

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

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

BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1865.

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EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE A COPY. Internal Revenue Guide.

BEING an Abstract of the Internal Revenue and Direct (or Land) Tax Laws of the United States, with SCHEDULES OF TAXATION, LICENSES, STAMP DUTIES, EXEMPTIONS, showing the Rates under the various Tax Law since July 1, 1862, and intended for the general information of the Tax-Payer; to which is added an Abstract of the Acts of Congress passed during the War, relative to Abandoned Lands and to other matters of general interest. By C. J. Ettrick, Attorney at Law, Greenville, S. C., Assessor of the Internal Revenue Tax for the Third Collection District in South Carolina. The Book will contain about 72 pages, and will be issued in a few weeks. Price 50 cents per copy, with a liberal discount to the trade. Orders must be accompanied with the cash to secure attention. Address: G. E. ELFORD, Publisher, Greenville, S. C.

Sept 7, 1865 12 FURNITURE FOR SALE. A SPLENDID assortment of second-hand Furniture at private sale, consisting of Sofas, Parlor Chairs, Mahogany Tables, Dining Tables, Marble Top Side Board, Walnut Bedsteads, Large Study Chair, Rocking Chair, Bedsteads, Wardrobes, Marble Top Bureau, and a general variety of Household Furniture. Apply at the University Building to Rev. A. T. PORTER. Money or Cotton will be received in payment. Aug 10, 1865 8 2m

WALHALLA HOTEL, RICH'D. CLARY, Proprietor, THE subscriber informs the public generally that he has opened the above Hotel for the accommodation of transient and permanent guests, and will take especial pains to provide for the comfort and convenience of his guests. Walhalla is delightfully situated at the present terminus of the Blue Ridge Railroad, in close proximity to the mountains, and offers superior inducements as a summer resort. The Hotel table is supplied with the best the market affords. Prices reasonable. R. W. CLARY. Aug 17, 1865 9 2m

SADDLES AND HARNESS. THE subscribers are prepared to make and repair Saddles, Harness, Collars, Bridles, &c. And all other work in our line done at the shortest notice and best style. Prices taken at market rates. Give us a call. No. 1 Granite Row, up stairs. W. C. McFALL, JOS. E. MARTIN. Aug 24, 1865 10 3m

Drugs! Drugs!! Drugs!!! THE subscriber would announce to the people of this District, that he has on hand a very good assortment of DRUGS AND MEDICINES, which he offers for sale low for cash, at Dr. Webb's corner, Brick Range. Persons wishing any article in my line would do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as I know that I can make it to their advantage to purchase from me. ISHAM W. TAYLOR. Aug 24, 1865 10

WILLIAM K. HARRIS, WATCHMAKER, IS prepared, with MATERIALS, &c., for REPAIRING Watches, Clocks & Jewelry Of every description. Work done on short notice, and warranted. Masonic Building, Anderson C. H., S. C. June 22, 1865 1

S. H. OWEN INFORMS his old friends and the public generally that he has returned to Anderson, and is prepared to do all work in his line, such as Repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. Provisions will be taken in exchange for work. Shop in Masonic Building, at the Post Office. Sept 7, 1865 12

HARRISON & WHITNER, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Equity, Anderson C. H., S. C. WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Applications made for pardon in behalf of those belonging to the excepted classes from the President's Amnesty Proclamation. Sept 7, 1865 12

Blue Ridge R. R. THE following Schedule will be observed on this Road until further notice: Leave Walhalla on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 11 o'clock A. M. Leave Anderson on same days, upon arrival of the Greenville train. W. H. D. GAILLARD, Supt. July 20, 1865 5

Dr. H. C. Cooley INFORMS his friends and the public generally that he has resumed the practice of Medicine. Office at the Benson House. Aug 3, 1865 7 3m

SALT! SALT!! A LOT of Extra fine Salt, for sale cheap by W. H. GATEB, No. 5 Brick Range. Sept 7, 1865 12

For the Intelligencer. To the Voters of the 4th Congressional District of S. C. Consisting of the Judicial Districts of Anderson, Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg, Laurens, Union, York and Chester. FELLOW CITIZENS: I have, after much hesitation, at the instance of a number of friends for whose opinion and wishes I entertain great respect, consented to become a candidate to represent you in the Congress of the United States. The election will probably take place about the middle of November, and as the time that will intervene is very short, and the District very large, it would be quite impossible for me to see, and make myself personally known to a majority of you, even if I considered it necessary or proper to resort to the ancient mode of electioneering. But I take it for granted, that in the present condition of the country, personal impurity for position, would, with the intelligent voters of the mountain District of South Carolina, be as distasteful, as mere personal influence and friendship would be unavailing. That laying all personal considerations aside, each voter of the District, in this day of his country's tribulation, will, on approaching the ballot box and depositing his vote, be governed exclusively by the judgment he may form of the ability of the party whom he seeks to invest with office, to discharge the great duties that will devolve upon him. Entertaining these views, distrustful of my own ability, but willing to submit myself to the judgment of those whom I offer to represent, it would be alike inconsistent with my sense of propriety, and degrading to my feelings as a patriot, looking alone, if I know myself, to the restoration and prosperity of my country, to hunt you down at your residences, in the social circle, or elsewhere in detail, with personal impurity for your suffrages. I therefore take this method of announcing myself, and respectfully solicit your favorable consideration, with the assurance that if honored with your choice, whatever ability I possess will be devoted with untiring energy and industry to your service. I would not, however, be understood as ignoring the duty of the candidate to mix with, and make himself known to those whom he offers to represent. On the contrary I propose, as the more desirable mode of accomplishing that object at present, to meet you at certain times and places, of which notice is annexed below, for the purpose of making myself known to you personally and politically, and taking counsel with you in relation to the great interests of our country. I earnestly and respectfully invite as many of the citizens of the respective Districts, as can make it convenient, to meet me at the places indicated, where I propose to address you and develop fully my views and opinions touching the political condition of the country, and the best mode of restoring our now prostrate commonwealth to her ancient prosperity, glory and renown.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant, J. P. REED. I propose to address the people at the following times and places. Other appointments will be made hereafter, if practicable: Chester Court House, Wednesday, October 18. Yorkville, Thursday, October 19. Union Court House, Monday, October 23. Cross Keys, Union District, Tuesday, October 24. Laurens Court House, Wednesday, October 25. Woodruff's, Spartanburg Dist., Thursday, October 26. Spartanburg Court House, Friday, October 27. Greenville Court House, Saturday, October 28. Walhalla, Monday, October 30. Pickens Court House, Tuesday, October 31. Pendleton, Wednesday, November 1. Anderson, Thursday, November 2.

ALL LETTERS MUST BE STAMPED.—The Post Office Department has issued a circular, giving notice that the penalties fixed by law for carrying letters outside the mails when not enclosed in Government stamped envelopes, will be rigidly enforced in every instance where violaters are known to exclude only letters relating to cargo and freight of water crafts, or other vehicles employed upon mail routes, may be lawfully carried not enclosed as above. By the terms of this order, unpaid letters for delivery and those prepaid by postage stamps cannot be carried outside the mail by any of these conveyances, without subjecting captain, owners, drivers or other employees to a penalty of \$150 for each offence.

From the Louisville Sunday Journal. Bill Arp's Last.

HIS LETTER TO ARTEMUS WARD. Mr. Artemus Ward, Showman—Sur: The reason I write to you in pertinaxer, are because you are about the only man I know in all "God's country" so-called. For sum several weeks I have been wantin' tu say sumthin'. For sum several years we rebs, so-called, but now late of said county deceased, have been tryin' mity hard to do sumthin'. We didn't quite do it, and now its very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden and make out like we wasn't thar.

My friend, I want to say sumthin'. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin', but thinkin' dont help me. It dont let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see I'm trying to harmonize. I'm tryin' to soften down my feelings. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin' circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin'. I want to quarrel with sun-b'ody and then make friends. I aint no giant-killer; I aint no Norwegian bar. I aint no boar-constricker, but I'll be hornsawgled if the talkin and writin and the sanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Some of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, so-called. Aint your editors got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man that what kan write a paragarf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell em, one and all, e pluribus unum, so-called, that if they dont stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to—think verry hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I aint a gwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Adderly, so-called. Nary time. No, sur. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show: If we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family, shure. I hated a man so bad once that all the hair cum of my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog-waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin' to harmonize, to acquiesce, to bekum calm and serene.

Now I suppose that poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall, We sinned all." But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fout and fout and fout a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin hands off, but kep helpin the big feller until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No, sur! But he kicked him arter he was down and throw mud on him, and drag him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to konfiskate it, so-called. Blame my jaket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But I'm a good Union man—so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no gurffla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it; but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so—nary time. I aint ashamed of nuthin, neither, aint repentin, aint axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I aint got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerous and interestin offspring in about two minits and a half. They shoudnt eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subloany world at such a time. There's four or five of 'em that never saw a sirkus nor a monkey show—never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chika-hony Arp, that never seed the pickers in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—so-called. Didn't our four fathers fite, blood and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousan drunk it? Bekaus

they sukseeded wasent it glory? But if they hadent I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and serapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stowed down, it would make about half a pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiscovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah! Well, maybe I've said enuf! But I don't feel easy yit. I'm a good Union man, sartin and shure. I've had my breeches died blue, and I've bot a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while, I go to the doggerly and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serulean heavens and sing the melancholy chorays of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm doing my darndest, to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasent for sum things. When I see a blackguard going round the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minits, I hate the whole Yanky nation.—Jerusalem, how my blood biles. The institution what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Aint we human beings? Aint we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children, and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile post. They wont work for us, and they wont work for themselves, and they'll perish to death this-winter as shore as the devil is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roasin ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts costs money. Some of 'em a hundred years old, are whinin around about goin to kawledge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawn the elephant in this lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his snout about loose, and by-aid-by he'll hurt sumbody. These biggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I aint agwine to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em "its a lie," so-called. I golly, I aint got nuthin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of everything except children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the negroes for grave-yards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitious as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys and sirkuses and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousan strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stump-tail dog that prowls rounds my premises at night. Pon honor, I won't shoot anything blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your folks so skeered of me and my folks, that you won't let us have any amynishun? Are the squirrs and crows and black raccoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all round us with impunity? If a mad-dog takes the hiderioby, is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! it looks like your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoby for good, and was never gwine to git over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize, sartin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I haingt made nobody fite mad, for I'm not on that line at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for.

BILL ARP, so-called. P. S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confederik money. He said it would be good agin. He says that Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack had seed a man who had just cum from Virginny, and he seed a man told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped 'em agin. Old Harris says that a feller by the name of Mack C. Million is coming over with a million of men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, somehow or somehow else, I'm dubious about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade? B. A.

EFFECTIVE, BUT RADICAL.—A Cincinnati paper suggests an effective, though somewhat radical way of bringing down the price of dry goods. It is that the people shall go without clothing. That is the way to make the dry goods men hop.

Romance of Real Life. The recent unfortunate affair between Colonel F. and Captain DeV., at Mobile, has led to a good deal of fashionable gossip. Colonel F. is the son of a worthy and distinguished citizen of Mobile. Young and gallant, he a year or two since wooed and won the belle of Alabama, taking to his home and heart the fairest woman of the land. In due time he was called away to the wars, and his fair wife consoled herself as best she could under the circumstances. Eventually there appeared above the horizon of fashionable society, at Mobile, a gay young Cuban—handsome, dashing, brilliant, rich. Never was hero of romance more exquisite in taste or polished in manners. Need we say that this young exquisite was Captain DeV.? Among the ladies DeV. created an immediate sensation. He was the "very genteel fellow" they had been so long sighing about, and as he was a soldier of fortune, and occupied an honorary position on General Maury's staff, he was at once voted an Admirable Crichton in accomplishments, and a Julius Caesar in bravery.

This handsome young cavalier was not long in discovering who the fairest woman in Mobile was, and he soon became as much fascinated by her loveliness as Thomas Séymour was by Catharine Parr in the wicked days of Henry VIII. With plenty of Spanish gold in his pocket, a gay appearance, good address and fine horses, the gallant Cuban fairly took young Mobile by storm. Even Claude Melnotte was not more free with the money furnished him by his tempters than he with the revenues of a sugar estate in the "ever faithful Isle." At length scandal began to wag her tongue and shake her insinuating finger. The beautiful young Mobile wife walked on the streets with the dashing Cuban, waltzed with him at soires and hops, took a seat beside him in his splendid carriage, which had just "run the blockade," went with him on reception evenings to Madam L.'s, and in short, accepted his attentions with all the easy confidence of a lady, secure in her position, and utterly indifferent to "the world's dread laugh."

So it fell out, when the husband of the lady returned from his campaigns, he heard rumors which were by no means pleasant—nothing of guilt, but something which might be construed into indiscretion. In the meantime DeV. had gone to Cuba, perhaps never to return. He did, however, and in doing so passed through this goodly Crescent City of ours. This was about ten or twelve days ago. Arriving at Mobile, he went down to the Battle House, and meeting there with Colonel F., some unpleasant words were exchanged and he got badly wounded. The matter was inquired into a day or two since by an examining court, when it appeared that DeV. was altogether in the wrong; that he had spoken insultingly to Colonel F., and subsequently the Colonel was at once discharged. So for the time being, the matter ends.—N. O. Times.

WASHINGTON, September 29.—A letter was recently addressed by some of the citizens of Charlottesville, Virginia, to President Johnson, prompted by the difficulties which surround them in relation to the approaching Congressional election. They appeal to him for counsel and advice as to their proper course of action; being wholly uninformed as to whether the test oath will probably be repealed or modified so as to admit Southern members.

They have thought it possible that he might enlighten them on the subject. They say their main purpose is to pursue that course which will be most likely to sustain him and his policy in the administration of the Government. The Attorney-General, to whom the letter was referred, replies that he is instructed by the President to say, "that he has no more means of knowing what Congress may do in regard to the oath about which they inquire, than any other citizen, but it is his earnest wish that loyal and true men, to whom no objection can be made, should be elected to Congress." This, Mr. Speed says, is not an official letter, but a simple expression of individual opinion and wish.

The last invention of India rubber, in Paris is "a false bust for females—bust and neck"—a perfect imitation of flesh and blood, and (as they say of good counterfeiters) "well calculated to deceive." At the circle where the true and false neck are united, is worn a band of ribbon, or a white necklace, which completely conceals the junction. Josh Billings says, "I was once axed if I believed in the final salvation of men, and I did; but let me pick my men."

The Wirz Trial. WASHINGTON, September 23.—Proceedings were renewed in this celebrated case to-day. The prisoner reclined on his sofa, unable to sit up. Lieut. Dyer of the Twelfth United States Colored Troops, testified to the general bad treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, and the whipping of colored troops. He had never been ill-treated by Wirz. The hospital register letter book and other papers were admitted as evidence. The Judge Advocate signified a wish to close the case for the Government, reserving the right to examine witnesses as to new matters, and to offer record evidence to connect the Richmond authorities, including Jefferson Davis and General Lee, with the Andersonville prison. Mr. Baker, for Wirz, objected to accumulative evidence, and said that he did not wish to "go it blind." Colonel Chipman replied that Mr. Baker only appeared for Wirz, and had no right to follow the Government in pursuit of other parties. The Government then informally closed the case. Mr. Baker asked for time, in order to recuperate counsel and prisoner, and to sift the evidence, under the belief that Wirz could prove a full and complete defence. Colonel Chipman said this last remark was an insult to the army of the United States, but a disclaimer of any such intention being made, the question of adjournment till next Tuesday was debated, and finally ordered by the Court.

PAUSING TO THINK.—The Philadelphia Press, in an elaborate editorial, headed "Words of Candor and Counsel for the Union Party," very significantly says: "The Union party cannot be a national party if it makes negro suffrage a test. Belonging, as that subject does, to the States, it must be left to the States. To attempt to force it on the South is simply to embitter the South, and to endanger the Union party in the North; for it must not be forgotten that until the rebellion broke upon us, in not a single free State, not even in Massachusetts, were the few colored men allowed the unqualified right to vote. Nor can you build a national party by making the confiscation of rebel estates on the plan of Mr. Stevens an issue or a condition. Confiscation is confessedly a war measure, and yet as it was only partially enforced in time of war, how do you propose to execute it in time of peace? Nor can you stand before your own people on the idea of keeping the late insurgent States out of the Union, when they ask re-admission, accepting and adopting all the changes produced by the legislation of Congress and the abolition of slavery. You may keep the individual traitors out forever, if you have the numerical power, but you will be defeated in nearly every free election district on the question of excluding the late rebel States with their purified Constitutions."

CAPTAIN WIRZ.—"Druid," the well-known correspondent of the New York World and News, publishes a lengthy letter, exculpating Captain Wirz from responsibility in regard to the hardships of the prisoners at Andersonville. He closes thus: "No—the responsibility for the sufferings of our prisoners at Andersonville rests upon those who are responsible for keeping our prisoners there, instead of permitting them to be exchanged. The Confederate authorities were anxious to have them exchanged. But the Secretary of War refused to have them exchanged, on the pretext that the equality of negro soldiers with white soldiers must first be acknowledged by the Confederate Government, but really in order to prevent Gen. Lee's army from being reinforced by the rebel soldiers whom he held at Chicago and Point Lookout."

A DEAR, GOOD MAN.—"Widow Mournful, what on earth are you thinkin' about?" "Nothing else in the world but my departed husband. He was such a devoted man—always bringing home his little kindness to me. I couldn't help thinking, just now, when I heard Mrs. Brown's sassaiges sizzling, about what poor Mr. Mournful used to bring me. He know'd I was fond of sassaiges, and he hardly everover came home in his life without fetching me a sassaige in his pocket. He was very fond of eggs himself, and would occasionally fetch a few of them for himself. But he was always sure to lay a sassaige on the table. Never laid his eggs there—never'd think of 'em; and sometimes I'd ask, 'Simon, where's your eggs?' Just as like as not, he'd been a sittin' on 'em!"

A writer in the Washington Chronicle, understands "it is the expressed opinion of heads of bureaus that, as a whole, the employment of women in the departments is a failure." Turn them out, certainly, they have no votes.