

The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &C., &C.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

"Let it be instilled into the Hearts of your Children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—Junius.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

VOLUME 5—NO. 7.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1837.

WHOLE NUMBER 215

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The Proprietors of the Abbeville *Independent Press* have established the following rates of Advertising to be charged in both papers:

Advertisements inserted for a less time than three months, will be charged by the insertion at **One Dollar per Square**, (11 inch—the space of 12 solid lines or less) for the first insertion, and **Fifty Cents** for each subsequent insertion.

The Commission, Sheriff's, Clerk's and Ordinary's Advertisements will be inserted in both papers, each charging half price.

Sheriff's Levies, **One Dollar** each.

Announcing a Candidate, **Five Dollars**.

Advertising an Estray, **Two Dollars**, to be paid by the Magistrate.

Advertisements for three months, or longer, at the following rates:

1 square 3 months	8 00
1 square 6 months	12 00
1 square 9 months	16 00
1 square 12 months	20 00
2 squares 3 months	16 00
2 squares 6 months	24 00
2 squares 9 months	32 00
2 squares 12 months	40 00
3 squares 3 months	24 00
3 squares 6 months	36 00
3 squares 9 months	48 00
3 squares 12 months	60 00
4 squares 3 months	32 00
4 squares 6 months	48 00
4 squares 9 months	64 00
4 squares 12 months	80 00
5 squares 3 months	40 00
5 squares 6 months	60 00
5 squares 9 months	80 00
5 squares 12 months	100 00
6 squares 3 months	48 00
6 squares 6 months	72 00
6 squares 9 months	96 00
6 squares 12 months	120 00
7 squares 3 months	56 00
7 squares 6 months	84 00
7 squares 9 months	112 00
7 squares 12 months	140 00
8 squares 3 months	64 00
8 squares 6 months	96 00
8 squares 9 months	128 00
8 squares 12 months	160 00

Fractions of Squares will be charged in proportion to the above rates.

Business Cards for the term of one year, will be charged in proportion to the space they occupy, at **One Dollar** per line space.

For all advertisements set in double columns, Fifty per Cent. extra will be added to the above rates.

DAVIS & CREWS,

For Banner;

LEE & WILSON,

For Press.

MISCELLANY.

"John Phoenix" in the Ladies' Car.
"John Phoenix," the imitator wit, thus tells an incident connected with a ride on the New York Central Railroad. He relates it in a letter to the Knickerbocker Magazine, and puts it on record to serve as a caution to future innocent travelers. He says:

"I had observed that at each change of cars, and they were frequent, when the general scramble took place, one car was defended from the assault by a stalwart man, usually of Irish persuasion, who, deaf to menace, unsoftened by entreaty, and uncorrupted by bribes, maintained his post for the benefit of the 'ladies.' 'Ladies' car, sir, as ye please; forrard far for gentlemen with out ladies.' Need I say that this car so reserved was by far the most comfortable of the train, and that with that stern resolve which ever distinguishes me in the discharge of my duty toward myself, I determined to get into it *coule qui coule*. So when we change cars at Utica, I rushed forth, and seeing a nice young person, with pretty face, bonnet and shawl, and a large portmanteau urging her way through the crowd, I stepped up by her side, and with my native grace and gallantry, offered my arm and my assistance. They were gratefully accepted; and proud of my success, I ushered my fair charge up to the platform of the ladies' car. My old enemy was holding the door. 'That's your lady, sir,' said he.

"With an inward apology to Mrs. Phoenix for the great injustice done to her charms by the attention, I replied, 'Yes.' Judge of my horror when this low employe of a manufacturing and unaccommodating Railroad Company, addressing my companion with the tone and manner of an old acquaintance, said, 'Well, Sa, I guess you've done well, but I don't believe his family will thank much of the match.' However, I got into the ladies' car, and having repudiated the young person Sarah, got an exceedingly pleasant seat by the side of a very warm and comfortable young lady of a sleepy and quiet disposition. I wouldn't have exchanged her for two buffalo robes, but she got off at Syracuse, and then, from Caucasus, how cold it was! And so, grinding and jolting, jarring, sliding and freezing, wore away the long night.

"In the morning we were at Buffalo. I saw nothing of it but a railroad depot; but my thoughts, I replied, 'Yes.' Judge of my horror when this low employe of a manufacturing and unaccommodating Railroad Company, addressing my companion with the tone and manner of an old acquaintance, said, 'Well, Sa, I guess you've done well, but I don't believe his family will thank much of the match.' However, I got into the ladies' car, and having repudiated the young person Sarah, got an exceedingly pleasant seat by the side of a very warm and comfortable young lady of a sleepy and quiet disposition. I wouldn't have exchanged her for two buffalo robes, but she got off at Syracuse, and then, from Caucasus, how cold it was! And so, grinding and jolting, jarring, sliding and freezing, wore away the long night.

"I was informed that you have a letter from your friend."

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[CONCLUDED.]

Agnes Clayton.

BY "SALLIE."

I feel your hearts are with me in this my second orphanage; for by the stranger lies another mound in whose bosom is entombed my father Clayton. Has an orphan's eye met these pages? one whom no parents' love enfolds will grieve with me, as none but such can sorrow. What though glittering gold and sparkling diamonds adorn, and flatterer's smooth tongued accents greet you in every strain, there is an aching void these cannot fill, there is a bond of sympathy between us; we will love each other better, you will read my story and forgive my weakness.

"No gentle form above us bends To soothe the couch of pain— Nor voice so fond as theirs, essays To calm the feverish brain. Oh, other tongues may whisper love, In accents soft and mild, But none on earth so pure as that A parent bears a child: No faithful voice directs their steps, Or bids them onward press; And if they gang a kinning wrong, God help the fatherless."

The two succeeding years, I resided with Mr. Grey to whose guardianship father Clayton left me; his only child Clara had been my first and only intimate friend at school; there was an air of dignity which commanded respect together with an affectionate confiding disposition which made her a favorite with all. I had become hopeless in my search of Marion, and notwithstanding all that surrounded me to bring pleasure I was unhappy—Clara's sympathy and Mr. Grey's reasoning only added to my wretchedness. I had strolled on the lawn to be alone, my thoughts busy with the scenes that transpired two years before.

How different from the lowering clouds and crashing elements was this calm evening; on its breeze was borne Clara's soft voice mingling in harmony with the harp's mellow strains; but its sweetness was not in unison with my reflections, and aloud I gave vent to the thoughts of my bosom: Oh, Marion art thou still alive! to what isle of the ocean shall I go to claim thee, or does thy manly form lie mouldering beneath the sod of some lonely valley, and shall sister know no kindred tie! Oh, my soul longs for a kindred spirit; one whose tongue breathes not unmeaning flattery; one whose love would shield from every frown! Can it be, such sadness fills the heart of one at whose feet so many bow. I sprang to my feet, the blood mounting to my cheek, for I knew the voice of Henry Howard; I know not why his presence ever filled me with agitation before him; my usual self-possession vanished, and I was subject to his will. He calm, said he, and listen to me. I mechanically resumed my seat.—"You long for a kindred spirit whose love would shield from every frown, let that bourne be mine; for believe me, 'tis no flatterer's oath when I swear, by all my honor holds sacred, I have loved you long, deeming you, 'if I should love some bright particular star and wish to wed it.' But feelings must excuse my presumption which emboldens me to ask the presence of wealth, at whose shrine so many bow to grant me the right to claim so great a treasure as my own. Together let us search earth's remotest lands for the brother you so much mourn."

Where had fled my reason that such language should be used; I who had scorned the love breathed in purer words, listened to these of a demon. It was destiny gon'd me on! yes, it was destiny ruled the unhappy hour in which I became the affianced wife of Henry Howard.

Mr. Grey and Clara heard of my engagement with astonishment—in vain they warned or counseled, although I did not love as I felt was in my nature, a spell coil binding me irresistibly. At length the morning came full of sun shine, which was to place my happiness in another's keeping. Did my heart bound with joy at the thought; no, the mirror reflected the countenance of a happy expectant bride. As I unlocked my chamber door to descend to the breakfast room, Mr. Grey said, putting his arm round me, "Do not let what I have to say overcome you. I must be brief, it may even now be too late. What I have told you is true, Henry Howard is a villain; yes, Ange, the man to whom you were about to entrust yourself is a scoundrel." "Is this true, Mr. Grey? I lie!" "Alas! it is too soon!" Most I tell that his victim is the brother you so love to name. But he still lives, fly with me, you may see him ere he die." I tell you dear reader, it did not escape me; my nerves were unstrung and I could not see the villain's form of Marion for the future.

He gave me the note and I read: "By the Catalogue of College, I am informed that Marion Poole received the first position. I tremble to know if it is the same whose parents were drowned in a shipwreck, leaving on charity their children Marion, Mary and Ange; I feel so much confidence in the hope, I will tell you the fate of Mary: The gentleman and lady who took me from you adopted me, forbidding me ever to mention our father's name. I received from them all that the daughter of the aristocratic and wealthy Maj. Norton could have wished, and none knew that I was only his protegee. My thoughts were ever busy in some plan to find my brother or sister, but what could I do. With this secret untold I married some months since Col. Clanton, and even now he does not know but those from whom he received me were my real parents. Major Norton, recently deceased, has left me heir of his wealth. I fear my husband's pride, I fear he will scorn me, in spite of his affection, to find the deception, practiced on him. But write one word and assure me I err not in supposing you my brother, and I will tell him all then, throw myself on his love for forgiveness—if he repels from his bosom the alms house foundling, a brother's arms will be open to embrace

A long lost sister,
MARY POOLE CLANTON.
Nashville, Tenn., May 4, 1842.

You cannot imagine my delight, he continued. On its reception I answered it immediately and in two weeks came on. On reaching Nashville, was told Col. Clanton had gone away suddenly, no one knew why nor where. I told to every one our history, but was laughed at and called a maniac. Since then I have wandered like one in a dream. Three days ago I stopped in a little village, around the tavern were standing several gentlemen; I, as usual, told my character and search, promising reward to any who could give information. One of the party came forward saying, he could without reward assist me in my search. He then told me he was Col. Clanton, the husband of the sister. A friend had tempted him to doubt how bitterly he had grieved her fate, even when he thought her guilty—of his meetings with you at the forest Cabin, and recently hearing your history he had started to visit Mary's grave, and to learn from you the truth of the story.—"Oh, Ange, my little sister, I cannot be with you long, my breath grows short. You will forgive Col. Clanton, even as I have, a nobler heart never throbb'd than his possesser. In his care, I can leave our mother's Ange; bury me by Mary and come often and sit near us. Others must tell you the cause of my untimely death; for him who took my life, for gold, I pray earnestly God will forgive, even as I do. I have heard the devotion of your father Clayton and shall love to sleep beside him. Col. Clanton will tell you all; I have not breath or strength to say more."

Has not the life of Ange Clayton been one of sorrow. Could one ever feel so many storms have passed over whom so low. It is strange how much the heart can bear and rise above it, even more buoyant than before. It is true, from my window is visible the grave of a father I mourned to lose; a brother and sister, too, lie beneath the oak trees shade, and memory brings the being whose baseness taught me how low God's creatures could fall, but his hands took the life of a fellow being and then his own. I can feel but thankful and see, even in Marion's death, the interposition of Providence. Many years have flown and time assuaged my youthful sorrows. Rose Bower is again to me a happy home. The stranger of the storm is master of the mansion where once stood the forest Cabin. But passion has left him mild, forgiving and affectionate.

The stranger before whose gaze, I once in terror trembled, is now my companion, my guide, and my husband.

Where Hudson's Bay.

Where Hudson's bay o'er silvery sands Winds through the hills afar, Old Cronest like a monarch stands, Crown'd with a single star! And there amid the billow swells Of rock ribbed, cloud capt-earth, My fair and gentle Ida dwells, A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives, The diamonds of the showers, Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves, The sister-hood of flowers, Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze, Her purity define; But Ida's dearer far than these To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades Of night are on my brow: Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades, My soul is with you now! I bless the star-crown'd highlands where My Ida's footsteps roam— Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear Me onward to my home.

Physical Education.—Athletic Exercise. We are glad to see the youths of Harvard beginning again their rowing matches. The smooth surface of the silver winding river Charles is now frequently dotted with their long light clippers, crawling over the water with their six oars like so many six-legged caterpillars. Hardly any other outdoor exercise is more attractive and beneficial to men than this. The fresh exhilaration of the free air and pleasant scenes through which the rowers on a river glide are worth a cart load of health "panacees." It would be well if the youth of our city took more advantage of our water facilities for pleasant exercise. The 4th of July regattas have turned the attention of some to it, and if it could be much increased the river Charles might become a fountain of life-giving vigor to our worn, hardworking brains.

In England, the Thames is dotted with the "four oars," and "six oars," and the "pair of oars," as on fine evenings they skim the stream, cheered by the smile of beauty and the hurrahs of the interested spectators.

But rowing is only one of the means of physical education at the disposal of Bostonians. Our glorious park of forty acres, that undulating Common; those towering trees, through whose tracery you catch frequent beams from that western horizon which "opens to the sunset a gateway of gold"; this broad surface invites the early morning game of ball or the twilight game of cricket. Football used to be, "when we were boys together," a grand stimulant to all the powers of masculine development; and if blackened skins and bruised heads sometimes broke the harmony of the sport, 'twas but a moment, and the glorious game rolled on.

Mr. Webster once said of an eminent Bostonian who is still living, that "it was a prodigious pity he had no single taste whose gratification would take him out of his hot-air library into the open air." Webster's own massive mental cover could never have been manufactured except by a sound mind in a sound body. "mens sana in corpore sano." There has been some discussion lately about his using tobacco. He used it but only for a very short season. But what he did use permanently, as is well known, was out-of-door exercise in every form. Even horse-back riding, which was not peculiarly favorable to his habit of body, was nevertheless quite a favorite exercise with him, even till an advanced period of life. Another of our Massachusetts great men, John Quincy Adams, used to take very long walks before breakfast, when he was in Congress, and in the dead of winter would have the ice of the Potomac cut to enjoy his daily river bath.

Frederick the Great used to declare that "nature evidently intended mankind for positions," because she had made exercise indispensable to the race, but her only mistake was that she had not arranged to have men born on horseback.

It's doubtless one of the very great causes of the intellectual and moral supremacy of the classic Republics that they were composed of physically vigorous citizens. Everybody was athletic; everybody wrestled, or ran, or boxed. The Olympic Stadium, and the Campus Martius, for the life springs of their respective States. There was no beauty which was as much a part of the daily routine for the youth to put their muscles into mimic battle as it is with us to put our teeth in play dinner.

We as a people are said to be degenerating in physique. There is still, however, much difference in bodily proportions and development in favor of Bostonians as against New Yorkers. We trust the difference may be increased, and that the Athens of America may be the Athens in the rugged and healthy nature of its children, no less than in the careful culture of their minds.

A Doctor's Life.

The following are some of the extracts of a Doctor's life. "The visits to his patients when they are well, it is to get his dinner; if he don't do so, it is because he enters more about the fever than the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath day. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. If he has a good fortune, he is extravagant; he has a poor one on the score of economy, he is parsimonious in necessity. If he has a large family, it is to suit the people; if he has a small one, it is because he is afraid of poverty." "The doctor's life is a life of constant struggle with the elements of his own nature, and the elements of the world around him. He is a man of many parts, and many parts are at war with each other. He is a man of many talents, and many talents are at war with each other. He is a man of many virtues, and many virtues are at war with each other. He is a man of many sins, and many sins are at war with each other. He is a man of many passions, and many passions are at war with each other. He is a man of many desires, and many desires are at war with each other. He is a man of many fears, and many fears are at war with each other. He is a man of many hopes, and many hopes are at war with each other. He is a man of many dreams, and many dreams are at war with each other. He is a man of many wishes, and many wishes are at war with each other. He is a man of many prayers, and many prayers are at war with each other. He is a man of many tears, and many tears are at war with each other. He is a man of many smiles, and many smiles are at war with each other. He is a man of many frowns, and many frowns are at war with each other. He is a man of many sighs, and many sighs are at war with each other. He is a man of many groans, and many groans are at war with each other. 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He is a man of many roars, and many roars are at war with each other. He is a man of many howls, and many howls are at war with each other. He is a man of many yells, and many yells are at war with each other. He is a man of many shouts, and many shouts are at war with each other. He is a man of many huzzas, and many huzzas are at war with each other. He is a man of many hurrahs, and many hurrahs are at war with each other. He is a man of many cheers, and many cheers are at war with each other. He is a man of many acclamations, and many acclamations are at war with each other. He is a man of many praises, and many praises are at war with each other. He is a man of many thanks, and many thanks are at war with each other. He is a man of many compliments, and many compliments are at war with each other. He is a man of many honors, and many honors are at war with each other. He is a man of many rewards, and many rewards are at war with each other. 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