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JOHN C. BAILEY, PROP.

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Selected Poetry.

At Nightfall.

When, in the evening's solitude,
The thought has leisure to be free,
The pure life, the higher mood,
The nobler purpose wakes in me.

But, in the cares that through the day
Constrain the mind from hour to hour,
The nobler purpose fades away,
Grows faint, and loses all its power.

So some pure star's excellent ray,
With all the beauty of its light,
Is hidden by the glare of day,
And only shines with fall of night.

For the Ladies.

VIRGINIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA UNITED IN LOVE AS IN WAR.

BY ELSIE EARNEST.

CHAPTER I.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country here is at home."
—*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

"The events of our war were too horrible to admit of such a tender sentiment as love. There was too much of dreadful reality to make room for romance."
—*New York Paper.*

No romance in such a war as ours, did you say? With due deference for the opinions of one so much wiser than I, I beg leave to differ with you. Pity, though not love, is very nearly allied with that holiest of passions:—and, when pity for the sufferings, and admiration for the deeds of valor of our soldiers, are combined, the feeling amounts to a worship, almost. A sentiment perfectly irresistible: hence you see such frequent illustrations of the truth of the adage, that "none but the brave deserve the fair." While some of our maidens were content to make happy the poor exiles, a larger proportion have given their hands and hearts to bold soldier boys. Let all skeptics read my plain, unvarnished story. They will agree with me that the four years of horrible war contained, or developed, more plots for romance than could have been known in forty years of peace. O, yes, I can prove to you, that Southern chivalry is not dead yet. If any Southerners from other States should chance to read my simple story, I hope they will not take umbrage at my opinion. Believe me, it is not from lack of obligation to you or admiration of your deeds that I select South Carolina from among the number, but from the fact that this is not all fiction, for my hero is no myth, but a veritable soldier from the Palmetto State.

CHAPTER II.

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the night winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."
—*Shelley.*

A few miles distant from the village we have mentioned was a neat, white cottage—a perfect little bird's nest—hottage from the public road by a dense grove of forest oaks, and completely covered by vines—honeysuckles, and roses, and the modest white jessamine; and a neatly enclosed garden, in which bloomed almost every flower adapted to our climate, and

"There was a power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden—a ruling grace,
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.
A lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mein and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean."
—*Keats.*

"I do not not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet—
I do not not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame."

We honor, yes, honor, old South Carolina:
Though small she may be, she's as brave as the best.

And we honor Hampton's cavalry, who did such noble service in our Old Dominion. From that intrepid band we select a youthful Lieutenant as our hero.

To make my story intelligible, I must go back to the spring of 1863. The facts I here narrate are well known to every citizen between Chancellorsville and the South Side Railroad. Soon after, or rather immediately succeeding that memorable battle, in which our country lost her noble Jackson, while public excitement was at its highest, the citizens of the counties above were surprised and incensed at the appearance of a large body of cavalry. Stoneman and his infamous Dutchmen, "The brute made ruler and the man made brute," attempted to make their way across the country, in order to cut off communication with Richmond. Their plan was, I believe, to tear up the aqueducts at Columbia across the Rappahannock, and at Byrd Creek, on the James River Canal, but failed to accomplish anything more than a destruction of private property, which they had very little inclination to respect. So, after robbing, burning, and stealing negro clothing, &c., spilling a mortal fear of Stuart's cavalry, they decamped, leaving behind them, in the hearts of the wives and daughters, sisters and sweethearts of Confederate soldiers, a hatred, lasting as life, and strong as death.

Our government, fearful that they might be sufficiently courageous to cross the river and attempt the destruction of the High Bridge on the South Side road, sent troops up to the south side of the river to intercept them.

"Pride in their post, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by."

Cobb's Georgia Legion, and Hampton's Brigade of South Carolinians, were camped for several days near the village of —, in — I shall not say what county. Their coming was a source of pleasure, as well as of relief to the ladies of that place and its vicinity, as they had never seen a large number of soldiers, and they came to protect them against the Yankees, whose expected advent among them created as great consternation as did Falstaff's ragged regiment in their thieving expeditions, or Major Monsoon's raids on the wine cellars of the convents of Portugal. No wonder, then, that the brave Southern soldiers were feasted and flattered, and smiled upon by the fairest of —'s fair daughters, who never wearied in their attentions to the wants, real or imaginary, of their defenders; and many left sad hearts behind them. Some of them returned and took their brides to the bright sunny South ere the close of the war. Some waited till the war was over, while some in whose cases was verified the saying, "Out of sight, out of mind," made fair promises which they never intended to keep. But these were rare cases. There were firm friendships formed, and, which time and the chances of war have only served to strengthen; and delightful interchange of thoughts and sentiments with some names go to make up the long list of martyrs for freedom's cause. — Their names live in our hearts, and will live on the blindest page of history. With Ossian, we say to our oppressors, "Thou lookest from thy towers to day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles around thy half worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! We shall be renowned in our day! The mark of our arm shall be in the battle, our name in the song of bards."

Living as Ella did, among her books and flowers, caring little for other sources of amusement, receiving but few visitors, it is not strange that she saw none of the soldiers camped near her. While many delicacies, as well as necessities, found their way from her house to the camp, none of the soldiers found the way to her retired domicile; and they came and went in total ignorance of the gentle floweret blooming in the adjacent forest. I know my readers will think I am getting this young lady into a situation where she will never be known, and I think I hear some novel reading Miss exclaim: "What do you want with her? I thought you were going to make her meet, by mere accident, one of those Southern soldiers, and have a nice story of love at first sight, an intuitive knowledge of congeniality which would lead to confessions of love." To all such I say, wait a while, and you will see that the race is not always to the swift.

I must here, necessarily, make a long leap in my narrative—from May, 1863, to January, 1864—at which time a letter was sent to Ella Morrison from the postmaster at —, with a message to the effect that it had lain in the office at that place for nearly eight months, and failing to find an owner, and knowing of no one who was connected with the Purcell family except herself, had taken the liberty to send it to her. She very readily surmised, from the postmark, that it was from a soldier who had evidently been mistaken in some one's name, or been willfully led astray. Inquiries were made in the neighborhood for some time, and no one coming forward and proving property, she consulted her father, who told her there could be no impropriety in opening the letter, as by so doing she might possibly find out for whom it was intended. She opened it, and read as follows:

Miss Jane Purcell—Although the cloud of war darkens our once fair Southern sky, and gentle peace and innocence have given place to cruel strife and unjust oppression, we are often reminded of those dear tender ties which bind us to life, and without which civilization and refinement would be wanting in the land. Having once seen you, it is utterly impossible for me to forget you; and I venture to write you with the hope that if you think our very short acquaintance will not warrant a correspondence, you will, at least, pardon my presumption, and

"Though victorious in the field,
Thy captive do not spare."
—*Shelley.*

"The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's your country's stay
In day and hour of danger."
—*Shelley.*

Hoping—if even hope be madness—that this experiment may meet with a response I am,
Your devoted servant,
JAMES MORRISON,
Co., 1st S. C. Cavalry, Hampton's Brigade.

Ella thought over the letter for a few days, and came to the conclusion that as no one could be found by that name, it would be a pity for the poor fellow to lose his labor, and saw no reason why she might not take the name for a short time. She had never seen him, and in all probability never would, and she thought such a correspondence would serve to amuse her, and might instruct her in army movements; besides by encouraging him to write again, she

might find out who Jane Purcell really was; therefore, she ventured on the following response:

Mr. Morton—Your very unexpected letter of the 3d June came to hand on the 5th inst. Words are powerless to express my chagrin at its unaccountable delay, and I find myself at a loss to form a suitable response after such a lapse of time. I do not so much as know that you are living at this time, or, if living, where you may be. I write at a venture. There has been hard fighting since you were in this country, and you may have retired to your far Southern home, leaving an amputated limb in the Old Dominion. Having heard so many names, I hope you will pardon me if I fail to remember your personal appearance. If you should consider it worth your while to write again, I would be pleased to have a description of yourself, so as to quicken my memory. As I am not sure you will get this, I will not write at length this time, but promise something better for the future.

Very respectfully,
JANIE PURCELL.

This was begun a correspondence, which increased in interest for several months. Any scraps which Ella might have had gradually disappeared, until she found herself looking for the coming of the mails with intense interest, and responding to the letters with as much pleasure as if she knew her unknown correspondent personally, perhaps more so; and as though she were really what she assumed to be. No one was permitted to enter into this cherished secret. — Thus was she going on, blindly, until a letter came to her bearing the name, but entirely different in style, orthography, penmanship; every thing as different as could be, in which Mr. Morton made her an offer of his hand and fortune, and saying he "had no objections to an exchange of ambrotypes."

Forgetting that she had, by thus writing to an entire stranger taken the place of another, laid herself liable to receive anything he chose to write to her, and following the dictates of her own outraged feelings, she wrote a few hurried lines, stating that when she began the correspondence, she did so under the conviction that he was a gentleman and a scholar, whose letters would afford her amusement as well as instruction. Since she had found out that he was neither the one nor the other, she hoped he would not trouble her with any more communications from his pen; and enclosed his letter.

CHAPTER III.

"A fate attends on all I write."
—*Pope.*

In vain did Ella essay to forget her vexation at the reception of Mr. Morton's last letter. The thought that she had but paved the way was galling to her modesty, and she resolved to write to no one again without her father's knowledge and sanction. She had but one source of consolation, which was the fact that her name was not known in the affair, no one in the neighborhood knowing anything about it except the postmaster, who was an old and trusty friend. We will see how her resolution was kept.

Ten days after her letter was written she received the following letter, written in the style of the former letters—at least the same handwriting.

CAMP OF 1ST S. C. CAVALRY,
Near Columbia, S. C.

Miss Purcell—I scarcely know how to commence this feeble epistle. If I did not deem my past ungalant conduct demanded an explanation, I would certainly give up in despair. I think I cannot do better than by using the following egotistic style.

Mr. Morton came to me in the spring of 1863, and asked me to write a letter for him, and you may know I readily acquiesced when he promised to let me see the answer, if any ever came. When your reply was received, it threw me into raptures of delight. I corresponded with some ladies in Virginia, but yours, in Morton's name, gave me more pleasure than all the rest, and I often wished I could sign my own name instead of his. I was absent on duty when he wrote his unfortunate letter: He is very miserable, and insists on my writing you in his name, but I have declined positively, and have registered a vow never to be guilty of such ungalant conduct again. He is a perfect child of nature.

I would have hailed such a rupture in the correspondence with delight, had I remained in Virginia; but as I feel myself beyond all hope of redemption. I have hitherto been able to compare my heart to a rock in the ocean,

against which the breakers continually dash without making any impression. I must admit that this last surge of the fickle goddess' ill-favored wave has made it to totter in its firm foundation, though it is no more than was deserved by a young outlaw from the Military Institute of this State, from whose time-honored walls I was expelled in 1861 to join the army against the wishes of my kind old father. For thus disgracing myself, and being a good, easy somebody, after the Pennsylvania campaign of last year, my comrades were whimsical enough to confer on me the rank of senior second lieutenant, and you know the weight of such heavy honors! was more than sufficient to turn the head of a young jackanape like myself, not then out of my teens. Therefore, I pray you, throw the veil of charity over my unknighly conduct. I am a pauvre oyster fed cavalryman and not worthy of your anger or contempt. May God bless you and make you happy, is the earnest wish of

ROBERT G. WILLIAMS.

When this letter was received Ella was both astonished and pleased. Here was romance. The only difficulty was, how could it be continued? She thought over it for two days, and all her resolutions never to write to another stranger vanished before her love of adventure. Still she could not think of signing her own name. Therefore she went with all her difficulties to her cousin Nora Stanhope, to whom she told the whole story, and how much she wished to continue the correspondence, yet shrank from giving her true name, while she felt it would not be right to continue the name of Janie Purcell. Nora was in raptures. She read all of the letters, and declared them splendid. She had several soldier correspondents, but nothing in her experience could equal this. She had been reading Macaria, which had just come out, and made her head ache over Irene's scientific words. They were regular brain splitting jaw-crackers; and she was delighted to find something to divert her thoughts from such self-sacrificing heroines, and gave her full and free consent for her name to be used, always provided she was to know how it was carried on, and be first bride's maid, in case anything serious ever came of it.

"Ah! *Ma belle* cousin," she said, "I have imagined you a heroine after the Irene and Benlah order, but am really pleased to find you flesh and blood, after all. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and I am glad to find that your heart is not stone, and you have a little of woman's peculiar prerogative, curiosity. I do test these model women, or rather monstrosities, such as Miss Evans makes of her heroines. God never made a woman such as Irene.—You know I dislike an eniveler and croaker; still I would prefer a Niobe, all tears, to a woman who never enjoyed that luxury? Why, I actually shed tears over the description of the death bed scene of 'only a private in the ranks,' while Irene held the head of her dying lover while all around were in tears, without so much as a moistening of her eyelids. I know what you would tell me, that the sorrow that cannot find vent in tears is deepest. I grant all that; still, the foundations of the great deep must be broken up, sooner or later; human nature cannot long bear such an unnatural strain, or violation of her laws."

Ella replied that she had "no inclination to imitate Miss Evans' heroines." Had circumstances thrown me into society as much as they have you, I should, in all probability, have been as much of a flirt as you are, always provided I had been as much complimented. I hope, however, my heart would have retained as much of goodness as yours, and my poor giddy brain no more warped. You are really a dear, good cousin, and I readily promise you all you ask."

Writing materials were produced, and the following letter was written and given to Nora to have mailed:

Lieutenant Williams—Truly these rebel days are full of wonders. I have heard many strange and romantic incidents of the war, but I venture to affirm that few can exceed this of our correspondence. I cannot find it in my heart to be angry with you, since you have apologized so humbly and handsomely; and since confession seems to be the order of the day, I have a tale to unfold which, though it may not cause your two eyes to start from their spheres," will go far toward setting your mind at ease with regard to the part you have acted in our little by-play. Had the correspon-

dence continued in Mr. Morton's name, I should, in all probability, remained Janie Purcell until tired of the name, and then dropped it with the correspondence. Your confession is very interesting, and I feel some reluctance at parting with such pleasant company, for your letters have served to entertain one who would otherwise have been very lonely at times, and had become welcome friends; but, as I said, I have a confession to make, and will do so at once. I think this much is due to you, as well as to myself, after which I will bid you an *au revoir*, if you wish it.

During the month of January, 1864, a letter was sent me by the postmaster at —, directed to Miss Jane Purcell. As he said it had been there eight months, and as I had some relatives by the name of Purcell, he thought I might know for whom it was intended. I have some family connections by that name, but not a Jane among the number, and none of them belong to this county. I have tried, by inquiries among my neighbors, and no one seems to remember Mr. Morton. As I had been unsuccessful in finding out Mr. M's inamorata, and having no correspondent in the army, and being possessed of a sort of monomania known as *coccythos scribendi*—and, besides thinking, as I still do, that some one had used that name to deceive Mr. Morton, I concluded to adopt the name, and write in answer to his letter. I knew he had never seen me, as I saw none of the soldiers who came to our county; therefore, I hope his wounds are not mortal. I feel now that I did wrong in treating him as I have done, though I only felt, at the beginning, as if it was a girlish frolic. You know how the affair has been carried on. I must confess that some of my most pleasant hours were spent in reading those letters intended for some one else. I hope you are not a Papist, but if you are, and have any more sins to confess, you are at liberty to confess them to

Your romantic correspondent,
NORA STANHOPE.

Napoleon's Tomb.

If you want to stay in Paris to be picturesque, leave till the last your visit to the tomb of Napoleon. As you go into the gate, an old man who was with the great Frenchman at Saint Helena, will sell you a good picture of something that no photographer can sketch. It is a cathedral three hundred and twenty-three feet high, having cost two millions of dollars, dedicated to one dead man. Under its burnished dome is a concentration of wonders. Not his ashes resting there, but the embalmed and undecaying body of Napoleon, in military suit, in a red sarcophagus of Finland quartzite, polished to the last perfection by skillful machinery, and resting on a rock of green granite. Surrounded by twelve funeral lamps of bronze, and twelve marble statues of great size—one with a wreath, as if to crown; another with a pen as if to make record for the ages; another with a key, as if to open the celestial gate for a departed spirit; another with a trumpet to clear the way for the coming of a king—the pavement enameled into a crown of laurels, from which radiates on all sides a living star. There are gilded gates and a speaking cenotaph, and radiant canopy, and elaborate basso relievo, and embossed pillars, and two Prussian statues holding on cushions a sceptre and a world, and ceilings a blossom with finest fresco by French and Italian masters—their light dripping down the marble in blue and saffron and emerald and gold.

Oh! it is a dream of beauty! If the dead giant could wake up and look around, he might think he lay in the Moscow he coveted, and the glistening whiteness around were the morning sun shining on Russian snows, or that universal empire had come to him, and to make his palace, Egypt had sent its porphyry, and Switzerland its marble, and Greece its sculpture, and Rome its pictures, and France its bronze, and that the reverential spectators, in all kinds of national costume, leaning over the balustrade to look, were the adoring subjects of an universal religion.

Why do Children Die.

In answer to this question, the Medical Recorder has the following language:

"The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with water, suffocated in hot rooms and teamed with blankets. So much for in-door. — When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight.

"A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, arms, and necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings and thick double-soled boots, with cork between, and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which disables the nurse, kills the mothers outright and makes the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery."

A VALUABLE MINERAL DISCOVERY.

The Raleigh Sentinel learns that a valuable mineral discovery has been made in Macon County in the midst of the mountains of Western North Carolina, and it is called Corundum. The following description of it is by Rev. C. D. Smith, the eminent mineralogist and geologist, late assistant to Prof. Emmons:

The specimens represent blue, red and grey corundum. The corundum is of a super-o quality. The cleavage faces are remarkably well defined. Its crystalline structure and character invest it with an interest that does not belong to the common corundum of commerce. Indeed, in its superior purity and quality, nothing like it has been found elsewhere. The locality furnishes hexagonal prisms of much interest. Prof. Dana and Brush, of Yale College, have paid me over a dollar a pound for a box of specimens. I have by request shipped a box of it to the city of London. I have little doubt that when properly worked, the locality will yield the "Oriental gems."

He Couldn't Tell a Lie.

Alf Burnett, in one of his letters to *The People*, of Indianapolis, relates the following anecdote:

By the by, a good story is told of Ben Butler and his notorious honesty. A short time since, Ben Butler and Wendell Phillips had business with the President, and arm in arm, proceeded to call upon him. The President was busy, and sent word that he would see them presently. Phillips and Butler strolled out into the conservatory, in the rear of the White House, thence to the garden. Butler and Phillips were engaged in an animated conversation upon some topic. Butler became slightly excited.

A large hat-net belonging to the gardener was beside a tree; Butler casually picked it up, and while talking he made several deep gashes with it into one of General Grant's favorite trees. — Just at this juncture, the President appearing, Butler hastily secreted it under his coat tails.

After the compliments of the day, the President spied for the first time his mutilated tree, and, with tones of vehemence, inquired who had been cutting and gnashing that tree. After a few moments pause, Butler stepped bravely up to the President, and took him by the hand, saying, "Mr. President, I cannot tell a lie; I cannot tell a lie; Wendell Phillips did it."

RAISING TURKEYS.

The turkey is the most tender when young, and most difficult to raise of all the domestic fowls; yet, with proper care in setting the eggs under game hens and cooping the brood at night regularly, while the turkeys are young, they may be easily reared in great abundance. Never feed the young turkeys boiled eggs or corn-meal dough or wheat bread crumbs. They need very little food of any kind under seven days of age, and should have nothing but sour milk set in pans. — At about a week or ten days give them also wheat screenings or crumbs soaked in sour milk. Let this be their only feed till they begin to feather, and then give them grain of any kind. Tie the hen (which has the young turkeys) a peg off to herself, with a coop near by her so she can enter at night to roost. At two weeks old let the hen loose to roam, and if she is a game hen she will do the work of rearing the brood.

[Prairie Farmer.]

In the grave there is rest.