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HOYT & HUMPHREYS, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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A French Will Story.

"Is she dead, then?"

"Yes, madame," replied a little gentleman in a brown coat and short breeches. "And her will?"

"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"Shall we inherit anything?"

"It must be supposed so; we have claims."

"Who is this miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"

"O, she," replied the little man, sneeringly, "she won't have much in the will; she is sister to the deceased."

"What! that Anne, who wedded in 1812, a man of nothing—an officer?"

"Precisely so."

"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."

"The more so, as sister Egrie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her for that misalliance."

Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said Madame de Villebois, with great haughtiness, who a moment before had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.

"Madame," the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me, I came solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me at her last hour."

"What do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte?"

"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and, what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave and good man who had no other crime to reproach himself with than poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him—I, his old friend—Anne would now be happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?" said the notary, gravely; "I myself requested her to be here."

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.

"I being sound in mind and heart, Egrie de Demefremeg, retired as a boarder in the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament.

"After my decease, there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes, and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.

"In the convent, where I have been residing will be found my book, Heures de la Vierge, a holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.

"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.

"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels.

"The third and last lot, my book, Heures de la Vierge.

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief she has caused us, and I would have comforted her sorrows, if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will.

"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.

"Anne will take the remaining lot.

"Ah, ah," said Vetry, "sister Egrie was a very good one, that is rather clever on her part."

"Anne will then only have the prayer book," exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud.

The notary interrupted her jocularity.

"Madame," said he, "which of these lots do you choose?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly so."

The man of the law, addressing himself to the good feelings of the lady, said:

"Madame, you are rich; and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lot?"

"You must be joking, M. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be dull not to see the intention of sister Egrie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice.

"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she intended to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help that she had to expect in this world.

As she finished these words, Madame de V. made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. M. Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.

"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give at least a portion of your share to Anne, who is in want of it."

"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vetry, the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits admirably all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egrie, they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer book which remains to you.

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer book, and making her son kiss it after her, she said:

"Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you. When you have learned to read you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

"Oh mamma," he said, "what pretty pictures."

"Indeed," said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes. The good virgin in a red dress, holding the infant Jesus in her arms.—But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"

"So they might not be injured, my dear."

"But mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone, it won't be much, people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me that prayer book; you will tear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son exceedingly well, yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a barouche. This led them to make inquiries, and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving her son a first-rate education. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to call upon the notary for explanations. The good Dubois was writing at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you," said the arrogant old lady.

"No matter I was just in the act of settling a purchase in the State funds for Madame Anne."

"What!" exclaimed Vetry, "after purchasing house and equipage has she still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"But where did the money come from?"

"Where, did you not see?"

"When?"

"When she shrieked out at seeing what the prayer book contained which she inherited."

"We observed nothing."

"Oh, I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "The prayer book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving

was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunder-struck.

"If I had only known it," shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had the choice," added the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."

"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"

The two baffled egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte, on a summer evening you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two fair hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of Heures de la Vierge, and for which a cross in gold has been made.

"Pray for me, child," said the mother, "and for who else?" inquired the child.

"For your father, who perished without being able to love you."

"Must I pray to the saint, my patron?"

"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."

"What is the name of that saint mamma, dear?"

The mother, then watering the child's head with her tears, answered:

"Her name is—sister Egrie."

Amusing Love Affair.

The London correspondent of the New Orleans Delta relates the following:

A good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good natured, but is inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man, about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest, and highly intellectual. For these qualities, he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will.

The banker, on Sunday afternoon, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa, as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever, it could not but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake evidently, but it was a good-natured error, and we can only wish, all of us, that there were more committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful daughter, of nineteen summers; but that may always be understood. There were of course no attentions on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved and proper. The youth, in spite of two or three day's invitation to the bankers seat to breathe fresh air and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my clerk," said the banker to a confere, who was in his back office with him, after the youth had just brought in some papers.

"Well, you are rather green, I should say for a man of your time of life and experience," said the banker number two.

"Don't you know what's the matter.—He's in love!"

"In love! He is modest and propriety itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter, who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would."

"Oh, the haughty old fool! My clerk is as good as his daughter, and he langed to him. Thank you for the hint."

Soon as the banker number two had disappeared, the clerk was called in.

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection—that's your secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before sir?"

The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you; but I will give you a piece of advice. If the daughter is fair, she is worth running a risk for. Look here, there are £500 and two months' leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid I did the same before you, and it has not hurt me."

The clerk fell upon his knees and was upon the point of making a clear breast of it, when the old man rose and left precipitately, to avoid a scene. The young man considered and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no daughter at the dinner table of the banker in the country house. The house was in consternation, and the search made for her in all directions. A note, however, was found on her dressing-table, conveying the customary prayer for forgiveness, and a note, enclosed from

the young clerk, stating that, believing the banker meant to give him a hint with regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his public consent, owing to appearances, he had acted on his own suggestion, and that ere his "father-in-law had received the letter, he (the clerk) would be his son-in-law.

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of the Guardian.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 11, 1861.

Dear Guardian: Perhaps some of your numerous readers would like to hear how affairs move on in the Crescent city, now the metropolis of our country; if so, you can inform them that we received, with the utmost coolness imaginable, without being at all frightened, the dispatches purporting to be by telegraph, stating that seven of Uncle Abe's men of war were waiting outside of the Charleston bar for the flood tide, to pay their respects to Gen. Beauregard.

Everything here is being placed on a regular war footing. Gov. Moore went down to-day to inspect the forts, which will soon be so strongly garrisoned and fortified as to render it impossible for any force to enter the Mississippi river.

Our distinguished fellow-citizen and soldier Col. A. H. Gladden is rapidly raising a regiment of infantry, of which he takes command, under the commission of the Southern Confederacy. Several companies have already left this place for Pensacola, among whom the Zouaves are very conspicuous. They are the most fantastic, fierce, dare-devil looking set of men in their tout ensemble, that ever shouldered a muske. In this country, and they will doubtless astonish the natives wherever they make their appearance, and most likely will astonish some foreigners, if they are called into the field of battle. They are the exact counterpart of the Zouaves of France, and mostly composed of French creoles. The officers give their commands in that language.

On the 17th instant the proposals for the five million loan will be received, and it is thought that it will be eagerly taken even at a premium by the capitalists here, such confidence is there in the investment.

Business of all kinds begins to be less active as the summer draws on, war grows more certain.

During the two weeks past we have had the usual spring racing carnival, and there has been, considering the "hard times," a most excellent display of stock and interest.

The seasons of the opera and theatres will close in a few days, and the pall which summer usually spreads over this bustling city will be rendered two fold more dismal by the absence of so many of her sons engaged in the defence of their country.

BETA.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following is from a lecture delivered some fifteen years ago, by Rev. John N. Maffit;

"Phenix, fabled bird of antiquity, when it felt the chill advances of age, built its own funeral urn, and fired its pyre by means which Nature's instinct taught it.

All plumage, and its form of beauty, became ashes; but ever would rise the young—beautiful from the urn of death and chambers of decay would the fledgling come, with its eyes turned toward the sun, and essaying its dark velvet wings, sprinkled with gold and fringed with silver, on the balmy air, raising a little higher, until at length, in the full confidence of flight, it gives a cry of joy, and soon becomes a glittering speck in the deep bosom of aerial ocean. Lovely voyager of earth, bound on its heavenward journey to the sun!

So rises the spirit from the ruins of the body, the funeral urn which its Maker built and death frees. So towers away to its home, in the pure elements of spirituality, the intellect Phenix, to dip its proud wings in the fountain of everlasting bliss.

So shall dear, precious humanity, survive from the ashes of a burning world. So beautiful shall the unchanged soar within the disc of Eternity's great luminary with undazzled eye and unscorched wings—the Phenix of immortality—taken to its rainbow home and eroded on the beating bosom of Eternal Love."

Major Ben McCulloch's movements have created a good deal of speculation and some alarm. His purpose was a business instead of a political one, but the story has been started that he had a band of 5000 men to seize this city. These Black Republicans are a wretched set of petroloons, and have no idea of fighting themselves. Their plan is to pay Irishmen and Germans to do it for them at so much per day. They do not care how many of them are killed or maimed.—*Cor. Char. Mercury.*

HAYTI.—The Mobile Advertiser, alluding to the reported seizure of San Domingo by Spain, says:

"And France is to get back her Hayti and avenge the manes of her slaughtered children on the degraded descendants of theurrectionists, by giving them masters—owners, probably—and making them useful to themselves and the world. We wonder if under such renewed regime the heirs of the expelled or slaughtered French planters in Hayti can put in their claims, for these would, if sustained, supply owners to the negroes who have been experiencing but a stolen liberty. France recognized the independence of Hayti in 1825, but does this vitiate property titles to lands, slaves, and the descendants of slaves? This would be a likely pretext for making the blacks bondsmen, and Hayti is worth nought to France unless they are."

The Zouaves of New Orleans, now at Pensacola, are thus noticed in the Delta of Saturday:

There was a great crowd yesterday on Lafayette Square to witness the review of the Second Company of Zouaves on the eve of their departure for Pensacola. The company mustered over one hundred, and with their close shaven heads, their exact Zouave uniform, their brace of veritable vivandiers in front, and their stern determined, rough aspect bore a striking resemblance to the original, the invincible heroes of Algiers and the Crimea. They are no holiday soldiers, but regular dare devil fire-eaters, who will have no need for gun-powder and balls when they can get at the enemy with their sword bayonets. They are just the fellows to charge the deadly breach which Buagg's columbiad will make in the walls of Fort Pickens, when the ball is opened.

Juleps are in season, and so is the story of the broad-backed Kentuckian who went down to new New Orleans for the first time. Whiskey, brandy, and plain drinks he knew, but as to the compound and flavored he was a know-nothing. Reposing on one of the seats of the bar-room of the St. Charles, he observed a crowd of fashionables drinking mintjuleps.

"Boy," said he "bring me a glass of that beverage."

The liquor was brought to him, and when he had consum'd the cooling draught he called the boy again.

"Boy, what was my last remark?"

"Why you ordered a julep."

"That's right, don't forget it; keep on bringing 'em!"

THE COFFIN OF HENRY VIII.—In excavating for the temporary grave of the Duchess of Kent, a small opening was made into the vault which contains the coffins of Henry VIII, and one of his queens, Lady Jane Seymour; also the coffins of Charles I, and an infant child of Queen Anne. The coffin, and even the crimson on which are placed the coronets, were in a tolerable state of preservation, and the spear hole in the coffin of Henry VIII, said to have been made by one of the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, was clearly discernible.

SUICIDE OF STEPHEN VAN RENSSSLAR JR.—Mr Stephen Van Rensselaar, a well known citizen of New York, committed suicide on Monday night, in the drinking saloon No. 478 Broadway, in that city, kept by Elizabeth Hoyt. He went into the above saloon, and calling all persons present up to the bar, invited them to drink with him. When his liquor was set before him, he took from his pocket a phial containing laudanum, and poured a quantity of the poison into his glass. He then said to his friends, "this is my last drink," and immediately swallowed the contents of the tumbler. A physician was speedily procured, and every remedy was applied to remove the drug from his stomach, but without success, as he expired about one o'clock. The deceased was at one time considered one of the wealthiest men in the State, owning an immense tract of land in the vicinity of Albany, in addition to his other property. He was the titular descendant of the Albany Patroons of that name, but his dissolute habits for a few years past have brought disgrace upon the entire family.

Jones was riding and saw a board nailed up on a post in the yard of a farmhouse, with a sign painted on it, "This Farm for Sail." Always ready for a little pleasantry, and seeing a woman in checked sunbonnet picking up an apronful of chips at the wood-pile in front of the house, he stopped and asked her, very politely when the farm was to sail? She went on with her work, but replied to his question instantly, "Just as soon as the man comes along who can raise the wind!"

Honor and obey thy father and mother.

ROUGH PICTURE OF THE TWO STATES FROM KANSAS.—The Topeka correspondent of the Leavenworth Herald charges that the election of Lane and Pomeroy was obtained by fraudulent and dishonorable practices. Two such men as Lane and Pomeroy could have been sent to the United States Senate from no other community than Kansas, unless we except Botany Bay or the Penitentiary, if all they say of them is true. The Leavenworth Herald tells us follows, what is his opinion of his palis:

"The announcement we are about to make is not designed to offend the possessors of weak stomachs. Pomeroy—the palis of the Kansas State—has been elected to the United States Senate to represent the State of Kansas. We attribute this effect to the moral depravity of our people, and to the fact that we have no other resources. Shall we say it so be accepted? This may be a combination of forces? This may be true, but leaves us only to mourn the extent of iniquity.

"Of one only we are confident—the worst man ever sent to Congress—has been elected by our State, and that only represents those who voted for him. The thief, with all his ill-gotten gains, the robber of widows and orphans—the imposter and imbecile, has been sent by a Kansas Legislature to sit in the halls of Congress with honorable men. May God's righteous indignation be averted, and may the world forbear regarding us in the light of a den of thieves!"

THE SOUTHERN LOAN A BEGGING.—It is positively ascertained by the Government that the fifteen million loan authorized by the Confederate States cannot be taken. The offers are less than two millions, including the amount offered by the enthusiasts who happened to have a few dollars wherewith to gratify their passion for secession.

The above is from the Washington correspondence of the Times published yesterday. We are enabled to pronounce it utterly untrue, and to state, also, official authority, that, up to the 23rd March last, bids for the loan to the amount of over fifteen millions of dollars had been received at the Treasury Department at Montgomery.—*New York Times.*

THAT FOX.—The New York Tribune says:

"Capt. Fox, who was lately sent to Fort Sumter by the President to communicate with Major Anderson, now commands one of the vessels sent to the relief of the fort. He is peculiarly familiar with the waters of Charleston harbor, having been formerly attached to the Coast Survey. The impression prevails at Charleston that his recent visit there was merely to make arrangements with Major Anderson for a plan of relief, which is very likely to have been the case."

GEN WEBB A PROPHET.—The Courier and Enquirer, which breathes at present only blood and thunder against the South, said twenty-five years ago, that, if the Union were broken up by the spread of Abolitionism—

"Our exports and our imports would be reduced nine-tenths; nine-tenths of our shipping would be rotting at our wharves; nine-tenths of our population, now supported by commerce and the wealth it produces, would be driven to agricultural pursuits; the staple articles of Northern agriculture command but small prices abroad, and they would find but few customers at home; grass would grow in the streets of our cities and villages, and a general scene of poverty and desolation would follow our present unexampled prosperity and generally diffused wealth."

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness on examination. The lady replied—"Yes, sir; and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it."

"You'll be committed for contempt."

"Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

Minnie was one day talking to her little class in Sunday school about God's great love to men. Wishing to impress it upon their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked: "Now children, who loves all men?" The question was hardly asked, before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly:—"All women!"

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, Mrs. Simpkins, but too much company."

A DARNED SUBJECT.—A female writer says: "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones—darned if they don't!