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## Story for the Ladies.

MADAME CHEVRON.

Madame Chevron was the funniest little French woman that ever danced a polka. Her figure was so diminutive and her features so wizened, and her whole appearance so comical, that you felt an involuntary impulse to take her between your thumb and fore-finger, and blow her into the air, like a dandelion. She would have made an admirable model for a witch upon a broomstick. Yet nevertheless and notwithstanding, Madame Chevron was a power in the land. She had a mind and a will, and an energy of the Napoleonic order. Within the high and imposing stone walls of her Young Ladies' School, were gathered three hundred pupils, the children of the best and noblest in the land. Her corps of teachers were famed for their accomplishments and learning. "The whole art of government consists in knowing how to choose your agents," said the great Napoleon; and Madame Chevron believed that the whole art of education consisted in knowing how to choose her teachers. Her income was very large, but she spent it all in paying her teachers, for she loved not money, but success. But it was not this alone which gave her school its great popularity. Mothers usually choose the school for their children, and it was whispered amongst these anxious and watchful mothers, that Madame Chevron understood the arts of beautifying beyond all living women. She must have had some magic and potent spells; for she made plain girls pretty—pretty ones beautiful—and beautiful ones more superlatively beautiful. Awkward girls became graceful—grave girls became gay, and sour-tempered girls became as sweet as a May morning, under her enchantments. Therefore her young law students, who were domiciled not three miles from the Chevron school, thought we had good reasons for pronouncing Madame a sorceress. For we did not like her—not a bit did we—for the simple reason that she did not like us. No admission did we ever get within the Paradisical walls which held the three hundred beauties; and therefore in revenge we hung around the grounds, throw notes over the enclosure, merely, as we said, to spite the "old dragon"; but really because I was in love with Annie M., Wilton with Fanny D., and Carroll with Kate B. For, truth to tell, no one could stay long in the vicinity of the Chevron school without losing his heart.

Auguste Chevron was the brother of Madame, and very different from her in personal appearance, as far as size and good looks went, but he had the same peculiar grey eyes, and the same smile. He was the organist at the church, and a general favorite with all. One Sunday morning, he and I were seated on the steps of the church, waiting for the old bells to chime the hour for service, when I asked him—

"Auguste, how in the world does your sister manage to make all her pupils so pretty?"

"Oh," said he, "my sister is an artist—she understands de arts de dress."

"But," I said, "they all wear a uniform—surely one style of dress does not become every style of beauty."

"Ah," he replied, "I cannot make you understand—it is a uniform, and yet it is not a uniform—you see de color de dress is one tint which suit everybody, and den de trimmings are de color which suit de particular parson; and den my sister give so much attention to de complexion and de hair. Almost every one is pretty who have fine hair and complexion. And she makes dem all happy, and dat makes dem smile and look sweet."

Here the chimes rang out upon the still morning air, and I became restless and began to pace the greensward and watch for the expected approach of the Chevron school. Here they come—a long moving line of earth's sweetest

flowers. First, the Freshman class, and let me attempt to describe their dress—the dress which Auguste designated as "a uniform and yet not a uniform." The color worn by the whole school was a soft fawn tint. The Freshman class wore as trimmings an edge of embroidered violets; around the skirt, around the neck and around the wrists. The violets were white, blue, purple, and parti-colored. Their hair was worn long and flowing, confined just behind the ears with a bandeau of blue velvet. Their hats were of white straw and ornamented with a single cluster of violets. Those with blue eyes and very fair, fresh complexions wore white violets—the blondes with hazel eyes wore blue or purple violets; the brunettes with black eyes wore the gorgeously colored heart's ease—the parti-colored violet.

Then came the Sophomore class, or, as they were called in the school, the lilies. Their dress was precisely like that of the Freshman class, except that their embroidered edges were of lilies, and their hats were also ornamented with lilies. The pure white lily, the rich yellow lily, the brilliantly spotted tiger-lily, and the luscious lotus of Egypt, were all represented; each young lady wearing that which suited best her complexion, eyes and hair.

Then came the Junior class, and in this was my *inamorata*, Annie M. They were the rose class—every shade of rose from the rich white of the Devonensis to a velvety crimson, almost black. Annie had a lovely complexion and large hazel eyes, and she wore the *Souvenir de Malmaison*; (I was not learned in roses, but Annie had told me this during the Christmas holidays, when she and I were both temporarily released from the surveillance of "the old dragon.")

The Senior class had the great privilege of changing their flowers with the season—snow-drops, &c., with the earliest spring; roses, &c., for early summer; dahlias, &c., for late summer; chrysanthemums for autumn; and holly berries for Christmas.

The effect of the whole was magically beautiful. The flowing hair—some in curls, some in long waving tresses, and some simply falling like a veil of floss silk, was exquisitely becoming to every style of beauty.

I was surprised that morning to see my uncle, Judge Brandon, in church, and my pretty cousin Alice at his side, the latter a recruit for Madame Chevron's fair ranks. On the following Monday morning, under my uncle's broad shadow, I was admitted, for the first time, within the walls of the Chevron establishment.

In the magnificent saloon we were received by the little, withered old witch, Madame Chevron, who flitted about in her lofty halls like a dragon-fly. She kissed Alice Brandon, as if she already loved her like a mother, and then sat down, or rather lighted upon—dragon-fly fashion—an immense crimson *fautour*, and "made talk" for our entertainment. In five minutes, I began to feel the potent spells of the enchantress—her voice was so soft, sweet and sprightly, and she uttered such beautiful thoughts—thoughts which seemed to have been your own in the happiest and best moments of your life. She was a Huguenot in religion, and as I listened to her expression of her ideas on the subject of Christianity, I felt like a religious enthusiast; and what she said was prompted by a feeling so evidently truthful and earnest that I felt a guilty pang shoot through my breast as I remembered how often I and my thoughtless comrades had called her, in our youthful levity, an "old dragon," "witch," "sorceress," &c.

After conversing for some time, my uncle asked Madame how it was that all her young ladies had such an appearance of health and happiness.

"Ah," said she with a beaming smile, "it is so easy to make your young happy, I only teach them to love each other; provide them with plenty of healthy out-of-door amusements, and attend properly to their health. This is my business; their other acquirements I leave in the hands of my subordinates."

"Then you belong to the water-cure school," said my uncle.

"No, indeed," said she; "I only belong to the Bible school."

My uncle's eyes widened a little, but he only made a polite inclination of the head and waited for more.

"I am afraid you will suspect me of heresy," she went on, "but I have made the Bible the chief study of my life, and I have come to some conclusions which may surprise you. I believe that baptism (a common household word at the time the ordinance was instituted) is to the body what re-nitrogenated grace is to the soul; and as the soul needs constant supplies of grace, so the body (which is so intimately and mysteriously connected with the soul) needs constant supplies of pure, cleansing water. The apostle commands us to put away all filth of the flesh—a command which I take literally—and then, again, tells us that it is not the mere putting away of the filth of the flesh which saves us, but 'the answer of a good conscience towards God.' We are expressly told that when we 'draw near to God, we are to do so having our bodies washed with pure water.' Upon this text I ground my custom of having a full bath (or baptism) precede both morning and evening prayer."

My uncle looked grave, but much interested; seeing which, Madame Chevron continued:

"Upon the hours of morning and evening prayer, our division of time, our meals, and most of our school arrangements depend. For I adopt the custom of the Hebrew church, having morning prayer at sunrise, and evening prayer at the ninth hour, or three o'clock. I think," she added, while her peculiar grey eyes glowed with feeling, "that at the ninth hour, the knees of every Christian on earth should be bowed in prayer; for this is the hour in which our Saviour died for us—the hour in which the evening sacrifice for two thousand years previous proclaimed the most important event of all time, 'Christ shall die for you!' In this hour, we should draw near to God, 'having our bodies washed with pure water.' And you remember that in Acts it is recorded, that after our Lord's death, the apostles did observe the ninth hour as the hour of prayer. Now, let me explain how the observance of these two hours of prayer influences all of our arrangements. It divides the day into two portions—1st, from sunrise until three o'clock, and 2d, from three o'clock until bed time. The first comprises all the working hours; the second, the resting, or as the Hebrews would say, the Sabbath hours. We begin our working hours with a bath (or baptism) and prayer, and we end them with a bath (or baptism) and prayer. Our meals follow immediately the hours of prayer, and I have learned by long years of experience that more than two meals per day are injurious to health."

"Your pupils do not study at night, then?" said Judge Brandon.

"Oh, no, never," said Madame; "nine hours a day are enough for every study, and my girls would not have such bright eyes, or look so fresh and rosy, if they studied by lamp-light."

The Judge looked lovingly at his pale and delicate Alice, and said, "You are right, my dear Madame; and pray tell me what other regulations you get from the Bible."

"The manner in which their dress is ornamented, I get from the Bible: 'Thou shalt make fringes' (in Hebrew, *ornaments resembling flowers*) upon the four quarters of the vesture, that ye may look upon them, and remember all the commandments of the Lord to do them." Could you imagine a more beautiful law—wearing ornaments resembling (or imitating) flowers, in order to remind the wearer constantly of his or her duty to God! What an effect it has in ennobling and dignifying even our garments, and in repressing the demoralizing vanities and conceits of fashion. Fashion is a vulgar thing at best—utterly devoid of taste, refinement and poetry."

My young ladies are also required to wear their hair as the apostle directs, viz: as a veil; and this custom is peculiarly conducive to health, for it protects the delicate ears and neck, just as nature ordains, and it is chiefly through these organs that sore throats and bad colds originate."

"Well, Madame," said my uncle, laughing, "I confess you surprise me extremely. I have been reading the Bible for thirty years, and never dreamed of looking there for regulations regarding dress. Pray tell me, do the Jews

wear these flower fringes which you have adopted?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Madame; "but you know they had already made the commands of God of none effect two thousand years ago. Our Lord himself wore them, however, for the words translated 'hem' and 'border,' in the gospels, was merely the fringe of flowers commanded by Moses. But come, perhaps you would like to see my three hundred children again. Ah, you do not know what happiness the care of these young creatures affords me!" and she led the way with her light flying steps, I will not say like a dragon-fly now, for my feelings towards her had changed so entirely that I regarded her as something less of earth than heaven.

The young ladies were all at recitation, and we merely looked into each door as we passed, the lofty ventilated rooms being everything that health required. I caught a glimpse of Annie M.'s bright face, as she stood before the black-board, chalk in hand, solving the mathematical queries of a grey-bearded German professor. She blushed deeply as our eyes met, and I suppose made some grievous blunder in her problem, for as we passed on, the deep, wrathful tones of the professor followed us, in a way which made me wish to choke him.

We opened our little sketch by saying that Madame Chevron was the funniest little French woman that ever danced a polka. For she did dance the polka, schottische, lancers and quadrilles.

"Dancing will never do you any harm, my children," she would say to her three hundred, "as long as you observe my two restrictions in regard to it. First, always dance in daylight, and, second, always dance with ladies. God give us night and the Sabbath for repose, and we should not profane either the one or the other; and as long as you are my pupils, you must not dance with gentlemen. So dance away to your hearts' content; it makes you graceful and muscular. Fanny Ellsler had limbs like an athlete."

"But, dear Madame," said pretty Kate B., "I would rather not look like an athlete; and I don't wish to be large and muscular—one becomes so coarse."

"You would rather look like an interesting consumptive, would you, my pretty pet; with a hectic flush upon your cheek and hectic brightness in your eyes?"

"Oh, no, no, Madame," said Kate, with the tears filling her eyes; for the picture brought to her mind a beloved schoolmate of former days, who had died of a decline.

"Then, my darling," said Madame, kissing her, "do not let vanity interfere with your duty as regards your health. Use every means in your power to become strong and vigorous—dance, leap, run races and climb fences. This session I am going to offer a prize to the swiftest runner in the school. It will be a marble bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

"Oh, dear Madame! what a lovely prize," burst from the delighted throng.

No wonder their cheeks glowed with health and their eyes sparkled with merriment. No one can be healthy who is not happy.

Six months from that time, Alice Brandon was as blooming and happy looking as Annie M.

Annie and I have almost two years to wait for our wedding—a long, long time, but I suppose it will come at last. For our mamma and papa have all said "yes," and our dear ugly little Psyche, Madame Chevron, does not say "no," but smiles and nods. "All in good time, my children—you can only see each other during holidays, my laws must not be broken, however strong the temptation."

ver is good manure above and under ground both, the roots as much as the hay of summer growth."

Provide for the Emergency—A Word to the Agriculturist.

We cordially unite with the Chronicle and Sentinel, of Augusta, Georgia, in advising our people to provide against a dearth of provisions, likely to result from war in Europe. That war must enhance the price of breadstuffs and depress the value of cotton. At all times, we have deemed it a ruinous policy to plant cotton to the exclusion of corn and grain generally. Now, more than ever, does it become us to review this policy. Our cotemporary says:

There is time yet for something to be done to sustain our past error, and make us less dependent for food upon the North and West. Nature has blessed us with a generous climate and a fruitful soil, well adapted to the growth of grapes, small grain and root crops. These grow and flourish here during the entire winter. A few acres of land well prepared and properly enriched, will secure a full and abundant crop of turnips, beets or carrots for the supply of animals during the entire winter and spring. A small plot of land, highly fertilized and sown in rye or barley, early in September, will furnish large supplies of forage, after the root crops shall have been exhausted. The long stem blue collard is a hardy winter plant, and will yield more per acre on good land, well prepared, than any plant with which we are acquainted. The collard is highly nutritious for man and beast, and for butter-making qualities, is a superior food for milk cows. Let all these be tried.

We would suggest, as a suitable provision for our present situation, something like the following: For a farm of ten male fowls, one acre each in turnips, beets, carrots and collards, and two acres in rye. The turnips (rutabagas) should be sown in drills two and a-half feet apart, from the 20th to the last of this month, the beets, carrots and collards, also in drills in the same distance, about the middle of August, and the rye, broadcast, by the first of September. This will furnish a full supply for the work stock, cattle, sheep and hogs on an ordinary plantation of the size indicated. Mules, with a very little care, can be kept fat and in good working condition up to the first of April. This is too important a matter to be neglected. Great distress, if not actual starvation, must ensue in some localities next year unless we take time by the forelock and amply provide against such a lamentable contingency. But it must be remembered that full crops can only be made on land well prepared and highly fertilized. Peruvian guano or any of the standard super-phosphates, in the absence of rich stable manure or cotton seed, at the rate of 200 pounds of the Peruvian, or 350 of the super-phosphates, on land thoroughly plowed and well harrowed, will be sufficient to secure a good crop. Let every one try and relieve himself from the clutches of grain and bacon speculators.

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be free from them. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sun-beam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive—the dark and morose.

Death of Judge A. B. Longstreet.

This distinguished son of Georgia, we are informed, died at Oxford, Miss., on the 9th instant.

Judge Longstreet was born in the city of Augusta, in September, 1790. He received his academic training at the celebrated school of the Rev. Moses Waddell, at Willington, S. C. Thence he became a member of Yale College, where he graduated in 1813. Next he studied law. After his admission to the bar, he married Miss Parks, and settled at Greenborough, in Georgia. At this period of his life, he wrote his inimitable work, the "Georgia Scenes." He next became a member of the Legislature, and next a Georgia Judge. A Congressional career next aroused his ambition. But amid the heat thereof, one of his children died, and this event so affected him, that he withdrew from the contest, and began to seek the Christian ministry. In 1838, he became a Methodist minister, and officiated at Augusta, Georgia. In 1839, Judge Longstreet was elected President of Emory College. Afterwards, he filled the same post in the Centenary College, in Louisiana, in the University of South Carolina, and in the University of Mississippi, with which last institution he was probably connected at the period of his death.

He was in politics a State rights man. He was a busy writer in the department of religion and politics. Judge Longstreet's humor was born, and seems to have died in the "Georgia Scenes," as his other humorous work, "Master William Mitten," is more or less a failure, and stood relatively to the "Georgia Scenes" as does "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost."

Judge Longstreet was, in his day and generation, a man of mark. We shall, however, leave to others, better acquainted than we with his life and genius, to attempt an analysis of his career and character. The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel, from which we have taken the facts connected with his life, pays a handsome tribute to Judge Longstreet's memory, and gives us the gratifying assurance that he passed from earth in the full possession of his mental faculties, and with the joyous hope of the Christian's immortality.

[Columbia Phenix.]

Turnips.

The most successful grower of turnips we have known, made it a rule to sow the seed in the last three or four days of July. This allows time enough to raise roots of the largest size, suitable either for stock or the market. A few days sometimes make a marvelous difference in the product. For table use, where quality is more desirable than size, farmers usually sow from the 10th to the 20th of August. Indeed we have heard some persons say that the first of September is not too late; but we have never succeeded in raising anything larger than an egg when sowed at that time. A good rule is to have the land prepared as soon as possible, and make use of the first season after the 25th or 28th of this month.

We here speak of the white varieties—the Red Top, Norfolk, Flat Dutch, &c. Rutabagas and Swedes should, of right, be planted by the 20th of June. If the season is favorable, fair sized roots may be raised on rich ground sowed in July; but as they require a long time to come to maturity, the earlier the better. The best success we have ever had was from seed planted in the middle of June. The only objection is, that the tops are liable to be infested by lice in the fall; but in these days of scientific insect exterminators, they are not to be feared.

We know of no preparation for turnips better—or indeed so good, as a wheat stubble. A shallow plowing first to promote the germination of the wheat left on the ground, and then a fallow of moderate depth, with a fair application of manure turned in, may be relied on to yield a good crop. Or better still, use 300 pounds of super-phosphate to the acre, either in drills or broadcast. We prefer the drills; and in fact turnips should always be planted in rows, liberally thinned out and cultivated. We have nothing to say in favor of the old cow-pen broadcast method of raising turnips.

As germane to the subject, we add that now is the best time to set cabbage plants for fall and winter use.—*Petersburg Index.*

A MAINE doctor, applying for a position as an examiner of a life insurance company, replied to the question as to the system on which he practiced: "The human system."

The New Patent Law.

The act of Congress "to revise, consolidate and amend the statutes relating to patents and copyrights," which, by the signature of the President a few days since, has become a law, repeals all former statutes on the subject. It retains nearly all essential features of the old law, but makes the following changes therein:

All applications must now be prosecuted within two years after any action has been had thereon by the office, or they will be regarded as abandoned.

Applications which have been rejected or withdrawn prior to the passage of this act, must be renewed or prosecuted within six months, or they will be considered as abandoned.

Application for re-issues must in all cases be made by the inventor or his living.

Where a patent is refused on application for any reason whatever, either by the Commissioner or on appeal, the applicant may have remedy by bill in equity in any United States Circuit Court, and if the court find that he is entitled to a patent, the Commissioner will be authorized to issue the same.

Certified copies from the patent office of foreign patents on record therein, shall be received as legal evidence respecting such patents. An alien is no longer required to work his patent within eighteen months.

A trade mark may be patented for thirty years upon payment of twenty-five dollars to the office, and the patent may be extended before it expires.

All matters relating to copyrights are placed under the exclusive control of the Librarian of Congress.

The law also provides for an Assistant Commissioner of Patents, and Hon. Samuel M. Duncan, of New Hampshire, one of the chief examiners in the office, has been nominated for the position.

SMALL INDUSTRIES.—The resources of the Southern States are almost innumerable. There are a great many ways of earning an honest penny, which have never entered into the heads of our people, for the simple reason that we have always lived under the delusion that there was no money in anything but cotton. Under the old regime this was well enough, but we may as well wake up to the truth at once—this is no longer a planting country—we must direct our attention to other resources, or come to grief. The sooner we begin to realize the fact and act upon it, the better. It is true that it is very difficult, with a sparse population to introduce reform, but once begun, good may come of it.

Dr. Porcher has pointed out, in his admirable work on the resources of our fields and forests, a great many important features.—We have roots, herbs, trees and shrubs, containing valuable medicinal properties. We have fruits growing wild, capable of being converted to valuable purposes; we have barks for tanning and dyeing, and wood for furniture, carriage making, clay for pottery, and a thousand other small industries worth looking after.

[Union Times.]

TO THE FARMERS.—Do you wish to prosper? If you do, stick to your farm, make your regular crop; make up, by using labor-saving implements for the loss of manual labor, cultivate fewer acres, but make your land rich, and you will find that your farm is improving in value, you are enabled to spend more money for fertilizers, to educate your children, to live more comfortably, and to lay up something for a "rainy day." But croaking or grumbling, or groaning over what has been is not the way to do it. If you want your land improved, you are the one to do it. If you want enterprise and thrift developed in your immediate neighborhood, you are the one to begin it; if you want two blades of grass to grow where only one has grown before, you are the man to show how it is to be done, and not your neighbor. We are very apt to say, so and so, ought to do this thing and that thing, but perhaps he don't know how to do it, and if you would begin, he would follow our example. Let us not try to shift responsibilities, but rather let us, each one, assume our own, and do what we are able to advance our own good and that of our fellow men.

An English visitor says that Arkwright wrote his name upon the streams. We don't see how he could; streams are not stationary.