

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

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

J. H. C. BAILEY, PROP.

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Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Colloquial—Sambo and the Buzzard.

The following, not long since, having occurred in Greenville County, is handed to the Editors of the *Greenville Enterprise* subject to their disposal:
A freedman by the name of Sambo, having rented a farm, and arranging for his crop, with an old mule to pull his plough, while lately breaking up his field, becoming tired with the morning's labor, quietly lies down in the corner of the fence at the end of his row, and soon falls asleep, his mule, being at liberty drags the plow and grazes on the grass. In the mean while, a passing buzzard, eyeing Sambo with some degree of interest, alights near him, and after surveying the surroundings carefully of the sleeper, marches boldly up and gives Sambo a rousing peck on his cheek, making the blood flow freely. Sambo becomes aroused, and beholding his assailant, quickly gathers a huge dry-corn stalk and prepares for battle. The buzzard makes retreat on foot some thirty paces, and with proud and elevated head turns to front his supposed victim. Sambo with rage and passion wielding his instrument of death, thus delivers himself to the buzzard: "You old red, high headed, white bill, bird smelling varmint; you is out drawin' freedom's blood is you? You speard I was dead, did you? But I can tell you I aint dead yet; though this body of freedom has nothing but meal and salt to go on, and de mule aint dead neter, and has de grass to go on now; so I hopes you will not fill yourself with eder of us for long time to come; you old dirty, black varmint. You holds sich a high, proud head, I reckon you has been to Columbia, too, and now for folleing in de tracks of old Scott, de nigger and mean white man legislator; and what little is left of freedom, sich as perishing bodies and old mules, you now wants your share even afore a body dies. I wants you to know dat forty acres and a mule was promised freedom when freedom first come in by de leaguers and all sich liars; and de forty acres and de mule has neber come yet, for they went to de legislator wid our votes, filled deir own pockets, laid on high head and oder taxes on fre dom and now dont care what comes of us poor devils, dat was fools enough to believe em."
At or about this juncture of time quite a large number of the buzzard tribe arrive on the ground and take quarters on the surrounding trees on a stump facing the position of Sambo, when he further delivers himself:
"I reckon you all is jest doin what de nigger and mean scalawag white folks is doin in de legislature, wid old Gov. Scott; you has formed your ring too, to go to stealin and let de country and freedom gin up. But I tells you to stop afore you furdur go, for freedom has tried de stealin business and dat has gin up for de klu kluxes has stopped all dat, and now you wants to try your hand even afore freedom and de mule dies, you care from huntin' niggers. Yes, you ring buzzards, dis business must stop; freedom said first dat de bottom rail was on top, but I tells you and all oder rings dat freedom is now sorter getting in de middle ob de fence to hold it steady and strong, while sense is getting on de top, while de leaguers and oder sich liars dat led freedom astray, is at de bottom where sense and freedom will crush em out. Governor Perry says, de Charleston Trade folks says, and all oder sense folks says, dat dis ring business, dat dis stealin business, dat dis high tax business, must stop, and so says freedom too; and I now tells you dat freedom will start a ring agin you and your tribe dis night, and klu klux you all out Cane Island where you has your roost, even if it take de last peck of freedom's corn to get powder and bullet to do it, so I warns you to look out, for your end is at hand, when freedom can shoot."

What shall be Done?

Messrs. Editors—No man of any feeling, can live in these troublous times without realizing an anxious concern for his country's welfare. The discontent and murmurings of a people are not to be taken at all times as evidence that their laws are bad and their rulers corrupt. But it is evidence of wrong somewhere. The Christian religion imposes the duty of rendering unto Caesar the things that belong to Caesar, of paying tribute to whom tribute is due. This duty is limited, both as to things and the amount. The things, are those that belong to civil rulers; the amount, just what is due, nothing more. None should be paid tribute but those to whom it is due.—The Magna Charta of Great Britain, which contained the germ of English liberty, was extorted from King John by his subjects refusing to pay the tax which he imposed upon them. By its provision was made that no tax should be levied by the King without the voluntary consent of his subjects, expressed in an assembled council. Up to the commencement of the 13th century, kings had assumed to themselves the divine right not only to control men's lives but their property also, to carry out their own personal grandizement, or mad schemes in war. The Magna Charta gave to Great Britain her Parliament, an enlargement of the personal freedom of her people, the guarantee of no taxation without representation, which, in time, became the ground work of American liberty. It also threw around kingly authority the checkmates to absolute power, which have gradually become interwoven with her system of government, constituting its true elements of strength and beauty. The principle is the same, whatever to it may assume. It was the property-holding classes of Great Britain that obtained the Magna Charta. The principle is, *property shall not be taxed without it is represented.* Taxation to play in South Carolina without property representation in her councils, is no less despotic than it was in England in the year 1215, under kingly rule. With us, it is a system controlled by what is called popular suffrage, and therefore, while it is equally despotic, it is more dangerous. With them, it was one man in authority, possessed of some intelligence; with us, it is a multitude of misguided, ignorant slaves. No one can deny that the taxes are becoming burdensome. The people have a right to know what is done with their money. Many are deprived of the common necessaries of life, on account of their tax. Crime is on the increase, and so are the burdens of government. Why is it that we have civil, and military, and an armed militia power in the State, and with it all, both life and property are becoming daily more and more imperiled? Is it not that corrupt laws make corrupt people? "When the wicked beareth rule the people mourn; but when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice." High taxes imposed to carry on schemes of corporate interests under protection of law, must in the end, demoralize society, weaken industry, produce indolence and general discontent. But what is to be done? I believe that we may fortify ourselves to suffer it out. To expect peace without its seeds first being sown in society, is something like looking for wheat to grow from trees. Like from like, is the inexorable law that governs both the natural and social world. Certain things must run their course. A swollen stream, once breaking over its banks, will sweep its onward course, let the losses by its destruction of life and property be what they may. So of the revolutionary movements of nations. Thousands, with trantle joy, leap in to swell the tide, who would gladly stop its wild career when too late. I have no doubt but the negroes of South Carolina are now beyond the control or moderation of the leading elements of the Radical party. They have said in their public speeches, so one of the party told me, "We can no longer trust the white man." This is legitimate. They have been told that they are the controlling political power in the State. They believe it. The ball has been set to rolling; who shall stop it?
The people should use the right allowed them by the Constitution. Meet together in every Township throughout the State, and peaceably discuss their grievances, calling upon their representatives to clear up their respective records as to the expenditure of their money. Let resolutions be passed showing that we are willing to pay

a reasonable tax to support a reasonable government, but that an unreasonable demand for the support of bribery, corruption and fraud we cannot and will not pay.
Respectfully,
A. C. STEPP.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Messrs. Editors—I left your City a few days ago for Spartanburg. It was a beautiful clear morning, the night before a little frost had fallen, making it quite cool, but very pleasant for traveling. Nature everywhere had robed herself in beautiful green, and the trees all along afford cool and refreshing shades; the birds sang merrily, as they crept among the branches of the forest, and all, everything seemed to rejoice at the approach of spring. I had heard before I left your City, wheat was very much injured by the fly, and I found it true, not a single field anywhere along looked as well as it usually does this time of year, a great many fields, I think, ought to be ploughed up and planted in corn, for they are ruined by a small insect, just above the roots of wheat; they have sucked it, until it is yellow, and certainly can yield little or nothing.

At Batesville and Lester's Factories, everything seemed to be in good order, the cabins recently white-washed, and the Factories recently painted. I like to see this, it shows they are in a flourishing condition; I hope they are, and wish them much success. I also passed along by Crawfordville, where I saw every body and everything as busy as they could be, so much interested in their business they had no time to chat with idle visitors, so we halted but a short while.

Corn all along the road was just peeping up above the ground, but looked rather badly, the late frost and the cool weather seem to have thrown it back a little, though where it was up any distance above the ground, looked very well. I saw all along any quantity of bands dropping and covering cotton seed, and as usual, I suppose, a very large crop will be planted. The fencing and buildings, with few exceptions, look badly, and I was led to believe there is not half as much interest taken in farms as need to be. I reached Spartanburg at 1 o'clock, P. M., and stopped at the Palmetto House, kept by Mr. A. W. Spriggs, of Charleston. I found him to be a very kind and hospitable gentleman, understanding how to wait upon strangers, and make them feel comfortable. After enjoying one of his good old fashioned dinners, "hog and hominy," I went in hunt of the Sheriff, having some little business with him, as the most of men do these days, but found both that official and his deputy absent, and no one could tell when he would be back, not till next day, at least. Having some little time to spend in doing nothing, I concluded to look around and see what the business portion of town was doing, and, on inquiry, every one said business was very dull. I think it was dull for in the whole afternoon, I did not see a single trade made, either for cash or credit.—Called upon one of the County Commissioners, to know if he could give me an order on the County treasurer for some money, for work done two or three years ago. He said no, that the people had been very slow in paying their taxes and they had no money on hand, but if I would happen there when they did have any, he would give me the order.—Poor consolation for a man that lives thirty or forty miles away.

I was in several of the largest stores in the place, and they are all full up, most of them just receiving their spring goods, all exceedingly anxious to sell, but very few buyers. I heard a great many express themselves about sending men to the tax-payers convention in May—thought it was a good idea, and by all means ought to be done, and all seemed determined not to pay their taxes again this year. I was invited by one of the firm of Messrs. Fowler, Foster & Co., to go down and examine their carriage and wagon manufactory, which I found in excellent condition, machinery all new, with a ten horse power engine driving them right along.—They had very few vehicles on hand, and did not complain of hard times or being scarce of money.

I also took a long walk up Church Street, where I found a number of hands at work on the Air Line Railroad. They have eight miles graded, ready for the cross ties and iron, and feel certain they will complete the road

to Charlotte by the first of January next. This, seemingly, was a matter of great interest with them, as it was the all absorbing topic of conversation.

Wofford College has about one hundred students, and is certainly one of the most flourishing institutions in the State.
Several new buildings have been recently erected; new fencing, new streets, &c., show that the town is rapidly improving.—I could not help but form a very favorable opinion of the little village, hoping she may grow and yet become a large city. Night was upon us, and we returned to the hotel, and after tea, having arranged our business with an attorney for the sheriff, we retired, and awoke early in the morning; to take the road back to our much beloved and beautiful City of Greenville,
O. K.

The Stockholders' Meeting.

The stockholders of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad re-assembled, yesterday morning, in their hall—Hon. Jas. L. Orr in the chair.—C. V. Carrington, Esq., the attentive "charter Secretary" of the company, acted as Secretary of the meeting. The report of the President and Directors—showing the improved condition of the affairs of the company—was read and accepted. The General Superintendent's report, with the accompanying tables and statements, were also read and adopted. The stockholders then went into an election for President, Vice President, and Directors for the ensuing year, which resulted in the unanimous re-election of Frederick Bush, Esq., President, and Col. John J. Patterson, Vice President, Messrs. J. L. Neagle, J. J. Patterson, II., H. Kimpton, N. G. Parker, Joseph Crews, James L. Orr, II., T. Farmer, F. L. Cardozo, G. W. Waterman, T. Hurly, J. M. Allen, and Thomas Dodumead, were elected directors.

Col. J. P. Reed afterwards addressed the meeting, on the subject of the advantages to the road and this section from a connection with the "Atlanta and Richmond Air-Line" Railroad Company, at or near Anderson; and offered resolutions in regard to the same, which were approved of and referred to the Board of Directors for action.

After passing the usual resolutions and a complimentary one to Judge Orr, Chairman, the meeting adjourned.

The Southern Pacific.

This railroad company having organized will probably soon begin operations. From New York to San Francisco, by the Northern Pacific, is 3,373 miles.—From New York to San Diego, by the Southern Pacific, is 3,094 miles—an advantage in distance of 279 miles.—The following are the distances:

New York to Washington, 226 miles; Washington to Chattanooga, 624; to Meridian, by the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, 295 miles; to Vicksburg, by the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad, 149 miles; from Vicksburg to the eastern boundary of Texas, via Monroe and Shreveport, 183 miles; from eastern boundary of Texas to El Paso, 783 miles; through New Mexico on the 23d parallel, 578 miles, and through California, on the same, parallel to San Diego, on the Pacific, 260 miles—making 3,094 miles.

The Eastern connections of the Southern Pacific will be at Shreveport and Chickasaw, the former with the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad. The road will be a straight shoot for 250 miles of prairie. In 850 miles will be six bridges, none over 400 feet. The road runs through a rich country, with fertile soil, fit for cotton and grains, timber in plenty, rich mines contiguous. The route can be used the whole year round.

The company has all the usual powers; can issue \$50,000,000 stock, buy and consolidate with other railroads; purchase lands of other companies, issue bonds, etc.

Judge Flippin of Tennessee Sentencing his Old Schoolmate to Death.

Judge Flippin spoke as follows:
"Samuel H. Poston, this is one of the saddest cases in my life.—Our parents and their children knew each other. We grew up together, went to the same school, the same church, and played on hill and in valley the same innocent games in boyhood. Years have passed since then. Our roads in life have diverged.—You now stand convicted of a great capital crime, and I, as the minister of the law, have imposed upon me the painful duty of passing upon you the sentence of death.—Were it consistent with my official duties, I would this cup could pass from me. But I cannot now shrink from the performance of this sad official requirement, and must not, and will not in the future, though other victims may fall to avenge a violated law. It is, therefore, the sentence of the court that you be remanded to the county jail of Shelby County, the place from whence you came, to be there securely kept until Friday, the 20th day of May next, when you will be taken by the Sheriff of Shelby County, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., within one mile and a half of the court house of said county, and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!"

When Poston was called, both the Judge and Poston were very much moved. Poston shook like an aspen leaf, and had to grasp a chair for support. At the conclusion of the sentence Judge Flippin was in tears, as was also nearly all the large crowd, gathered there. It was a most affecting scene, and will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it. It was a surprise to all to know the relation that had existed in early childhood between Judge Flippin and Poston, and it must indeed have been a sad thing for Judge Flippin to consign to death a playmate of his early boyhood days.—*Memphis Sun.*

A FAMOUS BRIGAND KILLED.

Guicelle, the Brigand of Arrezzo, Italy, was shot recently by the King's Carbineers. He was, it is said, the terror, but also the boast of the neighborhood; and, no less from admiration than from fear, he was always sure, as long as he could elude the bloodhounds of the law, of a supper and a sweetheart. Justice was over and over again suspended by the dread of his anger; and tempting posts, usually so coveted in Italy, were refused by official order in deference to his mandates. The mode of his capture was in keeping with the remainder of his eventful history. Three of his pursuers took refuge one evening with a poor and aged couple, and their suspicions were at once aroused by seeing before them the promise of a more sumptuous repast than was warranted by the peasants' condition. The supper was preparing for Guicelle, and the fact was extorted from the temporizing pair. The Carbineers lay in wait for the solitary bravo, who soon came along singing a *rispetto*, or love song, and they dispatched him before he had time to do more than bite off one of their fingers.

GOOD ROLLS.—The famous Parker House (Boston) rolls are made in the following described manner: Make a hole in two quarts of flour, and pour in one pint of curd milk that has been boiled; with a cup of butter melted in it. Add a quarter of a cup of sugar and half a cup of good yeast. Let it stand without mixing two or three hours. Salt to taste.—Then knead it, and set it to rise a few hours; then mold it, and let it rise again in the pans before baking. The rolls require about fifteen minutes to bake in a quick oven.

BROWN SPRUCE BEER.

Pour eight gallons of water into a barrel, and then eight gallons more boiling hot; add twelve pounds of molasses and half a pound of essence of spruce; and when nearly cool, put in half a pint of good ale yeast. This must be stirred and well mixed, and leave the bung out two or three days; after which the liquor may be immediately bottled, well corked and tied, and packed in sawdust or sand, when it will be ripe and fit to drink in a fortnight.

From the Keowee Courier. Saving a Hand and Horse in Planting Corn.

Ed. or Keowee Courier—As I have just found out a plan by which at least a dollar a day may be saved by the farmers of the country, whilst planting their corn crops, and at a trifling expense, I have thought it not amiss to make it known, as corn is now being planted, and as farmers are very backward on account of the bad weather.
The plan is for covering corn in half the time that is usually required, the saving of a hand and horse, and doing the work better. The plan is this: Take two plow stocks, take off the handles, take out the cross pieces on which the handles are fastened; get a piece of timber, sixteen inches long, about one and a half inches in diameter—connect the two stocks with this, by fitting the ends of it into the two holes from which the handle piece was taken; let it extend on either side of the stocks to receive the handles that have been taken off—wedge the handles on tightly. Then bore inch holes, two or three inches above the junction of the foot and beam—put a cross piece in these—then bore same sized holes in the beams, a foot from the junction; then, just behind the clevis holes, two one and a quarter inch holes, put a strong piece here—thus the stocks are firmly connected. If gophers are four inches wide, (the usual width,) these three connecting rods should be fourteen inches long, but the piece on which the handles are fastened should not be less than sixteen inches. To the cross-piece, at the clevis, attach the swingle-tree and put on the gophers; make the horse walk in the planted furrow, and a beautiful sharp ridge will be made on the corn—better than can be done by going twice to the furrow in the usual way.—These three connecting rods should not be fastened until it is tried, as different widths are necessary with different sized gophers—they can be readily fastened when the proper width is ascertained. It consists in nothing but connecting two plow stocks together at such a distance as to cover the corn properly.—This arrangement of the stocks does not injure them—after planting saw off the cross bars and leave the plugs in the holes; the stock will not be at all weakened—when needed again, knock out these plugs and put in the rods. This arrangement may also be of great benefit in listing cotton land, that is well broken, by having a right and left handed jack or twister put on them, and putting the stocks a little farther apart, and, even if it should be too heavy for one horse, two could be used, thereby saving a hand. I have not tried this, but I can see no reason why it would not do as well as in covering.

Very respectfully,
J. W. CRAWFORD,
COLD SPRING, PICKENS CO., S. C.

How to Do Up SHIRT BOSOMS.

We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observed on new linens, shirt bosoms, etc., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following recipe for making gum Arabic starch: Take two ounces of fine white gum Arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing.—It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobinet.

A DANGEROUS DRUG.—Dr. David C. Beck, a physician of Goshen, Ind., died last Friday evening from an overdose of chloral.

The new medicine that is extensively used for producing sleep.—He had prepared a dose for his wife, and took it himself to show her that it was harmless, with the above result. There have been several cases of death from the use of this drug lately, among others two or three in Baltimore, from the too free use of chloral.

POPULATION AND PRODUCTION.

It is calculated by Mr. Samuel B. Ruggels, the statistician, that in the year 1900 the population of the United States will be seventy-five millions and that cereal food will be raised here sufficient not only for our own population, but for two hundred millions of the people of European countries.

A Plenty of Cucumbers from Three Hills.

A correspondent of the Horticulturist describes his way of making a cucumber crop, as follows:
"I had a narrow border, not more than two and a half feet wide, on the edge of a high fence. I planted three cucumber hills in the border, and laid some brush, (such as is used for pea vines,) between them and the fence. As soon as they crept up to the brush, I pinched off the ends of the vine, which thickened rapidly around the roots, and in every vigorous foliage and profusion of flowers.
"I did not allow the cucumbers to grow, but watched them, and such as I wished to reserve for the table I picked as soon as they became of proper size; all the rest were gathered every day for pickles; every day pinching off the buds at the end of each shoot. In this way the hills continued fresh and productive until they were touched by frost. Some judgment can be formed of the value of this practice when I add that more than a barrel of pickles were made from three hills, besides allowing a supply for the table."

A SOUTH CAROLINA ELECTION.

The New York sun says the contest between C. C. Bowen and R. C. DeLarge of South Carolina, for the honor of a seat in the Forty-second Congress, has been virtually decided in favor of the former. The Commissioners of Election of Beaufort county (in DeLarge's district) were arraigned and tried last week in the U. S. Circuit Court at Charleston, upon an indictment setting forth that Williams, Langley, and Graves, the aforesaid Commissioners, had, while acting in that capacity at the last election, stuffed the ballot-boxes, falsified the election record, made false returns of the number of votes cast, and committed divers other acts in violation of the United States enforcement law. The jury found the prisoners guilty, and Judge Bond sentenced them each to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The Court having thus sustained Mr. Bowen's charges of fraud in that district, it is more than likely that Mr. DeLarge will have to retire and give place to his contestant.

THE DIFFERENCE.—One young lady rises early, rolls up her sleeves, goes in the kitchen to get breakfast, or insists upon doing so, and afterwards with cheerful and sunny smiles, puts the house in order without the assistance of "mother." She will make a good wife, and render home a paradise. Young man, "get her!"

Another young lady is a parlor beauty, pallid from company, dissipation and want of exercise, reads novels and almost dies of laziness, while the poor old mother does her washing. She is a useless piece of furniture, an annoyance to the husband she may chance to "rope in," and will go whining to the grave. Young man, "let her alone!"

"THAT man," said a wag, "came to Nashua forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" It was a conundrum we could not answer. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

EXPRESS RATES REDUCED.

We have been informed by Mr. Todd, the efficient Agent of the Express Company, at this place, that the tariff from Sumter to Wilmington, Columbia, Charleston and Augusta, and all points between, has been reduced.

DEATH OF HON. JAMES M. MASON.

A telegram dated Alexandria, Va., April 29, states: "James M. Mason died last night from general debility. He had been unconscious for a day or two.—He died without pain." Mr. Mason had reached a ripe old age, having been born in 1797.

GENERAL SHERMAN is now traveling through the South, without escort. The Mobile Register warns him against the Radical Ku Klux, who would not hesitate to kill him, or any other man, in the dark, to make a little capital for their party.

A YOUNG man with a good trade or honorable profession, is not obliged to ask many favors.—He will hew his way to success, while the unstable and shiftless will grow tired, despair and die.

RAMBLER.