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A TRIP TO HELL.

Understanding that a great Radical mass meeting was to be held in Pandemonium, to take into consideration the present aspect of American affairs, I procured a complimentary ticket from Brother Hunnicutt, who is the agent for this district, and took the underground railroad on Saturday evening last. The trip was a short and pleasant one, being down grade all the way, and the descent proverbially easy. In a few hours the cars arrived at the far famed shores of the River Styx. Here I found that a capacious wharf had been erected, and instead of the classic dug-out, by which I expected to be ferried over, I found a splendid new clear-shamed propeller, called the "Satan," ready to receive the passengers. I stepped aboard, and immediately walked up to Captain Charon's office to solicit a ticket. He offered me a green back, but the Captain returned it to me, indignantly, and demanded silver. Fortunately I had a dime which I had been long keeping as a pocket-piece, and immediately, and was thereby enabled to pay my passage fee. I then entered into conversation with Captain Charon, whom I found quite pleasant and communicative. Admiring his new steamer, and expressing my astonishment at his substitution for the old ferry-boat, he told me that his business had increased so much during the American war, and his strength was so much worn out, that he had been compelled, out of his accumulated earnings, to have a steamboat built, and that he had named it the General Grant to please the Yankees, who were his principal customers. The boat was designed by the distinguished American engineer, Colonel Charles Ellet, who had tried very hard to persuade him to construct a suspension bridge across the stream, but as it was against the constitution of the Satanic government to cross the river Styx by any other means than a boat, the Colonel had to be content with building a steamboat. He moreover informed me that the lake in hell had become so crowded of late that none of the new comers could be accommodated with a hot bath, but that Colonel Ellet had obtained the difficulty, and distinguished himself very much by constructing immense reservoirs in some of the valleys, which, by means of canals and tunnels, communicating with distant seas of liquid fire, were kept constantly filled, thus affording ample accommodation for all. Our interesting conversation was stopped by the arrival of the boat at the opposite shore, when I was compelled to disembark immediately, as the boat had to return for another load. My readers may imagine, but I cannot describe the sensation of awe and fear with which I stood for the first time—and I hope the last—the gloomy precincts of hell. Transfigured with horror, I repented my rash act, and would have retraced my steps, at the risk of my reportorial reputation, had I not just at that time encountered an old familiar friend in the shape of my quondam earthly friend, Tom Jones, whom I saw walking along the shore, gesticulating violently, and quoting Shakespeare. I called him by name; recognizing me instinctively, he rushed up to me and shook me violently by the hand. I expressed my surprise at meeting him there, and told him that his friends had erected over his remains at Hollywood a ten foot pyramid, on which was confidently stated that he had gone to another place. He said that he had no doubt that was the case with a good many others, and probably would be with me; but I begged him to understand that I was not then in the spirit but in the flesh, and then explained to him the object of my mission, and requested his kind offices—as I was a stranger in Gehenna—in conducting me to Pandemonium. He tendered his services with alacrity, so, taking his arm, we walked together over an open country and up a gently inclined hill, which was evenly covered with a substance like lava. After walking about a mile, I observed that the country became less open and the way more rough and steep, and began to ascend nearly regular steps. On either side were piled up large detached masses of volcanic rocks, which gradually merged into gigantic precipices of fantastic shapes overhanging the gloomy pathway. At last we arrived at the mouth of a cavern, which was closed by a massive iron gate. At this gate stood a tall, gray-haired negro man of grim and diabolical aspect. Tom informed me that this was the gate of Pandemonium, and that the porter was General Gabriel, the same who had once attempted an insurrectionary raid upon our city, but had been foiled in this first "on to Richmond" by the rising waters. For this heroic achievement he had been rewarded with the place of gate-keeper of Pandemonium. On arriving at the gate, old Gabriel stubbornly refused to let me in: "Mars Tom," he said, "could go any whar, but no stranger can git inside dis gate widout a pass." I showed him Brother Hunnicutt's ticket, and told him that I was the reporter for the New Nation. Gabriel made a low bow, said, "circumstances alters cases," and with a broad grin, threw open the gate. We descended for a short distance through a natural tunnel, and then Pandemonium, in its magnificent, gloomy grandeur, broke upon our vision. From the entrance where we stood I looked down upon an immense, nearly circular, cave, that appeared to be about a thousand feet in diameter, the floor of which gradually sloped to the opposite side. The sides rose nearly perpendicular for about one hundred feet in height, and then sprung the mighty dome, to a height immeasurable, dazzling with crystal stalactites, and studded with sparkling stars of iron pyrites, illuminated

by a thousand jets of burning gas that issued like tails of comets from the sides and roof.
Milton has given us a magnificent description of Pandemonium as built by the architect Mulciber, but, of course it is all imaginary, and differs in toto from the reality; for he describes it as being a splendid edifice erected above ground, with doric pillars and roof of fretted gold, lighted by starry lamps, fed with naphtha and asphaltum; when, in truth, it is all under ground, and instead of its being designed by an angelic architect, it is in the main, Nature's own handiwork, although Art has contributed a good deal toward its comfort and elegance, and its adaptation to its use as a legislative hall. Circular rows of seats with convenient aisles have been hewn out of the solid rock, and on the side opposite to the entrance a magnificent throne has been cut from a solid block of crystal. The supports, sides and back of this throne are ingeniously sculptured in the evolutions three huge crystal serpents, which, after winding and twisting in innumerable fantastic and graceful curves, to adapt them to the various forms of the throne, finally meet at the back, their necks crossing in a high gothic arch, and their divergent heads extending like a canopy over the center of the throne with open mouths, protruding, defiant, brazen-tongues, and glistening, evil, emerald eyes. A spread eagle, of solid gold, with talons sunk into the serpents' necks, surmounts the whole.
In olden times this hall, on public occasions, used to be lighted up by flambeaux held up by thousands of shining limbs of darkness; but recently there arrived a party of Pennsylvanians who had died of oil on the brain, who immediately proposed to light it up with petroleum. Obtaining a favorable contract, they made a tunnel upwards to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, where they "struck it," and, conducting it downwards in pipes, distributed it over the sides and roof of the hall. This was the cause of the sudden failure of so many of the oil wells in Pennsylvania a few years ago.
When we entered the hall it was already filled to its outer limits, and His Satanic Majesty was occupying the crystal throne. Tom conducted me around the outer limits of the assembly, and contrived to secure a position near the throne, where I could see and hear everything, and take notes of the proceedings.
His Majesty rose and explained to the meeting that the object of their convocation was to take into consideration the present condition and aspect of American affairs; that his emissaries had informed him that immense defections from the Radical party had lately taken place; that large Democratic majorities had been given in the Northern and Western States, and that unless some active and decisive step were taken he feared that the Radical party would be defeated in the next presidential election. It was needless for him to say how disastrous such an event would be to the interests of his dominions; that he was indebted to the Radical party for the immense additions to his people by means of the American war, and he was confident, if they were retained in power, that continued Anarchy, War, Pestilence and Famine would be the final and blessed result. He, therefore, invoked the assembled wisdom of Hell to devise some plan by which the Radical party could be strengthened and sustained; and, first of all, he called upon his able friend and coadjutor, Abraham Lincoln, to give them the light of his experience and knowledge. His Majesty then took his seat amidst the most profound silence.
Abraham arose, tall, gloomy and gaunt, and I thought considerably worse since his sojourn in Hell, though, I understand, he has received high honors there, and is the devil's right hand man and chief adviser in American affairs. He said that things had been going on very badly in the United States since his sudden and unexpected departure; that he had left a man in his place who was a traitor to his party, and who was the cause of all the present trouble. In his humble opinion, two things had to be done:—First, Andrew Johnson must be gotten rid of by fair means or foul. Secondly, Bribery to a great extent must be used to inspire enthusiasm and energy in the leaders of the Radical party. His experience as President had been, that nothing could be done without bribery; it was a kind of wedge that would split the most knotty, gnarled and tortuous rail of a Congressman. Johnson is trying to run the machine without grease, but he will find that it will be no go. Members of Congress must have their palms greased by fat offices, and contracts for themselves and their friends. He would, therefore, recommend that a committee should be sent from this court to confer with the leading spirits of the Radical party, and to urge upon them the propriety of appropriating a secret service fund, which should be liberally used for the advancement of the interests of their party, and the election of a Radical President; and the imperative necessity of straightway impeaching Andrew Johnson and putting Wade in his place. Wade in the balance, he would not be found wanting. [Laughter, and cries of "Bully for you," "Gait, old Abe,"]

Then arose a tall, grim, ragged old man, with dishevelled gray locks, and a bluish ring around his neck, whom I recognized at once as Old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry memory. He said that he agreed in the main with his distinguished friend who had just taken his seat, but he thought that more ought to be done; he had spent his life in the other world, and lost it, too, in the grand object of elevating the negro, and freeing him from the shackles of Southern slaveholders; that he had been the apostle of liberty, and although he had effected but little in his

own person, yet he had sown the good seed, which germinating at the North, and watered by the blood of Lincoln, and the thousands of martyrs, who had fallen in the late glorious struggle for freedom, have grown up to the imperishable tree of liberty, which now overshadowed the whole South. He, therefore, thought that he had a right to say a word for the still persecuted and down-trodden Africa; the blood of martyrs would be shed in vain, if they loosed the hold they now had on the throats of the Southern rebels. Their only chance to save the Radical party was to keep the rebels from voting. If that were done all would be lost; restrict still further the rebel right of suffrage, keep on reconstructing until you get the black man on top, and the white rebel at the bottom, and then the pyramid of liberty will be upon a safe and sure basis.
"Dat's hit!" cried a frozied looking negro, who arose with rolling eyes and outstretched arms. I did not know him, but Jones whispered to me that it was Nat Turner. My fren has called hisself de 'Postle of Liberty,' but I was de fust Opposite, and de fust martyr, ceppin my fren, de porter at de gate ob dis hall must claim de premtion to dat significance. I tell you, you must fight de debble wid fire." [Loud cheers and yells, and cries of "put him out,"]

His Majesty, who, I am told, loves a good joke, called the meeting to order, and smilingly reminded the speaker that his language was neither parliamentary nor complimentary to the chair.
"Nat resumed:—'I umbly beg you madjesty's pardon; I thot I was preachin de niggers in Soufamtun; neberdeless I holds de de pinion dat half-way mesasures won't do, we must bair de lion in his den, and drive him out'n it too. I means by dat, de must excommunicate de rebels from de face ob de yearth, and let de niggers hab de whole Souf; dat de ideo; its darn by rights anyhow, who clared de woods? who built de fences? and wakked de lan, an made de cotta and de corn, and de barkar, dat made de white folks rich, if de niggers didn't do it? Dats what I preached at firs, and if you carry out dat idea, den de glorious Sun ob Liberty will shine for eber on a bappy and mancipated Souf.'"
Here Nat subsided, and a portly gentleman arose and said, "May it please your Majesty, I have had thirty years experience in the United States Senate, and am of the opinion that it is the infernal shipplasters, (I ask pardon of the expression infernal—I use it in no invidious sense) but it is this miserible paper currency that is bringing ruin upon the Radical party; let them resume specie payments, repudiate the public debt, finish the Pacific railroad, and make my son-in-law, Colonel Fremont, president, and I'll insure that the Radical party and the country will be safe."
Aaron Burr claimed the attention of the meeting for a short time. He had studied American politics, and had been a close observer of American affairs every since the organization of the United States government, and the result of his observation was, that mankind were unfitted for self-government, and that the Republic was a failure. It was needless for him to enter into any argument; the fact stared them in the face, and his advice was to strengthen the hands of the Radical party, instruct them to nominate Gen. Grant for the Presidency, and to elect him by any means fair or foul; a little management on the part of Congress could easily effect that object, Grant once elected, he could assure them there would be an end of the republic. With the army at his command and the insatiable appetite for plunder of the Northern people, the abject, cowed condition of the South, and the easily-bought complicity of the ignorant Radical negro, there would be no difficulty in his making himself dictator and emperor of the United States; a consummation he thought most devoutly to be wished for, and one that would redound to the benefit of America and of his Majesty's dominions.
Stephen A. Douglas arose, wrathful and belligerent. He said that he could not allow these Radical revolutionary doctrines to pass unnoticed, without putting in a word of defence for the cause in which he had labored so long and so hard while in the flesh—the great Democratic party of America—[shouts of "put him out," "down with the Democrat," "to the lakes with him," "boil him," "roast him," "fry him," &c.] in the midst of which and the demonic yells of a thousand infuriated fiends, Stephen slunk out of the hall.
His Majesty remarked that it was obvious that the sense of the meeting was unanimously in favor of sustaining the Radical party, and as his cherished friend, Mr. Lincoln, had advised them as to the benefits that would be reaped from judicious bribery, he suggested that the most able and influential member of the party should be appointed as the leader, and to inspire him with renewed ardor and energy, he should be assured of his high appreciation at this court, and the certainty of his receiving the highest honors and emoluments here after his death. A unanimous shout of approval greeted this suggestion. His Majesty said, that it only remained to select the leader, and he desired to hear the sense of the meeting on that point. Mr. Lincoln nominated and warmly advocated the claims of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, who, he said, was already the acknowledged leader of the party; which was warmly seconded by the meeting. John Brown objected to him on account of his age, and growing infirmities, and nominated the Hon. Charles Sumner. (Cheers.) Nat Turner nominated "de Honnerble General Benjamin Butler, who was de most sponsibil, and influenballist man wid de party bot Norf and Souf." At this His Majesty

course I shall throw all the weight of my influence on that side. The South has no cause to love me, for I have been indirectly the cause of all their woes; it was to my interest that the late war should be prolonged, so I frequently interfered in your battles and prevented the Confederate victories from achieving a peace, which they would otherwise have done." (thinks I to myself, "you be—,") but before I could finish the altogether superfluous wish in my own mind he looked at me sharply, and said: "I know you are cursing me now, but you must remember that all governments are founded and conducted upon the principle of self-interest. For that reason England would not help you, and for that reason I was against you. So much for the past—now as to the future: General Grant will be your next President; my influence will effect that, and then, as Aaron Burr said to-night, you may look out for a monarchy, which is the only true, substantial form of government." I suggested that Grant did not have enough to effect such a revolution. He replied, "True, Grant is muddle-headed, but he will have good advisers, and he has the nerve and don't mind shedding blood." Here he mused, rapped with his fingers on the crystal serpent, and said, as if to himself, "I think we can manage it."
At this juncture a little black imp approached with a silver waiter, on which was a golden tankard; he took the tankard, saying, "I always take a night cap before retiring—this is some of Stearns & Brummel's best, send down to me as a present by John Minor Botts; it is dashed with a little boiling sulphur, and aquafortis, to give it a better flavor. Will you join me?" offering me the cup smilingly. I beg to be excused, on the plea of being teetotaler. "And pray," said he, "what is that?" I explained that teetotalers were a society who were pledged not to drink any ardent spirits. "Is it possible," said he, "that there can be such people? I must see to them, if they are allowed to flourish they will deprive me of half my custom." He then emptied the tankard at a draught, wiped his lips with a white cambric handkerchief, and appeared to be refreshed and exhilarated. He invited me cordially to spend a few days in his kingdom; said he would like to take me around and show me the sights which would furnish me some good "items," especially the new reservoirs, "which, by the by," he said, "were designed by a countryman of yours—Colonel Ellet—a man of genius; what do you think he proposed to me lately? nothing less than to bore a tunnel through the earth to the Atlantic Ocean, and let in the waters of the ocean to extinguish the fires of hell—a magnificent scheme truly, but I told him that I thought that the meeting of the two elements in such large quantities would generate sufficient gas to blow up the whole world. He said he could regulate the water, and by means of another tunnel to terra firma, let off the gas as fast as it was generated. But I told him I did not like that summary way of disposing with hell, and so dismissed the subject. The fact is, Mr. Spike, hell is a necessity; what would become of such people as Brown, Stevens, Wade, Butler, Stanton, Sumner & Co. if there was no hell?" He then made me a polite bow of dismissal, and offered me his hand which courtesy compelled me to take. He gave me a hearty shake, which caused a tingling sensation as if a thousand ants were running up my arm. Tom also made his conge, and we departed. Tom accompanied me a part of the way to the river, then stopped, and said he must tell me good-bye, as he had to attend a ball at the Duchess de Pompadour's. I attempted to shake hands with him, but found that my arm was paralyzed. Tom broke out in a great laugh, "So much," said he, "for shaking hands with the Devil. He did that because you said that you were a teetotaler."
"But I am not a teetotaler, and only said so to get rid of drinking his infernal compound of whisky and sulphur." "Oh," said Tom, "he knows that as well as you, and he was 'greeting' you when he made out that he didn't know what a teetotaler was. I tell you, there's nothing going on in the world that he doesn't know all about, and have a finger in it, too. Good-bye!"
I bade him good-bye with my left hand, and hurrying down to the river, took the next train for home, where I arrived about day-break, glad enough to set my foot upon this upper crust once more, and vowing never to go to hell again, if I can help it.
I forgot to state that there were three mysterious looking passengers on the train, and one of them had on a long cloak and a Scotch cap. I know by that, that they were the Infernal Commissioners.
Your faithful Reporter,
SPIKE.

The Revolution and its Teachers.

That we are passing through a mighty political revolution will hardly be denied, even by those who seek to conceal usurpation under the abused forms of law. The whole effort and tendency of the dominant majority in Congress is to absorb all the distributed power of the Government, and to destroy the authority of the Constitution, by which it is divided into three distinct and co-ordinate departments. Hence they have taken the first step for the overthrow of the Supreme Court, and now are striving to depose the President upon the most shallow and feeble pretences. The Jacobins who lead in this work of destruction do not pretend to find any sanction for such outrages in the language or spirit of the Constitution. They have the audacity not only to avow that the whole course of legislation for three years past has been "outside" that written charter of our liberties, but that it is no longer worthy