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

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Selected Poetry.

Nothing Good shall ever Perish.

Nothing good shall ever perish,
Only the corrupt shall die;
Truth, which men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally.

None ate wholly God forsaken;
All his sacred image wear;
None so lost but should awaken
In our hearts a brother's care.

Not a mind but has its mission—
Power of working woe or weal;
So degraded none's condition,
But the world his weight may feel.

Words of kindness, words of warning,
Deem not thou may'st speak in vain;
Even those thy counsel scorn,
Oft shall they return again.

Though the mind, absorbed in pleasure,
Holds the voice of counsel light,
Yet doth faithful memory treasure,
What at first it seemed to slight.

Words of kindness we have spoken,
May, when we have passed away,
Heal, perhaps, some spirit broken,
Guide a brother led astray.

Thus our very thoughts are living,
Even when we are not here;
Joy and consolation giving
To the friends who hold us dear.

Not an act but is recorded,
Not a word but has its weight;
Every virtue is recorded,
Outrage punished, soon or late.

Let us be, then, as we are,
As a thing of little worth;
Every soul that is created
Has its part to play on earth.

Humorous.

Sleeping Flowers.

Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passing of a cloud.—The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The goat's beard wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the evening. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beam of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy leafed lettuce opens at eight in the morning and closes forever at four in the afternoon.—The night flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet scented blossom in the twilight, and is full blown at midnight and closes, never to open again with the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. So says a celebrated English author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all night he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

CHILDREN TRAINED UP FOR GOD. It is pleasing to God that our children shall be given Him, and so be trained up, that through His blessing, they will early know Him. When we come into a garden, we love to pluck the young bud, and smell it, that we may be delighted with its fragrance. And so God loves the heart in its bud, before its fragrance is all scattered upon the world and sin. Of all the trees made choice of in prophetic vision, it was the almond tree which God selected, the tree that blossoms among the first trees.—Such an almond tree is an early convert, a young heart given to its Maker.

At a social gathering, a young lady asked what a woman's sphere meant. Answer—Woman's sphere is bounded on the north by a husband; on the south by a baby; and on the east by a mother-in-law; and on the west by an old maid sister. Within this sphere any woman may find enough to do to keep her usefully employed all the days of her life; and, should she prove faithful to her duties, she will be certain of reaching heaven at last, which after all, is the chief end of life.

DEATH—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

A Talk with Longstreet.

"Gath," of the Chicago Tribune, has recently had a talk with the reconstructed Confederate General Longstreet. He says: I met General Longstreet a few evenings ago, and had a good opportunity to determine what manner of man he is, so far at least as his conversation and appearance went. Longstreet is one of the most perfect types of a professional soldier. He was born in South Carolina, but is of Georgia extraction, and he says that his family name is German. He is a nephew of the celebrated Judge Longstreet, author of the "Georgia Scenes," which, in their day, were considered to be an unique contribution to our periodical literature.

He wears plain dress, and his whole presence has a nameless self-expression and a self respect which is not unfrequent amongst Southern men. He told me that he never cast a vote in his life until last year. Longstreet discusses with calmness and good judgment the military ability of his old associates, and it is not palpable that he has lost any of the zest and heartiness which used to distinguish him as a member of the "Lost Cause." He says nothing which indicates his regret at the part he took, but on the contrary, seemed to have a docile sort of fondness for his military life and prominence during the rebellion. He evidently considers Joe Johnston to be the first military reputation of the South, and he speaks of all the Federal Generals with respect, accounting even for McClellan's failure in the Peninsula. I asked him if it were true, as had been related, that at Gettysburg he advised the turning of the Federal position on Cemetery Ridge. He said "yes," that on the third day he had proposed to General Lee to extend his line so as to cover the roads leading back toward Maryland, and this would compel an evacuation of the Federal position. "No," replied Lee, "the enemy is right there, and we must fight him." Longstreet says that he sat upon a fence and watched with a field glass. Pickett's Division making that celebrated but fatal charge, and that he felt satisfied that the Cemetery Ridge could not be carried. I asked him what he would have done had Lee permitted him to turn Round Top to the right, and he replied that he should have moved by forced marches directly upon Washington City. Longstreet says that both sides in the civil war committed mistakes when they put engineer officers at the head of large armies, and that the properties which make a Field Marshal are not those required in an active General. He does not believe that if Mead had pursued Lee's army after Gettysburg, Lee would have been beaten, but says he wanted to stand at Hagerstown and make a fight. He always speaks of the Federals in discussing these war matters as the enemy. He does not believe that McClellan could have got into Richmond if he had been bolder in his Peninsular campaign, but says that at a later period of the war there were several occasions when the city might have been easily captured. He thinks Gettysburg was, on the whole, the best fight of the war; thinks it fortunate that Mead had replaced Hooker in command of the Federal army there. He spoke of a number of instances where the Federal troops had behaved as well as anybody could expect soldiers to behave, and that his own troops, which were collected from nearly all of the States, were as good as he wanted. He has not a particle of bitterness for anybody in the South or North; seems to admire General Grant, and talks over the whole subject philosophically.

The Chinaman.

A common Chinaman has no other idea of life than to work steadily, do his own cooking, washing, ironing and mending, and spend a great deal less than he earns. His father and all his ancestors, as far back as to the time of Aaron or of Abraham, had no other idea of life. A hut, a few yards of cloth, a double handful of rice and wheat, a slice of pork, a frying-pan, and a strip of rush matting for a bed—these are what he is born to, and with these, in his own land, he expects to die, and die content. When he comes to America, his simple aim is to lay up a small sum of money on which he can live at ease when he goes back. I saw a minor, fifty-two years old; he looked thin and worn, as though he had never known anything but steady toil and rough fare. He has been here five years, and has three hundred dollars in gold. Last Monday he took the steamer to Canton. He will go home to his wife and be a man in easy circumstances the rest of his days. They make no eight hour protests; they make no strikes; they cannot understand what a trade union means. They will work for fifty cents till they hear of some man who gives sixty. Then they go to work for him till they know of a chance to make seventy five. They have no bar-rooms; they drink no strong drink; they do not fight, or curse, or break things. But they love to smoke in the evening, and it amuses them greatly to throw a pile of little brass coin, ten of which makes a cent, on the middle of a table, and bet that, when the heap is counted off, it will turn out odd. Some bet a dime that it will count out odd, as twenty one. Others bet twenty five cents that the count will be even. I did not see anybody bet over twenty five cents, but I was told that late at night they grow reckless and bet their pipes and their clothes, all their tobacco, and at last a wife. But the class of gamblers is not large. Most of them, after work, cuddle down by a little fire, where rice and the legs and head of a hen are boiling, and chatter about the day's work, about what some other minor or laborer has found; about what some wicked "Melican man" has done, about home, and having their ashes carried back to China to sleep beside the bones of their ancestors and under the grim smile of some ancient wooden god. Presently the chatter lulls away, the little rush beds are spread, and Ghang Ty, in dreams, is far away in the Flowry Land. But, with day-light, he ties up the little roll of rush carpeting, lays it on a shelf, eats a cup of boiled wheat and sucks a chicken wing, and anon the pick, with slow but unceasing swing, is hacking into the bank; the barrows are filled, the planks are handled, the rails are spiked, and the work goes on as fast as though pushed by Irish muscle or American nerve.

Blind Stagers in Horses.

A correspondent in the Kings-ton East Tennesseean writes as follows: "I have understood that a number of horses have recently died in the neighborhood of Knoxville with a peculiar disease, and somewhat similar to blind staggers.—Several horses have recently died in this county. Having had some experience in the treatment of the disease, I thought I would ask sufficient space in your paper to tell it, so that those having horses affected might profit by it. If the remedy does not cure, it will certainly do no harm. "Several years ago, I lost three or four horses with the disease referred to. I tried every remedy I could hear of. Not long afterwards another horse being affected, I concluded I would try a remedy I had often used successfully with hogs, as follows:—With a sharp knife I split the skin on the forehead to the bone, making an incision of about three inches in length, immediately between the eyes, then pressing into the wound as much salt as I well could get in. In twenty-four hours the horse was well. I have never had a case since, but would ever resort to the above remedy. It is simple and effectual."

INDIGENOUS LEMONADE.—A correspondent sends us the following account of a remarkable spring in Texas: "About sixty miles north of Galena, near the town of Liberty, there is a spring, the water of which is quite acid, resembling lemonade, and those who taste it like it so much that they drink it almost immoderately. When you feel hot, it is quite delicious; and under any circumstances, whether you are hot or cold, the drink of it produces perspiration, with no unpleasant effects afterward. The spring has no apparent outlet or inlet. It is probably sixty feet wide, and is covered with a white froth or foam, which, upon close examination, appears like cream of tartar on a winecask. It kills insects, worms, and other small animals that come near and use it. No fish or other evidence of life is seen within its waters."

The South has another new agriculture topic besides the cultivation of tea; the cultivation of the poppy. The experiment which has set Southern farmers to arguing that the raising of this plant would be extremely profitable, was lately tried by a Louisiana farmer, who raised poppies enough on seven acres of ground to yield him one hundred and forty pounds of marketable opium. This he sold at an average of ten dollars per pound.

Sweet Potatoes.

ERRORS SOUTHERN CULTIVATORS. Mr. Gause in the December No. of the Cultivator, asks "do potatoes need any manure and what sort?" While I may not be able satisfactorily to solve the question, I propose to submit a few remarks upon the subject. I may promise by saying in agriculture, as in morals and religion we need line, upon line, and precept upon precept—here a little and there a little. If the files of your journal for a few years past, were accessible to your inquirer, he would not doubt find many of his questions satisfactorily answered. Land upon which potatoes are attempted to be grown, may be either too loose, or too close, too rich, or too poor, to produce them to advantage. I believe it is generally conceded that light land with a good measure of vegetable matter, either naturally present or furnished, is best for potatoes. Stimulating fertilizers, beyond a certain point, will develop rank vines on the surface, and strings, instead of roots, below. Cow dung, in combination with straw and leaves, makes good potatoes. Grass the enemy of most crops, is especially the bane of this one. In one corner of my potato patch this year, there is a little strip of land just taken in, after having received the droppings of stock, and then pressed by constant tramping for two years as well as I could, with a scoter drawn by a single mule, I laid it off four feet with same plow, filled the trenches with half rotted straw, and bedded with four cooler furrows. I did not consider the ground sufficiently pulverized, and was the more confirmed in that opinion, when I heard the roaring sound of the plow in getting down. But, to my surprise the two, three, and four pound potatoes rolled out in quick succession, and the yield on that strip was decidedly better than on the better pulverized, and as I considered the better manured field adjoining. Perhaps the secret of the difference lies in the fact, that there was no crab grass seed to interfere with the first, and it was consequently "killed by" clean while the other was suffered to make a crop of potatoes and grass jointly. Break the ground thoroughly and deeply, and cultivate so as not to allow a spear of grass to run to seed. Don't stop cultivating because the vines lap across the rows, but turn them by hand into every alternate row until those rows are plowed—then turn them to the fresh plowed row, and plow the other. Never pick out the small potatoes—as some do, from the general crop—for slanting, or you will surely make small potatoes, and they will grow beautifully less till you will have something like hames-strings instead of potatoes. Either bed your best potatoes to obtain "draws" for planting or plant vines in summer to make slips. Some recommend the cheaper plan of stripping the beds just before frost, and banking the vines as you would potatoes, for planting. Some people think they can't raise potatoes without making high beds with the hoe, this is a mistake. A bed is no more needed for potatoes than for corn or cotton. The vines must not be allowed to take root except in the bed. Gather before frost, and put up in banks of twenty-five or thirty bushels, on a thick bed of pine, wheat, or oat straw, and cover heavily, with the same, and add a good coat of earth from a circular ditch one or two feet around the bank. Then shelter from rain or snow if you please—if not, be sure to pile on straw and earth enough to keep them dry.

How to Raise Good Chickens.

1. Set the hen in a place where she will not be disturbed.
2. Give a large hen twelve or thirteen eggs, medium sized, one ten or twelve, and a small one, eight or nine.
3. Don't let the hen come out of the sitting-room until she has hatched, but keep her supplied with gravel, food and water.
4. When chicks are hatched, leave them in the nest for eight or ten hours.
5. Don't meddle with the eggs during incubation: turning them once a day, and all such foolishness, is apt to prevent the eggs from hatching. All of this is good advice from the Southern Farmer.

A little boy, whose mother had promised him a present, was saying his prayers preparatory to going to bed, but his mind running on a horse, he began as follows: "Our Father, who art in heaven—na, won't you give me a horse—thy kingdom come—with a string on it!"

After the Funeral.

Of all the returnings home, the return from the grave after the funeral, is the most intensely sad. Who that has ever followed one dearly beloved to his last rest will not agree that it is even so?

While the lost one was sick, we went in and out anxious, sorrowing, fearful. The solicitude to relieve and care for him engrossed us—the apprehension of losing him excited and agitated us, but there was no room nor time for loneliness or a sense of present desolation. While he lay dead beneath the home roof, there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the final rites. Friends must be apprised and invited—the funeral arrangements definitely made—the mourning procured and fitted—the hospitalities of the house must befit the occasion; all is excitement and tension—the loss is not yet felt.

But when the coach drops us at our door, "after the funeral," then it is that the work of the destroyer begins to be apparent—the very house seems lone, and still, and sepulchral, though it be in the heart of the town, and though its threshold be thronged with friendly feet, it seems empty and void! The apartments, oh, how deserted—especially the room where he fought and surrendered in the awful conflict! Here, there, everywhere are memorials of him! How they make the tears start now, though we have often contemplated them calmly ever since he died. Those are his clothes—how painfully distinct is our recollection of how he looked in every one of them, and when and where he last wore them. These are his books—the one he last read, with the leaf turned down where his place was. There is his chair in the fireside corner, where he loved to sit. There his ever-vacant seat at the family board.—During the sickness, we had not so much noticed these; we hoped that he might use or occupy them again; now we know it cannot be, and this shows us the dreadful vacancy everywhere.

Toasts and Sentiments.

May the honest heart never know distress.
May care be a stranger where virtue resides.
May help bind those whom honor cannot.
May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.
May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.
May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.
May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.
May the road of preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.
May the liberal hand find free access to the purse of plenty.
May the impulse of generosity never be checked by the power of necessity.
May we always forget when we forgive an injury.
May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser abuses.
May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.
May hope be thy physician when calamity is the disease.
May the single be married, and married happy.

A Heart Untouched.

A friend of mine, an eminent New York philanthropist, relates the following interview with a condemned criminal. The crime from which this wretched man was hung is still fresh in our memories. One morning at breakfast his tripe didn't suit him and he immediately brained his wife and children, and set the house on fire, varying the monotony of scene by pitching his mother in-law down the well, having, previously, with greater consideration, touched her heart with a cheese-knife.

I will not quote my friend's own words: "He was pronounced a hard case, manifesting no sorrow for his act, and utterly indifferent to his approaching doom. A score of good people had visited him with the kindest intentions, but without making the smallest impression upon him. "Without boasting, I wish to say that I knew I could touch this man's heart. I saw a play once in which the most blood-thirsty and brutal ruffian that ever existed was melted to tears at the mention of his mother's name, and childhood's happy hours, and everybody knows what happens on the stage happens just the same in real life.

"I naturally congratulated myself on having seen this play, for it gave me power to cope with this relentless disposition. "He resisted all attempts at conversation, however, in the most dogged manner, merely returning surlily monosyllables to my anxious wishes for his well being. "At last, laying my hand on his shoulder, and throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said: "My friend, it was not always thus with you. There was a time when you sat upon your mother's knee, and gathered buttercups and daisies?"

"Ah! I had touched the right chord at last. His brow contracted and his lips twisted convulsively. "And when that mother put you in your little bed," I continued, "she kissed you, and hoped you would grow up a—"

"You lie," she didn't. The old woman was six feet under the ground afore I could chew.—Now look a here, you're the fourth chap that tried the moth or dodge on me. Why don't you fellows," he added, "go back on the mother business and give the old man a chance, jest for a change?"

"After the above scurvy treatment I was naturally anxious to witness the man's funeral, which I understood was to be a gorgeous affair, six respectably attired females having been sworn in to kiss the body, amid the historic weeps of three more in the back ground.

To prevent lamp chimneys from breaking.—Every housewife, who uses kerosene oil, knows that it affords the best and cheapest light of all illuminating oils. But she also knows that the constant expense and annoyance from the breakage of lamp chimneys, almost, if not quite, counter-balance the advantages of its use. Put the glass chimney in lukewarm water, heat it to the boiling point, and boil it one hour, after which leave it in the water till it cools. The chimney will be less liable to crack by sudden change of temperature.

The Thorough-bred Horse—Why He is Superior to Inferior Stock.

The Dutches Farmer, in an article on the thorough-bred horse, very tersely shows up his points of superiority as follows: 1. They are more intelligent, possessing more brain and nervous matter. 2. They are, from their intelligence, more tractable and kind in their disposition and temper. 3. They are less liable to disease, from a superior organization. 4. They are more elegant in carriage and appearance. 5. They are superior in action. 6. They endure the vicissitudes of heat and cold better. 7. They live to a much greater age, maintaining their usefulness. 8. They are superior in fleetness, durability, bravery and breathing powers. 9. They always have, and always will command a higher price in the market than any other breed.

If you will examine the thorough-bred you will, on investigation, find a superior animal organization—his bones are more solid, his tendons stronger and much better defined, his muscles more firm and elastic—in fact his form and quality are so much superior in results that he is much more active, much more fleet and powerful than any other variety of the horse tribe. He will perform much more labor in a given time, and repeat the task oftener coming round much quicker from over work than any animal of the inferior blood. When the cold-blooded horse is over worked his spirit sinks and his recovery is slow, and sometimes never complete.—A square inch of bone from a thorough-bred horse is much heavier than a square inch from a cart horse, resembling a pumic stone, while the former is solid, partaking more of the closed grained nature of ivory. The same remark will apply to the tendons and muscles. Consequently a thorough-bred horse will be stronger than a cart horse in a little more than half the compass.—It is asserted and is doubtless true—that the thorough-bred horse can support a greater weight on his back than the common horse.

The following beautiful tribute to the followers of the "stick and rule," is from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, formerly of the Chicago Journal: "The printer is the adjutant of thought and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can; that word "we" with a hand in hand warmth in it—for the author and printer are engineers together. Engineers indeed! What the Corsican bombarded Cadiz, at a distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is the range to this, whereby they bombard the ages to be?"

"There at the case he stands, and marshals into line the forces armed with truth, clothed with immortality and English. And what can be nobler than the equipment of thought in sterling Saxony—Saxon with a spear or shield therein and that commissioned, when we are dead, to move grandly on to "the latter syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

"The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh! it is not work, but a sublime life he is performing, when he thus cites the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missiles ever before described; fling it into the bosom of age.—He throws off his coat, indeed, but we wonder the rather he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stades is holy ground.

"A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered through the twilight, feebler than a star; it died upon the ear. But the printer takes it where it was lying there in silence, like a wounded bird, he sends it forth from the ark that had preserved it, and flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody like the dawning of a spring morning.

A MINISTER once prayed: "O Lord, we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that Thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

A CHARMING Indian girl has broken off an engagement because her lover wouldn't sing psalms.

Fire Escapes are to be placed on every hotel in New York.

DEALERS IN STRYCHNINE, fusil oil, forty-rod and other popular whiskeys will give Kansas a wide berth in future, as the Senate of that State yesterday passed a bill giving any toper the right to sue any person who sells him liquor. To make the law effective, it should be amended by specifying the value of headaches, broken noses and other like luxuries usually contained in western fluids.

AN old, dilapidated bank-note is going round with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which is written in a bold, free hand, "Go it, Bill, I'll back you."

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