

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

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B. WHERLE,
GREENVILLE, S. C.

**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
SPECTACLES,**
18 & 28 Carat Solid Knapall Rings,
SILVER & SILVER-PLATED
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WORK of all descriptions in his
line done promptly.
Oct 27

GREENVILLE

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THE undersigned have this day
formed a copartnership under the
name of

JAMES HANNISTER & SON,

For the purpose of carrying on the

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PAPER

James Hannister,

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THE Mills are now in excellent

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September 1, 1869. 16-1f

NEW MILLINERY.

MRS. L. T. JENNINGS,

RESPECTFULLY IN-

forms her friends and the

public generally, that she

has just received and

opened a

BEAUTIFUL

AND HANDSOME LOT OF FALL AND

WINTER

MILLINERY,

Which she offers at prices low and reasonable.

Ladies before purchasing their

HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c.

Would do well to give her call, at her old

stand.

Oct 13 21 6m

The State of South Carolina.

GREENVILLE COUNTY.

In the Common Pleas—Equity Side.

THOMAS C. GOWER, Administrator, vs. P.

F. SUDHUTH, et al.—Bill for Sale of

Real Estate, to Pay Debt, &c.

UNDER the Decretal Order made in the

above case, the Creditors of the Estate

of Mrs. MARTHA LOVELAND, are required

to establish the rank and amount of their

claims against said Estate, before the Clerk,

within nine months from this date.

W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P.

Clerk's Office, September 25th, 1869. 9m

Sept 29

E. P. JONES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL

COURTS OF THIS STATE

ALSO,

IN THE UNITED STATES COURTS.

Office Greenville, C. H., S. C.

July 1 7 1y

'OWNES & EAST,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING FORMED

a copartnership in the practice of Law

in Greenville and the surrounding Counties

of Anderson, Oconee, Pickens, Spartanburg and

Laurens, will give prompt attention to all bus-

ness entrusted to them.

Office at Greenville.

G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE

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insertions. Twenty cents more for the number
of insertions marked on them, or they will be
inserted till ordered out, and charged for.
Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements
will invariably be "displayed."
Obituary notices, and all matters tending to
the benefit of any one, are regarded as
Advertisements.

Selected Poetry.

He Leads Us On.

We have seldom met with a more beau-

tifully pathetic little poem than the follow-

ing. There are many hearts that will enjoy

its music and comprehend its meaning:

He leads us on

By paths we did not know,

Upward he leads us, though our steps be

slow,

Though oft we faint and falter by the way

Though storms and darkness oft obscure the

day,

Yet, when the clouds are gone,

We know He leads us on.

He leads us on

Through all the quiet years;

Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts,

And fears,

He guides our steps through all the tan-

gled maze

Of sin, of sorrow, and of clouded days.

We know His will is done;

And still He leads us on.

And He at last,

After the weary strife,

After the restless fever we call life—

After the dreariness, the aching pain—

The wayward struggles, which have proved

in vain—

After our toils are past—

Will give us rest at last.

Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Notes from the Scrap Book of an

Old Physician of Greenville County.

The Irishman—Game Chickens

and Lampers Eels.

A raw Irishman, many years

ago, emigrated and settled in this

section of country. It was a com-

mon custom, at that day and time,

to breed and raise game chickens for

the sport of the pit. The Hiber-

nian was greatly pleased with

the sport, and resolved on having

stock of his own to pit against all

other game of the country. To

this end, he procured a setting of

eggs from a party who was repre-

sented to have the best stock in

the country. The party to whom

he applied, for the fun and amuse-

ment that would most likely grow

out of the application, furnished

him with a setting of duck eggs

instead of game chickens. The

Irishman, on the hatching, was in

ecstasies of joy and delight at the

appearance of his game stock, and

called in his friends and neighbors

to look at them.

"Behold," said he, "what a

large and broad bill they have—

they can bite, and tear all other

till pieces; look at what a broad

and flat foot they have; bejabers

all kingdom come could not trip

them up!"

Suffice to say that he fed and

raised his gamesters to full and

mature age, ready, as he conceived,

for the sport of the pit. On a cer-

tain day, a time was fixed for the

assembling of all who had fighting

game stock, at a public place, to

enter their stock and pay the en-

Story for the Ladies.

A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

The dismal December night was

closing, with starless gloom, over

the spires and chimney tops of the

city—the blinding mist of snow-

flakes was wreathing its white

fall over all, and the wind, mur-

muring sadly through the streets,

seemed to have an almost human

wail in its moan.

"It's an ugly kind of a night,"

muttered Mr. Terry, to himself,

as he buckled his fur closer round

his neck. "And a wind fit to cut

one in two. Hallo! what's this?"

He had very nearly stumbled

over something that looked like a

bundle, crouching at the foot of a

flight of steps in the shadow of a

ruinous old brick archway; but,

as he checked himself abruptly,

the bundle erected itself into some

thing human in shape and looked

at him with wild, human eyes.

"Who are you?" he demanded,

on the impulse of the moment.

"Only me, sir—little Tess."

"Please give me a penny, sir!"

cried the child, suddenly subdi-

ng into the regular professional

whine of her trade. "Only a penny."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't live nowhere, sir—I

skulk round in the alleys."

"Oh you do, eh? and who takes

care of you?"

"Old Tim Daley used to, but he's

took up."

"Sent to the Island, sir."

"Are you a boy or a girl?"

(For the creature's tangled locks

and ragged garb gave no clue to

its sex.)

"I'm a girl, sir."

"You ought to be ashamed of

yourself, begging in the street,"

said Mr. Terry, severely. "Why

don't you work?"

As he approached his own door

a bright child's face peeped out

between the curtains, and as Mr.

Terry entered the cheery sitting-

room, he could not but think with

a remorseless pang of the shiver-

ing bundle of rags under the brick

arch-way beyond.

"It's none of my business," he

thought. "I dare say the police

will pick the poor little elf up,

and take her where she'll be bet-

ter off."

But Mr. Terry's conscience was

less adamant than he had given

it credit for being. It pricked him

sorely as he sat toasting his slip-

pered feet before the bright em-

bers—it whispered to him as he

listened to the lullaby wherewith

his wife was lulling the babe to

sleep upon her breast. Had little

Tess ever known a mother's crad-

le song? And she could scarce-

ly have been six years old, either.

"Where are you going, my

dear?" questioned his wife, as he

rose up suddenly.

"Out into the street. There was

a child—a child there—a little

girl, crouching on some steps—

"A child? Homeless? And on

such a night as this? Oh, Herbert,

you should have brought her here!"

Five minutes afterwards Mr.

Terry was out in the driving

whirlwinds of snow bending over

wife. "We are getting to be old

people, now!"

"I wonder what will become of

Tessora," said Mr. Terry, musing-

ly. "She would make a capital

governess, her education has been

so thorough, or—"

"Father," said Charles Terry,

resolutely, as he walked up in front

of his father and stood with folded

arms. "I can tell you what will

become of Tessora! She is to be

my wife!"

"Charles," said his mother, when

the angry father had jerked him-

self out of the room, "don't waste

your breath in arguing with your

father. Arguments never con-

quered yet, in such a case as this."

"But what am I to do?"

"Have you spoken to Tess, yet?"

"No."

"Wait then—let matters rest. I

will manage it."

So Mrs. Terry gave little din-

ner parties and select soirees, and

brought out Tessora, according to

the regular programme. She made

a sensation. Mrs. Terry had

known that she would. Tessora

was a belle—a queen of fashion.

Suitors congregated around her.

"Well," said Mr. Terry one

night—he was getting wondrously

proud of his adopted daughter's

success in the world of society—

"are you going out to-night, Tess?"

"Yes, papa."

"With whom?"

"Colonel Randolph."

"I thought Charles had taken a

box at the opera for you?"

"I promised Colonel Randolph

first," said Tessora, languidly play-

ing with her tablet.

"And how about to-morrow

night? I suppose Charles could

get his tickets transferred."

"I am sorry, sir, but I am en-

gaged for to-morrow night."

"Mr. Terry rose and walked

restlessly up and down the room.

He was a man much guided by

the opinion of his fellow-men. Tes-

sora must be a treasure, else why