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Thrilling Sketch of Border Life.

THE CANOE FIGHT.

The following incident of wild life in America will be read with interest. It has all the excitement of romance about it. A party of adventurers having fallen on the shores of a body of Indians, determined to partake of the provisions they had found. In the field on the bank of the river they kindled a fire for the purpose of cooking these, and were about, in the language of Dale, the leader of the party, "to make use of the 'briled' bones and hot asheake," when they were startled by the discharge of several rifles, and the sudden war-whoops of some twenty-five or thirty Indians, who came rushing towards them from three sides of the field. Dale's party immediately seized their rifles, and being too few to oppose the force of the enemy, dashed down the second or upper bank of the river, and took post among the trees, whence they kept in check the approach of the savages.

By this time the canoes had conveyed all but twelve of the entire force to the opposite side of the river, and one canoe alone had returned for the residue. This was the first thought of the little party, who were now hemmed in by the Indians. But simultaneously with the attack by land, a large canoe, containing eleven warriors, had issued from a bend in the river above, and descended rapidly, with the evident design of intercepting communication with the opposite shore. They now attempted to approach the shore and join in the attack, but were kept at a distance by a well directed fire of a few of Dale's men. Two of their number, however, leaped into the river, and swam, with their rifles above their heads, for the bank, just above the mouth of a little creek, near the northern corner of the field. One of these as he approached the shore, was shot by Smith; but Anstall, in attempting to intercept the other, was thrown by the underwood and rolled into the water within a few feet of his antagonist. The Indian reached the shore and ran up the bank. Anstall, in pursuing him through the cane was fired at, in mistake for an Indian, by Creaga, and narrowly escaped.

During this by-scene, Dale and the other eight of his valiant companions were interchanging hot fires with the enemy. Those in the canoe sheltered themselves by lying in its bottom and firing over the sides. The party on shore were deterred from pressing closely by an ignorance of the number of Dale's forces. This cause alone saved them from certain destruction. But the circumstances were now growing more critical. Soon the Indians must discover the weakness of their opponents, and rush forward with irresistible superiority. A more perilous position can scarcely be imagined, and yet there was one in this contest.

Dale, seeing the superiority of the enemy, called out to his comrades on the opposite shore for assistance. They had thus far remained inefficient, but excited spectators of the scene. But now eight of their number leaped into their canoe, and bore out towards the enemy. Upon approaching near enough, however, to discover the number of the Indians, the man in the bow, becoming alarmed at the superiority of the foe, ordered the paddles to "back water," and they returned to land! Dale, indignant at this cowardice, demanded of his men, who would join him in an attack upon the Indian canoe? Anstall and Smith immediately volunteered; and with a negro steerman, named Cesar, the little party embarked for the dreadful encounter.

As they approached, one of the Indians fired without effect. When within thirty feet, Smith fired, and probably wounded one of the Indians, whose shoulder was visible above the canoe. Dale and Anstall attempted to fire, but their priming having been dampened, their guns could not be discharged. Fortunately the Indians had exhausted their powder. The white party now bore down in silence upon the foe. As the boats came in contact at the bows, the Indians all leaped to their feet. Anstall was in front, and bore for a moment the brunt of the battle. But by the order of Dale, the negro swayed round the canoe, and "Big Sam" leaped into the enemy's boat, giving more room to Smith and Anstall, and pressing together the Indians, who were already too crowded. The negro occupied his time in holding the canoes together. The rifles of both parties used as clubs; and dreadful were the blows both given and taken; for three more gallant men than these assailants never took part in a crowded melee.

The details of the struggle can scarcely be given. Dale's second blow broke the barrel of his gun, which he then exchanged for Smith's, and so fought till

the end of the scene. Anstall was, at one time, prostrated by a blow from a war club, and fell into the Indian canoe, between two of the enemy, and was about being slain by his assailant, when the latter was fortunately put to death by Smith. Anstall rose, grappling with an Indian, wrested his war club from him, struck him over the skull, and he fell dead in the river.

The last surviving Indian had been, before the war, a particular friend of Dale's. They had hunted together long and familiarly, and were alike distinguished for their excellence in those vigorous sports so much prized by those men of the woods. The young Muscogee was regarded as one of the most chivalrous warriors of his tribe. Dale would always say, when, long subsequently, he narrated these circumstances, and he never did so without weeping, that he "loved that Indian like a brother, and wanted to save him from the fate of the others." But the eye of the young warrior was filled with fire; he leaped before his opponent with a proud fury; cried out in Muscogee, "Sam Thineco, you're a man, and I'm another! Now for it!" and grappled in deadly conflict. The white man proved the victor. With one blow of his rifle, he crushed the skull of the young hero. The young hero still holding his gun firmly grasped in his hands, fell backwards into the water, and the canoe fight was over.

DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.—In the dull, prosy, interminable, matter-of-fact speeches of members of Congress, we occasionally find a glimpse of sunshine—an oasis in the desert, a passage replete with beauty of language and refinement of feeling, which deserves to be treasured in the memory. Such is the character of the following extract from a speech of Senator Yulee, of Florida:

"Mr. President, the deepest interest of the human heart—that which in civilized life, next to the concerns of his spiritual being and his responsibility as a creature of God, moves most strongly the affection of man's nature, and stirs the profoundest depths of his feelings—is the desire to promote and preserve the happiness and welfare of those who associate with him at the family altar. At that altar kneels with him the gentle Eve of his bosom, whose devotion and love and virtues make the daily charm of his life, whose heart is intertwined with his own tendrils that a mutual sympathy and interchange of sweet affections, kindly extend and strengthen; there, too, clinging close around him, gather the offspring of their pure and heaven-blessed love—dear, not only as the pledges of their own happy union, but the more dear for their helplessness and dependence; there, too, happily tend the tottering steps of the parents of his days, whose kindness and culture of his early years, had their reward in the grateful care with which he cherishes their declining days; and at that altar the inspiration is daily freshened, which impels him, under the influence of a beneficent Providence, to place his highest earthly happiness in the cherishment and protection of that magic circle. It is in the security and confidence which the Government casts around these cherished affections, in the protection which it aids us to bestow upon these first objects of our care, in the ability it confers upon us to preserve the fruits of our industry for their use in our own day, and after, by our departure from life, they are left to struggle alone, that the seeds of patriotism find their favored soil."

HOW A ROYAL DEBTOR WAS MADE TO PAY.—Selden mentions as a curious illustration of English law, how a London merchant got payment of a debt from the King of Spain. The merchant proceeded against him in the English courts, in the ordinary form, and as the debtor did not choose to make appearance or plead, the conclusive ceremony of outlawry was performed. It appears that the preliminary step to this denunciation was an inquiry after the debtor in all the neighboring ale-houses, these being presumed to be the place where those who owe most resort. Selden gives a ludicrous account of the inquiry at each alehouse, if the King of Spain was there, and the formal return of a universal negative by the officer; where upon, in usual form, outlawry was pronounced against him. In the end it was found to be no joke. Whilst the sentence of outlawry stood against him, none of his subjects could recover debts in the English courts, which were closed to the whole Spanish nation, and in the end, the London merchant was paid his debt.

Eat, digest; read, remember; earn, save; love, and be loved. If these four rules be strictly followed, health, wealth, intelligence, and true happiness will be the result.

The Dying Wife to her Husband.

The following most touching fragment of a "Letter from a Dying Wife to her Husband," was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, and at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginations of a girl, yet, dear G—, it is so!

Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down alone into the dark Valley! "But I know in whom I have trusted, and leaning upon His arm, I fear no evil." Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight; and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view—the last on earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpse of the fading glories of that better world, where parting is unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G—, where you will leave me, and I have wept the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and banished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, and perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost but gone before."

—Kitcherbocker.

TROUBLES AND DEEDS.—It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and woefully often do, fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts. For when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment. But the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, the strongest, little in straightening a crooked one. You cannot reason or talk an Aegean stable into cleanliness. A single day's work would make more progress in such a task than a century's words.

THINGS YOU MUST NOT DO.—Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now. Never insult poverty. Never speak contemptuously of woman. Never eat a hearty supper. Never stop to talk in a church aisle after the service is over. Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

THE HEART.—It is said of Hannibal, the great Carthaginian commander, that he was the first that went into the field of battle and the last that came out of it. Thus should it be in all the operations of a Christian: the heart should be the first that comes into the house of God, and the last that goes out of it.

Sunday Reading.

Essays Written in the Intervals of Business.

BENEVOLENCE.
Benevolence is the largest part of our business, beginning with our home duties, and extending itself to the utmost verge of humanity. *A vague feeling of kindness towards our fellow creatures is no state of mind to rest in.* It is not enough for us to be able to say that nothing of human interest is alien to us, and that we give our acquiescence, or indeed our transient assistance, to any scheme of benevolence that may come in our way. No! in promoting the welfare of others we must toil; we must devote to it earnest thought, constant care, and zealous endeavor. What is more, we must do all this with patience; and be ready, in the same cause, to make an habitual sacrifice of our own tastes and wishes. Nothing short of this is the visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, which our creed requires of us.

CHARITY.
Few people have imagination enough to enter into the delusions of others, or indeed to look at the actions of any other person with any prejudices but their own. Perhaps, however, it would be nearer the truth to say that few people are in the habit of employing their imagination in the service of charity. Most persons require its magic aid to gild their castles in the air: to conduct them along those fanciful triumphal processions in which themselves play so conspicuous a part: to conquer enemies for them without battles; and make them virtuous without effort. This is what they want their imagination for: they can not spare it for any little errand of charity. And sometimes when men do think charitably, they are afraid to speak out, for fear of being considered stupid, or credulous.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.
Practical wisdom acts in the mind, as gravitation does in the material world; combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence amongst the various parts of our system. It is not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for dainty duties, pleasant to the imagination; but insists upon our doing those which are before us. It is always inclined to make much of what it possesses; and is not given to ponder over those schemes which might have been carried out, if what is irrevocable had been other than it is. It does not suffer us to waste our energies in regret. In journeying with it we go towards the sun, and the shadow of our burden falls behind us.

HIGH RESOLVES.
They fancy that high moral resolves and great principles are not for daily use, and that there is no room for them in the affairs of this life. This is an extreme delusion. For how is the world ever made better? Not by mean little schemes which some men fondly call practical, not by setting one evil thing to counteract another, but by the introduction of those principles of action which are at first looked upon as theories, but which are at last acknowledged, and acted upon as common truths. The men who first introduce these principles are practical men, though the practices which such principles create may not come into being in the lifetime of their founders.

JUDGMENT OF MEN.
In forming these lightly, we wrong ourselves, and those whom we judge. In scattering such things abroad, we endow our unjust thoughts with life which we cannot take away, and become false witnesses to pervert the world in general. Who does not feel that to describe with fidelity the least portion of the entangled nature that is within him would be no easy matter? And yet the same man who feels this, and who, perhaps, would be ashamed of talking at hazard about the properties of a flower, of a weed, of some figure in geometry, will put forth his guesses about the character of his brother man, as if he had the fullest authority for all that he was saying.

KIND NATURED.
We should never in any way consent to the ill-treatment of animals, because the fear of ridicule, or some other fear, prevents our interfering. As to there being anything really trifling in any act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day which a man absorbed in some worldly pursuit may carelessly expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him, and kindness to an animal is one of these, are perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording.

MOTIVES.
We are all disposed to dislike in a man

ner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretensions of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while, perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards; they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please.

AIDS TO CONTENTMENT.
Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while, they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of. That man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness, in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow men is the test of merit, and their applause the principal reward for exertion. A habit of mistrust is the torment of some people. It taints their love and their friendship. They take up small causes of offence. They require their friends to show the same aspect to them at all times; which is more than human nature can do. They try experiments to ascertain whether they are sufficiently loved; they watch narrowly the effects of absence, and require their friends to prove to them that the intimacy it was exactly upon the same footing as it was before. Some persons acquire these suspicious ways from a natural diffidence in themselves; for which they are often loved the more; and they might find ample comfort in that, if they could but believe it. With others, these habits arise from a selfishness which cannot be satisfied. And their endeavor should be to uproot such a disposition, not to soothe it. Contentment abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are; whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture. Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding, or doing nothing. Now to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid with quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation.

And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal illness is that of the heart. And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow creatures as he ought. I have no intention of putting forward specifics for real ailments, or pretending to teach refined methods for avoiding grief. As long, however, as there is anything to be done in a matter, the time for grieving about it has not come. But when the subject for grief is fixed and inevitable, sorrow is to be borne like pain. It is only a paroxysm of either that can justify us in neglecting the duties which no bereavement can lessen, and which no sorrow can leave us without. And we may remember that sorrow is at once the lot, the trial, and the privilege, of man.

HOW TO TRANSACT BUSINESS.
In your converse with the world avoid anything like a juggling dexterity. The proper use of dexterity is to prevent your being circumvented by the cunning of others. It should not be aggressive. Concessions and compromises form a large and a very important part of our dealings with others. Concessions must generally be looked upon as distinct defeats; and you must expect no gratitude for them. I am far from saying that it may not be wise to make concessions, but this will be done more wisely when you understand the nature of them. In making compromises, do not think to gain much by concealing your views and wishes. You are as likely to suffer from its not being known how to please or satisfy you, as from any attempt to overreach you, grounded on a knowledge of your wishes. It is often worth while to bestow much pains in gaining over foolish people to your way of thinking; and you should do it soon. Your reasons will always have some weight with the wise. But if at first you omit to put your arguments before the foolish, they will form their prejudices; and a fool is often very consistent, and very fond of repetition. He will be repeating his folly in season, and out of season, until at last it has a hearing: and it is hard if it does not chime in

with external circumstances.

PARTY SPIRIT.
We often forget that we are partisans ourselves, and that we are contending with partisans. We first give ourselves credit for a judicial impartiality in all that concerns public affairs; and then call upon our opponents actually to be as impartial as we assert ourselves to be. But few of us, I suspect, have any right to take this high ground. Our passions master us; and we know them to be our enemies. Our prejudices imprison us: and like madmen, we take our jailors for a guard of honor.

I do not mean to suggest that truth and right are always to be found in middle courses; or that there is anything particularly philosophic in concluding that "both parties are in the wrong," and "that there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question,"—phrases which may belong to indolence as well as to charity and candor. Let a man have a hearty strong opinion, and strive by all fair means to bring it into action—if it is in truth an opinion, and not a thing inhaled like some infectious disorder.

Many persons persuade themselves that the life and well being of a State are something like their own fleeting health and brief prosperity. And hence they see portentous things in every subject of political dispute. Such fancies add much to the intolerance of party spirit. But the State will bear much killing. It has outlived many generations of political prophets—and it may survive the present ones.

WHAT IS GENIUS?—We have read, we know not how many descriptions of Genius, of all of which may have been correct; but still something more may be said of it. Genius is so many-colored, so mercurial, so bounding and flashing, so soaring and roaring (lion-like), so cloud-shifting (we don't like compound words, but we use them occasionally,) so light-like and shade-like, so "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race," so subtle and profound—so free, exultant, and spontaneous is it, that we may work away at our admiration of it till we are gray, and then we shall fail to "body it forth" with any entireness. When we comprehend and analyze the mysterious, central principle of life, then can we fully define genius. We love genius, because it touches the hidden springs of our own life, and thus "opens up" within us a strange, exultant joy. It is the "touch of nature that makes all the world akin." A man of genius is one whose inner life is brought into objective play, by reason of a better corporeal organization than the "rest of mankind." He does not possess one iota more of the great common human nature than others. On the score of innate fundamentals, he is on a dead level with the meanest made-up brother of the great family! His spirit has finer integuments—the keys and strings, which are mediums of life's expression, in his case are of finer make, and have a more facile instrumentality. Genius, therefore, is but an earnest voice of our great humanity. It only marshals the way in which the universal voice is to follow. In other words, genius is the result of an exalted organization, and this exaltation arises either from an extra-favorable organic formation, or from hereditary inspiration, which elevates the quality of the manifestation.

WHISKEY DRINKING.—There are several temperate people very much after the pattern of the man who figured in the sketch we present below. It was on one of the river steamers at dinner that an amiable, matronly lady remarked, in the midst of a conversation with a very grave looking gentleman, on the subject of temperance.

"Oh! I despise, of all things in this world, a whiskey drinker!"

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, in the ardor of his feelings extended his hands and took hers within his own, and with a vivid emotion that threatened a gush of tears over the loss of ruined ones, he replied with faltering words:

"Madam, I respect your sentiments, and the heart that dictated them. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see well-dressed, respectable, and virtuous-looking young men, men whose mothers are even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated may bring forth precious fruit in their maturity—I say, to see young men step up to the bar of this boat, and without fear of observing eyes, boldly ask for whiskey, when they know very well there is in that very bottle the very best of old Cognac brandy."