

The Anderson Intelligencer.

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

BY JAMES A. HOYT.

ANDERSON COURT HOUSE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1861.

VOLUME 1.—NUMBER 20.

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER,
IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, AT
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
If delayed six months, \$1.50; and \$2.00
at the end of the year.

JAMES A. HOYT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertisements inserted at moderate rates; liberal
deductions made to those who will advertise by the
year.

Meet Lizzie at Six.

That was all the dispatch contained. Four little words; yet what excitement they caused in the household at Maple Cottage; the quiet, so sober household, whose members, at the moment of its reception, were on the point of going to rest for the night.

"Meet Lizzie at six." Was our darling indeed so near us? Two years and three months had passed since our eyes had been gladdened with her girlish beauty, since her voice had mingled with the bird music that floated all the long summer days among the maples. Two years and three months she had been buried among books, in a far away city, bowing her sunny curls over algebra and geometry, grammar and philosophy, astronomy and botany, French and Latin; patiently at first, because her parents desired it; afterwards cheerfully, to please the teachers she had learned to love, and at last, zealously, from pure thirst for the treasures these studies unlocked to her. But it was over now—these toilsome years—and she was on her way to us once more—our Lizzie—our pet and pride—we should "meet her at six."

She had left B— in the morning; had journeyed without stopping all day; this was guessed at once; and at eight in the evening, finding a hasty opportunity, she had telegraphed to us the words above. At six the eastern train arrived at our station; Lizzie was to ride all night, for the sake of reaching home thus early. It was like her; impulsive, warm-hearted child that she was!

How little we slept that night. What slight sounds around us; how early we were all astir—even the baby and the white-haired grandfather; "Meet Lizzie, eh!" he said; "aye, indeed will we!" And the old man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his crutches an elastic movement, as he hobbled about the house giving orders, as if all the responsibility rested upon him to be sure.

There was Hannah, too, bewildering the mother about breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee or cocoa best?" And would she make biscuits or waffles? And the mother smiling all the time nodded her head to everything, and went hurrying about with the grid-iron in one hand and the egg-boiler in another, coaxing Fanny to curl the baby's hair, and looking at the dock every five minutes. But Fanny, with mysterious aprons of something, was fighting up stairs and down, leaving a book here, a flower there, a dagger-reotype on the table, or a rosy-cheeked fall apple in the window—something for Lizzie to see and smile at. Only the father seemed disturbed. We noticed, to be sure, the dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she made when she was a baby, looked deeper when he smiled, and that his voice was a little less steady, he told Thomas to bring the horses; but he did not like to be considered a demonstrative man, so we only looked significantly at each other and said nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep.

At last the carriage came around and we got in; two of us, besides the father, who was to drive. There was room for more; but it was quite out of her line, the mother said, to go on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we left her on the piazza, with a pickle-dish in her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

It was half a mile to the depot, and the sun not quite risen when we started. How balmy and pure the air was that soft September morning. We thought, gnostics as we are, in our happiness, that nature sympathized with us. It seemed as if there never had been so fair a sunrise before, and as if half the glory of the morning would have been wasted, had Lizzie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived, when we stopped at the station, but we heard the whistle of the locomotive, not very distant; and those few, sweet, waiting moments—what a world of blessed anticipation they held. The sun was rising—ah! Lizzie! Lizzie!

At last the train came up—stopped. We looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A few passengers came out, somnolent and silent. We pressed forward—so did those who were going out of the train. The conductor appeared, and waved everybody back, then motioned to some one in the car. The two men came out

slowly descended the steps, bearing a lifeless body—a woman; her features covered by a veil. They bore it into the saloon, and laid it reverently upon the sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd back—except our party! He knew us, and turned away his face as we approached.

Then we knew how it was; all except the father; he could not believe! Firmly he raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God! All merciful! It is thus we meet thee, Lizzie, darling, best loved, idol of our heart!

In a brief time we learned the story—learned how the angel of the Lord had "met Lizzie" before us, in the still twilight of that autumn morning, and after one pang, terrible we know, but brief, had wafted her gentle spirit to those who waited for her in the home of angels.

At the very last stopping place, Lizzie had left the car to procure some food for a little child, who had fretted all night in the arms of a wearied mother. The train stopped a moment; it was dusk, and none of the officials had seen her leave it. She returned hastily to find it moving, made a misstep, fell forward—and the rest—it is a common tale, such as newspapers chronicle every week. The beautiful head with its sunny curls was—what we saw at the station house?

We shed no tears at first, though it seemed as if a drop could save our hearts from bursting—it would not come. Not even when one who, we afterwards learned, was on his way to a wedding party, and who, journeying with Lizzie but a few hours, had yet learned to know her good as beautiful, came up and laid, in fearful silence, a bouquet of pure white rose-buds upon her bosom. We buried them with her—the stranger's kindly offering of sympathy and respect.

Blessed be God for tears! They came at last—came when we saw the mother! That scene is too sacred for detail. But the old grandfather's mind wandered when he heard the tidings, and all day he sat in his armchair on the porch, listening to the whistle of the train, as his dull ear faintly distinguished it. "I reckon Lizzie's aboard that; has anybody gone to meet the gal?" When told again, he would seem to comprehend for a few moments, and once he called the creeping baby to him, and patting its white shoulders, said, "Grandsir's old, and lame, and blind; he could not go to the station, but grandsir's going to see Lizzie first after all. Yes, yes—grandsir's not so far from his little gal as the rest of them, but we're all following fast!"

Blessed lost one! How prone we are to forget this. How hard for our faith to "put back the dead love from her arms," and looking upward, to the glory that encompasseth them forever. We mourn thee always, Lizzie; our idolatrous hearts yield but slowly to thy Father's chastening yet in it we feel the earnest of joy to come, we know the clinging earth-garments cannot hold us back from thee forever; we know that we shall yet "meet thee at six," at the glorious sunrise of the resurrection morning.

ENERGY.—So great is the effect of mere energy as the predominating quality in a character, that indifferent plans pressed with resolute vigor often reach a triumphant success; while for superior designs, if carried out in a common spirit, fall altogether or far short of the expectations formed of them. In common life, though determined pushing often succeeds, it sometimes fails from the distaste it causes. In great affairs, where it is not favor, but apprehension or contest that induces success, the energy which threatens or forces mostly gets the best of the business. The present time furnishes a remarkable instance of this; for, except the battles of the Italian campaigns, the successes of Louis Napoleon have been chiefly gained by a determination to attain them. A still more remarkable instance is that of Garibaldi, whose wonderful energy has just effected results unparalleled in history; for though revolutions as startling may have taken place, the means have been obvious, and success less entirely owing to a single man. Energy indeed is not the only quality of this wonderful hero; for all his qualities are wonderful, especially his simple magnanimity and childlike faith. But it is energy, and the gift of infusing energy into others, that most conduces to Garibaldi's success.

[Fraser's Magazine.]

NOT BAD.—A blooming young widow, living in one of the Southern States, which is strongly in favor of secession, sends word, through a lady friend, to a spy widower of this city, but who is not in very robust health at present, that "she is for Union." To which he replied: "And so am I, but due regard must be had to the Constitution."

John Howard Paine.

[The following incident in the life of this brilliant and eccentric author, we find between the leaves of our "Scrap Book." The article originally appeared in the Charleston News, several years ago. No lover of that dear old song, "Home, Sweet Home," can fail to be interested in the simple story.—Ed.]

A notice of John Howard Paine brings to mind another adventure in which the song "Home, sweet Home" was touchingly brought to bear upon the feelings of the kindly author. I met the poet for the first time in 1806, in the little town of Athens, Ga., at which he had stopped a few days on his way to explore the "frontier" counties of north-western Georgia. I found him a genial, pleasant and intelligent travelled gentleman, who had seen much of the world, strange men and strange things, but as yet had met nothing which surprised him so much as the extreme apathy of the Southern people on all subjects connected with arts and literature.

Some months afterwards I met him amidst the glorious scenes of our mountain regions. He was enchanted with them, and revelled in the bracing air and the purple sunlight of the Indian summer; and though the Alps, the Appenines, the Catskill and the White mountains were familiar to him, he acknowledged that such sober certainty of waking bliss he never felt before, as when reclining on the brow of the "ocean view" he listened to the thundering of Tallulah, rising over the moaning of the pine trees at his feet, and through the mist of a Havana sear, overlooked the more misty distance of the middle country of Georgia and Carolina. Before him the pyramidal form of the Currahee rose like Egypt's lesser mounds from the plain isolated and alone; behind him swelled up the nearer top of the Hickory Nut Mountain, whilst about and around the short leaf pine and the numberless flowers of the fall waved their modest beauties. Our conversation turned on the sights and scenes of other lands, but whilst I admitted their beauties, I exclaimed "yet after all

"Be it never so humble there's no place like home."

He smiled and replied: "The authorship of the Jerusalem delivered, saved Tasso from the hands of the bandits of the Appenines. My humble little song, popular only because it touches a little nerve that vibrates in every heart, got me also out of prison a short time since," and then he gave me a most amusing account of his adventures in the Cherokee country.

It will be recollected that about that time the notorious "Georgia Guard" was in existence. A band of mixed nature, and under the leadership of a bitter partizan, it became offensive to one part of the community, whilst the other held it as necessary for the safety of the squatters of the disputed territory. Now it happened, as usual, that the question between the Cherokees and Georgians had been seized by a portion of the Northern people as a fit occasion to meddle with Southern affairs; and the intervention of the Supreme Court, of the military arm of the Government had been invoked against Georgia. The report ran, that emissaries of various characters were at work among the Indians, and the Guard had particular orders to take up all suspicious persons and hold them till further orders from Milledgeville. Now just at this time, the reported beauties of the Army Colloha, and the splendors of Nickajack, induced Mr. Paine to risk the rough roads, the feather beds, the dough biscuits, the three-grains-to-the-gallon coffee, and the cindered bacon of the mountains, in pursuit of these wonders. A broad cloth coat, a civilized hat, a neat portmanteau, but above all, a travelling writing case, a pocket comb and a tooth brush, marked our traveller as a "suspicious character," so after due examination before the "Bishop," he was committed to a log house, there to abide under the surveillance of a sentinel till the Governor's orders could be received in the due course of mail. Night and day the sentinel paced his weary round, and the long rifle was visible on his shoulder "from morn to dewy eve," so the captive, however unwilling to stay, was forced to fret and waste away behind the closed shutters of the rough paling door. But what the most rational argument, the much boasted rights of an American citizen duly insisted on, could not effect, was "got for a song." The sentinel, who had been from his young wife and corn field a whole week, began to feel home-sick, and suddenly on his military round, there burst from him the heartfelt,

"Midst pleasure and palaces though we should roam," &c., &c.

The captive listened, his memory flew back to the days of youth, when himself a wanderer in a foreign land his heart gave utterance to the well known words, he felt a community of humanity with the captors, and he said:

"My friend, do you admire that song?" "Don't I, stranger," was the reply. "Next to Old Hundred and Hail Columbia its the prettiest song that ever was writ."

"Well, do you think the man who wrote that song could be a spy and a traitor?" "Dern'd if I do; I'd lief believe that Gen. Washington didn't write the Declaration of Independence."

"Well, I wrote it." "You did? What yer name?" "John Howard Paine."

"Jerusalem!" said the soldier, "that's the very name! It's printed on the song. Hullo, captain, come here; you've made a cussed mistake. This feller aint a clock pedler nor a missionary. Its the man as writ 'Home, Sweet Home.' Isay, let's ask him to licker, and then let him out. I'll stand security he'll not run away."

"And, indeed," continued the narrator, "they did let me out, gave me the best of treatment, and I saw enough of the real character of the right people, and heard enough of the true state of the affair to prevent my regretting my capture and imprisonment by the Georgia Guard."

How Some People Marry.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to house-keeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are nine to one he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted, and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, and all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying at home of evenings, consoles himself with segars, oysters, and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house. A family of children grow up about him! but neither he nor his "face" know any thing about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the entire household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, takes it to the parson's sets it, calls it "wife," carries it home, weds it, sets up an establishment with it; introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow!) that he too is married, and has got a home. It's false. He is not married, and has no home; and he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, the new baby, and then bid the "fortune" and he who husbands it good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded fortune were falsely declared to be one!

Take another case. A young lady is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. The dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then they unluckily discover that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounce it so.

Mrs. Partington says, "When she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of declivities; the task of extorting them home, revolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex.

The postmaster at Halifax, N. C. has tendered his resignation to the Postmaster General, to take effect on the 4th of March next, unless North Carolina secedes before that day.

Selected Poetry.

A New Year's Wish.

Stern Time has turned another page
In his record-book of human age—
That chronicle so dark,
Where every act upon life's stage—
Each footstep of our pilgrimage—
He left some warning mark.

Nor, from Life's tree another leaf,
Bright with joy's hue, or dark with grief,
Has fluttered to the ground,
Where in a moment, sad and brief,
'Twas gathered to his mighty sheaf
In the Past's garner bound.

The year just gone has spent its sands,
Another, now, before thee stands
Unread, unknown and vast;
This too, will glide from youth's strong hands
Away to join the misty bands
Which gather in the past.

And, as it passes may it be
From every care and sorrow free!
May it be brighter far
Than tropic sunset on the sea,
Than dreamy moonlight on the lea,
Or light of vesper star!

In its bright west may Hope's fair bow
In promise shed a tranquil glow
To luminescence's swift tide;
And in its calm and happy flow
May sorrow's melt like falling snow
Upon the ocean wide.

And, as this opening year drifts past,
May its last days profusely cast
Life's blessings over thee.
As when rich Autumn-leaves fall fast
The brightest linger to the last,
Thus may this New Year be!

The Fate of an Infatuated Man.

Some ten years since a wealthy merchant of Boston retired to the classic region of the White mountains, to enjoy, during his declining years, the quiet he so much needed, after having lived two thirds of a century among the busy marts of a crowded city, and during which period he had seldom permitted himself to go on a pleasure excursion beyond the boulevards of the Athens of America. But having acquired, not a competence merely, but a fortune that would entitle him to a position among millionaires, he hoped to find that happiness in retirement which he had vainly sought amid the noisy rounds of business and the monotony of mercantile life.

Nor, judging from the surface, were his hopes ill-grounded. Having passed his sixty-fifth year, he was apparently out of the reach of those youthful follies which so frequently ruin younger men not protected by active employment. His health was much better than that of most men of his age; his conduct had always been exemplary, and he was not required to spend the latter half of his life in atoning for the frailties of his youth. His wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, still lived to cheer him, and his children were all happily settled around him. The spot he had chosen for his retirement was peculiarly adapted to gratify every legitimate desire. The classic scenery, the pellucid lakes and rivers, the noble forests, combined to gratify the senses. His home was decorated with everything beautiful and pleasing that a cultivated fancy could suggest. His grounds and gardens were such as novelists delight to describe and artists to paint; in a word, all things around him, both in nature and art, were all that any rational mind could desire.

But in this paradise, the serpent entered. He who had successfully resisted all the temptations of the city, who had happily overcome all the follies of youth, fell like a shattered citadel, when the danger was apparently past.

It is unnecessary to relate the manner in which the temptress wound herself in the old man's heart, after sixty-eight winters had passed over him; but, so she did, and he consented to leave home, friends, relatives, wife, and fly, with the greater part of his fortune, to the West. Arriving in Cincinnati, he and his paramour, a beautiful girl of nineteen, took rooms in a retired quarter of the city, where they lived, unknown to the world, for about two years, when the old man, who had been rendered miserable by his new life, was made still more wretched by the intelligence of the death of his deserted, heart-broken wife. His sorrow, the compunctions of conscience, the promptings of his better nature, however, were of no avail to disenthral him from the subtle coil of the serpent vice that had firmly fixed his worldly doom.

His paramour had, up to this time, apparently used every exertion to render him happy. She was playing for an enormous stake—the old man's fortune—and she hoped by kindness to induce him to settle the greater portion of it upon her, to the exclusion of his children. Now, that his wife was no more, she determined, at once, to place herself in a position to command that which she had hoped to

win by caresses. She therefore represented to him that as all obstacles to their legal union had been removed, their transgression might be blotted out by a legal marriage, which was consummated accordingly.

But the ambitious bride still failed to induce her husband to settle his estate upon her; and hoping that she might, by coercion, compel him to do so.

At this juncture she applied for a divorce, having been told by a legal adviser that she could by that proceeding at once come in possession of one third of the estate, without waiting for the old man's death; and as that portion was sufficient to render her affluent, she unhesitatingly made the application. The court, however, on learning the facts, granted her nothing but a life annuity of \$300 and the bill of separation, thereby apparently defeating her aspirations forever. But she was not thus to be thwarted, but immediately offered to be reconciled to her former husband, and once more united to him.

She was however, too late. His reason had left him, and he was taken to the lunatic asylum, near Cincinnati, where he remained until last week, when she made application to the probate court for a writ of habeas corpus, and, in accordance with it, he was brought out, with a view of trying the question of his sanity.

When taken into court, he declared his willingness to be remarried to his faithless spouse, and even manifested some anxiety on the subject; but the aberrations of his mind were too apparent to admit of his discharge, and he was remanded to Longview, where he still remains. What course our heroine will next pursue, we have no means of judging; but the probability is, that she will not relinquish her exertions while any hope of success, however distant, remains.

WILL MAKING.—The practice of cutting off with a shilling was introduced to refute the presumption of forgetfulness or unconsciousness—to show that the testator fully remembered and meant to disinherit the sufferer. Lady Mary Wortley Montague cut off her scapegrace of a son with a guinea. When Sheridan threatened to cut off his eldest born with a shilling, the quiet retort was, "Couldst you give it to me at once, if you happen to have such a thing about you?" Hazlitt mentions a habitual liar, who, consistent to the last, employed the few remaining days he had to live after being condemned by the doctors, in making a will, by which he bequeathed large estates in different parts of England, money in the funds, rich jewels, rings, and all kinds of valuables, to his old friends and acquaintances, who, not knowing how far the force of nature could go, were not for some time convinced that all this fairy wealth had never an existence anywhere but in the idle coinage of his brain, whose whims and projects were no more. A wealthy nobleman hit upon a still more culpable device for securing posthumous ignominy. He gave one lady of rank a legacy "by way of compensation for the injury he feared he had done her fair fame," a large sum to the daughter of another, a married woman, "from a strong conviction that he was the father;" and so on through half a dozen more items of the sort, each leveled at the reputation of some one from whom he had suffered a repulse; the whole being nullified (without being erased) by a codicil. A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

VERY TOUCHING.—Here is a touching description of a moonlight scene: After whirling some time in the elastic mazes of a waltz, Cornelia and myself stepped out unobserved, on the balcony, to enjoy a few of those moments so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night—the air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being by my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely; the full moon cast its rays over the whole person, giving her a most angelic appearance, imparting to her curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft hands rested in mine, and ever and anon she met my ardent gaze with one of her pure, confiding looks. Suddenly a flush came over her soft features, her full red lips trembled with suppressed emotion, a tear drop rested on her long, drooping lashes, the muscles around her faultless mouth became convulsed, she gasped for breath, and snatching her hand from the warm pressure of my own she turned suddenly away, and—sneezed.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! to all my friends!
and vice la Republique.

THE END.