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A Trip to the North.

Mr. Editor: We are still lingering here in the midst of the stirring scenes around us—in this great resort of the grave and the gay. New York city, as if not willing to be outstripped in the contest by the city of brotherly love, and other cities, is mustering her forces to the contest. The cost to the city, of adorning and beautifying her pleasure grounds, is a small matter when divided by her million of inhabitants, and her great wealth, gathered in from the four quarters of the earth. Many here think that this city is not only the great emporium of North America, but is destined ultimately to outstrip London itself in numbers and commercial greatness. Possessing such depth of water, as to admit of vessels of the greatest capacity, to come to her wharves—the Railroads connecting here from all parts of the country—her steamboats crossing the country and running to all the great commercial cities of Europe. And then looking at the great extent of this country, stretching from the Lakes, to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and soon to be connected by Railroad with the Pacific Ocean, and her easy communication with China from that point, and the numbers of gold-diggers in California sending their golden treasures in great abundance from that far-distant country, and the great and growing North-west with her rapidly increasing population and wealth, and the new States springing up, like magic, on this and the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and the South and the South-west pouring her commerce into this great commercial city, through the channels of the great Father of waters, and her tributaries and increasing number of Railroads, it must almost make the heads of the inhabitants dizzy to contemplate the prospective greatness of their city, in days to come. Doubtless, some persons who have contributed to the great wealth and prosperity of this city, realize something of the feelings of the King of Babylon, when from his palace, or swinging gardens, looking over the wealth and splendor of his city exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty, and for the honor of the kingdom?"

With such prospects as these before them, it may be readily supposed they will not hesitate to employ great wealth, labor and skill, to adorn their pleasure grounds, to equal and surpass all others in the race. The walks or thoroughfare of travel run in all directions. To stand still and look on, people and vehicles appear to move on in all directions. The pedestrians move slowly and examine minutely; while the carriages go with a rush. The carriages were of a high order, horses large, generally finely kept, richly caparisoned, and the harness richly bespangled with silver. The drivers appeared proud of their office. The quantities of silk exhibited there, would indicate that the silkworms had been employed a long time in preparing the material. After all this brilliant appearance of gay clothing of male and female, it was second-hand garments! Would you believe it—these rich fashionable people put on second-hand raiment! The lams and silkworms had worn them before the present owners. Then, "why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." By and by all these beautiful garments will become moth-eaten, and lose all their richness and beauty.

I think the horses in Baltimore, especially those of the Governor and his Aids and other officers, on a review of the militia, were quite equal to the horses in this beautiful Park.

The same rich green carpet seen elsewhere, covered the surface everywhere here, and many evergreens of great beauty are to be seen; and small pools of water are also to be observed spouting up and falling back. A large lake, surrounded by a well built stone wall and of large dimensions, covered with small craft, with their sails flying, and pleasure-seekers gliding out in them, among the large swans. Large numbers of these swans are to be seen, and are so gentle that they may be handled without alarm.

Not far from this beautiful lake is a handsome elevation, some feet above the common level, and a platform rising several feet above that, floored, and covered overhead. Here is kept a fine band of music, numbering, I suppose, some sixty or seventy musicians, who are thoroughly trained. Seats are placed around on all sides, and are well shaded. Here multitudes resort when weary of sight-seeing,

and need rest, to listen to the fine music; and when sufficiently rested to take another excursion, in pursuit of other objects of attraction, when they vacate their seats, and others come and occupy in like manner.

If these beautiful grounds had the gift of tongues, I suppose they could relate some amusing things, of people of all ages and sexes. Persons jaded with the press of continued effort in business, of various kinds, unstringing the bow, and come here for relaxation and health. Young people resort here to see these beautiful grounds, where young men can whisper soft things in the ears of the blushing maiden, they would not like others to hear. These fair daughters of Eve are sometimes amused to see their beaux striving to give utterance to something that perplexes the mind; and their hearts swell so much at times as to prevent utterance altogether; and when he does succeed, it almost frightens both parties. Sometimes a failure is made, and then the only alternative is to revisit these grounds for another effort.

Few have time to travel, either on foot or in a carriage, over all these windings and turnings, till they examine all the objects of interest, in the broad space of eight hundred acres. If they can only view a part, they return rewarded for the labor and toil it costs them to accomplish it. Few who visit the city, unless very much pressed for time, who do not visit Central Park. If I had visited every part with careful observation, and then could give a glowing description in the language of an accomplished novel writer, I should then fail to transmit to the mind of the reader the impression made by an actual viewing of the transcendently magnificent scene itself. The only difference perhaps between this and the one in Baltimore is, this has been commenced at an earlier day, and have had longer time to adorn and beautify the place than the other. But the tendency is, the youth will become a full grown man in time. The Fairmount water-works, Philadelphia, and its surroundings, compares favorably with either.

There are persons whose business it is to see that no person puts their feet upon the stone wall, around the lake, or the seats that are placed at various points, to rest the weary traveler by the way, and to keep everything in perfect neatness and order.

I suppose no one who has visited this beautiful place has ever returned from his ramble, regretting the time and labor it has cost him to see it. And if any reader wishes a more full description of this modern Eden, I would advise him to take the first opportunity, and let go his business for a time, or turn it over to another, and visit and look till he is satisfied for himself.

After we had gratified the eyes in seeing, and the ears in hearing sweet strains of music, we concluded to return to the city; and as soon as we could reach the gate of entrance, we passed out, and soon reached a street car, and for six cents were carried to comfortable quarters, where we enjoyed the rest and quiet we so much needed, after a long fatiguing journey, which paid well.

My guide informed me I could have a large, elegant hotel, where every accommodation could be had for some eight or nine dollars per diem, at the place, or take one on the European plan. I concluded to try the European plan. He went with me to the Lafayette hotel, on Broadway, a large and elegant house, where the rooms were very comfortable, well furnished with every accommodation, and a room to myself, for one dollar per diem. A short distance from this was another hotel, where they supplied their customers with food only, without furnishing rooms. Here you can get anything you call for, well prepared, and at moderate rates. A good meal of fish, or good beef, good coffee, good bread and butter, for some forty or fifty cents. You can get meals at almost any hour of the day or night, and only pay for it when you get it; but at the regular taverns they charge you some eight dollars per day, whether you come to your meals or not. I obtained a comfortable room, and found the proprietor a gentlemanly man, and quite accommodating; and I was altogether pleased with my quarters.

After returning from an excellent supper, I retired for the night, and slept the better for the day's ramble. Adieu for the present. D. H.

The Constitution---Impaired, but not Destroyed.

The mind of every American, who duly appreciates the honor, the interest, yea, even the independence of his country, is filled, in the present aspect of affairs, with despondency, if not despair. Justice cries aloud, uphold the cause of the Democracy, and thus sustain the Constitution.

Terrible beyond description continues the prospect for suffering America, once resplendent with peace and renown, and unclouded by hazardous and disgusting isms. Look, for instance, in the direction of the national capital. In that metropolis all is strife and perpetual conflict. Witness the flagrant proceedings of that powerful and boisterous party termed Republicans, assuming to themselves an administration of the Constitution, while they are doing all they can to destroy an edifice which received the firm support of such men as Washington, Jefferson and Madison. Those constitutional representatives taught us to "contemplate the causes which may disturb our Union," and to "surrender jealousies and bickerings which spring from misrepresentations, making alian to each other, those who ought to be bound together by national affection."

The wicked designs and unwearied contrivances of the infatuated Radicals, promotive of discord and national degradation, must be counteracted. To prevent the entire destruction of the Constitution, every consideration of manhood and patriotism, every sacred feeling for all we hold dear, should inspire all pure-minded and virtuous citizens among us, to form, without delay, a solid and formidable Democratic combination, and thus animate their countrymen in time to arrest the catastrophe which, with direful portent, hangs over the whole country.

In the United States, where so much depends on the general opinion or prevailing sentiment of the nation, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that free discussion should overstep the boundaries of reason, and engender mischief. When this occurs rest assured danger is to be apprehended, and a prompt remedy, such as suggested, should be applied.

The manner in which turbulent demagogues earn their subsistence, and seek to gratify their ambition at this time, at a period when unity and quietude are so essential to the speedy rehabilitation of the Southern States, to the repose of the whole country, cannot but excite wonder combined with contempt. The desperate length, too, to which the love of domination and the thirst for money have carried these wretches, is truly remarkable.

Now, then, for the honor of the country, we trust that some such efficacious method as the consolidation of the Democracy of the country will be inaugurated, which will put an end to the workings of this detestable faction.

Would that the warning voice of the illustrious Patrick Henry, as heard in his public harangue, could accomplish the desired effect.

Read how nearly the present condition of things, politically, resembles the end to which that renowned statesman, upwards of eighty years ago, feared the Constitution might be brought:

"This Constitution is said to have beautiful features, but when I come to examine these features, sir, they appear to me horribly frightful. Among other deformities it has an awful squinting; it squints towards monarchy, and does not thus raise indignation in the heart of every true American? Your President may easily become King. Your Senate is so imperfectly constituted that your dearest rights may be sacrificed by what may be called a very small majority, and a very small majority may continue forever unchangeably, this Government, although horribly defective.

It is a supposition that your American Governors shall be honest, that all the good qualities of this Government are founded; but its defective and imperfect Constitution puts it in their power to perpetuate the worst of mischiefs should they be bad men. * * * Show me that age and country where the rights and liberties of the people were placed on the sole chance of their rulers being good men, without a consequent loss of liberty. * * * If your American chief be a man of ambition and abilities, easy will it be for him to render himself absolute. The army is in his hands, and if he be a man of address, it will be attached to him; and it will be the subject of long meditation with him to seize the first auspicious moment to accomplish his design. * * * The President in the field, at the head of his army, can prescribe the terms on which he shall reign master, so far that it will puzzle any American ever to get his neck from under the galling yoke. * * * If he be guilty will not the recollection of his crimes teach him to make one bold push for the American throne? * * * Can he not at the head of his army bear down every opposition? * * * What then will become of your rights? Will not absolute despotism ensue?"

Permit the Republican nominee, a man who is neither good enough nor wise enough, to be placed at the head of this nation, at the head of the army—an army, the valor of which, has never been excelled—he, who never for one moment, hesitated to sacrifice innumerable lives to gratify ambition—and the fears above expressed may be verified.

Let the true manhood of this country then, come to the rescue of the Democratic party, which, when successful, promises to maintain the Constitution, now in fearful jeopardy, and whose call upon the people to sustain them, must ere long, meet the fitting response.

The Constitution may be defective. We, nevertheless, plant ourselves on that fabric of our Federal institutions. It is the most perfect political edifice ever erected. It is cemented by the blood of our fathers, and the blood of our sons will mingle with its ruins if it is permitted to fall.

Florida and its Attractions.

We are indebted to a friend for a late number of the Savannah News and Herald, containing an interesting letter from South East Florida, in which the advantages and resources of that favored land are set forth in glowing terms. The letter was not intended for publication, and hence we omit the introduction, relating to family affairs. While the bright side of the picture is brought to view, probably in the most favorable light, the reader will observe that the disadvantages to new comers are likewise presented, to which is added a reference to the numberless insects infesting this modern Paradise. We make the following extracts:

LAKE JESSUP, Fla., Aug. 10, 1868.
Dr. E. A. Jells:—In compliance with a promise I made to write to you after becoming domiciled in Southeast Florida, I will devote a few moments to the discharge of that obligation.

In this immediate vicinity there are five different characters of soil, all remarkably similar in one or two respects. First of all, we have a rich, black hammock soil, composed chiefly of decomposed vegetable and calcareous matter and silica. This hammock borders the Lake, and will produce corn, cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar-cane, melons, vegetables of every description, and tropical or rather semi-tropical fruits in great perfection, and is considered the richest soil we have. Next is a grey hammock soil, composed of a good proportion of organic matter (but not so much as the black hammock) and much inorganic, chiefly silica. The substratum is a deeper color, yellow sand. This may be termed a sandy loam, but from its productions it evidently contains a fair per centage of marl.

The grey hammock lands are more elevated and consequently dryer than the black hammock, and produces everything nearly, or quite as well as the latter—though it is my opinion it will not prove to be as durable an account of the large proportion of siliceous and small amount of organic matter as compared with the black hammock.

This land is certainly valuable, and should be highly esteemed while new. What long cultivation may do for it I know not, but am told by "knowing people" it holds out well.

I have some of it planted in vegetables, and have collards three feet across that have never been worked; in fact the soil was barely broken when the plants were set out.

The principal growth of the hammock consists of oak, hickory, mulberry, cherry, ash, sweet-gum, bay, cedar, muscadine vines, saw and blue palmetto, and cabbage palmetto. The last named frequently attains the height of fifty or sixty feet, and its bud is a splendid substitute for the garden cabbage. Many persons are remarkably fond of it when properly prepared. I have not seen a red, or white oak, nor dog wood tree in the country.

Descending the scale of fertility, comes next in order a well timbered pine land, with a dark or lead colored soil, containing some organic matter intermixed with a small percentage of clay and calc, and a large amount of sand. It is astonishing how well this soil produces, especially if it has been trodden by cattle for a few weeks. It will produce anything planted. Corn grows as luxuriously on it, as that raised on any of the oak and hickory lands in Georgia.

The three classes of soil described will produce per acre: corn, ten to fifty bushels; rice, thirty to seventy five bushels; sweet potatoes, one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels; sugar cane, eight to twelve barrels sugar; long staple cotton, one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, and everything else in proportion.

The fourth and fifth classes of soil are poor, dry, sandy, black-jack ridges and saw palmetto flats. The first suited for little else than as places of residence, and the last as a range for cattle and hogs. Cattle do well here, and hogs keep fat the year through on berries, nuts, acorns and roots. There is a species of flag or water lily, which grows on the margin of the streams and ponds, possessing exceedingly acid and pungent property, of which hogs are remarkably fond, and on which they keep fat. It is known here by the name of "Wampee." There is another growth of our swamps which hogs like very much (Paint Root), and I am told it will cause the hoofs of all hogs that have white or yellow feet to come off, but does not affect those with black feet.

Since I have mentioned potatoes, I will state that we have a variety peculiar to this country, which grows to perfection even on the poorest sand hills. It is known as the Hayti (pronounced Hi-tee) potato. They may be planted under green pine trees on new land, and will make a good crop. With a wallet of *Litsea* and jerked beef, the natives are as independent of the world at large as a certain class of people are in some portions of the country in herring season. Well, they should prize this potato highly, as many of them are too lazy to work, and it has saved them from starvation. It is a dry, mealy potato, and the best substitute for bread I ever ate. It grows all the year. This region of country is generally level pine land, interspersed with numerous ponds, lakes and

streams of fresh water. Every pond and lake and stream teems with fish, and the woods abound in game. Plenty of deer, turkeys, cats, "possums," coons, foxes, and "big black bears." Of the feathered tribe I will not attempt a description, as (like the waggoner,) "I can't do the subject justice." There are birds of every hue and color.

The climate here is not surpassed, if equalled, by any on this continent. I suppose, from my short experience—having been here but one winter, spring and summer—the mean yearly temperature would be about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. Our winter is a protracted Indian Summer, the thermometer rarely ever descending to the frost point. The severity of a semi-tropical sun is modified and tempered during summer by sea breezes and frequent rains. These rains usually begin in June and continue until September, and are consequently a great blessing, as no such thing as a drought is known here during the crop-making season, and then the waters of the ponds and lakes are prevented from becoming stagnant and thus producing sickness. The wet season occurring in summer causes our winters to be dry, warm and pleasant.

This is the reason that Northern invalids, and especially consumptives, seek so eagerly our salubrious climate during the winter months. The atmosphere becomes so cool each night, even in summer, that a coverlid must be drawn on before day to render a person comfortable, and when you get up in the morning you feel refreshed and invigorated. Whilst the people of Georgia and the Northern States have been sweltering under a heat of ninety-five to one hundred and five degrees, the thermometer has not been higher than ninety-four degrees this summer here.

We have as good, cool, and well-tasted spring and well water as you have anywhere in Southwest Georgia. A remarkable feature of this country is the large number of pure sulphur springs in which it abounds. This sulphur water is a specific for all rheumatic and cutaneous diseases. I have but little doubt that in a few years the watering places of Orange county, Florida, will be sought for anxiously as those of Tennessee or Virginia.

I suppose by this time you are becoming anxious to hear something of a subject which you are more directly interested, viz: "Tropical fruits." So much might be said on this subject that I hardly know what to say without being too prolific. To cut the matter short, we can raise oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, grape fruit (a species of the orange), pine-apples, bananas, guavas, and almost the entire list of tropical or semi-tropical fruits. Oranges, lemons, and pine-apples grown here cannot be surpassed by any in the world for size, juiciness and delicacy of flavor.

If you have never eaten an orange which was allowed to remain on the tree until perfectly ripe, you cannot imagine what a delicious fruit it is. The culture of the orange is attracting more attention than any other fruit, and many persons are engaging in it. I am not surprised at this either, when I think of the poor "Reb" who has been robbed of all he possessed in his struggle to be free, as he contemplates his five or ten thousand a year from a small grove of orange trees. And this no freak of fancy. It may be, and is realized. For instance, an orchard of five acres containing one hundred trees per acre, or five hundred trees, when in good bearing will average 1,000 berries per tree, this will make 500,000 oranges, which at two cents a piece will be \$10,000.

Do you see the profit? Could you not afford to plant an orchard and wait from five to seventeen years to realize such an income the remainder of your days, and for your great grand children to do the same, and that with but little or no labor?

Suppose the price comes down to one cent, and your trees average a yield of only 500 oranges, this will make \$500 per acre—what other crop or occupation is half so remunerative and which requires so little expenditure of money and labor? But your trees will increase their fruit as they grow older. I know some old trees that now make from 4,000 to 6,000 oranges each year. If, however, you should desire to farm or raise stock in addition to your oranges, there is no country which holds out greater inducements. The cotton grown here has such fine staple that it readily commands \$1 per pound, while cotton raised in Georgia sells for 15 to 20 cents per pound. Placing the quality raised at my lowest estimate—150 pounds per acre and at present prices you will realize \$125 to \$150. The culture of sugar cane is more profitable. Averaging your crop at ten barrels per acre, and you have \$250 to \$300. Rice may be placed at fifty bushels for an entirely safe calculation, and at the price for which it readily sells, (\$3 per bushel) you will make \$150 per acre. Potatoes will sell for \$1 per bushel at all times here, and will therefore average \$150 per acre, and so it is with any crop planted, except vegetables, which will pay from five to ten times as much money per acre as any of the articles named above.

The above mentioned crops will make from a third to as much again per acre on our best lands, as the average I have given them. Thus you will perceive that a man need not sit down and wait from five to seven years on his orange orchard before he can begin to make money.

He can make a decent support for himself and family, and create a sinking fund besides by cultivating the soil. The great advantage accruing from the culture of oranges is this: that after your trees begin to fruit well, you will have a handsome yearly income the remainder of your life, and which may be left a legacy for your children's children. You may then throw your days away in idleness,

for your orange trees will be hard at work making you a fortune.

Lake Jessup is a beautiful sheet of water about twelve miles in length, and from three to five in width—shaped something like a horn, and cannot, therefore, be called a crescent. Its outlet is the St. John's river, and is distant from Jacksonville by water about 200 hundred miles. Good sized steamboats can run up the St. John's river and into the lake at all seasons, and during the greater part of the year there are from five to ten feet of water on the bar. This is certainly the head of permanent navigation on the St. John's, though boats can go some distance further up the river, but there is no country to sustain a continued navigation, the lands being generally low, flat and damp, and can therefore never be settled. There is no permanent line of steamboats running to Lake Jessup yet; but an effort is now being made to organize a company for that purpose, and we hope soon to have boats coming here regularly. We get our freight now by means of oar and sail boats from Mellenville on Lake Monroe, distant about twenty miles, to which point a regular weekly mail boat runs from Jacksonville.

The time is now at hand when capital invested in boats to run as far up the St. John's as this point will pay a handsome dividend, and it will soon be a very profitable business.

We are anticipating a large immigration to Southeast Florida this fall and winter, both from the Southern and Northern States. Persons from the North are settling lower down the St. Johns, that is nearer to Palatka. Down the river here is up the country, as its course is nearly North.

By this time I imagine I can hear you ask, is your country all sunshine, and has it no shade? I reply, it has its dark side. No picture is perfect without it. The pencil of an Apelles could never have deceived the fowls of the air with its cluster of grapes had there been no intermingling of dark colors. Some pictures, you know, require a deeper shading than others. Some will allow but a gentle stroke of the brush.

The greatest trouble we have to contend with is the want of good society and money, both of which, we think, a few months will remedy. There are twelve or fifteen families in our immediate neighborhood, but we are all poor. Some of us were at one time rich; others in good circumstances, but like thousands of our unfortunate countrymen lost all we possessed by the unhappy result of the late war. We are here, however, for the purpose of trying to build our fortunes anew, and I feel thankful that I have found a country so well suited for our undertaking without going to Brazil or Honduras.

Let me say then, do not be deceived if you come here without any money—for if you do, you may expect to travel a rough road for a year or two. Provisions and labor are scarce and high. The old settlers have never paid any attention to the production of anything for market, except a little cotton, sugar and syrup. We, consequently, are compelled to send to Jacksonville or Savannah for our supplies, unless we are able to pay the extra charges for such articles to our country merchants. Another year we hope to be independent on this score, as we expect to have open land enough to raise our own provisions.

New comers here may expect to go in the woods and start from the stump, as there are no improved places for sale. Perhaps a few might be so fortunate as to purchase an unceded log cabin and "Hi-tee" patch. The cost of clearing land ranges from \$12 to \$30 per acre, owing entirely to the manner in which it is done. Persons who labor by the day charge \$1 per day; by the month or year, from \$10 to \$16 per month, and the employer furnishes provisions. I would advise all persons who design coming here to live, to bring one or two good hands with them. Our little colony pursued this course and we consequently get our work done much cheaper than if we had depended on the labor of the country.

We are free here from a trouble with which you are cursed, to-wit: a dense population of emancipated slaves. There are but twelve in an area of several hundred miles, and they are well disposed and such as may be trusted.

The greatest pests with which we have to contend are gnats, fleas, bed bugs, ticks and mosquitos. They are not more numerous, however, than in many portions of Georgia and in most new countries. Many families in this country never use a mosquito bar. But if you would take any pleasure in a serenade from these last named gentlemen, I would advise you to spend a day or night on Indian river in the spring, summer or fall of the year. There you may listen to the euphonious sound of their trombones at the rate of forty thousand a minute. The truth is, an up-country man cannot live there. His very life-blood will be sucked out. Without this insufferable plague the Indian river country would be a paradise.

But the future of Orange county is luminous with the radiant beams of prosperity. The "desert will soon be made to blossom as the rose." Our wild forests already begin to prostrate themselves at the feet of the industrious axeman, and mother earth is filling the coffers of the energetic husbandman with her rich treasures.

I am, dear sir, truly your friend,
Wm. L. A. Ellis.

The man who puts aside religion because he is in worldly company, is like a man who has put off his shoes because he is walking among thorns.

As it was: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." As it is: "Internal revenue is the price of liberty."