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BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

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Stonewall Jackson--The Peculiarities of his Genius.

A late correspondent of the *New World* has furnished the readers of that journal with some graphic remarks upon the genius, in strategy and military resources, of Stonewall Jackson. We make a few interesting extracts:

HIS CLOSE CALCULATION.

Jackson's military movements were always based upon close calculation, and he was certainly not wanting in foresight and caution. He seems to have known perfectly well what it was in his power to achieve, and as thoroughly what was beyond his strength. He risked much, upon many occasions, but appears to have been justified in his calculations of the ultimate result.

It will be objected to him by military men, that he hazarded too much, at times, and was only extricated by good fortune. There appears to be some justice in this; but the resources of his genius were enormous and doubled his numbers. Some of his ideas seem absurd when coolly looked at. When asked what he would have done if, after the battle of Winchester, the converging columns of the enemy had cut him off at Strasburg, he replied:

"I would have fallen back upon Maryland for reinforcements." Such a movement must, it would appear, have terminated in his destruction; but it would be difficult to find a man in his old command who would have doubted his ultimate triumph even then.

His genius was for great movements and decisive blows; and, thus his services became more and more valuable as his rank increased. He was better as Brigadier than as Colonel; better still as Major-General; and as Lieutenant-General was best of all. It is useless to ask what he would have been as Commander-in-Chief, without a superior at Richmond. But the brain which conceived and executed the campaign of the valley, must have been equal to any position.

HIS LINE ALWAYS OPEN TO RETREAT.

He kept open, generally, his line of retreat, and provided for disasters; though it was hard to realize that failure ever entered into his calculations. He had the soldier's eye for position, and chose his ground both for infantry and artillery with the exactness of genius; but if all his arrangements were made, and his plans required battle, he would give it on any ground. He depended most upon his infantry, but loved artillery from his early association with that branch of the service, never appearing so well pleased as when directing in person the fire of his cannon, amid a shower of shot and shell. When once engaged, he seemed to discard all ideas of defeat, and to regard the issue as assured. And, what was more important, his men seemed to share his conviction. A man less open to the conviction that he was whipped, could not be imagined. His incomparable combativeness, it might have been said, made him set his teeth against fate, and endeavor to place his heel upon destiny itself.

HE NEVER TRUSTED TO LUCK.

It may be said of him with truth, that he deserved victory. No man was more in the use of every precaution to insure success. The idea that he blundered without prudence or system, and achieved his success only by some mysterious good fortune, is a mere fancy. No soldier was ever less indebted to "luck"; no one ever proceeded in military matters upon profounder logic. He knew his strength and his weakness, but the difference between him and others was this, that he made his estimates more correctly. He did not look to numbers only, but to morale, the situation, the spirit of his troops. With the three hundred of Leonidas he would have attempted great things; with the fifty thousand survivors of Napoleon's Grand Army, crushed in moral by Waterloo, he would have attempted nothing.

HOW HE CONDUCTED A MARCH.

In every point of view, as we have said, he deserved success. No general ever made a greater use of mystery. He saw from the first that he commanded men of education, thought, speculation—the most inquisitive of private soldiers. Without due precaution taken they were certain to know what it was inexpedient for the private soldier to know; his designs would be penetrated, and be noised abroad. Hence his inscrutable mystery.

He would not permit his men to inquire the names of the towns through which they passed, and on the march against Gen. McClellan at Richmond, issued a general order directing the troops to reply "I don't know" to every question.

Meeting a man straggling toward a cherry tree, he said:

"Where are you going?"
"I don't know," was the reply.
"To what regiment do you belong?"
"I don't know."
"What do you mean?"
"I don't know."

Jackson laughed quietly and passed on. He said that if his coat knew what he designed, he would take it off and burn it. He would encamp for the night at cross roads, and the quidnuncs were in despair at their inability to determine toward what point of the compass he would march on the morrow. Abort to abandon the valley, he publicly directed careful maps to be made of the region, as though intending a campaign therein. When one of his staff engaged a dinner a few miles ahead of his advancing column, he admonished him of error. How did he know that the column would pass that point?

"OLD STONEWALL" ON THE FIELD.

There were few who failed him at such moments. The sight of Jackson upon these occasions seemed to turn the heads of the troops. They forgot all else and grew reckless; and when men become reckless, they go far. Cedar Run furnished an instance of this. The left wing, formed of Jackson's veterans, was broken, and in ten minutes the battle would have been lost. There were no reserves to put in, and Jackson rallied the troops in person. The result was such as we have described. A single shout of "Stonewall Jackson!" ran along the line, and it was reformed in a moment. In front of them, they saw a sword shining through the smoke of action, and recognized the old faded cap and piercing eyes of their chief. The result was a new assault and one of the most important of Jackson's victories.

His tenacity and strength of will seemed to have no limit. Nothing appeared to affect the supreme resolution. Such a man is the master of fate, and, with his iron hand, directs events. Napoleon trusted to his star, and Jackson, it is said, believed in his destiny—a word which he construed, apparently, to mean, success against his enemies wherever he encountered them.

HIS HABITS IN CAMP AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

He was a man of great kindness, of an extraordinary sweetness of temper, tender hearted, easily moved to pity and all pure emotions. He was simple and unostentatious in his manners and habits. He cared not what he ate, and would sleep in a fence corner as willingly as in a bed. His old coat was covered with dust collected from the battle-fields of many regions, as he slept upon the earth in ruddy bivouac, after the hard-fought day. All this endeared him to his soldiers, at whose camp-fires he would stop to talk in the friendly fashion of the officers of Napoleon, and whose rations he would frequently share. The sight of his faded coat and cadet cap was the sign to cheer, and "Old Jack" was personally adored as in his military capacity he was regarded by his men as the greatest of leaders.

His manner was stiff and his voice curt, but his smile was one of extraordinary sweetness. A lady declared it "angelic." It was certainly the most friendly imaginable, and charmed all who conversed with him. Even his peculiarities became sources of popularity, and endeared him to his troops. It was said of Suwarroff that his men mimicked him, gave him nicknames, and adored him. It was the same with Jackson. His men laughed at his dingy old uniform, his cap tilting forward on his nose, his awkward strides, his abstracted air, and christening him "Old Jack," made him their first and greatest of favorites. There was one peculiarity of the individual, however, which they regarded with something like superstitiousness. We refer to the singular position he had of raising his hand aloft and then suddenly letting his arm fall at his side. On many occasions, he made this strange gesture as his veterans moved slowly before him, advancing to the charge. At such moments, his face would be raised to Heaven, his eyes closed, and his lips would move evidently in prayer. The gesture was observed in him at Chancellorsville, while gazing at the body of one of his old command. He was plainly praying, with his hand uplifted for the welfare of the dead man's soul.

A swell in a drawing-room, wanting his servant called out, "Where is that block-head of mine?" A wag replied: "On your shoulders."

Mr. Davis at Fortress Monroe.

It is not true that Davis neither speaks nor is spoken to. Such rigor would be childish and absurd. With Maj. Gen. Miles, with Dr. Craven and other officers of the post he converses freely and unrestrainedly. They have no desire to be uncivil, nor would they consent to such a depth of degradation as would be needful were they expected in any way to irritate, annoy or disturb their prisoner. With the soldiers of the guard he is not permitted to talk, nor would he be if he was a simple visitor. It is customary at all military posts for visitors, and especially prisoners, to refrain from conversation with any soldier on duty. In case he needs anything at any time he has only to tell the sentinel, who calls the officer of the guard. Rising at an early hour, Mr. Davis takes a bath, then dresses, after which he is visited by the officer of the guard, the officer of the day, and the medical attendant. He then breakfasts, after which he walks up and down his room, converses with Gen. Miles, who generally visits his quarters about that time, or with Dr. Craven, reads the Bible, and quite likely longs for books and papers; that he has not thus far been permitted either is a fact. Whether it is best wholly to deprive him of the society of books is a fair matter of argument. Many think that he should have everything of the kind with which to while away his time and make tedious hours pass less slowly. Then there are many who entertain the idea that Jeff. deserves a little punishment, and that it is not at all desirable that his time should pass pleasantly or rapidly. Quite likely the Government are of this opinion; at all events, he don't get the papers. It has also been stated that no letters of sympathy had been received for him. This is incorrect. Mrs. Davis and other members of the family have written frequently, and although Mr. Davis is not permitted to read the letters, he is furnished with all items of domestic news and interest, such as the state of health and movements of the family generally. In addition to these, numerous letters of counsel and advice have been received, although none of them, with one exception, have been given him. It is not deemed right that intercourse by letter should be permitted with any one, although one would suppose it could do no harm if the more hostile letters were allowed to pass freely. Of course there are hundreds of silly people in the country, and it would be strange if they who pester the President for opinions, loiter persons of note for autographs, and deluged officials with advice, should not occasionally scribble a line of abuse to old Jeff. His friends, however, may rest easy on this point; he is never annoyed by these impertinencies, because he never sees nor hears of them. It is said that he rarely talks about or cares to have reference made to political or military matters. Quite likely this is in deference to the good advice of his counsel.

When Davis was first incarcerated he made application for pen, and ink and paper; the application was refused. He then made no requests for several days, until after the reception of a letter from an eminent lawyer, when he again requested stationery. It was granted on one condition; finding it difficult to comply with the terms, he returned the materials. He has several times expressed a desire for free correspondence with his wife and family and seemed annoyed at the determined refusal given at each application. What earthly honest purposes the presses hope to gain by circulating lies about Jeff's health it is difficult to conceive. He is in better condition to-day than he has been in five years. It will be remembered that a hacking cough seriously affected his throat and lungs during his last days at Washington; it has gone entirely. He has been blind of one eye for many years, and the sight of the other was exceedingly poor of late. The power of his eye is greater now than at any time in ten years. He wears at times the famous green goggles, but there is not the need for them now that there used to be. During his rule at Richmond, the constant strain upon his eye wore upon it, and it was the opinion of his best and most intimate friends that he would eventually lose sight altogether. This is changed for the better. Regular hours, much sound sleep, almost total abstinence from wear and tear, are doing much for his health generally, and very much for his eye-sight. His carriage is still erect. His hair is changing color; his cheeks, always sunken, are now covered with a light beard, making him look fairer and sounder; his physique is in good repair, his limbs are firm and his step square. Of his mental condition, it is more difficult to speak. He is eager for books for mind food, as he is for

the substantial needed by his body. Naturally nervous, years of ill health have made him irritable. Other years of absolute power made him impatient, and trouble seems to have made him querulous. Still he sleeps like a top. He retires early, and sometimes never turns till morning. If the people who write labored-editorials about the "treatment of Jefferson Davis," could contrast his appearance with that of thousands who barely escaped starvation and death at his hands, they would be compelled to keep quiet or change their tune. Nor is it true that he has been denied the privileges of an occasional walk, any more than is the story that his near approaching dissolution compelled a change of programme. General Miles, a prudent, efficient officer has been in charge of the prisoner's person and health. He is, in fact, held responsible for him by the President and Secretary of War. At first, before the excitement of capture and confinement wore away, it was deemed best that he should be kept quietly in his ample room. Since then, however, at various times at the suggestion of the General or of Davis, as the case might be, they have walked out upon the ramparts in the cool of the early evening, and sniffed the fresh air together. With Gen. Miles, Mr. Davis has ever been courteous and decorous in his bearing and conversation. There is no reason why he should not be, for, so far as the externals of life and society go, he is as proper a person as can be found in a day's tramp. The heat having become intense at the fort, General Miles has made these little excursions more frequently, and with great benefit to his mental and physical condition.

Surmises are always in order. It is the matured opinion of one "well informed circle," that he will be tried by a military commission, convicted and hanged.

Another equally well informed circle is confident that he will be tried by a civil court and acquitted.

Woman and Fashion.

It is not the smiles of a pretty face—the delicate tint of complexion—the enchanting glance of the eye—the beauty and symmetry of person—nor the costly dress or decorations, that compose woman's loveliness. It is her pleasing deportment—her chaste conversation—the sensibility and purity of her thoughts—her affable and open disposition—her sympathy with those in adversity—her comforting and relieving the afflicted and distressed, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitute true loveliness. D'Israeli observes, "It is at the foot of woman we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been gained; it is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, and guides the brain in the august toils of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence; for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty, and can lighten the fetters of the slave."

LEIGH HUNT says of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humor and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affection will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, of a full-breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy.

WOMAN may be said almost to enjoy the monopoly of personal beauty. A good humored writer thus defines her position

in this respect as contrasted with the opposite sex:—

If you, ladies, are much handsomer than we, it is but just you should acknowledge that we have helped you, by voluntarily making ourselves ugly. Your superiority in beauty is made up of two things; first, the care which you take to increase your charms; secondly, the zeal which we have shown to heighten them by the contrast of our finished ugliness—the shadow which we supply to your sunshine.

Your long, pliant, wavy tresses are all the more beautiful because we cut our hair short; your hands are all the whiter, smaller and more delicate, because we reserve to ourselves those poils and exercises which make the hands large and hard.

We have devoted entirely to your use flowers, feathers, ribbons, jewelry, silks, gold and silver embroidery. Still more to increase the difference between the sexes, which is your greatest charm, and to give you the handsome share, we have divided with you the hues of nature. To you we have given the colors that are rich and splendid, or soft and harmonious; for ourselves we have kept those that are dark and dead. We have given you sun and light; we have kept night and darkness.

We have monopolized the hard, stony roads that enlarge the feet; we have let you walk only on carpets.

LONG HAIR in woman is an essential element of beauty. The Roman ladies generally wore it long, and dressed it in a variety of ways, bedecking it with gold, silver, pearls and other ornaments. On the contrary, the men amongst the Greeks and Romans, and amongst the Jews at a later period, wore their hair short, as may be collected from books, medals, statues, and other models or remains. Amongst the Greeks we know that both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair as an offering to their favorite deities. It was also customary amongst them to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. The ancients imagined that no one could die till a lock of hair was cut off; and this act they supposed was performed by the invisible hand of death, or some other messenger of the gods.

FASHION, the veriest despot in her decrees, arbitrates through the agency of her devotees—the milliner, the modiste, and the tailor—the style and manner of one's habiliments; and so absolute is her sway in this matter, that it is difficult perhaps, to indicate any class that may boast exemption from her jurisdiction.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for her sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes—she chokes us with a tight handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our bodies by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed when they ought to be up. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She makes people visit when they would rather be at home; eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business. She compels people to dress gaily—whether upon their own property or that of others. She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death. She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of us all. She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, an enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning—and yet husbands, wives, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, all strive to see who shall be most obsequious.

AT HOME—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affection rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attracted unbounded confidence toward them in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unfurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself any where and every where—purity of soul, with fullness of health. Such are our best guaranties for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us; and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

The National Debt.

Mr. Secretary McCulloch has recently furnished a statement of the national debt, as it stood fifteen days ago. The amount then outstanding was \$2,757,253,275. The debt bearing interest in coin is \$1,108,622,641, on which the interest is \$64,521,837. The debt bearing interest in lawful money is \$1,289,156,556, on which the interest is \$74,740,630. The debt on which interest has ceased is \$1,527,120. The debt bearing no interest is \$357,906,969. The total interest, both in coin and lawful money, is \$139,262,467. The number of legal-tender notes in circulation is \$685,236,260. The amount of fractional currency is \$25,750,000. The amount of coin in the Treasury is \$76,338,000. Total amount of coin and currency in the Treasury \$116,739,632.

Stupendous as this debt appears, there is nothing in its proportions to occasion apprehensions of either possible or probable repudiation, if prompt and energetic steps could be taken to reduce our national expenditures. Of the 1,000,000 troops who were under arms in April, 700,000 have been mustered out of service; but between 250,000 and 300,000 are still under arms. The estimated expenses of the Government are still nearly \$50,000,000 per month, or in round numbers \$600,000,000 per annum. Indeed, it has been computed the expenses of the Government, from the 1st of July last to the 1st of February, 1865, will amount to \$344,000,000. The probable expenses of the War Department are placed at \$200,000,000, and those of the Navy, at \$40,000,000, or \$240,000,000 for both branches of the service for six months. Our receipts in that time, it is estimated, will not exceed \$296,000,000, which amount falls short of meeting the expenses of the Government and the interest on the national debt—together nearly \$400,000,000. From this it will be perceived that, as peace now prevails, the expenses of the army and navy might be easily reduced \$70,000,000 which would leave a handsome surplus of \$30,000,000 in the National Treasury on the 1st of February, 1866.

DEATH OF COL. SEIBLES.—We are pained, says the *Montgomery Mail*, to record the death this morning of one of our oldest, most talented and most prominent citizens. Col. J. J. Seibles is no more! He expired at his residence in this city at 10 1/2 a. m. yesterday, of inflammation of the stomach, from the effects of which he had been suffering for several days. He was a native of South Carolina, and was aged about fifty years.

Col. Seibles was one of our most prominent citizens, and had been frequently honored by the people of his adopted State, and the Government of the United States. He was Minister to the court of Belgium under the administration of President Pierce, which position he filled with dignity and honor to his Government and with credit to himself. In 1847-'50-'51, he was the editor of the *Montgomery Advertiser and Gazette*; and during the Presidential canvass of 1860, he edited the *Confederation*, a strong Douglas organ.

In 1861, on the secession of Alabama he accepted the position of Adjutant-General of the State; and during the first year of the war he was elected Colonel of the 6th Ala. Infantry, and went with that Regiment to Virginia, where he remained twelve months, when he resigned his position and returned to his home in this city, where he has quietly remained as a private citizen, up to the hour of his death.

Col. Seibles was a gentleman of fine, commanding personal appearance—a man of exalted legal and literary attainments, and highly esteemed by all who knew him intimately. As a citizen, he was quiet and unassuming, and as a husband and father, kind and indulgent. His death will be sorely lamented by a large circle of personal and political friends, not only in Alabama, but throughout the Southern States. To his afflicted family we offer our sincere condolences.

A SHORT ROMANCE.—About a year ago James Sullivan courted a girl in South Troy, but was "cut out" by William Crawford, a returned volunteer, who married the "apple of discord." Subsequently, tempted by the large bounty, Crawford again volunteered. Months passed, and Mrs. C. growing lonesome, and Sullivan being quite watchful and attentive, the old lover and new wife became more intimate than ever; and when Crawford returned home the other night minus an arm, he found that he had lost his rib too. He broke the bed on which the two were lying, beat Sullivan unmercifully, and bade a lasting farewell to his faithless spouse. Alas, how many such cases has the war developed!

Gen. Hardee, at last accounts, was in Mobile.