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MISCELLANY.

[From the Spartburg Express.]
To the Democrats of the Fifth Congressional District.

Fellow Citizens: In obedience to the appointment made by the State Democratic Convention, held at Columbia, on the 5th and 6th of May last, in company with the other Delegates then and there appointed, I attended the National Democratic Convention, and participated in its proceedings. The result of that Convention is already well known to you. And though the nominee for the Presidency is not the one whom you or the Democracy of South Carolina would have chosen, I will not allow myself to believe there can be any doubt as to the support he will receive from the Democracy of the Fifth Congressional District.

To carry out what I believed to be your wish and judgment, approved by my own, I voted with the entire Delegation from South Carolina, first for President Pierce, and then for Senator Douglas, until the names of these gentlemen were each withdrawn by the delegations from their respective States. Mr. Buchanan being thus left the only one of the three original candidates, I did not hesitate to cast my vote promptly and cordially for him.

That Mr. Buchanan's nomination was not a repudiation of President Pierce's or Mr. Douglas's principles, as some of his opponents allege, I think is obvious from several facts.

As between Mr. Buchanan and President Pierce, Mr. Buchanan was a citizen of Pennsylvania, Mr. Pierce a citizen of New Hampshire. The numerical strength of New Hampshire in the Convention was five votes; that of Pennsylvania was twenty-seven votes. The "surroundings" of New Hampshire were Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts, all including New Hampshire, having a vote of twenty-six; the "surroundings" of Pennsylvania were New York, Ohio, Virginia and Maryland, having together a vote of one hundred and eight. Again, New Hampshire was urging the reelection of her son, and in that encountered all the opposition of the "one-term" idea, which not many years back almost became a part of the Democratic creed—many believing that the policy of re-electing was calculated to make Presidents more solicitous to secure a second term than to administer the first term faithfully. On the other hand, Pennsylvania was urging the claims of a son who not only was never President, but who was a citizen of a State from whom a President had never been chosen, notwithstanding she was one of the "Old Thirteen," and the largest State, save only one in the Union. The contest, therefore, was not between Mr. Buchanan and President Pierce, as representatives of different opinions, so much as it was between New Hampshire and Pennsylvania. The result was a most natural under the circumstances. Especially as we might have expected this result, when we remember that in addition to the attendant circumstances—"the surroundings"—just mentioned, Mr. Buchanan stood before that Convention the senior, by many years, of either of his competitors, and though he did not bear on his person the scars of battle recently fought, yet was covered with the "scars" of many a well-fought battle in the past, and covered with fresh laurels for peaceful conquests made in foreign fields by his able and conciliatory diplomacy. But a prominent fact, which shows that Mr. Buchanan's nomination was not the triumph of an anti-slavery wing of the Democracy, is that Virginia, the largest slaveholding State, not only presented his name to the Convention, but with Louisiana, Tennessee and Maryland, was among the warmest and most active supporters. True, Tennessee gave a few votes first for President Pierce, and then for Senator Douglas; but it was only before the Convention assembled

that the delegation from that State, after complimenting Messrs. Pierce and Douglas, would go over to Mr. Buchanan, who was their real choice. Virginia, Louisiana and Maryland voted for Mr. Buchanan, from the first. Mr. Buchanan, moreover, may almost be considered as the first choice of the Democracy, not only of Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee and Maryland, but also of North Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, making seven out of the fourteen slave States. For the three States last named in the Convention of 1852, which nominated Mr. Pierce, declared Mr. Buchanan to be their first choice, and one or more of them voted for him to the 20th ballot.—Where is the evidence of his being less sound now than then? Even those who have assailed Democracy at all times, and who now object most strenuously to Mr. Buchanan, have to go far back into the past, and exhumed rusty records to find any thing like semblance of unsoundness on the slavery question. In the nomination of Mr. Buchanan over President Pierce there is certainly some encouragement given to a portion of the Democratic party, in that it shows we need not dread so much, as some of us have heretofore dreaded, the absorbing and centralizing influence of the Executive power wielded through its patronage. In this respect the nomination of Mr. Buchanan speaks volumes in behalf of the permanency of the Republic on its confederate and State rights basis.

As between Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Douglas there existed all the adventitious circumstances, and to nearly the same degree, as between Mr. Buchanan and President Pierce. In addition, it was urged by the friends of Mr. Buchanan (and with some truth, it must be confessed) that Mr. Douglas was young enough to wait until another election; while some of Mr. Douglas' warmest admirers thought that four years would give an increased experience that would not be without its advantages even to one so distinguished as Senator Douglas for his "giant intellect." Again: had Mr. Douglas received the nomination, the party, the South, the country, would have lost the labors of his brilliant talents in the vindication of the principles of the party. And, after all there are many men more particular as to names than things—men than principles—and who when once convinced, are perfectly willing to march under a new banner, provided it be not borne by the one under whose leadership they have been forced to surrender. There are no doubt thousands of Northern people who, from the thorough discussion of constitutional principles by Senator Douglas and others, in the Senate and elsewhere, would willingly give in their adherence to those principles, provided they be not required to surrender to one against whom they were so recently embittered. Those who expect to find in reality the fabled Utopia may sneer at such a consideration as a sacrifice of principle to "availability," but let it be called what it may, the fact cannot be controverted. Those who would govern human nature must look to the characteristics of that nature, and, as far as possible, control them to the purposes of good. It ought to be remembered, too, that the union of President Pierce's and Mr. Douglas' friends upon Mr. Buchanan, instead of endeavoring to start some "new man," was bringing back the party to its earlier usages, when the honors of the country were awarded to those who had earned them by long and laborious services. However much we may admire the administrations of President Polk and Pierce, it cannot be denied that the taking up "new men" in order to unite the party, thereby distributing the highest honors of the country by a plan favoring more of chance than merit, not only contributed to lessen the respectability of our Government in the eyes of foreign powers, but was calculated to exercise a most deleterious influence upon our public servants, and might have proved a source of national decline.

But all doubt as to the soundness of the Democratic party and their nominee vanishes the moment we turn to the proceedings of the Convention. There we find resolutions, unanimously adopted, endorsing the administration of President Pierce, and pledging the Democratic party to the maintenance of the rights of the South, which latter resolutions have been formally and unqualifiedly endorsed by Mr. Buchanan. And in relation to the unanimity with which these resolutions were adopted, it is but right I should say, that though I went there convinced, in the main, of the soundness of the party, in reference to our peculiar institutions, I was nevertheless agreeably surprised to find that, among the delegates, from all quarters of the North, one of the prominent ideas was that *Black Republicanism must be put down, and peace given to the country, by the protection and enforcement of the Constitutional rights of every section.* I took particular pains to ascertain the informal opinions of the Northern Democracy. I went, from a sense of duty, every night during the sitting of the Convention, to the mass meetings of the Democracy of Cincinnati. I wanted to see what kind of speeches were made before the "rank and file" of the Northern Democracy. I wanted to see whether Democratic leaders spoke the sentiment of Democratic masses. At these meetings I heard speakers of Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania,

Delaware, Indiana and California denounce Free-soilism and Abolitionism in as fierce and unmeasured terms as I ever heard in South Carolina. There, too, I heard speakers of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Missouri, draw forth thunders of deafening applause as they painted the wrong which Free-soilism seeks to inflict on the South, and the determination of the Southern people to stand fast by their rights to their slave property. No man, in my opinion, could have attended those meetings, whatever might have been his opposition to Democracy, without being convinced that whatever Democracy might be, it is the same in Pennsylvania as in Virginia, in Indiana as in Georgia, and in Connecticut as in Missouri. I may say also, that being necessarily thrown much in the way of Democrats of the North, in railroad cars, in reading rooms and in hotels, and under circumstances to be obliged to hear much of their conversation among themselves, I testify with pleasure, to the invariable nationality that characterized their conversation and the uncompromising hostility they evinced towards Black Republicanism in all its phases. I do not hesitate to say that wherever the Democratic flag shall be unfurled in the coming canvass, whether in Maine or Texas, in Virginia or Oregon, there will be found those who would give security to our rights, and in the language of Mr. Buchanan, "allay the dangerous excitement which has for some years prevailed on the subject of domestic slavery; and again unite all sections of our common country in the ancient bonds of brotherly affection under the flag of the Constitution and the Union."

But I need not dwell longer on this point; the relation, in virtue of which I address you, is proof that you are acquainted with the condition of things—that you appreciate the magnitude of the interests at stake—that you sympathize with those who are fighting your battles and that you will cheer them in the hour of their trial by the evidence of your interest and sympathy. I have good reason for saying that the appearance of a delegation from South Carolina in the National Convention was hailed with pleasure by both Northern and Southern Democrats. To say that we shall not take any interest in the mighty conflict now being waged, with strong hopes of success, for the preservation of Constitutional principles, is at war with our interest, no less than it is in contravention of our duty. The fear indulged by some that we cannot allow our sympathies to go out towards those who are perilling little less than their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors" in behalf of the Constitution, without being enticed from our devotion to the reserved rights of the State and the discharge of the duties that might ultimately arise therefrom, is not only groundless in fact, but basely slanderous of the character of our people.

Having then a party purified of all alloy, and made worthy of its fame in the days when our Calhouns, our Lounises and our Cheyesses were among its most active members, with a noble standard bearer worthy to rank with the Fathers of the Republic, let us render to the nomination of the National Convention that support which we are not only in duty doubly bound to render, but which will show our friends abroad that confidence is met with confidence. Let every shout of victory from whatever point of the compass it may come, meet the response of sympathizing hearts. Let every Democratic flag that shall be waved in triumph, whether over the Hills of the East or the Prairies of the West, the heights of the Appalachian or the cliffs of the Rocky Mountains—let them all be recognized as symbols of the success of our cause. Their principles are our principles—their defeat would be our defeat—their victories will be our victories.

May success—full, brilliant and overwhelming—crown the efforts of our Democratic friends; and may the time soon come when the fruits of such success—peace, security and happiness—shall be again enjoyed by all sections of the country.

JAMES FARROW.

Spartburg C. H., S. C., June 30, '56.

FROM KANSAS.—St. Louis, July 9.—Advices from Topeka, Kansas, to the 4th, state that the Free State Convention met on the 2d, and passed resolutions in favor of the Republican party, and appealing to their friends in Congress to refuse all appropriations until Kansas should be admitted as a Free State. The President's and Gov. Shannon's proclamations were read, and also a letter from Col. Sumner, stating that he would disperse the Legislature. About 800 were present, all armed. On the 4th Sumner, with 200 dragoons and two cannon, arrived and ordered the Legislature to disperse, and they complied. The Convention was preparing resolutions endorsing the State Government and the Topeka Constitution. Fears of an invasion kept large numbers from attending.

Charles F. M. Garnett, of Richmond, Virginia, now chief engineer of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, has received the appointment of chief engineer of the Don Pedro Railroad, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with a salary of \$15,000.

Sukay Smith.

Miss Sukay Smith had sixteen hair,
Her daddy had the pewter,
Her eyes were gray, and looked serene
Upon her favored suitor.
That suitor was a jolly youth,
So nimble, like the and brawny,
The yellow fever took him off
Away to California.
And when I heard that he was gone,
"It's now," said I "or never!"
I shaved myself and greased my shoes,
And tried to look right clever.
I rigged myself from top to toe
And caught and mounted Dobbin,
But all the way I rode along
My heart it kept a throbbing.
And when I reached her daddy's house,
It still kept up a thumping,
But when I saw the lovely maid
It kinder stopped a jumpin'.
'Twas half-past ten, when at her feet
I knelt, and yet, ere dinner,
With honeyed speech and winning ways,
I had contrived to win her.
Some months elapsed—to set the day
I now began to press her,
I urged, entreated, plead in vain—
In vain did I caress her.
While matters were thus cross and pile,
My clothes all growing seedy,
My rival from the mines returned,
Still for Miss Sukay greedy.
I saw him kinder side up
And slip his arm around her
When heaven and earth! she let him kiss
Them precious lips! Confound her!
I told her that I was surprised—
My eyes had sure deceived me—
And asked her to renew her vows,
And from suspense relieve me.
When, don't you think, the farnal gal,
Her thumb up to her smeller,
Her fingers wriggled, as she said—
"Can't come it, little fellow."

Queer Tom.

Tom Flosser was the queerest boy I ever knew. I can't think he ever cried—I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner, whistling and say: "What makes you cry, my infant! can you cry tulips? do you think every sob makes a root or blossom? Here let's try and root them!" So he would pluck up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to look at a pretty snake, or hunt a hen's nest in the barn. Neither did he do anything differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string, and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still one moment, and then tured around to come home whistling all the time. "Why, Tom," said I, "ain't you sorry to lose that kite?" "Yes! but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad; 'sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another." "Just so when he broke his leg." "Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "you can't play any mo-o-o-re!" "I'm not poor either. You cry for me; I don't cry for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table, for I say it over till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches?" Tom Flosser was queer, certainly, but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.—*School-Fellow.*

Arrested.

A man calling himself Samuel Long, was arrested and brought to the jail of this district, on suspicion, some week or two since. He is still lodged in jail awaiting further developments; although as yet there seems to be no very clear case made out against him. He was first suspected from offering to sell a very fine horse, in several parts of the district, at quite a reduced price. Afterwards, we are informed, he attempted to induce a negro woman to go off with him to Mississippi. This it was that determined a party of gentlemen on the Ridge to arrest him. In doing so, they acted, luckily, with great care and promptness, one of them presenting a pistol at him before he became aware of their intentions, while the click of several double barrel guns told him at the same time that resistance was useless. Upon examining the prisoner's person, after he had been given over to the jailor, it was found that he was armed with a very large and superior Colt's Repeater, and had as many as 112 balls quitted up and tied around his waist, about \$360, mostly gold. The horse he rode is a large, fine looking bay, and is valued by good judges at \$200. In stature this man is rather short, not measuring more than five feet eight inches in height. He is stout and well set, with dark complexion, dark hair and dark eyes. He has also a black beard, and his face has that whitish appearance which a face recently shorn of whiskers usually has. We mention this, because we see a proclamation for a murderer by the Governor of Georgia, which describes just such a man as this, and with the last named peculiarity specified.—*Edgfield Advertiser.*

The Way to Talk.

We find the following card in the last Yorkville Enquirer, signed by Hon. I. D. Witherspoon, and Col. R. McCaw, candidates for the Senate in that District. The example is well worthy of imitation and we should hail with great joy the advent of the day when the glorious privilege of the ballot box shall be free from the dishonoring and corrupting influence of intoxicating drink. It is a disgrace and insult to any man, when a candidate employs such means to get his vote. The people are beginning to regard it in that light.—*Camden Journal.*

"We the undersigned candidates for Senator of York District in the Legislature of South Carolina, each for himself, hereby pledge our honor to each other and to the people whom we seek to represent not to employ, hereafter, directly or indirectly, any alcoholic or intoxicating drink for the purpose of influencing or procuring votes during the present canvass; nor directly or indirectly to sanction such use by any friend, nor to pay for the same hereafter, if any such use be made; and all deposits, orders or funds contravening this agreement, if such there be, are recalled and discontinued."

I. D. WITHERSPOON,
R. G. McCaw.

If you can but tune your passions, and reduce them to harmony by reason, you will render yourself as pleasant and easy as the birds and beasts were in Orpheus' theatre, when they listened to his harp.
I fear unruly passions more than the arrows of an enemy, and the slavery of them more than the fetters of a conqueror.
Think not to reap in seed time, or sow in harvest.

A Great Country for a Lazy Man.

Dr. McBean, in his lecture on Nicaragua, on Monday night, drew a picture of what could be done in that country by a man who was not disposed to waste time in labor, and yet wished to live independent. The government gave him 280 acres of land, and the first necessity was for a house. This was quickly supplied by the placing of four posts uprightly in the ground, the spaces between which were filled with the common cane which grew in abundance around, and then plastering with mud. The roof was then thatched with grass, and the house was thus completed. Little or no furniture was needed, a hammock answering all purposes of a bed and seat, and almost any kind of earthen vessel would answer to cook in.

The next care was to plant about a dozen banana or plantain trees, which needed no future care; planted with yams, which, if properly placed, would yield enormously. The common frijol and Lima beans would grow with the yams, as well as other vegetables, and the native fruits of the country were almost indigenous. The plantains and yams would yield more than enough for the subsistence of an entire family, and game of every variety could be shot almost from the door of the house. The climate was such as to render little or no clothing absolutely necessary, and thus, with one month's labor, a man can fix himself comfortably for a year. Isn't that the country for a lazy man?—*N. O. Picayune.*

Some Nose.

The following incident we had from a friend who knows the parties:—Deacon Comstock, of Hartford, Connecticut, is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a large nose, in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed with an uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects as these had he ever witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret however leaked out.—He had been afflicted for a day or two with a slight sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster on it. During the day referred to, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas he picked up instead, one of those little pieces of paper which are pasted on the end of every spool of cotton, and which reads as follows: "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose, was enough to upset the gravity of even a puritan congregation, and we think the laughing justifiable.

Print it in Letters of Gold.

A father whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities, bade the boy to drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions and set about reforming himself. One by one the nails are drawn out, the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults.

"They are all drawn out," said the parent. The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness. With a heavy heart he replied: "True father; but the scars are still there." Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps, make a useful member of society; but alas! the scars are there! The reformed drunkard, gambler and thief is only the wreck of the man he once was; he is covered with scars—dishonorable scars—which will figure his character as long as he shall live.

CONDEMNED BY HIS CONGREGATION.

The Rev. Mr. Tyng, of the Church of the Epiphany at Philadelphia, in a sermon on the present troubles of the country, introduced Kansas and the Sumner and Brooks difficulty. He inveighed with much severity against "the institution," and used very unbecoming language for the pulpit. Dr. Caspar Wistar rose and reproved him for degrading the Sabbath and the church, and many withdrew. On the next morning the Vestry and Wardens passed manifold resolutions disapproving of the introduction of politics and sectional opposition into his pulpit. The sermon has been published and is extremely offensive. We are pleased to record the very proper action of the Vestry on the occasion.—*Carolinian.*

TO PREVENT CABBAGES FROM GROWING LONG SHAMES.—To secure the solid heads on those stalks that tempt a disposition to grow to what are commonly known as "long heads," take a handful of stub it through the stalk about the middle, insert a small piece of wood to keep the incision open, which will check the growth. By doing this good heads of cabbage may be secured on every stalk.