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POETRY.

An Agricultural Ode.

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grapes by the river side,
The tassels from the corn and wheat,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of the peach and pear,
The mirror of the pop wove told,
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he learned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

O, Painter of the fruit and flowers,
We thank thee for thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden, work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need,
The joy of a simple faith is born,
That he who sows the summer seed,
May trust: These for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and leaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles raise and fall,
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blest most is blest,
And God and man shall have his worth,
Who toils to lead a better life,
An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late to all who sow,
The time of harvest shall be given,
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow
If not on earth, at least in Heaven.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY EX-GOVERNOR D. F. PERRY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

JAMES H. ADAMS.

Governor Adams and myself became acquainted with each other as members of the Legislature when we were both young men.— We were the antipodes of each other in politics, and continued so throughout our after lives. He was a Whig and I was a Democrat. He believed nullification the rightful remedy for all unconstitutional legislation on the part of Congress. I did not acknowledge the right of a State to veto Acts of Congress, and believed the Supreme Court of the United States the proper tribunal to try the constitutionality of all legislation. He believed in the constitutional right of a State to secede from the Federal compact. I denied the constitutional right of a State to break up the Government when she pleased, but admitted the right of revolution when a Government became intolerably oppressive. Gov. Adams was in favor of opening the African slave trade. I regarded such a step disgraceful to our national character, and nefarious in a moral point of view, as well as being unwise and against the true interests of the Southern States. But notwithstanding this difference in politics, (*loco calo*) we became warm, cordial and intimate friends personally, and remained so up to his lamented death. Every spring, for a number of years, during my attendance on the Court of Appeals, I was in the habit of visiting his handsome residence fourteen or fifteen miles below Columbia with a party of gentlemen, and spending three or four days most pleasantly with him, his charming wife and lovely daughters. We always had a fine time, and enjoyed ourselves most delightfully.— His entertainment was elegant, and his hospitality unbounded.— We were amused, one morning in May, in having sent up to us, before we were dressed, a magnificent bowl of mint julep, well iced.— Whilst sipping it, Judge Aldrich remarked: "What a glorious wife Adams has! I once asked my wife to make me a brandy toddy, and she coolly replied, that if I waited till she made one, I would have to wait a long time!"— Governor Adams lost both of his parents whilst he was an infant, and his old grandfather took him and brought him up. This old gentleman had moved to South Carolina in the early settlement of the up-country, from Virginia, and amassed a very large fortune. He could only write his name and nothing more, but he gave all his sons and grandsons a collegiate education. The Governor was sent to Yale College, where he graduated. John O. Calhoun was a graduate of the same institution, and a great many Southern young men were sent there to be educated in those days. After graduating, Governor Adams married, and devoted himself to the management of his large planting interest in Richland District. He

never studied any profession, but soon became engaged in politics. For many years he represented Richland District in both Houses of the Legislature, and his opposition was always very strong and powerful. Money was spent most freely on both sides. In one of his elections for the Senate, it is said that the price of a sand hill vote was as high as fifty dollars. I remember meeting Col. William C. Preston in the cars once on his return from Virginia, who jestingly said, he was hurrying back to the election in Columbia, for he understood that a vote was worth fifty dollars! In one of the Governor's contests for the Senate, he came to Greenville during the summer, and I inquired how he could possibly have come during the canvass? He said nothing but a miracle could defeat his election. But he was defeated by a few votes. When I met him that fall in Columbia, I said to him the "miracle" had happened. He replied, yes; that he had spent ten thousand dollars on the election, and his opponent fifty thousand; that he saw it would break him if he continued the contest, and gave it up.

Just before these elections in Richland, both sides kept what was called "pens," where those who were willing to sell their votes, were housed two or three days before the election and marched to the polls when opened. They were not to be trusted after bartering their suffrage. The Governor told me an amusing anecdote in connection with this last canvass of his. He said a friend came to him one day in Columbia and told him there was a sand-hill voter in town, and he thought he might be secured, although he had already sold his vote to the opposite party. The Governor hunted him up, and began to talk about the election. The description of the fellow's personal appearance was most ludicrous indeed. He had on his head an old straw hat, which looked as if half of it had been eaten up by the cove. He was a long, pale-faced, gangling sand-lapper, with a calico hunting-shirt in tatters, barefooted and a ragged pair of pantaloons, which came only half-way between his knees and ankles. The fellow told the Governor that he was paid by the other party, but seemed willing to sell his vote again. The Governor asked him how much he would take to go down to Gadsden and stay till the election came on?— He replied, fifty dollars. The Governor said it was too much, and proposed giving him ten dollars, which would be a clever compensation for two or three days services. "But you must remember, General," said the black-guard, "that my honor is involved in this matter, and I ought to have something extra for that!" The Governor said he was so much amused at such a fellow, on the eve of selling his vote the second time, talking of his wounded honor, and demanding an additional price on that account, that he burst into a hearty laugh, and turned off.

Governor Adams, after his defeat for the State Senate, was elected Chief Magistrate of the State, and came very near being elected United States Senator at the expiration of his gubernatorial term of office. He was a member of the State Convention which seceded from the Union, and appointed with Barnwell and Orr to go to Washington and negotiate with President Buchanan as to his giving up the forts in Charleston, on the United States being compensated for them. Soon afterwards, his health became very bad, and he did not live to witness the misfortune, degradation and ruin of his beloved State.

Governor Adams was the finest looking horseman in saddle, when in full uniform, that I ever saw, and the best rider. He was a gentleman thoroughly educated, and possessed a highly cultivated mind. He spoke well and wrote well. He was a most cordial and warm-hearted friend, and a devoted friend. Some time before his death, he became a member and communicant of the Episcopal Church. I remember this information was given me, at the time, by his son-in-law, Mr. Brooks, and I wrote in reply, expressing my gratification, saying, "he was now prepared to live or die." He died a Christian, and had lived a noble-hearted gentleman.

Governor Adams paid a visit to Europe in the latter part of his life, and spent some time in England. He was very much pleased with the country and society there. He said to me, that there was a feeling of loyalty, fidelity and respect shown by the laboring classes in England to the gentry and property holders, which we did not

meet with any where in the United States. In other words, said he, "there is no envy, jealousy or prejudice against a man because he is a gentleman and wears a broadcloth coat." This, no doubt, true, but it is owing to the dependence of the laboring class on the property holders and the cheapness of labor. In this country, every one is honest, and knows that his honest labor will support himself and family. He therefore feels more secure in resenting any supercilious assumption or disrespect on the part of the broadcloth.

In January, 1854, Governor Adams sent me for publication, a very long article against giving the election of President and Vice-President to the people. In his letter he says: "I am very sorry I differ from you on this question, for I have no doubt yours is the strong and popular side, and mine weak and unpopular. I sometimes think I am destined to live and die in a minority. I wish I had the happy instincts of two of my brother Senators, whom I will not mention, but leave you to conjecture. * * * I am very much obliged to you for your complimentary notice of me. It is more than I really deserve, although Mrs. Adams thinks it all true and just; and after reading it, wondered why it was so many persons speak harshly of Colonel Perry. I said to her, take care, when the Colonel replies to me on the electoral question you don't sing a different tune. In one thing you have done me justice. I have never allowed political differences to interfere with my personal feelings. I sincerely hope this electoral question will not in the least disturb our relations, for I assure you, decide it as you may, in itself, it is a matter of no great consequence whether the Legislature or the people make the electors. A Baltimore or Philadelphia Convention makes the President.

December 26th, 1854, Governor Adams wrote me as follows: "Yesterday's mail brought me 'The Southern Patriot.' I can't say that I looked for your notice of my inaugural with fear and trembling, but I did do so with some anxiety. I rose from my perusal with my feelings (if that were possible) of regard and attachment for you strengthened; and I cannot suffer the occasion to pass without reciprocating the kind feelings you have expressed for me. I am sure no political issue can ever arise that will shake my confidence or lessen my esteem for you. It would have been a source of great gratification if we could have thought alike politically, but as that has not always been the case, we must hope that time may narrow the gap between us, and in the meantime continue to be friends. I have one consolation in the retrospect of my public life: I never deserted a friend, and never intentionally deceived an opponent. * * * There is one subject of public policy, about which I am sure we do not differ, and that is popular education. In this matter I acknowledge myself behind no one. I am ready and willing to pay double my present taxes, to carry out any scheme which may be matured for enlightening the ignorant poor. I shall be glad to hear your views, at your leisure, on this subject. I shall have, if I live, to bring the matter before the Legislature. Do aid me with your reflections and suggestions in relation to our free school system. The system needs improvement, but how, is the difficulty?"

He wrote me in June following, and said: "I have no fears that you will forget your promise to give me your views on our free school system. I write now to make an additional request of you, and I hope you will have time to give me the benefit of your experience and investigation on the subject. I design to bring before the Legislature in my Message the subject of a revision of the Statute laws of the State. I have seen the revised Code of North Carolina, and think we need something of the kind in our State. Our Statutes at Large, it strikes me, do not answer the end designed. At present, it takes a lawyer of large practice and study to tell what is law, in South Carolina; whereas, it seems to me, that the Acts of Assembly, which are of force, should be so arranged and indexed that any citizen of education and sense, could readily turn to them and decide for himself, his rights, duties, and responsibilities under the laws of the land. Will you, at your leisure, do me the kindness to give me your views as to the necessity and value of such a work? If you approve of the design, will you suggest the details of a plan for carrying it out? While a ma-

majority of the Legislature might be in favor of the thing generally, I am satisfied, unless a practical plan is submitted, nothing will be done."
[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Recollections of Rev. Jas. Dannelly.

At a camp meeting held at Sandy Spring, some years ago, Mr. Dannelly preached the 11 o'clock sermon on Sabbath. It was one of his finest efforts. Being much exhausted, he retired to the preacher's tent, which was the church, and laid down on a bed, puffing and blowing from heat and exhaustion, when an old gentleman came running in, exclaiming as he came, "Mr. Dannelly, I am so glad to see you. It has been a long time since I saw you, and heard you preach. I am so glad to see you." We cast our eyes in the direction of the speaker and observed the person put out his hand in his peculiar style, a sure indication to us, that he did not heartily reciprocate the warm salutation. Mr. D. did not open his mouth until his enthusiastic friend had gotten through with his salutations and compliments, then in his loud, shrill, nasal tone, said, "Do you *distill* whisky yet?" The question staggered the friend only for a moment, when, rallying, he said, "Mr. Dannelly, you know we never could agree on that question. Twenty years ago we argued it, and could not agree. I continue to run my still and hope I am doing no harm by it." "Do you *sell* whisky yet?" was the second staggering question.— The friend seemed a little nonplussed, but replied, "You know, Mr. Dannelly, we never could agree on these subjects; twenty years ago we argued these points and could not agree. I still keep my shop." Do you *drink* whisky yet?" he uttered with a still louder emphasis. The old gentleman coughed, hemmed, laid his hand on the arm of the Parson patronizingly. "You must not be hard. You know, Mr. Dannelly, we never could agree on these matters. Twenty years ago we talked these matters all over. I still take my drams three times a day." "Are you a *deacon* in the church yet?" "O yes, Mr. Dannelly," the old gentleman religiously replied. "I am still trying to serve God and make my way to heaven." Just then the Parson raised in the bed and in his loudest, shrillest and most earnest style exclaimed: "You are the worst man I ever saw in my life. You breath now smells like a rum cask. You have made drunkards of all the men in your country." The loud, shrill voice of the Parson excited the fear of the old friend, lost the crowd outside might be attracted in, and he saw no way of escape but by a precipitate flight, so jumping up, away he went for the door, the vociferations of the preacher reaching the ears of the terrified victim after he had made his exit from the church. After the departure of the old friend we inquired about him.— The preacher told us he was the most corrupt man in that country, stilled up the corn of his neighborhood, made drunkards of the men, was a hard drinker himself, and withal a high-fanctuary in his church.

The roughness of Mr. Dannelly in the pulpit caused frequent animadversions; and yet we have no question that he accomplished a great work which was peculiar to himself.

At Cokesbury there was quite an interest manifested among the students, more than a hundred being connected with the academy of this place. Mr. Dannelly who then lived near Lowndesville was sent for to assist at the meeting.— It was Saturday night, the house was crowded, and an intense earnestness marked the countenance of every one present. The preacher announced his text, made a long pause, looking around and began thus: "You call this a revival! A revival! There has not been a revival in this country for thirty years. A revival! A revival! You are just gathering in the trash! Gathering in the trash, and it will take the preachers ten years to get the church clear of it." Notwithstanding this unseemly introduction, his sermons were in demonstration and power and numbers crowded the altar for prayer that night.

At the 8 o'clock meeting Dr. D. preached the 11 o'clock sermon on Saturday to an immense congregation. The preacher seemed particularly unhappy in his feelings. He began rough, got rougher and rougher. His remarks not only shocked our sensibilities, but all the deconies of

our nature, we were abashed, ashamed, and put our face in our hands. He closed his sermon with the same train of remarks with which he began, instead of yielding his place to the preacher who was in the pulpit to exhort, he took the hymn book, gave out a hymn and said, "If any persons present desire to forsake their sins and seek forgiveness, let them approach the altar." What was our surprise, to see an unusually handsome gentleman, from a remote part of the congregation, come rushing into the altar, a number of young men following after, all deeply affected. We desired to know more about the case, so observing where this handsome gentleman went for dinner, we went also. We found him to be a physician of intelligence and large practice. We interrogated him, with regard to the sermon. "Why see?" said he, "that was the greatest sermon I ever heard in my life. It laid my heart open, as no sermon ever did before." This incident made us very charitable in judging of his sermon afterward.

HENRY M. MOOD.

Cokesbury, S.C.

The New Postal Code.

Some of the more important changes in the postal arrangements of the country made by this bill, are:

The most important is the authorization of one-cent postal cards for correspondence or for printed circulars, similar to those which were introduced into Great Britain nearly two years ago, and are now in use in nearly all European countries. The House provided in the bill for the paper card to govern and conceal the writing. The Senate changed this to an open card. In conference committee the style of the card was left to the discretion of the Postmaster-General, who prefers the open card, and will order that kind only to be manufactured. The face of the card will bear a one-cent stamp, and will be provided with lines for the address, and the back will be ruled for the letter. The price of the card and stamp will be only one cent. It will probably be three or four weeks before they will be ready for sale, as the plates for printing have yet to be prepared.

The law by which married women have heretofore been inhibited from being postmasters is repealed.

The Act authorizes the establishment of money order offices at the branch post-offices of large cities, ten such being authorized for New York and three for Boston. Until now no branch office had power to issue money orders. Assistant postmasters may also be designated to sign money orders.

The Act authorizes the Postmaster-General to determine that between post offices not three miles apart, as in the case of Washington and Georgetown, New York Brooklyn, letters dropped in paid by stamps less than a full rate, may be forwarded to their destination and the additional postage required on delivery.

Until, however, the Postmaster-General makes this designation, letters partially pre-paid, as well as those unpaid, go to the dead-letter office.

Packages containing the Smithsonian exchanges are added to matter free of postage.

Private individuals are allowed to place boxes for their mail matter in any post office, but the boxes so placed become the property of the United States.

A change in the fees for money orders is made. Formerly the fee was ten cents for all sums of \$20 or under. Now it is fixed at five cents for \$10 or under, and at ten cents for sums from \$10 to \$20.

Packages of clothing for non-commissioned officers or privates in the army and navy may be sent at one cent an ounce. The rate is now eight cents for four ounces.

The rate on packages of newspapers, &c., now two cents on four ounces, is fixed at one cent on two ounces. Books, samples of ore, and merchandise to be charged double rates.

FARM AND HOME.

FATTENING HOGS.

Warm and comfortable pens, well bedded, and a good supply of charcoal, are quite as essential as an abundance of food, in promoting the ready fattening of hogs wherever economy is consulted. Experience has repeatedly demonstrated the fact, that all kinds of stock, when warmly housed, will fatten upon one-half the quantity that is required by cattle exposed to the rigors of the winter. The process of fattening hogs should be commenced early. They should be put into their pens as soon as the supply of mast begins to fail, and from that time they should be supplied, though without waste, with all the food they can eat. It is the best plan to furnish them with small quantities of food often, and at regular hours, than to supply them with large quantities at once. As hog manure is exceedingly rich in nitrogen and the phosphates, every good farmer will endeavor to secure as large a quantity as he can, by keeping the pens well bedded.

ROOTS FOR FORAGE.

The Practical Farmer says:—"In view of the short hay crop, it will be well for those farmers who have put in plentifully of sown corn and a good supply of sugar beets. Fifteen to twenty tons of the former, and thirty to forty tons of roots per acre, will go far to make up the loss of the hay. If neither of these have been put in, the only remedy now is a crop of ruta baga or common white turnips.— The middle of the present month will yet do for the former, and two or three weeks later for the latter. These latter should be sown, besides other places, on the headlands of corn fields, previously well and deeply stirred with the cultivator, and fertilized with superphosphates.

Ruta bagas from American grown seed are preferable to foreign as they run much less to what is called neck and make better shaped and more regular tubers. This crop requires drill culture.

TO HARDEN PICKLES.

Alum will harden cucumbers. To a gallon of vinegar, add one ounce of powdered alum. If the vinegar is put into bottles tightly corked, and in a kettle of cold water, with hay or straw between them to keep the bottles from knocking together, and allowed to remain over the fire until the water boils, then removed, and kept in the kettles until cool, and vinegar will keep perfectly clear when used for pickles; but it should be added to them cold. Shreds of horse radish root will prevent all pickles from moulding.

MILK COWS.

If cows are expected to be kept up to their milk during the winter season, they should be well fed. Dry food is not sufficient, however good it may be in quantity. They require roots occasionally, and slop and succulent messes, and with these additions will not only produce good quantities of milk, but also an extra quantity of butter.— By a free use of carrots the yellow color, so much admired in butter, may be preserved during the whole winter.

TO PRESERVE TOMATOES.

Take good ripe tomatoes, scald and skin them, take out the seed care fully, so as not to break your tomatoes. Now boil them in ginger water until they are soft, take them out, drain them, and weigh them, and to every pound of fruit add one pound of white loaf or pulverized sugar and a half pint of the ginger water they were boiled in; add some strips of fresh ginger; boil carefully over a slow fire until clear, take them off, cool, and put in jars for use.

WEEDS.

Weeds will grow in spite of the heat and dryness, and a constant warfare must be waged against them.— When weeds are hoed up and allowed to with under the scorching July sun, there is very little danger of their growing again, unless there is plenty of yellow docks. Never allow a weed to run to seed if it can be helped, as the garden can be kept free of weeds, to a certain extent, if they are carefully pulled up when small.

CORN STALKS.

Where hay is scarce or valuable, it may be economized by cutting up the corn stalks in a cutting-box and supplying the stock with this rough provender. They should not, as a rule, be given alone, but the chaff should be moistened, and cornmeal, brownstuff, or shorts slightly sprinkled over it.

The following is a brief synopsis of the statement of area and condition of the present cotton crop, which will appear in the June report of the department of Agriculture. An increase in the cotton area is reported in every State. A very small proportion of the country returns show a decrease of acreage. Planting was generally retarded by a protracted season of drought, and fields that were planted late occasioned some trouble in obtaining perfect stands; but the recent rains and renewed efforts in replanting have finally secured stands of average completeness. The per centage of increase in area, last year's crop being the basis of comparison, is as follows: North Carolina 16; South Carolina 9; Georgia 12; Florida 10; Alabama 11; Mississippi 10; Louisiana 11; Texas 18; Arkansas 16; Tennessee 12. The average increase throughout the cotton States will approximate thirteen per cent. Texas has naturally made the largest relative increase, not only having enjoyed a favorable season for planting, but also, during the past year, having received accessions of immigrants, who are cotton planters. The condition of the plant throughout the cotton section is very nearly a full average. Separating the Atlantic from the more Western States, the former stand a little below an average. The latter are fully up to the standard of fair condition. The drought which prevailed in April and the first half of May delayed growth, and cold nights in the more Northern belt had a further retarding effect; but the abundant rains and genial temperature which followed, have wonderfully invigorated and advanced the crop. The following figures represent the condition of cotton in the several States, 100 standing for an average: North Carolina 96; South Carolina 92; Georgia 96; Florida 95; Alabama 105; Mississippi 100; Louisiana 104; Texas 100; Arkansas 98; Tennessee 101.

THE LAST OF DOLLY VARDEN.

Miss Dolly Varden, whose name has several times been mentioned in connection with the curtain calico fashions, has at last played out, and another young lady claims the honor of being the leader of the gay and festive circles of the fashionable. Her name is Miss Polly Knees. The name of this fashion is eminently appropriate, for two or three reasons. Now, Miss Polly was the daughter of a Dutch Baker, who was one of the earliest settlers of this country. In the course of time, her father was attacked with rheumatism and had to give up his work. But Polly was a noble, brave, sensible girl, and insisted that the sign should not be taken down, and that she should become head baker of the establishment. The old man Knees (this is pronounced Nay) was a very indulgent parent and assented to his daughter's wishes. She came to be so much accustomed to wearing her skirts tucked up while tramping the dough in a trough used for the purpose, that she just had her Sunday dresses and all made to tuck up about knee high.

The "oldest inhabitant" of New York, who will be 176 years old, if he lives long enough, related this circumstance a few weeks ago to the fashion circle, and the idea of supplanting Dolly Varden with the immortal Polly Knees took like wildfire, as a matter of course.

Hurrah for Polly Knees!

If I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.—"If I only had capital," a young man said, as he puffed a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dramshop, "I would go into business."

Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital.— You from the dramshop are drinking yours and destroying your body at the same time. Dimes make dollars. Time is money.— Don't wait for a fortune to begin with.— Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop squandering your money, and spending your time in idleness.

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorts to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence; state just exactly what you mean by that."—"Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is that he lied."

A cow is said to have committed suicide by drowning, at Iowa City, because a butcher killed her calf.