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Short Story of Every-Day Life.

THE SUICIDE.

Sweet Nellie Hadyn, memory reverts to thee now, even as I saw thee in the days of childhood, when I imagined that thou wert scarcely less fair than the bright beings that roamed in celestial fields. But thou art gone—shadows thick and dark enveloped thee, until no longer able to await thy Maker's time to deliver thee from the weight of sorrow, thine own hand snatched the golden chord of life, and launched thy soul into eternity.

The subject of our sketch was the only daughter of a retired merchant; she had been motherless from her infancy, and for that reason had always been her father's especial care, as she was also his chief comfort and solace.

Mr. Hadyn's residence was near the schoolhouse that I attended until I left home for boarding school. I often saw Nellie—the won my childish fancy at once; to her I went with all my little grievances; from her expected comfort and sympathy. Often have I stood before her, my cheeks burning with indignation from some real or fancied wrong, when one stroke of her fair hand over my brown locks and a few words spoken in her kindly, affectionate manner, would calm me at once; and with my arms around her neck, my head resting on her bosom, I have listened, as she strove to teach me the lesson "forgive and forget."

Here was the style of beauty that would naturally captivate a childish imagination. Tall and slender, with grace in every motion peculiarly her own; complexion pure as alabaster—not a shadow of color unless animation lent its aid; and then it was but the tint of the interior of the most delicately-colored sea-shell.

She reminded one of something pure, ethereal—a white lily, a dew-drop; but her eyes, I could not describe them—they haunt my imagination still; and even now, methinks I see them gazing into my own through the long, dim vista of the past, as in days of yore. Truth and innocence were mirrored in their blue depths; her hair was golden, and fell to her waist in a mass of ringlets; the general outline of her features betokened a yielding nature; but her mouth was firmness itself.

When Nellie was about eighteen years of age, a son of one of the neighbors returned, after having been absent for some years. When he left home Nellie was a child; on his return he found not the awkward school-girl, but the graceful, dignified woman. Her piquant originality and unstudied grace immediately attracted the man of the world; and he who had flirted with the gay belles of Paris, roamed through delicious groves with the fair daughters of Italy, listened to woman's siren tongue in almost every clime, was disenchanted of them all when he saw our sweet Nellie—as we were wont to call her; and she loved him with the fervor of a frank, generous nature. But her father would not listen to his daughter linking her fortunes with those of Richard Law, and going to England with him as he wished.

Richard's impetuous spirit took fire at this, and he mentally vowed that Nellie should be his before he left the shores of America. Months passed on; Nellie remained with her father, but Richard had crossed the sea. At first, letters were frequent, but, at last, they ceased altogether. Two—three years passed away. Nellie's anxiety preyed upon her health and spirits; and her eyes, from being occasionally lit up with a mournful, wistful expression, assumed it altogether; but still a secret hope and faith in Richard buoyed her up, and she lived and hoped on, week after week, until at last he returned. Oh! what a thrill of thankfulness entered the soul of Nellie; she never dreamed of his being faithless—he would explain all, and she would be happy again.

But a week passed; she did not see him; he seemed to avoid her; and, in the agony of suspense she endured in those days, her heart alternated between hope and fear; and, finally, settled in despair. But she would not give him up—she must see him once more. She saw him—but sealed her doom. With what intensity of feeling she listened to his words!

"Nellie, leave me; I am a wretch unworthy of your love or notice. I have deceived you—wronged you. I am married, and the father of two little ones; despise me as you will, but say that you do not love me."

For a moment not a syllable escaped her white lips. Those words were branded on her soul; she betrayed no emotion; but with a mingled effort crushed down the flood of feeling that surcharged her heart; and with the words: "Did she

love you more than I did," prepared to leave him. Her calmness led him to think that she had partly forgotten him; and with the words: "Nellie, I will see you soon and talk matters over," they parted—parted thus coolly.

On her return home, her father inquired when she had been. She told him. He expostulated with her on the impropriety of calling on one who had apparently forgotten her. But her reply, spoken in the very calmness of despair, paralyzed him.

"Father, he is my husband; he has deserted me—wrecked my happiness for time and eternity!" Then, with clasped hands, she exclaimed: "But, O, father, spare me not for deceiving you; but pity your erring, suffering child! I was married to him the very morning he left here for England; but he has taken another to his heart, and forsaken your poor Nellie! Father in Heaven," she continued, in a wildly vehement manner, "did I deserve this? This hour of agonizing bitterness, methinks, should atone for a life-time of sin! But I shall never see him more! My brain burns—I am mad!" Here she sank down into a seat completely exhausted with the violence of her feelings.

All the anxiety of the father was awakened; he tried to soothe her, and in a manner succeeded. But not a tear relieved that poor suffering heart; she became strangely calm, and retired to her room. He must now see Richard Law, the author of all this misery. The result of that meeting is known but to the All-seeing Eye!

On his return, he sought Nellie's room, and entered. She lay on the sofa, apparently asleep. He stood for a moment, to contemplate her as she lay there, so still and motionless—the white rose that she had twined amid her beautiful, golden ringlets, not whiter than the beautiful face that rested there, in such death-like repose.

He spoke her name; she did not answer. He approached and touched his lips to her forehead; it was cold. She was dead! A phial, from which had been taken a deadly poison, told the tale.—Wearily—wearily she was tired of life, and her own hand had hastened its end.

Mr. Hadyn never recovered from the shock; but in two short weeks he slept in the church-yard, besides those he had loved in life.

SOUTH CAROLINA MAIDS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—The Selma Sentinel has exhumed the following curious petition, which, it says, was signed by sixteen maids at Charleston, and presented to the Governor of that Province on March 1st, 1733: To His Excellency Gov. Johnson:

The humble petition of all maids whose names are underwritten:

Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are, at present, in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are captivated by widows, and our youthful charms are thereby neglected; and the consequence of this our request is, that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow shall presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us, old maids, is that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us who have the preference.

This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will prevent any further insults.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.—A determination to make the best of everything is a wonderful smoother of difficulties which beset us in our passage through this probationary scene. In Peter Pindar's story of the "Pilgrim and the Peas," two fellows upon whom the penance of walking to a certain shrine with peas in their shoes had been enjoined, are represented as having performed their tasks under very different circumstances and in very different moods. One of them having taken the precaution to soften his peas by boiling them, tripped lightly and merrily over the ground; the other, who had not "gumption" enough to turn his hard pellets into a poultice, by the same process, limped and howled all the way. It is pretty much the same in our pilgrimage through this "vale of tears." The impatient and imprudent travel on hard peas, the prudent and sagacious make themselves easy in their shoes, and run cheerfully the race that is set before them.

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother, Eve, "married a gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation."

Jefferson as Student and Lover.

During Mr. Jefferson's law course of five years, he usually spent the summer months at home, at Shadwell, where the rest of the family continued to reside. The systematic industry of his collegiate life continued. Notwithstanding the time given to company, he contrived to pass nearly twice the usual number of hours of law studies in his studies. He placed a clock in his bed room, and as soon as he could distinguish its hands in the gray of the summer morning, he rose and commenced his labors. In winter, he rose punctually at five. His hour of retiring in the summer, in the country, was nine—in the winter at ten. At Shadwell, his studies were very little interrupted by company. He usually took a gallop on horseback during the day, and at twilight walked to the top of Monticello. An hour or two given to the society of his family and the favorite violin, completed the list of interruptions, and still left fourteen or fifteen hours for study and reading.

With Mr. Jefferson, the lover succeeded the schoolboy in the due and time-honored order, as laid down the "melancholy Jaques." The only record of this affair is to be found in a series of letters addressed by him to his friend John Page, commencing immediately after he left college and extending, at intervals, through the two succeeding years. These are to be found at length in the Congress edition of his works, and also in his life, by Professor Tucker. They possess some interest, perhaps, in relation to their subject matter, but most, as the early specimens of their author's epistolary writing which have been preserved. Though they display something of that easy command of language—that "running pen"—for which he was afterwards so celebrated, they exhibit no peculiar grace or style, or maturity of thought. Perhaps, however, these would scarcely be expected in the careless, off-hand effusions of boyish intimacy. It causes a smile to see the future statesman "sighing like a furnace" in a first love; concealing, after the approved fashion of student life, the name of his mistress under awkward Latin puns and Greek anagrams, to bury a secret which the world, of course, was supposed to have a vast interest in discovering; delighted describing happy dances with his "Belinda" in the Apollo (that room of the Raleigh tavern where we shall soon find him acting so different a part); vowing the customary despairing vow, that "if Belinda will not accept his service, it shall never be offered to another;" and so on to the end of the chapter—in the well beaten track of immemorial prescription. The object of his attachment a Miss Rebecca Burwell (called Belinda, as a pet name, or by way of concealment,) whom tradition speaks as more distinguished for beauty than cleverness.

His proposal seems to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in foreign travel before marriage. He several times expresses this design, specifying England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, and a return through the northern British Provinces in America, as his proposed route. Why he gave this up does not appear. Whether for this, or because her preferences lay in a different direction, Miss Burwell somewhat abruptly married another man, in 1764.

Mr. Jefferson was generally, however, rather a favorite with the other sex, and not without reason. His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy, and delicately fair; his reddish chestnut hair luxuriant and silken. His full, deep-set eyes, the prevailing color of which was a light hazel, (or flocks of hazel on a groundwork of gray,) were peculiarly expressive, and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, the emotion which was passing through his mind.

He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim at this period, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not play well his part. His manners were usually graceful, but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which, in after years, was so much extolled by friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in moulding the young and the wavering to his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness, and cordiality in its tone—a deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in the destiny, which irresistibly won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce

with the world had led them to form less glowing estimates of it—such men as, the school-like Small, the sagacious Wythe, the courtly and gifted Fauquier.

Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly, and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, and it no doubt had, it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet under its even placidity, there was not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognise and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal reconre, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he voided the vices, of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits, which, if not vices themselves, were too often made the preludes to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion, which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolluted by oaths or tobacco! Though he speaks of enjoying "the victory of a favorite horse," and the "death of the fox," he never put but one horse in training to run—never ran but a single race, and he very rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even of vice-royalty to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man—to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex.—Randall's "Life of Thomas Jefferson."

THE LOVER'S TEXT.—The lover has no conscience in his dealing! He gets his due and asks for it again! He is never paid! Something remains, or the coin is hardly to his mind! He accepts it at one moment and rejects it at another—weighs it to the fraction of a grain, and still doubts whether it may not be light! Rings it with such ear as never a tuner of an instrument applied to a string! Scrutinizes mintage with an eye that magnifies a thousand fold! and, after all, suspects, from sheer inability to trust his jealous senses, or for the pleasure of imagining default where he knows none exists, that he may enjoy the reiteration of sweet though uncalled for warranty! The frank lips of the maiden have avowed it; "a world," not only "sighs," but of tears, had affected it; at sudden times had her changing cheeks revealed the fitful mood! and yet he wanted more! more, even though it cost a pang! a pang, but unquestionably commiserated from the knowledge, not only, that it was without a cause, but that it was certain of being superseded by transport! "Defend us," some of our fair readers may exclaim, "from such a lover!" No lover that is not like him is worth a sigh. The thorn is the property of the rose, as much as its blush and breath! They never live asunder.

NEVER TELL TOO MUCH.—Do not tell the learner too much about a subject, and puzzle him with many things, before he has understood the first principles; do not aim at being wonderfully profound in your first explanation, but reserve your profundity for subsequent stages. Even extreme accuracy may be dispensed with at first; it is not wise to puzzle the learner with little niceties and refinements, when he is convulsively grasping at anything like an approximate idea of matter in hand. You will not mislead him by using or permitting an expression which is not quite technically accurate; the mistake will not fix itself upon his mind, for he is not giving his attention to that little point in which the inaccuracy lies; he is not yet able to appreciate nice distinctions and petty exceptions. The first thing is to give him a rough general idea of the subject; and when he has mastered that, you may proceed to enlarge, refine, and dive deep. There are some teachers who cannot hold their peace when occasion requires, but seem impelled by their nature to tell all they know upon every subject they touch upon; the consequence is, that the learner, being unable to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential, is overwhelmed with the mass of learning, and instead of having a clear idea of the main points, has an indistinct recollection of many things.

HOW TO MEET SLANDER.—A blacksmith having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom, "I shall never sue anybody for slander. I can go into my shop, and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court-house in a year."

There's A Better Home Above.

Cease this sinful, vain repining—
Life has depth, imbued with joy;
Blissful hours, where tainted sorrow
Dares not drop that dark alloy.
Life, all pleasure, were not happy,
For if only gladness reigned,
We'd not know her boundless value,
So 'tis best that we are pained.

When December's cold winds whistle,
Some bright flowers still cheerful bloom,
And from these, ye sad repiners,
Learn to banish wintry gloom.
Keep within your heart imprisoned
Flowers of hope that bloom and cheer—
Flowers that shade the weeds of sorrow,
And may thrive without a tear.

Success in Life.

Benjamin Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse. That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pick-pocket or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on a man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery." When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in the heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet—it will never fade. In her family she is the life and delight. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman can never grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets ever fresh and ever new.

FEAR OF DEATH.—William the Conqueror, extremely alarmed on his death-bed, entreated the clergy to intercede for him. "Laden with many and grievous sins," he exclaimed, "I tremble; and being ready to be taken soon into the terrible examination of God, I am ignorant what I should do. I have been brought up in feats of arms from my childhood; I am greatly polluted with effusion of much blood; I can by no means number the evils I have done these sixty-four years, for which I am now constrained, without stay, to render an account to the just Judge."

Robert Emmet and his Love.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the wall with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of the chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting perchance as is held in Heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of bygone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood, and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she should still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the Church bell sounded and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say farewell! The door swung upon its heavy hinges and they parted forever. No! not forever! is there not a Heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously; a martyr to his country and to liberty.

And one—'er the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of their fair land.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy; what a magnificent scene. A pale, emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh it was hard for her to die far from home in this beautiful land where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no; her star had set; the brightness of her dream had faded; her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth, close burning ties, "what is more heart rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last, the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing floweret." Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet; the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

EDUCATING WITHOUT THE BIRCH.—Hon. Timothy Edwards, the son of President Edwards, and the foster-father of Aaron Burr and Pierpont Edwards, is reported to have said, "I have brought up and educated fourteen boys, two of whom I brought, or rather they grew up, without the birch. One of these was Pierpont Edwards, my youngest brother; the other, Aaron Burr, my sister's son. I tell you, sir," he added, "maple-sugar government will never answer; and beware how you let the first act of disobedience in these little boys go unnoticed; and unless evidence of repentance be manifested, unpunished." It is well known that this "maple-sugar government," of these two subjects on which it was tried, made two of the worst men of the past age, Burr and Pierpont Edwards. "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son." This precept requires always to stand side by side with the direction of an apostle, "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

OLD ALMANACS AS GOOD AS NEW.—By a strange coincidence, which will not again occur for a long time, the year 1855 commenced on the same day as 1849, and consequently all through the year the date was on the same day. But what is more singular is, that all the movable holidays, from Septuagesima to Advent, fell on the same dates, and on the same days. The same almanacs of 1849 might, therefore, have served for 1855.