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Scientific Poetry.

Made Perfect Through Suffering.
Hidden in a hamlet lowly,
Simple, peaceful ways she trod;
Kept her spirit pure and holy,
Found a patient path to God.
From her early girlhood, illness
Blanched the rose upon her cheek;
Hushed her buoyancy to stillness,
Till from pain she could not speak.
In her lonely chamber lying,
Curtained from the gloaming day;
Suffering, sweet and self-denying,
Cheerful passed the hours away.
Ripened thus her spirit's beauty,
Perfected, celestial love,
Conquered life by faith and duty,
Won an angel's crown above.

Story for the Ladies.

PAULINE'S FLIRTATIONS.

"Only eight o'clock! how slowly the time passes!" And Pauline Sedley yawned, as she looked out over the purpling tints of the twilight sea, where now and then the reflection of a star seemed to splash into the waves.
It was a golden August evening, moonless but radiant with the balmy air full of the new-made hay, mingling not unpleasantly with the salt breath of the sea, and the sky all glorious with the dolphin-like hues of the dying day, and Miss Sedley, sitting on the hotel balcony in her white robes of Indian muslin, girded with scarlet, and scarlet verbenas in her hair, made an exceedingly pretty adjunct to the scene. She was a brunette, with a brilliant complexion, all cream and crimson, jet black hair, straight and glossy as an Indian's, and eyes whose melting tenderness was like the dusky glow of tropic stars.
No wonder that little Ralph Montacute, the enthusiastic boy of eighteen, was madly in love with her—no wonder that he hung on her slightest word as an Eastern devotee hangs on the priest's oracular utterance!
"Slowly, Pauline when I am at your side!" he said, a little reproachfully.
Pauline laughed, and turned the diamond and opal rings carelessly round on her finger.
"You are only a child, Ralph," she said, a little disdainfully.
"I am a year older than you, Pauline."
Pauline Sedley reached up to tap his flushed beardless cheek with her fan.
"A girl of seventeen is equal to a man of twenty-seven, any time, Ralph. You're a nice little cavalier, and you dance the polka delightfully; but you are not fairly out of the top and ball phase yet. Now, there is Gnetavus Melville, he's a man—a man who has blushed the bloom off of all the world's temptation, and your cousin, Harry Livingstone, cavalier sans peur et sans reproche! Major Livingstone's magnetic eyes are enough to set any woman's heart ablaze!"
She spoke abstractedly, looking out towards the sea, and apparently quite unconscious that she had an auditor but the far off waves, and the mantling twilight.
"Pauline!" ejaculated the boy, passionately, "I may be young in years, but you have taught my heart premature development. You have no right to speak to me thus, after playing with my affections all the summer!"
Pauline glanced up in astonishment. Finished coquette that she was, she hardly expected this outburst from the most insignificant of her victims. She had encouraged Ralph Montacute's too visible infatuation, simply because it amused her to make a captive of a pretty boy, and now she was as much taken by surprise as would be the fisherman if the writhing trout should find voice to renounce, when the hook was being twisted out of his quivering jaws.
"My dear Ralph, you are talking nonsense," she said, lightly.
"Nonsense! Is it nonsense to tell you that I love you, that my heart has passed irrevocably into your keeping—that life would be a desert without you?"
"Yes—very absurd nonsense! Go back to school, Ralph, or college, or wherever it is, and forget

Montacute started at his cousin's voice.
"You here, Harry?"
"Yes, all alone; sit down beside me, old fellow; why are you not with the boating party?"
"I did promise to make one of them this morning; but—but—somehow I don't feel like it to-night."
Livingstone took his cousin's hand and pressed it with a firm loving grasp.
"I know all about it, Ralph," he said mildly. "Don't be cast down—she isn't worth one pang of memory. The world is wide; life is long—you'll outlive this blow, if you only have patience to wait."
Montacute's head dropped on his cousin's shoulder.
"Oh, Harry, I did love her—I loved her dearly."
"Take courage—she is not worth it."
And the stalwart soldier, soothing away his boy-cousin's woe, was as gentle as a woman, even while he wondered to see that Ralph took it so to heart.
From that day, the gay little world at the fashionable watering place were astonished at the devotion accorded by Major Livingstone to Miss Sedley.
Pauline was more than astonished, she was elated and overjoyed. Major Livingstone was a man who was sought and courted by all the belles of society; a man whose magnetic eyes, as she herself had termed it, and gently modulated voice, were enough to set any woman's heart on fire.
He walked with her; he rode with her; he read poetry to her; golden September twilights until Pauline felt that life beside him was the greatest boon Providence could bestow upon her. She haughtily discarded all other suitors; she cared no longer for ball-room or picnic parties—to her the whole world held but one man, and that man was Harry Livingstone. But still he kept outside of the charmed circle of love-making—he did not propose. And Pauline, counting the days that still remained of "the season," grew almost heart-sick.
"He will propose to-morrow—perhaps the day after," she whispered to herself. "Oh, surely it must come soon."
It was the evening before the departure of the gay party that had enlivened the seaside hotel all summer, and a brilliant ball had been gotten up to celebrate the close of the brief, happy season. Pauline Sedley had dressed for the occasion with unusual care—somehow she felt it was to be a crisis in her life. She wore a lemon colored crape dress on lemon colored silk, like a fair, aureate cloud, and her hair was looped up in shining braids, with slender gold chains. Her toilette, she knew the moment she entered, was a success, by the murmur that pervaded the ball room; and Harry Livingstone's eyes rested upon her face with evident admiration.
But the evening passed away, throbbing its brilliant hours in music and perfume, and Harry never came near her. She had cavaliers in abundance; she was the cynure of all eyes; but he, the man of all men, kept obstinately aloof.
"Take me to the balcony, I am stifling for the want of air," she said, almost pettishly, to a partner with whom she had just glided through a redowa. "I need not detain you longer."
And Mr. Goulderstein, feeling himself abruptly dismissed, left Pauline by the side of Harry Livingstone, and stalked away in high dudgeon.
"Harry," she said softly, with a pleading glance upward into his eyes, "you have not been near me this evening."
"I have been very busy with the companionship of my own thoughts," he said, coldly; "I start for Europe to-morrow morning."
"For Europe?"
"To be gone, I hardly know how many years. I may visit India and the East before I return."
"Harry!"
He bent his head down in cold courtesy.
"I beg your pardon, Miss Sedley—did you speak?"
"You will leave me, Harry?"
"I shall be obliged to leave many kind friends," he answered, indifferently.
There was a cold chill in Pauline's heart—a dizzy blindness before her eyes; but still she commanded herself. With her it was a no idle matter of etiquette; it was a struggle of life and death.
"And you can leave me so calmly, Harry?"
He lightly whistled the bars of a popular tune:
"Hush, hush, of the gay cavalier,
Who loves, and who rides away."

"Harry," she cried, forgetting in the moment of agony all her feminine training, all her womanly impulses. "I thought you loved me! Oh, Harry, I cannot let you go!"
"I am not aware, Miss Sedley, of having given you any encouragement."
"Encouragement," she answered bitterly. "Was it this livelong summer been? What has your whole course of conduct towards me been? Oh, Harry, if you leave me now, you will break my heart!"
"Pauline," he answered sternly, try to recollect a night in August, when Ralph Montacute, pleading for more than life, stood before you. As you said to him, so say I to you now: "One must amuse one's self in a place like this, and you ought certainly to understand the difference between a harmless flirtation and a sober earnest!" I am now holding to your lips the bitter cup which he drank to the dregs. How do you relish the flavor. Miss Sedley, I have the honor to bid you adieu—forever!"
And Pauline was alone in the flower wreathed balcony—alone with the stars shining above, and the sorrowful music of Strauss' waltzes throbbing and moaning within. Truly she had received her lesson!
Harry Livingstone was gone, and she never saw him again.
Pauline was never married.—She is an old maid now with her glorious beauty faded, and her temper irritable and exacting.—Who knows what she might have been, if—
Ah, this world is full of ifs!

Nitro-Glycerine.
Nitro-glycerine is a combination of glycerine (the sweet principle of animal fat) and nitric and sulphuric acids. The process of manufacture is very simple. Take, for instance, one pound of glycerine and ten pounds of the acids and place them in a proper vessel.—The sulphuric acid operates on the rest of the mass, extracts all aqueous matter, while the nitre sinks to the bottom of the vessel, and joins with the glycerine whose destiny carries it there at once.—The result is an oleaginous substance, not unlike castor oil in color, but rather more thick, which, on being washed and thoroughly cleansed from such particles of sulphuric acid as may have remained, is nitro-glycerine. Nitro-glycerine strikes in all directions when it explodes; but the greatest force is always turned toward that point offering the greatest resistance.—Thus, if you should explode a mass of the "oil" (which is "short" for nitro-glycerine) in the center of an empty room, the great force of the explosion would be downward, in the direction of the floor. A cartridge submerged, and having for its base a rock, would act most forcibly on the rock although it would also displace the water.
In removing the obstructions at Hell Gate, it was intended to use nitro-glycerine, in the form of what is known as silicious powder; but as it was lower in a frozen condition, the experiment was a failure. At some future day, there is no doubt that this explosive, which is thirteen times more powerful than gunpowder, and is, moreover, capable of being exploded at the bottom of the sea, it need be, will be used in this great work.
Although nitro-glycerine has been in use for so short a time it has already been used with great success in war. In 1864, during the war of the Austrians and Prussians against the Danes, a detachment of three hundred British troops retreated to Alsen, a small island which a great battle had just been fought, and were besieged by 26,000 of the allied troops.—But the Danish engineers had undetermined all of the approaches to the town with nitro-glycerine, the town and the mines being connected by electric wires, and the immense force was kept at bay for three days. In the Russian war, the nitro-glycerine torpedoes kept the French and English ships out of the harbor of Cronstadt. These torpedoes were so constructed as to explode either by concussion or electricity, and it would have been a bold sailor who would dare to approach a harbor so guarded.—Experiments have frequently been made to see if nitro-glycerine could not be made available as the explosive power for shells, but little success has been attained. It has been found that the heat and concussion caused the sensitive oil to explode before the shell had left the mouth of the cannon.—Experiments were tried with "cushioned" shells—those containing some soft substance between the nitro-glycerine and the iron—but this also failed.
Notwithstanding the discouragements which have beset the introduction of the new explosive, it has persistently worked its way into favor with practical men, and there is now scarcely a large public work in this country where it is not used. As time progresses, inventive minds will devise even more ingenious methods of using it than these now in vogue, and it is safe to predict that within a short period, gunpowder will be forced to give way to this more potent rival.

A REGULAR ROGUE.—Old Ben Hughes, who used to live near Halifax Court House, Va., and who has now been dead some few years, was a rogue after the natural kind. Ben served his time in the penitentiary, and then at last he died like "any other man," at home in bed. Ben used to tell a right good thing on himself. He couldn't help stealing a thing to save his life; if he ever got near it and nobody was looking, it "went up." One night he was out 'possum hunting and got lost in the woods; he wandered about, and at last came to his own spring, but he didn't know it, and he left a big iron pot his wife had been washing in. He stole his own pot and took it off till he got in the big road for home, and then he hid it off the side of the road in some bushes. The next washing day Ben's wife reported to him that some one had stolen her pot. Ben thought the matter over a bit, and finally sneaked down to the woods and brought the pot back. He was a constitutional thief.

Black-eyed Peas an Improver of the Soil.
So many instances have recently come to our knowledge of the redemption of worn out lands by black-eyed peas, that we think the fact worthy of publication. The tap-root of this pea is remarkably energetic, never stopping until it finds the food it is searching for.—Obstacles like stone or vacuum, often found in the substratum of porous, gravelly soils, which obstruct clover and other tap-roots, do not stop this pea. It passes around and through them all, if its food is father on or beyond these obstructions; and it is in this way flat, craw-fishy, poor lands are enriched by it. There is a piece of land in our neighborhood which was so poor it literally produced nothing, and which, by three crops of peas, without the use of any fertilizer whatever, has been made to produce fine crops of wheat and corn. This land having a porous, gravelly substratum, letting everything in the shape of manure pass through it, beyond the reach of every kind of crop, except the black-eyed pea could not be improved in any other conceivable way; for even covering it over with stable manure (which was done) proved beneficial to only one crop. The great advantage of the pea as an improver is that it is remunerating at the same time it is improving. There is another pea called the white-eyed black pea, which is also a remarkable improver of the soil. A few years ago, a gentleman in this neighborhood, after cutting his wheat, (which was seven bushels to the acre,) he fore stacked it, sowed, broadcast, on the stubble, this latter named pea, and put it in with small ploughs. At the proper time to seed, he turned under the peas, and put in his wheat in the usual way. The following year, he reaped twelve bushels of wheat per acre. He sowed the peas again, and seeded the wheat crop just as he had done before; when the following season he reaped sixteen bushels of wheat per acre. He repeated the same system, and reaped twenty-two bushels per acre; and finally sowed the peas the fourth time, and harvested twenty-five bushels per acre.—Now, if such facts as these should be disregarded, and farmers go on in the same old track, spending nearly all they make in fertilizers, we cannot help it. The facts are before our readers, and if they wish to know the names of the gentleman referred to, to whom we are indebted for the experiments, we will give them to any who may desire them. We consider this fact worth many millions of dollars to the State of Virginia.

Clover and Peas Contrasted.
In those parts of the country where clover is raised with difficulty, peas of various kinds grow well, at small expense and with great profit. In parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland and in the Valley of Virginia, clover requires no other preparation than that made for the wheat crop, on which it is sowed in the month of March. This sowing is often done very carelessly, by men walking by guess across a large field, distributing the seed with as much regularity as they can with the thumb and two fingers. It is strange how so many seed find lodgment suitable and come up. Often large fields are well set by sowing one gallon per acre, managed in this way. We will say to our readers in the South, where peas thrive, that clover is not so valuable a crop as the pea. As a fertilizer, the pea is incomparably the best. The hay which the clover affords, unless it is well mixed with some other kinds of grass, is not the best for stock of any kind.—Indeed, clean, fresh, wheat straw is preferable for horses, and corn fodder, we know by actual experiment, is better for cows. On the other hand, the peas, which may be gathered without impairing the fertilizing effects of the crop, are more valuable for hogs and sheep than the hay is for the other stock; and if this were not a fact, the pea should be raised to fertilize the soil; for, so far as we can learn, its qualities as an improver do not change by repetition. But the clover, after using it many years, does not improve the soil as it did at first. The tap-root, in which consists the clover's main improving power, after a few crops, seems to be unable to find in the subsoil the plant food, which was abundant at first. We published in this paper on the 24th of June last, an article on the black-eyed pea and the white-eyed black pea as a fertilizer; and in it we gave the result of an experiment made in this neighborhood some years ago. The pea was sowed after harvest, on the stubble, and put in with small plows. They were turned under at the usual time for seeding wheat, and the crop which followed was an increase of more than one hundred per cent. over the preceding one. The same course was pursued after this harvest, and it was continued for four years, with the same remarkable results; the first crop being four bushels of wheat per acre, and the fourth twenty-seven bushels. No fertilizer of any kind, but the pea, was used. A case, remarkably similar, we met with a few days ago; which we published below. These two experiments prove enough to induce every farmer where the pea thrives to adopt the plan with confidence.
We desire to give our agricultural friends the result of a careful experiment, made by a planter in Guinnett county, to encourage them to make similar efforts.—Our Guinnett planter had a piece of old exhausted land, twenty acres of which had been lying in broom sedge for a number of years. This he broke deep with a turn plow in the summer, and in the succeeding fall put down in wheat. The crop, carefully measured, was a little less than four bushels to the acre.
As soon as the wheat was cut, he sowed peas, at the rate of two bushels to the acre. Early in October, the peas were turned under with a deep furrow, and a few weeks later, wheat was sown and carefully harrowed in upon the pea sod. The yield from the crop was nine bushels to the acre, a little more than double the first year's crop.
The field was again sown in peas, as soon as the wheat was harvested, and turned under as before, in the fall, and wheat sown upon the soil. The yield this year was seventeen and a half bushels.
The fourth year, with the same treatment, he made twenty-seven bushels, and this (the fifth year), the crop bids fair to make forty bushels.—Nothing had been applied to the land as a fertilizer, except the pea, and we find that in five years, with the cow pea alone, the production has increased ten fold. This actual experiment speaks more for the pea than any argument which we could make.
We trust some of our planting friends will be induced to try the pea on the next crop of wheat, and let us know the result of their experiment.—*Chronicle and Sentinel, Augusta, Georgia.*
A SENOXY School teacher asked a little fellow if he had learned anything during the week. "Yes," said he. "What is it you have learned?" "Never to trump your partner's ace."