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BY FEATHERSTON & HOYT.

A Tale of First and Only Love.

"MEMORY BELLS."

"Voices from the distance call me, soft and low, mournful voices, ever chanting, 'long ago.'"

Through the dim vista of by-gone years come stealing faintly the fairy chimes of Memory Bells. Gentle, mournful, Memory Bells! how dreamily ye are wafted to my charmed ear, waking deep thoughts of fluted years within my heart, and opening, with magic hand, the misty portals of the past, thus revealing to my eager gaze the light and shadows of "long ago."

Oh! how dark were the shadows, hanging so gloomily o'er my young pathway, like bodied clouds o'er a summer sky, and nearly crushing the spirit too proud to reveal its internal woe to the careless world. Oh, no! even in the darkest hour, when my faithful monitor, "bright-winged hope," had deserted me, and despair, in all her gloomy array, was presiding over my bleeding heart, even then I moved with a careless smile, and a proud gay light in my eye, convincing the world that I was indeed as happy and as joyous as I seemed.

Accomplished and beautiful, and surrounded by every luxury that wealth could procure, it was not strange that I should advance to girlhood, knowing no will but my own, and making no effort to subdue the wayward, passionate, though fondly trusting heart, or quenching the burning fire, even for the sake of that fondly loved one—noble, manly Clarence Dalford. Oh! how beautiful he was; and, to me, so far superior to the gilded butterflies among whom he moved with a peculiar grace—so easy to him, and so rarely attained. Handsome, talented and wealthy, he was flattered and caressed by all; and many a girlish heart beat faster at his approach, while flushes overspread fair round cheeks at his winning smile. But to me that smile was more than all else on earth; it cheered and soothed me as a ministering angel soothes a suffering child. My heart bowed down to him, and lay panting at his feet, longing to be taken to the manly heart; and how proudly and joyously beat that heart when those soft, dark, beautiful eyes looked into mine own, and that musical voice told me that I was dearest to him than aught else on earth.

And then followed days of oh! such delicious joy and happiness, when earth was to me "a dream of bright-hued flowers;" and then came the scorn and passion—the cruel, cruel words, the cold farewell—all these! And now they are brought back to me on those softly-pealing chimes, and a remembrance of the long-quested, agonizing gaze from those beautiful eyes, and the tremulous voice murmuring:

"I have loved you, Anna, Heaven knows how well; but, after those words, I can no longer remain true to my engagement; farewell!"

And when he had gone—when I had pondered upon the words I had uttered, then

"The dusk grew round me, and my heart wore still a duskiest aspect."

I had forfeited love, esteem, everything for a passion that had spent its whole force upon him, who had never, never wronged me, but who had only endeavored to subdue the haughty, wayward spirit that would not be controlled.

"Another sweet head on his bosom now claims a rightful rest; The curls are wavy and golden, and the eyes like a violet's breast."

"Our home is looking very beautiful now, Cousin Anna; will you come and make the promised visit in preference to Newport and Saratoga?"

Thus wrote my Cousin Julia from her western home; and, three days later, I was with her, wandering through the lovely little village, conversing gaily of "ayld lang syne," and not noticing the departing twilight until the sound of loud laughter and boisterous voices warned us to retrace our footsteps, for twilight had already deepened into night.

"It is some intoxicated men from the village tavern, Anna," whispered Julia; "we will step in here until they pass;" and opening a small gate of fancy iron-work, she ushered me into an elegant garden, delicious with the odor of vase exotic plants. And up through the flowering shrubbery bright lights were gleaming, while a sweet, plaintive air was wafted out through the low, open windows, filling me with a strange curiosity to behold the inmates of the princely mansion.

Julia was still at the gate, and noiselessly I passed up the marble pavement and paused at the open windows, gazing upon a scene which caused my heart to cease for a moment its throbbings, and almost to quench the tide of life. There,

upon a low silken couch, was Clarence Dalford, with one arm fondly encircling a girlish figure kneeling upon the rich carpet beside him, and his white hand swept away silken sunny curls from a snowy brow, while his proud lips touched a crimsoned cheek often, and lovingly his dark eyes rested upon the beautiful one. And she! ah! she was wondrously beautiful, with the golden curls, and eyes of such a pure, beautiful blue that I almost fancied they had been cut from the blue dome above me. And then those fairly dimpled hands, so fondly lying upon the brow that I had so often passionately kissed; and the lips were like dewy rosebuds, from which that low sweet melody was gushing.

And this, then, was his chosen bride; and, in his deep, fond love for this worthier one, he had, no doubt, forgotten me; while I was dreaming, ever sadly dreaming of him—and his name was breathed each evening in my prayers.

"Anna, Anna! where are you?" called Julia, and started, and awakened from my reverie, I joined her, saying carelessly:

"Who resides here, Julia?"

"Mr. Dalford," she replied; "the wealthiest man in the village; and oh! Anna, so handsome."

"Yes, I saw him while in the garden," I replied, smiling at her girlish enthusiasm; "and also a golden-haired, blue-eyed lady."

"That is the mistress of the mansion," she interrupted; "and just the sweetest darling that ever breathed. Mr. Dalford never idolizes her—and I do not blame him either, for there never was a better or a more beautiful one than sweet Minnie Dalford."

Oh! how those words tore anew my bleeding heart! She had removed the last doubt in my mind—and the bright being I had beheld was his bride! And the gloom deepened and darkened around me, and hovering over my bowed spirit were shadows sad and gloomy, wrapping my heart in agonizing darkness and despair; but through them all I bore the same proud and seemingly happy spirit, and moved amid the joyous ones, who thronged Cousin Julia's beautiful home, "the gayest of the gay;" and none ever knew of the dark unrest and grief-laden heart beating beneath the proud, brilliant exterior.

"My own—my darling!" These were the words that greeted my awakening thoughts as I regained my consciousness from that frightful fall. I could not distinctly recall the exact circumstances, only a vague remembrance of a gay picnic—a challenge to race on horseback—a lightened, fiery steed, and then a dizzy, painful shock; and that was all I knew until I found myself in that loved embrace, with his dear voice murmuring those fond words in my ear. And oh! how I longed to die then and there. But thoughts of the blue-eyed bride entered my heart, and almost haughtily I exclaimed:

"Mr. Dalford, this is—"

But at that moment the door opened softly, and the golden head peeped in, and the sweet voice said:

"Is she better, brother Clarence?"

Brother! what did she mean? I was confused and puzzled, and a happy thought, and a hope that I had been mistaken, was breaking through the mystery: and the hope was confirmed the next moment when he presented me to his only sister and relative, Minnie Dalford. And I weeping like a weary child, told them all; and once more I was taken to the loved embrace, and forgiveness granted, with the fond assurance that through all the weary years no other one but Minnie had held sway over the noble heart but myself.

And to-night he is reclining on the same silken couch, but it is not Minnie's hand that brushes away the jetty curls; she has another manly one to love. And through the parted curtains come the sadly beautiful chimes of Memory Bells, causing happy, joyous tears, and lifting my heart to God the Giver of all things, thanking Him for subduing the haughty heart, and guiding me to the safe shelter of a husband's love, for dispelling the shadows, and lending bright, glorious lights to guide me to eternity.

Cousin Addie.

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if desired to free it of cream, pour it into a broad flat dish, one inch in depth.

Rats—It is said may be expelled from your cellars and grainaries simply by scattering a few stalks and leaves of mullen in their paths.

Sunday Reading.

For the Intelligencer.

Letter of a Southern Planter, on the Claims of the Ministry to a Support.

Messrs. Editors.—As your paper is, in part, dedicated to moral instruction, and numbers among its patrons those who are bound to the fulfilment of certain moral and religious duties, we feel that no apology is required for presenting the letter of "a Planter" for publication, prefaced by a few remarks.

The letter points out the obligations of a Christian to give of his substance to the support of the Gospel, and the true measure of that obligation as enforced in the Bible. And though written to urge the members of the Methodist Church to do their duty in this respect, we presume it will be found alike applicable to those of the other orthodox branches of the Christian Church. The writer makes an appeal, timely in its character, for it is a lamentable fact that, while in this young and fruitful country, immense fortunes are gathered, competence is general, and money is lavished upon every temporal enterprise, the coffers of the Church are comparatively empty, her Ministers poorly paid, and her efforts in the field of foreign and domestic missions, and in supplying a sound religious literature are crippled.—This is a crying sin of the Church and needs to be reformed.

Subscriptions to railroads and banks, turnpikes and canals, are readily made; nor do members flinch from paying liberal salaries to their overseers, clerks and other employees to supervise their temporal interests, but are unwilling to allow those whom God has sent to instruct them in spiritual things, an amount sufficient to enable them to live decently and comfortably. Hence it is, that most of our Ministers are unable to devote their entire time to preaching, but are compelled to teach school or follow some other secular calling to support themselves and families.

We should like to see a statement of the contributions of the members of the various Churches, as compared with their means, to the support of the Ministry, to the cause of Missions, Theological Seminaries, to the education of young men for the Ministry, to the Sunday School Union, the Bible Union, the Tract Society, and for the publication and dissemination of religious books. We fear that each would have cause to feel ashamed; nay, we have cause to fear that the mere mention of this list of objects of Christian benevolence would startle hundreds. "The largest dollar current is the Church dollar.—It has an effect upon the optic nerve that has never yet been satisfactorily explained," says one. But he is mistaken; the great Chalmers, in his speech against covetousness, has solved the mystery: "The disease is as near universal as it is virulent. Wealth is the goddess whom all the world worshipeth. There is many a city in our empire, of which, with an eye of apostolical discernment, it may be seen that it is wholly given over to idolatry."

Another pious Christian thus paints the wants of the Church: "O for a race of merchants, ship masters, mechanics, of artists, of farmers, lawyers, employers and employees who will devote themselves to God as much as if they were ministers! thus raising the common employments of life to the sublime dignity of preaching the gospel. Devoted hands are wanted at this day as well as tongues. Devoted fortunes, devoted energetic business men, are the pressing need of the Church of Christ. A Church may possess a devoted Ministry, but if she has not a devoted membership, she will go forth lamely upon all her enterprises of mercy. The Ministers of our Church need the backing of an energetic, consecrated, zealous membership. Ready to go forth to the ends of the earth. Will you send them? Ready to work to the end of life. Will you support them? Will you let them die in the harness of battle? Will you cease not to care for the mother and the babes who share their toil and poverty?"

Solemn interrogatories, which each christian must answer to God for himself! Do they not feel the weight of obligation that is upon them to do so? Have they not considered the matter? If not, let them read and ponder the following extracts from the letter of a wealthy, liberal-hearted Planter:

Galvanic remedies have been the settled treatment for the chronic financial ailments of our Church. And the labors of a self-sacrificing ministry have proved adequate thus far to periodically electrify the membership into the discharge of a part of their duty. This, at best, secures but an occasional, uncertain and unreliable action. The difference between it and vital motion of mercy is very great. Like the stupor which precedes death from Arctic cold, the deadly slumbers of a soul chilled by covetousness is creeping

over our Church, and the most exciting and incessant efforts barely suffice to arrest the fatal torpor. Methodism is like a person whose entire right side is paralyzed. The cause of Missions suffers paralysis. The cause of Education moves only by the large sacrifices of the few; while the labor of securing a sum sufficient to build a church has come to be so great, that the most zealous become worn out and disheartened by a few successful efforts.

The support of the Ministry is meagre, and the annual deficiencies so great, that it is questionable if they, as a class, do not mainly support the gospel. The families of deceased Ministers are so poorly cared for, that the conviction must often be forced upon them that the Methodists are incapable of common gratitude.

In raising the current expenses of a Church, the membership have again and again to be approached, urged and coaxed into the most ordinary contribution toward the support of the gospel. Where Ministers have worn out their strength with thirty or forty years' labor, they are left to shift as best they may, and are presently forgotten. No shadow of moral right to a support is allowed the Minister of the gospel by his brethren, nor is the amount paid him regarded, either by faith or right, as a claim that attaches, in any sense, to the yearly income of any man who professes himself to be a member of the household of faith. All that is given that way, is given—as a charity outright. This state of things, to say the least of it, absolutely ignores any obligation to pay any part of our substance to the Lord.—And the Methodist Church is fast coming to the attitude of a Church which acknowledges no duty to return, annually, anything for the blessing of substance and yearly increase. God charged backsliding Israel with robbery. But our Church takes higher ground, and denies all right upon the part of the Lord to any portion of its income.

St. Paul has placed the claim of a Gospel Ministry upon the same footing with that of the Ministry of the Temple. They who waited at the altar had a provision made for them in the law, and yet for support were left dependent upon the voluntary obedience of the people. Tithes were not legally enforced. Gospel Ministers being the Ministers of Christ, are not of Levi, yet the Apostle places their support upon the same basis: "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." 1 Co., ix—13, 14.—As, on the one hand, a Minister of the gospel has no right to "entangle himself with the cares of this life, that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier;" so, on the other, he has a right in gospel equity to a support out of the tribute which the people are enjoined to pay into the treasury of the Lord.

But the support of Ministers is but one item. When a Church has done that, it has at least paid the tithing and cummin—the present allowance for their support could scarcely be set down as the "weightier matters" of mercy. The Christian Church holds a vast amount of life, and power, and blessing in her hands, in the shape of the goods of her Lord: values upon the expenditure of which are suspended, the angelic announcement of the gospel to many plains of earth where shepherds are sleeping shrouded in darkness, the reclaiming of wastes that have never bloomed as yet, and the introduction of many inquiring strangers to Him who bought them with his own blood.—What has stayed her? Why does she not sow gladness over the earth? Upon what passions is she expending the sums which she keeps back from her Lord? Where is the money which has been placed by Him, along with the word, in her hands, with the commandments, "Go preach the gospel to every creature!" She must pour forth both substance and soul for the World. Eternity will hold her to it.—Seventy barrels of blood pass through the heart of a man in twenty-four hours, so most life be thrown out in volume, by the Church, to every extreme part of the human race. If there be any basis of duty, if any motive of love, if any strong purpose of zeal, let them be announced from the pulpit, in the classroom, and at the Conference, until the generosity "which never faileth" is acknowledged as an essential quality of Methodism.

Let us come back to the least, yet the very least that God claims: One seventh of our time and one tenth of our income.

The learned Grotius, in one of the ablest of commentaries, in his treatise on the rights of War and Peace, chap. I, book I, speaks of a Christian man's duty: "So likewise the old law of the Sabbath and that of tithes are a demonstration that Christians are obliged to set apart no less

than the seventh part of their time for worship of God, no less than the tenth part of their fruits or profits for the maintenance of those who are employed in holy affairs, or of their sacred and pious uses."

(Lord Chief Justice Hale, Rev. Dr. Hammond, Baxter, and Doddridge, each gave one tenth.)

Mr. Wesley says, in a sermon of burning words, on the danger of increasing riches: "But many have found out a way never to be rich, though their substance increase ever so much. It is this: as fast as ever money comes in they lay it out, either in lands or enlarging their business. By this means each of these keeping himself bare of money, can still say, 'I am not rich;' yea, though he has ten, twenty, a hundred times more substance than he had some years ago. It is possible for a man to cheat himself by this ingenious device. And he may cheat other men; for, 'as long as thou doest good unto thyself, men will speak well of thee.' But, alas! he cannot deceive the devil. Ah, no! the curse of God is upon thee already, and all that thou hast. And tomorrow when the devil seizes thy soul, will he not say, 'what do all thy riches profit thee?' Will they purchase a pillow for thy head in the lake of fire burning with brimstone? or will they procure thee a cup of water to cool thy tongue, while thou art tormented in that place? O, follow the wise direction here given, that God may not say unto thee, 'Thou fool!'"

This shift, therefore, will not avail.—It will not be any protection, either against the wrath of God, or the malice and power of the devil. Unless thou givest A Full Tenth of the substance of thy fixed and occasional income, thou dost undoubtedly set thy heart upon thy gold, and it will "eat thy flesh as fire!"

Towards the last of his Ministry, Mr. Wesley gave no uncertain sound against the love of money. Not only his preaching but his example was eminently fitted to show his followers their duty. He gave away all—absolutely all. He reserved not over fifty pounds a year for his expenses, and "died not having ten pounds left." He transcended the tithe quantity by as much as the whole is greater than a tenth. Who, of all his followers imitate his example? How small is the sum of them!

Has not the time come for acting if we ever hope for a reform? Let our Church recognize the principle that it is the duty of every member to pay, annually one tenth of his income, as the least required by the gospel. How can our people be induced to make such a sacrifice? Brethren, what are we doing? Let us awake! Let us employ our whole soul, body and substance according to the will of our Lord! Let us render unto God the things that are God's: even all that we are and have. Unless we see God's claim in every piece of gold, or land, or goods, we soon lose sight of God in the engrossing pursuit of wealth.

It will be felt that His is the share that insures the blessing, and nine parts with a blessing are rather to be chosen than ten without. The sight of His share will keep His law in mind amid the competition and temptation of trade: His justice will seem to sit upon it, and to assert the worth of virtuous integrity.

Will members of the Church read! ponder! learn their duty, and do it! May God help them to do so!

A METHODIST LAYMAN.

KNOWLEDGE.—"One fountain there is," says Miss Fredrika Bremer, "whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon feel thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate thyself in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversation with thee, nature, antiquity, heaven are acceptable to thee."

TOKENS OF AFFECTION.—There is something in those trifles that friends bestow upon each other, which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any other trifle of my bestowing loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in the sincerity of one who set no value on such little things. Trifles they may be, but it is by such that character and disposition are oftentimes revealed.

Cheerfulness.

Although a cheerful countenance does not always betoken peace of mind and a heart at ease, it is the harbinger of good will, and speaks favorably for the character of the wearer. On the other hand, a sulky appearance is oftener the sign of peevishness and displeasure, than of sorrow or pain. As politeness is a man's passport where he is not known, so good humor will ensure him a continuance of favors which his good manners have elicited, and will preserve affections that beauty and elegance can do little more than win. Nothing is more amiable than a constant desire to please, and an unwillingness to offend the taste or hurt the feelings of a friend. And when this sweetness of disposition shines out in the calm, placid countenance, it is the token at least of a contented mind.

The troubles of life fall lighter when they are calmly looked for and quietly received, than when he who must bear them bears also a continual frown. The less we dwell upon our various burdens, the lighter they will appear; and if we must carry them—if misfortune must be our lot—why aggravate our distress by reproaches and grievings? and why tell the world by gloomy looks and bitter words, of the trouble which sympathy may not relieve?

But good nature may be carried too far, and become the unintentional cause of prevarication and deceit; and men are sometimes found, who, rather than offend a friend, will stoop to flattery or downright untruth. There are those who use it to so great an extent that it blinds their reason, and, like Honeywood in the play, they satisfy and encourage the apparently charitable demands of those who have penetration enough to ascertain the weak points of their "good natured friend," and brass enough to invent and carry out their schemes of attack.

Good humor, when not weakened by a universal and indiscriminate charity, is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face, and a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—This is an agreeable world, after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we beheld deformity, and listen to harmony where before we could hear nothing but discord.

To be sure, there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet; we cannot expect to sail on a calm summer coast forever; yet if we keep a calm and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family, we are travelling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down in the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brothers should hate brother; it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor. We pity the man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life—he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion. Turn a deaf ear to the tale of scandal, breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts; let the rich gush of human kindness swell up a fountain, so that the "golden age" will become no fiction, and blessings bloom in more than "Hesperian beauty."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart, betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us; that we are powerless and he all powerful, and the last faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter; we feel, in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that the earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intensity. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom, a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it."

A Dutchman on being called upon to help to pay for a lightning rod for the village church, towards the building of which he had subscribed liberally, exclaimed:

"I have helped to build a house for de Lord, and if he choose to donder on it and knock it down, he must do it at his own risk."