. It is settled by people of intelligence and enterprise. They are liberal towards aiding in the establishment of schools, and wisely look to measures insuring future prosperity. The old Texans are extremely kind and sociable, and take infinite pleasure in entertaining the visitor by showing their valuable lands. Now and then we come across an old "rough head," on the frontiers, who prizes his stock range far more highly than he does a neighbor. He would like to see you settle about fifteen or twenty miles distant from him. He don't like to be crowded by neighbors any nearer than that. He can live on jerk beef and venison all his life, and never know that there is anything else in the world to eat. He can sleep on a bear skin, and under a buffalo rug, all winter, and is always as happy as a rat in a crackling sawdust.

We will now proceed to describe the lands in the eastern portion of this country. There are two kinds—red and gray. The red land is considered to be the most productive, but not so well adapted to drought as the gray. Harrison, Wood, Uphire, Smith, Roak, Sabine, Augustine, Nacogdoches, Anderson and Cherokee counties have good lands and good water. The timber is oak, pine, hickory, black-jack and walnut, all of which most amply abound in these counties. The land here produces from twenty to forty bushels of corn per acre, and from eight hundred to twenty-five hundred pounds of cotton. It is cultivated with little labor. Wheat is not a successful crop, and grows very rank and heavy. Oats, rye and potatoes grow in great abundance. We witnessed the weighing of a sack of wheat, which weighed a pound and a quarter. They require very little at-

all seasons, and wading in the dew, which is very heavy and is never off the grass before ten o'clock; besides other causes deleterious to health, which we might name, if space and time would admit.

The country lying between Trinity and Brazos rivers is a magnificent one, being mostly prairie. The lands on the Trinity are very productive, and perfectly mellow. The timber is very heavy and produces an abundance of mast. The pecan grows plentifully here, and is quite a palatable fruit both to man and stock. In some of these prairies there are boils which are called boiling prairies. These boils, when first formed, are not more than an inch or two in diameter, but after a few weeks or perhaps months they grow to forty or fifty feet in circumference, the centre of which will be a foot or two higher than the contour. They have no perceivable depth, and are exceedingly dangerous. If an unfortunate animal happens to get into one of these boils, he is certain to experience what it is to be "sucked in." The suction is so great that the more he exerts himself to get out, the deeper he goes. Animals acquainted with them, are instinctive enough to slum them with surprising skill. Cattle get down on their knees, and reach over with trembling necks to lick the saliferous bubbles. The greater part of this country is quite saline. One demonstration of this, is in summer, after a refreshing shower, and when the sun shines out, salt can be found thick on many parts of the surface.

The Hog-wallow prairies are not much cultivated as yet. They are so uneven as to render ploughing almost impossible, and generally are very low. The first year's produce of a prairie, when the turf is heavy, which is generally the case, is very light. It is first turned over by a large plow with oxen, and in a year's time becomes so well pulverized as to be quite agreeably cultivated. A hand can easily till more land than he will be able to gather the crop of cotton from, besides plenty of corn to answer home consumption. W * *

Blue Ridge or Rabun Gap Railroad.

To those who have watched the progress of our country—who are conversant with the railroad enterprises of the day—who have studied the wants of the different sections of our Union—who are ardently devoted to the true advancement of the South, the development of its great dormant resources, and are alive to the necessity of cementing it by iron bands of commerce, few enterprises are regarded with more favor than this great trunk line of railroad. In its inception it had the countenance of the first minds of South Carolina twenty years ago. It has slept for a season, but now the public mind has again been directed to its importance. The exigencies of trade and the demands of the public welfare require its completion. Originating with its speedy construction should be ensured by *South Carolina*. It should be made a *State work*—for it will unite the seaboard more closely to the upper portions of the State, and will pour into the lap of the *whole State* the vast products of the West.

What is the Blue Ridge, or as it is more commonly called, the Rabun Gap Railroad? It is a road to connect Charleston, and by means of its happy location and its connections with other roads, the *whole of South Carolina with Knoxville*, and thence with the whole of the mighty West. It will cross the mountains at the Rabun Gap, the most favorable point for a railroad in the entire range of the Alleghanias. It will be a very direct line to Knoxville, leaving the Greenville Road at Anderson C. H., crossing the corners of Georgia and North Carolina into Tennessee. The cost of the road to the Tennessee line is estimated at \$6,000,000, and the means of the Company are put down at \$5,400,000. The portion of the road in Tennessee is assisted by the State at \$10,000 per mile, and \$100,000 for each bridge across rivers. From Knoxville companies have been chartered and organized to connect with Danville or Paris, Ky., which ensures a direct railroad line from Charleston, S. C. to Louisville, Cincinnati and the great West. The road to the Tennessee line is under contract, but the means of the company are not by any means sufficient to pay for its entire construction and equipment.

This is a glorious enterprise. It will open up the West to the South Atlantic seaboard, it is the direct route, the Southern route, the shortest route. It penetrates the heart of the Tennessee, its upper end and iron deposits, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and as far as the Western Mountains, North, South, and Central, which will be the shortest route. By this route it will be 482 miles from Charleston to Knoxville, 1,200 miles from Charleston to Cincinnati, 1,800 miles from Charleston to Louisville, and 2,400 miles from Charleston to New York.

of the whole West. With this road completed, Charleston, South Carolina and Georgia would be the nearest markets for the corn, wheat, pork, &c. of the West, while the West could and would draw largely from the South Atlantic cities for its supplies of West India productions, European goods, &c. This road must be the *great trunk line* between the Great West and North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and portions of Alabama and Tennessee. "The Blue Ridge Railroad must, therefore, be 'nationally southern' in its character, the great highway between the great States of the West and the Southern Atlantic States seaboard, and the Gulf of Mexico and Florida, and be beneficial alike to all of them." Such is, in a few lines, the Rabun Gap Railroad, its route, connections, importance and value to the country.

South Carolina is deeply, vitally interested in the construction of this road. It is indispensable to her. Without it, she is, in a measure, cut off from the West, and may be *from the South West*—or at least at the mercy of rival interests. With it, she has full, free, direct, speedy, and certain access to the West, as well as to the immense mineral and coal deposits of the country. South Carolina should build this road—*place it, by State aid, beyond doubt, it is an enterprise worthy of her.* It would be the coronal of honor to her. It would pour into her lap an unending and ever increasing tide of fame to the State and wealth to her citizens. There is a tide in the affairs of States as well as of men, which taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. This tide is now flowing past South Carolina. If she takes it at the flood, builds the road, the future will be rich in all that tends to prosper States. If she fails to see what duty requires at her hands and to perform that duty in a manner becoming to her high character, it will be a heavy blow to the State, which it will take years to repair.

At present, South Carolina is at the mercy of Georgia, for access to extensive regions now trading to her fine seaport. Very naturally, every exertion is and will be used to concentrate this trade upon its own cities. Build the Rabun Gap Road and this would not be the case. Already a road has been commenced between Chattanooga and Cleveland, and another short arm is projected to the Rabun Gap from the East Tennessee and Georgia road; this would be the *nearest route* from West and Middle Tennessee, North Mississippi, Arkansas and North Alabama, to South Carolina and to Charleston. By it our cotton would go and we receive our goods, free from delay or vexatious charges on the Georgia State Road. It is this aspect of the question which causes our people to feel a deep personal interest in this Rabun Gap Road. Its construction will open up to this region a new and a better route to Charleston, and gives also access to the great West by a good route. When finished, for it is now under head way, it will remove South Carolina and her growing seaport, Charleston, from a dependent situation. It will place her in an independent position, where she can draw to her limits a trade circumscribed by nothing and of incalculable value. It will secure the Southwest to her, and give her more than a fair chance for the mighty West.

South Carolina and Charleston have done much for the Southern country in building up Railroads, and making the State and city accessible. Thus far they have done well. Let the State now do better—put the finishing touch to the good work. She has bound herself with iron ligatures to the Southwest, and thrives from the sustenance flowing to her through them. Let the State now bind herself in like manner to the West, and that reservoir will pour an exhaustless stream of wealth into her citizens, so that they will rise up and bless such a "cherishing mother." She has always been ready to "spend and be spent" in the cause of the South. This road is Southern to the backbone—in origin, in beneficial results, and in execution. It allies the West to the South Atlantic. It cements, strengthens, develops, and creates. The day of its completion will be an auspicious day, to be celebrated with ringing of bells, bonfires, firing of cannons and of mingling the waters of the Lakes and Mississippi with those of Charleston harbor. When that day arrives, if *South Carolina does her duty to the road, let the chief place of honor be hers*, and let her wear her laurels bravely, for she will then have won them gloriously, as being the first in aiding, and thus securing the construction of an iron connection from the Southern seaboard to the West.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate.*

THE CRITIC AT FAULT.—Some of the papers are laughing at a recent circular (of Secretary Guthrie, we believe), which exempts from duty, of all kinds, and all other restraints lying in the way, which they suppose to be the expiation, "all the world and the best of mankind." Now, funny animals live in the water that are not fish, for instance, the seal and sea porpoise and walrus, and strange as it may seem to some, the whale is not a fish. Fishes have good blood, and therefore animals that have warm blood, or that are supplied with blood, are not fish. The circular therefore, is a correct one.

Free Schools.

If there is any one thing that will remedy all the evils of which we complain, and justly, it is the establishment of a more thorough system of public education. Nothing else will operate as a restorative to the present diseased moral, social and political system. We may enlist under the banner of anti-license, preach temperance, talk about prohibition, yet it will all "naught avail." The same panorama will continue to pass before us, with all its disgusting loathsomeness, until we strike at the root of the evil. Drunkenness, vice, and crime are but the effects of a cause. What, then, is the cause? We answer, unhesitatingly, our system of public instruction is most miserably defective. It is not our purpose to point out wherein consists the defect, nor suggest any new method, but we think it has been proved to demonstration that the present system, is productive of little, if any good at all. It would seem, from the action of the Legislature, this subject is fraught with difficulty. They can agree on no plan. Mr. Tucker, of Spartanburg, with the disinterestedness and zeal of a patriot and philanthropist, has acted nobly in this matter. It is to be hoped that those who object to his plan will introduce a better at the approaching session of the Legislature, so that some practical results may be experienced in this enterprise of benevolence and charity.

It is high time the Legislature of South Carolina should deal less in abstractions, and endeavor to effect something that is real and tangible. True, the Legislature, with a noble State pride, has annually, since the year 1817, appropriated \$38,000 as a common school fund, and for the last two years the fund has been increased to \$75,000.—This sum, economically expended, would be amply sufficient to educate all the poor in the State, and yield a hundred fold by way of educated and useful citizens. Here then is the first great defect—the manner of its application. The correction of this evil, then, is the starting point on the compass of reform. Will the Legislature longer postpone the completion of this good work?—The many and diversified interests diverging from this point loudly calls for immediate action. [It is paramount to all other subjects that can be brought before the Legislature, prohibition or the Maine Liquor Law not excepted. We do not wish to be understood as objecting to the principles of temperance. On the contrary, we endorse them with our whole heart, by whatever name they may be called—anti-license, prohibition, Maine Liquor Law, or anything else. We would simply say, with due deference to those who think differently, that the leaders in this great moral reformation are mistaken as to the means to attain the end with which they are so much engrossed. Let public education be the burden of their theme. Let them urge it upon the Legislature to take some decisive step in the premises; let them make as strenuous exertions to educate and enlighten the masses; then they may expect them to become temperate. Then will the dawn of temperance burst upon their enraptured vision, the realization more gorgeous than the fancy-created picture that has so long dazzled their eager gaze. The drunkard's dirge, the drunkard's revel, the drunkard's yell, the synonym of the yell of the eternally damned, will no longer "shake the midnight air." Broad-mouthed oaths, blasphemy; in short, the dialect of hell, will become obsolete on earth, and "murder cease to thrive." Plenty and contentment will cast their cheering light into the prison-house of despair, where now the more than widowed mother,

"Deals her scanty store,
To helpless babes, and weeps to give no more,"
and laurels fresh will bloom for these nurslings of poverty. The benefits arising from this source will continue to expand in never-ending progression. It is the culture of a fruit that will bloom and ripen throughout the cycles of eternity.

We confidently point to this, a well arranged system of public instruction, as the best preventive against drunkenness, crime, misery, and want. Blessings will as necessarily flow from it, as the evils that receive their nutriment and strength and spring from the gloomy abodes of ignorance. The genius of our institutions beckons us onward in this great enterprise. The Legislature, the natural guardian of these important interests, cannot longer delay without proving recreant to the high trust committed to them, and false to the spirit of the age in which they live.—*York Miscellany.*

MOR-LAW VIOLENCE.—Dave Thomas, who was found guilty of murder in the second degree by the court of Caroline county, Maryland, was forcibly taken from jail, on Saturday night by the indignant populace of Denton, and hung until he was dead. The Baltimore Patriot says: "This is the first instance of Lynch law that has occurred in Maryland, of which we have any knowledge." Thomas was a negro.

WELLS-GROWING COMPANY.—It is said that the Canada well has the present amount of water of 15,000,000 bushels per annum. It is said to be the largest well in the world.

The Thriftless Farmer.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter; but permits them to stand shivering by the side of a fence, or live in the snow as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud and not unfrequently in the highway; by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor, just such as to let his neighbors cattle break into his field, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crops.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the silks of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He tills, or skims over the surface of his land until it is exhausted; but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first, he has no time, and for the last, he "is not able."

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe or a rake, or a hammer, or an auger, but knows not where to find them, and thus loses much time.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings, when he should be repairing his utensils, improving his mind by reading useful books or newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, in the "rum holes," complaining of hard times, and goes home in the evening, "pretty well tore."

He has no shed for his firewood; consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroys them. He "has no luck in raising fruit."

One-half the little he raises is destroyed by his own or his neighbour's cattle.

His plow, harrow, and other implements, lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in and destroy his garden, because he had not stopped a hole in the fence, that he had been intending to stop for a week.

He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has, of course, little money; and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way, or by selling his scanty crop, when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost. He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded. The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning's feed.

Manure lies in heaps in his stables; his horses are rough and uncured, and his harness trod under their feet.

His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and the boards and shingles falling off—he has no time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped up with rags and old hats.

He is a great borrower of his thrifty neighbor's implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for it cannot be found.

He is, in person, a great sloven, and never attends public worship; or if he does occasionally do so, he comes sneaking in when the service is half 'out.

He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbors calls to settle with him he has something else to attend to.

Take him all in all, he is a poor farmer, a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, and a poor Christian.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

WOULD NOT BE FREE.—The Chicago Times has a story of a gentleman from Missouri, stopping in that city, having with him a slave man. The anti-slavery folks hearing of the slave, tendered him the hospitality of a winter in Canada, and on his declining to leave his master, they proposed to make him free, whether he desired it or not. A crowd of about five hundred assembled for this purpose, but the slave proved stubborn, and mounting a store box, made a speech, in which he defined his position as a humane abolitionist, and the crowd of him, "alone in his glory," free to go.

THE HORSE GRADER.—Capt. Smith of the Georgia Cavalry, has just invented a horse grader, which he claims to be the best in the world. It is said to be the most perfect machine yet invented for the purpose. It is said to be the most perfect machine yet invented for the purpose. It is said to be the most perfect machine yet invented for the purpose.

The Fire.

The Fire which we briefly announced in our last as having broken out yesterday morning on the premises of Mr. Seignous, Meeting street, quickly caught the extensive Carriage Depository of Mr. L. Chapin, adjoining, which, with a considerable portion of its contents, was rapidly consumed. It then extended to the adjoining brick building of Mr. Seignous, the upper stories of which were occupied by him as a dwelling, and below by Mr. Wm. McChriens, as a Segar Store, which was entirely destroyed.

The fire then extended from the rear of these buildings northward, to a three-story brick building fronting on Wentworth street, owned by S. Mowry, Esq., the lower story of which was occupied by Mr. Chapin as a blacksmith shop, and the upper part by several families, which was partly consumed. The brick building to the west of this, occupied by Messrs. S. & E. M. Gilbert, as a Carriage Depository, was also destroyed, with a portion of its contents. The fire also extended southward to Hasell street, destroying a three-story brick building belonging to George Thompson, Esq., which was about to be occupied by Messrs. S. & E. M. Gilbert. This was immediately west of the Pavilion Hotel, and for a long time the danger to that extensive structure was imminent. Through the indefatigable exertions of the Firemen, however, the Hotel escaped with a damaged kitchen, which will not prevent Mr. Butterfield doing ample justice to the patrons of his establishment. The residence of S. Mowry, Esq., in Meeting street, north of Mr. Seignous, was greatly exposed, but escaped with the destruction of the stable and outhouses.

We learn that Mr. Seignous was insured on his dwelling in Meeting street \$5000 in the Fireman's Insurance Company. Mr. Chapin was insured on his building in Meeting-st. \$5000 in the Fireman's Company, and on his stock \$5000 in the Girard Insurance Company of Philadelphia, and \$5000 in the Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool. Messrs. S. & E. M. Gilbert were insured in the Fireman's Insurance Company for \$5000, and in the Monarch Company, Liverpool, for \$5000. Mr. Thompson was insured on his building in Hasell-st. \$5000 in the Fireman's Company. Mr. Mowry was insured on his building in Wentworth-st. \$2500, and on his stable \$1000, in the South Carolina Insurance Company. Mr. Butterfield's Hotel and furniture were fully insured.—*Charleston Courier.*

Cousins.

A COUNTRY gentleman lately arrived in Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two. The husband of the lady anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street.

Finally the visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after the lapse of eleven days, found besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable.

Accordingly he went to the man who kept the livery stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very good," said the stable keeper, "I understand you."

Accordingly in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill of course was presented.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, "Mr. — my relative, will pay this."

"Very good," said the stable keeper, "please to get an order from Mr. — it will be the same as the money."

The horse was put up again, and the country gentleman to Long What, the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant, "What good bye, sir."

"Well, about that horse, the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that's all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse ain't."

"Yes, you should take your horse. Young man, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your horse and go off. And mind what we offer.