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TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

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DAVIS & HOLLINGSWORTH,
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MISCELLANY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

The Slavery Question.

"Truth, like a torch, the more it's shooed, it shines."

"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

These venerable proverbs give us confidence yet, in the position of the South on the question of slavery.

The truth on this subject was never shaken before as it is now. Error has had the ear of the world for a long time; but the tables are turned, and the press now teems with papers, with pamphlets, and with books on the pro-slavery side. The intellect of the South is fully aroused; the subject is discussed in every aspect, social, political, economical, moral, and religious. This conflict cannot fail to be of advantage to the cause of truth, and to those who thus assail hoary and universal error.

One feature in the discussion is striking. Philosophers, Statesmen and Divines alike, refuse to stop short of fundamental principles, and base their firmest arguments on the Bible.

The reasoning from the Bible is the strongest point in Prof. Bledsoe's recent works on Liberty and Slavery. The same scriptural considerations form the overwhelming demonstration with which Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, concludes his able speech in the last Congress.

The Rev. Dr. Palmer, in an address, at the late commencement at Athens, took the same ground, and urged that the South should assume an offensive position, and require her assailants to prove slavery to be wrong if they can.

Thus the whole South is arraying itself on the platform of the Bible, as the only secure standpoint on this vexed question. This gives us immense advantage of position. The Bible clearly sanctions the institution; the world cannot long fail to see it; when this is made plain, as it eventually will be, the North and England must admit the justice of the institution, or reject the Bible. When forced to a decision upon this issue, we are persuaded that the Christian people of both hemispheres will maintain their faith in the word of God. We venture the prediction that in the course of the next ten years, a great revulsion in public sentiment will take place, and that the principles of the South will be generally received as truth. Then slavery will be as indestructible as any other relationship of life; and abolitionism will sink to a level with other species of gross wickedness, and

be every where ranked with the doctrines of Fourierism, Mormonism, Free-love and Woman's rights.

Abolitionism is really a religious heresy, as well as a social error and a political lie. Fortunately, however, the scriptures so plainly rebuke it, that it must be abandoned, or retained as an infidel position. This was apparent in the recent conversation reported by Mr. Yeaton, as having occurred between himself and Parker and Garrison, in New York. He urged the scriptural argument; they endeavored to elude its force; failing in this, they renounced its authority.

The triumph of Abolitionism would be the overthrow of christianity; the rights of the slaveholding communities are in this great struggle identified with the integrity of God's word. If it fall, we must yield, if it stand, we shall be victorious. This is a sublime position. We calmly wait the issue. Clothed in this celestial armour, we feel ourselves strong against the world.

The Crisis—Position of the South if Fremont be elected.

Mr. Fremont's election on anti-slavery grounds merely, will virtually exclude the South from all share in the Executive Government, since no man of honor can accept a seat in the cabinet while he condemns the election and the policy of the President. No doubt Southern men will be found ready to take office under Mr. Fremont, but to consider them as representatives of the South would be about as reasonable as to have considered Benedict Arnold a General in the American Armies after he had deserted to those of England.

To tell the South that she is represented by men who are put in office only because they are against her, is adding insult to injury. It is equivalent to notifying her that unless will adopt renegades as her representatives she shall have none.

Mr. Fremont's election will, therefore, virtually exclude the South from all share in the power of appointing to office, in the dispensation of fifty or sixty millions of the common revenue, in the granting of numerous lucrative contracts, in the command of the army and navy, in the execution of the laws, in the negotiation of treaties, and most important of all, in the veto power. And this will be done, avowedly, because she claims ten out of the twenty-five States and territories allied to the Union since its formation, and really, because she has retained institutions which existed in twelve of the thirteen States when the confederation was formed. It is a penalty for not changing her opinions and institutions in conformity with the change of her progressiveness.

She lags behind what is called the spirit of the age; she brings disgrace upon the nation by clinging to notions that the North having recently shuffled off, has a peculiar right to denounce; she may remain where she is if she behave herself; but if she attempt to colonize one square mile of the territory belonging to her in part, if she pollute its freesoil with her execrable and loathsome institution, she shall be shut out of the government altogether.

Supposing the spirit of the age right, and the institution as execrable as it is represented to be, does that confer a right upon the North to exclude us from the government? Was not that institution respected in the formation of the government, and its protection made a condition of the Union? and if one of the parties change its opinion with regard to it, and chooses to consider as wrong what the Constitution treated as right, are we to be punished and degraded for insisting on the Constitution the standard of right and wrong, instead of resorting to the ever changing views of our capricious co-States? No one disputes the right of those States to abhor and execrate slavery to their heart's content, and to break off all connection with it. They may go whenever they please. But we deny that they can rightfully remain connected with the institution, and condemn it as a crime, or punish us for retaining it. If the South submits to such treatment she will be deeply dishonored.

We shall be told that exclusion from the Executive Government is no dishonor; that it is must be the case with the minority States; every election, who are represented, if at all, by persons differing from them. We do not complain of being in the minority. We are ready to submit cheerfully to that condition, when constitutionally imposed on us; but we do complain of a vote, which, in violation of the Constitution, excludes us permanently from the Government, and subverts its fundamental principles. We complain that the Government is revolutionized; that the institution of slavery recognized by the Constitution, as no cause of exclusion, but, on the contrary, as conferring the right to Governmental power, is now made by a *coup d'etat* the ground of banishment from the Federal Executive. The Union we formed was a Union of slave States. Mr. Fremont's election will convert it into a subjection of slave States to the rule of abolitionized States. Can we submit with safety or honor to be conquered?

Fortunately for us, perhaps, we are not called on to decide on an abstract question of honor. Southern honor has been greatly derided of late. That it existed once, none will deny, and it remains to be seen whether it sleeps with the death of our revolutionary sires, or still lives among their sons.

Safety, as well as honor, counsel resistance to the meditated revolution. We cannot submit without the prospect of dangers, before which disunion and civil war are as nothing.

The first effect of the change will be the annihilation of the veto power, so far as the South is concerned. The next will be the remodeling of the Federal Judiciary as vacancies occur, and the introduction of Abolitionism on the bench of the supreme and inferior tribunals. The Senate will fall in the natural course of events, at no very distant day, and the whole Federal Government, in all its branches and dependencies, will become hostile to slavery. We shall then be viewed by this Government, as the London Star views us, the British Government will look upon us, when we implore permission to return to our former allegiance, we shall be considered as "a colony of lepers," and "a gang of convicted felons." Of course, our treatment will be accordingly.

But it will be said this is mere conjecture—that we should not act upon uncertainties in so grave a matter, but wait for some overt act of aggression—that the Senate will be sound for a time at least, and in the meanwhile reason and moderation may resume its constitutional and no ground of resistance, and that prudence requires us not to act hastily, but to try his administration before we condemn it.

So we should do, if the trial were safe and prudent. But we must remember that the trial itself consolidates the power of his party by giving it time to carry out its policy. We do not suppose that overt acts of aggression will come first, no matter how violent the leaders of the Republican party may be. They are adroit politicians, and not such bunglers to resort at first to the vulgar means of force and intimidation. Much will be done to open the way for force before that is resorted to. The powers of corruption will be first tried to weaken and divide the South. Efforts will be made to draw a marked line between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding classes, by confining the favors of the government to the latter.

Non-slaveholders will find themselves the sole recipients of Executive patronage, and the eye of the man hath not seen the joys that will be prepared for such of them as may become anti-slaveholding as well as non-slaveholding. Non-slaveholders will see themselves flattered and caressed, and slaveholders degraded and submitting to that degradation; and may well excuse themselves for taking up arms in defence of men who will not defend themselves. No efforts will be spared to build up a strong minority in the South; and it with chains of gold to the Federal Government. These overt acts may begin to dawn upon us, almost imperceptible at first, but gradually looming up into the dimensions of open war. As matters now stand, the Army and navy are weak, the fortifications in the Southern harbors unfinished, weakly garrisoned, and many of them commanded by Southern officers. Of course this State of things will be quietly rectified. The forts will be finished, the garrisons strengthened, and entrusted to men who may be relied on. Such public property as might be seized in the Southern States—arms, munitions, the contents of sub-treasuries ships in the dock-yards, and the like—will be quietly withdrawn.

Then slavery in the District of Columbia, in the forts and dock-yards, and the slave trade between the States will be abolished, Kansas rejected if she adopt slavery, the fugitive slave law repealed, and if the South be maddened to resist the effort will be made to "subjugate her to freedom."

Is there any reason to hope for a favorable change in public sentiment at the North on the subject of slavery? Certainly, in the long run, as truth is greater than error, we may look for such change; but not in the brief breathing time the Senate will give us. Abolitionism, unlike other isms, is fortified by sectional hate and its consequent blindness. Nothing can be more difficult than to get the North right with regard to slavery, for it hears unwillingly anything favorable to us or our institutions, while the exaggerations of Uncle Tom's Cabin are eagerly received as a true picture of slavery. Moreover the North, especially New England, is much influenced by the British press, and England must be set right before the North can become permanently composed. This is the work of many long years, and in the meanwhile we may be destroyed.

Richmond Enquirer.

VALUE OF REPUTATION.—Daniel Webster, when a young lawyer, was employed in a case for which he received a fee of eighteen dollars. Later in life he was employed in a similar case, and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief which he had prepared for the first case.

Forever and Forever.

The subjoined sweet fancy is from the Dublin University Magazine:

A maid reclined by a stream
At fall of summer day;
And half awake and half a dream,
She watched the ripples' play;
She marked the waters fall and heave,
The deeping shadows throng,
And heard, as darkened down the eve,
The river's babbling song;
And thus it sung, with twinkling tongue,
That rippling shadowy river—
"Youth's brightest day will fade away,
Forever and forever!"

The twilight passed, the moon at last
Rose broadly o'er the night,
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams
As wrought in silver bright,
The heaving waters glide along,
But mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the shadows rejoice,
And thus he sung, with tuneful tongue,
That bird beside the river—
"When youth is gone true love shines on,
Forever and forever."

Anecdote of Hogarth.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of All Things."
"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."
"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denotes the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old firelock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, a crown in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the World's End tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone and chains which held it falling down, Phoebus and his horse dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, time with his hour glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play-book open, with "excut omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken up against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taken his pencil, in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done—all is over."

It is a remarkable and well known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known perhaps that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.

Anecdotes of English Artists.

Death of George Steers.

This eminent naval architect met with a sudden death on the 26th ult., and our country has been deprived of one, in the very vigor of manhood, being only thirty-seven years of age, who has rendered his name famous throughout the world. While proceeding in a wagon to Long Neck, L. I., to bring home his wife, his horse ran away, and having jumped out of the wagon with a view of stopping the animal, he was struck by the wagon and prostrated senseless on the middle of the road. In this situation he was discovered by some person who knew him, and who were riding in a carriage; he was then instantly taken up and driven to his house in Cannon st., this city, where medical aid was quickly obtained, but was of no avail; the spirit departed at 10 o'clock in the evening.

In 1853 the name of George Steers became a national theme of praise, on account of the splendid triumph of the yacht *America*—of which he was the builder—in England. It then won the prize as the fastest yacht of all nations in a contest with the yachts of the Royal Club. Since then he has built the yacht *Julia*, which has carried off the prize in every regatta which she has entered. He was selected, from his known ability, to build the great steam frigate *Niagara*—the only one of the six new frigates constructed by private parties; he was also the naval architect of the *Adriatic*—the new Collin's steamer. Both of these great steamers are splendid specimens of his skill, but he has not been permitted to witness their full completion; death has closed his eyes before they have been able to make their trial trips, which are expected to come off this month.

Although cut off so suddenly he has lived long enough to leave his mark on the page of history—a nobler one than that of many distinguished statesmen—he was the builder of the yacht *America*.

An Incident.

During Mr. Polk's canvass of the State, a rich scene occurred at a tavern in Franklin county, where he stopped. The son of the England Isle, late importations, having heard that Mr. Polk was there, wished to see him. Pat makes a wager with his partner of a pint of whiskey, which was readily taken, that he could not only see Mr. Polk, but dine with him. Pat enters the dinner room, meets the porter, and asks to see that great man Mr. Polk that's going to be Governor of the State. "You cannot see him, for he and three other gentlemen are dining at present." Och! I've come tin miles out of me way to see him! "You can't see him, I tell you." "Well just open the door a wee bit yar, and let me peep in." "Well, there he is—that man with a long head at the end of the table." As soon as the door was opened Pat ran up to the table, with, "How are yees, Mister Polk? I'm pleased to see you, an I've come tin miles out of me way to do it." "You are very welcome," replied Mr. Polk, and went on finishing his dinner. "What news did you bring from Ireland?" "Well, yer honor, the latest news I know of was a cow that had five calves." "Well that's very strange, my friend, a cow having only four teats?" "How did the fifth calf make out?" The lord love yer honor, it does as I'm doing now." "How's that?" "Standing here looking on, while the other four of yees is feasting yerselves." "Sit down Pat, you shall have some dinner." Of course Pat sat down and eat a hearty dinner, in the course of which he drank two glasses of wine. "Now, lord love yer honor, when I return to ould Ireland I can tell the people there that I ate dinner and drank three glasses of wine with one of the greatest men in the United States." How can you say that when you have drank but two?" "Yis, yer honor, I know that but I know you will not let me go home with a lie in my mouth." Of course Pat drank the other glass of wine and then left, showering his blessings on Mr. Polk till outside the door.—*St. Louis Republican*.

Great Pedestrian Feat.

Paddy Hoops, the celebrated pedestrian, but better known as Lord's and the various Commons in the neighborhood of London as the "Ammermith Antelope," is still carrying on his Herculean feat of walking round a lady in full dress one hundred times in one hundred consecutive days. He is now in his second week, and looks as fresh as when he started. There are bets to a considerable amount that Paddy will never be able to complete his arduous undertaking. What makes it all the more difficult is that a fresh lady is substituted every day. It has been observed that the dresses of these various ladies, instead of decreasing, are actually getting bigger almost every week. What the size, therefore, will be before the 90th, much less the 100th, day is completed, the most elastic imagination snaps, like an over-stretched piece of India rubber, in its vain effort to comprehend. It is also feared that there will be no open space large enough in the vicinity of the metropolis to admit of the experiment, as soon as it has expanded to its fullest dimensions, being fairly tried. In the meantime, however, Paddy displays uncommon pluck. His unflinching good humor and cheerfulness under his trying labors win smiles of approval even from his fairest ramparts. We wish the brave fellow every success, and shall from week to week make a point, or several points rather, of recording the onward march of his iron-tipped bluchers and undaunted perseverance.—*Punch*.

A CHEAP ICE HOUSE.—Any person, in the country, where timber is cheap, can erect an ice house at but little expense. All that is required is to put up a strong frame for the size of house required, and board it up close, inside and outside, with a space between, all around. This space is stuffed close with straw, or dry saw dust.—The roof is made in the same manner, and the house is then complete. Straw and saw dust are cheap and good non-conductors. The house should be situated on a dry spot, and should have a drain under the floor. It should also be convenient, to be filled easily. The walls of stone and brick ice houses should be double, as well as those of wood. Great care should be exercised in packing ice; all the blocks should be clear and solid, and about the same thickness, and frozen into a solid mass. In favorable situations good ice houses may be excavated, like caves, in the face of a hill.

THE ALABAMA COTTON CROP.—The Selma Reporter, of Wednesday evening last says: "It is now reduced to a certainty that the present cotton crop will be exceedingly short. Notwithstanding the disastrous spring and summer which we had, yet hopes had been entertained from later indications that the crop would be an average one; but the early frost has now completely dispelled ever hope, and accounts from every quarter have now satisfied every sensible man that we are to have the shortest crop which we have had for many years past. Many of our planters will finish picking this week, and in the course of a few weeks the whole crop of Alabama will be gathered."

THE SHADOW OF THE BILLOW.—The following incident was communicated by Sir John McNeill: "A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unremitting care this was accomplished, and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feelings was by kissing her shadow, when it fell on his pillow as she passed through the yard on her nightly visit."

THE COURT AND JUDGE O'NEAL.—Our Court of Common Pleas progresses with unusual dispatch. Judge O'Neal seems resolved to clear the docket if possible. His energy and ability increases with his gray hairs, and evidence him one of the first Judicial Officers of his day. His honor was born for the Law, and would have adorned any bench in any country. Now sixty-three years of age, he is still entering in the discharge of his onerous duties and more than ever, faithful to the almost unerring dictates of an enlightened judgment. A truer public servant, South Carolina has never had. He has won, and wears with veteran propriety, the highest honors of his calling. When we look upon his venerable mien and frosted locks, it is with regret that we remember any lightness of comment heretofore made upon his character and course by the press of his States. May he be spared many years, still further to enstamp his usefulness upon the legal annals of South Carolina.—*Edgefield Adv.*

HOW HE LOOKS.—A New York correspondent of a Georgia paper says:

I saw Fremont the other day—a dark complexioned, swarthy man of 43—though some seven years younger in appearance. I should say he is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs 140 pounds. His forehead is low, but broad—eyes deep set and very close together—nose, his best feature, long and straight—and nothing, either in face or manner, to found a favorable opinion upon, in respect either to character or talents. An inferior, or at least ordinary looking man—such an one as among a thousand strangers would be about the last designated as a candidate for the Presidency. The luxuriant, bigrand development of hair and whiskers which delight the Jessie Clubs in his pictures, are minus in the original and far from being abundant. His beard straggles thinly over a considerable surface, and his black hair unquietly parted in the middle, is manifestly beginning to assume the same consideration.

BE SYSTEMATIC.—It will add much to your convenience than you can imagine. It saves time, saves temper, saves patience, and saves money. For a time it may be a little troublesome, but you will soon find it easier to do right than wrong, that it is easier to do right than wrong, that it is easier to act by rule than without one.

Be systematic in everything; let it extend to most minute trifles, it is not beneath you. Whiffled could not go to sleep at night if, after retiring, he remembered that his gloves and riding whip were not in their usual place, where he could lay his hand on them in dark in any emergency; and such men are the men who leave their mark on the world's history.

Systematic men are the only reliable men; they are those who comply with their engagements. They are minute men. The man who has nothing to do is the man who does nothing. The man of system is soon known to do what he engages to do; to do it well, and to do it at the same time promised; consequently he has his hands full.

GEN. LEWIS CASE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Detroit, thus speaks of this veteran Senator: "Gen. Cass in juvenizing. He positively looks better than I have seen him for years past, though he is canvassing the length and breadth of the State, and speaking once or twice every day. He has just past his seventy-fourth year, but appears as youthful and active as ever. All who hear him avow that he has never, on any previous occasion, been as eloquent as now. I was myself present when he drew a picture of the consequences of disunion, which would have made angels weep. The people shouted, while the old man eloquent was himself moved to tears by the picture his imagination had bodied forth."

CASE OF GREEN COLOR OF THE HAIR.—M. Stanislas Martin has published in the *Bulletin de Therapeutique*, Paris, the curious case of a worker in metals who has wrought in copper only for five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, is now of so decided a green, that the poor man cannot appear in the street without immediately becoming the object of general curiosity. He is perfectly well, his hair alone is affected by the copper, notwithstanding the precaution he takes to protect it from the action of the metal.

Chemical analysis has proved that his hair contains a notable quantity of acetate of copper, and that it is to this circumstance that it owes its beautiful color, which is most singular and remarkable.

THE SHADOW OF THE BILLOW.—The following incident was communicated by Sir John McNeill: "A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unremitting care this was accomplished, and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feelings was by kissing her shadow, when it fell on his pillow as she passed through the yard on her nightly visit."