

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

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

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 23, 1870.

VOLUME XVII—NO. 27.

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

Subscription: Two Dollars per annum.
Advertisements: Inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve lines (the solid type) or less for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.
All advertisements must have 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 insuring to the benefit of any one, are regarded as Advertisements.

Secreted Poetry.

Saturday Night.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky west,
And curfew clocks with measured stroke
Chime in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lay,
The knee come up with tinkling bells,
Through all the loamy ways,
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruby ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops,
The smith the silent anvil leaves,
His ringing axe the joiner drops,
No more the weaver weaves,
His loaded wain the pedlar props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm—
As if the week-day work and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm—
Pervade the quiet air—
A sense of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the hours of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier hours above.

God help us all, since here below
Few Saturdays are ours at best,
And out of pain and earthly woe,
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God grant us that we yet may know
The Sabbath of the best.

Oats vs. Corn.

Assuming it to be the true policy to raise our own provision crops, and thus save the money that would be required to buy them, the inquiry naturally arises, which are the safest, surest and most profitable of these crops to grow?

It is an indisputable fact, that the cotton growing part of the South (by comparison with more northern latitudes) is not a good grain growing country. The climate is against us. The usual droughts in June and July are destructive to corn crops. I may safely assert that in more than one year out of five the drought cuts off the corn a fourth, a half, and sometimes causes an almost total failure. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is cheaper to make it than to buy it, pay the costly transportation on railroads and the hauling from depots, at the heavy expense of wear and tear of mules, etc., beside the loss of the side product of fodder, shucks, and the run of the fields; therefore, it is important that we make our own corn, but with the drawbacks arising from our climate, it is not amiss to ascertain if oats may not, to a great extent, be substituted as the surest, safest and most profitable feed crop.

Heretofore, the oat crop has had but little attention, and then only to make up the deficient corn crop of the previous season, and sown on our poorest fields, without manuring, reserving the best lands and manures for the corn and cotton crops. The result generally is (what might be expected) a light yield.

At the risk of being considered tedious, I will relate my own experience.

For the past sixteen years I have cultivated my present farm. Originally, it was thin, piney woods land, and had been in cultivation about twenty years before I came in possession, and was well exhausted by the usual careless scratching system. During the sixteen years I have operated the farm, with liberal manuring and careful cultivation, I have had only two good corn crops, making respectively twenty four and twenty-five bushels per acre, manuring well each year. I have for the past fourteen years experimented with oats, beginning with seeding five pecks to the acre, and no manure, resulting in crops hardly worth cutting. By manuring with one hundred pounds guano to the acre, I succeeded better, getting an average of twenty bushels to the acre. Since, I have gradually increased the seeding, and for the past two years have sown three bushels of oats to the acre, with fifty pounds flour of bones and fifty pounds Soluble Pacific Guano, plowed in together, and a top dressing of one hundred pounds Peruvian per acre, about the middle of February, resulting in thirty-five bushels clean fanned oats per acre, besides losing full

five bushels per acre by allowing them to stand too long. I sowed it as is known here as the non-rusting and non-smutting oats, and during the time (about twelve years) I have cultivated this variety, they have neither smutted nor rusted. (I have no seed to sell, having sold all I could spare this year.)

My experience is, that I get, with the same manuring, about three times as many bushels of oats per acre as I can of corn, on an average.

I obtain this result with very much less labor. My oats, which I sowed in October, November or December, are ready to cut the last week in May, up to the first of June. Those I sowed after Christmas, about the 10th of June.—They mature before the summer droughts, while corn is still subjected to them.

Oats are better food for horses and mules than corn. With half a peck of oats and one bundle of fodder, or equivalent in hay, three times a day, my horses and mules keep in fine condition—hair glossy, and since they feed exclusively on oats, have not had a case of colic or any disease among them.

My plan is now: Fifty pounds flour of raw bones, fifty pounds Pacific Guano, sown on the grass or stubble, and three bushels oats plowed in with a turn plow, not deeper than to turn the stuff under. I then cross it with a harrow, (a brush can be substituted,) then roll with a pretty heavy roller, then a sack of Liverpool salt to the acre, (the rolling and salt to prevent winter killing,) and one hundred pounds Peruvian Guano top-dressing, the middle of February.—By this manuring I hope and expect to get fifty bushels. In some cases I am substituting fifty bushels cotton seed in lieu of the flour of bones and Pacific plowed in; the top-dressing not to be omitted. The cost of this high manuring will be, including salt, about twelve dollars per acre; salt omitted, nine dollars. W. H. Y.

P. S.—I find that, by sowing a less quantity than three bushels seed to the acre, I get a coarse, heavy straw, while three bushels of seed gives the heavy yield of oats. The straw is finer, and my mules and cattle feed on it well.

[Southern Farm and Home.]

A Battle in the Clouds.

The following extraordinary statement appears in the *Nonvelles du Jour*, a Belgian paper. It is contained in the note to that journal by one of its correspondents at the seat of war, which note was conveyed by a carrier pigeon:

Paris, October 1.

Nadar returned yesterday to Paris. His return was not, however, effected without much trouble, although his balloon was directed by a good wind and favorable currents since his departure from Tours. But let me relate the particulars of his voyage in chronological order. He left Tours at six o'clock of the morning, and arrived in view of Paris at eleven o'clock, floating about three thousand metres above the Fort of Charenton. At the same time as the *Intrepide*, which was the name of M. Nadar's balloon, appeared in sight, a second balloon was seen in the same direction. M. Nadar waved a long streamer with the French national colors. Immediately afterward a national flag floated from the car of the other balloon. Loud "hurrahs" and cries of "Oest Durouff" from the garrison of the fort greeted the appearance of the two aeronauts, whose balloons gradually approached. Suddenly, and when at a short distance from each other, a loud report was heard in the air, followed by a series of explosions. These were at first supposed to be triumphal signals or demonstrations, until M. Nadar was observed to fling himself into the netting of his balloon and to cling to its sides. During this time the other aeronaut continued discharging shots at M. Nadar and his balloon. The *Intrepide* was descending rapidly, and it appeared evident to the spectators below, that some incomprehensible event had taken place above. But mark what the French flag of the neighboring balloon came to. It was withdrawn, and a black and yellow standard was observed to be floating in its place. All was explained. "Trenson."—"It is a Prussian balloon." "He has fired on the *Intrepide*," were the cries that burst simultaneously from the French people. Nadar was supposed to have been lost.—His balloon was falling quickly, and had once more nearly reached the earth, when M. Nadar was observed busily engaged in casting out ballast. Thereupon his balloon recended, and M. Nadar was seen again to climb up the net-work,

and by a marvellous effort, to stop a hole in his balloon made by the shots of his adversary. The *Intrepide* then became the assailant, several shots having been fired by M. Nadar at the Prussian balloon, which suddenly whirled about and fell to the ground with giddy velocity. As soon as it reached the earth a detachment of Uhlans, who were in the plain, and who had been following the aerial combats throughout this exciting struggle, rushed forth, and surrounding the balloon, received their champion—God knows in what condition. They then hastened off at full speed to the Prussian advance-post. In the meantime, M. Nadar safely descended at Charenton, where he is still at this moment.

The Author of "Sweet Home."

As I sit in my garret here in Washington, watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of John Howard Payne, author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I often spent whole days in his apartments. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed.

What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to all the humiliations of office seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the street. Once in awhile we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that he would stop, and then pass silently on.

On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he, once, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread."

This would be the complaint of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad—"Have you got your consulate?" said I.

"Yes, and I leave in a week for Tunis; I shall never return."

The last expression was not political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized; he died at Tunis. Whether his remains were brought to this country I know not, they should be, and if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for an inscription like the following:

HERE LIES

J. HOWARD PAYNE,

The Author of "Sweet Home." A wanderer in life, he whose songs were sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart,

NEVER HAD A HOME.

HE DIED

In a Foreign Land.

LEARN INFLUENCE ON VEGETATION.—The influence of the moon on vegetation, according to a correspondent of the *Keene* (N. C.) Sentinel, may be determined by trying the following experiments:

Take any given quantity of common peas, and divide the same into four parts, keeping them separate. Then, on any ground at all fit for vegetation, when the season approaches, sow the contents of the first parcel on the first or second day of the new moon; the second parcel sow near the same spot on the first or second day of the second quarter; the third parcel sow on the second or third day before the full moon; and lastly, sow the fourth parcel on the second or third day before the moon is out. Now the first parcel, sown under the new moon, will grow very fast, blossom most beautifully, but will not bear much fruit; the second will blossom and bear very little; the third parcel will not only fruit most beautifully, but will bear fruit in abundance; and the fourth and last parcel will scarcely rise from the ground. Likewise all fruit trees set at the new moon blossom, but never bear much fruit; while those set three days before the full moon bear abundantly. In pruning trees, the same effect takes place, for a tree pruned at the new moon will shoot forth branches, but will prove unproductive, but if pruned at the full it will bear abundantly.

The Political Conference at Columbia.

A conference of representative men from various sections of the State was held in Columbia, according to appointment, on Friday night last. Besides the resident members of the Executive Committee of the Reform party, there were present a number of substantial citizens who had made themselves acquainted with the drift of public opinion in general, as well as with the desires of the people in the counties in which they live.

The object and purposes of the conference having been explained by the chairman, each member of the conference was, in turn, invited to express his views. This was followed by a general discussion of the political condition of the State, the result being a disposition to indicate for adoption a line of policy which, it is hoped, will be acceptable by all our people. That policy will develop itself as rapidly as circumstances admit, but we may state, by authority, what are its leading and most important features.

The conference gave no hint, and had evidently no thought, of receding in any way from the recognition of accomplished facts which was the foundation of the Reform movement. It was assumed and expressed, that those who supported the Reform party in the canvass now ended had accepted its platform in sincerity and good faith, and had no dishonorable purpose of breaking, in the hour of defeat, the solemn pledges which were expected to smooth the way to victory. There was, also, an unequivocal determination to support and encourage the colored men who, by their conduct at the recent elections, had proved, at once, their manliness and honesty of intention. The conference also made it manifest that a cordial greeting would be extended to every colored man who, in the future, should array himself against the unprincipled adventurers who seek their own fortune in the ruin of the State.—An ample consideration was given to the subject of the funds perpetrated by the Radical party at the State elections, and measures were taken for bringing all offenders, as far as possible, before the civil tribunal.

It was deemed necessary that the people should continue to be organized throughout the State, but, at the same time, the conference as one man, declared its determination to use every exertion in discountenancing open and secret violence, and in maintaining good order and peace. Upon this point there was absolutely no difference of opinion, and the expressions of the several members were as positive and as deliberate as the most conservative citizen could desire.

The action of the conference was temperate and harmonious, and has our entire approval. To abide by the principles which were advocated by the Reformers in the late canvass; to protect the colored men who were intelligent enough to know the right, and honest enough to do it; to welcome all colored men who desire to enter the Conservative ranks; to calm the public mind, and pursue even a firm, wise and temperate course—this, in our judgment, is, at this juncture, the only policy calculated to restore public confidence, and to make certain the ultimate redemption of the State.—And this, as we understand it, is the public policy which the Columbia Conference would recommend for the adoption of the people.—*Charleston News.*

THE ELOQUENCE OF DEERS.—Said Thoreau, "If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right." A great truth well put.—Error is often attempted to be put down by argument. Live it down. Prove the superiority of truth by acting the truth. Let it speak for itself. This is the Book of Evidence of Christianity which the world most needs. We have learned and powerful treaties, but holy and loving lives are more convincing than whole libraries of logic.—A faithful, devoted, sympathizing, consistent Christian, is an unanswerable argument. Infidelity cannot confute it. There are many in our churches who excuse themselves from active labor in the cause of Christ on the ground that they have no talent for talking.—Then cultivate a talent for doing. Do Christianity. Pastor and brethren will all let you off from "speaking in meeting" if you'll live better than those who talk.

Sorrow's best antidote is employment. Beauty devoid of grace is like a hook without a bait.

How to Get on in the World.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts.

2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts.

3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged the lowest possible price for your goods, never delay to pay your debts.

4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts.

5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts.

6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your accounts, pay your debts.

7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted, and pay your debts.

8. If you wish to aid in circulation of money, never let cash remain by you, you ought to pay your debts.

9. If you wish to do to others as you wish them to do to you, you ought to pay your debts.

10. If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying and making false excuses, pay your debts.

11. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts.

12. If, in the expectation of death, you would like to leave your affairs in a satisfactory condition, pay your debts.

13. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts.

14. Should your debts be ever so old, or should you have "taken the benefit of the act," if you have the means, you are not a just man, unless you pay your debts.

To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice: Let your food, living and equipage be plain and not be costly; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor, and never keep it in the house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be careful as to speculations, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never aspire to be a share holder in banks, railways, &c.; have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character; to be determined to refuse all offers of partnership; be careful as to lending money, or being bound with others; avoid all law-suits; keep your books posted, and look well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry—if you observe these things, you will be able, with God's blessing, to pay your debts.

Killed at a Tournament.

The True Georgian gives the following account of the sad death of a "knight" at the recent tournament at Atlanta:

We are pained to chronicle the death of our friend and esteemed fellow citizen, M. E. Kenney, Esq., who was killed at the Fair Grounds, where he was contending for the prize in the grand tournament as one of the knights. We were within a short distance of him when the horrible accident which deprived him of life so suddenly took place. Mr. Kenney had just finished a gallant run at the head and rings, and was riding back to the starting point in company with Mr. Hightower, of Griffin, a brother knight, when, in a friendly spirit of emulation, both engaged in a race for a short distance. Mr. Kenney was riding a very wild horse, and when near the point where the horses of the waiting knights were grouped, a loose horse ran across the track. Mr. Hightower's horse collided with the animal, and he was thrown from his horse, severely injuring himself. Mr. Kenney's horse shied, and ran with fearful force against the fence, throwing his rider over it down the embankment. Mr. Kenney struck with his head against a stump, which inflicted a deep and fatal wound over the left eye, fracturing his skull, and producing death in about three minutes. When Dr. Godfrey hurried to the spot, he found the heart still beating, but all attempts to save his life failed. His remains were placed in a wagon and taken to his home in the western part of the city, accompanied in mournful procession by the knights, in their uniforms, in a body.

Our own company we cannot avoid; we should make it as good as possible.

The fairest action of human life, is scoring to revenge an injury.

Time is always time enough to boast—wait a little longer.

Sleep and Death—A German Fable.

The Angel of Slumber and the Angel of Death, fraternally locked in each other's arms, wandered over the earth.

It was evening—they reclined upon a hillside, and the inhabitants of men were not far off—a sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell of the village was hushed. Still and silent, as is their manner, the two beneficent genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on.

Then the Angel of Slumber rose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand the invisible slumber-seeds. The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied husbandmen, and forthwith sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages, from the gray-haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains; the unhappy his sorrows; the poor his cares—every eye was closed.

And now, his benign labors being ended, the kind Angel of Slumber lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother, and said, cheerfully:

"When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh, how sweet it is to do good unseen and in secret! How delightful is our duty!"

Thus spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death looked upon him with silent sorrow, and a tear, such as immortals shed, gathered in his large dark eye.

"Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like thyself, rejoice in their gratitude. The earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother," replied the Angel of Slumber, "will not the good when they awaken own thee as their friend and benefactor, and will they not bless thee? Are not my brothers and messengers of our father?"

Thus he spake. The eye of the Angel of Death sparkled, and he clasped his brother more fondly in his embrace.

Wars of the Century.

Turning over the annals of the seventy years which have elapsed since the advent of the nineteenth century, we are met with the fact that war has existed almost continually in some of the civilized nations of the earth. Thus a statistician states that England alone has waged forty-nine wars since 1800. Of these, there have been three with France, two with Russia, five with China, two with Denmark, two with Holland, two with Turkey, two with Burmah, two with Persia, one with the United States, one with Prussia, one with Spain, one with Sweden, one with Portugal, and one with Egypt; the others were mostly waged in India, New Zealand, and Abyssinia. During the same time France has engaged in thirty-seven wars, viz: Four with Austria, three with Russia, three with Prussia, (including the present war) three with England, four with the Arab tribes, two each with Mexico, China, Spain, Holland and Turkey, and one each with Portugal, Hayti, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Algiers, Morocco, Paraguay, Japan, and the Roman Republic. Russia shows a list of twenty-one wars. Austria twelve, and Prussia seven. All these wars were waged by the leading powers of the Old World, and do not include the many revolutionary movements suppressed at an immense expenditure of blood and treasure. Among the half civilized and barbaric inhabitants of Asia and Africa, war has been waged without cessation, albeit the victims of this terrible scourge have been far less in number than among more civilized people. On this continent, the dread evil has been quite as often felt. In Mexico and South America, there has been a constant succession of wars, while our own country has been "deluged with fraternal blood," and has been almost incessantly engaged in wars with the Indian tribes. With the human race, therefore, a state of war seems to be the rule, and a state of peace the exception.—When, if ever, will these conditions be reversed.

TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Most people in cleaning lamp chimneys, either use a brush made of bristles twisted into a wire, or a rag on the point of scissors.—Both of these are bad; for, without great care, the wire or scissors will scratch the glass as a diamond does, which, under the expansive power of heat, soon breaks, as all scratched glass will. If you want a neat little thing that costs nothing, and will save half your glass, tie a soft piece of sponge the size of your chimney to a pine stick.

Astonishing Aztec Ruins—Altar Fires and Skelton.

Advices from Santa Fe state that Governor Army, the Special Indian Agent for that territory, has found the Canon de Cholley, which was explored for twenty miles. The party found canons whose walls tower perpendicularly to an altitude of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet, the rock strata being as perfect as if laid by the skilled hands of a mason, and entirely symmetrical. Among these ruins were found deserted ruins of ancient Aztec cities, many of which bear the evidences of having been populous to the extent of many thousand inhabitants.

In one of these canons, the rock walls of which rose not less than 2,000 feet from the base, and whose summits on either hand inclined to each other, forming part of an arch, there was found, high up, between the rocks, the ruins of Aztec towns of great extent, now tenantless, desolate. In each of these rocky crevices there is a state of good preservation a mass of stone, about twenty feet square, containing one bare and gloomy room, and a single human skeleton. In the centre of the room were the evidences that fire had once been used.

The only solution of this enigma yet ventured, is that these solitary rooms were the altar places of the Aztec fires; that from some cause the people at a remote period were constrained to abandon their homes but left some faithful sentinels in each instance to keep alive the flame that, according to the Indian tradition of these regions, was to light the way of Montezuma again to his people—their hoped-for Messiah and their Eternal King. A close examination of many of the ruins proved that the builder must have been skilled in the manufacture and use of edged tools.

Who these people were, whence they came, or whether they have gone, is now one of the mysteries to remain eternally unsolved.—Some of the ruins are reported to be stone buildings seven or eight stories in height, being reached by ladders planted against the walls. Round houses, twenty feet in diameter, built in the most substantial manner of cut stone, and plastered inside, were also in excellent preservation. Astonishing discoveries have been made of gold and silver regions, richer than yet known on this continent. They are supposed by well informed persons to be the east mines, of which tradition has handed down the most marvelous tales, and the mines themselves discover unmistakable evidences of having been worked ages ago.

HOW MUCH WHEAT FOR A BARREL OF FLOUR.—The question—"How much wheat does it take to make a barrel of flour?" is often asked, and the answer is of a general character, "Five bushels are allowed." At the annual fair of the Dubuque County Agricultural Society, in 1866, a premium of \$30 was offered for the best barrel of flour made from winter wheat, and also the same made from spring wheat. A firm entered one barrel of each, accompanied with the statement that sixteen bushels of winter wheat yielded three barrels and one hundred and three pounds of flour—at the rate of four bushels and fifteen pounds of wheat to the barrel. Of spring, fifty bushels yielding eleven barrels of flour, being four bushels and thirty-two pounds to the barrel. The wheat was of a fair quantity and no more.

[Michigan Farmer.]

THE DRY EARTH TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.—The Philadelphia Star says: Dr. Hewson, a well known physician of this city, and an advocate of the "dry earth treatment of wounds," concerning which there was such a lively discussion some months ago, in the case of the lamp-homicide of Annie Peoples, has continued this method of treating wounds with very favorable results. In a late medical journal he cites a case of compound fracture of the leg, the limb being kept at rest by means of sand bags. In the absence of these, dry earth was substituted, which had the effect of entirely dispelling the offensive odor of the wound, and their use was continued with most happy results; the earth was changed every three or four days. Again, he states that a man affected with scurvy which had resisted all other treatment, was entirely cured by being buried up to the neck in soil for about 20 minutes.