

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

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

JOHN C. BAILEY, PROR.

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A June Day.

O sweet, sweet, sweet is the day, love,
The birds are all in tune,
And the gardens and fields are gay, love,
With the buds and the flowers of June—
June-lark, June flowers—ah! I well we know
The color that each one wears;
And the blithe-birds—it was even so
That they sang to us merrily long ago
In our June day of other years!
The woods are in robes of splendor,
And you hill top far away
Hath caught from the skies a tender
And beautiful scene to-day,
A beautiful, beautiful, rare blue
We walked each ably alone
In our own June-day, Ah, our hearts
Were true
And love lent beauty and pleasure blue,
From the golden gates of heaven!
Remember each word said long ago,
On the blimey air that day,
Words soft and kind and true, love,
As ever a tongue may say;
You told me the heart would be young
Forever,
And that love could never die;
That time and word and death could never
This perfect fruit of the soul discover
From its immortality!

REMINISCENCES OF THE COUNTY OF GREENVILLE.

BY EX GOVERNOR B. F. PERRY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

In 1824 or 25, Young and Timmy, of Charleston, came to Greenville, and established the *Greenville Republican*, which was the second newspaper ever published above Columbia. The old *Pendleton Messenger* was established in 1790 some odd. John Miller, Sr., the proprietor and editor of the *Pendleton Messenger*, was a printer in Woodfall's office in London, and assisted in printing the famous letters of Junius, and for which he had to leave England to avoid a prosecution. Young and Timmy employed Charles W. D'Oyley, to edit their paper. He was a fine classical scholar, and had been the law partner of Chancellor Dunkin. The *Republican* had only two or three hundred subscribers, and soon changed hands. O. H. Wells became proprietor, printer and editor for a while. He was assisted in editorial labors by Col. D'Oyley. The name of the paper was afterwards changed, and became the *Mountaineer*. John H. Hewit, a graduate of West Point, and a poet, came to Greenville in 1824, as a teacher of music, and in connection with the *Republican* office started a literary paper called, I think, the *Literary Messenger*. It flourished but a short time, but long enough to have published in it, a poem by the editor, dubbed the *Traveler*. In the course of a few years a fierce political contest sprang up in South Carolina, on the subject of Tariff, Nullification and Disunion. The *Mountaineer* was a staunch Union paper, opposed both the Tariff and Nullification as a remedy to get rid of it. Its subscription list increased rapidly, and other papers sprang up in the adjoining Districts. Now, I believe, every County in the State has its newspaper.

The Tariff of 1824 gave rise to political meetings throughout the State, and Greenville became famous for her's, and was very much excited for many years afterwards. Parties were formed, barbecues given, stump speeches made, and fiery editorials published in the *Mountaineer*. Friends were estranged, and serious difficulties arose. It is strange, passing strange, how foolish sensible men will be in politics and religion. Instead of tolerating a difference of opinion, every partisan thinks it necessary to declare war against those who differ with him in opinion. The politician thinks the salvation of the country depends on carrying out his principles, as the religionist believes his special or-

thodoxy alone can save a man's soul from eternal perdition. Experience has shown us that the politician has been very often mistaken, and we hope the religionist may find himself equally in error here after in another world.

In the early history of Greenville, there will be found a great many lawless acts. We will mention one which occurred long after the close of the Revolutionary war. A man by the name of Bates, was arrested on a charge of horse stealing, and lodged in Greenville jail for trial. Motley heard of the arrest, and determined to revenge the murder of his father and mother, who had been basely killed by Bates in the Revolutionary war. With two or three companions, Motley presented himself at the jail one day, and demanded Bates, telling the jailor that his purpose was to kill him. The jailor insisted that the law should take its course and refused to give up his prisoner, till a pistol was presented at his head and he saw that his own life would be taken. Motley took Bates out of jail and shot him down in the yard. He was then buried on the lot now belonging to the Estate of Col. Hoke. No one ever thought of arresting Motley, and he returned home, where he quietly lived in the upper part of the District for many years. There were Ku Klux in those days, but they were not disguised.

Greenville is now, quite a literary city, with its University, Theological Seminary, Female College, Academies, Schools and learned professors. There are Literary Clubs, Public Libraries, Reading rooms, and almost every one has a fine private library. Some of these private libraries contain three or four thousand volumes of well selected standard works. In 1823 I do not think there was a citizen in the village, who had more than fifteen or twenty volumes of books in his house. Many of them had none except a Bible and an Almanac. The lawyers may have had a few law books. Judge Earle's library, which was considered a large one, contained about a hundred volumes. It is due to say, however, that afterwards, he increased it very largely, and at his death, (twenty years afterwards,) he had a very fine miscellaneous library. It would astonish any one now, to behold how few persons took a newspaper of any description in those times. In the country, there were hundreds of sensible, prosperous farmers who never thought of subscribing for a newspaper. The establishment of the *Greenville Republican* by Young and Timmy began to produce a change in this respect. Now there is scarcely a house without a newspaper, no matter how poor the owner may be. In 1826 there was organized a Female Library Society. The members paid two dollars and had the use of the books. The selection was very good. In those times novel reading was not quite so fashionable as it is at the present day. But it is better to read a novel than not to read at all. This society continued to flourish for a number of years. It met once a month at the house of some member. These were very pleasant meetings.

Riding excursions to Paris Mountain were very frequent. On one occasion professor Nott accompanied us, and we carried a lunch. The professor drew fire from Heaven and kindled a brush heap, over which some of the ladies made a cup of tea for each one of the party, which we drank with great zest. One or two excursions to the Table Rock, we had every summer. Governor Wilson celebrated the 4th of July on top of the Table Rock during his administration, and there was a large concourse of persons at it from Greenville. A cannon was carried up, and gave a salute to each one of the original thirteen States. Governor Taylor made up a large party, and visited the Rock whilst he was Governor. His daughter, Miss Sallia, his niece, Miss Maria Taylor, and the daughters of General Earle were of the party. I remember well whilst escorting some of the ladies at the base of the mountain, falling eight or ten feet and spraining my ankle. Whilst the ladies were all sympathizing with me, Miss Maria said, "Achilles-like, vulnerable in no part but the heel." "Well, Maria," said the Governor, "I have been comparing the rock to the Pyramids of Egypt, and trying to make a display of classical learning, but you, by one happy expression, have thrown all my pretensions in the shade." I once accompanied another party to the Table Mountain, which resulted in four engagements, and in due time in four weddings. It seemed as if the mountains inspired love.

The society of Greenville began to improve after the completion of the State road over the Saluda Mountains, the erection of good hotels, by Messrs. Crittenden, Cleveland and Toney, and the opening of the male and female Academies. General Thompson moved here from Edgefield, in 1825. Judge Gantt came about the same time, and settled on the Grove Creek. Dr. William Butler, settled on Pike's Mountain, a few years afterwards. Joel R. Poinsett purchased four miles from the village a few years later. Professor Dickson bought a residence four miles east of Greenville about the same time. Vardry McBee, moved here in 1828 or 29 and took possession of his large landed estate, purchased of Col. Allston. Thomas Lowndes, settled on a point spur of Pike's Mountain, and was afterwards followed by his brother William Lowndes. About the same time, Rev. Dr. Buist, settled two miles east of the village. Messrs. Markley and Cox came here from Charleston, and established a carriage factory, which has prospered and brought a great deal of money into our town, and still continues prosperous and greatly enlarged under the firm of Gower, Cox & Markley.

The Western drovers contributed a great deal to the prosperity of Greenville. They had to pass through the District for fifty or sixty miles and this gave the farmers all along the road, a good market for their corn, fodder, &c. I have seen every day three or four droves of hogs, containing several hundred, pass through the village during the fall season, and almost as many horses, mules and cattle. This travel is now entirely broken up, and we seldom see a drove of stock passing through our town. In 1845, after the failure of the Charleston, Louisville and Cincinnati Railroad, Col. John J. Coleman, Joel E. Poinsett and myself, set about stirring up the people to the necessity of a railroad from Columbia to Greenville. General Thompson soon became interested in the project, and ultimately the road was completed under the Presidency of Chief Justice O'Neal. This added greatly to the prosperity of the whole upper country, and the town of Greenville became a most flourishing place. This brought the Farman University and Theological Seminary with their learned professors, and troops of young men. The merchants increased ten fold, and business of every kind; cotton factories were erected by Messrs. Lester and Kilgore, Wm. Bates and Vardry McBee. A paper mill was started by Messrs. Patterson, five or six miles below the village on Reedy River, and was afterwards purchased by Col. Donham. This mill supplied all the newspapers in the upper part of the State with printing paper. It was for many years the only paper mill in the State.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

A Copy.

Hacienda, Saluda, Greenville County, S. C., August 25th, 1871.
Hon. Frederick Watson, Washington City, D. C.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a roll of forms for meteorological observations of the Department of Agriculture. I regret that I have not the necessary instruments required to comply with the directions contained in the forms adopted by the Smithsonian Institute, a pamphlet of which has also been received. If the Department has at its command sets of instruments for the use of observers, and is disposed to entrust one to my care, I will cheerfully furnish the labor. The importance of a more extended knowledge in climate, and a practical application of temperature to agriculture, is illustrated at present in this county; which proves the absolute necessity of further observations by the agriculturist.

In June, the appearance of the corn and cotton crops were extraordinarily good. The usual rains during the months of July and August, which reach here from the Gulf of Mexico, came to a halt in the valley of the Savannah, where they were arrested by dry winds from the East. This county, therefore, has had a small run from the atmospheric distillery for the past eight weeks. Garden vegetation, and pasture lands, have dried up, and there is very little now for the pot or the rack. Upland corn in many cases has been totally ruined, and in the

lowest bottoms it is injured by drought. The cotton plant is burnt, and it has the rust. There will be very little hay made here this fall.

A field of cotton presented good stalk, but bore very little cotton; guano had been strowed in the row. The heat of the guano at the root, and high temperature on the branches, caused the leaves to double up. For the want of thermal light, the workman has lost his labor, his bread, and his breeches.

A field of upland corn was stunted in its growth—it was only from 3 to 4 feet high, with only here and there a measily-looking nubbin; generally no corn at all. There is something strange and startling in witnessing the effect of fire without smoke. There was nothing about this corn field which was calculated to excite either the covetousness (which is idolatry) or the envy of the forbidden log. Stable manure had been applied to the hill on poor land, and what with the heat below and want of water, vegetable life was turning to ashes.

Without irrigation, long drought may destroy any crop, and under all circumstances, yet by a more careful attention to the application of manure and improvement of soil, a great deal of the loss might be avoided. It is a good plan not to manure all crops in the spring, but to plow in or top dress the gardens and fields in mid winter. The temperature of stable manure in summer at the depth of one foot in an ox stall, is 84° Fah. In this climate it is not the heating quantity which the plant requires, but the strength imparted to it by the richness it gives the soil. Peruvian guano produces stalk—a light dressing of it broad cast on good land is beneficial. To spread guano on a poor field is like an application of raw whisky on an empty stomach—it burns in dry times.

The aborigines of Peru, as well as the Spaniards and more modern mestizos or mixed races, use guano in agriculture, even on soil in that region near the Pacific shore where it never rains—where the soil is dry, and of a high temperature; where they apply the hot guano to the heated earth. They open gates of aqueducts, leading from the glaciers and snow capped Andes, and flood the field with water—producing a luxuriant growth of sugar cane, and fields rich with lucerne grasses.

The difference of temperature between the light and shade of the sun and moon on plants, to a degree regulates and modifies the heat and cold in the plant itself. How carefully this law has been made to fulfill its mission.—In romance, poetry and art, as well as in agriculture, the shade of the moon must be illustrated as warm. Red is introduced to show the higher temperature of the atmosphere over the blue, which is needed for a truthful representation of moon light. The shade of the sun is cool, and the light hot. The plant then enjoys two temperatures alternately in the day and in the night. Red and blue colors, mixed, make the purple, which is ante Republican. "Does the corn grow by moon-light?" I asked a practical farmer. "Yes, sir," said he, "I have stood by the corn in a calm night and heard it."

"A sort of cracking." This server was listening to the music of the laughing corn. The noise he heard was produced by a change of temperature from sun, to moon-light, such as may be heard by the explorer near the poles of the earth, during change of temperature acting upon the frozen barriers of those regions, where ice cracks.

Practical experience teaches that Red clover seed sown with the wheat in October, will make good root in the coldest winter here, and that the clover stands the heat in a dry time under a hot sun better than if planted in February or March. On good upland two crops of clover hay may be housed by the first week in July. The young clover is ready for pasture by the middle of March, ordinarily three weeks in advance of the common pasture of the county. A more extended culture of clover shortens winter feeding, betters and increases the stock, and improves the land. The dew of the night is held in the clover during the day, the moisture has the effect of cooling the location, and the refreshing order from the fields around about the house and barn adds to health of man, and beast. During warm nights the cattle and sheep lay on the side of the yard next the clover field. At mid-day the domestic cat was observed to enjoy its siesta under the cool shade of clover two feet

and a half high. Some animals are very nice in their meteorological observations. The cool atmosphere which floats under the horizontal leaves of clover in the morning watch, becomes towards the evening warmer, and this air tempers the atmosphere of the night, far above the surface. At the time the orchard was in blossom, our apple crop this year we thought escaped being destroyed by frost. The dew-drops hung gracefully around the early flower which was protected from the danger of freezing by the mild, gentle, and balmy atmosphere distributed from the field of clover, which stood as a guarding angel over its tender beauty in the cold frosty night. In the morning the blossoms smiled a grateful smile for such a comfortable law.

The safest, the most economical and quickest mode of improving the agricultural resources of Greenville County, is by a free cultivation of Red Clover, on upland.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LARDNER GIBBON.

An Old Story Retold.

A correspondent furnishes us with an account of the following incident which has just occurred in a garrison town on the banks of the Rhine. On a certain day last week a party of German officers were dining together, when a dispute—said to be about a lady—arose between two of them. Words ran so high that finally both declared they could only be satisfied by bloodshed, and, as duelling is not allowed, they adopted another horrible means of ending their quarrel. It was agreed that they should stake their lives on a throw of the dice, and which ever threw the lowest number was bound by his word of honor to blow his own brains out. The unlucky number was thrown by a brave young officer who had gone through the late campaign with distinction, and had been rewarded with the Iron Cross. He at once prepared for his fate by writing a letter to his Colonel, who happened to be absent, and making his will, and then, the very same evening, fulfilled his melancholy promise. His death and the military funeral he was given created a little excitement in the town, but, apparently, the feeling uppermost in the minds of the inhabitants was that expressed by the landlord of the hotel, who said to me, "It was a very funny duel." The other actor in the tragedy discussed the event quite calmly the next day in the *table d'hote* room.—*London Times*.

The Scotch.

The editor of the *Interior* is wandering through the exterior, that is, away up in Maine, and he seems surprised to find so many Scotchmen in the pulpit. He says:

Are our American churches to depend on Scotchmen, or men of Scotch descent, for pulpit ministrations? Perhaps not; and yet it would almost seem that Scotchmen, not only for the Presbyterian, but for the other non-prelatical churches, are taking the place of the tribe of Levi. We meet, or hear of ten or twenty ministers of that nationality where we meet, or heard of one twenty years ago. A considerable number of them in Boston. At Lynn we attended a Baptist church; a Scotchman was the minister. And in this little town, away down in Yankeeedom, we find a Scotchman as pastor of the Congregational church. Their preaching is somewhat different from the home born and home bred minister, and for variety—we are inclined to think there is little more in it—is quite as acceptable to the people. While they lack the flexibility of the native American, and sometimes acquire the reputation of being somewhat wilful, they have more talent for extemporaneous speaking, as a rule, more fervor of style and manner.

The illicit distillers and defrauders of the revenue in North Carolina are now declared to be Ku Klux because of their operations, which, without going to the length of whipping and maltreating Union men, includes pretty heavy swindles on the government. This matter of Ku Kluxism seems to be mainly a question of geography. In Washington similar operations are generally termed truly loyal.

[*New York Herald*.]

The Isle of Bute is talked of in Scotland as a refuge for Pins IX.

Lucky and Unlucky Men.

It has been stated that the Rothschilds never employ "unlucky men." The Cincinnati Commercial says that Stewart, the millionaire of New York, adopts no such rule, but has employed a great many broken merchants, deriving great advantage from their experience. If there is wisdom in either policy as such, there is more on Mr. Stewart's side than on that of the Rothschilds. The true rule is to employ capable and honest men, no matter whether they have been unfortunate or not. Misfortune is not of itself a proof of want of capacity. No man can control events, nor can any man foresee them. As for "luck," it is all in the imagination. It is not a constitutional trait. General success in life comes from very different causes. Even gamblers, whose faith in "luck" ought to be as good as anybody's, rely very little upon it. They take precautions against the fickle genius. All their games have the chances decidedly in their favor. Luck is a vagabond whose visitations are innumerable, until finally he becomes a Beau Hieckman, the seedy sponge, whose ups and downs should warn all against dallying with the delusions which seldom lead to any other end than ruin.

Indeed, fortuitous circumstances may give a man sudden wealth, but he deserves no more credit for that than does a man deserve censure for being a loser by an unforeseen event. It is unfortunate for men, especially young ones, to believe that they are "lucky" and "unlucky" men. It is apt to impair their faith in the only safe mental and physical qualities and virtues, such as experience, good judgment, industry, fortitude, self-denial, and good faith in the relations of life. To distrust these is to impugn the wisdom and beneficence of an overruling Providence.

NECESSARY RULES FOR SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs, and those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep.

The practical inferences are three: 1st. Those who think most, who do the most brain work, require the most sleep. 2d. The time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. 3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and efficient rule.

RAISING TURKEYS.—The turkey is the most tender when young, all the most difficult to raise of all the domesticated fowls, and 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 a young turkey 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 old give them wheat screenings or crumbs soaked in sour milk. Let this be their only feed till they begin to feather, then give them grain of any kind. Tie the hen which has the young turkeys to a peg off by herself, with a coop near by her, so that she can enter at night for shelter. At two weeks old let the hen loose to roam, and if she be a game hen she will do the work of rearing the brood.

New York clergymen are reaping a rich harvest in marriage fees, there now being more than a hundred weddings a week in that city.

A LITTLE four year old girl who has "been there," gives the following receipt for vaccination: "Scrape your arm a little; scrape it till it hurts; put in a little putty; let it dry; and that's all till it 'takes'."

Ill-gotten and ill-spent riches are a double curse.

True religion makes no splutter.

There are 903 agricultural societies in Prussia.

New York dressmakers are coming down in prices.

Iowa just bets on a million and a half bushels of apples.

A boy of 14 in Oregon recently prisoned his own mother.

A Kansas man broke his neck while trying to break a colt.

White robins are now being captured in various parts of the country.

A New York dairyman has made a cheese weighing three thousand pounds.

The idea of building a ship canal around Niagara Falls, on the American side, is again revived.

The Dutch Gap canal shortens the distance between Richmond and Norfolk about nine miles.

"Sally, what time does your folks dine to-day?" "Soon as you go away; them's missus' orders."

A DRUGGIST in New Hampshire threatened the local paper with a suit for putting an "i" in the place of an "a" in his advertisement of grape pills.

A guest at a Western hotel, finding a long hair in the butter, ordered the waiter to bring him some "bald-headed butter."

A New Donor.—A telegram from San Francisco says: "The recount of the votes of San Francisco has developed nothing fraudulent beyond the use of nitrate of silver, with which the name of Badiom, a tax payer candidate for assessor, was erased from about twenty ballots, the erasure not showing until some hours after the ballots had been deposited."

RICH.—"This is the 200th application in a week. Go to the devil. I can't hire every d—d fool." That's what they say Mr. Greeley wrote to a man who asked for a situation. The receiver couldn't make it out, so he took it down to the Tribune counting room, and the cashier, supposing it to be an order for \$200, paid him that sum. The mistake was not discovered until Horace came to draw his week's salary and found his account already overdrawn.—So they say.

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—The following names are indeed appropriate for the uses mentioned: For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.

For a general's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Betty.
For a fisherman's wife—Netty.
For a shoemaker's wife—Peg-gy.

For a teamster's wife—Car-rie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliza.

HONOR THE SCISSORS.—Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest thing in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work that is done on a paper. If they find the editor with scissors in hand, they are sure to say, "Eh! that's the way you get up original matter!"

The most CLEVER TUNNEL OPENED.—One of the great, and perhaps the greatest, engineering feats of the age is finally successful, and trains are now running from Italy into France, over and through the Alps, by the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The highest point of the old road made by the French in 1810 is 6,775 feet above the sea—between Savoy and Piedmont. But this was a wagon road, and now the locomotive whistles through more difficult and inhospitable passes. The inception of the labor is due to Counts Rattazzi and Cavour, and Italian money and skill more than divide the honors of an achievement far surpassing Hannibal's or Napoleon's. The progress of the work has been carefully noticed from the beginning, and the late completion of the boring left the event now realized only a question of days.