

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

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

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Selected Poetry.

Only.

Only a breaking heart,
Only a little tear,
Only a withered rose, to date
The love-time of my year.
Only a night in June,
Under the twinkling stars;
Under the shimmering, silver moon,
Crossed by its cloudy bars.
Only a hasty word,
Only an angry frown,
Only a lightning glance, to show
Where we laid our love-dream down,
Only a swift resolve
To walk the world alone!
Only a giant point of will,
Changing the heart to stone.
Only a brief farewell,
Only a cold good-bye;
But its weight goes sinking down, and down,
To a long eternity.
And thus it is in life;
We throw our cares aside,
And clasping tight our empty hands,
Drift proudly down the tide.
The falls are just below;
What rock we of the leap?
The dashing waves are all too slow,
Is sinking us to sleep.
Only a choking prayer,
Only a gasping sigh;
But the soul goes sinking down, and down,
To a long eternity.

Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Thecla's Dream—No. 4.
HACIENDA, SALUDA, }
April, 1870. }
*My Dear ******—Lay a ruler on the map of our half of the world, so that the edge will touch St. Louis, in Missouri, and Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, and where the line crosses the River Purus, in the valley of the traditional city of Pitete. The country around about is in full view of the gigantic Andes.—Such grandeur and landscape beauty is seldom found in any country. Here is "the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind;" "herb yielding seed after his kind;" "lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night;" "the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth;" cattle and creeping things;" "there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground."
Seven miles on the road from the city of Pitete—which road was hedged by the cactus which blooms once in seven years—and seven days after Thecla's dream came up from the coast, she rested under a fig tree "in the midst of the garden" and continued dreaming.
Is there a "serpent" here? "I have not seen one," said the black woman. "What is your name?" "Eve," said the woman. "Is it possible you have not seen a serpent in the valley of the Amazon?" said Thecla. "Not one," said the woman. "Where did you come from?" said Thecla. "I was born lower down the valley," said the woman. "I mean," said Thecla, "from whence came your ancestors?" "From North America," said the woman. "Can you tell me the names of all those trees and plants around us?" said Thecla. "Yes," said the woman, "this is the bread fruit tree, this is the grape vine, that is the palm tree, there is the oak." "Stop!" said Thecla—"what day of the week is this?" "This is Wednesday," said the woman. "Well," said Thecla, "those large trees are said to have been brought here by the Jesuites—they are tapering trees." "Will you walk through the garden, I will show you what we have," said the woman. Thecla took out her note book and wrote as they moved along—"apple."
"We have planted it in our botanical garden to prove, that while other trees bear an abundance of fruit, how positively the apple is forbidden in this climate," said the woman. Thecla wrote, "orange, lemon, lime, plantains, bananas, pineapple, brazilnut tree." Passing numerous flowers and shrubs, they reached the kitchen vegetable division—"yams, yuca, potatoes, green peas, onions, garlic, oshalot, cucumbers." A way as far as the eye could reach, Thecla saw fields

of corn, cotton, tobacco, indigo, coffee, sugar cane, pastures lands—boys and girls gathering fruits; men and women all busy at work. The soil rich and clean of weeds; well and deeply worked; hedges trimmed; walks of garden gravelled; beds of "cabbage, tomatoes, melons" moist, and the plants of luxuriant growth. "What State did your ancestors come from?" said Thecla. "Pennsylvania," said the woman. "Then they were free people?" said Thecla. "They were free when they came here," said the woman. "Did you think they were slaves there?" said Thecla. "Yes, I have heard my great-grand mother speak of her great-grand mother's aunt Famey, who was a slave in the county of Philadelphia and lived near the Delaware River," said the woman. "Do you think the people are as happy and prosperous in South America as they used to be in North America?" said Thecla. "We think this is our promised land," said the woman. "Have you any trouble among you?" said Thecla. "Yes, there is trouble among us about the schools. The Brazilians and West India blacks are Catholic, and they object to the Bible in schools," said the woman. "Why?" said Thecla. "The Priest tells them if they place the Bible in the children's hands, the children will soon spit in their parents' faces," said the woman. "Oh—oh—shocking," said Thecla. "The Protestants say the Bible shall be the first book taught in the schools. It is a difficult question to settle; you know the Catholics believe, that if they assist to pave the path towards heaven for others, they are laying up treasure for their own souls. I have a Catholic neighbor who talks to me about it. She tells me that the Catholics think when they are paying tax for schools, with Protestant teachers, they are helping to pave the wrong path," said the woman. "Are there more of one belief than the other?" said Thecla. "They are dreadfully near equal in numbers," said the woman. "What do the authorities say?" said Thecla. "The new President is a Protestant, and believes the Bible should be read every day in the schools to the children. He says the difficulty has been owing to some of the teachers. They are devoting their time to outside issues," said the woman. "What does he mean by 'outside issues'?" said Thecla. "Property and power," said the woman. I hear the bell ringing—walk in, Miss, will you?" Thecla was surprised to find that the dense growth of foliage had entirely shut from view a neat white-washed house, which, as they approached, appeared to present the Spanish style of architecture. They entered a large pair of doors, passed through a patio or hollow square, with paved floor. In the centre flowed a fountain, around which were flowers. Ascending the marble stairs, under the piazza, with slender marble pillars, reaching the upper balcony, a tall, black black man bowed. Thecla remarked to the woman, that he looked like the President. "Yes, Miss, it is he you heard speaking to the people in the Plaza—he is my husband, and these are our two daughters—these are all we have," said the woman. "President Kamrasi, may I ask where you got the plan of this beautiful house?" said Thecla. "I once commanded a merchant ship to Cadiz, and paid a visit to Sevilla. The plan was drawn from a house in Sevilla, said to have belonged to Pontius Pilate. It is Moorish style," said the President. "Mr. President," said Thecla, "will you tell me from what part of the world you are?" "I am descended directly from a set of kings near the Mountains of the Moon," said he. "You had better not speak of kings, now you are a Republican President," said his wife, as she passed into the house. "I am not so proud of my kingly ancestors of Africa, as my wife is of her slave ancestors of Pennsylvania," said the President. "Come, Miss, and take dinner with us," said the lady of the house.
The table was decorated with flowers and fruits, cherimoyas, granadillas, grapes, peaches, pears from the mountain, oranges, bananas, tamarines and figs from the valley. The room was large, cool and remarkably neat. When they were seated, the President offered thanks. The soup was made of turtle from the Madeira River; fish from the Mamore River; wheat bread from the high lands of Peru; mutton from the Puna of Bolivia; cream frozen by snow from the Andes, seasoned with lemon from the garden, and venilla beans from the fields. "You are certainly a self-sustaining peo-

ple," said Thecla. "The great secret of our success," said the President, "is to be found in the economical manners and habits of the people. The country improves without having to drag along with it a system of extravagance, which, as it rains individuals, so does it injure the progress of the nation. The expense of governmental machinery need not increase in proportion to the national growth.—A good locomotive on a good railroad will move along with an additional car load at every depot—any more hot water might burst the boiler," said the President.—"Why is it," said Thecla, "that generally, the expenses of a Republic are so great?" "The root of the evil is at the top of the tree," said the colored citizen. (Here Thecla laughed aloud in her dream, and said, "I wonder if his Excellency is descended from that party in Africa who live up a tree?") "How is that?" asked Thecla. "If you make the salary of the Chief Magistrate of a Republic twenty thousand dollars per annum, you must expect to see every one in office with a proportionate sum; but if you make it ten thousand a year, you may be sure of greater economy all through the different branches of the Government and less taxation," said the President. "Is diamond hunting profitable in Brazil now, Mr. President?" said Thecla. "Yes. All the mineral resources of South America have increased since the free introduction of the black race as a nation on this continent," said the President. "Are you manufacturing clarified sugar for the market?" asked Thecla. "Yes, and we will manufacture cotton. The water power along the eastern slope of these mountains is enormous," said the President. "Mr. President," said the lady of the house, "your allusion in your inaugural address to a ship canal over the Andes in Latitude 15° south, appears to me startling." "Not more so than passing word under the ocean.—The difficulty in making a ship canal from ocean to ocean is at once solved, when there is superabundance at the greatest elevation over which the ship must pass. Lake Titicaca is an up-lifted basin from which the canal may be filled between the locks, where the descent commences on both sides. After that, the locks may be filled from rivers or streams all the way down the sides of the mountains to the sea. When you want to cross mountains in ships, you must have a basin of water on the top of the mountain to float in," said President Mtesa Kamrasi of the Amazonian Republic.
Thecla passed by railroad from the city of Pitete to Cartagena in the Gulf of Darien.
Very truly yours,
LARDNER GIBBON.
Hoimesburg, Philadelphia, Penn.

The first suit under the social equality law of Louisiana, brought against the proprietor of an ice-cream establishment who refused to receive colored applicants for refreshments, has resulted in a disagreement of the jury. It is said that a variety of races were represented among the jurymen, and that a colored juror was prominent in opposing the intentions of the framers of the law, alleging that he himself did not want white men as visitors at colored people's balls, "to come there and take my colored ladies away."
After long and heated discussion, the other jurors agreed to take the opinion of a grave and silent German. He decided that, as it had been evident that the lawyers in the case were at variance upon the law, the justice and the evidence adduced, it could not be expected that a jury which knew far less about such matters, should agree, and this sagacious opinion was adopted as the finding of the jury.
DIANORA FRESCOBALDI, an Italian lady of the sixteenth century, was the mother of fifty-two children. The inscription on her funeral portrait, by Bronzino, in the San Conato collection, says that she never had less than three children at a birth, and there is a tradition in the Frescobaldi family, that she once had six! Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," mentions, as a well attested fact, that a weaver in Scotland had by one wife sixty-two children, all of whom lived to be baptized; and in Abercornway Church may still be seen a monument to the memory of Nicholas Hooker, who was himself a forty-first child, and the father of twenty-seven children by one wife.
CALIFORNIA strawberries are so big they "plug" them to see if they are ripe.

country, and gave a series of readings from his own works in some of the principal cities of the Union. The impression he then created is too fresh in the minds of our people to need mention now. The wealth, and culture, and beauty and fashion of the whole country came out to hear him read and do him honor.
Mr. Dickens' selections from his books for these readings were few in number, and generally chosen for a display of colloquial emotion and humorous conversation. His style of reading was generally pronounced most difficult to criticize. When he stepped upon the stage with that brisk walk which he has been known to keep up all day across country, dressed in the perfection of the tailor's art, a fresh flower in his button-hole, and a pleasant smile wreathing his strongly marked face, there was a personal magnetism about the man that at once placed his audience *en rapport* with him. Men and women wept with him over the woes of crippled Tiny Tim, laughed at Bob Cratchet trying to warm his fingers at the candle, and rejoiced when Scrooge awoke in the blithe Christmas morning restored to humanity. So too he produced all these conflicting emotions when he read of the wrecked scene in David Copperfield, or gave his impecunious Bob Sawyer's interview with his landlady.
One week before he left our shores the newspaper people of New York extended to Mr. Dickens the complimentary banquet, at which he retracted his satire of America contained in American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit, and promised to make publication to that effect, which he did upon his return to England.
His last reading in this country was given in Boston, and he took a farewell of his audience in a tender, regretful little speech that exhibited a real appreciation of his reception in the United States.—Some admirers had decorated his reading stand with a profusion of flowers. Said he, "I kiss the unseeing hands which have complimented me with these beautiful flowers." Two days afterward he left us.
It is said to think that many of Dickens' literary associates are passing away. He was one of that jovial coterie in which Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold and Mark Lemon were comprised by whom the early fortunes of Punch were made. All these brilliant writers and wits have now departed this life.
Notwithstanding that Mr. Dickens was much courted and petted by the aristocracy, he was eminently a man of the people, and never was so brilliant or so irresistible as when ridiculing the airs of some brainless fool who happened to be born to wealth and position. He had a wholesome hatred of "cant" and hypocrisy, but he appears to have been a sound churchman, with a leaning towards what is popularly known as "muscular" Christianity. He was a profound believer in that happiness which springs from good health and good digestion. Nowhere in literature can such pleasant dining parties be found as in his novels. An excellent book on the art of cooking might be compiled from his Christmas stories.
In the death of Charles Dickens humanity has lost a benefactor, who has done much to increase its joys and to redress its wrongs.—His keen satire cut through the hoary armor in which ancient abuses had arrayed themselves, and they were literally "laughed" out of existence. The school boy, the orphan, the pauper, the prisoner, were the objects of his compassion, and dying, he will be remembered by them.
THE REAL GENTLEMAN.—Not he who displays the latest fashion, dresses in extravagance with gold rings and chains to display. Not he who talks the loudest and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Not he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor, and looks with contempt on honest industry. Not he who cannot control his passions and humble himself as a child.—No, none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging—who is ready to do you a favor with no hope of reward; who visits the poor, and assists those who are in need; who is humble and sociable—not revengeful; who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or indecent words. Such a man is a real gentleman, wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low—he is entitled to the appellation.

CONSCIOUS had one divorce to every nine marriages last year.
Death of Wm. Gilmore Simms.
Perhaps there was not a single heart in our city, yesterday, which did not realize with what an apposite beauty, with what a graceful comeliness, and how deservedly rendered, was the offering, as from the turrets of old St. Michael's, the plaintive chimes pealed forth their requiem for the gifted Simms!
"For who had been more filially true to the ancient heir-looms, or which in sacred guard, their sour ones chant, has kept watch and ward! Who, with the loving tenderness of son for mother, had with more pious zeal, more unremitting devotedness, delved in the rich archives of that mother's honored past, and made to glow with the burnish of his pen, the wealth and glories of her storied long ago?"
Mr. Simms' whole life has been one of public contribution. Unaided, with nothing but his own great endowments, his own high prompting, self-educated and self-reliant, he has wrought out a name for himself, in History, Poetry, Imaginative Literature, Criticism, and the broad realm of letters, which, while it rears for him a monument enviable and enduring, reflects its lustre upon the city and State, of whose treasured records he was at once the expounder and adorer. Without any of those important aids which spring from wealth, family-connection, and those auxiliaries which, adventitious, are yet so potent, Mr. Simms qualified himself thoroughly for his work, and with his own right arm, unsealed the oracles, conserved with more than Delphic hedge—proving and earning his title in the great temple of intellect, as Prophet, and Priest and Master.
At five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, 11th instant, Mr. Simms closed his earthly existence. He had just reached his 64th year.
Our departed friend's relations with the Courier, cause his death to come to us, with all the sensibility of a personal affliction.—Over a period reaching through a long vista of years, this journal has been a vehicle through which almost unintermittently, he has held converse high, with our readers, and the people whom he loved.
In the fulness and freshness of our grief, we feel how inadequate must be any tribute we can render to our departed friend! We desire only to commingle our sorrows, and to share in the sympathies, which every where throughout the State, we feel, will outpour themselves, as the sad tidings are announced, that one, who has done so much, so honorably, and so usefully, for the common good, and in promotion of the laudable pride of our people, is gone from us, FOREVER!
[Charleston Courier.]
Hogs—The Black Essex Preferred.
I commenced experimenting with hogs in the year 1849, and have purchased largely of the various breeds celebrated in England and in the North and Western States, including Chester Whites, Suffolk, Yorkshires, Duchesse County, Lincolnshire Whites, Woburn, Chinese, or Guinea, Neapolitan, Black Essex, old-fashioned Berkshires, and the improved Berkshires, known as the Prince Albert or Windsor stock of Berkshires. My experience has taught me that a black hog suits our climate, and our mode of treatment, much better than the white, the latter being more subject to cutaneous and other diseases.
The Black Essex may be classed with smaller breeds of swine, but when fully grown and very fat, can be made to weigh up to 400 pounds net. They are exempt from diseases of the skin, are very thrifty, and can be fattened at any age.
The Prince Albert, or Windsor Berkshires, are becoming very popular in England, Canada, and some of the Northern States.—They have been improved at the Royal Farm at Windsor Castle, England, by selections, and by judicious crossing with the Neapolitan, the original basis of the Black Essex breed. They have but little white on them, have more length than the Essex, and average much heavier weights when fattened, are very active and thrifty, and well adapted to those who desire hams and bacon for family use.—Richard Peters, in Rural Carolinian.
The British crown has seventeen grandchildren to provide for, and it is hoped by a matrimonial alliance, to save them half a crown apiece.
The difference between sealing wax and women—one burns to keep a secret, the other to tell it.

From the Albany Journal.
A Romance in Real Life—A Young Man Loses a Wife by a Foolish Act—Subsequent Happy Reunion.
About three years ago a good-looking, stalwart young mechanic went from this city to accept an advantageous offer in the town of Salem, Washington county. Being unmarried and rather fond of society, it was not long before James West, as we shall call him, acquired a circle of acquaintance that embraced at least all the prettiest girls in the place. After bestowing attentions indiscriminately, thereby causing many hearts to beat with jealous rage and envy, he suddenly became more reserved in his demeanor, and from thenceforth devoted himself to but one, a young lady whose personal attractions were only surpassed by her amiable character and varied accomplishments, named Kate—daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Washington county.—West had evidently heard the admonition that "faint heart never won fair lady," for he pressed his suit with an ardor that soon received its reward, and their engagement was announced.
Six months afterward, on a bright, sunny day in May, the nuptials were celebrated. After marriage they settled down to housekeeping, in a neat little cottage, surrounded with all that a happy young couple could desire, and everything seemed to augur well for a long and tranquil life of domestic bliss.
But in an evil hour their bright hopes were shadowed. A former acquaintance happening to be in the village was met by the young husband, and while recalling old times a social drink was proposed. A faint show of resistance on the part of West, and the drink was taken, followed soon by another. As the liquor mounted to his brain all thought of the sweet young wife at home faded from his mind, and the rest of the night was spent in hilarious debauchery. Poor Kate, having passed a lonely evening, retired to rest, framing a thousand excuses for her husband's absence. In the morning she awoke in an agony of terror at finding herself still alone; and hastily flinging on some clothes, opened the door to go in search of him. Imagine her horror at beholding the one she loved so well lying across the step, besmeared with filth, in the worst stage of intoxication. The sight was so horrible that for a time she was unable to move or act. Then, as if having formed a sudden resolution, she hastily dragged him in, dressed herself, and left the house.
The husband awoke from his drunken stupor shortly after, and, calling for Kate, was astonished at receiving no answer. The thought occurred to him that his conduct of the night before had driven her away. A week passed by, and although the conscience stricken husband made every search and inquiry, no trace of the lost one could be found. A year elapsed, and having given up all hope of ever regaining his lost happiness, the husband threw up his situation, sold his furniture, and came to this city, where he secured employment as a machinist. A few days ago, happening to be in Troy on business, while passing up Second street he came face to face with his wife. The recognition was mutual, and with the old love welling up in their hearts they were once more united. Half crazed at the sight which met her eyes on that fatal morning, she had fled from the house and taken the cars for Troy, fortunately securing a situation in a dress-making establishment, where she preferred remaining rather than be the companion of one who would so imbrute himself.
And now, after being separated for more than a year, they have resumed house-keeping in this city—the husband, on his part, with a firm determination never to do aught that would cause his wife a moment's unhappiness; and she with a desire to brighten their new home with a love that will make it lasting, and full of confidence that he will be true to his word.
PAPER petitions, at fifteen cents retail, are the latest sensation in Boston.
Four colored men were killed by lightning, in Essex County, Virginia, on the 8th.
Two neighboring signs in Philadelphia read James Scott and Jonathan Fell.
A brother and sister have just been executed on the same scaffold at Tullowood, Ireland, for murder.
JERRY LIND is so embarrassed in her financial affairs that she thinks of opening a singing school in Paris.