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BY FEATHERSTON & HOYT.

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Nobel and Interesting Story. A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing."
"But, you must, my happiness depends upon it. Here, put on the thingum-bobs, and what's his name."

And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze, a suit of female apparel. His idea was that I should personate his lady for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied the knot between them, that nothing but a special act of the Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with almost a masculine air; and at that time I had a very slight form, almost effeminate; so that, in fact, there was really little difference on that point. Then I had light hair, tolerable long, and fresh complexion. Part of my hair in the middle, put my bonnet on my head, and few ladies would have suspected but what I was one of their own sex. These accessories gave quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for a runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D— river, to the grove, three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal. I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me in his light wagon, and drove me over to D— by a secluded way, and left me at the hotel, where the picnic party was to assemble. Several of the pic-nickers were already there, and greeted my cavalier cordially, asking me if I was going with them. He told me that he was not.

Pressing business engagements, you see, and all that sort of thing. Deuced soon I can't go, though. I had just time to bid Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bly, this is Miss Lee. Miss Withers says this Lee's," and he rattled off a long string of introductions, which convinced me that few of the females were acquainted with the young lady I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bly, a tall, legal looking man, with a nose and eye-glasses, seemed to be impressed with me, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out: "Nice looking gal, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance, "she is a nice girl, though a bit go-ahead sometimes. Keep a look upon her," then lowering his voice, "it's a bad match for you, old fellow, she's rich."

"Is she?" said Bob, with interest, deepening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars her own right. Day-day," and he went on.

Maggie's attitude that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D—, he merely saying that he would take the carriage after her at twelve o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him, bid him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred yards, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which drove up to the back door, as old Bob carriage drove away from the front.

As for us of the picnic excursion, we had a pleasant sail down to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it, such as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Bob Styles, as I expected, a young and rising lawyer. He insisted on paying for my ticket and purchasing enough oranges, pears and apples to set up a street stand. For five times I was on the point of swinging at his impudent officiousness, but my tongue was just in time to prevent its exposure. But it was

not with him that I found my role the hardest to play.

No, the young ladies were the hardest ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding-school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted with me when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur until we had parted. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for half an hour. It was all very nice; but if I had been *prima persona* I should have liked it better. As it was, I felt as though I was "obtaining goods under false colors," and that Lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of ermine then surrounded me on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and other gentlemen.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered:

"My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be the town talk with the gentlemen."

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of openwork stockings which came nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my running gear looking quite respectable; but the idea of gentlemen talking about my ankles and of being cautioned thus by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me, and I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my filigree handkerchief. The young ladies looked at me in apparent astonishment, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the ermine.

"May I sit here?" he asked pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lachrymose air, which nauseated me as coming from him to another—"you are kind as you are fascinating."

"You flatter me!"

"I? no indeed, praise of you cannot be flattery, Ms Lee."

"Ah, sir, you are very naughty," said I, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast an anguishing glance at me, and I fairly began to feel for his feelings.

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our and—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and Lawyer Bimby led me out for schottische. It was hard, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him properly jealous, by dancing with two or three young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man is a great woman-killer—a sort of easy, devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate warmth of action and coolness of profection; him I selected to play off against by legal admirer.

I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing he led me to my seat, keeping his arm tightly round my waist, and I permitted it. Having thus stirred Bimby unto fits of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced. Now, I am old stager at waltzing; I can keep it longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, that I ever met. As big as the Schönebrunn rings in my ear I can go on, if it is for a year. Not so Bimby; he pleaded want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy. "Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn, then." But I only smiled, and said that I should get tired first.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "of course, I can waltz as long as any one you see, but not much longer."

For three minutes my cheeks did well. He went smoothly and evenly; but at the expiration of that time he

gan to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and faster. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round as we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps: "Ah—a—are you not get—getting tired?" "Oh, no," I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding round the room. "Oh, no; I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see. I was bound to see him out, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaws hung down, and altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," I said, composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, do waltz so easily!" "Ah, puff—puff—yes—oh—puff—very delightful," gasped he.

"Don't you think we ought to go a little faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony. So when we neared the musicians, I said "Faster, if you please;" and they played a la whirlwind. Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum that was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into a bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned round coolly, and walking to my seat, sent the young woman-killer for a large glass of ice water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the glass of water. I got some idea from this of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor fellows of the other sex. At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, like Jennie came running into the room. As she came near me I perceived that her hands clutched closely in her dress, and positively shuddered as she whispered to me, "Oh Maggie, come and help me, my skirts—they are coming down!"

I said I was tired; "could not somebody else?"

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing. So I went. What if it should be necessary to undress the greater part of her raiment? What if, in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her? I felt as if an apoplectic it would be a fortunate occurrence to me just then. However, I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated.

An old lady shrouded us into her chamber, and Jennie heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, forgetting my falsetto; "Don't undress, for God's sake!"

"And why not?"

"Because I am—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes. How frightened you look. Why, what's the matter?—Maggie—you—why—oh! oh! oh!" And she gave three fearful shrieks.

"Hush; no noise, or I am lost," I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth; "I mean you no harm."

So was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man, but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the whole story as briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy. I then went out of the door and awaited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintanceship quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."

And I did. She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist me, only when I got through she looked timidly up and said: "I think you are real knaughty, anyhow."

When we returned we found Lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served up in the ball room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn—to one as Maggie Lee, to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating

rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that that I should like to try another waltz. He didn't take the hint—finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off, into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners and rustic seats, and grey rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter, a little bench was placed in a nook sheltered from the wind and from any sight.

Here we sat down in the full flood of moonlight, and having just had dinner, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went back to a little stand near the ball room and purchased several of the wonderful woman that sold refreshments. Then returning to the seat by the rocks, I gave up all cares of fears of my incognito, and revelled in the pleasures of solitude, the fragrance of my cigar, the moonlight and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, Heaven alone knows. We laughed and talked and sang, looked in each other's eyes and told fortunes and did all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until the month of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to think where we had gone.

At length they hit upon the path, and all came along single file until they came to the open space above. Then they saw a sight! I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair somewhat towzled up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock about level with my head, (regardless of ankles that time), and there I sat puffing away in a very lady-like style, at a light flavored Concho. Jennie was sitting close beside me, with her head almost upon my shoulder, and her small waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice.

"Just think of poor what's his name there—Bimby! Suppose he knew he had been making love to a man!"

"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look!—there he is! oh! my gracious! there is the whole company!"

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet, and assume falsetto again—they had all seen too much for that! Besides, by this time Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage; he vowed to kill me, and even squared off; but the rest of the company laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down, and slunk away to take some private conveyance back to D—.

Bob Styles and I are, living in a large double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie.

WOMAN.—Perhaps a more just and beautiful compliment was never paid to woman than the following, by Judge Story.

"To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice with them is too high or too dear. Nothing with them is impossible, but to think from what love, honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass unheeded—but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman.

Timid thought she be, and so delicate that the winds of Heaven may oft too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not, fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties or evades them; that resignation which neither murmurs or regrets; and patience in suffering which seems victorious over death itself.

IMPERFECTNESS IN GOOD MEN.—Examples ought never to pass for laws. Men are too subject to infirmities to serve for copies for others to follow. In the greatest virtues there will be eternally some mixture of imperfection, and a man is in danger of taking his example from the blind side he discovers. But reason and justice can never mislead him.

Slandars, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

Selected Poetry.

Happiness.

True happiness is always near,
Although so seldom found;
Enough of good the heart to cheer
Doth everywhere abound—
And if we only reason right,
Our cares and sorrows all are light.

What though a cloud is on the sky,
Or hides the sun's bright beams;
'Tis but a shadow passing by
Through which the light still gleams—
Shadows and clouds soon pass away,
And leave a fair and pleasant day.

So with the transient pains of life
That often rend our hearts,
And make this world a scene of strife
That scarce a joy imparts—
Our trials, rightly understood,
Are ever sent us for our good.

We oft destroy our peace and joy,
And spoil our best repose,
When vexing cares our minds employ,
Or vain, feticious woes—
We mourn in sorrow and distress,
When we might share true happiness.

True happiness is everywhere,
And every leaf and flower
That beautifies this earth so fair,
Seems to possess a power
To make the human heart more blest,
And give the troubled spirit rest.

There's happiness enough on earth
For all its woes and pains;
And he who gave our spirits birth,
N'er placed us here in vain,
But gave us hearts to love and bless
The source of all true happiness.

How to do Good.—A quaint writer gives a short and easy method of doing good, which will be as effectual as could be adopted. He says: "Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage towards a sister or a daughter, pray cease to preach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not next door, but within your own door, with your next neighbor, whether relative, servant or superior. Account the man you meet, the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. How can I make him or her happier?—This is the question. If advice will do it, give advice. If chastisement will do it, give chastisement. If a look, a smile, or warm pressure of the hand, or tear will do it, give the look, smile, hand or tear. But never forget the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.—There is as much philosophy and sound morality, beautifully expressed in these few words as there is in a volume of sermons. Let every one practice the rule laid down, and see how soon the opportunities for doing good will present themselves—how much more satisfaction he will feel in himself—how much better he will be satisfied with the world and the world with him. The common duties of life are those which are most often passed over with inattention; and yet the whole happiness of our lives, and those connected with us, depends essentially upon their performance. They show the true temper of our virtue, and as they are well or badly performed, promote or destroy that peace or perfect satisfaction of mind in which true happiness consists."

LIFE.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen, they rejoice also when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift-wood meeting in the wide ocean, continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, relatives, friends and riches, remain with us for a short time—then separate, and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for departed relatives has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow you. Why, then, should a person grieve when journeying the same road, which has been assuredly trodden by all his forefathers? Life resembles a catamaran rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with ultimate bliss.

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found desitute, and whosoever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

The Dream of Life.

We extract the following pleasing passage from "The Dream of Life," by Ike Marvel. Dickens, in his happiest vein, never wrote anything better:

Benedict the Married Man.—"You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are earnest in your search of friends; you shake hands with your office boy as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washer-woman; and give her a shilling over change, and insist upon her keeping it; and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your backman on the shoulder very familiarly, and tell him he is a capital fellow, and don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the Post-office. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife—whereupon you think him a very miserable man, and give him a dollar by way of consolation."

"You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written—whether upon your side or upon the other. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddard, or any of the rest."

"You give a pleasant curl to your fingers, as you saunter along the street; and say—but not so loud as to be overheard—'She is mine—she is mine.'"

"You wonder if Frank ever loved Nellie one half as well as you love Madge. You feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is, that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men, and borne off, like the Sabine women in Romish history. You chuckle over your future, like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpences. You read over the marriage service—thinking of the time when you will take her hand, and slip the ring upon her finger, and repeat after the clergyman—for richer—for poorer; for better—for worse! A great deal of worse there will be about it you think!"

"Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of the beloved Madge, as light cleaves to day—The weeks leap with a bound; and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make bouquets for her, diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are tame."

"—And after marriage, the weeks are even shorter than before. You wonder why on earth all the single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar; you look upon them all, as a travelled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers; and look upon their wives—nagily as they may be, as better than none."

"You blush a little at first telling your butcher what 'your wife' would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he knows that you are a married man. You practice your new way of talk upon your office boy; you tell him that 'your wife' expects you home to dinner; and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it!"

"You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married; and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand to him is for 'self and wife'! You wonder if anybody was ever so happy before, or ever will be so happy again!"

"You enter your name upon the Hotel books as 'Clarence—and Lady,' and come back to look at it—wondering if anybody else has noticed it—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall, wishes he possessed your wife—nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is placing temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber-door at night."

"Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be: quiet, small, with every thing she wishes, and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way; the piano is the sweetest toned in the world; the library is stocked to a charm, and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her possible death, is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the inquisition. You grow t worn of heart and of purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage; and you wonder how you ever wore them before."

The Bank of England uses in her accounts no less than 60 folio ledgers, filled up completely every day; 28,000 bank notes are thrown away daily, and all so registered that no abstraction of a single note is followed by immediate detection.