

Anderson Intelligencer.

TERMS:
TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF PER ANNUM,
IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY.

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. Liberal deductions made to those who advertise by the year.
For announcing a candidate, Five Dollars in advance.

Fishing Without Sentiment.

BY JOHN QUILL.

This thing of going a-fishing and calling it sport is ridiculous. Old Isaac Walton was a deceiver, and his "Complete Angler" is calculated to pervert public morals, and lead the unsuspecting astray. In my opinion it's an overrated book, and ought to be suppressed. It encourages the idea that fishing is a genteel pastime, which affords time for meditation, and cultivates a love for the beautiful in nature.

That this is all nonsense every man knows who ever went a-fishing in his life. I leave it to the sufferers if it isn't. Don't you know that you go out and nearly burst a blood vessel digging worms for bait, and then have to dig a hole as big as a rifle-pit before you can lay your hands on one solitary worm?

Then when you get to the water you very likely sit down on some blackberry bush or other, and undergo nearly as much physical sufferings as you do when you stick the fish-hook into your cuticle when you are trying to put the bait on.

When you once throw in you begin to watch the cork, and you look at it hour after hour, until you nearly go blind, and you think you see about twenty corks, and as it never budges one inch all the time, you conclude that there isn't any fish about, until you pull up, when you find that some well-balanced and insidious member of the finny tribe has sucked all your bait off.

After enough patient endurance to start eight or nine Christian martyrs into life, you get a nibble. Yes, the cork moves slightly, and you think you are at last going to get a fish.

You watch it closely, while your mind runs over the big fish you have heard of. You think of Jonah, of whaling voyages, and of the sturgeons you have seen around on the waves.

Perhaps this is one of large size, and you wonder if you hadn't better go home and get a tray to fetch it.

Suppose you were to catch the sea serpent or a thousand pound snapper? and you involuntarily suggest soup to yourself, while all the time the cork keeps bobbing up and down, until at last she gives one jerk and goes under. Got him, by George! Pull up, and there is a wretched little fish on the hook, that wouldn't satisfy the appetite of a sick sardine, and be cost you just fourteen worms—enough to bait a school of mackerel.

Throw in again, wait for an hour, and you don't get a single nibble.

Then you think you are safe to let go and light your pipe. No sooner do you get the match lit, and you can't throw it down, because it's the last one you've got, than you get a splendid bite; the cork goes clear out of sight, and before you have a chance to pick up the rod the fish gets off.

Any man who says this isn't aggravating ought to die; he isn't fit to associate with ordinary human beings.

But you try to encourage yourself by saying that while there's life there's hope, and that perseverance and patience overcome all things, and by getting off a lot more of old second-class falsehood, and throw in again.

Wait for several centuries, if you calculate according to your sufferings, and never get any bites but one on the calf of your leg from a sixty-legged spider, who has been on an exploring expedition up your pantaloons.

Then you pull out and spit on the bait for luck; may be you blow on it, if you are superstitious, and you throw in and get a bite. You pull up several hundred times and never catch him.

Then you get mad; you believe it is an eel, and you swear to catch that eel or die. You feel that life will be perfectly joyless and destitute of happiness unless you get a chance to put your grip on that eel.

At last you hooked him and drew him out. He is active and playful and vivacious. He is a wriggler, and combines himself into letters S and C and X, and runs through the alphabet generally, and slaps you in the face, and gets around your legs, and covers you all over with slime.

Then he tangles your line into a hard knot, and when you get your foot on him you find that he has swallowed the hook, and just as likely as not you've got to rip that eel clear open from head to tail to get it out, and when you do he will wriggle away from you and annoy you as long as you stay there.

Eels never die; immortality is their strong point, and they lay themselves out to make you abjectly miserable.

When you get all straightened out and throw in again you wait for an hour, but you only get about one first-class bite during that time. You pull up and you have on an enormous fish, and before you get him near the shore he quickly lets go his hold and drops back again into his native element.

It is rough on you, I admit, but when you go a-fishing you've got to take it as it comes without growling.

There is a kind of subdued melancholy about it—a regretful disappointment that it is pleasant.

How interesting it is when you have dropped the last one off, and you get another bite, to make up your mind to get this one anyhow, and then to concentrate all your strength and pull up with a violent jerk, and sling your line back on a tree, and have it wind around the branches as tight as if it had been pulled by a steam engine, and in such a bewildering condition that you can't get it loose in a week.

Quite is calculated to make you use

hard expressions, but not any more so than it is to have your cork drawn out gently and steadily, and go down, down, down until it is out of sight.

"A catfish, most probably," you say; "they always pull in this manner." You draw your line in gently, and the catfish tugs at the other end. "They always do this," you observe.

You pull up slowly, so as to keep him on the hook, and when you get your line out you most probably find an old snag with more branches than the Pennsylvania railroad, and covered with mud, and not a solitary fish in the neighborhood, while all the time there is a boy with a pin-hook and an old hank of twine who is catching them so fast that he can't bait his hook, and the ground is white with them all around him.

I don't advocate violent language; but if there ever is an occasion when the ten commandments should be temporarily suspended, this is it.

A man is legally entitled to relieve his pent-up feelings, and the more so because when he gets up to go home he finds that his fish-hook has caught him by the shirt, and that there is a puddle deep enough to float a canal-boat just where he has been sitting.

Of course you can't go home without fish, to be laughed at, so you go over and try to buy them of the boy, who not only tries to insult you by asking you if you "ketches any?" but feels that he has you in his power, and makes you pay more money than you could buy out a whole oyster-sloop for.

No, I don't see any sport in it, and if I wanted to make a man utterly wretched; if I wanted to hurt his feelings and break down his spirits and ruin his morals, I would get him to go a-fishing about once a week. I approve of abolishing penitentiaries and jails, and making convicts fish for the benefit of the State.

HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT—Five cents each morning. A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family. \$18.25 a year. And this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent, computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet 'tis fifteen cents a day; \$1.05 per week. Enough to buy a wife or a daughter a dress. \$54.60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week; 'twould buy several yards of muslin. \$36.50 in one year. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years; quite a saug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children. \$2.10 a week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109.29 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount, invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man—instead of squandering your extra change, invest in a library or a savings bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonorable grave—take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon.

JAMES BOWIE AND HENRY CLAY.—One day Henry Clay, who had arrived in Frederick, Maryland, by stage coach from Wheeling, met Reverdy Johnson in the street.

"Reverdy," he said, "I have just had an extraordinary acquaintance back here at Cumberland. A man got half my seat in the coach, a little knotty, freckled fellow, and on the next seat were a man and his wife, on the third seat were a couple of big men.

"We had no sooner started and got clear of Cumberland than one of the big men on the forward seat lit a cigar. He puffed and puffed and puffed till in a little while the stage coach was full of strong fumes and the woman grew very sick. She asked her husband to raise the window, and still unable to bear the smoke told him she must lean upon his lap.

"The husband leaned over and said to the big man: 'My wife is sick. Please do not smoke by her side.'

"The big man smoked like a blast chimney and paid no heed whatever. The woman grew fainter and coughed. My blood was boiling, but I knew the man could double me up and throw me out of the window.

"Suddenly the little being at my side leaned forward, pulled a long bowie-knife out of his coat collar, and said to the smoking giant: 'Yes, you d—d son of a pussy cat on the female side! I am James Bowie. Throw away that cigar, or I'll split you into half apples!'

"The man," concluded Mr. Clay, "dropped the cigar like an automaton, and we had not a word spoken for thirty minutes."

A curious story is told of the rescue of a blind horse in Indianapolis by another horse gifted with vision. The sightless beast had wandered into the river and lost his bearings. He was swimming helplessly in a circle when his companion discovered him, and having failed to lead him in the right direction by neighing, went into the water and guided the horse in total eclipse safely to land. The sight was witnessed and cheered by a large number of spectators on the banks.

WOMAN.—It can always be told what sort of a woman a man married by the way he treats the printer. If he gets a common wife he forgets the printer altogether. If he gets a tolerable good wife, he sends in the notice of his marriage. If he gets a very good one, he will send the printers a nice slice of cake accompanying the notice. If he gets an extra one, he will send a nice slice of cake and a bottle of wine with the notice. And if he gets a glorious, angelic creature—all affection and goodness—he is sure to send the printers a nice lot of cake and wine and three dollars for a year's subscription for the paper.

I AM DYING.
The following beautiful poem is taken from the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely we find such contributions to the columns of a newspaper. It is sweetly, beautifully said:

Raise my pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where upon a throne eternal,
Sits his loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood by your wife and bride—
How my heart thrilled with Love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride.
Dreams of thee and all the earth-chords
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.

It has past—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He'll be with you to the end,
There's no shadow o'er the portal
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me cease.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I'm spared them,
Thou'lt then feel that 'twas I'll well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they are sleeping—do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
Till the last night of my life,
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer, when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband;
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw your strong arm 'round our children;
Keep them close to thee—and God!

Miscellaneous Items.

—The caterpillar has arrived in Lee county, Georgia, and creates quite a sensation.

—Kansas City has a bee conjurer. The little honey-makers obey his every command.

—Sixteen divorces were granted in St. Louis last week.

—Augusta, Ga., is shipping ripe peaches to New York.

—The wheat crop of Missouri this year is estimated at 15,000,000 bushels—three times that of any previous year.

—A year ago a young man went to Chicago with \$5,000. He put it all in open lots. Less than a month ago he sold the property for \$60,000.

—Twelve men, engaged in lumbering on Fish river lake, in the Northeastern part of Maine, were recently poisoned to death by drinking tea in which a lizard had been boiled.

—A few days since, a young man residing at Burlington, Boone county, Mo., for the pitiful sum of one dollar, killed a poisonous snake by biting its head off with his teeth.

—Mrs. Yell cowhided Mr. Lay for not performing a promise to marry her. As he wouldn't make her Lay, she made him yell.

—Judge Carpenter has decided that there is no law authorizing the payment of "bystanders" who are summoned to sit on a jury temporarily.

—Sabbath school superintendent asked his scholars if any of them could quote a passage of Scripture which forbade a man's having two wives, whereupon nearly the whole school cried out, "No man can serve two masters."

—If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

—"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough."

"Yes, I did," said Jemmy, "but I didn't start soon enough."

—The question why printers do not succeed as well as brewers is thus answered: Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach—and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains.

—"Bob," said a facetious old farmer to his son, "we had a pretty hard day's work yesterday; now let us have a game of chopping wood."

—The servant of an army officer one day met a crows, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently," answered the servant, "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each others coats; the only difference is, he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

RATHER SAVAGE.—Mrs. Annie Osborn, of Albany, N. Y., has lost her husband, who, it appears, is more under the control of his mother than his wife. The slighted lady publishes the following tender card, in reference to the truant lord of her affections:

"I am anxious to find him—not that I ever purpose stooping so low as to live with him, but as he is 26 years old, I have serious thoughts of assisting his mother to wean him. His stature is five feet eight inches; he has brown eyes, brown hair, moustache and goatee, and is rather good-looking—what I once considered quite the pink of beaux. I wish those gentlemen who have the ruling of things in general, would have the kindness to enact a law allowing people to hang, choke or smother all mothers-in-law who intentionally and maliciously make disturbances between husband and wife."

WOMAN.—It can always be told what sort of a woman a man married by the way he treats the printer. If he gets a common wife he forgets the printer altogether. If he gets a tolerable good wife, he sends in the notice of his marriage. If he gets a very good one, he will send the printers a nice slice of cake accompanying the notice. If he gets an extra one, he will send a nice slice of cake and a bottle of wine with the notice. And if he gets a glorious, angelic creature—all affection and goodness—he is sure to send the printers a nice lot of cake and wine and three dollars for a year's subscription for the paper.

Sharpe & Fant's Column.

A LARGE and beautiful lot of LADIES DRESS GOODS, consisting in part, of Lenos, Poplins, Mozambiques, Organdies, Muslins, &c. We respectfully invite the ladies to call and examine before purchasing, as the most fastidious can be suited, both in price and quality. Just received by SHARPE & FANT.

A LARGE lot of WHITE GOODS, such as Jaconet, Swiss and Nansook Muslins, both plain and striped, for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

A SPLENDID stock of CALICOES and GINGHAM, of all grades and prices to suit purchasers, for sale by SHARPE & FANT.

A LARGE variety of Ladies and Misses HOOP SKIRTS, which are offered very low by SHARPE & FANT.

A VERY large stock of Sheetings, Bleached and Brown Shirting and Drills, Tickings, Domestic, &c., which we offer low. SHARPE & FANT.

A GREAT variety of YANKEE NOTIONS, Gloves and Hosiery suited to the trade, offered very cheap by SHARPE & FANT.

A BEAUTIFULLY selected stock of Ladies' BONNETS and HATS, of the latest styles. Also, Trimmings of every description, for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

A SPLENDID variety of GENTS' WEAR, such as Cassimeres, Satinets, Linens, &c., which are offered at prices to suit purchasers, by SHARPE & FANT.

A GOOD stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, in suits or single pieces, for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

A Large lot of Mens' and Boys HATS & CAPS just received and for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

A Large lot of Trunks and Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels and Umbrellas, for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

A Splendid stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, at prices to suit buyers. SHARPE & FANT.

A Good stock of Saddles, Bridles, Whips, &c., for sale by SHARPE & FANT.

A Splendid assortment of Hardware, Cutlery, Tools, &c., selected with care, just received, and for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

CROCKERY and Glassware not to be surpassed in this market, either in price or variety, just received and for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

FRESH supplies of Groceries of every variety, suitable for this market, just received, and for sale low by SHARPE & FANT.

A Nice lot of Woodenware, such as Buckets, Tubs, Keelers, Kegs, Brooms, &c., just received and for sale cheap by SHARPE & FANT.

A Lot of splendid Bacon and Lard just received and offered low by SHARPE & FANT.

FINE stock of Hemlock and country tanned Sole and Upper Leather, offered low by SHARPE & FANT.

LATEST ARRIVALS!

GET THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY,
Is the Motto of all Prudent People, and this can best be done by making your Purchases or Carrying your Produce to the CHEAP CASH STORE

SULLIVAN, MATTISON & CO.
No. 12 Granite Row,

WHO have a large and complete assortment of Goods in every line, which they are offering at Very Low Prices,
So as to make it an inducement to buyers to pay CASH. All heavy Goods of last year's stock sold AT COST. We have on hand now of the latest styles,

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, Gloves, Hosiery and Notions,
In great variety and at the lowest possible prices.

In Dry Goods, We would call particular attention to our

Mozambiques, Lenos, Poplins, Organdies, Lawns, &c.

WE OFFER A SUPERIOR STOCK OF Groceries, Hardware, Woodware, Trunks, Chinaware, Crockery, &c., &c., &c.

We invite an examination of our stock by our friends and the public generally before purchasing elsewhere.

The highest market price paid for all kinds of country produce.

SULLIVAN, MATTISON & CO.
April 29, 1869 44 3m

Spring and Summer Goods.

I HAVE NOW OPENED A COMPLETE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, Fancy Ware and Groceries,

MY STOCK INCLUDES A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Jaconets, Hats, Mozambiques, Boots, Muslins, Shoes, Delaines, Coats, Calicoes, Pantaloon, Hoop Skirts, Vests, &c.

I can furnish an excellent article of FLOUR at \$12.00 per Barrel, and am now receiving a fine lot of

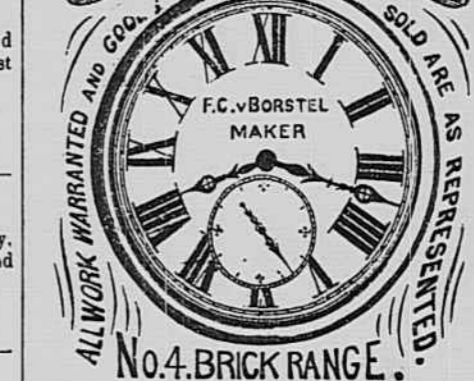
Brade's Scythe Blades, Brade Hoes, Axes, Shovels, Forks, And all kinds of Farming Utensils.

I want it understood by the public at large that no one can undersell me.

M. LESSER, Agent,
3 Granite Row.
April 1, 1869 40

F.C. v BORSTEL.

DEALER IN OF REPAIRER
ALL WORK WARRANTED AND GOOD. SOLD AS REPRESENTED.
No. 4 BRICK RANGE.
Feb 11, 1869 33 1y*



TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned gives notice that he is again established in business for himself, and will take pleasure in receiving calls from all of his old friends, at the store formerly occupied by Wm. M. Osborne, on Mechanic's Row, on the street leading to the Depot. He solicits a share of patronage, and will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Liquors, Family Groceries, Country Produce, &c. E. W. BYRUM.
Feb 4, 1869 32

In Equity—Anderson,
Matthew Broun vs. David K. Broun, et al.
Petition for Distributive Share of Estate to pay Debts, &c.

BY virtue of an order of Court in this case, all persons having claims against David K. Broun, et al., are required to prove the same before me on or before the Thirtieth day of August next, or be debarred the benefits of this suit.

JOHN W. DANIELS, c.t.a.c.
Clerk's Office, Anderson, S. C.,
June 10, 1869. 50-6

TIN SHOP

THOMAS DAWSON,
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

Tinware, Stove Pipe, Guttering, House-Roofing, &c.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF Plain, Fancy and Japanned TIN-WARE,
Constantly on hand, at Wholesale and Retail.

ALSO,
Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

COOKING, HALL, OFFICE and PARLOR STOVES.

I would respectfully call the attention of the public to our Cooking Stove Department. I hope that all those who wish anything in this line will call and see for themselves. I will give the highest price for Beeswax, Old Copper, Pewter and cotton Rags.

THOMAS DAWSON,
North-East corner of Public Square,
Oct 14, 1868 17



PANKNIN'S HEPATIC BITTERS.

THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER.

THEY ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

HEGEMAN & CO.,
AGENTS, NEW YORK.

Manufactured by C. F. PANKNIN,
CHEMIST AND APOTHECARY,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

For Sale by Druggists Everywhere.
Feb 25, 1869 35 1y

CITIZEN'S SAVINGS BANK,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL—\$500,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS!
Deposits of \$1 and Upwards Received.

MECHANICS, Laborers, Clerks, Planters, Professional Men and Trustees can deposit their Funds and receive interest compounded every six months.

OFFICERS:
Gen. WADE HAMPTON, President.
Col. J. B. PALMER, Vice President.
THOMAS E. GREGG, Cashier.
J. C. B. SMITH, Assistant Cashier.
Persons at a distance may send money by Express or Exchange.
April 1, 1869 40 1y

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

Benefit Life Insurance Company,
Of New York.

ALL THE PROFITS TO POLICY HOLDERS.
No Restriction upon Travel or Residence.

POLICIES issued upon all modern and approved plans of insurance, including children's endowments.
Dividends annually to Policy holders.

GREGG, PALMER & CO.,
General Agents for South Carolina.
WM. LEE,
Special Agent, Anderson C. H., S. C.
Dr. T. A. EVINS, Medical Examiner
April 1, 1869 40 1y

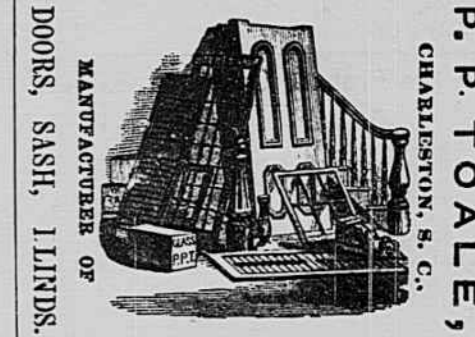
Mutual Life Insurance Company

of New York.
The Largest in the World

ASSETS OVER THIRTY MILLIONS.
Policies Self-Sustaining in Thirteen Years.

All Profits Paid to Policy Holders.
DIVIDENDS PAID ANNUALLY.

GREGG, PALMER & CO.,
General Agents for South Carolina.
WM. LEE,
Special Agent, Anderson C. H., S. C.
Dr. T. A. EVINS, Medical Examiner.
April 1, 1869 40 1y



NOTE.—We would call the particular attention of our friends to the above card. P. P. Toale has a large Factory, and such facilities as enable him to supply the best work of his own make at low prices. A very large and complete assortment always on hand at his Factory, Horbeck's Wharf, near North Eastern Railroad Depot, Charleston, S. C.

N. B.—Orders from the country solicited, and strict attention paid to shipping in good order.
April 8, 1869 41 1y

J. N. ROBSON,

Commission Merchant,
Nos. 1 & 2 Atlantic Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

HAVING ample means for advances, a business experience of twenty years, and confining himself strictly to a Commission Business, without operating on his own account, respectfully solicits consignments of Cotton, Flour, Wheat, Corn, &c. Shippers of Produce to him may, at their option, have their consignments sold either in Charleston or New York; thus having the advantage of two markets, without extra commission.

Bishop Wm Wightman, S. C.; Col Wm Johnston, Charlotte, N. C.; Rev T O Sommers, Tenn; Hon John King, Augusta, Ga; Messrs George W Williams & Co, Charleston; Messrs Williams, Taylor & Co, New York.
April 29, 1869 44 1y