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Selected Poetry.

Dead.
Youth that is sweetest lies still; lies still in death
Close the clear eyelids upon the tender eyes;
And hush the pleadings no murmur answer-eth;
And still the kisses that wake no warm replies.
White limbs he lies, dead youth—so strong so fair;
And O, for the slumber that woke to happy days!
And O, the moonlight—, golden dreams that were
And O, the glory of life's long, pleasant ways!
Fair were the faces his eyes have looked upon—
But these are haggard, and wan, and very sad.
Sweet the love-laughters, and red the lips he won;
But here is silence of lips no longer glad.
So, part the branches, where light falls long between,
And pluck the grasses about his feet and head.
Here his loved summer shall wear her softest green,
And winds just ruffle the fringes of his bed.
Here were the roses washed sweeter in the dew,
And his rapture life knew not again;
But ours the tempest, the skies no longer blue,
For tender sunlight, and tender, falling rain.

Story for the Ladies.

**SUSIE'S
AWKWARD LOVER.**

BY HANNAH HOPPER.

"I'm tired of living such a hum-drum, monotonous life. Dear me, I'm disgusted with it. It's cook and wash dishes, sweep and dust, right over, from one week's end to another. Sometimes I almost wish the house would get a fire, so there would be some excitement. And now, to make the matter worse, mother wants me to marry Amos and go right to keeping house, as though I were not tired to death of doing house-work. Well, I declare, I haven't a friend in the world that understands me," and with these words Susie List's face grew red as a rose, and finally she covered it with her hands and burst out crying.

"Now Susie, I do think you are very foolish to talk on so," said mother-of-fact Kate. "Just think how kind father and mother are, and what a good man Amos is, and—"

"Don't, for mercy's sake, commence praising Amos. You have enumerated his good qualities over to me so often already that I know them all by heart. I don't think he's so much better than everybody else, and if you do, you'd better marry him yourself. In the first place, he can't step without making a blunder, either treading on the cat, knocking a chair over, or tearing somebody's dress all to pieces. I say there's something in appearance, and I know there are as good men as Amos in the world who are not greenhorns either."

These two sisters, Kate and Susie, were out under the old apple tree by the spring, when the above conversation took place. Kate was a very common-place looking girl, and sat on a stone near the brook, with her knitting work in her hand. Susie had a pretty face and graceful form, and sat on the other side of the brook from Kate, picking a wild rose to pieces.

Their conversation had been overheard, but they were unconscious of it at the time. Amos Knight, their subject of remarks, was passing along a few feet from them, behind a clump of bushes, and hearing his name mentioned he stopped and listened. As the words concerning himself fell from the red lips of the girl he loved, his broad face blushed a pale white, and, waiting to hear no more, he fled as if pursued, and never slackened his pace until he stood at the door of his own little cottage.

"Dear me, what is the matter, Amos? said his good mother, coming to the door in a tremor of ex-

citement.

"Don't ask me mother," said Amos, passing her and going into his room. "What a fool I have been," he continued, after he had closed the door. "I might have known she wouldn't like such an awkward booby as I am. I was blinded by love. But she shall never set eyes on me again, if I can help it, until I can walk without stepping on cats and tearing dresses to pieces."

He went down stairs to his anxious mother.

"What in the world has got you to actin' so queer, Amos?" said she anxiously.

"Mother," said he, not answering her question. "I'm going away. I am going to accept Uncle Amos' offer to be a clerk in his store."

"Why, what on airth has changed yer mind so sudden? Only last evening ye said you shouldn't go for money, now here ye be all so fierce. I can't understand it."

"I know I've changed my mind very suddenly, mother, but you see I want to go into the world. I've always staid right here, working on the farm, and I want a change."

"Wal that ain't uncommon strange at all, Amos, that you should want to look round a bit afore ye get married, but what will Susie say? Maybe she won't like it quite so well."

The young man's face colored to the roots of his hair, and he turned away to hide the painful expression that hovered about his mouth.

"I guess she won't object to," answered Amos, and his good mother bustled around preparing supper, asking a great many questions, and saying over and over how very lonesome she should be when he was gone.

The next day, dressed in his Sunday best, Amos, with a large valise in his hand, walked to the little depot, which was about two miles distant from his home, and soon was whirling away to the city of Boston. He hadn't travelled in his life, and everything looked new and strange to him. On entering the car, which was nearly full, he had unceremoniously sat in the seat with a young lady, not noticing the little black spaniel which lay on the seat near her, but the fact was soon made known to him, for the dog yelped with such force that every one in the car started from their seats with terror, and the young lady herself gave an affected scream, and called him a country boor, and poor Amos tried to apologize, but he only made the matter worse, and so he slunk away into a seat in the corner, and hung down his head, inwardly calling himself a fool, and saying he didn't wonder Susie didn't like him.

He did very many strange things when he got to the city, such as shaking hands with the girl who came to the door, and calling her Cousin Mary, and stumbling over an ottoman when he met his aunt in the parlor, and half falling on the carpet.

In fact he was so disheartened by his awkwardness that he fairly cursed himself; but his uncle, who had himself been a green country lad once, was very kind and considerate, and Amos was so anxious to learn that he was an apt pupil both in business and in society.

It was several days before Susie List knew that Amos had gone away.

In spite of the strong language she had used to her sister in reference to him, she loved him, and was his promised wife. They had been engaged since early spring, and so entirely was the great warm heart of her lover her own that she did not realize how great was the prize she had won.

There was a great deal of sentiment and romance in her warm girl heart, and the natural refinement in her nature rebelled at the awkwardness and unpolished manners of her affianced husband. Yet in spite of this she could not help loving him, for with all his boorishness he possessed a fascination which to her was irresistible, and when he asked her to marry him he grew really eloquent in relating his love, his hopes and fears, and in his enthusiasm and anxiety he forgot all, everything but the sweet girl before him, and Susie had promised to be his wife, and for a while felt very happy, but it was not long before she began to feel ashamed of his awkwardness, and grew tired of doing house work every day of the year, and in a fit of despondency she had uttered the words which had sent her lover far away from her without a parting word.

When the news came to her she was overwhelmed with remorse and sorrow. Then she thought he would surely write to her; but no, days and weeks passed by, and no

letter came, and Susie began to grow despondent and disheartened. She tried to be brave, but when a pleasant moonlight evening came around such a loneliness crept over her that she could not avoid a hearty flow of tears.

When the autumn came Amos returned to his home for a few days, but he didn't go near to Susie List's dwelling, though she watched for him every evening of his stay, sitting in the farmhouse door, and looking anxiously down the lane imagining often times that she saw his form approaching or heard his step, but it was all a delusion, which left her more sorrowful and heart weary than before.

When he went away again he took his old mother with him, and then Susie gave up all hope of ever being reconciled to him. She cared no more for apple bees and quilting parties, but remained quietly at home—the very personification of patience and gentleness.

Kate was married when Christmas came around, and went to keeping house not far distant, and poor Susie was left alone with her aged parents.

Five years passed by, but in all those weary years Susie had never seen Amos Knight, though she has heard of the place he had gained, of his increasing wealth, and at last came a rumor that he was about to marry the fair-haired daughter of a wealthy banker.

She tried hard to forget him, to make herself believe that she did not love him, but such attempts were useless; she thought of him and loved him still.

Within the five years the parents of Susie found rest in the grave, and she lived alone in the farm house with Betty, the maid of all work. She made few calls, and received few callers, and grew to love her great black horse and her dog Rover better than anything else around her. She had grown slender and pale, and looked not much like the rosy-cheeked, impulsive Susie of five years before.

One day in early November the neighbors noticed a stir about the little cottage where Amos Knight and his mother used to live, and by considerable watching and prying, they found that Amos and two other young men had come out into the country to hunt, and were to put up at the cottage.

One day, while riding through a woodland path on her black horse, Susie saw the three huntsmen, and very quickly recognized Amos. Her heart beat quick and seemed to rise to her mouth, and, fearing she might be seen and recognized, she rode rapidly home having only cast a glance at the man she loved.

The next Sunday she saw him enter the church and take a seat that long ago he used to occupy. How handsome and manly he had grown! There was no awkwardness about his form now—in every motion there was ease and grace. In his eye there was that same tender and fascinating light which had won her heart years before; but a glossy dark beard rippled away from his full and red lips, and the soft locks of his hair waved over a brow broad and white.

After the services were closed, and the good people shaking hands with each other, and talking pleasantly together, Amos Knight stopped to give them all a pleasant word and a friendly clasp of the hand. He came to Susie at last, who had shrunk away in the corner, feeling as diffident and awkward as ever Amos had acted in the days gone by.

He was a gentleman from the city now. His hands, once so brown and hard, were soft and white; he was dressed with the most fastidious neatness, and carried an elegant gold watch in his pocket.

He greeted Susie very cordially, and she stammered, and, in stepping forward to greet him, actually stepped on a lady's dress and tore it badly, while Amos smiled amusedly, and she could hardly keep the tears from springing to her eyes.

Then, as if delighting in her embarrassment and confusion, Amos presented his two friends to her, displaying the greatest ease and composure; and she, her face red to the roots of her hair, called one of them Amos in her confusion, and then, attempting an apology, she made the matter worse, and finally turned about and said good-day, and left them.

She went home "cross lots," and cried all the afternoon, and declared she would not go to meeting again while they remained, if she never went again in the world, and remained steadily in the house, not daring to go out, through fear of meeting one or all those three young men.

But one day, looking out of her chamber window about sunset, saw the dreaded trio coming leisurely up the lane. In a fit of desperation she fastened the door, and determined not to see them if she could possibly avoid it. In a few minutes Betty came trampling up stairs. She shook and pounded on the door, but Susie didn't speak.

"Well now, if this don't beat all!" said Betty to herself.

Then she shook the door again, and raised her voice to such a high key that Susie felt sure they heard her down in the parlor, which was exactly beneath them.

"Susie!" she screamed, "be ye sleep or what's the matter? Three gentlemen's in the parlor, and they've sent me arter you; and you'd better come down right away, for they are waitin', and I can't tend to um for my apples'll bile over, or burn, or sumthin'. I told em ye's up here, and would be down in a minute."

"For pity sake, Betty," said Susie, unfastening the door—"for pity sake don't make such a racket. Do you think I'm deaf, or what?"

"La! I thought ye'd been asleep," said Betty humbly, as she went down stairs.

At first Susie thought she would change her dress, and her hair.

"But what's the use?" she said at last. "I shall act like a fool anyhow, and Amos will think I 'fixed up' for him, and I'll go down just as I am."

So she went down trembling in every limb, inwardly calling herself a green country girl. But this meeting was not quite as unfortunate as the first had been, and she was partially regaining her composure when a white kitten came in, and Amos, who had risen from his seat, was standing by the window, said with a very long face, and a twinkling in his eye:

"That cat had better leave the room. I'm afraid I shall step on it."

To the two young men, who did not understand it, this was a very absurd speech; but to Susie and Amos it had a meaning—a meaning that they only could appreciate; and Susie's face flushed with red, and, not knowing what else to do, she arose and put the kitten out of the room.

After about an hour's stay the visitors departed, and Susie had another long cry.

"He is more than repaying me," she said, "and I hope I shall never set eyes on him again."

But this was a "white falsehood," for she was in love with Amos over again, and would have given everything she possessed for his love in return.

A few evenings after this, she saw Amos again coming up the lane; but this time he was alone, and she did not hesitate about changing her sober dress for a blue muslin, (blue used to be his favorite color,) and, with blue ribbons binding her brown hair, and a cluster of hair bells at her throat, she met him.

There was a little flush on her cheeks, as she looked so much like the Susie of five years before that Amos thought it a reality; for he did not clasp her hand as he had done before, but just put both of his arms around her, and drew her close to him, and gave her a kiss which was the first she had received from other than her relatives and girl-friends since he kissed her last.

Covered with confusion she tried to disengage herself, but could not, as Amos whispered in her ear:

"Our engagement hasn't been broken yet, Susie, and I claim you for my betrothed, for I love you as I did five years ago; and if I'm not too awkward and green, will you promise again to be my wife?"

Susie promised, and I shall need to say no more, for any one can guess the rest.

The income of Henry Ward Beecher, in his early days, averaged \$150 per year, and in his liberal poverty he built his own house, painted it at leisure hours, raised his own vegetables and tended his pigs, while letters from home, on which the postage was eighteen to twenty-four cents, remained in the post office, weeks at a time, because he had no eighteen cents to pay for them.

The famous trotting mare Flora Temple, for some time past the property of A. Welch, Esq., of Chestnut Hill, has been purchased by Daniel Mace, of New York city, for \$30,000. The mare is now fourteen years old.

A tiger was recently shot on the road between Mool and Chandah, India, who is supposed to have killed and devoured 127 human victims.

From the Rural Carolinian for May.

The Texas Saddle.

Mr. Editor—Travelling a few days since in company with some gentlemen from your section of the South, our conversation ran generally upon the subject of stock, and rearing cattle, horses, etc.—One South Carolina friend remarked he had often wondered why the Texans always rode such huge saddles, and why the Texas saddle always had a "horn" in the front or on the pommel?

As this finish has a reason, I hope it may be of utility to your thousands of readers, to know why the Texas saddles are always thus made. In riding over the pampas of our State, hunting wild horses or cattle, or even in looking through a herd of cattle for the Eastern market, the rider invariably "carries his lasso" (a rope about thirty feet long, with a noose or slip knot on one end) tied to his saddle.

One end of this "lasso" is tied firmly to the horn of the saddle, and the lasso itself carried in the hand when about to be used. The purchaser of cattle for market, while riding through an immense herd of fine beefs, wishes to select one, for instance, that is rather wild and cannot be driven, he charges his horse up to this beef, throws his lasso around the horns or neck, and immediately checks his horse. The beef pitches off at a fearful rate, but the rider, with complete control, only allows him the length of the lasso, for as soon as he observes he has caught the beef, he turns his horse in an opposite direction, and puts off at full speed. The beef of course resists with all his power, but it is no use, for the momentum of the horse and rider soon overcomes him, and he follows, *volens volens*, the direction of the lasso, at half speed.

I have seen the mustang ponies so thoroughly trained to this business, that the moment the lasso was thrown, they would whirl and go at full speed in an opposite direction; and as soon as the weight of the beef was felt on the rope, the pony would bend to the draught like a dray horse to his collar. Hence the necessity of the horn and the cumbersome leverage girths always attached to the Texas saddles. PLANTER.

Bellevue, Texas.

A Good Wife

Archbishop Secker, in his "Wedding Ring," has the following, which is worth reading twice: "Hast thou a soft heart? it is of God's making. Hast thou a sweet wife? she is God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that a man should be alone. 'Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the sun of marriage. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love; and they should love one another, notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family, as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for that lacks one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

WHAT SLACKED LIME WILL DO.

A thrifty farmer, who believes in "making old things last in these times," says: "There is one thing that nearly everybody knows, and hardly anybody attends to—that is, to sprinkle lime upon their roofs once a year, either in fall or spring. If the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss, the lime clears it off, leaving the roof clean and white, and good for a dozen years longer. It ought to be put on pretty thick, and a rainy day is best for the work. Strong wood ashes will answer almost as well to keep old roofs in repair, but they will not look as nice. To make shingles last three or four times their usual period, they need only to be soaked a few days in a tank half full of thick lime water, which must be stirred up well before the shingles are put in."

Why is a man who has no children invisible? Because he's not a parent.

A Word for Girls

Remember that the first principle of reform are in your hands, American girls. Remember that a chance word from your lips will have more weight with young men than all the laws that ever were enacted. They can stand the station-house, and the police-court, but they can't endure your scorn. Did you ever reflect that when you admired young Montague's absurd mimicry of half-obsolete English fashions, you imposed on poor little Penniless the stringent necessity of straightway buying a costume as near like it as possible, even though he went with one meal a day for the next three months? Do you know that when you offer the temperate Smith a glass of wine with the pretty imperative little way you sometimes have, he feels himself as peremptorily obliged to drink it as if you held a loaded pistol to his head? Are you aware that Jones affects his "fast" ways, and spends his money recklessly, just because he wants to find favor in your eyes? It is for you that thousand dollar horses are driven; diamonds sported; parties given; and expensive excursions gotten up. You are royal sovereigns, every one of you, and your subjects are mankind! Show us the girl, however plain and unpretentious she may be, who has not at least one bearded slave who hangs on her simplest word, and believes in her as the fire-worshipper of the East believes in the sun! And we know some who number their captives by the score.

[Cor. Phrenological Journal.]

Ex-President Fillmore's Habits.

A gentleman who recently met ex-President Fillmore at a social entertainment, on being struck with his vigorous appearance, was told by Mr. Fillmore that he had taken but one dose of medicine in thirty-seven years, and that was forced upon him unnecessarily.—"I attribute my good health," said he, "to the fact of an originally strong constitution, to an education on a farm, and to life-long habits of regularity and temperance. I never smoked or chewed tobacco. I never knew intoxication. Throughout all my public life, I maintained the same regular and systematic habits of living to which I had previously been accustomed. I never allowed my usual hours for sleep to be interrupted. The Sabbath I always kept as a day of rest. Besides being a religious duty, it was essential to health. On commencing my Presidential career, I found that the Sabbath had frequently been employed by visitors for private interviews with the President. I determined to put an end to the custom, and ordered a doorkeeper to meet all Sunday visitors with an indiscriminate refusal. While Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in Congress, and during my entire Presidential career, my labors were always onerous and often excessive, but I never suffered an hour of sickness through them all."

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.—As many subscribers as an editor has, just so many tastes he has to consult.—One wants something smart and something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and his next-door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a black-guard; next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, the poor fellow gets the worst of it. They never reflect that what does not please them will please the next man; but they insist that if the paper does not suit them, it is good for nothing, and stop taking it immediately.

GRIEF.—The first thing to be conquered in grief is the pleasure we feel in indulging it. There is but one pardonable sorrow—that that is departed. This pleasing grief is but a variety of comfort; the signs we have are but a mournful mode of loving them. We shed tears when we think of their departure; and we do so, too, when we think on reuniting with them, and our tears at both times are not very different. That which is past, however, should be submitted to with perfect submission. It is as foolish to complain of a loss we cannot remedy, as to regret that we have not wings, or that we cannot pay a visit to the moon.

Mrs. PARTINGTON has been reading the health officers' weekly reports, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

The proudest lazy man does all his reading in the autumn, because the season turns the leaves.

MEMPHIS prevails to an alarming extent in Collins and adjoining counties, in Texas.

It's pocket picking, as in almost everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like a foremast?—Because it is just before the main hatch.

Why is the earth like a black-board? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

The University of Naples has been closed, owing to the disorderly conduct of the students.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that widows who cry easy are first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Almost any young lady has public spirit enough to be willing to have her father's house used for a court house.

An editor of a paper in Indiana wants to know if modern whisky was ever seen "comin' through the rye?"

Why is a man who runs away without paying his rent like an army officer? Because he's a leftenant.

Why does being under a stone bridge make the most stupid fellow a bit of a wag?—Because then he has an arch way about him.

When is a drunkard's nose like a light-house?—When it warns others off the coast of Madeira and Holland.

Six men, most of them convicted of petty larcenies, were whipped in the jail yard, at New Castle, Delaware, on the 14th.

A WESTERN editor offers a church and graveyard as a premium for the largest club of subscribers.

An old lady who was asked what she thought of the eclipse, replied: "Well, it proved one thing—that the papers don't always tell lies."

THE Postmaster General says if the bill abolishing the franking privileges is passed, he will be able to reduce letter postage from three to two cents per half ounce.

A LOAFER left his wife in a rage, telling her that he would never come back until he was rich enough to come in a carriage. He returned the same evening in a wheelbarrow.

"SPEAKING of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor. "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes; but a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

AN editor lately announced an increase in his family, and in his justification over the event, propounded the following conundrum: "What is the difference between editorial and matrimonial experience? In the former, the devil cries for 'copy'; in the latter, the copy, cries like the devil."

GOOD RULES.—A good man once said: The longer I live, the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I laid down myself in relation to such matters, are more manifest:

1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others.
2. Believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always moderate as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given.

DANCING.—It is well known that the Methodist church forbids dancing, but it has been fondly hoped by the younger members of the church, that at this General Conference, that part of the church discipline would be so altered and amended, that this delightful amusement would be allowed; but the following, copied from the address of the Bishops, does not tend much that way:

"Indulgence in worldly and fashionable diversions is another great enemy of earnest piety, which is invading the church and threatening to estrange our children from us. Dancing, in particular, whatever plausible excuses may be pleaded for it, is destructive to the growth, not to say the very existence of spiritual religion, in those who delight to indulge in it. Generally, it is a species of 'reveling' condemned and forbidden by the word of God, and its tendency is evil only."

Memphis Sun.