

The Anderson Intelligencer.

An Independent Family Journal—Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, &c.

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ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1866.

VOLUME 1.—NUMBER 34.

The Intelligencer

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
IN U. S. CURRENCY,
OR, \$2.00 A YEAR IN SPECIE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square of twelve lines for the first insertion and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries and Marriage Notices charged for at these rates.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Condition of Uncle Sam—For the Information of His Nephews and Nieces!

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

There is nothing more calculated to enlist the sympathies of the generous and tenderhearted than the terrible mental anxiety of a poor old gray haired invalid uncle, who, lying on a bed of sickness, with his frame racked with torture, and his constitution shattered by a dire disease; has, in addition to all this, the most terrible mental forebodings, arising from the dissensions of his nephews and nieces, who even disturb the holy sanctity of the sick man's chamber by their continued wrangling and quarreling.

The poor old gentleman is nearly related to us all. His name is Uncle Samuel—sometimes affectionately, not disrespectfully, abbreviated into Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam has always been a good old fellow, a clever old chap as ever lived. When we got into that little difficulty, ninety years ago, with old mother England—when we ran out of her house and, leaving the parental roof, went forth on the wide, wide world, a baker's dozen of poor unprotected orphans—then it was that good old Uncle Samuel, with tears in his eyes, and in the fullness of his big heart, came forward to take us in his capricious embrace, to adopt us as his own children and to be a kind guardian and father to us forever and forever.

Now let us make an investigation as to the present condition of our poor sick Uncle, what led to it, what remedies are proposed, and what is best to be done for the old gentleman. When Uncle Sam first took the thirteen orphans under his charge, he immediately went to house-keeping in a moderately sized house; but, as time grew on apace, the old gentleman adopted other children, till the family became so numerous that it was necessary to hire a much larger residence at an enormous rent. The family, however, had grown too large to occupy the same house—the children could not get along peaceably together, and soon began to wrangle and quarrel. The principal bone of contention was, that some of the children had a number of little black toys in the shape of men and women; they had bought and paid for these toys; in fact, many of them had been stolen by one portion of the children and sold to the other, and after the sale those who had sold them and received pay, wanted to take them away from the others and smash them to pieces. From this and other causes a dreadful quarrel arose, till one party plainly showed that it wished to keep the other entirely under its thumb. This state of affairs continued for some time, till at last the larger party hired a new housekeeper called Uncle Abe, who, although a good-hearted, funny old gentleman, sided so plainly with his friends who had engaged him, that the smaller party determined to quit the big house and rent a smaller one in a place called Dixie's Land, talking with them the little black toys, building up a new nursery, and going to housekeeping on their own hook.

This party called themselves Dixieites; the larger party called themselves Yankeeites. Uncle Sam objected to the breaking up of the big establishment, and a row commenced, which was a regular knock-down-and-drag-out fight. Everybody pitched in, even some of the black toys were again wounded. The fight was an unequal one—a large crowd of big boys, of course, eventually succeeded in overcoming a small crowd of small boys. The fight, however, lasted a long while, and the little fellows kept it up as long as it was possible for them to hold out. Meanwhile, Uncle Abe emptied all of the boxes of black toy men and women, and the droll little creatures began to run about, at large, like the little toy mice, which are wound up clock fashion. Now the Dixieites really and honestly have an affection for these little toys, which are associated with the most pleasant reminiscences of their earliest childhood, and it grieves them to see them rudely handled by those who do not care

for them in the least. They are, however, willing to "accept the situation," do without the toys, and go back into the big house, like good children, and beg pardon of good old Uncle Sam. The kind old gentleman is ready to receive his penitent nephews and nieces, but some of their bigger and most unforgiving brothers and sisters are still angry with them, and wish to compel them to live in the house in Dixie's Land, although it is entirely unfurnished, and they are desperately poor and unable to fit it up comfortably. This is what worries poor old Uncle Sam; this is what makes him sad, and has laid him up in a bed of sickness. The old gentleman has as big a heart as ever, and he is most anxious to take the poor children back into the big house, to kiss them and forgive them. But one of the big brothers—a bad boy, named Howe—cares no more for his uncle than for his poor brothers and sisters, and insists on compelling them still to live in the empty, unfurnished house. This he proposes to Uncle Sam, and many others of the unforgiving brothers and sisters endorse the cruel proposition. But Uncle Sam has a big heart, and so has the new housekeeper, Uncle Johnson, and both of them are sorely grieved. All of the big brothers, however, are not so unrelenting; a good boy, named Doolittle, has headed a party who are endeavoring to do a great deal for peace sake. If the Howites are successful, the big house will eventually be broken up entirely, and all parties will be compelled to go to boarding. Should the Doolittleites succeed, all will be well—poor old Uncle Sam will smile once more, and all will go back pleasantly into the big house, forget the past, take care of the black toys, and be happy now and in the future.

The South in Congress.

The Hon. C. C. Longdon, formerly editor of the journal to which he writes, now a member of Congress from the Mobile District, has addressed to the Mobile Register and Advertiser a letter, dated at Washington, on the 4th inst., in which, after reviewing the very forcibly the action of Congress upon the admission of the Southern Representatives, he states that he has come to the conclusion that the Southern States will be deprived of representation during the whole existence of the present Congress.

The motives which, in his opinion, control the action of the radicals are so clearly and well stated in his letter that we quote that portion of it:

"The motive of all this is perfectly transparent. The radicals are anxious to pass certain measures, and among them amendments to the Constitution, (as I have stated in former letters,) for the double purpose of consolidating their own power, and also as further punishment of the 'wicked rebels.' Were they to admit the Southern members, all their well laid schemes would be certainly defeated—especially all those which require a two-thirds vote—while, if the Southern members are kept out, the radical majority, in each House, is sufficient to enable them to carry all their measures, bidding defiance even to the Executive veto; for instance: parties in the Senate now stand thirty-eight Republicans, eleven opposition and one vacancy (from Iowa.) We will give the vacancy to the Republicans, making their number thirty-nine. Admit the twenty-two Senators from the Southern States, and parties will then stand thirty-nine Republicans and thirty-three opposition. No two-thirds vote for them here. And besides, there are three Senators classed as Republicans, who will vote with the opposition on all extreme measures of the radicals. These are Messrs. Cowan, Doolittle and Dixon, and this will make it a tie in the Senate—thirty-six Republicans and thirty-six opposition. So the admission of the Southern Senators would deprive the radicals of their power in the Senate.—And this is reason enough for keeping them out. In the House, parties now stand: 133 Republicans to 35 opposition. Admit the 58 Southern members and the opposition is increased to 93—making it impossible for the radicals to carry any measure that requires a two-thirds vote. This view of the case satisfactorily explaining why it is the Southern members are not admitted. It is power versus Constitutional right."

Three venerable ladies still survive who were of the choir of young girls that dressed in white, greeted Washington as he entered Trenton, in 1786, on his way to assume the Presidency, and who strewed his pathway with flowers. One yet lives in Trenton, another is the mother of the Hon. Mr. Chestnut, formerly Senator from South Carolina, and the third, Mrs. Sarah Hand, resides in Cape May county, New Jersey.

Extravagance of the Women.

In an article on retrenchment, a thing imperiously demanded by these times, the *Charlottesville Chronicle*, with a reckless bravery unparalleled in the late war, makes an onslaught upon female dress.—It declares that the number and quality of products a woman has on her back is prodigious. It enumerates all the articles of the female wardrobe with a peculiarity that can only be the result of long and careful observation. It says that, to rig out one young woman, there must be an elegant pair of shoes, silk stockings, kid gloves, a bonnet, which is a world in itself; pomade, teeth plugged, combs, hair-pins, hair-net, rouge, starch, sozodent, cologne, ear-rings, brooch, chain, crinoline and linen, flannel, finger-rings, fan, bracelet, watch, collar, cuffs, parasol, and the main dress itself. Add cloak, furs, over-shoes, sea-foam, balmoral, lace, pocket-handkerchief, gold pencil, port-monaie, brade, lace, cord, buttons, flowers, feathers, beads, spangles, ribands, roscates, buckles, furbelows, tucks, flounces, embroidery, etc., etc.

The *Chronicle* demands to know whether women were intended for all this ornamentation. It asserts that one-third of their life is taken up in buying, preparing and talking over their dresses; that among themselves the subject of dress is almost the exclusive subject of conversation, which cannot be true in the neighborhood of Charlottesville—for some days at least after the appearance of this article. It is the opinion of the *Chronicle* that about one-fourth of the time of the human race, and, perhaps, one-fourth of their earnings, are devoted to the dressing of women. It is especially indignant about bonnets, and insists that the Roman ladies never dreamed of bonnets. It believes that a respectable female may be dressed, for one year, for about \$150. At least \$600,000,000 a year would be saved to the country by the enforcement of sumptuary laws, compelling the women to be economical in dress. In short, we should judge from the *Chronicle* article, that

"Man's dress is of man's life a thing apart—
'Tis woman's whole existence."

We trust the women will now proceed at once to reform, retrench, pay off the national debt, and save the country.—Nothing of the kind can be expected of the men. We have always regarded the female sex, compared to the male, as a cheap institution. A man's hat, coat, breeches and boots, cost more in general than a woman's clothing. Moreover, the men drink whiskey, smoke segars, chew tobacco and eat voraciously. There are as many male as female spendthrifts among the young men and the young women of fashion. When women marry, they generally—outside the great cities at least—cast off their extravagant follies and other nonsense; whereas, men exchange their juvenile wild oats for politics and other expensive luxuries that cost the country a good deal more than all the dress expenditures of the women. Politicians involve a country in debt and war, and then the women are called upon to go bareheaded, and dress like Pocahontas, in order to foot the bill.

We concur, however, in the vital importance of retrenchment by both sexes. Men and women are both spending a great deal of money uselessly. There is an immense outlay upon superfluities, and unless greater economy is exercised, the times, hard as they are, will become infinitely worse. No one should think now of appearances. There is as much necessity now for rigid economy as in the Confederate times. The ladies then showed themselves capable of self-denial in dress, table and furniture, and they have only to realize that the necessity for retrenchment is as great as ever to set an example that the men will do well to follow.

The *Philadelphia Press* thinks that universal peace will prevail in the world during the present year—that, metaphorically speaking, the Temple of Janus will be closed—but it is evident that the prevailing desire is against war. The British policy of Lord Palmerston—for the most part, was in favor of peace at any price, and this is certainly the desire of Mr. Gladstone, who knows that the equalization and reduction of taxation are wholly incompatible with the costly condition of war. Napoleon has actually begun to reduce his military establishment.

Look out for HIM.—When you find a man writing his advertisement and sticking it up at the post office, or in hotels, or on street posts, instead of publishing it in his town paper, look out for him—the very act shows that he is too close fist to deal with to advantage. This is the "frozen truth."

The English Press on General Grant's Report.

General Grant's report of his military operations is attracting a large share of attention abroad. The English journals comment on it very favorably, and make the Lieutenant-General the subject of many high compliments. The *London Times* says: What renders this report, too, the more remarkable, is that it explains a new, and as the event proved, a successful system of tactics devised for the occasion. The system was that of availing himself of his great superiority of numbers, attacking a variety of points at once, and preventing the concentration of the Southern troops. Says the *Times*:

Man for man the Southerners were the best troops, partly, perhaps, from natural aptitudes, but mainly, no doubt, from the great military ability of their commanders. On a fair field, and in any one battle, the Federals could not pretend to reckon confidently on winning; but there was one thing on which they could reckon, and that was on killing a certain number of Confederates. Of course they must suffer equal or even greater losses themselves, but that they could well afford. If every battle cost the South a certain proportion of men, a given number of battles must destroy the Southern power, even if no battle was a decisive victory. So Grant determined not only to fight, but to fight on without stint or stay, come what might. Hard knocks and incessant blows constituted his strategy and tactics. If he were to fare as McClellan and Hooker had, he would not do as McClellan and Hooker had done. He opened the new campaign resolved to go on fighting whether he won or lost, and, as he himself says, "to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources until by mere attrition, if no other way, there should be nothing left to him but submission." The literal execution of this policy is expressed in every line of the report. While recounting the events of the Virginia campaign the General represents one engagement as virtually a failure in these words: "It was the only general attack made from the Rapidan to the James which did not inflict upon the enemy losses to compensate for our own losses. I would not be understood as saying that all previous attacks resulted in victories to our arms, or accomplished as much as I had hoped from them; but they inflicted upon the enemy severe losses, which tended in the end to the overthrow of the rebellion." How much these tactics cost the North we need not say.

As far as plans can be justified by events, that justification belongs certainly to Grant. His system was successful where every other system had failed. His campaign brought the war to an end, whereas every former campaign had left the contest pretty nearly as it stood before. It must be understood, too, that wherever military science appears more conspicuous than brute force, that merit is Grant's also. The scheme of Sherman's campaign was dictated by Grant, as were others less important and less fortunate. The grand principle of the whole system was co-operation. Besides the two great armies of the East and West, which, on this occasion, were to pull together, Grant set half a dozen other armies in motion, to distract, occupy and punish the enemy at all points together. * * * That result is undoubtedly due to the "military arithmetic" of General Grant. He is not the first conqueror who has adopted the principle, though he was the first to apply it to the resources of a whole people instead of the divisions of a single army. He is entitled, therefore, to the credit which complete success confers; and, indeed, terrible though the cost was, it may well be questioned whether an indefinite prolongation of the war would not have cost both parties more.

The Liverpool Post says:

General Grant's report is about to become as famous as Cæsar's Commentaries. It is infinitely more important, for in the recent civil war in America Greek met Greek, and Grant encountered a more formidable foe than Cæsar. At first the report escaped attention. It came in a bundle of official documents, all figures and few arguments; but when the story of the campaign of 1864 was looked into, matter was found in it calculated to interest the world at present and for all future time.

General Grant neither writes nor thinks like an ordinary soldier—he is a philosopher, an historian, a profound statesman, and he sinks self in his narrative, but never fails to praise others with a palpable consciousness which bespeaks the utmost sincerity, in perfect keeping with

personal admiration and friendship.

The war had endured three years when he was called to the command of the army. The call made him the savior of his country. Unobtrusive and humble-minded, though full of profound thoughts, his merits discovered themselves when the opportunity presented itself. He was the man for the time and the place, and he was the only fully qualified one. Events approved of Lincoln's selection, for, where McClellan proved an abortion, Grant alone properly satisfied judgment.

* * * * * General Grant's report will forever occupy the attention of soldiers, statesmen and nations.

The *London Daily News* speaks of Gen. Grant in the same complimentary terms, while of Generals Butler and Banks, its language is contemptuous. It says:

But able as the plan sketched out by General Grant was, and based as it was upon established military principles, its execution would have been impossible if those who acted under the Commander-in-Chief had been different men. In a field of war so extensive as that of the United States, it is simply impossible to give detailed instructions to each of his subordinates. And so it was with General Grant. When he is explaining his views to such men as Butler and Banks he certainly descends into details, because it is obvious he had no confidence in their military capacity. But in dealing with Sherman, Meade or Sheridan, he contents himself with the most general instructions.

From Artemus Ward's New Volume.

Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville.

When Horace Greeley was in California, ovation awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State, and therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fetter the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses was chartered of the California Stage Company, to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fettered at seven o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the stage company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this great man must be there by seven to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom, slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I must be at Placerville at seven o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders," laconically replied Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour, when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when you get to Placerville. Now we are going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again that voice split the air. "Git up! Hi! yip! G'long! Yip—yip!"

And on they tore over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an India rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said: "Do-n't-on't you-u think we-e shall get there by seven if we do-n't-on't-on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head "might have been seen" at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—if we don't get there at seven!"

"I've got my orders!"

Fresh horses. Forward again, faster!

than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a somersault.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

"I've got my orders! I work for the California Stage Company, I do. That's what I work for. They said, get this man through by 'sewing,' an' this man's goin' through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoop!"

Another frightful jerk, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop, you maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk. "I've got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace!"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him to town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six horse wagon load of beautiful girls in milk white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation was amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"He was a few miles back" said Mr. Monk. "Yes," he added; after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting and the head of Mr. G. had made in the coach roof, "yes, I can see him.—He is there."

"Mr. Greeley," said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, we have come most cordially to welcome you, sir—why, God bless me, sir you are bleeding at the nose."

"I've got my orders," cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follows: 'Git him there by sewing.' It was a quarter of seven. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the committee-man, seizing the off leader by the reins, "Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town. Look at the procession, sir, and at the brass band, and the people and the young women, sir."

"I've got my orders!" screamed Mr. Monk. My orders don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says git him there by sewing! Let go the lines! Clear the way there.—Whoop! Keep your seat Horace!—And the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence grey haired men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself like a wild apparition, above the coach roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast, but he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

JEFF DAVIS—STRANGE RUMORS—WHAT HE SAYS AND DOES.—The rumors of the rescue of Jefferson Davis from prison are assuming a new and strange character. It is now hinted that the authorities desire his escape, and that facilities have been offered him, but that he won't go! There is little room to doubt the awkward embarrassment attendant upon his confinement and rejected trial. Chief Justice Chase does not hesitate to say that he cannot be convicted of treason, and Thaddeus Stevens declares that he is nothing more than a foreign leader, about as much amenable to the laws of the United States as Maximilian. I have it from the best authority—from authority which you cannot question—that Mr. Davis feels the most ample security. He said less than a week ago, "my defence is complete now, and rests solely upon the law, which will be administered fairly, I know, and in perfect accordance with civil justice." The shameful petition story will be put to the blush when that time arrives. Mr. Davis is at present in good health, eats heartily, reads a good deal, and possesses, as he said the other day, "a good digestion and a good conscience." He receives letters from his wife three times a week, and keeps a journal every day.—*Washington Cor. Nashville Banner.*