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## MISCELLANY.

Letter of Hon. P. Phillips, of Alabama, on the Religious Proscription of Catholics.

WASHINGTON, July 4, 1855.

My Dear Sir: I readily comply with your request to give you my impressions of the last development of political events. Nothing appears to me more interesting to the country than the recent demonstrations of the "Know Nothings" at Philadelphia and Montgomery, against the Catholics. In their national platform they declare that "Christianity, by the constitutions of nearly all the States, by the decisions of the most eminent judicial authorities, and by the consent of the people of America, is considered an element of our political system." The application of this is not very apparent. But it was intended to assert, as I presume it was, that in the Federal Constitution, which forms the bond of our Union, and constitutes the political system of the United States, there is any such element incorporated, either by expression or necessary implication, then I deny the truth of the proposition. There is nothing clearer than that in the formation of the Constitution it was intended emphatically to exclude all connection with any religious faith whatever. Separation of Church and State, eternal divorce between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, were cardinal principles with the sages and patriots to whom not only we, but all mankind, are indebted for this model of a republican government. No, my friend; they possessed too much wisdom and practical good sense to be content with a mere feeble imitation of the existing order of things. They distinctly saw the evil fruits which the conjunction of political and religious power had everywhere produced, and in the discharge of the high duty entrusted to them—the highest that man could be charged with—they determined to profit by the example, and inaugurate a "political system" whose dominion should be exclusively confined to the political relations of its constituents, acknowledging in the eye of the law the perfect equality of all sects and faiths, and leaving the whole subject of religion, and its requirements, to the dominion of that Higher Tribunal which alone can search the hearts and judge the motives of men. The constitution itself gives evidence of the solicitude felt upon this subject, and the debates which led to its adoption show the high tone of feeling that existed in the convention. When Mr. Pinckney reported to that body his proviso, "that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the authority of the United States," the only opposition he met with was from Mr. Sherman, who declared it as "unnecessary, the prevailing liberty being a sufficient guarantee against such a test." But notwithstanding the adoption of this emphatic declaration, so jealous were the people at that time of any governmental interference or connection with religion, that the first amendment to the constitution proposed and adopted was the additional guarantee that "Congress shall no law respecting an establishment of make religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." In those countries where Christianity avowedly forms a part of their political system, there also the laws define the particular form of faith to which the government attaches itself, and denounce the penalties for non-conformity. Let us once admit that it forms "an element of our political system," and we should soon be called upon to submit our consciences to Congressional dictation. The argument would then be not too remote, that the Christianity intended, was that professed by the great majority of the people at the formation and adoption of the constitution, and that this was not only a Christian but an anti-Catholic Government.

It is in your remembrance that many years ago a large and respectable body of citizens petitioned against Sunday mails. They evidently proceeded upon the idea that this was a Christian government and that the violation of the Christian Sabbath was a sacrilege the government was bound to put an end to. Congress rejected the petition, and their action was approved by the country. Now, this approval could only rest upon the denial of the proposition that "Christianity was an element of our political system." But, my dear sir, whether right or wrong on this head, it must be evident that the assertion of this principle in a political platform, precluded by a solemn "acknowledgment of that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, and presides over the councils of nations," were a mere self-sanctification, intended to appeal to the religious feelings of the country, that they might the more easily be drawn into the vortex of political strife, and combined for what is declared to be one of the great objects of the movement—"resistance to the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church in our country by the advancement to all political stations—executive, legislative, judicial, or diplomatic—of those only who do not hold allegiance, directly or indirectly, to any foreign power, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and who are Americans by birth, education and training."

do you not perceive how smoothly the inference is drawn that a pure Christianity requires the exclusion of Catholics from the rights of citizenship? I know that upon a mere quibble, it may be denied that this inference is justified; but the quotation means this or nothing. The circumstances which surrounded this declaration have written upon it its true scope and character. No great change in government was ever accomplished by the full development of its principles in the inception of the movement. Our own revolution rested for a period upon a redress of grievances, accompanied with an earnest protestation of continued loyalty to the British Crown. The change now aimed at for excluding Catholics from their share in the government of the country, like all radical and revolutionary movements, must be effected, if effected at all, by gradual stages of progress, which inure us to the journey, and accustom us to the road. Let those who may be unwilling to admit that my inference is just, read attentively the events which are inspiring around. The sentiment of the Philadelphia Convention is repeated at every assembly of the party. Its echo at Montgomery, in our State, proclaims "opposition to the election to office of every man who recognizes the right of any religious denomination to political power, or the authority of an higher law than the Constitution of the United States." The country is flooded with a spurious literature, in which the imagination of its authors has been stimulated into activity to portray the fancied horrors of cloister and cell, and describe the Catholic priesthood as clothed in the garments of every crime. In many parts of the country the pulpit is fulminating doctrinal essays to prove the Catholic Church corrupt, and its adherents unfit depositories of the rights of citizenship. If a Catholic citizen, however capable and honest, is appointed to political position, a howl is raised throughout the land, and denunciations follow the appointment. What is the meaning of all this? I cannot be deceived by any "fast phrase of words, and I believe the naked and hideous truth: Religious intolerance! Party assembles have here this; declarations of political principle have been common in our practice; novelties have been formed; old ones have been modified; but when before in our history it has been considered necessary to annulize "the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church?" When before has it been found proper to introduce religion into our political organizations? When before was the fit for political office tested, not by the honesty or capability of the candidate, but by the religious faith he professed? Times have indeed changed, and we have changed with them. When the venerable Carroll took the pen to affix his name to the mortal "Declaration," no man cried "Hold you are a Catholic." If a new necessity sprung up justifying a new law, then, he, where does it exist, and in what form does it appear? Surely Protestantism had become so weak as to require protection from the arm of a political party. Hays entertained no fears of the Pope of Rome when in power, does it fear his dominion this country now that he is dependent, foreign bayonets to preserve his dominion in Rome itself? It would be unjust to censure these resolutions as vague generalities, having no application to any existing law—the remedy for which was to be found in this new party organization. What, an, is their application? Do "the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church" point to a condition of things existing among us in the language of the Montgomery resolutions, "of men who recognize the right of religious denomination to political power, or the authority of any higher law than the constitution of the United States?" Against whom is the law to be enforced? It is vain to attempt disguise or prevarication. The alleged evil is declared to exist, and the new rule is to find its justification in the religious faith of our Catholic citizens—citizens secured in their faith, not by the written stipulations of our Federal and State constitutions, but, as with us, a solemn treaty stipulation "that the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the mean time shall be maintained, and protected, in the enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion they profess." Let these questions be answered, not by mere speculations, much less in the spirit of captiousness, but by the solemn acts and declarations of the most authoritative assembly. When before the grand council or convention, Philadelphia the delegation from Louisiana presented their party credentials—a delegation composed of men whose responsibility was not questioned, whose good faith was not suspected, they were spurned from the council, as unfit for the political brotherhood, because the lodge they presided held political communion with Catholics. It was in vain that the odious doctrine was denounced by them of an allegiance due to the constitution, or inconsistent with the highest discharge of po-

litical duties. It was in vain that the fact was recognized that the delegation contained but one Catholic (Gayarre, the distinguished historian.) There was no virtue, no party affinity, that could redeem their error, or "wash out the damned spot." In the judgment of this tribunal, no one could be a "true American" and a Catholic! Here, then, we have the new "American doctrine," explained by the "true Americans" themselves, and a practical application and development of their ambiguous resolves. Odious as all this appears, it must not be supposed that this party has originated any new development of power; religious intolerance is as old as the history of man. In this country, where freedom and equality, under the shadow of the law, walk hand in hand throughout the land, intolerance lies dormant in the breast, or, when excited into action, shrinks from the public eye. It is, however, fully entitled to the "bad eminence" of being the first in the history of our country which has dared openly to stimulate this feeling for political objects: thus in the name of Christianity itself, laying the train to light the torch of religious persecution.

If the leaders in this crusade were religious fanatics, we might respect their sincerity, though we denounced their action. But who are they? The Whig and Democratic parties are said to have become corrupt. But this new party, as you see, is very much controlled by the scum which the agitation of the old ones has thrown off. Look around, my dear sir, and inquire how many of those leaders have been noted for their piety, or characterized by devotional feeling, who now flaunt their religious robes in the face of every passer-by. How appropriately may they be described—

"With smooth dissimulation skilled to grace,  
A devil's purpose, with an angel's face."

I do not doubt the sincerity of the great mass of those who have been deluded into these lodges. I believe the mass of all parties to be honest; but I also believe that the great majority of their leaders are impelled by the hope of obtaining from a new organization the political promotion which they despaired of receiving from the old ones. What faith can we have in the sincerity of the men, now so zealous in their anti-Catholic professions, who but a few months ago made the air redolent with their cries against our present worthy Executive, because the constitution of New Hampshire excluded Catholics from office?

You perceive, I have treated the movement of the "Know Nothings" as a direct attack upon the constitution itself, because I really regard the plea which acknowledges that the Catholics are to be excluded by voluntary associations bound by oaths, but denies that any "legislative enactment" is to be resorted to for that purpose, as beneath criticism. Why, my dear sir, if the exclusion be justifiable and necessary, should it not be engrafted upon our constitution? If the people of these States should ever receive this bastard "Americanism" as true republicanism, what should prevent that opinion from being organized into law? Is law in this country anything else but organized public opinion? It is a weak and miserable design, which seeks by indirection, to effect the disfranchisement of a portion of our citizens, while it cowardly admits that the law which denounces this disfranchisement should be preserved unaltered.

I confess to you, my friend, that a few months ago I looked with feelings almost of despair upon the downward course of our political affairs. My confidence, however, is restored; the South, always conservative, always jealous of power, and comparatively free from those sudden excitements to which the denser populations of the North are subject, will vindicate the character which she has nobly earned. Virginia, the oldest of the sisters, has led the way to triumph; and Alabama, one of the youngest and fairest, will come out of her impending struggle radiant in victory, and with garments undefiled.

Let, however, the result be what it may, if the present brings no thanks to you and others, who have stood by the principle of religious equality and freedom, the future, the not distant future, will be yours.

Yours, most truly,  
P. PHILLIPS,  
Jno. Forsyth, Esq., Editor of "Register,"  
Mobile, Ala.

SWEARING.—The California Christian Advocate says: "An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of the suds, produced the desired result." The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

A colored woman, in a Sabbath School at Louisville, (Ky.), promised to give ten dollars when the collection for the Bible Society should be taken up in her church. She was told that it might be in part paid to constitute her a life member of the Society. She did not seem anxious for that, but said, "I will be a life giver to the Bible Society; that will be pleasant enough for me. That is all I want."

## Not Ashamed of Ridicule.

I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at an Academy in the B—. Among my school fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and the latter I looked upon as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and saucy, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look out for matter of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school he was seen driving a cow along the road towards a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson. "Hello!" he exclaimed! "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartly, waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often awarded. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "kew" after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your daddy means to make a milk-man of you." "Why not?" asked Hartly. "O nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys all laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if I ever should rise to be a milk man I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighboring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received one was young Masters, who three years ago rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar however, who had witnessed the accident from the distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services."

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grand-son of a poor widow, whose sole means of support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grand-son on whom she depended to drive the cow to the pasture, was now on his back, helpless. "Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted the offer.

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while.' 'O, no,' said the old woman; 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time."

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of our Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shrinking or dejected, and driving the widow's cow,

and wearing the thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a record of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not sink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson, before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed for his ill-natured raillery, and, after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we brake up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth, with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!—Ch. Witness.

## What Constitutes Riches.

"To be rich," says Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions, is the richer."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?'"

"I replied that that was my name."  
"Bill Marcy?" said he, I nodded assent.  
"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was and what he was driving at.  
"That's what I told 'em," cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; "I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, don't you know me, Bill?"

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red schoolhouse in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man and got rich I suppose!"

I shook my head and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: "Oh, yes, you are; I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Controller for— for a long time, and the next we heard of you, you was Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, ghd to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "I hain't got nothing to complain of; I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State."

"And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash." And he was rich; for he was satisfied.

Contentment is the true source of happiness.

## A Good Old One.

Subjoin we one of the best stories on record. A little old, we grant, but there is rich humor all through it. Many of our readers will not have seen it before. Here it is:

Dr. Mackenzie tells us with great good humor an anecdote in the New York Union which we before heard verbally related. It is all about a certain lady Middleton, who, contrary to the most anxious wish, was unblest with any children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord in England, she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates.

As the carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her, relative to the cause of her fecundity; she, therefore, next day made her way to the porter's lodge, and commenced her inquiries.

"Whose children are these my good old woman?"

"All my own, good lady."  
"What three infants of the same age?"  
"Yes, my lady, I had three the last time."  
"How long are you married?"  
"Three years, your ladyship."  
"And how many children have you?"  
"Seven, my lady."

At last came the question—how she came to have the children? The poor woman not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not well knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last, for want of something better to say, replied: "I think it must be the potatoes, my lady."

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded, "the potatoes! Do you eat much of them?"

"Oh, yes, lady, very seldom we have bread, and so take potatoes all the year round."

Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked: "And where do you get your potatoes?"

"We grow them in our little garden, sure Pat tills it?"

"Well," said Lady Middleton, "send me up a cart load of these potatoes, and the steward shall pay you well for them."

Shortly after her ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed had left it, when the matron ran after her, and, blushing as she put the question, asked: "Ah, then my lady, is it to have children that you want the load of potatoes?"

It was the lady's turn to blush as she confessed that it was.

"Because I'm thinkin' my lady, in that case Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself."

## Draining by Wells.

We find the following on this subject in the Country Gentleman:

Messrs. Editors: You wish to know if land can be drained by wells. I have made one experiment only, and that was entirely successful. I owned a piece of land on which there was a basin of about three-fourths of an acre, which received the surplus water of at least ten acres. It would sometimes be from two to three feet deep in the centre. The water stood in the basin at least eight months in a year, and the basin was full, every hard rain, the other four months. On the 3d of August 1845, I dug a well nine feet deep in the centre of the basin, and came to living water, which rose very rapidly, so much so, that I expected to see it run over the top in a short time. I think the water rose two feet in ten minutes and then stopped and remained at that depth until a heavy rain of three days.

I then went to look at the well, expecting to find it full and running over; but to my utter astonishment, there was not more than two and a half feet in the well. It had risen about four feet during the storm, I should judge, by the marks on the side of the well. There must have been a great quantity of water run into the well, as at least ten acres discharged its surplus water into it, and the rain fell in torrents during three days. I then dug four open drains leading into the well, and the land has been sufficiently dry for wheat, corn, oats, or grass ever since. It has been in grass for the last 12 years, and has borne a heavy crop of first rate hay.

I should advise, in all instances, to dig until you come to living water, and then the water will pass off in the fissures of the earth. I have not the least doubt but almost any spring can be drained by digging a well at a little distance, and leading the water into it. I would state that I filled the well full of stones, thinking it would be cheaper to dig a few feet than to stone it and keep it covered, if it should fail to carry off the water.

GREAT YIELD.—We learn that on a field of seven acres adjoining the Swedish Iron Works, in Union District, 302 1/2 bushels of fine wheat were raised the present season, being at the rate of 53 1/2 bushels to the acre. It was sown with 300 lbs. of Guano.

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