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MISCELLANY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]
Conscience.

No portion of morals demands a more thorough investigation than conscience, and, probably, no subject has been so frequently discussed to so little advantage. Whether or not it is an innate principle, has been a mooted question; and what it really is, cannot be easily deduced from all the results of philosophical enquiry. A particular passage of Scripture is by some deemed sufficient of itself to establish the truth that it is inherent. "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts meanwhile accusing or excusing one another." But waiving this reliable and positive evidence, reason alone may be resorted to, which tends likewise to the perfect confirmation of the same truth. It is an absurdity to suppose that man was created destitute of this moral faculty, when the frequency and importance of its use is so manifest. After his fall he evidently retained all of his original elements save his happiness, which was forfeited by his transgression. Hence if he has a conscience now, he was created with one; but if he was not, there never can be a necessity for one, as he can not be held responsible for not exercising a faculty which was never given to him. But if the theory, which denies the existence of the moral sense be correct, it follows as a legitimate consequence that until an artificial means was generated by circumstances there could not, at least, for a considerable length of time, have been any guide in determining what would be the rectitude of an act, nor of knowing whether or not it was wrong when committed, unless reason performed the functions of conscience and the regret of a mistaken judgment served as its remorse. The fact that conscience is liable to be greatly influenced by circumstances, is not an argument which will prove it not to be innate. It would not be less reasonable to say that the human mind is not innate, because it would not be the same if it could be trained in two separate motions differing widely in their characteristics. For example, there is a marked difference between the opinions, prejudices, and mental development of Americans and Englishmen, and even of persons living in adjacent communities. Nor would it be more preposterous to assert, that the human body does not exist, because it would be differently developed in different climates. No system of education nor any attending circumstances could ever make an individual feel guilty when having done wrong, unless he had a conscience, any more than they could make him think without an organ to serve as a medium of thought.

As the mind is superior to the body, so are its faculties, and the various relations which they sustain to each other more complex or difficult to be understood. Consequently an accurate knowledge of the nature of conscience can not be obtained without understanding the science of mind, as conscience, if it exist at all, must be a portion of the mental organization, and like the other parts of it capable of development. Thus it is seen, that it is an independent faculty, though closely allied to reason; and may be abused by habitually disregarding its dictates, and improved by obeying them. The office of this natural monitor is to direct its possessor in discriminating between right and wrong, and to inflict the merited chastisement if he does not act accordingly; authority of conscience is undoubtedly it, and if so, it is very essential that all means be employed in its cultivation, as all the faculties of the mind sympathize and exert an influence upon each other; it is highly important in the first that they should be expanded, strengthened and enlightened. Then by diligent study of the Scriptures, the only true standard of morals, and an earnest and unhesitating compliance with their requirements, the conscience may also be educated and prepared to perform its respective functions.

A NEGRO KILLED.—A negro woman being to Mrs. Avery, living in the upper part of this district, was killed by the son of Mrs. A. and Mr. Baldwin, on Friday last. It will undergo a legal investigation, we are not at liberty to give the circumstances as related to us, but there is no doubt of its being a case of indiscretion, and not of criminal intent. —*Laurensville Herald.*

"A Nut for the Abolitionists to Crack."

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]
WHEN we find our Northern brethren using every exertion—putting forth every effort—to mar our peace, and deprive us of our cherished institution, it becomes us, as defenders of our rights, to stand upon our defence, and show to the world that the Southern slaveholder is not the cruel master who takes pleasure in tyrannizing over his slaves. True, there may be individual instances of cruelty, yet we are proud to say, that such instances are rare. We live in an age too refined. The man who treats his slave with unnecessary cruelty, is looked upon by the community as one devoid of humanity—unworthy the name of master. Public sentiment is against him. But how many cases of noble treatment might we point out? We might point you to this case and that, and say that was nobly done. One, however, will suffice for the present. It tends to show the strong regard that was shown by the master for the pleasure of the slave.

The circumstance, although occurring some time ago, suits our purpose just as well as if it had happened yesterday. It happened one evening while I was living in a little village of one of our most southern States, there was an unusual stir among the inhabitants of our usually quiet town, and especially the black population. Inquiring the cause, we were told that on that evening there was to be a negro wedding in the country. A slave of one of our fellow townsmen was going to take upon himself the yoke of matrimony. The master furnished his slave with his baggy and horse. Many of the neighboring slaves being also invited were seen—some mounted on horses, some riding in buggies, and away to the wedding they went, with joyous light hearts, (for who can be more lively and light-hearted upon an occasion like this, than the merry fun loving negro?) It was a sight we would the merciful, pitying abolitionist had seen. To see this long cavalcade as they rolled along over the nice smooth road, with their peals of laughter and songs of merriment, they would no doubt have concluded that the life of the slave was a merry one after all. Having arrived at their destination, and the ceremony being over, they feasted and frolicked, as only the negro can. The next day, the younger part of the party (the older ones having left the night before) returned to partake of the good cheer prepared through the kindness of the master. A welcome feast was spread before them, and as they met around the festive board, they, by the merry broad grin upon their merry faces, showed that they were happy and contented. The master was not only kind to his slaves in this instance, but many more worthy of record might be shown. We have known him even to refuse to accommodate white persons in order that he might accommodate his slaves. And why not? Has any one so just a claim? Yet, with his kindness, he requires them to work, and do it faithfully; but whenever they want a favor, if reasonable, it is granted. Such instances should be kept before the public. They serve to show our position to the world, and may do something to break down the prejudices against us as slaveholders.

THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA tells the following, at which the President will doubtless laugh as heartily as any one:
One of the richest things on record in the shape of a bull come before the President about four weeks ago. It appears that the owners of the steamer Franklin Pierce actually petitioned Congress, praying that body to allow them to change the name of said boat, alleging as the reason that she had run into such bad repute, and had met with such bad luck since naming her Franklin Pierce, that it was absolutely necessary to change her name before they could expect to make any kind of good trips with her.—Well, a special act of Congress was passed for their benefit, and the bill, of course, had to receive the signature of the President, which it did after a great deal of delay and trouble, and the new Texava left our wharf last evening for St. Louis with a first-rate freight, being the first, the Captain swore, the boat ever had since he owned her.—Who will now hereafter say, "there's nothing in a name?"

We learn from the *Black River Watchman*, that a survey of the route for a railroad continuing the line of the Wilmington and Manchester road to the town of Hamburg has been completed, and efforts will soon be made to secure a charter by complying with its terms.

Governing Children.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll not live in this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon, passionately. "Such disorder, wrangling and irregularity, rob me of all peace; and make the house a bedlam, instead of a quiet home. Tom!"—she spoke sharply to a bright little fellow, who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair, and making a most intolerable din;—"stop that noise, this instant! And you, Em, not a word more from your lips. If you can't live in peace with your sister I'll separate you. D'ye hear! Hush, this instant!"

"Then make Jule give me my pincushion. She's got it in her pocket."

"It's no such thing; I haven't," retorted Julia.

"You have, I say."

"I tell you I haven't!"

"Will you hush?" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red; and she stamped upon the floor, as she spoke.

"I want my pincushion. Make Jule give me my pincushion."

Irritated, beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Julia by the arm; and thrusting her hand into her pocket, drew out a thimble, a piece of lace, and a penknife.

"I told you it wasn't there! Couldn't you believe me?"

This impertinence was more than the mother could bear; and, acting from her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Julia, soundly; conscious, at the same time, that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble, by a wrong accusation of her sister; she turned upon her, also, administering an equal punishment. Frightened by all this, the younger children, whose incessant noise, for the last hour, had contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, became suddenly quiet, and skulked away into corners—and the baby, that was seated on the floor, between two pillows, curved her quivering lips, and glanced fearfully up at the distorted face in which she had been used to see the love-light that made her heaven.

A deep quiet followed this burst of passion; like the hush which succeeds the storm. Alas, for the evil traces that were left behind! Alas, for the repulsive image of that mother, daguerre-typed in an instant, on the memory of her children, and never to be effaced. How many, many times, in after years, will not a sigh leave their bosom, as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dearer remembrances of childhood.

A woman of good impulses, but with scarcely any self-control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children, and desired their good. That they showed but little forbearance, one with the other, manifested so little fraternal affection, grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is made unhappy by it!" she would often say. "What is to be done? It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and disunion. Sister at variance with sister; and brother lifting his hand against brother."

As was usual after an ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits, as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew its head tenderly against her bosom; and leaving the nursery, sought the quiet of her own room. There, in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed; and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calmness succeeded. Still she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her want of self control. What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows, when a young babe is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf, near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon, scarcely conscious of the act, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened it, without feeling any interest in its contents; but she had read only a few sentences when this remark arrested her attention:

"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her; and the truth expressed was elevated into perception. She saw it in the clearest light; and closed the book, and bowed her head in sad acknowledgment of her own errors.—Thus, for some time, she had been sitting, when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact that, as usual, when left alone, the children were wrangling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on, and throwing about chairs, and other pieces of furniture, were heard; and, at length, a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations, smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon; hurriedly placing the sleeping baby in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against all authority; and was half way down the stairs, when her feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment—"All right govern-

ment of children begins with self-government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When storm meets storm, is the tempest stilled?" These were the questions asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added, as she stood upon the stairs, struggling with herself, and striving for the victory. From the nursery came under sounds of disorder. How weak the mother felt! Yet, in this very weakness was strength.

"I must not stand idly here," she said, as a sharper cry of anger smote her ears; and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery door, stood revealed to her children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily, who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were a little startled at their mother's sudden appearance; and both, expecting the storm that usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air, with which her interperate reproofs were always met.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her pale countenance. How still all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces, as they glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice that she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up into my room and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition, or even reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desire.

"This room is very much in disorder, Julia."

Many times had Mrs. Lyon said, under like circumstances, "Why don't you put things to rights?" or "I never saw such girls!" If all the room was topsy turvy, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'd never turn over a hand to put things in order!" or "Go and get the broom, this minute, and sweep up the room. You're the laziest girl that ever lived!" Many, many times, as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, under like circumstances, to Julia and her sisters, without producing anything better than a grumbling, partial execution of her wishes. But now, the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effects desired. Julia went quickly about the work of restoring things to their right places, and in a little while, order was apparent where confusion reigned before. Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, had ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and, for a few moments, stood in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly Julia said, in a low voice, to him—

"Don't, Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache, mother?" asked the child, curiously, and with a plying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looking at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Some times it does; my son," replied Mrs. Lyon kindly; "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try;" answered the little fellow, cheerfully. "But I'll forget sometimes."

He looked earnestly at his mother as if something more was in his thoughts.

"Well, dear, what else?" said she encouragingly.

"When I forget, you'll tell me; won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me mother; for then I can't stop."

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down, to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you, any more;" she murmured gently in his ear.

His arm stole upwards, and as they were twined closely against her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek—thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste, were these first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself, what a power had she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her own bosom, she had poured the oil of peace over the storm-fretted hearts of her children.

Only first fruits were these. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children; and just so fit as she was able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into old states; and once, very often, was self-resistance only a light effort; but the noble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions, whenever this was ac-

warned her of error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it be said, that she had an abundant reward?

[From the Washington Sentinel.]

Congressional Oratorical Sport.

Early on Sunday morning the House of Representatives, finding itself without a quorum, ordered a call, to procure a larger attendance of members. The doors were closed, while the Sergeant-at-arms was darning, half asleep, into hotels and boarding houses, for the purpose of informing snoring absentees that their presence at the Hall was demanded. There was no quorum, and of course, no proposition could be legitimately entertained by the House; but to relieve the tedium, the occupant of the chair (Mr. Hubbard) permitted the members to indulge in a little sport, of which the following will serve as an example, written from our rough notes, taken at the time, to serve, in the absence of matters of more interest, for a future local item.

Mr. Breckinridge reminded the members that three hours had elapsed since the main question was ordered on the Know-nothing bill—namely to prevent the importation of foreign criminals, paupers, the blind and the insane.

Mr. Letcher, (loudly.) Would it not be in order to have a general debate on it now? (Laughter, so loud as to wake from their naps several gentlemen asleep with their heads resting on their desks.)

The Chair (arousing himself from the doze into which he had fallen.) I think not.

Mr. Mike Walsh, (standing in the area fronting the Clerk's desk.) I want to know, sir, whether it would be in order to have whiskey punches brought in? (Laughter.)

The Chair, (seriously.) I have no more discretion over the subject than the gentleman.

Mr. Fuller, I have, with much labor, prepared a speech on the navigation laws, which I ask leave to have printed. [A voice: "There are several fellows 'half seas over' Ha! ha!"]

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois. Read your speech. If it's good, I'll agree; if not, I won't.

Mr. Fuller. If you can't take it on trust, I don't care.

Mr. Wentworth. Well, I'll take it on trust. I don't object. [A voice: "Print your speech, Fuller!"]

Mr. Chandler. We've got the door tied, sir, and therefore can't get refreshments.

Mr. Pratt. I want to know whether it would be in order to direct the servants to bring in breakfast!

A Voice. "Send Pratt a biscuit." Ha! ha!

Mr. Pratt. I'm hungry. [Many voices, in succession: "So am I!"]

Mr. Florence, (laboring under severe hoarseness.) Have gentlemen forgotten that this is the Sabbath day? [A voice: "Let's have a sermon, Colonel!"]

Cries of "Order, order."

Mr. Florence, (elevating his voice.) It is said in the good Book that for every idle word men speak they will have to give an account in the day of judgment.

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois. That's a poor quotation.

Mr. Florence. But the sentiment's true.

Mr. Wentworth. Would it be in order to move that General Sam Houston be elected President of the United States? [Cries of "Order," and "good," "good."] If so, I make the motion. [Merriment.]

Mr. Washburn, of Maine, (laughingly.) I move to lay that motion on the table.

Mr. Benson. I call the yeas and nays.

Mr. Knox. I move to take up the aged widow's appeal.

The chair said no notice could, at that time, be taken of any such proposition.

(The "aged widow's appeal" was to the members to pass Senate bill 444, lying on the Speaker's table, for the relief of Nancy D. Holkar, for four and provisions furnished the United States, during the Revolutionary war, by her husband, the Hon. John Holkar.)

"She is now," the handbill stated, "over ninety years of age, and if the debt, which stands upon the treasury books, is ever to be paid, it should be now. Will not the House take it up and pass it?"

Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, moved that the House adjourn to the room of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads, (where, it was understood, refreshments had been prepared.)

Mr. Breckinridge said that, sometime ago, the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Letcher,) who was such a "strict constructionist"; that he would not vote for anything that was not perpendicular, (laughter) got an increase of pension for one of his constituents who had his arm shot off at the elbow, in the military service of the United States. If that was in order, he wished to know whether he could not procure an increase of pension for a boy of his (Mr. Breckinridge's) district, who had his arm shot off at the shoulder joint, in the battle of Buena Vista, and is incapable of supporting himself. (Laughter.)

We might as well employ our time in this way, as in any other.

A voice: "I prefer the other." Ha! Ha!

Mr. Knox. Rise to a question of order. I have no consideration of the "aged widow's appeal."

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois. Is she Breckinridge's boy's mother?

Mr. Letcher, in reply to Mr. Breckinridge, remarked he had never introduced a bad bill, and when he moved a good one, it was sure to go through, as the House had so much confidence in his judgment and integrity.

Mr. Breckinridge. If it was meritorious to procure the increase of a pension for one of the gentleman's constituents, who had his arm shot away at the elbow, it would certainly be meritorious for me to get an increase of pension for my boy, who had his arm shot from his shoulder. (Mr. Breckinridge, although in sport, spoke as if he were in earnest, and this contributed to the humor of the occasion.)

Mr. Florence. I will agree to that bill, provided the gentleman will take up the one for the relief of David Mierle, (who has a claim for a lemp contract.) My friend and myself were at daggers' points on the Mierle bill.

Mr. Breckinridge. (Apparently indignant.) My one-armed constituent may starve to death before I will consent to take up that bill. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois. I'll see Sam Houston President before I consent. (Ha! Ha!)

The running debate was here interrupted by the announcement that the Sergeant-at-arms had arrived, bringing with him a dozen or more members who had deserted their seats for the purpose of running to their lodgings, and "fixing themselves for Sunday," to "take a nap," or to obtain "something to eat," as they severally declared when they rendered their excuses.

The New Postage Law.

Every person being interested in the amended act of the 3d of March, 1855, in regard to postages, a synopsis will not be unacceptable:

Under this law all single letters mailed for any distance not exceeding three thousand miles are to pay three cents, and for any distance exceeding three thousand miles ten cents.

Half an ounce in weight will constitute a single letter; and double, treble, and quadruple letters to be charged in the same proportion.

All letters must be prepaid, except such as are to or from a foreign country, or those addressed to officers of the Government on official business.

The law is to take effect from and after the next fiscal quarter.

After the first of January next the postmasters are to affix stamps upon all prepaid letters upon which none are placed by the writers.

A registration of valuable letters is required to be made upon the payment of a fee of five cents in addition to the prepaid postage, but the Government will not be responsible for the loss of any registered letter or packet.

The franking privilege is to remain as heretofore.

Selling postage stamps for a larger sum than their marked value is to be punished as misdemeanor.

THE RAILROAD RIOT.—Various rumors were in circulation yesterday, concerning some disturbances on the North Eastern Railroad line, about eighteen miles from the city, in consequence of a collision between two forces of workmen. A band lately employed had agreed on a strike for higher wages, which not being accorded, they united, and by violence and menaces, prevented the progress of others who were engaged for the work.

Our sheriff accompanied by several gentlemen started for the scene of the difficulty yesterday afternoon, and it is hoped the influence and exertions of the party may effect an adjustment without detriment to the work or serious violation of the public peace. We refrain at present from attempting to give particulars as rumors are varied and contradictory. —*Ch. Cour. 9th.*

The following account of a Chinese funeral ceremony is given in a California paper as transpiring on the occasion of the recent steambot boiler explosion:

"The Chinese ceremonies were most interesting to those who had never witnessed their funeral rites. Their coffins, as were the others, were deposited alongside the graves, and large quantities of food provided for the occasion besides them.—Among other articles was a good sized sheep, cooked whole, and another which was handsomely dressed. Jars of preserves, jellies, and the choicest cakes and sweetmeats, were bountifully provided to satisfy the wants of their departed spirits in their wanderings to another world. Lighted tapers, candles and matches abounded in profusion, and were liberally bestowed upon the departed Chinese in other portions of the graveyard."

SPEAKING GRAMMATICALLY.—"Sal," exclaimed Ebenezer to his dearly beloved, when he arrived in Gotham with his bride, on a wedding tour, "Sal, get up yer Sunday-go-to-meetin' dressings and things, and let's take a perpendicular promenade round the precincts of the principality."

"Well, Zed," replied the fair one, "I'll do it and nothing shorter. But can't you say your say, without talking grammar and college education? If you want me to take a slather round, and take a wot with you, why in ealled Jerusalem, don't you say so?"