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MISCELLANY.

WRITTEN FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

More Uncomely Things.

Messrs. Editors: Your correspondent "C. B." has taken some thunder I might have used in pointing out and exposing uncomely things in church, and has done it so well and forcibly that for me to attempt greater force would only be weakening the castigation so deservedly given the filthy practice and practitioner. The only remark I make is a hearty assent to the truth of all your correspondent says about the filthy practice of chewing tobacco in church, and adding a proposition that provision be made in our churches for such as cannot and will not quit the odious practice, viz: that troughs be furnished a sufficient number of pews for the tobacco squitters, and that they be led up to the trough as they come into church, and that these troughs be placed in every instance under the galleries, that the devotional feelings and nerves of those whose duties call them to sit above may not be disturbed by seeing the productions of the quid emptied into the troughs. It is a very disgusting operation, and should be performed as much in secret as the nature of the case will permit. Young men, and our young clergy, should be very cautious where they spit in church. But to proceed with our text, and to show from it a few uncomely things. And

1st. One of the most uncomely, ill-shapen bipeds ever seen in our land is the *tale-bearer*. "A person," as WEBSTER defines the character, "who officiously tells tales—one who impertinently communicates intelligence or anecdotes, and makes mischief in society by his officiousness." SOLOMON says: "Where there is no *tale-bearer* the strife ceaseth." They are fearful pests to society, and have not, as the MASTADON, become extinct since the days of SOLOMON, inasmuch as the strife has not and does not cease. This is at least *prima facie* evidence to all of the existence of the *tale-bearer*.—And they are awful pests to our society, interrupters to our peace and enjoyment.—You hear the muttering of their thunder go where you will, and their *slimy* footsteps are to be seen upon the side-walks of every village, and upon the highway of every neighborhood. At one point you hear of the double-dealing of such and such merchants—the want of honesty in mechanics—the duplicity, extravagance, pride, and want of purity of such and such *ladies*, married and unmarried—such and such *ministers* grind the face of the poor by charging five or ten dollars for each *funeral* they attend—such and such lawyers charge double fees—and the poor doctors and editors are nearly all extortioners. But when you come to hear the truth in all these cases, all is false, without the slightest foundation to raise an *ill report* upon, and they dare not face any of them. Such bipeds live—no, they stay—in society deservedly the scorn and the contempt of the virtuous, yet tolerated and even courted by aristocratic *sixpence-lovers*. This is an uncomely thing, and as filthy as tobacco chewing in church, both detestable in church or out of church, and alike should be forthwith abandoned. "When there is no *tale-bearer* the strife ceaseth." Let clerical gentlemen be on their guard in certain locations, for it is no evidence because the sun shines to-day that it will be fair on to-morrow. If there was no countenance to *tale-bearers* and *slanderers*, they would soon die out, or cease to breathe, or somehow cease to exist.

2d. Another uncomely article is the *slanderer*—second, yea, first cousin to the *tale-bearer*. And if I should speak on this as one has spoken, what we say will be no less true, and yet more to the points. Scandal is one of those sins which seldom, by chance, gets its full desert of condemnation. It is usually, when mentioned at all, tacked on to a long list of other sins, and is lost in the crowd; or the world's opinion puts it so low in the scale of iniquity, that the conscience is easily persuaded to let it rest secure from the lash that whips offences regarded more flagrant. It is like a subtle gas pervading with its insidious power every part and portion of society. It is found in the world and in the Church, in the village and in the farm-house. The palace courts it as among the pastimes of royalty—the cottage hails it to supply the lack of useful topics of conversation in all lands and in all classes it is a favorite and common vice. It is as baneful as it is univer-

sal, and there is need that christians contemplate its real character and bearings upon morals and religion, as it is equally injurious to both, and discountenance it.

What is scandal? To satisfy ourselves on this point, we need only consider its constituent parts, and they are all uncomely, viz: acquaintance with the affairs of our neighbors, (contrary to the injunction to mind our own business); a pleasure in hearing their sins, short-comings and foibles commented on and discussed; rash judgments passed upon imperfect knowledge of facts; and last, though far from least, the satisfaction of having discovered that others are, if not worse, at least as bad as ourselves. If such be the nature of the vice, what must the motives be which prompt to its indulgence? What but "envy, hatred, and malice, and uncharitableness"? Or, if it go not to this extent, it must be ascribed to the coldest indifference for the feelings of others, or the gross self-love of gleaming amusement from the contemplation of the sufferings or the degradation of our fellow men.

Other vices stand alone in their deformity, and their unhappy victims are shut out, as it were, from their fellows by a ban—lepers without the camp; but the scandal-monger is permitted to pass among the best and purest, and to drop poison and death unrebuked, when and where he will—alas! too often a not unwelcome guest.

Scandal is a respectable sin; in fact, it often puts on the garb of the grave moral censor, not unfrequently of the grieved and wounded friend—under cover, not openly, but urging on the work of ruin with a concealed dagger. Legitimate scandal is always filled with regret; and the piquant dish, for which one or a dozen reputations have been ruthlessly slain, is served up with a salad of sighs and sanctimonious reluctance, that would fain hide the secret triumph that lurks beneath. Your true gossip is never mistaken; should any luckless wight have the temerity to hint such a thing, the best authority is always at hand to put him down. No lawyer's brief is more carefully prepared than the gossip's material for a case. There is this difference, however: your gossip never appears for the defence, whatever the nature of the theme in hand; it is the dark, not the bright side of the shield it falls to its lot to behold.—As the bee is said to possess the power of extracting honey from poisonous flowers, so the slanderer may be said to have the faculty of extracting poison from the fairest, sweetest blossoms.

Society smarts under this evil as under a scorpion lash; the Church, and every honest, good man need to mourn over it in dust and ashes. Of what a state of morals is the prevalence of such a vice indicative! Of a purity of garments and a washing of hands, an inward ravaging and cruelty; a righteousness of having a name to live while it is dead; of a hypocrisy that for a pretence puts on a long face. The soul of genuine godliness, as found in the truth, is love—tender, forgiving, all-embracing love. How opposed, in essence, to the spirit of censorious, backbiting, slanderous scandal! How can the heart, that has dared to call Jesus Lord, entertain for a moment the spirit, or encourage in others the practice of this shameful, degraded and degrading sin! Alas! even in the christian's heart the serpent whispers still—"the ghost of evil will not down."

Yet for this, as all else of sin, there is an antidote. 'Tis love—love divine. Let every lover of his species, and every lover of God seek it—seek to have it in the heart, warm from the fountain—seek, ah, strive to pour it into that of thy neighbor, and in this atmosphere of heaven thou wilt learn that charity which "hoped all things, endured all things," and be assimilated to Him who forgiveth iniquity, transgression and sin, is long-suffering and of tender mercy.

Scandal is the breath, the pestilential breath, of the bottomless pit, and as it is breathed upon the fairest fertile fields, renders them sterile and barren of all good.—There is no character who deserves so much to be shut out from all decent, refined, and christian society, whether appearing in the garb of the highest profession made on earth, or in the assumed name, and hailing from the domicile of those who have wrought for themselves a name that lives. It is a profanation of ancestry, and a blackening of the domestic hearth-stove. An en-

lightened mind will mark such, and turn from them and turn away as from a leprous Jew.

BRADFORD.

[From the Newberry Mirror.]

Two Farmers—A Contrast.

Messrs. Editors: I knew a gentleman, a planter, whose history was substantially as follows:

He commenced life with a competency, had a good plantation, and good hands to cultivate it. But he was not successful, was always behind, and seemed to enter into the very heart of "hard times." As I lived near him I concluded to look after him closely, and find out if possible what was the matter. I soon got the secret, he ploughed his lands lazily, it was a mere scratching, and often waited for a rain to do even that. He hauled no trash in the winter, and of course had but little manure to put out. This small quantity he laid in his fields, and exposed it to the hot suns of April, for he was never early—until about half the ammonia was extracted, and the other half burnt his corn and cotton the last dry week that followed. He never had a good season. His lands did not suit him, and his negroes would not work well, and the climate itself was wrong. He would fret, and often seemed hurt that his neighbors had better crops than he had.

Then his cotton was light, and trashy, and when offered in market brought a less price than that obtained by others—he thought the world was against him.

At last he concluded to sell off and buy lower down the river, a much better plantation. The old worn down premises were bought by a young man who by hard work in the two or three years he had been doing business for himself, laid up some five hundred dollars. He was to pay for the place in three annual instalments, and must raise the money by planting. Some laughed at him, others said he would come out, for there was come out in him, and he settled the question by paying it all up in two years instead of three. He soon bought a good woman, then a man to help him; his crops were elegant, he had the right kind of seasons, the land seemed much better, at any rate produced better than it had done under the old tenant. But the whole secret was *deep winter plowing*, and mixing a good deal of compost from his lot and stables. He continued to prosper, and in twenty years from the purchase he had the reputation of being the best planter in the country, and was worth a good fortune. The other planter found his good plantation was a cheat, had been exhausted just before he got it, and he still went on selling one or two slaves every year to pay expenses—the prosperous planter generally bought them.

This led me to enquire more than I had done, if the difference was not more in the planter than the plantations? And I became convinced of its truth fully. Years of observation, and some experience have only confirmed this conviction. A good crop is in the planter, more than in the soil. Proper culture, industry, and economy will make a living on almost any lands we have in this country.

Materiam superabat opus; such at least is the opinion of

"IMPRIMATUR."

The way to get on in the World.

A working man, some time ago, published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. It is as follows:—"It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly, if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on the farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up, to help him; so doubtless he did to me, when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my work, and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature and travelling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact; or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case; and this, when I bid the work, was most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work, I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plough, in farming, draining, stone quarrying, breaking stone, at wood cutting, in a saw pit, as a civilian, or a soldier. In London, I have cleaned out a stable and groomed a cabman's horse for sixpence. I have since tried literature, and have done so much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for, and offered—ten guineas. And, if I had not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working; whatever I have been doing, with peace of pen, I have been my own master. Do you wish to imitate my family?"

ways the attendant of sense; folly alone is proud. A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say, "Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters." The only cure for pride, is sense; and the path to promotion, is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined in their prospects by the pride of their hearts. Away, then, young man, and away forever, with self foppery, and empty pride, idle habits, and expensive associates—"stop and conquer." Sink in spirit and rise in opulence. Be faithful over a few things, and be made ruler over many.—*London Christian Penny Magazine*.

Napoleon, and the British Sailor.

Many years ago, a British sailor was taken prisoner at Boulogne by the French army. He was not, however, shut up between four walls, but he was allowed his liberty and permitted to roam about on the shores as he pleased. I suppose it was thought that one man could not do any harm by himself.

But the young sailor longed sadly to get back again to his country. He used to sit and envy the birds as he saw them winging their flight to dear old England; he wished he could make his escape as easily as they did!

One morning he observed an empty log-boat come floating towards the shore. He eagerly seized it, and what do you think he did with it? Why he hid it in a cave, and worked there very hard, days after days, trying to make this old barrel into a boat! And at length, after some fashion, he succeeded. But such a boat was perhaps never seen before. It was not fit to venture upon a pond in, and to think of crossing the deep wide ocean in it! Why the idea was enough to make one shudder. And yet so anxious was the sailor to reach his home, that he was actually going to put to sea in it!

The French guard caught him with it on the beach, and they laughed at him, and ridiculed him finely about his wretched looking boat. The story of this young sailor's attempted escape in this clumsy and dangerous manner was so talked of, that presently it reached the ears of Napoleon. Then Napoleon came and spoke to the sailor. "Rash youth," he said, "you must have had some strong motive to make you dream of crossing the Channel in a thing formed of twigs and staves. What was it? Tell me frankly."

The sailor answered, "I had such a great longing to see my mother! It is many years since we last met, and I wanted so much to see her once more!"

"And so you shall," answered Napoleon, quickly, "such a loving and brave son must have had a good mother." Then giving the sailor a piece of gold, he commanded that he should be put on board a vessel sailing to old England, and carried back to his native land.

So the dutiful and affectionate young sailor was restored to his aged widowed mother. They lived happily together, although they were very poor; and the grateful sailor never parted with the coin which Napoleon had given him.

Boys! do you love and honor your mother?

The Miller and his Ass.

A miller and his son were driving their ass to a neighboring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of rude girls returning from the town, talking and laughing.

"Look there! cried one of them, did you ever see such fools, to be trudging along the road on foot, when they might be riding!"

The old man, hearing this, quietly bade his son get on the ass, and walked along merrily by the side of him. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate.

"There! said one of them, it proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle rogue riding, while his old father has to walk? Get down, you scamp grace! and let the old man rest his weary limbs."

Upon this the father made his son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children.

"Why, you lazy old fellow! cried several tongues at once, how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor little lad can hardly keep pace by the side of you?"

The good natured miller stood corrected, and immediately took his son up behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, honest friends, said a townsman, "is that ass your own?"

"Yes," says the old man.

"Oh! one would not have thought so, by the way you load him. You two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!"

Upon this, the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that by endeavoring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass in the bargain.

Printers.

Printers, it is said, die at an early age.—This is doubtless caused by the noxious effluvia rising from the types, the want of exercise, constant employment, and the late hours to which their work is prolonged. There is no other class of human beings whose privileges are so few, whose labor is so continuous, whose wages are so inadequate, as Printers. If a "typo" be a man of family, he is debarred the privilege of enjoying their society at all times, because his hours of labor are almost endless, and his moments of leisure so few that they must be spent to recruit his exhausted energies, and prepare him for the renewal of his toils. Poor fellow! he knows nothing of sociability, and is shut out from the world as a convict in a prison cell. Truly he is in the world, yet knows not of it. Toil, toil, by night and by day, is his fate, until premature old age ends his existence. For the advancement of science, morality and virtue, the cords of his heart are sundered one by one, and when his race is run, and time to him is no more, he goes down to the grave unwept for and unknown, though his existence has been sacrificed for the benefit of his race.

When we hear mechanics crying out against oppression, and demanding certain gains for labor and for rest, we can but reflect upon this situation of our own craft; how every moment of their lives is forced into service to earn a bare subsistence, and how uncomplaining they devote themselves to the good of that same public, who wear them as a loose garment, to be doimed when convenient, and doimed when no longer needed.

Printers are universally poor men, and for two reasons. The first is—they rarely receive a fair compensation for their services. And the second is—that inured to continual suffering, privation, and toil, their purse-strings are never united at the bidding of charity, and the hard earned "dimes" are freely distributed for the relief of their fellow men. Thus it is that they live poor and die poor, and if a suitable reward does not await them after death, sad indeed must be the beginning, the existence, and the end of poor "typos."

Petersburg Express.

Characteristics of Great Men.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant.

Dante was either taciturn or satirical.

Butler was sullen or biting.

Gray seldom talked or smiled.

Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company.

Milton was unsocial and even irritable when pressed into conversation.

Mirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in discourse.

Virgil was heavy in conversation.

La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen, but then he was the model of poetry.

Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.

Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved.

Descartes was reserved in mixed company.

Cornelle, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed in wearying. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.

Ben. Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors.

Southey was stiff, and wringed up in asceticism.

Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence.

Junius was so modest that he could scarcely speak upon the most common subject without a suffusion of blushes.

Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible.

Dr. Bentley was loquacious.

Grotius was talkative.

Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like a poor poll.

Burke was eminently interesting in conversation.

Curran was a convivial deity; he soared into every region, and was at home in all.

Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.

Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously, and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy, and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt-end of it.

Coleridge in conversation was full of wit, and originality.

Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of Hope, and linked to a pleasant stream in conversation.

Charles Lamb, objects, and constantly demurs, in conversation.

Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.—*Massachusetts Magazine*.

Khosrof Pacha.

Turkey has lost the strongest of her old statesmen during the present month, Khosrof Pacha. He was 97 years old and has been a prominent man in the councils of the Porte ever since the days of Catherine of Russia. As he was the oldest so he was the richest of the notables of Turkey. His history is as thoroughly Turkish as were his honors and habiliments. When George Washington was surveying lands on the branches of the Ohio, and Seth Pomeroy was boring out the spiked cannon on the forts of Louisburg, Khosrof was a lame and deformed orphan in the mountains of the Caucasus, obtaining a precarious existence by little services among the cottagers. Before the British red coats had marched back to Boston from Lexington common to the tune of Yankee Doodle, the humpbacked beggar boy had stood as a slave in the Stamboul slave mart, had been installed as a servant in the place of Abdul Hamid, and had found his way to the favor of young Mahmoud, the then heir to the throne. In a country and a position where the passport to success is a fine figure and engaging manners, young Khosrof, destitute of both, possessed some faculty of gaining and retaining good will which enabled him to conquer nature. When Mahmoud succeeded to the throne the fortunes of the orphan boy rose, and being shortly afterwards made secretary to Capudan Pacha, he laid the foundation of his enormous wealth. He has outlived all his friends and all his foes, but his prosperity never left him. Like Tallyrand he has been ready to acquiesce in every change, and has generally succeeded in obtaining something from every revolution. But he was always a slave. From the servitude of the imperial house there is no manumission. Though he leaves nearly £2,000,000 sterling in money, every farthing of it goes to the present Sultan.

Mechanics.

St. Paul was a mechanic—a maker of tents from goat's hair; and in the lecturer's opinion, he was a model mechanic. He was not only a thorough workman at his trade, but was a scholar, a perfect master, not only of his native Hebrew, but of three foreign tongues, a knowledge of which he obtained by close application to study during his leisure hours while serving his apprenticeship. It was custom among the Jews to learn their sons some trade—a custom not confined to the poor classes, but was also practiced by the wealthy; and it was a common proverb among them, that if a father did not teach his son a mechanical occupation, he taught him to steal. This custom was a wise one; and if the fathers of the present day would imitate their example, their wrinkled cheeks would not so often blush for the helplessness, and not unfrequently criminal conduct of their offspring. Even if a father intended his son for one of the professions, it would be an incalculable benefit to that son to instruct him in some branch of mechanism. His education would not only be more complete and healthy, but he might at some future time, in case of failure in his profession, find his trade very convenient as a means of earning his bread; and he must necessarily be more competent in mechanical from his professional education. An educated mechanic was a model mechanic working under the superintendence of another man's brain. Let the rich and the proud no longer look upon mechanism as degrading to him who adopts a branch of it as his calling. It is a noble calling—as noble as the indolence and inactivity of wealth is ignoble.

Lecture by Rev. Dr. Adams.

A SPEECH BY GEN. BUCKNER.—The following is an extract from a speech of Gen. Buckner in favor of 54 40:

Mr. Speaker—When I open my eyes, and look over the vast expanse of this country—when I see how the yeast of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization and expanded on every side—when I see it growing, swelling, roaring like a spring freshet—I cannot resist the idea, sir, the day will come when this great nation, like a young school boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow room—the continent, the whole continent, and nothing but the continent—and we will have it. Then shall Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Caucasus, rest his right arm on the Oregon and California coast, his left on the eastern seaboard, and whittle away the British power, while reposing his leg like a freeman, upon Cape Horn. Sir, the day will—the day must come.

A new Methodist church, said to be one of the best in California, was dedicated in January at Grass Valley. On the 14th of January, Calvary Presbyterian Church, in San Francisco, was dedicated. On the next day the sale of the pews took place. The whole number disposed of that evening brought \$36,100. Two of the pews sold for \$1,200 each. The Rev. Dr. Scott preached the dedication sermon.

A sporting gentleman in New York offered to bet a large amount that during the coming summer he will drive from the Astor House to Union Square in a light wagon drawn by rats. He calculates that he can accomplish the feat with his hands full of horses.