

One Anderson

Intelligencer.

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

BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

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HOYT & HUMPHREYS, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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News of the Week.

From Alabama.

We have before us a copy of the Montgomery Mail. We extract the following from its issue of the evening of the 6th: Official intelligence has been received that fighting is now going on around Selma. It is stated that Forrest has got up with a considerable force and had advanced against the city. The General is himself in the saddle. We have received as yet no particulars.

Everything is quiet along the river, and no advance in this direction has been reported.

We have no news from Mobile.

The Mail also says:

Montgomery has resumed its wonted propriety and receives sensation rumors with indifference. The liquor saloons are all closed, and large quantities of "China Berry" gone to the land of departed spirits; some energy is displayed in removing cotton, and probably all will be removed beyond the corporate limits before the enemy arrives.

We have conversed with Mr. Allen, of General Adams' escort, who left Selma Monday at 3 o'clock, A. M. With a party of others he was feeding his horse on the day before, while the fight was going on in the street, when the enemy dashed in and commenced firing upon them. He counted ten dead bodies in front of the Gee House. The Federals burned Phil Weaver's store, filled with dry goods, and the naval works. The Confederates burned the Central corn depot, and he thinks Campbell's drug store. The number of our wounded and killed he does not know, but says that the Federals' cavalry did considerable fighting in the streets. The enemy ran over the breast-works with ease.

A painful rumor has reached us that M. J. Williams, Esq., the editor of the Selma Daily Reporter, was killed in the trenches at Selma during the recent fight which resulted in the capture of the place. We sincerely trust this statement may prove incorrect.

To tidings whatever have been received of Montgomery, as to the future of the Selma Press; though it is believed the office fell a prey to the enemy, while the attachés went towards Demopolis.

The following is an extract from a private letter which has been shown the We Point Bulletin:

"Our town is pretty well evacuated. Everybody is busy hiding and sending away things. The Government sent away everything. We made little or no resistance at Selma. Preparations were made this evening for a vigorous defence of the place though this morning the cannon were all taken down and the place evacuated, they have been retraced this evening and the place is to be defended to the last extremity, and at all hazards."

From the correspondence of the Columbus Sun dated Montgomery the 6th, we extract as follows:

There was another extensive scare this afternoon. The enemy in force were reported in Benton, Lowndes county, this side of the Alabama river, twenty-five miles by land from Montgomery and the same distance from Selma, and half way also by water (about one hundred miles in the distance) between the two places. Everybody commenced packing valuables.

Later in the afternoon it was said the force was a foraging party numbering between one and three hundred men. Object chiefly to get horses. The Telegraph operator left Benton but returned. The authorities believe that only fifteen or twenty Yankees were in the place. Fear magnified the rest. The telegraph line late to-night working to Benton, the Yankees having gone or been driven back. Nothing made known, if it is known of the enemy's movements. Well informed men believe that neither Chalmer's nor Jackson's divisions had gotten to Selma when the place was attacked.

Yesterday and last night I am informed the Yankees were being impressed to carry cotton that remains in the city to the river. It is known that the cotton is to be burned in the city. Details for the night received their orders. Presents will be sent to the Government and State

ized a company and been armed. It is styled the Watts Cadets. They will do good service. Material fine.

The city is subsiding into quietude. All are moving away their valuables and their persons. Many able bodied men have left. The determination is to defend the city, and the citizens generally are fully aroused and up to the point of action. All expect a Yankee visit.

If Montgomery is captured only the houses will be taken. Much cotton has been removed. What remains, in case of evacuation, will be burned, no matter whether warehouses or private buildings be consumed. Some houses to which cotton has been carried have been spotted, and if the material remains there when the Confederates leave the city, they will be fired. The authorities are resolved that no cotton shall be captured. The selling of liquor is prohibited within Montgomery and a region around ten miles, by Gov. Watts. The City Council has passed an ordinance to send all such stuff away to be stored at an appointed place. If owners will not do it, the city will.

The same Council has very foolishly instructed its officers not to interfere with parties who have not exceeding three gallons of liquor for private use. If the Yankees come here and can get liquor, good bye to Montgomery. If half the citizens have each three gallons, it will be enough to make Thomas' whole army drunk, and then riot and destruction will rule the hour. It is a pity that all distillation is not stopped, and all liquor destroyed in the Confederacy. We would have a better army, a more moral people and a purer religion. Whiskey drinking is the curse of our army and people. As it is not strange that a man can be deemed honorable who makes and sells that which destroys home, friends and country? The orders here are being enforced.

Montgomery is one of the most orderly cities I have ever seen. The military authorities are working with energy. Gen. Buford can always be found at his office, and no fancy officers are on his staff. Gen. Adams I am told, is using the best exertions to promote our success. The soldiers are well fed and appear cheerful.

Duncan Graham has resigned the position of State Treasurer, and Rev. Mr. Taylor, formerly private Secretary to Gov. Shorter, appointed to the position. Weak knees said to be the cause.

A Quartermaster's clerk, report says, was in Selma after the evacuation. A portion of the citizens and Federal soldiers had on Monday a melee in front of the Gee House. The clerk escaped in a skiff. You can hear almost anything.

There are far more gold bedecked officers in Columbus than can be found in Montgomery.

Officers in Alabama collecting Wheeler's men, are ordered to remove their camps east of the Chattahoochee.

Our special dispatches from Montgomery inform us, says the Sun, that Jackson's Cavalry, of Forrest's command, has succeeded in checking the column that was advancing by way of Tusculoussa, and that Forrest had disputed the further progress of the enemy from Selma. The safety of Mobile now depends solely upon the capture or dispersion of this column. A little energy and efficiency on the part of the State authorities of Alabama is now necessary for the support of Forrest. Without this Mobile must "go up" and with it the entire valley of the Alabama, including Montgomery.

A letter to the Columbus Enquirer, from Pollard says that the force of the enemy which passed that place, numbered twenty thousand strong, including nine regiments of cavalry.

GEN. CLANTON NOT DEAD.—From the Appeal we gather the following:

Mrs. J. H. Clanton: I was left here, (Abercrombie's plantation below Pollard) by the Yankees with others, wounded. I am paralyzed, and if I recover, which I believe I will, as the ball miraculously passed between my stomach and bowels, missing both, I am to report at Baranacas, by the fifth of April, which of course I cannot do but will as soon as I am able. If I don't die from this wound I shall be afraid that I was born to be hung or drowned. Don't start down yet. Write with my own hand, and on my litter. More anon. God bless you.

Your affectionate husband,
J. H. CLANTON.

RAID IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—SUMTER BURNED.—Winnsboro, S. C., April 11.—A gentleman just from Camden, S. C., says Foster's negro troops in a raid from Charleston, entered Sumter, S. C. driving back our forces there, and burnt the place. This occurred Sunday afternoon last, about twelve o'clock.

THE RUIN IN CHARLESTON.—The following adds another scene to the melancholy picture gallery describing Charleston as it is:

The oldest and richest part of Charleston is a wreck throughout. All the debris of the siege remains as it was—tumbled down sides of houses filling half the streets in quarters, and unseemly monuments of bricks scattered everywhere. The streets are glazed with glass and papered with memoranda and letters thrown out from the banks and warehouses—paved with relics as a certain place is with good intentions. This ruin had few occupants save a handful of poor unkempt whites and wandering negroes, as the stranger passed through on Monday. Cactus, palmetto and the orange leaf were in the gardens of a few wealthy residences. A dozen times repeated knocking at one of the wealthiest doors brought a rickety old lady to the front, and a questioner asked for the owner. The reply was allegorically: "Gone away 'yond Jordan, massa."

DANVILLE, April 9.—Gen. Lee has moved to the vicinity of Farmville, followed by Grant fighting daily.

There was heavy fighting Thursday. No particulars.

The enemy have established hospitals at the Junction, where there is a large number of their wounded.

Their loss was very heavy in the late fights.

They are not approaching this way on the line of Richmond and Danville railroad, communication being still open to Keyville.

The wounded soldiers who escaped from the enemy say they are very uneasy about a foreign war.

It is reported that a courier from the army brings news that the New York Herald says the Emperor Napoleon recognized this Government on the 25th of March.

FROM THE CAROLINAS.—The people of Fayetteville are said to be in a state of desolation and want. They were not only stripped of their money and valuables, but of their property also.

Letters from Lancaster and Kershaw Districts, S. C., says that a scope of country about fifty miles wide has been devastated and completely ruined. All animals not driven off were killed.

The Raleigh Progress learns that since General Johnston's restoration to the command, thousands of the soldiers of the Army of Tennessee, long "absent without leave," have returned to their old chief. Instead of a demoralized mass the Army of Tennessee is now buoyant and follow with pride the standard of their former commander, whom they seem to love and reverence as children do a father.

MACON, April 8.—Advices from Montgomery of the 8th say that persons who left Mobile on the 2d instant report the enemy had made no impression on the defences at Blakely and Spanish Port.

Confidence in our ability to hold the city was strong.

A flag of truce sent to Selma on Wednesday was not permitted to cross the river.

The Yankees claim twenty-five hundred prisoners captured at Plantersville and Selma.

Only one square, including the post office, was destroyed.

The Yankees burned the Naval Works. Montgomery is being put in a strong condition.

FROM TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.—By way of the North we gather the annexed news from the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The Confederates have a large force at Alexandria, La., and are strengthening Fort DeRuey on the river.

All blockaders were driven from the mouth of the Rio Grande by a severe norther. Some of them were beached. Several other vessels from New Orleans were also driven ashore.

Gen. Slaughter has prohibited the circulation of Northern papers in Mexico.

CHAWED HIM.—A naval officer, fixed up in a bran new uniform, was in company with several ladies at the Muscogee depot. On his cap, as is usual with the naval gentry, was a broad brass band. An old Confed., with no seat to his pants, was attracted by naval man's hat, and having a good crowd of "boys" to back him called out to him, the Columbus Sun says, "Hello, Mister, can't you play us a tune on your brass band?" The "boys" laughed. Navy was chawed, and turned red.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call him so because he has enough to

Selected Poetry.

The Long Ago.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surer rhyme,
And blends with ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And summers like buds between,
And the ebb in the sea—so they come and they go,
On the rivers' breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There is a magic Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There is a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the jubes with the notes are staying.

And the name of this Isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there—
There are bows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are hearts of beauty—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There is a lute unswayed, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and faded rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy
shone,
By the image is lifted in air,
And we sometime hear thro' the turbid air,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! I remembered for aye to that blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber while,
May that "greenwood of soul be in sight!"

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod;
By faiths hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, like a grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit, there.

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM GEN. FOREST.—The following is an extract from a letter written by Gen. N. B. Forrest to a gentleman in Macon, Miss. The noble citizen rightly appreciates our condition, and has the manliness and courage to face the consequences of this struggle for life, liberty and independence:

I take the reverse position to that attributed to the gentleman to whom you refer. "Reconstruction" is not only "destruction," but it is degradation and disgrace. It is far better to spend everything in fighting our cruel foe, than to reconstruct and permit him to spend it for us. We can "reconstruct" upon no terms that prevent confiscation and abject slavery, and rather than submit to such "destruction" and humiliation, I am for fighting as long as there is a man left to fight with, or anything left for. If it really be true that further resistance be "destruction," it is infinitely preferable to that kind of "destruction" which would follow "reconstruction."

We can read our doom in the event of subjugation, both in the throats of the enemy and the acts of oppression which everywhere follow their triumphs. "Reconstruction" would require the soldier to destroy the proud ensigns of his glory, to stack his arms, lower his head in dishonor and pass under the yoke of abolition tyranny. It would require confiscation, imprisonment and death! It would turn into our families bands of detectives to ferret out the household secrets! It would suppress the freedom of speech—deprive us of arms and the elective franchise. Every office would be filled by Yankees, the churches by Yankee, tory (or negro) preachers, and we would be made the slaves of our slaves, who would be lurking spies over all our conduct! Our homes, land, property, all taken from us! I cannot see how continued resistance will bring upon us greater "destruction" than that which would follow "reconstruction." But a prolongation of the war will not destroy us. We may come out of the contest poor in this world's goods, but rich in all that constitutes the patriot's wealth—freedom and independence!—We cannot afford to fail! Retreat now is more dangerous than to advance, we can take no step backwards.

So far as I am concerned I have burned my ships, so as to make retreat impossible; and the evidences of treachery which I see around me, have only inspired me with renewed energy and a firmer resolve to tread with unflinching trust the path that leads to victory and independence, though it lead through tears and suffering and blood.

Hymn of the Marsellaise.

The Marsellaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth, beauty and champagne. Ronget de Lisle was an officer of the garrison at Strasburg, and a native of Mount Jura. He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a pleasant friend named Dietrick, whose wife and daughters were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and slices of ham: Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at De Lisle, said:

"Plenty is not ours at least; but we have the courage of the soldier's heart; I have still one bottle left in the cellar—bring it my daughter, and let us drink to Liberty and our country."

The young girl brought the bottle—it was wine. De Lisle went staggered and he could not sleep for the wine. His heart was warm and full of the feelings of genius and patriotism. He took a small sheet and tried to compose a song, sometimes the words were composed first, sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument and waking at daylight, wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night. Then he awoke the families, and sang his production; at first the women turned pale, then they wept, then burst forth in a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation, and of terror.

Two months afterwards Dietrick went to the scaffold listening to the self-same music, composed under his own roof and by the inspiration of his last bottle of wine. The people sang it everywhere—it flew from city to city, to every public orchestra. Marsellaises adopted the song at the opening and close of its clubs—hence the name, "Hymn of the Marsellaise;" then it spread all over France. They sang it in their houses in public assemblies, and in the stormy great convention. De Lisle's mother heard it, and said to her son, "What is this revolutionary hymn sung by bands of youths, with which your name is mingled?" De Lisle heard it, shuddered as it sounded through the streets of Paris, and sung from the Alpine passes, while he a royalist, fled from the infuriated people, frenzied by his own words. France was a great amphitheatre of anarchy and blood, and De Lisle's song was the battle cry.

There is no national air that will compare with the Marsellaise in sublimity and power; it embraces the soft cadences full of the peasant's home, and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endears the memory of the vine dresser's cottage, and makes the Frenchman in his exile cry "La belle France!" forgetful of the torch and sword and guillotine, which have made his country a spectre of blood in the eyes of nations. Nor can the foreigner listen to it, sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the sibyl's voice of battle and war.

ARE WOMEN NATURALLY POLITE?—Mrs. George Washington Wyllys asks the above question, and then elaborately answers it thus:

Are women naturally polite, did you ask, dear, good natured public?

Did you ever know a woman who did not know "it was outrageous" for another woman to travel with a baby, or who didn't regard it as "cruel and barbarous," if any one objected to the crying of her baby?

Did you ever know two women to talk over a third without ridiculing her, even if she was her "dear particular friend?"

Did you ever praise one young lady in the presence of another, without being confidentially told of some enormous fault or deformity in the other that you hadn't dreamed of?

Did you ever know a pretty woman to make an expression without half a dozen other pretty women ruining the effect of it the instant she left the room?

Did you ever hear a woman who had an idea that she was making trouble by her little airs and graces?

We don't believe you ever did reader. They are a race of unaccountables, these women, just as sweet and piquant as June roses, sometimes, and then again, like so many venomous thorn bushes.

There is one thing we never cease to be inwardly thankful for—that we are not a man, consequently not obliged to marry one of 'em. Why, she would drive us crazy in a week, with her whims and fancies, her exactions and pretty ways. We would make the most hen-pecked husband in the world, unless, indeed, we had the nerve to run away from her, or shut her up in a closet for a week, until she promised to behave better. When a woman chooses, she can be the nearest thing to an angel of anything in the world, and what a pity it is that she doesn't always choose!

OUR LATE CONGRESS.—The editor of the Lynchburg Republican, after making a visit to Richmond during the session of Congress, gives the annexed opinion of the result of his "survey of men and matters."

A few days sojourn at the capital gave us an opportunity of witnessing the doings of Congress. No man of ordinary penetration could enjoy this privilege without being painfully impressed with the conviction that our representative men, with comparatively few exceptions, are not equal to the crisis, and therefore, totally incapable of directing a great revolution like that which has tasked the energies of this people for nearly four years past. The great body of them might do in the piping times of peace to look after appointments and attend to the ordinary affairs of their constituents before the different bureaus of the government, but they are not men for these times.

In point of ability and statesmanship the Confederate Congress hardly surpasses an Artillery gathering of the Virginia Legislature, during the time, now past, when every member of that body was legally elected and could claim a voting constituency. One cannot look upon this body and then wonder that more than two months of the present session have passed away, with little or nothing accomplished. The wonder is, or should be, that such a collection of men could accomplish any good.

Two whole States are represented there by some sort of hoens pocus, that have never been included in the Confederacy; whilst West Virginia, and portions of other States have representatives that owe their election to a few soldiers here and there throughout the Confederacy.

These circumstances it must be admitted, were not favorable to the composition of such a Congress as the times require; but the tide of revolution might have thrown something better upon the surface if the people had been careful to discover it. The conclusion is irresistible that we have not such men in the country as the crisis imperatively demand or that the constituent bodies have been sadly deficient in the selections they have in the most cases made.

THE IRON-CLAD OATH.—An exile from Savannah, furnishes the *Constitutionalist* with the following grinding oath now required of the citizens of that unfortunate city:

I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will bear true and firm allegiance to the United States of America, and will faithfully support the Constitution and laws thereof, and that in this behalf I will to the utmost of my power oppose and discountenance all secession, rebellion and disloyalty and everything looking to a disruption of the National Union, that I utterly repudiate all allegiance to the so-called Confederate States of America, or any other power, State Sovereignty, whatever, that I will not, by word, or act, sign letter or message, give aid or comfort to any person or persons hostile to the United States, nor hold any communication whatever with such person or persons except through, and with the consent of properly constituted authorities.

I do further promise and swear that I will give to the nearest commanding officer of the United States forces immediate notice of the presence or near approach of any enemy, spy or disloyal person and of all matters that may at any time come within my knowledge which the interest of the United States are concerned.

All this I do most solemnly, and sincerely swear, without any hesitation, mental reservation, or secret evasion of purpose in me whatever, pledging my sacred honor, my life, and my property for the due and full observance of this my solemn Oath of Allegiance.

Description of person appended.

A GOOD COMPARISON.—Dahlais are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality. They strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendor, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or the lily to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden; but wanting scent, it is like a fine woman without mind.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

A Yankee correspondent says at Camden, S. C., in a newly made grave, burying