

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

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

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GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 23, 1872.

VOLUME XIX—NO. 25.

Subscription Two Dollars per annum. Advance payments made at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve Minion lines (this size) for the first insertion, fifty cents for the second, and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made. All advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on them, or they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged for. Unless ordered otherwise, advertisements will invariably be "displayed." Obsolete notices, and all matters tending to the benefit of any one, are regarded as advertisements.

POETRY

The First Parting.

The Atlantic Monthly for October contains the following love idyl by Marion Douglas. "Yes! I'm off to-morrow morn'!" Next week I'll sail for Italy! And you'll be glad when I am gone— Say, shan't you be Lucy's?"

A summer flower herself, the maid Stood 'mid the sweet springing, A June pink in her hair's smooth braid, A rosebud in her fingers,

Plucked from the tall bush in the yard, Whose white flowers waved above her; And parting never seemed so hard As just then, to her lover.

Her lip began to quiver, the red Upon her cheek grew pale— "It seems a strange choice, Tom," she said, "For you to be a sailor!"

"And when the wild, black clouds I see, And when the nights are windy, I— " Bless your soul, you'll pray for me; I know you will, Lucy!"

The rosebud from her hand he took, "This flower," he said, "I'll save it, And keep it pressed within a book, Remembering who gave it."

"I never cared, as women do, For garden beds and posies, But somehow—why, I never knew—I always loved white roses."

"They seem just made for wedding's; when I come again from Italy, My bride, you'll wear white roses then; Come, won't you?—say Lucy!"

chant, and be as rich as a princess in a fairy tale; and here I am planted for life, plain Mrs. Hiram Parke, and nothing in the world to compare with you. I am sick of being only a farmer's wife."

Margaret Von Howth looked down at her grumbling little friend with a smile. "Jenny, it seems to me, as we sit here to this quiet place, and look out over all these pleasant fields that are your own—it seems to me that you are almost wicked to talk like that."

"I dare say you would never like it, Margaret. You would never wish to change with me." "Perhaps not. But would you not like to change with me?" "Yes."

"And you be Mrs. Von Howth instead of Mrs. Hiram Parke?" Jenny hesitated. She loved her handsome husband dearly. "Well, I don't mean that I want to give up Hiram. I only wish he was a city merchant instead of a farmer, and as rich as your husband is, that is all."

"And that is a great deal, Jenny, if your wish could be granted, do you know what your life would be?" said Mrs. Von Howth coldly. "What, you're a, I suppose. What any lady's is in position."

"But what is that life? Do you know?" "How should I?" "It is a weary one, Jenny, with more genuine hard work in it than in all your making of butter and cheese."

"O! Margaret," "And O! Jenny, believe me, my dear, there are no people on earth who work harder than the fashionables who have only their amusements to provide for. A long, long life of mere amusements is a dog's life, Jenny, at the best."

"I should like to be convinced of it by actual experience," said Jenny, doubtfully. "So I said and thought once I have been convinced that it is all vanity and vexation of spirits, my dear."

"But how?" persisted Jenny. "How? Indeed, ten thousand ways. If you live in the fashionable world, you must do as the fashionable world does. You must rise and dress, and hop, and lunch, and dress again and appear at certain balls, parties, concerts, exactly as your friends do, or be voted *disgrace*, and out of the world altogether. You, my poor Jenny, who are by no means fond of fine dresses, what would you do at a fashionable watering-place in the hottest days of August with five changes of toilet between morning and night, and a French lady's maid to tyrannize over you all the time?"

thought me lady-like and interesting, that was all. He told me once, though not very plainly, that he had no great love for me, and since then we have each taken our own way, independent of the other. I seldom see him at our house in town. I have my carriage, my diamonds, and my opera box. In the season I go to Saratoga or Newport, while he favors Long Branch with his presence. We are perfect strangers to each other; we never quarrel, and I suppose if I were to die to-morrow he'd be an inconsolable widower for a week. Jenny, you will not wish to change places with me again. Your husband might change as mine has done, exposed to the same temptation. Thank Heaven you have him as he is a good, true man, who loves you; and never mind the butter and cheese, Jenny, so long as your happiness is made up with them."

She rose from her seat, and strolled up the garden path. Jenny did not follow. She sat on the step, lost in thought. The riddle of her friend's life was at last made clear to her. She had often wondered why Margaret, in the midst of all her wealth and luxury, should seem so sad; she wondered no longer now.

To be the wife of a man who had no love for you! What "lower deep" can there be than this for a proud and sensible woman?

Jenny turned with tears in her eyes to meet the stalwart husband as he came from the field. "Well, little woman," he cried; and then she got the hearty kiss for which she was looking. Yes, Margaret was right. The butter and cheese were of little consequence, when love like this made her task easy to endure.

And the rosy-cheeked little woman bent fondly down over her "Hiram," as he flung himself down on the porch seat, and fanned him, brought him lemonade, and made him thoroughly happy and at rest.

Poor Margaret! Happy Jenny! Never again would she wish to be more—only a farmer's wife.

FARM AND HOME.
Cotton Seed Manure.
Editors Southern Cultivator.—A correspondent in July number asked for information respecting the application of green cotton seed to corn. Having for the past five or six years used green seed almost exclusively, I would say a very good mode is to put a small handful on each side of the check about six inches apart and drop the corn between the piles of seed; covering the latter with a good hoeful of earth, letting the dirt lap in the check sufficiently to cover the corn the desired depth.

When put down in this manner from the first to the middle of March, they never come up to hurt in my field. Twelve or fifteen bushels to the acre, under corn that is planted 4 by 4 or five feet, will last the entire season through, and will be found, taking one year after another, to give more profitable results than any other method of application. When not more than 20 to 25 bushels is used, manuring in the hill pays better than sowing in furrows. If 40 or 50 bushels are used, the seed may be sown in a deep furrow early in the season and covered with a plow. The rows ought to be 5 or 5 1/2 feet—owing to the strength of land—and the corn planted in drills about 3 feet apart. A good deal of risk is run in putting cotton seed around corn, either before or after the corn is up. If not covered without delay, they are liable to get washed out of place—perhaps out of the field—by heavy rains; and even if the land is too level for this objection to apply, their full benefit will not be secured in the event of a dry season.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the best method of applying cotton seed to corn. It is the favorite way with most planters to kill or rot them, either alone or by composting with black manure. A farmer not very far from me has tested the comparative merits of crushed and uncrushed green seed under corn. In the experiment the uncrushed was found superior in ultimate results—an equal quantity of each being used side by side. Rotted or crushed seed certainly act more promptly than whole green seed, and consequently their fertilizing properties are sooner exhausted.

Secrets of Success.
The possession of superior genius does not by any means ensure a man's success in business. All men who are endowed with such peculiar gifts make bad managers of any business, and are too erratic for ordinary executive purposes. What, then, is the grand secret of success? Not high, intellectual attainment. Few scholars will lay aside their devotion to letters for their own sake, and follow the plodding course by which success in business is to be attained. And it lies not in the force of circumstances. Some who might otherwise have been successful in a clear course have doubtless broken down in the face of popular obstacles; but the man who can bend occasions and conditions to his will can relieve his triumph in spite of such adverse surroundings. It is not luck. There is less of happy change in such success than is commonly supposed.

It is true that many tempt their fate, and escape as by a miracle, but this can form no rule in life; success in business is obedience to a law that can be clearly and distinctly traced throughout the whole of one's career. The law is based on the principle that everything has its price, and they only who are able and willing to pay it, can acquire what they covet. Some are prevented through want of nerve, or failing health, or defective judgment, or other mental and physical defects, from succeeding in the struggle. But more, who are able, fail because they are unwilling to meet the cost. They seek the end, but will not by patient self-denial employ the means.

Present ease, present gratification, some form of indulgence, not consistent with the end which has been proposed, offers a temptation too strong for them to resist. To-morrow they will begin a sterner course; next week they will turn over another leaf with different reading on the obverse side, but to-day let the hands be folded and the emblems remain. No man is on the road to success who has not already paid part of the price, and is not now holding out for fortune in full the next installment that is due.

Things a Farmer Must Not Do.
A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order, the first of December, is already half wintered.

The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate more or less a free people.

A farmer should never be so avaricious as to be an approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.

A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember that if any one can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.

No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

A farmer should never use ardent spirits as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things. *(Southern Planter and Farmer.)*

WHEAT SOWING.—The time for sowing this important grain is drawing nigh. The low price of cotton and the high price of flour, indicates that every man should try to make his own cake. We cannot afford to grow wheat for sale in competition with the wheat soil and climate of Virginia or the West, but we can afford to grow for our own consumption, in part at least.

Nearly every farmer has a few acres of soil pretty well adapted to wheat. The main thing is to prepare the ground well, add 25 or 30 bushels of cotton seed per acre and plough it in close and well with a scoper as soon as possible in October.

You cannot prepare your land too well. Ten acres well prepared and carefully sown, will produce more than twenty done in a slovenly manner. Early sowing is all important. If the wheat grows off too rapidly, it is very easy to pasture it off with sheep, calves or colts.

Heavy animals should not run on wheat. Never pasture it in wet weather. It will pay to buy your seed in Baltimore. It is much less liable to take rust. Soak in a strong solution of bluestone or brine and roll in lime, put one bushel to the acre, then brush or roll it well.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no one be ashamed of a hard or a sunburnt countenance. Let no one be ashamed of poverty. Be ashamed of nothing that is honest, but glory in the fact that you earn your own bread by the sweat of your brow—that you are obeying the divine injunction. Labor is honorable, and be not ashamed of it.

A Story About Honesty.
One evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread which he had bought in town and broke it, and gave half to his son.

"Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry. I shall wait until you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the father. "You love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother, who has left us, and told you to love me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and support to me. But now I have eaten the first morsel to please you; it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father, but break this piece in two and take a little more; you see the loaf is not large, and you require more than I do."

"So the boy ran after the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money," and he showed the baker the gold and told how it had been found. "Is it mine?" asked the father. "If it is take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—" "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved the man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately at the honest father and eager boy, the gold lay glittering on the green turf. "Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David, the flax dresser, spoke the truth when he said thou wert the most honest man in town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf and told me to sell it cheaply; to give it to the most honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning. As thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and the loaf with all treasure—and certainly it is not small—is thine and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

The poor man bent his head to the ground, while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his arms around his neck, and said: "I shall always, like you, my father, trust in God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

A Beautiful Incident.
A young man once ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and arrived next morning before a cottage and stopped to get something to eat, and get a refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner—their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony.

The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair?" said the father; "my wife and my little children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide for them?"

The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and said: "I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent come to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

The Atlantic and Great Western Canal.
ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 21, 1872. Col. J. E. Redwins, Editor Eagle: DEAR SIR—The interest which you have at all times manifested in the success of the proposed Canal, connecting the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers with the Atlantic, and the importance of this matter to the section of country immediately surrounding Gainesville, induces me to address you a few lines upon our purposes and prospects, which I hope will prove of interest to you.

The great feeder of the canal will pass within a mile of your flourishing city, and is designed not only to supply the summit level with water, but also to serve the purposes of navigation, giving you a very cheap outlet not only to Atlanta, but to Macon, Savannah and the Atlantic Ocean. This will enable your people to dispose of products which have no value now, owing to the expense of hauling them to market. Your granite, iron, limestone, and your timber are now of very little value to you, because you cannot sell them at home, and have no means of carrying them to where they are needed, neither can you procure your agricultural manures, your building material, your salt, iron, syrup, and a great many other things, except at a very heavy cost, owing to the same cause. Nature, however, has provided the way to remedy this evil, by means of the rivers and streams that pass near you. These can be made useful for the purposes of navigation, giving you a way to market at an expense of less than one-sixth of what it now costs you. When this is provided, our wheelwrights in Atlanta will use your fine mountain timber, instead of sending to New Hampshire for their spokes and tolls.

There is another matter connected with Canal transportation which should not be forgotten. Every man has the right to put his own boat upon the Canal, and to navigate it himself, paying the Canal only a small fee for the privilege of doing so, and the use of locks, &c. For instance, your neighbor, farmer C, raises 1,000 bushels of wheat. It now costs him, say ten cents a bushel, to take it to Atlanta. This would be \$100. Well, farmer C concludes that this is too heavy a tax, and determines to build himself a canal boat, and do his own hauling. The boat costs him from \$200 to \$500. But with this boat, and four horses, he can haul from eight to ten thousand bushels of wheat to market at each trip, and haul back probably all that his neighborhood would need. The advantage of this kind of transportation will be more evident by giving a few figures. Suppose we take Gainesville and Atlanta. They are about 60 miles apart. At the minimum of Railroad charges it would cost five cents per bushel to transport wheat to Atlanta. By Canal it would be about 6 mills per bushel. Ten thousand bushels of wheat would cost \$60. Now \$60 would represent what farmer C would receive for hauling with a Canal boat and four horses twenty four hours, the interest on the amount invested in building the boat, and the hire of two hands for one day. So you see that with freight at three mills per ton per mile, the profit of hauling would be very handsome. I could say a great deal more upon this subject, did time permit, because these points named are the least important ones.

Our Legislature, I am glad to tell you, is moving in the matter. Mr. Hull's resolution, relative to further and more perfect surveys of the connecting rivers, was discussed in committee on Saturday, and unanimously approved. Your able and energetic representative in Congress, Col. Price, was present and discussed the Canal and its prospects fully. He has been the constant and faithful advocate of this work from its inception, and if it is ever completed, (of which there is no reasonable doubt,) will deserve the thanks, not only of our own State and people, but of the whole South. Having had occasion both last winter and the winter before to witness the earnestness with which he labors for the interest of our State and section. It is peculiarly gratifying to be able to bear testimony to his worth and value to us as a member of the House and to tender my thanks for the aid which he has rendered in forwarding this great public work.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully and truly, B. W. FROBEL.

Since the first of September, to October 16th, three thousand bales of cotton have been shipped from Newberry depot.

The construction of the Port Royal Railroad is now progressing rapidly. Regular train service has been extended to Allendale, sixty miles below Beaufort, and twelve miles beyond Hoover, the last terminus. Three new locomotives and a number of cars have been added to the equipment. The bridge across the Savannah River, it is expected, will be completed by December 1.

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