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WHOLE NUMBER 101.

POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

To an Irish Songstress.

You're welcome to our sylvan shades—
Joys abound beyond description;
Her spangled carpet Flora spreads;
Nature smiles on your reception.
Fair Freedom's joys could you entice
From your native habitation,
Tossed by the breeze through the pathless seas,
You found the land of consolation.
To guard each fair is still our care,
And our glory to defend her;
Not to Mar's art, but Cupid's dart,
We're accustomed to surrender.
You sang too long the plaintive song,
The long-toned notes which Erin chooses;
Now lay them by and sing with joy
The dictates of Columbia's muse.
No more shall you again review
The green clad hills where lambs are grazing;
No more review the mountains blue,
Where your youthful eyes were gazing.
Through this fair land groves wild and grand
Producing wide extensive bowers,
Rind every field a shelter yields
From the sudden vernal shower.
Sweet warbles the delightful notes
'Mong the dewy sprays at morning,
And in the glades 'twixt light and shade
Songs are made to Sol returning.
The forest waves its glittering leaves;
Sunbeams on the grain are glancing;
The rains are past, the summer's ghost
Is now through the sunbeams dancing.
At setting sun the crowd I shun
To walk abroad for recreation,
And far from noise taste sober joys,
Feasting on sweet meditation.
By shaded rills and sloping hills
Muse beneath the trembling shadow,
And lonely still the whippoorwill
Wakes its notes low in the meadow.
Now mellow rest, with toil oppressed,
Wees forgotten, senses sleeping,
When misers are with wakeful care
O'er their wealth dull vigils keeping.
No knave controls our free-born souls,
Each pursues the trade he chooses;
Since you are free, come court with me
The lovely, chaste recording Muse.
The rolling year glides sweetly here;
The faithful seasons pour their treasures;
We, midst the charms of woodland farms
Spend our days in rural pleasure.
The poets feign a golden reign,
When all men were free completely—
We realize their fabled joys
And our Muse sings as sweetly.

NONSULLES.

MISCELLANY.

Houston and Santa Anna.

The following sketch of the capture of SANTA ANNA we find copied into the New York Mirror from the pages of the forth coming "Life of Houston." Let no one think, however, that we shall advocate the cause which the publication of the volume is doubtless designed to promote—Houston's election to the Presidency:

The battle of Independence had been fought. Seven hundred soldiers had met nearly three times their number, and come off victorious. Six hundred and thirty men were left dead on the field; among them were one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant colonels, seven captains, and twelve lieutenants. Multitudes had perished in the morass and the bayous. Of the surviving, upwards of two hundred and eighty were wounded, and there were eight hundred prisoners. Only seven men are known to have escaped from the field. And yet, incredible as it may seem, this bloody engagement had cost the Texans the lives of only seven men, and less than thirty had been wounded. It was incredible, and when the Commander in Chief awoke the next morning, and heard the facts, he asked, "Is this so, or is it only my dream?"

At ten o'clock in the morning, Gen. Houston sent a detachment of men to bury the enemy's dead who had fallen in battle; but decomposition had taken place so rapidly, the troops returned and reported they could not execute his order! This extraordinary circumstance excited the greatest surprise, and the prisoners accounted for it by resolving it, like the defeat of the previous day, into "a malignant blast of destiny."

In the meantime, a number of Texans were scouring the prairie throughout the day, and bringing in prisoners. The grass was everywhere four or five feet high, and those who had not been taken the day before were now crawling away on their hands and knees, hoping thus to effect their escape. Santa Anna had not yet been taken, but the victors were scouring every part of the field in search of the Dictator. "You will find the Hero of Tampico," said Houston, "if you find him at all, making his retreat on all fours, and he will be dressed as bad as at least as a common soldier. Examine closely every man you find."

Lieut. Sylvester, a volunteer from Cincinnati, was riding over the prairie on a fine horse, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw a man making his way towards Vico's bridge. The moment he found himself pursued, the fugitive fell down in the grass. Sylvester dashed on in

that direction, and his horse came very near trampling him down. The man sprang to his feet, and apparently without the slightest surprise, looked his captor full in the face. He was disguised in a miserable rustic dress. He wore a skin cap, a round jacket, and pantaloons of blue domestic cotton, with a pair of coarse soldier's shoes. But his face and his manners bespoke, too plainly, that he belonged to a different class than his garb betokened; and underneath his coarse disguise, Sylvester saw that he wore a shirt of the finest linen cambric. "You are an officer, I perceive, sir," said the horseman, raising his cap politely. "No, soldier," was his reply; and he drew out a letter in Spanish, addressed to Almonte. "When he saw there was no hope of escape, he enquired for Gen. Houston. By this time Sylvester had been joined by several of his comrades, and mounting his prisoner behind him, they rode off together on the same horse, to the camp, several miles distant. As he passed the Mexican prisoners, they exclaimed with great surprise, as they lifted their caps, "El Presidente."

In a single moment, the news spread through the camp that Gen. Santa Anna was a prisoner, and the Dictator was taken to Houston. The General was lying on the ground, and having slept little during the night, in consequence of his wound, had now fallen into a doze. Santa Anna came up behind him, and took his hand. Houston roused himself, and turning over, gazed up in the face of the Mexican, who extended his left arm, and laying his right hand on his heart, said, "I am Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and I claim to be your prisoner of war." Houston waved his hand to a box, —for it was the only seat in the camp,— and asked his prisoner to be seated. He then sent for Almonte, who spoke English perfectly, and requested him to act as interpreter.

In the meantime, Santa Anna had taken his seat, and glancing his eye occasionally around the camps with a timid expression, pressed the sides of his breast, with both hands, and gave two or three half-suppressed groans, like a man who was suffering deep pain. An interesting incident took place about this time, which is thus related by Gen. Rusk: "At the time Santa Anna was brought into our camp, I was walking with young Zavala. (The reader will recognize in this youthful character a son of the noble and venerable Zavala, who distinguished himself as the friend of Texan independence.) We approached him together. Santa Anna recognized young Zavala at once, and advanced to meet him with great apparent cordiality, uttering many expressions of kindness, such as are customary among the Mexicans on such occasions, several of which I remember. Among other things, he exclaimed, "Oh! my friend, my friend, the son of my early friend;" with which, and other exclamations in the same strain, he embraced young Zavala, with high indications of apparent feeling, and I think dropping a tear. Young Zavala returned his greeting with that deference which would have been due to his former rank and power; but at the same time emitting from his countenance an expression I have scarcely seen equalled. His looks seemed to wither Santa Anna, and staring him full in the face, he replied immediately, with great modesty, "It has been so, sir." Santa Anna evinced plainly that he was much mortified."

Almonte approached his captive General with evident respect and grief, and the following conversation took place between the two commanders; Houston in the meantime lying on the ground, resting on his elbow. Great pains has been taken to get as nearly as possible the exact words used by the speakers, and those who were present at the interview, have assured us, that all here related they do remember, and they recollect nothing else of importance.

Santa Anna.—(After embracing Almonte and recovering perfectly from his embarrassment, rose, and advancing with the air of one born to command, said to Gen. Houston)—"That man may consider himself born to no common destiny, who has conquered the Napoleon of the West; and it now remains for him to be generous to the vanquished."

Houston.—"You should have remembered that at the Alamo."

S. A.—"You must be aware that I was justified in my course by the usages of war. I had summoned a surrender, and they had refused. The place was then taken by storm, and the usages of war justified the slaughter of the vanquished."

H.—"That was the case once, but it is now obsolete. Such usages among civilized nations have yielded to the influences of humanity."

S. A.—"However this may be, I was acting under the orders of Government."

H.—"Why, you are the Government of Mexico."

S. A.—"I have orders in my possession commanding me so to act."

H.—"A Dictator, sir, has no superior."

H.—"So far as the first point is concerned, the Texans flatter themselves they have a Government already, and they will probably be able to make a flag. But if you feel excused for your conduct at San Antonio, you have not the same excuse for the massacre of Col. Fannin's command. They had capitulated on terms proffered by your General. And yet, after the capitulation, they were all perfidiously massacred, without even the consolation of dying with arms in their hands."

(Those who were present say that when Houston came to speak of the Goliad tragedy, it seemed impossible for him to restrain his indignation. His eye flashed like a wild beast, and in his gigantic effort to curb in his wrath, cold sweat ran off from his brow in streams.)

S. A.—"I declare to you, General, (laying his hand on his heart) that I was not apprized of the fact that they had capitulated. Gen. Urrea informed me that he had conquered them in a battle, and under this impression I ordered their execution."

H.—"I know, General, that the men had capitulated."

S. A.—"Then I was ignorant of it. And after your assertion, I should not have a shadow of doubt, if it were not that Gen. Urrea had no authority whatever to receive their capitulation. And if the day ever comes that I can get Urrea into my hands, I will execute him for his duplicity in not giving me information of the facts."

Here the conversation was suspended for a while, and Santa Anna requested a small piece of opium. It was ordered by Houston, who asked him if he would desire his marke and luggage, and the attendance of his aids and servants. Santa Anna thanked him very politely, and said, "It would make him very happy, since they were proffered by his captor."

While the order was being given, Almonte manifested a disposition to continue the conversation with Houston. After remarking to the Texan General that fortune had indeed favored him, he asked why he had not attacked the Mexicans the first day the armies met. "You had reason to suppose we should be reinforced. And yet if you had risked a battle that day you would have had another story to tell, perhaps, for our men were then ready to fight, and so anxious for the battle to come on, that we could hardly keep them in their ranks.—Why did you wait till the next morning, General?"

"Well," replied Houston, "I see you are right. I knew you expected I should bring on the battle that day, and were consequently prepared for it. Now if I must be questioned by an inferior officer in the presence of his General, I will say that was the very reason why I did not fight; and, besides, I thought there was no use in having two bites at one cherry." After some remark of Almonte, which irritated Houston, and which, in the opinion of all who heard it, ill-befitted the occasion, he said—"You have come a great way to give us a great deal of trouble, and you have made the sacrifice of the lives of a great many brave men necessary." "Oh," flippantly replied Almonte, "what of six or eight hundred men! And, from all accounts, only half a dozen of your brave men have fallen."

Houston replied, "We estimate the lives of our men, I perceive, somewhat higher than you do," and he gave him a look which seemed to say, "taunt me again, and you don't live an hour." Almonte very politely changed his tone. "You talk about reinforcements, sir," said Houston, raising himself up, "it matters not how many reinforcements you have, sir, you never can conquer freemen." And taking from his pocket an ear of dry corn which he had carried for four days, only a part of it being consumed, he held it up and said, "Sir, do you ever expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their General can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?"

The exhibition of the ear of corn stirred up all the enthusiasm of the Texan soldiers, and they gathered around their General, and asked him to allow them to divide the corn. "We'll plant it," said they, "and call it Houston corn." "Oh yes, my brave fellows," said the General, smiling, "take it along, if you care anything about it, and divide it among you; give each a kernel as far as it will go, and take it home to your own fields, where I hope you may long cultivate the arts of peace as nobly as you have shown yourselves masters of the art of war. You have achieved your independence; now see if you cannot make as good farmers as you have proved yourselves gallant soldiers. You may not call it Houston corn; but call it San Jacinto corn, for then it will remind you of your own bravery." It is also said that in one of his despatches that day to the people of the Sabine, the General said to those who had fled from their homes, "return and plant corn." The soldiers distributed their corn, and it now waves over a thousand green fields in Texas.

Santa Anna had become interested in the conversation, and Almonte related to him what had been said. The Mexican General seemed to be transported with rage, and he cursed Almonte for losing the battle. He was mortified beyond measure to think that his large army, perfectly armed and munitioned, with officers whose camp was filled with every luxury, should have been con-

quered by an undisciplined band of raw troops, incompletely armed, and whose officers were destitute of most, even, of the necessities of life. It is worthy of remark, also, that Santa Anna afterwards said, "that this was the first moment he had ever understood the American character; and that what he had witnessed, convinced him that Americans never could be conquered."

Santa Anna's marke was set near the spot where Houston was lying. His trunks were not examined, nor any portion of his baggage molested. The Texan General knew that there was hardly a man in his army who did not wish to see Santa Anna expiate his crimes with his blood, and very few believed it would be possible even for Houston to protect him from assassination. But he knew the eyes of the civilized world would be turned upon the Texan camp, and that however guilty Santa Anna may have been, the name of Texas would be given over to execration if any violence was offered to the captive. He therefore took the necessary precaution to see that not only no violence, but indignity, should be offered to his prisoner. The course he took in this matter entitles him to the regard of mankind. The feeling that prevailed in the army could not be mistaken, and various circumstances have come to our knowledge which serve to illustrate not only Houston's extreme vigilance, but his superior shrewdness in detecting insubordination, and his address in putting it down. One example we will allude to.

An officer had resolved to shoot Santa Anna, and had prepared himself for the work. His design, however, he had kept to himself, and Houston could have had no intimation of it from any quarter. But as the officer was passing Houston on the day of the night he had fixed for the execution of his purpose, the General, who saw something wrong in his manner, beckoned him to approach. He conversed with him, privately and confidentially, on the subject of his fears; and after depicting the horrible consequences that would follow Santa Anna's assassination, told the officer that he had made him his confidant in the matter, because he knew he would be more likely than any other man in the camp, to detect any murderous scheme projected, and he relied on his vigilance. The officer gave him his pledge he would act on his suggestion, and, moreover, declared that Santa Anna should never be assassinated while he was in the camp. He was as good as his word; and yet he afterwards declared he had, at the very time, the arms on his person with which he had sworn to kill Santa Anna. Such was one of the thousand expedients Houston was obliged to resort to, to maintain discipline over those wayward, reckless men. No one knew how he did, and yet it passed into a proverb that Houston was the only man in the world that could have kept the army in subjection, or achieved the independence of Texas, or preserved it after it was won. Houston, therefore, exercised the keenest vigilance over the safety of his prisoner and treated him as a guest and a gentleman, rather than as a captive.

Night came. The guard was so disposed as to include Santa Anna's marke, and he slept on his camp-bed with every comfort he could have had if he had been the victor; while, near by him, Houston lay upon the earth—his wonted bed in camp—with no respite from the intense agony of his wound. The ball had entered about one inch above the ankle joint, shattering the bone, and severing the muscles and arteries. It protruded him for months, during which time he was worn down by fever and pain to the shadow of a man.

As Houston and Rusk were riding side by side from the battle-field, returning to camp, they discovered two ravens hovering over the field in the smoke which lingered over the battle scene. Some of the men proposed to shoot them, as they were near the earth. Houston said, "No, don't shoot them—it is a good omen. Their heads are pointing westward. 'Tis the course of empire. I own I am a little superstitious about the raven."

The next morning Santa Anna asked leave to see General Houston, which was granted. He presented himself elegantly dressed in citizen's garb, and tendered a most respectful and cordial greeting to his "host," and inquired kindly for his health and the state of his wound. The difference in the dresses of the two men was striking. Houston had on a plain, old black coat, snuff-colored pantaloons, a black velvet vest, a fur cap, a worn out pair of boots, and a semitar of tried metal, with a plated scabbard—a gift from his friend, Captain Joseph Bonnell, of Fort Jessup. He had worn it, hung by buckskin thongs. This constituted his wardrobe and his armory. Santa Anna would have been taken for the victor, and Houston for the captive.

The Washington Union informs us that the dispute with Spain, touching the seizure of the Black Warrior, is satisfactorily adjusted. The Spanish Government consents to proclaim that the authorities in Cuba exceeded their power, and agreed to accord a just indemnity.

TIMELY WARNING.—A German astronomer says, that in twenty million of years from now the earth will be destroyed by a comet.

[From the Washington Globe.] Know-Nothingism as Viewed by an Adopted Citizen.

The following, which first appeared in the South Carolinian, is believed to be, and no doubt is, from the pen of Dr. Lieber, whose name is well known in science and literature. The arguments are fair and philosophical and temperate. As he chooses, however, to introduce the names of Girard and Astor, he ought to have been a little more discriminating, and in favor of Girard, who was by far the most liberal of the two, and who may be said truly to have "left all his fortune to America," but his heirs—not his children—have righteously enough succeeded in recovering a portion of it. Astor's donation to the city of New York for a library, was a munificent one, certainly, but we believe it is the only one he ever made that could be so called. Girard was always giving, and giving liberally, but he might have done much more good with his wealth than he did. He had no children, Astor had, which made a difference, and ought to be considered, we suppose:

Messrs. Editors: The temperate and sound communication of "Southron," on the Know-Nothings, in your paper, instances a number of American citizens, born in foreign countries, that have loyally and faithfully stood by their adopted country on the battle field, and served the Government of their choice with their head, and heart, and blood, even to death.

This suggests another remark. Let us look around, as matters stand now, and let us survey the history of our land; scan the names of those who have been prominent in the many walks of life, and the varied spheres of action and activity, and you will find in every one of them a fair, and even a large number of men who were or are American citizens by choice. Among the most eminent or most widely useful American divines there have always been, and are to this day, many born on the other side of the Atlantic. The same will be found to be the case if you examine the list of great advocates and of American statesmen throughout the land. The same is true of teachers, authors, philosophers, physicians of editors and artists, merchants, artisans and farmers, of navigators and architects, of manufacturers and inventors.

There are many persons who seem to have accustomed themselves to connect with the idea of the usefulness of immigrants, canal-digging Irishmen and farm-laboring "Dutch," as if all the good we derive from immigration is Irish bone and German muscle. A moment's reflection will show them their error. We do not only or mainly speak of those citizens by choice who in their spheres are what the "foreigners" Astor and Girard were in the mercantile pursuit. As we speak of all spheres, so we speak of all degrees of success of skill and intellect. Every reader can test what we say in his immediate circle around him. Let him "call the roll," let him "mark" the citizens by choice, and "inwardly digest" the result.

Having mentioned Astor and Girard, whose industry and intelligence enabled them to acquire princely fortunes, and who, with corresponding liberality, rendered millions to the community in which they became so rich, we cannot refrain from telling a little anecdote, which strikingly shows with what naive nativism is sometimes working. Girard, it is well known, left many millions for the purpose of establishing an orphan house. He was a native Frenchman, but left all his fortune to America. When the time approached for the appointment of the chief officer of that college for orphans, a number of trustees were desirous of electing a person who for many long years had been a citizen of the United States, and to whom actually the drafting of a plan for the whole organization of the institution had been committed.

He was not, however, appointed, because, as it was intimated to him, nativism was then too strong in Philadelphia. Nativism was not too strong to receive ten millions of dollars at the hands of a "foreigner." The susceptibility of nativism does not lie in that region; but it was of peculiar delicacy when the question was to a moderate salary out of the proceeds of the gigantic capital to a person who it was declared was considered otherwise the very person the trustees would have selected had it not been for a certain degree of longitude marking the place of his birth.

We say, then, that so far as skill, industry, intelligence, productive labor, elevating talent, and success of every kind are concerned, citizens by choice are found among the foremost. How is it with that truthful loyalty which is the choicest jewel in the citizenship of freemen? We subscribe what was once said in another place, that throughout all history of this hemisphere and the other, of ancient times as well as modern, you will find among the most devoted and patriotic citizens names of foreign origin.

There is no more solemn act on record than that of the meeting of the Netherlands, when they resolved, in the darkest hours of trial, to which Philip the Second of Spain submitted them, that, should it come to the last, they would one and all leave their country, and save liberty by "carrying the Netherlands" to another hemisphere. They loved their land, yet they cried, *Patria est, non terra*. Little

indeed, do the men of ense, who now so lightly, and yet so bitterly, decry "the foreigners" know the pangs of a forsworn heart that has to repent *Patria cara, carior libertas*, and when it must act on it; but when a man is forced to act on it he clings to the country of his choice, even as a man clings to his chosen wife faster than to his kin.

Has any mind shed greater lustre on illustrious Athens than Aristotle? Aristotle was a foreigner, and came to Attica when seventeen years old. Has there been any Spaniard more Spanish than Columbus? Columbus was a Genoese. Has there been a Frenchman more French than Napoleon, and Cuiver, and Constant? Napoleon was an Italian; Cuiver, by birth and education, a German; Constant, a Swiss. Who carried the Netherlands through the direst war of independence on record, and who founded the great Republic of the Netherlands? William of Orange, a German.

Has England ever had a more English King than William the Third, the Netherlands? Has Germany even had a more German leader than Eugene of Savoy?—Who was Catherine, of Russia, that made her the great power? She was a German woman. Has Oxford ever had a greater Professor than Erasmus, of Rotterdam? The very country in which the Know-Nothings now revile "the foreigner," was discovered by Cabot, a Genoese, in the service of England.

The proto-martyr of the American revolution was Montgomery, an Irishman; so was Barry, called the father of the American Navy; and Paul Jones, the bold and early captain, was a Scot. Were DeKalk Lafayette, Hamilton, Gallatin, no Americans? Mark the list of signers, and see how many were "foreigners." The hue and cry against "foreigners" belongs to pagan antiquity, when one word served for foreigner and enemy; but not to Christianity, one of whose earliest writers gloriously said: *Notra civitas totus mundus*. The very word Christianity rebukes Know-Nothingism.

The term free trade has a far wider meaning than a merely economical one. It applies to all merit, truth, intellect. Let every one stand and fall by his own individuality, and take the best of everything where you find it best. So did your fore-fathers; so your Gospel demands it. When Sir Harry Saville founded, in 1619, his Savilian professorship at Oxford, he prescribed that the best man that could be gotten, no matter whence, should always be taken, so that he was a man of "good fame and honest repute, *ex quacunque natione orbis christiane et iusque ordinis sive professions.*" And this ought to be the rule in all spheres, but most especially so in our own land.

CITIZEN.

Instructions to Postmasters.

The following letter is in reply to one of inquiry from the postmaster of New York: POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, APPOINTMENT OFFICE, March 22, 1855.—SIR: Your letter of the 20th instant is received. In answer, I am directed by the Postmaster General to inform you:

1. The act of 3d March, 1855, making no provision for unpaid letters to places within the United States, on the same or day following, any such unpaid letter or letters being put into a post office, the postmaster thereof will post up conspicuously in his office a list of the same, stating that they are held for postage. If not attended to, such letters must be returned monthly to the Dead Letter Office.

2. Letters paid part should be despatched, charged with the additional postage due at the prepaid rate, according to distance, established by said act, except when the omission to pay the correct amount is known to have been intentional, when they should be treated the same as letters wholly unpaid.

3. It is proper to forward a letter when requested in writing. When forwarded, no additional postage should be charged if the letter, contrary to its address, has been mis-sent. If it has been sent according to its address, and then forwarded, it must be charged with additional postage at the prepaid rate, according to distance, established by the act of March 3, 1855, aforesaid.

4. Ship letters, as they cannot be prepaid, and are not supposed to be embraced in the new act, will continue to be despatched agreeably to the provisions of the fifteenth section of the act of March 3, 1855.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
HORATIO KING,
First Assistant Postmaster General.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster, New York.

A clerk in the Baltimore Post Office, named Charles R. Powell, has been arrested on suspicion of purloining from the post office in that city, letters containing \$4,000. He has hitherto sustained a high reputation for integrity, but the money letters in question are missing, and Mr. Powell has bought, and paid \$2,000 cash for a house, when he was supposed to be in embarrassed circumstances.

BORN ON A RAILROAD.—During the passage of the railway cars from Wilmington, Del., on Saturday evening last, to Baltimore, an unusual commotion was observed in the ladies' car. This passing train of parties allowable in that car, denoted that something was on hand of an uncommon nature. The excitement was soon accounted for—a child was born.