

The Anderson Intelligencer.

An Independent Journal—Devoted to Politics, Literature, News, Morals, Agriculture, Science and Art.

ANDERSON COURT HOUSE, S. C., TUESDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1860.

VOLUME 1.—NUMBER 7.

BY FEATHERSTON & HOYT.

An Interesting Story.

ANNIE LEE.

CHAPTER I.

There was a certain rich man who had two children, a son and a daughter, both of whom he loved passing well. But the rich man was vain of his riches and proud of his consequence; and hid his love deep in his own heart, for he said to himself, "If my children know how much I love them, they will become froward and disobedient."

So he neither took them into his confidence, nor bestowed upon them his caresses; but hooded up his thoughts, and dwelt in cloisteral loneliness of spirit like an ancient monk.

Now the name of this rich, proud man was Samuel Lee.

And the boy Philip grew to manhood; quick and passionate, and self-willed, yet with the tender and true heart of his dead mother.

And the girl Annie also grew in years and stature; but she was ever mild and gentle, and sang to herself snatches of sweet songs, in a low voice, and made sunshine wherever she went.

Now, there was a neighbor near by, John Walton by name, with whom Samuel Lee had been wroth for many years. They were friends in youth, but their firm, rock like love was wrenched violently asunder, and now there was a dark gulf between them. So Samuel Lee bade his children speak not to his neighbor's child, which was a maid; but Philip heeded not his father's counsel, for he loved Lucy Walton, and therein lay great sorrow.

Now it came to pass upon a day, that great losses fell upon John Walton; so great, indeed, that he sickened thereof, and died; and when he died, there was no home left for Lucy Walton, but in the heart of Philip Lee.

Then came Philip to his father and said,

"Father, I love Lucy Walton. Now that her father is not, I pray you give me your consent that I may take her to wife."

But when Samuel Lee heard these words, he was troubled exceedingly; and frowned, saying: "I will not do so; for I like not the race from whence she did spring."

Then Annie, who was standing near by, answered and said, yet very meekly—

"Surely it were a good thing to hearken unto my brother; for Lucy Walton is a pale lily that only lives and floats upon the bright waters of his love."

Straightway Samuel answered sternly, "It shall not be. Her father did me grievous wrong."

But Annie said gently—

"As the wind lulls with the setting of the sun, even so should anger die with the dead."

But Samuel Lee heeded not the sweet words which his daughter spake in charity; but waxed exceedingly wroth, and smote with his great hand upon the table, and said—

"Are our children become our teachers? Philip shall not wed the woman."

Then the ire of Philip was kindled at the injustice of his father, and he spake words which those who honor a parent may never speak; and he said—

"I care not. We are betrothed already, and I will keep my troth."

Now, this was very wrong in Philip, for his father was an old man, and had nursed his anger for many years. He had loved John Walton once, with an exceeding great love, and knowing how dearly he had loved him, the wrong was the more difficult to bear. Wherefore, he said unto his son—

"There is no need of many words.—Choose ye either obedience and great riches; or the daughter of John Walton and poverty."

Then straightway spake Philip Lee and said:

"I cannot be false to my own heart, for I love Lucy Walton."

Then answered the old man, coldly, and said:

"You have chosen. May it be well with you. Henceforth we will be as strangers to each other. Go!"

But Annie laid her hand upon his arm, and spake softly, saying—

"Oh, father! Remember Philip is your son; let me, I beseech you, plead with you in his behalf?"

So the old man questioned Philip once more, after this manner:

"I would fain have you obey me, my son."

And Philip was greatly moved, but he answered only:

"In all other things, I will. In that I may not, for am I not pledged to Lucy Walton?"

Then Samuel Lee made answer—

"It is sufficient. Go! I have spoken." And he turned away, no one knowing the terrible grief he crushed back by the strong arm of his will.

After this, Philip answered never a word; but would straightway have departed, but Annie clave unto him, and resting her head upon his bosom, besought him to tarry yet a little while, saying:

"Time and nature are great physicians; and often bring healing when the body is well nigh sick unto death. And though the seed may lie in the ground through the season of winter, yet it springs up with the first warm sun, and in due time comes a bountiful harvest."

And in this wise Annie strove to cheer her brother, and to win him to patience, but he would not be comforted. For passion in youth is king over reason; and Philip did not know, until his own head was hoary with the rime of years, that while youth listens to the counsels of hope, age only hearkens to the darker voice of memory. That the young man looks in the distance before him as he walks, while the old man travels with his eyes ever cast behind him. Moreover, Philip Lee loved Lucy Walton.

So he departed from the presence of his father, and went forth, and married Lucy Walton; but he said nothing to her of his father's anger, nor did she know, until afterwards what Philip Lee had done for her sake.

CHAPTER II.

After this time, there fell a great change upon the house of Samuel Lee; for Philip, his first-born, had gone, no one knew whither, and the old man sought in vain to fold his heart over the vacant place of his son. Yet he was still proud withal, and would not toll his grief to Annie, but like the Spartan thief, kept the gnawing hunger close until it began to eat away the springs of life. But Annie kept on in her old, even way, never murmuring, nor even seeming to pine; singing, at times, the same low, sweet songs, yet not so frequently as before.

And suitors many came to her and besought her love, for her good name was known throughout all the region round about; inasmuch, that mothers spake of her to their daughters, as one who was modest and serene, and beautiful, and comely of face and form withal.

And fathers commended her to their sons, saying:

"Truly, she is a pearl of wondrous price; happy will he be upon whom her soft lustre falls lovingly. Go ye and seek to win her."

Therefore it was, that Annie had suitors a many. And there was one whom Annie favored above all others; for he was wise, and good, and gentle, and one to whom the sages of the land prophesied great honors in the years to come. But Annie loved him more for his pure and generous heart. Now the name of the young man was Henry Russell.

Yet when he entreated her, the maiden would not wed with him, for she said:

"Is not my brother Philip departed, no one knows whither? It may be that care and sorrow have overtaken him. Happily my father will relent after a season, and surely it is better we should wait until this good thing comes to pass."

After this, upon a day, there came to the house of Samuel Lee, a certain mariner, who had known Philip, and he told how Philip wandered through many cities, seeking employment and finding little, and how Lucy clung to him right womanly, and loved him through all. That Philip, bending to circumstances, sought to do many things whereby he might live; but that at length he became an artist; and because that the people in the places whither he had wandered, fostered not the arts, he betook himself to a ship to go to a far country, where men said the finer arts were more honored.

Then the mariner lowered his voice as he told how, in sight of the far country, a great storm arose, and how the ship struck upon the rocks and went to pieces suddenly, so that but few were saved, none of whom bore the names of Philip and Lucy Lee.

Then Annie Lee questioned the mariner more closely concerning her brother; and the man said he spake not of his own knowledge; but for the words of others, yet he believed them true.

And as Samuel Lee listened to the tale of the brown mariner, he groaned inwardly; for his heart smote him with a sore grief, and he yearned still more for his lost son.

But when there came to him a good man, which was a clergyman, and showed him how John Walton had been pure of any wrong towards him, and that the guilt lay at the door of another man who could not die in peace until he had confessed his sin, Samuel Lee fell to the ground with a great cry.

Now, when Annie heard these things,

and in the storm of her father's grief, caught glimpses of his heart, as we see fragments of blue sky beyond the broken clouds, she mused deeply. Suddenly, while she yet mused, she seemed to hear a voice, low, like the voice of a spirit, say unto her:

"Thy brother yet lives. Seek and he shall be found."

And she went, wondering, yet with a fearful joy, and told her father.

But age is incredulous, even to good tidings, and the old man shook his head sorrowfully, and said:

"Nay, my daughter, that cannot be.—The water drop is exhaled to heaven, and returns from heaven to quench the thirst of nature; but the spirit of man comes not back from its brighter home, to gladden the parched mourner. Philip, my son, is dead."

Then Annie answered softly:

"I fear, and yet I hope! Oh, my father, let the hope plead with you that we may seek to gather from all places to which Philip may have wandered, some tidings concerning him and Lucy. Happily, if he is taken from us, the wife of his bosom may yet remain."

"Be it even as you will, Annie," said the old man, "but the same sea covers them both."

Then answered Annie, softly, as before:

"And yet, and yet I hope!"

But Samuel Lee answered, saying:

"It is a fond delusion, child! The water drops of grief have made a rainbow in your heart."

"'Tis a bow of promise," said Annie.

"Yea, verily!" said the old man, with a sigh, "But in the skies only. Nevertheless, do as you will."

And straightway messengers were sent by divers ways into far cities; and they traced Philip Lee, and his wife Lucy, through all the places at which they had sojourned; and they spake with many people, and they gleaned much tidings which were sorrowful to hear, and they came back, and told Samuel Lee and his daughter, and though they spake singly, each man for himself, according to the knowledge he had gathered; yet was their tale the same, even as the mariner's aforetime.

Then Samuel Lee sorrowed more and more, and humbled himself before his daughter, and prayed meekly, and was a changed man. And sickness came upon him with the hoar frosts, and Annie nursed him through all, nor abated one jot of her affection.

Now Annie had a great thought in her heart.

So, after many days, when the winter was past and gone, and it was the spring season of the year; and the violets, and the pansies, and the golden butter-cups were in bloom, she arose and went to her father, saying:

"Father, I will go forth and seek my brother. I pray you give me your blessing that I may depart in peace."

And Samuel Lee sought to persuade his daughter from her resolve. But when she said, with a meek firmness, that she was constrained to go, for she felt that Philip was still living, he could not chide her, inasmuch, as while looking on her confident face, dim hope rose in his own breast like the first dawning outline of land seen by mariners afar in the offing; so he laid his trembling hands upon her head, and said, in a low voice:

"May God guide and guard you, my daughter; and in his own good time bring joy to the hearts of us twain."

Then, in the evening of that day, when it was known abroad that Annie was to depart on the morrow, came to her Henry Russell, even the young man whom she loved, and he said:

"Annie, it is not meet for a maiden to wander alone among a strange people. Tarry, therefore, a little while and I will go with you."

But Annie made answer, saying:

"Neither is it fitting I should be accompanied by a young man. Abide you here, Henry, and cheer the spirits of my father, for he will need a comforter when I am gone. It is best that I should journey alone. In the autumn of the year, if it be the will of Heaven, I shall return."

And on the morrow she departed, and went into all the cities, enquiring for her brother; but many said they knew him not at all, and some said he was lost at sea; but all pitied her very much, and gave her good counsel. Then she took ship and sailed to the far country, whither Philip was bound. But she gained no tidings of him, save that the ship was wrecked.

And as she heard this, she sat down, and wept bitterly; for her heart began to be heavy within her. But as she wept, she seemed to hear a low voice, like the voice of a spirit, say:

"Thy brother yet lives, go you and seek him."

So she arose, and went through many towns and villages, seeking to glean tidings of her brother, but finding none. But when the autumn was coming, she made ready to return to her own country. But it came to pass the ship was not ready to sail, whereupon she was constrained to abide for a brief season in the city by the sea. And she lived therein with a good woman who was a widow, and the woman was a mother unto her.

Now on a certain day, as she looked within a window, she saw a new picture, even one she had not seen before, though she had sought out pictures in all places, hoping thereby to find her brother.

And, as she looked upon the new picture, straightway the blood rushed to her heart, and she fell down in a swoon; for it was like to her father's house, with the bright river in front, and the blue mountains far back. And when she was revived, she found many strange faces about her, and the picture hung in the window of the room wherein she was.

Then she questioned quickly the master of the house concerning it, and as he was about to answer, a young man came in at the door, and hearing there was a maiden within who was taken ill suddenly, he pressed through the crowd, and gazed with his pale face upon the pale face of the maiden. And their eyes met.

And they who stood by, marvelled greatly at the twain; for the maiden cast herself upon the breast of the stranger and sobbed aloud.

After this, it happened, when the woods were clothed in crimson and gold, that Samuel Lee was lying upon his couch with Henry Russell seated beside it, when there was heard a great noise from without the chamber, and in a brief space, a servant entered hastily, saying:

"Mistress Annie is come back!"

And as Henry Russell sprang up with a cry of joy to welcome her—for Samuel Lee was yet feeble—the door opened, and Annie came forward, bringing with her Philip and Lucy, and having by the hand a little bright-haired boy. And they all knelt by the bed-side, and prayed their father that he would bless them.

Then Samuel Lee arose, and stretching out his hands blessed them, and craved forgiveness of his son and daughter, inasmuch as great wrong had been done unto them.

After this they spake softly, each to the other, and Philip Lee took Henry Russell by the hand and called him brother; and as he did so, his father smiled.

And henceforth there was sunshine in that house for many years.

How to Avert Disease.—The great thing to do in order to ward off serious disease, (and sickness never comes without a friendly premonition in the distance, only that in our stupidity or heedlessness we often fail to make a note of it,) is simply to observe three things.

1. The instant we become conscious of any unpleasant sensation in the body, cease eating absolutely.

2. Keep warm.

3. Be still.

These are applicable and safe in all cases; sometimes a more speedy result is attained if, instead of being quiet, the patient would, by moderate, steady exercise, keep up a gentle perspiration for several hours. And an observant person will seldom fail to discover that he who relies on a judicious abstinence and moderate exercise for the removal of his "symptoms," will find in due time, multitudes of cases, that the remedy will become more and more efficient with increasing intervals for need of its application until at length a man is not sick at all, and life goes on like snuff of a candle or as gently as the dying embers on the hearth.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FRUITS OF VIRTUE.—If you should see a man digging in a snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds upon the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles? If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in youth you must shape your character by the Word of unerring wisdom, and plant in your bosom the seeds of holiness.

A PARENTAL HINT.—When an accident occurs, learn whether it was through misfortune, carelessness, or wilfulness before you pass sentence. Accidents are frequently of great service, and children often learn more caution and real information than from fifty lessons. Be it remembered that the perfection of science is owing to occurrence and remedy of its early accident.

A Good Example.

Patrick Henry indulged in the habit of wearing his hat at all times in his own house, both in company and when he sat down to table. He frequently was visited by distinguished persons, and often had large companies to dine at his house. It was his custom on such occasions, before the company took their seats at the table, solemnly to lift his hat from his head, and ask a blessing. On such occasions he always had wine after dinner. As soon as the wine was placed upon the table, he would rise from his seat, remove his hat from his head, and return thanks to his Heavenly Father for his blessings. He would then resume his seat and circulate the wine.

The above interesting feature of Patrick Henry's character, was communicated by one of his daughters to the writer. It is given nearly word for word in her language.

Let us picture to ourselves such a scene in its simple truth. There sits before us the sage whose brow was encircled by a rich halo of renown; himself, venerable by age, illustrious by fame, and immortal by deeds; he is surrounded by a gay company; suddenly he pauses in his cheerful conversation; his countenance assumes an impressive gravity; he rises from his seat; he removes his hat from his head; he closes his eyes; and in those rich tones, which made every ear to tingle, and caused every heart to swell with the throbbing responsive, he acknowledges his gratitude to Providence, as the giver of every good and perfect gift. What an impressive instance we have here, of a deliberate "confessing" of the Most High before men?

When I see the head of a household, perhaps surrounded by a growing and interesting family, in the enjoyments of all the comforts, or even the elegancies of life, seating himself at his bountifully supplied board, without any indication of a recognition of the source "from which all blessings flow," I cannot help setting such a man down as having something of the barbarian in his nature. If one would say at such times only—"amen!" it would be adequate to suggest to the mind, that he had probably ejaculated in his heart—"God be thanked." But when I see a man in this Christian age and country, thus observe a graceless silence, I am always forcibly reminded of the quaint illustration, used in a somewhat similar case, by the "African Preacher," who, by the way, was born a heathen:

"Just so (said he) with the hog, that roots all day among the leaves, eating the acorns, without once looking up into the tree from whence they fall."

THE WIND IS A MUSICIAN.—Extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and, like Paganini, performs on a single string.

It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it. It persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the forest pines, and it tries to see what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and winds up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

What a melody it sings when it gives a concert with full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, and goes up, perhaps to the stars that love music most and sang it the first.

Then how fondly it haunts old houses, moaning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and sighing a measure of some sad old song, around the fireless and deserted hearth.

ANTICIPATING EVIL.—Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing that it may be ill to-morrow. He, therefore, is wise who enjoys as much as possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," sufficient but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be, and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.

Conscience and covetousness are never to be reconciled; like fire and water, they always destroy each other, according to which predominates.

Self-Culture.

Self-culture is the most important part of education—it is worth all the rest. Every man who has raised himself into merited eminence by word or deed, owes his powers mainly to self-culture. It is the source of all true greatness. Homer was not made a poet, nor Moses a legislator, by schools. By self-formed powers these men made schools as agencies to exert influence upon those having less originality.

Lord Bacon said every man made his fortune—he might have added, and his character. Organization and circumstances create an individuality that if self-trained, bows men to its purposes. What is the steam engine? So much wood or metal, containing so much water and coal. These elements when brought together, harmonized, and ordered by intellect, give a giant power to subdue the earth to the decrees of man. So do a good organization and favorable circumstances enable some men to bow multitudes to their wishes. What trained Shakespeare to dive into the depths of the human mind, or Eliza Burritt to master languages and wisdom alike astonishing? Or what enabled West, born in Philadelphia, of a Quaker family who eschewed the fine arts as belonging to the vanities of the earth, to eclipse his countrymen as an artist? Self-culture.

The craft of kingship is exercised commonly very poorly by those who have served an apprenticeship to it from youth. Of all sovereigns Cromwell and Napoleon Buonaparte, self-made men, performed the part best. True, the latter made some sad blunders in relying on the treacherous dynasties of Europe, instead of trusting to free institutions. As a punishment he ceased to be a missionary of liberty. Bitterly did he pay for aping hereditary greatness. But when his remains were redeemed from St. Helena, and brought in splendor to where he had reigned, it was, and must be admitted, that he had originally abused a factitious to exalt a natural aristocracy—that he had thrown open a career of self-cultivated ability, and had honored it only by those who could fill them. Under his self-cultivated counsellors, generals, artists, engineers and mechanics, &c., France rose to a pitch of ascendancy in Europe, no power ever attained before, nor is ever likely to again.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself—are gone; but Solomon's reservoir is as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the sun at Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save the mounds of crumbling brick work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.—*Edinburgh Review.*

IMAGINARY MISFORTUNES.—The events of life are not fortunate or calamitous so much in themselves, as they are in their effect on our feelings. An event which is met by one with equanimity or indifference, will fret another with vexation, or overwhelm him with sorrow. Misfortunes encountered with a composed and firm resolution, almost cease to be evils; it is, therefore, less our wisdom to endeavor to control external events, than to regulate the habitual temper of our minds to endurance and resignation.