The Independent Press.

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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1860. VOLUME VIII.---NO. 5.

POULLAIN, JENNINGS & CO.,

GROCERS,

AND

COTTON FACTORS,

AUGUSTA, GA.,

CONTINUE the sale of Cotton and other produce in their *New Fireproof Warehouse,*

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ANTOINE POULLAIN,
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Sept. 8, 1859-19-tf.

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AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Reynold's St., between Jackson and McIntosh

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will attend strictly to the sale of

COTTON, BACON, GRAIN,

And all other produce consigned to him. Personal attention giving to the filling of all orders for Bagging, Rope and Family Supplies. Liberal Cash advances made on produce in Store.

June 24, 1859, 8 tf

VALUABLE HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

THE residence of Mrs. Harrison, situated in one of the most eligible locations in Abbeville Village, is offered for sale on reasonable terms.

The House contains ten rooms, with all necessary out-buildings, in a state of thorough repair.

The Lot embraces five acres; a large and handsomely improved Flower Yard, Orchard, Vineyard, &c.

There is also a second building site on the premises.

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March 3, 1860, 45, tf

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent institution established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

MEDICAL Advice given gratis by the Acting Surgeon to all who apply by letter with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, Medicine furnished free of charge

Valuable Reports on the New Remedies employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptible.

Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelpeia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. [Jan. 20,12m

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

In Equity.

Samuel McBryde, vs. Joseph McBryde, Joshua McBryde, and others. } Bill for Partition.

IT APPEARING that James McBryde and the children of John McBryde (whose number and names are unknown,) Defendants in the above stated case, reside beyond the limits of this State, on motion of S.& A. McGowan. Comp. Sol., Ordered that said Defendants do appear, and plead, answer or demur to said Bill within three months from the publication hereof, or the same will be taken *pro confesso* against them.

WM. H. PARKER, C. E. A. D.

Commissioner's Office, Feb'y 28, 1860. } 45 3m

THE WASHINGTON INDDEPENDENT

Published at

WASHINGTON, GA.

BY WM. HENRY WILSON, Editor & Proprietor

At Two Dollars Per Annum in Advance.

THE *Independent* is strictly speaking a FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Independent in politics—devoted to Domestic and Foreign News, Literature, Science, the Arts, Agriculture, Mechanics and Education, and looks strictly to the Domestice interests of the South in the encouragement of Home Manufactures. In a word, it will advocate the common interests of a Southern People.

April 27, 1860, 52, tf

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WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

HODGES' DEPOT, S. C.,

IS prepared with all necessary tools and materials to do anything in his line of business at the lowest rates. All work warranted to do well for twelve months, if not send it back and it will be done free of charge. Give me atrial and satisfy yourselves. Terms cash.

June 17, 1859,7-12m,

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One Square West of the Post Office, Plain St.

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THIS well known Establishment has been thoroughly re-fitted and improved, and is now permanently opened for the accommodation of the public. Every attention will be given to supply the wants and comfort of Patrons. Rates moderate.

G. T. MASON, Proprietor.

April 6, 1860, 3m

SOUTHERN DRUG HOUSE.

SPEARS & HIGHT,

STILL occupy their old stand, opposite the Planters' Hotel, No. 816, where they constantly keep on hand one of the Largest Stocks in the Southern Country, comprising every article in the Drug and Fancy Goods Trade. All of which they will sell at New York Prices.—Price before you buy. [Jan. 20, 1860, 39-tf

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MARBLE WORKER,

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MARBLE Mantles, Tombstones, &c. Marble Mantels, and Furniture Works of all kinds, from the plainest to the most elaborate, designed and furnished to order at short notice. All work for the country carefully boxed and forwarded.

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BY LEE & WILSON.

ABBEVILLE S. C.

Two Dollars. in Advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the Expiration of the Year.

☞ All subscriptions not limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered a indefinite, and will be continued until arrearages are paid, or at the option of the Proprietors. Orders from other States must invariably be accompanied with the Cash. ☜

CANDIDATES.

For the Legislature.

The friends of W. JAMES LOMAX announce him a candidate for the Legislature at the ensuing election.

For Tax Collecter.

Mr. EDITOR.—Please announce W. R. Hilton as a candidate for the office of Tax collector as the ensuing election and oblige.

MANY VOTERS.

The friends of Capt. G. M. MATTISON respectfully announce him as a candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.

The friends of JAMES A. McCORD respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.

The friends of Dr. J. F. McCOMB respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election

☞ We are authorized to announce S. A. HODGES as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.

☞ The friends of Capt. W. S. HARRIS respectfully announce him as a Candidate for the office of *Tax Collector* of Abbeville District at the next election.

☞ The *numerous friends* of WESLEY A. BLACK Esq., respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.

The friends of HENRY S. CASON respectully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector, athe ensuing election.

For Ordinary.

☞ The friends of JOHN A. HUNTER respectfully announce him a candidate for the office of Ordinary, at the next election.

☞ The friends of Col. J. G. BASKIN respectfully announce him a candidate for the office of Ordinary, at the next election.

The friends of ROBERT JONES respectfully announce him as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election.

NOTICE.

THE OLD ADAGE is when you are doing well to be satisfied. But I have taken up a notion of going West, and now offer my

Land, Mills, &c., for Sale.

I offer my Home Place in Abbeville District, near Greenwood, containing SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, half cleared and the other half in woods. Very healthy location. Fine improvements—a large comfortable Dwelling, Barns, Stables, Gin House, excellent Negro Cabins, &c. On this Tract is a

Fine Flouring Mill,

With three Sets of RUNNERS—and a CIRCULAR SAW MILL—all driven by steam power. This Mill is in elegant condition, and has been running eight years, clearing from *twenty-five* to *thirty per cent. annually.*

Also, a valuable Tract of Pine Land in Edgefield District, containing ONE THOUSAND AND FIFTY ACRES, and on it is a first rate

Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Shingle Machine.

This Mill has been in operation seven years, paying from *thirty to thirty-three per cent. annually.*

Also, one other Tract of land in Edgefield District, situate on the Martin Towa Road and on Horse Pen Creek, containing TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES.

Also, one other Tract of land in Pickens District, containing THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES, finely timbered, and the Blue Ridge Rail Road running through it.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY!

This is an opportunity for persons wishing to invest their money in something that will pay. And such opportunities are rarely offered. Look out all who feel interested or you will certainly lose bargains.

I shall be absent in April and May, but after that time will be at home, and will take pleasure in showing the Lands, Mills, &c., to any one wishing to purchase.

J. Y. L. PARTLOW.

New Market, S. C., Apr. 13 3m

JAMES D. CHALMERS.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C.,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

UROPEAN AND AMERICAN

MARBLE,

HAS Just received three hundred new pieces together with the old, making one of the largest Stocks in the State, which will be sold as low as can be bought in any other place.

MARBLE SLABS,

6 feet by 3, from $26 to $40

HEAD STONES

from $8 to $25.

MONUMENTS

And Fancy Head Stones always on hand together with a large quantity of designs, which can be made to order at short notice.

All Marble Cutting and Carving neatly done

J. D. CHALMERS.

Jan. 26, 1860 40 tf

DR. JAMES E. MABRY,

WOULD inform the public that he has returned to the village, and will continue the practice of medicine. He may be found at the MARSHALL HOUSE, unless professionally engaged.

March1, 1860 44 tf

Wanted.

TO HIRE a good house servant capable of doing the washing and froning for a small family. Liberal wages will be paid. Apply at this office.

Jan, 26, 1860, 39 tf

OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby?
Little Tot:
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And a skin so lilly white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me,
All her little ways are witty,
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—never saw her;
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering—
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do—
If you could!

Every grandma's only darling
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing,
As my rose—
Heavenly Father spare to us
Till life's close.

MRS. F. D. GAGE.

[*From the New York Ledger.*]

THE VENGEFUL LANATIC.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

I had what I pleased to consider the misfortune of being a very plain girl while my three sisters, Augusta, Charlotte and Jessie were also handsome and brilliant. I used to make myself very miserable, wishing that I too was beautiful and that they had given me a prettier name than the one I have, Dartwell, and sometimes I envied my fair sisters their sweet-sounding names as much as I did their good looks.

I need hardly say that my sisters received all the attentions of the gentlemen, that came to our house, and that I was almost totally neglected. I often felt bitter upon the subject too, but I never cared very particularly till I was about seventeen years of age.

My beautiful sister, Augusta, was to be married, and there were a great many guests invited. Among those of the bridegroom's friends was a Mr. Fitz Harding, who had come some time before the day appointed for the ceremony, and was staying at the inn near our house, though he spent the greater portion of the time with us. He was presented to me by my sister, and from the moment that my eyes met his, so deeply blue, I loved him.

The attentive look with which he regarded me, I chose to consider an impertinence and feeling convinced that he was contrasting my ill looks with the brilliancy of my handsome sisters, I turned away and left them, and heard Augusta murmur, in a voice of mortification.

'Pray excuse her, Mr. Fitz Harding; she is such a strange girl!'

I didn't hear the answer, but I heard the short, half-scornful laugh that accompanied, it and the sound did not serve like oil upon the troubled waters of my soul.

I didn't see Mr. Fitz Harding again till the next evening. I was sitting at the window looking out, when I saw him slowly approaching the house, and without knowing exactly why, I got up and dressed myself in the most becoming manner, I could, and descended to the parlor, where I found mamma, my three sisters, and Mr. Fitz-Harding. I could see how pleased mamma looked; and the gentleman, with a low bow, handed me a seat. How I loved Mr. Fitz-Harding! I could never tire of listening to his low, clear musical voice, and though it is many years ago, I remember every word that he spoke that evening.

After tea, when he talked of leaving us for the evening, Jessie immediately opposed him.

'No, indeed, Mr. Fitz-Harding, not until you have chased me over the lawn, as you promised me last night. I do so want to let you see you can't catch me.'

'Very well, Miss Jessie. Let me catch you now,' he answered, smiling.

'Try it,' answered, Jessie with a merry laugh, and bounding from her seat she was out of the door, down the piazza, and racing across the smooth, level green before the house, Mr. Fitz-Harding in hot pursuit after her.

Away she bounded over the lawn, with a step so light and free that she seemed to tread upon air, her chesnut curls blown back by the light breeze, and glistening like dark, bright gold in the last rays of the declining sun, ever looked back with her radiant, laughing face and sparkling eyes, daring him to catch her.

Suddenly, as he neared her, and almost caught the skirt of her dress, streaming out upon the wind, his foot turned upon a small round stone, and he stopped, staggered and almost fell.

With a cry of pain he sank back.

'Oh, what's the matter—what have you done, Mr. Fitz-Harding?'

'Nothing, nothing,' he answered, laughing, and rising attempted to run after her again, but again he staggered and almost fell. Augusta and I had reached them now and my eldest sister asked.

'What, has happened, Mr. Fitz-Harding?'

'I believe I have been awkward enough to sprain my ankle on this little stone,' he answered, laughing, and kicking the impediment contemptuously away with the toe of his boot.

'Then you are unfit for any further racing; better return to the house,' said merry Jessie, almost laughing in the face of the accident.

'I believe I must take your advice, Miss Jessie,' answered Fitz-Harding, and turning, we all walked in the direction of the house.

The Englishman wouldn't give his sprained ankle the ease of walking slowly and with care, but leaned as much upon the injured foot as upon the other, though he was quite white, and almost ghastly with the pain of it.

The consequence was that when he reached the house, and had sat down for a short time, his ankle swelled to an enormous size, and mamma forbade him to think of returning to the inn that night insisting that he should remain over night with us. At last he consented, and refusing to retire immediately, alleging that his foot was not very painful, though he was still quite pale he and Jessie commenced a war of words, laughing, talking, and throwing Con-moist at each other till I could endure it no longer so I made a cold apology for retiring early, and went to my own room.

Oh I loved him—I loved him—and was it not painfully clear that he loved my gay, handsome sister Jessie? To the day of my death I shall not forget the fierce, sharp pain that went through my heart when I became assured of that and with my usual headlong rushing into unhappiness, I soon convinced myself that it was so.

I lay down upon the bed without undressing and with closed eyes I reviewed my whole past life. I regret to say that I deduced no profitable lesson therefrom, but thought myself more and more ill-used. Why was I so plain? so ugly?—What had I done? of what had I been guilty, that I should be so? It was not just. And why did the whole beauty of the family fall to my favored sisters? I cannot tell half the wicked and rebellious feelings that swept over my soul like a torrent, till I could have cursed the hour of my birth, when suddenly the very stillness that reigned within the house awoke me from my reflection.

As long as the talking and laughing continued in the parlor below my tempestuous angry thoughts had kept time to it; but when all became silent, that very silence woke me from my unpleasant thoughts. I sat up and listened; all was still as the grave save the regular ticking of the great clock in the hall below, as momently it broke the dead silence that reigned within.

I rose softly, drew off my shoes, and stole noiselessly down stair, and then opening the door that led upon the vine-shaded piazza, stepped quietly upon it, and sat down upon a lounge that had been drawn out there in the early part of the evening and left there.

It was a warm, midsummer night, and a large round silvery moon was rising high in the clear, calm sky.

It was pleasant to sit there in that pale, quiet light, that came shining down through the clustering vines that covered the piazza, and cast fantastic shapes upon the smooth floor from the many shaped leaves.

I sat down and looked up through the vines at the moon, over which a few light clouds were occasionally slowly, gracefully sailing, like little barks upon a calm lake.

I had sat there nearly an hour when softly on the quiet air came to my ear the rustling of vines and leaves from that side of the house on which Mr. Fitz Harding's room was situated. I looked quickly in that direction, but could see nothing, save the blinds of his window thrown wide open, and the window itself half raised, and close by the window a large ladder which reached to the very ground below. All along the side of the house the clambering vines had spread themselves, and some were even wound about the ladder. It must have been the wind playing through the leaves that I had heard, and so I turned away and looked up through the vines at the moon again.

Once more came that same sound, loud, and then followed by something like an impatient exclamation.

I turned quickly towards the ladder again but could see nothing till [illegible] A man's head slowly [illegible] among the vines, and then his whole form creeping into view, as he slowly, carefully descended the ladder, trailing, the vines as he [illegible] against them and sometimes [illegible] at them with his hand [illegible] as he could [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Harding, [illegible] it be

While I was [illegible] all in the [illegible] on the [illegible] and [illegible] and then I saw the gleam of a long-bladed knife in his hand. I didn't stir or breathe, while his head remained bent in the atitude of listening, so fearful was I of betraying my presence; and when he turned towards the ladder again, and began, and carefully to continue his ascent, oh how thankfull I was.

I didn't comprehnd his business there. I thought not to robbery, of murder, or of assassination. I was conscious of but two thoughts in the world, and they flashed upon me at the same instant there was danger to myself in betraying my presence by the faintest sound, and there was danger to Mr. Fitz Harding, if I remained without some effort to save him.

Noiselessly, and oh how carefully, I left my seat, and retreated quietly but stealthily towards the door opening from the piazza into the parlor, still keeping my eyes fixed upon the man on the ladder; and when within a second's time I was in the house, I bounded up the stairs leading to Mr. Fitz-Harding's room with the speed of lightning. I stood before the door, which was partially open, and softly pushing it, I glided in. The assassin was there before me. At one single glance I comprehended the whole interior of that apartment. So intent was the man upon his murderous errand that he did not hear me enter. There was the open window by which he entered there, on the bed, wrapt in profound slumber, lay the man whom I loved, and for whom I was joyously going to peril my life. In that awful moment, while the would-be murderer stood in a half-stooping posture over his intended victim, a fiendish smile lighting up his countenance, and the knife poised ready for the blow, I could not help observing how very beautiful Horace Fitz Harding looked! His face was pale and his features had the smoothness and regularity of chiselled marble. His white eyelids were closed over his deep blue eyes, and his curling, silken lashes lay with the beauty of a girl's upon his pale cheeks, while his brown curly hair was carelessly tossed back from his noble brow touching the white pillow, like dark gold lying upon pure white velvet.

Apparently the would-be assassin gloried in knowing that it was one of nature's master pieces that he was about to deprive of life; for the fiendish smile upon his countenance deepened, he drew back the knife to give more force to the blow, and then as I saw the gleaming blade about to come down upon the white throat of the sleeping man, I uttered a loud shriek and threw myself forward between the descending knife and the intended victim. Fortunately that wild cry somewhat staggered the assassin, for the blow swerved in its course, and I felt the cold steel enter the fleshy part of my arm above the elbow, and then I fainted.

* * * * *

When I recovered, I was lying on the sofa down stairs, mamma, my sisters, and Mr. Fitz Harding all standing round me, with dressing gowns and shawls hastily donned, all looking wild and terrified as myself.

I didn't know the meaning of it all at first but when I saw my arm bandaged and felt the dull pain of it, and saw all the blood stains upon my dress, I remembered.

'Are you safe?' I asked of Fitz-Harding before I spoke to any one else, and then to my mother. 'Is he quite, unharmed mamma?'

'Quite so, love,' and she stooped down and kissed me, and Fitz-Harding hastened up to me, and said:

'Yes, totally unharmed and untouched, Miss Dartie.'

That was all I wished to hear, and I waved him back, when he continued: 'How am I ever to thank you for preserving my life? for, had it not been for you, I would undoubtedly have been murdered!'

I wanted no thanks, not a word; I wanted to hear not another word, for I knew that I could never hear the only words from him that would have been life and happiness to me.

So they carried me up to my own room, and when the doctor came, and my arm had been properly dressed and I was sufficiently recovered to hear all that had passed after I had fainted, mamma sent my sisters all to bed again, and told me of it.

It appeared that my cry had awakened Mr. Fitz Harding at the very moment that I fainted and before he could remove me, and attack the [illegible] who had attempted his life, the assassin had escaped by the open window, but not before Fitz Harding had recognised him as a madman, who owed him a grudge for some [illegible] he had [illegible] attempted [illegible] with [illegible] with [illegible] he had [illegible] from the [illegible] when he [illegible] discovering

the direction whence the sound had proceeded, after first seeking me in my own room and found Mr. Fitz Harding endeavoring to restore me to consciousness.

After giving me these explanations, mamma told me to be very quiet and go to sleep and to effect this she lay down beside me, and passed the remaining portion of the night, which was now pretty well spent in my room.

Upon the following day I was obliged to tell all my part of the story, and immediately found myself raised to the rank of a heroine, in a little drama that had come very near being a tragedy.

Fitz-Harding made no extravagant 'set speeches' of thanks, but he was so very gentle to me, his voice took such a soft, kind tone whenever he addressed me, that I saw how sincerely grateful he was and sometimes he laughingly called me his 'life preserver.'

In proportion as he grew gentle and kind towards me, I grew retiring, bashful almost frightened in his presence; but oh! how I loved him.

I was greatly changed in those few days; it was hardly a week since I had first known him, but yet how changed I was! It is said that the holy and softening influence of love will tame the fiercest souls, and civilize savages. Now I wasn't wholly a savage, but I was fierce and wild and reckless by nature before I had known him, and my heart was rarely troubled by a gentle emotion of any kind breaking in upon its angry feelings to reproach them for their fierceness, but the deep, pure love that had sprung up in my heart for this stranger was fast changing me, and to add to his happiness I could *almost* have seen him happy in Jessie's love but still a keen pang would sometimes inflict itself upon me at the thought.

It was while suffering from the pain of one of those sharp attacks of jealousy that I one evening left the rest of them in the parlor, and strolled out to my favorite spot for indulging my griefs, the clumb of willow trees, and seated myself under the drooping branches of the largest. I don't know exactly how long I had sat there when footsteps close by me started me from my reverie, and looking up I met Fitz-Harding's blue eyes looking down reproachfully upon me.

He seated himself beside me.

'Miss Dartie, why do you shun me, now? Why do you always leave the company when I join you? Have I offend you, or do you regret that I was the cause of this?' and he laid his hand very gently upon my wounded arm, which though almost well I still wore in sling.

Now I had been thinking of him all the time that I had been siting there, and never loved him more than I did at that moment when I looked up and met the reproachful look of his beautiful eyes, so I answered passionately and earnestly:

'Oh, no, no, no.'

'Then what is it?'

I made no reply.

'Dartie!' How I started at the musical voice, pronouncing that word, as it thrilled through me! I felt blood rush to my face in a torrent, and then retreat to my heart again, leaving me with a strange feeling of sickness. With what an agony of suspense I listened for the next words.

'Oh, Dartie, darling if I could only put in words how deeply I love you, how closely my very soul is knit to yours, I don't think you would still remain to very cold to me surely Dartie, darling, loved Dartie, you could find it in your heart to love me, or even to think kindly of me, if only in pity for the deep love I cherish for you. Speak, darling!'

But I didn't speak. I had no voice left, hardly my breath even, and I gasped as if I was choking.

Dartie—Dartie!—and she took both my hands in his, and looked into my face, and indeed I couldn't help it—I leant forward and laid my head down upon his bosom. I could give no other answer, but he found that expressive enough. He released one hand to put his arm round me, and drew me closer to him, then he stooped his face over my bowed head and kissed my hair.

If I was doomed to live on earth a thousand years, and suffer every possible earthly care and trouble, I would willingly endure it all did I only know that my reward was to be such joy as I then felt.

After a while I asked, looking down upon the grass, for I couldn't meet his eyes yet:

'Mr. Fitz-Harding, how is it possible that you love me after seeing my beautiful sis[illegible]

[illegible]

'Because Dartie, though you are neither handsome nor pretty, I thought you an angel, and [illegible] you [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]