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BY JAMES A. HOYT.

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## An Amusing Story.

### ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN.

Harry Gordon Singleton, made his debut into this world on a Friday. We deem this fact worth chronicling, since it was an event of some importance to our hero, and because we hope to show unbelievers that the old saw about the unluckiness of Friday is correct. From his very birth, Harry was stigmatized. He was an exceedingly pretty babe, fair complexioned, blue eyed, brown haired, plump and rosy; but he was endowed with an heritage far worse than a hunch back, a club foot, or a squint eye—he was bashful! When the ladies came to look at him in his cradle, and to pronounce him a "little beauty—the express image of his pa," the little "sweet" would invariably put his fat fist in his mouth, and hide his interesting face in the pillow. He could not be won by sugar plums or peanuts; he would hide behind his mother's robes when asked for a kiss, and if a stranger attempted to take him up, said stranger usually got the worst of it, in the way of kicks and scratches.

So it came to pass that, although people called Harry a charming little thing to his mother, they expressed themselves aside in very different terms, and maligned poor Harry's infantile character to an unhealthful extent. To have listened to the private conversation of half-dozen old gossips on this point, you would have had no doubt in your own mind but Harry Singleton was the most accurate edition of original sin extant.

Mrs. Singleton—a fair-faced, handsome woman—regretted very greatly this unfortunate trait in the temperament of her beloved first-born, and used every endeavor to break him of it, but without success, and Harry grew up to youth the most beautiful and retiring of all human beings. He was, also, singularly unlucky. No child ever received so many bumps and thumps since the fall of Adam; his forehead was a populous archipelago of blue, yellow and black bruises, in various stages of coloring. He never touched a knife without cutting his fingers; he could scarcely eat his meals without sticking his fork into his hands, and at length his father would allow him only a spoon with which to take his food—believing that he could do himself no damage with that pacific instrument, unless he swallowed it.

When there was company at the house, Harry generally retired to an unoccupied room in the attic, where—having enclosed himself in the bed which stood there—he passed the day reading some old novel or book of history, picked out of the great chest in the garret used for the repository of rubbish; or, by way of variation, he sometimes took refuge in the barn, and snugly hidden on the hay-mow, spent the time in silent meditation on his unfortunate destiny. He would walk a mile around through the fields to avoid meeting a young lady; and when in the street, if he heard the sound of wheels he would leap over the wall or fence and lie prone on the ground until the vehicle had passed by.

As he grew older, he lost none of his peculiarities, and before he was sixteen years of age, his mother's chief difficulty was the fear that he would live an old bachelor. Hundreds of silver dollars could not have induced him to speak to a girl of his age, and his father was obliged to forego his purpose of sending him to the Whitesboys' school.

But notwithstanding Harry's excessive bashfulness, he grew up to be a fine fellow—brave, generous and handsome, and there was not a girl in town but would have felt herself honored by his preference. Harry, however, stood aloof from all the female sex, and as a natural consequence, he was the subject of numberless practical jokes, and the hapless occasion of continual giggling among the gay girls at the singing school.

When Harry was nineteen, Rosalie Waters came to Whitestown to pass some time with her aunt, Mrs. Judge Flanders. Rosalie was a pretty, bright-eyed, mischievous fairy of seventeen, and if the truth must be confessed, she took quite a liking to handsome, bashful Harry Singleton; but of course she was too much of a coquette to allow Harry to guess it. He, on his part, thought himself dead in love, though he dared not raise his eyes to the peerless face of his guiding-star. For whole days he racked his brain, planning how he should address her, but without deciding upon anything definite. One night, at singing-school, a bold idea flashed across his brain; its very boldness made it seem practicable. He would offer to escort Rosalie home!

It was an audacious act, and Harry trembled in every limb at the thought of

it; a cold perspiration started out of every pore; his hair nearly stood erect, and his face flushed hot as the bosom of Vesuvius. He attempted to sing, but his fine tenor voice broke down; he coughed, hemmed, and flourished his handkerchief, and was at last obliged to sit down in despair.

The exercises of the evening closed; Harry seized his hat and rushed for the entry, where he took his station in full view of the door through which Rosalie would emerge. Her crimson hood appeared in the doorway, and his teeth chattered in his head, but his resolution was unshaken. He made a *sortie* in her direction, knocking over little James Brown, the barber, and fearfully mutilating the new calash of Miss Winn, the milliner, in the act; but these were minor affairs, and not worthy of notice. He touched the shoulder of Rosalie.

"May I—may I—go home with you to-day—to-night—this evening?" stammered he.

She put her little hand within his arm, and they went out together into the starlight. Harry seemed to tread on air. This world was this world no longer, but the charmed paradise of impossibility and he dared not speak lest he should break the spell.

The little lady, too, was strangely silent, and the entire distance to the house of Judge Flanders was passed without a word. At the door Harry would have bidden his companion goodnight, but she retained his hand and drew him into the parlor; and there the light of the chandelier fell full on the face of the pretty laughing woman, and with dread dismay Harry saw that not Rosalie, but Mrs. Judge Flanders herself, stood before him. He had waited on the aunt, and not the niece! He uttered an exclamation and started up to retire, but Mrs. Flanders good humoredly detained him.

"Don't go, Harry," she said kindly. "You really did bravely. I am proud of you; I knew from the first that you had made a mistake, but was fearful you would never try again if I denied your escort. Rosalie will be in soon; wait for her."

"Indeed, ma'am—I—should be happy to—not to—in fact, ma'am, I believe I am wanted at home."

Harry started for the door backwards, but instead of choosing that by which he had entered, he bolted out into the dark kitchen and seized the handle of the first door that offered. Mrs. Flanders was following close, but before she could utter a single word she heard his "good night," succeeded immediately by a series of thumps and rumblings in the direction of the cellar.

The truth burst upon her at once. Harry had taken the cellar-door and had fallen down the stairs! She seized a light and flew down the steps. There lay Harry, with his head in the trough of ashes, and his feet unromantically elevated over the shelf of a neighboring cupboard. He was considerably bruised and stunned, but not otherwise damaged. Mrs. Flanders would have raised him up, but he anticipated her; and without stopping to shake himself, bounded up the stairs and made a drive at the outer door, the ashes streaming out behind him like a cloud of gray smoke.

The door was opened from without, and Rosalie herself appeared. At sight of the hatless, smoking Harry, she uttered a loud shriek and fell to the floor, while our hero dashed over her prostrate form and took the track for home, at a speed unequalled in the annals of foot races. Breathless and used up generally, the young man reached home, crawled in at a back window and retired to his bed, which he kept for three days afterward.

In spite of all apologies and flattering courtesies from Mrs. Flanders—in spite of gentle affectionate advances from the fair Rosalie herself, Harry Singleton could never be tempted to step inside the mansion of the judge; and Rosalie, after waiting two years for Harry to make himself agreeable to her, gave up the vain hope, and became the wife of a substantial widower with four children, which was quite a good beginning.

Harry went on his way alone, as his mother had feared and prophesied, and that exemplary little woman set about learning him to repair stockings and replace lost buttons, with commendable patience. He had studied for the law, and been two years admitted to the bar, and was a talented and rising young man. Being also wealthy and handsome, half the ladies in the village were in love with him, but he gave them a wide berth and passed them by.

Mr. Singleton dabbled somewhat in politics, and at the early age of thirty he was elected member of Congress; and in celebration of this event a grand dinner in his honor was given at the Whitestown Hotel. Of course the successful candidate

must be present, and etiquette demanded that he should bring a lady with him. The committee of arrangements waited upon him to inform him of this fact, and it may be well believed that the communication filled him with vague horror. He begged of the gentlemen to provide him a partner, if he must have one, stipulating only that the lady should not be a young lady; and in due time he was informed that he was to attend Mrs. Grubbins, the widow of Dr. Timothy Grubbins, the wealthiest, as well as the fattest and tallest woman in the whole country.

The eventful evening arrived. Mr. Singleton took Mrs. Grubbins to the hotel in a chaise. The lady was magnificently attired in a double-skirted tarleton, with ribbons, feathers, and fearfully extended ermine.

Poor Harry! thought of escorting that giantess into a room filled with people made him sweat like one under the influence of a powerful dose of ipecachuana. But he was in for it, and must get out the best way he could. Mrs. Grubbins, proud and triumphant, preceded him, breaking the passage, and compelling lesser people to yield the ground. Just as she arrived on the threshold of the banquetting hall, she dropped her fan; and just at that moment, the audience perceiving Harry in the background, proposed "three-cheers for Hon. Mr. Singleton!"

Harry stooped to reclaim the fan, and when the enthusiastic multitude looked for their champion he was nowhere visible. Cries ran round the room loud and vehement:

"Mr. Singleton! where is Mr. Singleton?" and directly Mr. Singleton, looking very hot and very much confused, appeared from under the upper skirt of Mrs. Grubbins' dress—that lady having completely submerged the honorable gentleman in the folds of her drapery. Gentlemen smiled in their sleeves, and ladies giggled behind their handkerchiefs: Mrs. Grubbins looked more regal than ever, and Mr. Singleton leaned against a pillar for support.

The announcement of dinner was a great relief. Judge Flanders presided; Mrs. Grubbins occupied the seat at Singleton's right; Mrs. Flambeaux sat at his left, and Lucy Deane, the village belle, was his *vis-a-vis*.

Harry's position was exceedingly embarrassing to one of his peculiar temperaments. He dared not refuse anything that was offered him, lest some one should look at him, and the consequence was, his plate literally groaned beneath its weight of edibles. Tomato sauce—his especial horror—was passed around; a preserved plate full was allotted to him. He tried hard to swallow some, but it stuck fast in his throat; it choked and sickened him, and set him to coughing with alarming violence.

"You have taken a severe cold, I presume?" remarked Miss Flambeaux.

"Yes, madam, thank you, I have," returned Singleton, trembling on the verge of another sneeze.

"Why don't you eat your tomatoes?" queried Mrs. Grubbins. "My poor dead and gone Daniel used to say that there was nothing in the whole vegetable world equal to tomatoes."

"No doubt, madam, they are very fine," and Singleton essayed a second spoonful. That second dose had well nigh been too much for him, and with desperate resolve he watched until the whole company were engaged in drinking a toast, when he tilted the preserve dish and let its contents run into his napkin, which receptacle he whiffed into his pocket without delay, and immediately felt easier. A moment afterwards Judge Flanders proposed a sentiment:

"The Honorable Harry Singleton: May he always retain the title of 'Honorable,' but may he soon resign his right to be called Single. It is not good for man to be alone."

The sentiment was drunk with applause. Singleton, blushing red hot at the insinuation conveyed by the words of the judge, thrust his hand in his pocket to get his handkerchief, when instead, out came the napkin, tomato and all. He mopped his forehead vigorously with it, and the luscious vegetable formed an unctious poultice thereon—completely transfiguring his countenance. Blinded by the syrup, and half dead with mortification, he thrust the napkin into his pocket and secured the handkerchief, while the astounded company looked on in silent amazement.

"Does your nose bleed, sir?" inquired Mrs. Grubbins, quite audibly.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" screamed Judge Flanders.

"Ahem! only a slight cold, thank you, sir," stammered Mr. Singleton.

"A cold, is it? Faith now, and yer honor's nose must be ather turnin' itself

inside out, thin!" exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, the Irish patriot and orator.

Lucy Deane was laughing; Miss Flambeaux was horrified; Mrs. Grubbins looked shocked; our friend Singleton was nearly suffocating with shame. He leaned back in his chair to recover his breath, and as soon as he could speak, begged to be excused a moment; he did not feel quite well. And forthwith he rose and made for the door; but horror of horrors!—he had sat on the pocket containing the napkin of tomato, and his white pantaloons were dripping red with the sanguinary vegetable!

A simultaneous shriek burst from all assembled:

"Good heavens, Mr. Singleton is wounded! Murder! murder! Call a physician! Seize the murderer! Send for Dr. Spillpowder! Quick—he'll bleed to death! Murder! murder!"

The infuriated audience rushed hither and thither, and some one encountering John, the waiter, with a carving knife in his hand, took him for the perpetrator of the crime, and seized upon him without delay. John struggled and swore, and laid about him with right good will, but he was overpowered by numbers, and at last obliged to yield. There was a regular fight, and black eyes and swelled noses were the order of the day. The ladies fled to the ante-room; Judge Flanders ran for a surgeon, and during the *melee* Singleton made his escape. No grass grew beneath his feet; he galloped for home as fast as his legs would carry him; but the night being dark, and he being slightly frustrated, he unfortunately mistook the house, and entered, not his own residence, but that of a correct old spinster named Harriet Willis. The houses were somewhat similar, and Singleton, without pausing for a light, rushed up stairs and into his own chamber, as he thought, where, breathless and exhausted, he flung himself upon the bed.

Miss Harriet had retired some time previous, and the sudden advent of Mr. Singleton aroused her from a sound slumber. Springing from the bed, regardless of the fact that her teeth were out, and her natural curls reposing in the bureau-drawer, she flew from the house to the nearest neighbor's, where, having secured assistance, she returned to meet the horrified Singleton, just emerging from the door.

Poor Harry tried to explain, but Miss Willis would listen to nothing; her reputation was ruined, she said, and Singleton must either settle or marry her. A fifty dollar bill, which was freely given, mended the broken character, and learned Singleton never to go to bed in the dark.

The affair at the Whitestown Hotel was rather a serious one. The patriot O'Toole had his nose broken; Dr. Spillpowder broke his horse's wind to get there before Singleton should bleed to death; John, the waiter, broke the heads of the half-dozen gentlemen who assisted in his capture; and Judge Flanders broke all the buttons off his waistbands running after the surgeon and shouting murder.

Mr. Singleton is yet unmarried—as fine a fellow as you could wish; and if you want to see blushing, just mention tomato sauce to him.

Dobbs, during his first session as a member of the Legislature, was caught without a speech. He was remarkable for his modesty, and his thirst for "red eye."

One unlucky day the proceedings being dull, and Dobbs being rather thirsty, he concluded to go over to the hotel and take a drink. As Dobbs rose to leave the hall, he caught the Speaker's eye. The Speaker supposed he intended to address the house, and announced in a loud voice—

"Mr. Dobbs!"

Dobbs started as if he had been shot. The assembled wisdom of the State had their eyes fixed upon him. He pulled out his pocket handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, and feeling it necessary to say something, he thundered out:

"Second the motion."

"There is no motion before the house," said the Speaker.

"Then I—I—"

The silence was breathless.

"I—"

Dobbs could not think of anything to say. But a bright idea came to him and he finished with—

"I move to adjourn."

The motion didn't go, but Dobbs did, and nothing more was seen of him that day.

Man, says the anatomist, changes every seven years; therefore, says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1848—I am not the same person—hence, I owe him nothing."

The worst way of pitching into a fellow and making him feel generally like a goose is to tar and feather him.

## Results from Little Things.

Men rarely trace events back to their moving causes. The marvel of a successful triumph of science or arts is universally acknowledged as the grand consequence which are to flow from it are evolved, but who goes back to the pale student who, in some obscure garret, years before, discovered the principle upon which it is founded, and stimulated the investigation of other minds, so that a fact was finally crowned by almost a miracle of success? Your "practical men"—those who gather the wealth of the world in their coffers—are disposed to look with contempt upon the labors which lay the foundation for momentous changes, not only in the business and commerce of the world, but even in the condition of humanity itself.

When two Italian philosophers, in the last century, wrangled over the reason why a dead frog's leg could be made to perform involuntary motions, who of their contemporaries failed to regard them as mad with too much learning? Yet in the explanation of that phenomenon lay the germ of all electric science. It has been developed into new and beautiful applications in the mechanic arts, as well as in science, and done more to revolutionize the world than the march of victorious armies.

The curious collectors of specimens of rocks and of fossils were regarded by men of the world and the rustics who witnessed their labors as demented; but out of these collections has been built up the history of the world before the "beginning." Now, the beetling cliff and subterranean mine have an intelligible language written by the finger of God, and preserved for the instruction of our times. From the period when the earth was a globe of fire, sweeping with flashing light through the heavens, down through each successive period of new formations, until life made its appearance in its lowest forms in the retiring waters, the force of each contending element, the process by which electric and chemical affinities and mechanical forces laid down each successive layer of rocks is known; and men can look back and see the working out in harmony through countless ages of the plan of the first great architect.

So connected is the whole system of truth, that at whatever point a clue is obtained, it leads, when followed, into unexpected and wonderful discoveries. The filling of an apple led to the discovery of the law which held the planets in their orbits, and developed to mortal ears the music of the spheres. The hissing of steam from a common tea-kettle led to the discovery of the power of that wonderful agent that now moves the saw, the plane, and the loom; drives the ship over the ocean and car over the land; multiplying a thousand fold the energy of human industry, and overcomes the obstacles of time and space.

Who could have guessed that some seemingly insignificant experiment was destined to change the modes of human labor; that a pebble picked up in the field would become an index to untold mineral wealth; or a shell gathered from an old deposit a sure indication of what lay deeply buried beneath the soil? Who dreamed the possibility of giving a pathway to the winds, and discovering a law by which to determine the approach of storms? Our present knowledge on these subjects has not been obtained by accident. The men who have seemed to be dreamers—who have devoted their investigations to minute things, found the key which unlocked the store house of Nature's mysteries, and enable us now to gaze upon her secret work.

The results from little things have been so vast—the richness of the fields of knowledge yet to be explored are so great, that we look with fear upon every movement of the scholar—the mere observer—the rough explorers who never attempt to reduce the knowledge they acquire to any practical use. No fact obtained in the physical work is valueless. No principle established is isolated, but beyond and connected with it is another which adds to the certainty of human investigation and the marvel of new practical applications.

Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Be for one day, instead of a fire worshiper of passion and of hell, the sun worshiper of clear self-possession, and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up,—and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your own life strengthened and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate. Truly, you will wonder at your own improvement.

When liars die and can lie no longer, their epitaphs generally lie for them.

## Young Ladies, Read.

What a number of idle, useless women—they call themselves young ladies—parade our streets! "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. Do they ever look forward to the time when the real cares and responsibilities of life will cluster around them? Have they made, or are they making any preparation for the onerous duties which will assuredly fall to their lot—duties to society, the world and God? They lounge or sleep away their time in the morning. They never take hold of the drudgery, the repulsive toil, which each son and daughter of Adam should perform in this world. They know nothing of domestic duties. They have no habits of industry, no taste for the useful, no skill in any really useful art. They are in the streets, not in the performance of their duty, or for the acquisition of health, but to see and be seen. They expect thus to pick up a husband who will promise to be as indulgent as their parents have been, and support them in idleness. They who sow the wind in this way are sure to reap the whirlwind. No life can be exempt from cares. How mistaken an education do these girls receive who are allowed to imagine that life is always to be a garden of roses! Labor is the great law of our being. How worthless will she prove who is unable to perform it!

It has been observed that "by far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relations, and most of these depend on the home of the wife and mother." What a mistake is then made by our young girls and their parents when domestic education is unattended to! Our daughters should be taught, practically, to bake, to cook, to arrange the table, to wash and iron, to sweep, and to do everything that pertains to the order and comfort of the household. Domesticity may be necessary, but they are always a necessary evil, and the best "help" a woman can have is herself. If her husband is ever so rich, the time may come when skill in domestic employments will secure to her a comfort which no domestic can procure. Even if she is never called to labor for herself, she should, at least, know how things ought to be done, so that she ought not to be cheated by her servants.

Domestic Education cannot be acquired in the streets. It cannot be learned amidst the frivolities of modern society. A good, and worthy, and comfort-bringing husband can rarely be picked up on the pavement.

"The nymph who walks the public streets, And sets her cap for all she meets, May catch the fool who turns to stare, But men of sense avoid the snare."

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this:—He was standing one day beside a frog-pond—wo have his word for it—and saw a large garter-snake make an attempt upon an enormous big bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snake ship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

A young lady in reply to her father's question, why she did not wear rings upon her fingers, said, "Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand!"

"What business have you to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly none, but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order."

Smith, who makes a joke of all his troubles, says the cook at his boarding house is so careless about separating the feathers from the chickens that he never eats dinner without feeling down in the mouth."

An English Review says:—"Southey told Shelley a man might be happy with any woman, and certainly a wise man, once married, will try to make the best of it."

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

A flirt is like a dipper, attached to a hydrant—every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.

"This little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery."

Theory may be all very well, but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

Blessed are they that are blind, for they shall see no ghosts.