

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. 48.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 256

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

Every Advertisement inserted for a less time than three months, will be charged by the insertion at **One Dollar** per square, (12 lines in the space of one line), for the first insertion, and **Fifty Cents** for each subsequent insertion.

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

Announcing Candidates, **Five Dollars**.

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

Business Cards for three months, or longer, at the following rates:

1 square 3 months	\$ 5 00
1 square 6 months	8 00
1 square 9 months	10 00
1 square 12 months	12 00
2 squares 3 months	11 00
2 squares 6 months	14 00
2 squares 9 months	18 00
2 squares 12 months	20 00
3 squares 3 months	15 00
3 squares 6 months	19 00
3 squares 9 months	23 00
3 squares 12 months	25 00
4 squares 3 months	16 00
4 squares 6 months	20 00
4 squares 9 months	24 00
4 squares 12 months	26 00
5 squares 3 months	17 00
5 squares 6 months	21 00
5 squares 9 months	25 00
5 squares 12 months	27 00
6 squares 3 months	18 00
6 squares 6 months	22 00
6 squares 9 months	26 00
6 squares 12 months	28 00
7 squares 3 months	19 00
7 squares 6 months	23 00
7 squares 9 months	27 00
7 squares 12 months	29 00
8 squares 3 months	20 00
8 squares 6 months	24 00
8 squares 9 months	28 00
8 squares 12 months	30 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 column, fifty per cent. extra will be added to the above rates.

DAVIS & CREWS,
For Banner,
LEE & WILSON,
For Press.

Notice to Subscribers.

Upon consultation with our friends of the *Abbeville Banner* we have come to the following understanding: That after the 1st of April, next, we shall charge for all subscriptions, not paid within six months \$2.50 and \$3.00 if not paid within one year. The pressure of the Times has forced upon us the necessity of urging prompt payment upon our Patrons. The amount due us for subscription, are separate bills, but in the aggregate swell to a large sum, and if not promptly paid, subject us to great inconveniences. Our payments are cash; and we must require our friends to enable us to meet them.

Experience has also impressed us with the propriety of charging for Obituary Notices which exceed a certain length; and we shall therefore charge for the excess over one square, at the usual advertising rates.

MISCELLANY.

A Mississippi Plantation.

A correspondent of the *New York Daily Telegraph* gives the following account of a plantation situated about thirty miles below Vicksburg, Miss.:

The house is in full view of the river, and a very handsome one of brick, stuccoed with white plaster, with an upper and lower gallery supported by 40 or 50 large square columns. The yard has ten acres full of live oak magnolias, cedars, pines, &c., and many rose bushes loaded at this time (Feb. 15) with flowers. There are also several hundred birds of ten varieties among the trees in the yard; so tame as to approach; also tame squirrels. The garden contains eight acres, filled with all kinds of fruits and vegetables. On the place are two villages of negro cottages, accommodating over 200 blacks; all neat, well clothed and sane. They have thousands of eggs from large flocks of hens, geese and ducks. This winter, they sell to a fellow slave who owns a store and grocery, over 100 dozen eggs a week. He makes the milk daily, and the finest butter made. There are 700 sheep, 400 mules and horses, all bred on the place. There have been 100 dogs to be fed. Mr. ... told me that the negroes fed to the fowls over 1,000 bushels of corn a year. The estate is not worked by slaves from 17,000 to 20,000 bushels a year. He has from 200 to 300 acres of southern clover, all green the winter through, for his cows. He makes 1,000 bales of cotton this year worth \$30,000. Three cotton and one corn overseer, one shepherd, three doctors, all graduates, one German-hydropathist, one Swiss horse, cow and sheep doctor, a graduate of Baden, one electric and botanic, and another seven miles off, who is consulted in all bad cases.

A house accommodates thirty slaves, with over crowding, and all are made to feel at home. He takes thirty newspapers and five or ten journals, medical, scientific and literary; and all the new books as they come from the market. The negroes make from one of his fat hogs, sheep, &c., what they have a riding or wish fresh meat, without consulting him. He has an Episcopal clergyman to preach. The government of his negroes is peculiar; one day in the week he has a jury of twelve negro men, three of whom are his judges; one of the negroes acts as sheriff. Each case of misdemeanor is called and carefully examined into. The jury then decide what punishment, if any, is to be inflicted, and the sheriff sees that the decision of the jury is executed.

Miss Ridgway & Cousness.—The following is from a Paris paper, of December, 1857. Miss Ridgway, the most favored of the belles of the world, to the old world, will be called, before the close of the year, Countess of Ganay. She will enter into this noble, rich, and distinguished family of which the Marquis de Ganay, formerly French Minister at Florence, is the worthy head.

The lady alluded to, if we mistake not, is a native of Philadelphia, and remarkable for her great accomplishments and beauty.

From the *New York Sunday Dispatch* The Fatal Blow.

It is a cold, winter evening, the wind whistle and means with-it; from another apartment the merry shout and ringing laugh of childhood is borne to my ear, but in their joys I have no part. I sit in my solitary room, and as I gaze into the glowing embers, faithful, ardent memory, tells me why I sit alone.

From my earliest years I long for love and sympathy. Left alone in the world without one friend, how often I have wished that God had left me a mother, or a sister; and then my rebellious heart would blame Providence, that I alone should be desolate.

But I was forced to crush such thoughts; and with none on whom I might lavish my affection, I grew up a wild, ungovernable boy—my temper was like the slumbering volcano, ready at any moment to burst forth with fury, yet none who looked into my face, in my exulting moods, would have dreamed that in a moment I might be changed into a demon. I need not tell where, or how, I met with Ellen; the beautiful—the glorious embodiment of all my dreams.

Enough, that she was the idol of a happy home. I can see her now, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she listened to a tale of woe, and anon, flashing with indignation over a recital of wrong. And this high souled, beautiful child—for she was little more than a child—loved, and looked up to me with a devotion that sometimes sent a pang to my heart.

"Ellen," I said, one evening, "I tremble, lest in taking you from your home I should not make you happy."

She raised her confiding eyes to mine, and as she nestled closer to me, softly answered, "I have no fear."

"But, darling, you do not know me, as I am; my temper is like the whirlwind—and you have no fear it may overwhelm you?"

"Never mind your temper," she gaily answered, "I will mend that; and I mean to make you such a perfect dove, that you won't know yourself."

Well, we were married; and as I heard those innocent lips pronounce the vows to be mine—mine forever—my heart swelled with rapture, and inwardly swore that she should never repent that hour. I bore her to the home which I had prepared for her, and there, in that simple abode, were passed the only happy days of my life. My hopes were realized. I had love far beyond my desert, and I lived in a dream of holy and tranquil bliss. And Ellen—I know she was happy. Often, when I have taken her hands, and asked, have you repented, Ellen? she would fix her earnest, truthful glance on me, and laughingly reply "Do you see contradiction in my eyes?" Blessed time! How could the fiend find entrance to such a paradise?

At the time of our marriage, I had just entered into business and with a very small capital, consequently I had a great many hard struggles in meeting my engagements. To Ellen, I never revealed these trials, from a mistaken notion, that the dear could not understand business matters; and therefore it would give her needless pain.

I had a note in bank, which must be taken upon a certain day. My mind, was harassed fearfully. Should I fail in meeting it, my credit would be ruined. For several days I had used every exertion; and the evening previous to the last day of grace, found me without the necessary amount.

I was about to close the store for the night, when an old companion of my bachelor days entered; and, seeing my dejection, he jestingly inquired if I were mourning over my lost liberty. I candidly told him my situation. He studied for a few moments during which I finished the work of shutting up, then cheerfully exclaimed—"I think I can let you have the money to-morrow." We left the store together; and as my companion proceeded to tell me that, if I would call upon him, at nine, the next morning, he would lend me the amount, I was almost stupefied with the good news; and could scarcely utter my hearty thanks. "Never mind about the old fellow, I understand you—just step in here," we were at the door of a fashionable, drinking house, "and let's have something." Alas! where was my guardian angel then? We entered, and I drank. In five minutes I felt the poison mounting to my brain. I did not become drunk, but that one glass, unneeded as I was to stimulants of any kind, was like molten lead in my veins. I reached home with a wild, irritable feeling, which I could not control. I was anxious to recover my composure before I should meet Ellen; but her quick ear detected me, and in a moment I heard her light feet bounding down the stairs. I was sitting with my head buried in my hands, when she entered, I felt provoked, for I could not leave my home for a moment. She was at my side in a moment. "Come, dearest, she exclaimed, "I will give you some of my own brandy, and you will be all right."

She did not fall, but, recovering herself, stood confronting me. Never can I forget that look. Her features were as the features of the dead; but her eyes—those tender eyes, they literally blazed with scorn. For a moment she remained without uttering a word; then "Unmanly coward!" broke from her white lips, and I was alone. When I dared to seek her, she was in her chamber; and her looks, every one of which seemed to read her heart strings, were daggers to my heart. I implored her forgiveness; told her that I knew not what I did—that I was mad. Her generous nature could not bear my distress, and she bade me think of it no more, and assumed me of her entire forgiveness.

From that night Ellen was never the same. True, she strove to be as of old; but I felt that "she no longer had entered her soul." Never again did she spring forward, her innocent countenance sparkling with joy, to meet me; but a feeling of fear had fallen on her light heart.

That fearful evening was never alluded to. Her proud heart would have shrunk from the pity bestowed by her friends, and her grief was buried in the silence of her own heart. I saw her fade, slowly but surely, from the earth. No medicine could reach her disease. The doctors said it was a decline—that she was predisposed to consumption; and I even thought her last breath was spent in blessing me and in struggling to assure me of her love, did I not know that I was her murderer.

I am now an old man; yet from that fatal hour the demon who wrought my ruin has never visited me; and I have lived on the "days that were," and on hope of meeting my lost Ellen in the world where the stars of passion and the tears of sorrow are never known.

Life Among the Drummers.

Our friend of the *Augusta Evening Dispatch*, thus reports an incident of his recent visit to the Mills House in this city:

It is a gratifying evidence of the high commercial character of Charleston, that all the houses of prominence have stood successfully through the late financial pressure. Spring trade is very backward, and from present indications will be very light. Stocks appear to be ample, and there is a good degree of zeal manifested in pursuit of business. Just here, illustrative of this, a little episode will also afford an example of the system of drumming now so generally adopted in all pursuits, and with which some of the patrons of the *Dispatch* ought by this time to be somewhat familiar.

Brown is a country merchant whose name appears on the register. This evening he was talking over some Middle Georgia reminiscences with Harris, who, by the way, is still engaged at the Mill's dancing saloon, and who, familiarly slapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed—

"How are you, Brown; when did you get in? Haven't seen anything of you at our house?"

"Pressing the tediousness of the solicitors individual genius, for I did not wish to hunt the delicate creature, I replied—

"Excuse me, sir, but I am not Mr. Brown." "Oh! ah—ah—ah!" he stammered—"big pardon—I took you for one of our country customers, from Augusta. You are from Edgefield, perhaps—shall be happy to see you at—and here he gracefully handed a card, running somewhat as follows:

J. FREDERICK JONES,

WITH
FOGWEATHER, EASTMAN & COMPANY,
Dealers in

Plantation Supplies, Family Flunery, Fashionable French Gown Gowns, &c., &c., &c.

"We shall be gratified to see you—you will find that our stock consists of the very latest styles of—here he commenced repeating what sounded like a page from a French Dictionary—when I interrupted him with—

"You are mistaken, sir—I am not a merchant, and your drumming is unnecessary; on the contrary, I am on a drumming expedition myself; if Messrs. Fogweather, Eastman & Co., or any of your mercantile friends wish to advise in a paper having a circulation as wide as yours, your stock seems to be varied, just send them to the Mills House, where I shall represent the interests of the *Augusta Evening Dispatch* for a short time only."

Just here J. Frederick Jones seemed to lose his interest in "Brown," and politely touching his hat, he turned to labor with another new comer, just registering his name from some of the upper districts.

"Such is life, after all. We are all drumming in some way, and for some purpose or other; and if you will show me a man who has no interest to urge upon the public—just simply waits for the wheels of fortune to roll by his door, I will show one who is far behind in the race of competition with his fellows."

Mans or Superiors.—Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, and unforced evenness of temper, and a disposition to be slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft, or design to answer, cannot submit to drill him. The more successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They cheat the innocent of the day, which they have not in order to be the cunning of the moon, and repeat

A Runaway Couple.

A runaway couple, "true lovers" of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to "splice 'em," and "the quick about it."

The landlord complied, and the "licensed minister" came.

"Is your the minister?" asked the bridegroom.

"I am," replied he.

"Oh! you be, eh? What's your name?"

"Stiggins."

"Wal, now, Stiggins," said the Yankee, "do it up brown, and your money is ready; and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced—

"You will please to join hands."

The Yankee stood up with his lady-love and seized her fervently by the hand.

"You promise, Mr. A.?" said the parson "to take this woman?"

"Yas!" said the bridegroom.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yas—yas!"

"That you will love and honor her in all things?"

"Sartin—yas, I tell yer."

"That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as—" shall live?"

"Yas, indeed—nothin' else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and to the especial amazement and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister, slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of his State did not permit this performance without the "pudgment" of the laws for a certain length of time.

"What—what—what in time is the matter? Don't stop here! Put her there!"

"What's the matter? Anything gincent?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you can't be married in Massachusetts, as the law—"

"Cool! What in nature's the reason? I like her—she likes me—what's to hinder?"

"You have not been published, sir I suspect."

"That's a fact—ain't agoin' to be, neither—that's the reason why we crossed over in to your 'little Rhode' (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island) on the sly, you see, parson?"

"I—really—sir—" said the minister.

"Really!—wal, never mind—go ahead. 'Taint fur—don't you see 'taint! You've married me, and haint tetched her! Now, don't stop here! 'Taint the fact thing—by gracious 'taint, now, and yeon know it."

"I will consult," said the minister, hesitatingly.

"No you won't—no you don't! You don't consult nothing nor nobody until this here business is concluded!" And with this he turned the key, and put it (amidst the titterings of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he said:

"Go on now, straight from where you left off—put us through, and nodding. It'll be all right—if it ain't right, we'll make it right in the morning," as the saying is."

After reflecting a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality—so he continued:

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey him?"

"Them's 'em," said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him so long as you both live."

"That's the talk—stick to one another, alter!" and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses I pronounce you man and wife."

"Hooray!" continued Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God has joined together let no man put asunder."

"Hooray!" continued Jonathan. "What's the price? (The parson seemed to hesitate.)

"How much? spit out. Don't be afraid, you did it like a book. Here's a V; never mind the change. Send for a hack, landlord. Give us your bill, I've got her I'll call Colubny!"

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward he was on his way to the railroad depot with his wife, "the happiest man on foot of jail," said the eye witnesses who described the scene.

The Learning Registrar Starke's Fanciful Experience. One far, says the *Journal of Commerce*, got established the day that he had the honor to be reported in the *Independent* as a "runaway" couple, and the "licensed minister" came.

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