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

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Selected Poetry.

It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bird will rust and growl
And strike the brass blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shrink
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.
It never pays to wreck the health
In struggling after gain,
And be the soul who thinks that gold
Is heaven's bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A easy one,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not of contentment bring.
It never pays to blurt a refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

Le Due De Reichstadt.

There was no Napoleon II. In 1822, when the resumption of the Empire by Louis Napoleon made some title necessary, he chose, consistently enough, to falsify history by dubbing the son of Napoleon Bonaparte "King of Rome," was christened Francis Charles Joseph, and died Austrian Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II. It was a trick. There was no foundation for it. After the reverse of 1814, when the Emperor abdicated in favor of his son, had that son succeeded even for a day, there would have been a Napoleon II. But he did not. The abdication was not accepted. It was never admitted even by the allies nor claimed by the French Government. But it answered the purpose of Louis Napoleon to make his dynasty appear to be of unbroken descent; and, hence, interposing a mythical sovereign between himself and the founder of his family, he assumed the crown as Napoleon III.

The mother of the Duke of Reichstadt was the Archduchess Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of Emperor Francis the Second. When she succeeded Josephine, she was in all the brilliancy of youth. Her figure was of perfect symmetry, her complexion, as she entered Paris, heightened by her journey and her timidity, clear white and red, her eyes alive with vivacity, her hair of a chestnut color and profuse, and her whole person full of health, indicative of ingenuousness and innocence. She spoke several languages. She was an excellent musician, and was accomplished in drawing and painting. Brought up with feelings of dread toward the man who had been so terrible an enemy toward her family, she looked upon herself when the marriage was projected as a victim devoted to the minotaur. Her married life seems, nevertheless, to have been happy. Upon the birth of their only child, the King of Rome, Josephine herself shared in the general joy. She presented a ring, valued at 20,000 francs, to the messenger who brought the tidings. Once at the Trionf she was permitted to see the infant prince, and, lavishing upon him her caresses, said: "Alas, that I was not destined to realize the hopes of the Emperor!" As the child grew, he was the object of tenderest solicitude to the Emperor. Whether seated on his favorite sofa by the corner, perusing dispatches at his desk, or holding dandies with officers of State, the child was on his knee. Madame de Montebello states that frequently, throwing aside all business, he would lie down on the floor beside the boy, engaged in his play, court his caresses, and arrange for him games which represented battalions and regiments.

When Napoleon, after his disasters in Russia, commenced the terrible struggle which ended in his ruin, in 1814, he made the Emperor regent. During this period her affection for her husband seemed to suffer no abatement. She obeyed his order from Rheims that she should quit Paris. Though the child, then nearly four years old, refused to leave the palace, and, clinging to the banisters, said

to the usher, "I will not leave my house; I will not go. Since papa is away, I am master," she persisted in going, and sat for the first time the imperial city which she was to see no more.

Napoleon never again met his wife or son. His banishment to Elba and subsequent imprisonment at St. Helena terminated his relations as husband and father.

"Ah! si je pressais une autre Josephine!" told the whole story of his opinion of the fickle Maria Louisa. It henceforth became the purpose of her father to detach her from her husband. She was separated from her French attendants. Journeys and parties of pleasure were set on foot to amuse her. "Old habits and occupations came back. Every precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences. Count von Neipperg, the tool of Metternich, a man of polished manners, great cultivation, distinguished air, but a serpent in matters of seduction, was given command of the troops that attended her. A court was formed that waited on her travels.

The baths of Aix-la-Chapelle became a centre of attraction on account of the wit of her circle. Her child was taken to Vienna. Music and dancing, routs and assemblies, fashion of women and homage of men, the race-course, gambling table, and hunting fields; distinguished generals, counts, and dukes of every country in Europe rejoicing in the freedom of long delayed peace; the life of Austrian aristocracy, and Russian nobles and gentry, then first permitted, after twenty years, to leave their native soil—all combined to break the ties which united the Empress to France. A new sovereignty was granted to her by the Austrian crown. Morganatic marriage with Count Neipperg succeeded. Children followed, who assembled. And when Napoleon died, in 1821, she, his lawful wife, as Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Gaustalla, was Countess of Neipperg and mother of three children of half kinship only to the "King of Rome."

The affections of Josephine, on the contrary, clung to Napoleon to the last. Upon his departure for Elba, she fell into a state of profound melancholy. The mention of his name produced deep emotion. She wished to follow him. "If his dearest friends now abandon him," she said, "I least will not be one of them." But her failing health rendered this impossible. She sank rapidly, and died with the name of her divorced husband upon her lips.

It is an error, the popular impression that estrangement grew up between Napoleon and Josephine. It did not. The divorce seemed as necessary to her as to him. At the height of his gigantic power she knew as well as he that the Empire demanded an heir. She acquiesced. Feeling gave place to principle. Napoleon knew this, and showed his estimation of the sacrifice by stronger friendship, more frequent consultations, and larger confidence than ever. From the second marriage to the departure on the Russian campaign the Emperor constantly visited Josephine, though the Empress declined to receive her at court.

The character of Maria Louisa is easily understood. Mild and good-natured, placid and yielding, her mind took the tone of surroundings. Her hatred of Napoleon turned into affection. Three years transformed her into a Frenchwoman. She almost forgot her native tongue, and in her German correspondents had recourse to French expressions. There was in her little strength either of intellect or passion. When finally separated from her husband and from France, at home, surrounded by courtiers, once again an Austrian aristocrat, with far more avenues of pleasure open than before, her mind with perfect ease took the hue of her altered fortunes. The chameleon does not change more often nor more easily.

The history of the ill-fated prince whose name heads this sketch, like his life, is brief. He was permanently separated from his mother. His early youth was spent with his royal relatives. In 1818 he received the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with rank immediately after the princes of blood. He was greatly beloved by the old Emperor, his grandfather; and his mother, though treating him with heartless neglect, provided liberally for his education. His talents, which were above the common, were highly cultivated; but he seemed to have inherited little of the ability of his father. His constitution was weak, and early symptoms of consumption unfitted

him for the laborious duties of a military career. He was, nevertheless, made lieutenant of the age of twenty, and commanded a battalion of Hungarian infantry in the garrison of Vienna. In personal appearance he resembled his mother. Tall, slightly built, hollow-cheeked, with chestnut hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and the voluptuous Austrian lips, there was not the slightest show in feature or form that he inherited the blood of the Bonapartes.

The truth is, that from the date of his father's confinement in St. Helena the young prince was kept in a kind of splendid captivity. It was Austrian policy to render him politically insignificant. The son of the great Emperor was an object of constant fear to the Bourbons. He was, therefore, kept away from the recollections of the French people. The plan was never out of sight to efface from the mind of the prince the memory of what he had been, and what he had been born to be. His life was not desirable. The peace of Europe would be made more secure by his death. His marked attentions to the Frenchmen he met, his constant inquiries about his father, the direction his studies took whenever released from his classical duties, and his growing interest in European affairs, were topics much discussed in European courts. It has never been proven that he died by slow poison. It is probable that he did not. His course of education was enough. Those who persisted in its continuance foresaw its result. It was murder. Death from cholera or pneumonia is not in excess. The sense of his condition preyed on an ardent temperament; habitual melancholy succeeded; his health gradually declined; and on the twenty-second of July, 1822, at the Palace of Schonbrunn, in Vienna, he died.

The usual method of sinking shafts along the line of the proposed tunnel, and working through from one to the other, was not applicable to this work, on account of the great height of the mountain. The only feasible plan was to begin boring both ends, and continue it steadily until the opposite drills should meet and give a complete aperture. This made it difficult to supply the workmen with sufficient quantity of fresh air at a distance of two or three miles from the entrances. To overcome this, a machine that was a perforator and air pump combined was devised, which moved by air compressed to one-sixth its usual bulk. A portion of this was conveyed into the tunnel, and released for the consumption of the workmen, and another portion was applied directly to the drill, which bored into the mountain at the average rate of nine feet a day. Ten perforators were kept constantly at work. The motive power was conveyed to the drill by a flexible pipe, throwing the compressed air into a cylinder, in which worked a piston-driving the drill into the face of the rock. The drill made two hundred revolutions a minute, each having a stroke of two hundred pounds weight. The hardest substance it encountered was white quartz, and every stroke against this brought forth a shower of sparks that caused the work to resemble a display of fire works in the dark cavern. As a preparation for blasting, about ninety holes, three feet in depth and two or three inches in diameter, were bored with the drill, charged with powder, tamped, and exploded. The shock would bring down the face of the rock to the depth of several feet, when the debris would be removed, other holes drilled, charged and exploded; and thus the work kept steadily on for years. The workmen were divided into three reliefs, eight hours being given to labor, and sixteen to rest. The most skillful of them were paid five francs a day, and the others only three.

The directors of the work declared that only fifty or sixty workmen lost their lives by accident during the boring; but as accidents, such as premature explosions, and the falling of rocks were frequent, it is thought that these figures fall short of indicating the injuries suffered by the men engaged in the work. The hardness of the rock made the wear and tear of machinery very great, and it was necessary to replace the drills every few minutes. The estimated average progress was about nine feet a day; but in the white quartz, only a distance of 16 to 19 inches per day was made. The distance between Fourneaux and Bard meche, the two extremities of the gallery, is 14,000 yards, or nearly 7.45 miles. The estimated cost of the entire work is 150,000,000 francs, or about \$30,000,000. The entrance on the French side is

25 feet wide, and about as many in height. A double railway track running into it was used to convey tools and supplies to the workmen, and to bring out the shattered rock.

The next greatest work of this kind in the world is the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, which was begun four years before the Mount Cenis gallery, and is not yet completed. The French and Italian engineers, who had superintended the enterprise, often had their ingenuity severely taxed to devise methods for overcoming the many unusual difficulties they encountered, and they certainly are entitled to high credit for the patient assiduity with which they prosecuted their slow and laborious task. As a means of avoiding a long and difficult crossing of the Savoy Alps, in the passage from France to Italy, the tunnel is a convenience whose value cannot be estimated, while, as a work of engineering, it will rank next to the Suez canal. *Mamma Repubblica.*

Newspaper Subscribers.
The London *Newspaper Press* contains the following classification of newspaper subscribers, which is somewhat vaguely credited to "an American paper."
First comes the "Uprights"—These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done: The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspapers should be paid for as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are paid with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period, than Sunday or the first of January. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, in due season, like a man. This class is dear to the heart of the editor. Their image is embalm'd in his warm affections. May they live a thousand years, and see their sons to the fourth generation.

The second class now in mind is the "Do WELLS."—This class is nearly related to the other—so near that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning, and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some mishap intervenes, and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes for quite a period. But their recollection, though nodding occasionally, never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time—"The printer is not paid;" and forthwith their will to do kindles into activity. Now comes the paying up—"Meant to do so before. Don't mean to let such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory, only a little back of the Uprights. If such a man dies in arrears, his wife or son remembers that he may not have paid up for his newspaper, and forthwith institute inquiries. They remember that part of the benefit was theirs, and, as taste or no taste, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts.

Next come the "EASY DOERS."—These men believe in newspapers. They have fully settled it in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them, too. Sometimes at the first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they mean to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got into their heads, refuses obstinately to be dislodged but keeps its hold from year to year; a truth once—now an illusion, gray and rheumatic with years. The editor, marking the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begins to ask if they are dead or gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and, like men, as they are at the bottom; pay up. They never dispute their bills—they know books tell better stories than moss-covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough, or a long purse, and can live like a hibernating bear, he may survive this class. But if he is mortal only, woe be to him.

The next class is that of the "DOWN HILLERS."—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We shall dispatch the Down Hillers suddenly. One of these may

The Mount Cenis Tunnel.

A cable dispatch has informed us that the Mount Cenis tunnel, one of the most tremendous engineering feats of the age, would soon be completed. It is an international work, undertaken jointly by the French and Italian governments; and the fact that the French are just now occupied in a task with their German neighbors, more difficult even than the boring of the Mount Cenis tunnel, led us to suppose that the latter enterprise would be neglected, or at least retarded. Its completion in the midst of a great war that would seem to exact all the resources that the French have at command is an impressive proof of the imminent importance that this age attaches to works of cheap intercommunication.

The Mount Cenis tunnel, whose completion we now witness, has been before the eyes of the world for thirteen years, is not of the line of any railroad, and is not a part of any railroad scheme, but is, as we have stated, a great tunnel between France and Italy, drilled through three peaks of the Savoy Alps, Colonel de Frejus, Grand Vallon and de la Roque—and, in fact, has no connection with Mount Cenis, seventeen miles distant, whose name it bears. Before the beginning of the work, there were not wanting engineers of high standing and reputation who gravely declared that the undertaking would prove a failure—that the workmen would perish by fire, water or noxious gases, and that all sorts of insurmountable obstacles would meet them as they approached the heart of the mountains. In spite of all these discouraging professional predictions, the work was begun in 1857, and steadily prosecuted for four years, when the perforators were called into requisition.

Col. T. W. HIGGINSON tells this little story: "I was once at a little musical party in New York, where several accomplished amateur singers were present, and with them the eminent professional, Miss Adelaide Phillips. The amateurs were first called on. Each chose some difficult operatic passage, and sang her best. When it came to the opera singer's turn, instead of exhibiting her ability to eclipse those rivals on her ground, she simply seated herself at the piano and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," with such thrilling sweetness, that the young Irish girl who was setting the supper table in the next room forgot all her plates and teaspoons, threw herself into a chair, put her apron over her face and sobbed as if her heart would break."

WHAT TO DO WITH STREET SKINS. Take long wooled skins, make a strong sud, using hot water; when it is cold, wash the skins in it, carefully squeezing them between the hands to get the dirt out of the wool; then wash the soap out with clean cold water sufficient to cover two skins, and let them soak in it over night, or 12 hours, then hang over a pail to drain. When they are well drained, spread or stretch carefully over a board to dry. When a little dry have one ounce each of salt-peter and alum, pulverized, and sprinkle the flesh sides, hang them in the shade for two or three days, turning the flesh side up most every day until perfectly dry. Then scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife to remove any remaining scraps of flesh, trim off projecting points, and rub the flesh side with panicle or rotten stone, and with the hands; they will be very white. They also make good mittens, and beautiful jackets for ladies in cold weather, or rugs for sofas and carriages. —*Ed.*

A OCKER once had but four weights, with which he weighed any number of pounds from one to forty. They consisted of 1, 3, 9, and 27 pound weights.

take a paper because his wife wants one, or the children are zealous to read it, or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come, he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and surly looks. He never pays any debt if he can get rid of it, and a newspaper least of all. Still, he hates law suits, and constables, and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet has on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the snuffer harmless. He is always sliding down hill, and soon merges into another class, that of

The NIX CUM RUSE.—No matter how thin man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he. "He don't like that sort of paper. It don't give no news. He never did like it. He didn't want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago—besides, he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them, at any rate, and those he hadn't read." Wipe him off!

Here comes the SCARECROW.—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with "stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can.

Reader, in which of the above classes are you found?

The Benedict Institute.

Dear Working Christians: The American Baptist Home Mission Society have purchased the Rufus Johnston estate (formerly known as the Latta property) at Columbia, S. C. It consists of eighty acres and a large family mansion, with numerous smaller buildings. The property lies wholly, or mostly, within the city limits, and not far from the Depot of the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad. It cost \$16,000, and is paid for.

On these premises, the Society propose to open a school for preachers, teachers and superintendents, and colored leaders generally. They have appointed Prof. Timothy S. Dodge as principal. He arrived in Columbia, with his wife, about December 1, 1870, and is ready to receive pupils. He is an experienced teacher and a general Christian gentleman. For several years he has been studying with a view to the Baptist ministry; but has, as yet, not been ordained. Those who know him most love him best.

This Institute will bear the name of Benedict, in honor of the late Stephen Benedict, a Baptist deacon, whose widow is the chief donor in enabling the Society to found the school. This benevolent Christian lady has given, in cash, \$13,500 towards this noble enterprise.

Tuition for the present will be free. Board will be rendered as cheap as possible. The enterprising colored men of South Carolina are urged to remember the wise saying of Franklin: "Empty your purse into your head, and then no one can steal it."

Assistance will be furnished, so far as the funds of the Institute will allow, to such indigent preachers and students for the ministry as desire to enter this school, and study with all their might, being properly recommended. An intelligent leadership makes an intelligent people, and no educating influence is so beneficent and powerful as that which is associated with the Gospel of Christ. We therefore request all who read this statement to encourage those of the greatest promise, to avail themselves of the advantages of this Institute.

Further information may be obtained by addressing James B. Simmons, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of Baptist Home Mission Society, No. 39 Park Row, New York City, or Prof. Timothy S. Dodge, Columbia, South Carolina.

At Washington, on Wednesday, a boy five years old, while playing with a toy pistol, accidentally shot his sister, aged ten years, in the forehead, killing her instantly. It was shown at the inquest that the father had loaded the pistol the night previous, and placed it in a bureau drawer, where the boy found it.

A NEWARK merchant gave a deacon a lot of fans on which business cards were printed, to distribute at camp-meeting, and the deacon set boys to selling them at five cents a piece.

THE POPULATION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.—It has been assumed that the Southern States had sustained such large losses of population during the war that little or no increase was to be expected by the present census. The following figures disprove this assertion:

| States. | 1870. | 1860. |
|-------------|-----------|-----------|
| Alabama | 1,002,000 | 964,200 |
| Arkansas | 486,103 | 435,450 |
| Delaware | 125,000 | 112,216 |
| Florida | 189,995 | 140,424 |
| Georgia | 1,185,000 | 1,057,266 |
| Kentucky | 1,823,264 | 1,155,684 |
| Louisiana | 710,394 | 708,002 |
| Maryland | 780,000 | 687,029 |
| Mississippi | 834,190 | 791,305 |
| Missouri | 1,703,000 | 1,182,012 |
| N. Carolina | 1,072,000 | 992,622 |
| S. Carolina | 785,000 | 703,708 |
| Tennessee | 1,888,326 | 1,109,801 |
| Texas | 850,000 | 694,215 |
| Virginia | 1,209,607 | 1,596,318 |
| W. Virginia | 447,042 | |

Aggregate 13,947,822 12,230,073
Increase 1,717,749

BUY A HOME.—Every laboring poor man should buy himself a town lot, get that paid for, and then work to make the necessary improvements. A little here and a little there will in due time produce you a home of your own, and place you out of the landlord's grasp; remember that fifty dollars a year saved in rent will in a very few years pay for your home, and the money it costs you to move and shift about, without any loss of furniture and time, pay the interest on a five hundred dollar judgment against your property, until you can gradually reduce it to nothing. You can all buy that way—why do you not risk it? If you fail, you are no worse off—if you succeed, as any careful man is sure to do, you have made a home and established a basis equal to many another's which will start you in business.

GEN. PRIM died on the 29th of December, from the wounds received in the recent attempt at his assassination. His death produced a profound sensation at Madrid; grief and indignation everywhere prevail. The information obtained from papers seized shows that for the assassination of Prim the conspiracy was extensive. The members were sworn to exterminate the enemies of the Republic. The murder of Prim was opposed by some on the ground that nothing should be attempted until the arrival of the duke of Aosta, but the advocates of immediate action prevailed. Lots were drawn for three persons to undertake the killing of Prim. It is said that the ministry of war are in possession of proof identifying the actual assassins, but have not yet succeeded in making their arrests.

PRIMITY AND TRUTH.—Man dies, but nature is eternal. The seasons keep their appointed time; day returns with its eloquent mystery. The same stars that fit the ghastly battle field of Troy, rough with the dead bodies of ancient heroes— which shone on the marble streets of Imperial Rome, and on the sad eyes of Virgil, sleeping in the living glow of inspiration—the watchfires of the angels which, through centuries of devastation and change, have still burned on unceasingly, speak to us as they did to Dante and Shakespeare and Milton, of the divine glory, the omnipotence, the everlasting bounty and love of God.

Gov. HOLLIER of North Carolina, is said to have recently become a religious convert and joined the Baptist church.

SAN FRANCISCO has just finished its first silk factory, and is now talking of a cotton manufactory.

BOOT BLACKING by machinery is a late London notion.

The first negro juror in India, gave his age as 109.

An Indiana woman has applied for her seventh divorce.

MANY who think themselves the pillars of the church are only its sleepers.

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance.

A DETROIT ER who took a flask of whisky with him on a shooting trip, struck a race track in the suburbs on his return and walked around it all night, wondering why he didn't get to town.

THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) Journal has the "best of authority" for saying that a comet of large size will suddenly make its appearance on the night of June 19, 1871, and, "during the next four weeks, the fate of the world will be decided."