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BY FEATHERSTON & HOYT.

Bill Wilson and the Ghost.

BY MARY JOSEPH JONES.

'Bout two years ago, the people in Pineville was almost 'larned out of their senses by a ghost what made its appearance every night in the graveyard. The niggers seed it fust, and they told sich terrible tales about it that the wimmin and children was 'fraid to go to bed in the dark for a month, and you couldn't git a nigger to go outside the door after dark not for all Georgy. It made a monstrous talk for more'n ten miles round the settlement, and everybody was anxious to find out whose ghost it was, and what it wanted. Old Mr. Walker, what had been cheated out of all his property by the lawyers, hadn't been dead a great while, and as he was a monstrous curious old chap any how, the general opinion was that he had cum back for something.

Sammy Stonestreet seed it, and Bob Moreland seed it, and old Miss Curloo seed it when she was cumin' to town to see her daughter Nancy, the night she had her baby, and they, all gave the same account, the niggers did, 'bout its bein' dressed in white and talking to itself, and cryin and walkin about among the tomb stones. Bob Moreland seed he heard it sneeze two or three times, jest as natural as any human, and cry ever so pitiful.

A good many of the boys sed they was gwine to watch for it sum night and speak to it; but sumhow ther hearts always failed 'em 'bout dark, and nobody didn't go.

One day Bill Wilson cum to town, and was but half corned down to Mr. Harley's store, when they got to banterin him 'bout the ghost.

'Din' d'if I don't see who it is,' ses Bill; 'I ain't afraid of no ghost that ever walk-o' nights.'

With that some of them offered to bet him five dollars that he desent go inside of the graveyard alone, after dark.

'Dan,' ses Bill, 'plank up yer money. But I'm to go jest as I have a mind to.'

'Yes,' says the boys.

'—And shoot the ghost if I see it?' ses he.

'To be sure.'

'—And I'm to have a bottle of old Jim-mak-y to keep me company?'

'Yes,' ses all of 'em.

'Agreed,' ses Bill. 'Put up the stakes in Mr. Harly's hand.'

The money was staked and the b'ness all fixed in no time.

'Now,' ses Bill, 'give me a par of pistols and let me load 'em myself, and I'll show you whether I'm afraid of ghosts or not.'

Captain Skinner's big horse pistols was sent for, and Bill loaded one of 'em up to the muzzle, and after gitting a bottle of liker in his pocket, and takin two or three more horns, to raise his courage, he waited till it was dark. Every body in town was wide awake to see how the thing would turn out, and some of the wimmin was monstrous consarned for Bill, for fear he'd git carried off by the ghost shore enuff.

Jest about dark Bill set out for the graveyard, with a whole heap of fellers, who went to see him to the gate.

'Look out now, Bill—you know ghosts is monstrous dangerous things,' sed the boys, as they was bout leaving him.

'Never you mind,' ses Bill. 'But remember, I'm to shoot—'

'Yes,' ses all of 'em.

Bill marched into the middle of the graveyard, singing 'Shiny Night' as loud as he could, monstrous out of tune, and tuck a seat on one of the grave stones.

The grave yard in Pineville stands on the side of a hill 'bout a quarter of a mile from town. The fence is a monstrous high post-and-rail fence, and the lot is a tolerable big one, extending a good ways down in the hollow on tother side, whar there is a pine thicket of 'bout a acre whar ther aint no graves.

The night was pretty dark, and Bill thought it was very cold; so he kep takin drinks evry now and then to keep himself warm, and singin all the songs and sam tunes he know'd to keep awake. Sometimes he thought he heard something and then his hair would sort of crawl up, and he would grab hold of his pistol, whar he had tucked in his lap, but it was so dark he could't see nothin fer steps off. Two or three times he felt like backin out, but he know'd that would't never do; so he'd take another drink and strike up another tune. Bimeby he got so sleepy that he could't tell whether he was singing 'Lucy Neal' or 'The Promised Land,' and bimeby he only sung a word here and thar, thout bein very perticular whar song it belonged to.

—He was so bominable sleepy and corned, together, that he could't keep awake, and in spite of his fears he began to nod a little.

Just then something sneezed!

'Ugh!' ses Bill, 'whats that?'

But he soon cum to the conclusion that he must be sneezin in his sleep, and after seeing that his pistol was safe and taking another drink, he was soon in the land of Nod agin.

Bout this time old Mr. Jenkins' gang of gotes cum out of the thicket, whar they had cum thro' the gap in the fence, and with old white Bellshazer in the lead, cum smollin bout whar Bill was watching for the ghost.

Old Bellshazer is one of the oudaciousst old rascals to but in all Georgy, and see'n Bill settin thar all alone by himself, he goes up and smells at him. Bill nodded to him in his sleep. Old Bellshazer stepped back a little ways, and Bill nodded again. The old feller tuck it for a banter shore enuff, and back he went a few steps, and raisin up on his hind legs a little he tuck deliberate aim, and spang he tuck Bill right between the eyes, nocking him and his pistol both off at the same time!

Bang goes the pistol, roaring out on the still night air like a young five-pounder, so evry body heard it, and the next minit you might have hearn Bill holler murder! murder! Lord preserve me? for more'n a mile.

The whole town was out of bed in a minit, and evry body that could go was out to the graveyard as quick as they could git thar.

Thar was Bill, laying sprawled out on the ground, with his nose nocked as flat as a pancake, and both his eyes bunged up so he could't tell daylight from dark.

The gotes was scared as bad as he was at the pistol, and was gone fore he fairly touched the ground; and Bob Moreland and Tom Stallins, what had gone out thar to scare Bill, and had seed his encounter with Bellshazer, was standing by him rapped up in ther white sheets, laughin like they would bust ther sides.

Bill swore that he was wide awake, and that when the ghost cum up to him, he tuck a fair crack at it, when all at onc he was strack with a clap of thunder and lightning.

Bob Moreland tried to explain it to him. But it was all no use. He swore the ghost was six foot high, and that he seed the lightning jest as plain as he ever seed lightning in his life.

Bill claimed the stakes and evry body sed he ought to have the money. But you may depend he would't have sich another ghost fight for all the money in Georgy. The fence was mended whar it was broke in the thicket, and ther was never any more ghosts seed in that graveyard sense.

THE UNIVERSAL METAMORPHOSIS.—If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere, except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds after lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal—the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on it in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture of landscape we see, every word of tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it. There are cases on record of ignorant women, in states of insanity, uttering Greek and Hebrew phrases, which in past years they have heard their masters utter, without a sense, comprehending them. These tones had long been forgotten the traces were so faint that, under ordinary conditions, they were invisible; but these traces were there, and in the intense light of cerebral excitement they started into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.—*Corn-Hill Magazine.*

The miser lives poor to die rich, and is the jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth.

Faculties of Insects.

Man, considering himself the lord of creation, plumes himself the powers of his invention, and is proud to enumerate the various useful arts and machines to which it has given birth; not aware that "He who teacheth man knowledge" has instructed insects to anticipate him in many of them. The builders of Babel doubtless thought their invention of turning earth into an artificial stone, a very happy discovery; yet a bee had practiced this art, using indeed a different process on a smaller scale, and the white ants on a large one, ever since the world began! Man thinks he stands unrivalled as an architect, and that his buildings are without a parallel among the works of the inferior orders of animals. He would be of a different opinion did he attend to the history of insects; he would find that many of them have been architects from time immemorial, and that they have had their houses divided into various apartments, and containing staircases, gigantic arches, domes, colonades, and the like; nay, that even tunnels are excavated by them, so immense, compared with their own size, as to be twelve times bigger than that projected by Mr. Dodd to be carried under the Thames at Gravesend! The modern lady who prides herself on the lustre and beauty of the scarlet hangings which adorn the stately walls of her drawing room, or the carpets that cover its floor, fancying that nothing so rich and splendid was ever seen before, and pitying her vulgar ancestors who were doomed to unsightly whitewash and rushes; is ignorant all the while that before she or her ancestors were in existence, and even before the boasted Tyrian dye was discovered, a little insect had known how to hang the walls of its cell with tapestry of a scarlet more brilliant than any of her rooms can exhibit; and that others daily weave silken carpets, both in tissue and texture, infinitely superior to those she so much admires. Other arts have also been equalled and forestalled by these creatures. What vast importance is attached to the invention of paper! For near six thousand years one of our commonest insects has known how to make and apply it to purposes; and even pasteboard, superior in substance and polish to any we can produce, is manufactured by another. We imagine that nothing short of intellect can be equal to the construction of a diving-bell, or an air-pump; yet a spider is in the daily habit of using the one, and what is more, one exactly similar to ours, but more ingeniously contrived; by means of which, she resides unwetted in the bosom of the water, and procures the necessary supplies of air by a much more simple process than our alternating buckets. And the caterpillar of a little moth knows how to imitate the other, by producing a vacuum when necessary for its purposes, without any air pump besides its own body. If we think with wonder of the populous cities which have employed the united labors of man for many ages to bring them to their full extent, what shall we say to the white ants, which require only a few months to build a metropolis capable of containing an infinitely greater number of inhabitants than even imperial Ninevah, Babylon, Rome, or Peking, in all their glory?

Can we consider the curious history of the bees without adoring that divine wisdom which teaches these diminutive creatures to provide in so wonderful a manner for the security and sustenance of their young? Who is it that instructs them to bore a fistular passage under ground, or in the trunk of a tree, for the reception of their nests. What rule do they take with them to the shrub from which they borrow their materials to assist them in meeting out their work, and by which they cut some pieces into portions of ovals, others into accurate circles, and likewise to suit the dimensions of the several pieces of each figure so exactly to each other? Where is the architect that can carry impressed on the tablet of his memory the entire idea of the edifice he means to erect; and without rule, square, plumb-line, or compass, can cut out all his materials in their exact dimensions without making a single mistake, or a single false stroke? And yet this is what these little insects invariably do, and thus teach us how much more wonderful and certain instinct is than all the efforts of our boasted reason; which, after many painful processes, interrupted by numerous errors and failures, and by a long train of deductions, can not arrive at that expertness and certainty which these creatures manifest, spontaneously working at all times with unerring precision.

What is this instinct but the teaching of the Almighty, the manifestation of his eternal wisdom, infinitely diversified, sustaining, directing, impelling all things, and making all things work together for the good of the whole: which like its great

emblem and instrument, the light acts every where and upon all; and while it guides the planets in their courses, directs the minutest animalcule to do those things that are necessary to its preservation, and the continuation of its kind.

THE COUNSEL OF WOMAN.—Dr. Boardman, in his admirable work, "Hints on Domestic Happiness," inculcates this doctrine, which we cordially endorse:

"In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our church, he made the fine observation: "We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgment of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning." No man that has an intelligent wife, or who is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this.

Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning thar by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet there seems to be ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there."

"How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life; nothing but prejudice or self conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference therefore, is unavoidable that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

DEATH OF THE GOOD.—Had Jesus remained on earth, the minds of the apostles would not have been directed heavenward; and so it may be with us. The presence of those who are endeared to us by the possession of every Christian grace, may only fix our hearts more strongly on this passing scene. True, they may first have taught us to love virtue. Their hallowed tones may first have carried to our hearts the conviction of a God and a Providence. Their bright examples may have shown us the possibility of excellence. Their firm constancy to duty may have convinced us that the just are strong. Their gentle cheerfulness may have led us to see that piety is not austerity; that the ways of wisdom are the ways of pleasantness, and that its paths are peace. Their teachings may have preserved us in integrity; or, if we have departed from it, their solemn warnings may have awakened us from our dream; or their winning virtues may have invited us back from pleasures which were too unsubstantial to last, and which were already bringing forth their harvest of corruption! What a blessing are holy friends and kindred! With what earnestness should we utter our thanksgivings at the throne of grace, that their path and ours have lain side by side; that they have ministered to us of their spiritual gifts, and led us heavenward! We know that it is well for those who have fascinated us, and gained our hearts, to be removed, if they walk not aright with God; for they were taking our thoughts from Him to whom they should be given. But is this the case with the good? Yes: it is expedient that they should go away? Where is our virtue, if it depended upon them? Where is our wisdom, if always we applied to them for advice? Where is our constancy, if it was they who kept us, and not we ourselves, in the right path? Every man must bear his own burden. They taught us how to carry it;—it was well. They soothed us under its pressure; let us thank God that it was so.—*Rev. R. L. Carpenter.*

Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris:

"I will engage, said one to the other, to give the man before me a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do. The stranger turned round and looked astonished.

"I beg your pardon," said the kicker, "I took you for the Duke de la Trémouille." The Duke was very handsome—the man was very plain; he was gratified by the mistakes under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

A Good Wife.

The good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she has entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word and deed; she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination; whatever she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion; she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscientious, that everything which promotes his happiness, must in the end contribute to her own; her tenderness relieves his cares, her affections soften his distress; her good humor and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions; "she openeth her mouth," as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and in her tongue, is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her household; and she catcheth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Lastly, as a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the Husband of the widow, and the Father to the fatherless, entreating His divine favor and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

A Good Father.

The good father is ever humane, tender and affectionate to his children; he treats them, therefore, with lenity and kindness; corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chastises with reluctance; he never suffers his influence to degenerate into weakness, his affections to be biased by partiality; as he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never suffers them to want a blessing which he can bestow, or to lament an evil which he can prevent; while he continues with them, he administers to their present happiness, and provides for their future felicity when he shall be removed from them; he is doubly cautious in preserving his own character, because theirs depends upon it; he is prudent, therefore, that they may be happy, industrious that they may be rich, good and virtuous and they may be respected; he instructs by his life and teaches by his example; as he is thoroughly satisfied, that piety is the source and foundation of every virtue, he takes care to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and they may be good men, he endeavors to make them good Christians; and after having done everything in his power to make them easy and happy here, points out to them the only infallible means of securing eternal bliss and tranquility hereafter.

A Good Son.

The good and dutiful son is one who honors his parents, by paying the utmost deference and respect; by a reverential awe and veneration for them; a filial affection of their persons, and a tender regard for their safety and preservation; a preservation; a constant and cheerful attendance to their advice, and a ready and implicit obedience to their commands. As he becomes every day more sensible of his obligations to them, he grows every day more willing and more solicitous to pay them. He employs his youth to support their age; his abundance to relieve their wants; his knowledge and strength to support their infirmities and decay. He is more careful of his character and reputation in the world because theirs depends upon it. Every anxious for their happiness, he endeavors, by every method in his power to prolong their days, that his own may be long in the land. He rests assured, that God will not only bless obedient children here, but will reward them with the blessings of heaven, where it shall be well with him forever; where we shall fall join, son and father, daughter and mother, wife and husband, servant and master; all the relations and connections of this life, to honor one great Parent, Protector, Lord and Master of all.

A Good Husband.

The good husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well as from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend; he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and her protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because hers is blended with it; lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may an-

imate her faith by his practice, and enforce precepts of Christianity by his own example; that, as they join to promote each others' happiness in this world, they may untie to insure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

Mind What You Say.

It is always well to avoid saying everything that is improper. But it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat, and as they have not discretion and knowledge of the world enough to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that little boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor, in language you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by its repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed pleasure at his calls. One day, just after she had expressed to him, as usual, her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked,

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"

"No sir," replied the boy.

"Why not, my little man," he continued.

"Because mother don't want you to come," said George?

"Indeed? How do you know that, George?"

Here the mother was crimson, and looked daggers at the little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied—

"Because she said yesterday, that she wished that old bore would not call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left, with the impression that "great is truth and will prevail."

Another little child, looking sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied—

"I wanted to see whether you had a dopin in your eye; I heard mother say you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests, who lived next door to him; and when he heard his name, he asked if he was not a fool?

"No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day, that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

These are but specimens of what are constantly occurring. Children are not to be forgotten, when one is conversing; and those who think that they are not "mediums," may find they are fully equal to the rapping spirits, for telling the truth.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF MANKIND.—Astrorishing fact, that all that mankind acknowledge greatest they care about least; as, first, on the summit of all greatness, the Deity. 'Tis acknowledged He reigns over all, His presence always here, prevails in each star, observes us as an awful Judge, claims infinite regard as supremely good—what then? Why, think nothing at all about him! There is Eternity! You have lived perhaps thirty years; you are by no means entitled to expect so much more life; at the utmost you will soon, very soon, die! What follows? Eternity—a boundless region; inextinguishable life, myriads of mighty and strange spirits; visions of God; glories, horrors. Well, what then? Why, think nothing at all about it! There is the great affair, moral and religious improvement. What is the true business of life? To grow wiser, more pious, more benevolent, more ardent, more elevated in every noble purpose and action—to resemble the Divinity. It is acknowledged. Who denies or doubts it? What then? Why care nothing at all about it. Sacrifice to trifles the energies of the heart and the short and fleeting time allotted for divine attainments! Such is the actual course of the world. What a thing is mankind!

"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thomson?" asked the counsel of a witness, "Do you consider him a good musician?"

"On that point I wish to be particular," replied Thomson. "I don't wish to insinuate that Mr. Slopes is not a good musician; not at all. But could not help observing that after he commenced playing on the clarinet, a saw-filer, who lived next door, left home, and has never since been heard of!"