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JOHN C. BAILEY, PROP.

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Pen Pictures by a Tribune Correspondent.

The subjoined sketches are taken from a letter in the N. Y. Tribune of the 8th inst., from its correspondent travelling in South Carolina: GREENVILLE.

There are few towns in the South that one feels the smallest desire to visit the second time; but among the few I count Greenville, to which I returned last Saturday with pleasure, not only because the cool breeze that blows from the mountains was so refreshing after weeks spent in the sweltering low-country, but because it was to be for me a point of departure for a journey across the great Blue Ridge range that I had seen on my previous visit to the place, lying like a huge emerald cloud stretched along the northern horizon. Besides, the town is exceptionally pleasant and the people kind and hospitable. Although they hold to their old opinions still, like most people at the South who were convinced against their will by the logic of war, they are friendly to Northerners, cherish no ill will, and seem to be in earnest in the desire they uniformly express that emigrants from the Northern States should settle in their midst. They have more culture than it is usual to find among the inhabitants of Southern villages, and they sustain a library, a room, where one can find most American periodicals and English magazines and reviews. The women are famous all over the State for their beauty, and justly so. The appearance of the men does not, however, confirm the assertion that the climate is one of remarkable healthfulness. They are much inferior to the women. Perhaps the cause is too much whisky and tobacco and too little work. It is marvelous with what an air of perfect contentment the men in Southern villages will sit all day in groups upon the tavern porches, moving only when driven by the sun from their first positions, or for an occasional visit to the bar. They have little conversation, for they long ago talked each other dry, and they are seldom troubled with what Huxley calls "the malady of thought that doth infest us all." They enjoy the luxury of perfect idleness, a thing never fully experienced by men of Northern races.

CASAR'S HEAD.

At noon we reached the summit of Saluda Mountain, an advanced southern epan of the Blue Ridge chain, and found a rude mountain tavern, which is usually the resort of pleasure-seekers from the low country in the Summer, and of deer-hunters in the Fall. In commands a view of greater extent than that from the Catskill Mountain House. To the east and north, the blue and green ridges and peaks sweep off into the hazy distance. Westward the eye follows the great green mountain waves, until they fade away in ripples far off in Georgia; while to the South, all of the vast plain of South Carolina seems to be stretched out like a map. It is a scene of wonderful grandeur and beauty. As we gazed upon it yesterday, filled with that feeling of enthusiasm and exaltation, which he who has never stood on mountain tops has never experienced, a big cloud came sailing from over the Georgia hills, brushing the sides of the mountains in its course, flapping its damp skirts in our faces, for a few minutes hiding all the world below from view as it held us in its cold embrace, and floating away to fall in rain upon the low country miles away.

Casar's Head is the name of the highest point upon the mountain, whence the best view is obtained. There is a faint semblance of a man's head upon a rock, which gives the place its name, though why it should be Casar's head rather than that of anybody else no one here can tell. The elevation above the sea is about 3,500 feet. The hotel is a rough affair. The rooms know neither paint, plaster, paper, carpets, nor other adornments; but the beds are clean, and the cool mountain air gives a good appetite for the chicken, ham, rice, hominy and hot biscuits that the table affords, and that comprise the invariable fare at Southern inns. The forests that cover the mountains abound in deer, wild turkey, and smaller game. It is an unpleasant circum-

stance to hunters that they abound also in rattlesnakes. The landlord says that deserters and refugees from the conscription betook themselves to these mountains during the war, organized themselves into predatory bands, and made raids upon the farmers of their money and cattle. After the surrender many of them remained in the mountains, and, according to the landlord, joined the Republican party, and with the help of the negroes below elected one of their number to the first Legislature under the reconstructed Government. There is such a disposition in South Carolina to take it for granted that all rogues and suspicious characters belong to the Republican party, that such stories as that of the landlord's must be taken with a grain of salt.

The Mera Tragedy.

CHICAGO, July 8. The coroner's inquest over the lynched man elicited the following: Mary Mera, mother of the child, testified as follows: My husband Martin Mera, whipper, and my son Martin, aged ten years, two weeks ago Tuesday night, my babe was born that day, and I did not see the whipping; it was done in another room; I heard the blows and heard the child beg for mercy. The child went to bed about ten o'clock. The next morning the child came to my bedroom, followed by his father who was whipping him very hard with a black-snake-horse whip. The child dodged around the room, to avoid the blows, and begged for mercy. The child was completely unharmed by his father, his face was swollen from the whipping he had received the night before. His father whipped him very hard for ten or fifteen minutes. At last he stopped, and told the child to put on his shirt. He made an effort to do so and failed. His father repeated the order, when the boy said, "I can't see it; I can't see it!" "You can't see it," responded his father. "No, father, I can't see you; I can't see you. I feel like dying." The father then rubbed the boy with spirits and forced some down his throat. The child raised his hands, moved his lips and expired.

Mera then took the body and put it under the bed, where the sick mother was lying, and it remained there until evening, when he buried it. The testimony of the boy's sister is still more horrible.

Sarah Mera, daughter of the murderer, aged 14, testified that her father often whipped her brother very severely with a horse whip. Tuesday two weeks ago he brought my brother in, and said that he had not worked, and whipped and knocked him down twice. Father continued to whip him, and said he would whip him till he could not stand up; that he would whip the life out of him. Two or three times he would say this, and brother would plead with father: "Father, don't whip me any more. Oh, don't whip me any more." I liked him. Brother went to bed about 10 o'clock. He said he did not know why father whipped him so; he never told stories only when father made him. Father would say if he didn't own up he had done so and so, he would whip him; and, to avoid it, brother would own to things he never did.

Wednesday I got up and got breakfast ready. Father rose when breakfast was ready, and brother got up, but felt so badly he went back to bed. Father made him get up and go out and feed the stock, and when he came back father whipped him, and sent him to the field. He went for him and brought him, and made him take off his clothes, and then whipped him, and then picked him up and laid him on the stove. The stove was hot enough to heat an iron. I was baking biscuits. Father put him on the stove twice, brother pleading all the while. "Father don't burn me." He screamed very loud; and the stain stuck to the stove. His skin came off his back and his feet, and stuck to the stove. It smelled so that I open the door and father immediately shut it. While brother was pleading, father said he would burn him till he worked. I have seen father strike mother with his fists many times. He knocked brother down several times with the but end of the whip. I never saw my brother after he went into mother's room.

A young gentleman who has just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she was made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

The Rising Generation of the South.

When people are poor they are foolish to attempt to live as if they were rich. The old and young, the males and females, of every family which has the misfortune to be poor, ought to bear the burden together, and ought to work together to increase the common store. If there is but one working person in the family, and he is generally the father, his nose will be kept at the grindstone from one year's end to another, unless he has a well-ordered household. The wife can greatly aid him by her sympathy, by frugal management, by a cheerful temper, and by instilling into the young people lessons of economy and industry. To attempt to live as rich people do, when a family is poor, is not only a sham and a cheat, but it makes the head of such family a hopeless slave and drudge, and absolutely perpetuates the poverty so sedulously sought to be concealed.

We are, with few exceptions, all poor alike in the South. Let us not be ashamed of it, and not continuing it by contemptible shifts to hide it. It is an evil, but the way to conquer it, is to look it in the face; to go to work, and to practice economy. If all that an over-worked father makes is consumed in supporting sons in idleness and daughters in an extravagance of fashionable dress, and display, what earthly prospect will there be of an improvement in circumstances? If the over-worked head of the family lives under all his burdens, he lives to see increasing misery which argues to be a source of comfort to him. If he dies, a victim to his heavy burdens, he leaves behind him sons untrained to work—possibly of expensive if not dissipated habits, and daughters without any resources whatever, and miserable because they cannot continue to keep up the poor delusion that they are part and parcel of the fashionable world.

No situation in life can be more galling than that of a poor family striving to hide its poverty by aping the fashions. If the effort made by its members to keep up a false show were but directed to useful ends, the result would be most propitious. As it is, all they can do is to keep their heads above water and be tolerated in the world of fashion. To compass this pitiful end they pass through purgatory. They sacrifice self-respect, solid comfort and all the sacred duties of domestic life in order to get an uncertain and very humble position in that society which is called fashionable.

This is unworthy of people who have a spark of intellect. It will be, if it becomes prevalent among us, more disastrous even than the war was. It will fasten poverty upon us for successive generations, and make us a set of social cheats and humbugs.

If thoughtless boys and giddy misses are allowed their way, they will, of course, keep away from the tasks of life and seek only their pleasures. But they ought not to be allowed to have their way. They should be controlled. The boys should be brought up with the idea that life has its serious duties and responsibilities, and that chief among them is the courage to work; and the girls should be taught that they cease to be the ornaments of domestic life when they sacrifice everything to fashion and empty show.

Real gentility is something higher and nobler than mere fashion; and genteel poverty is far more respectable than the vulgar snobbery that so many weak-minded and white-blooded people entertain all their lives long.—*Richmond Whig.*

A New York man last week made a wager that he could run a closed umbrella down his throat to the handle. No sooner had he accomplished this feat than the bass wretch who made the bet seized the umbrella by the handle and opened it all the way, clenching it on the catch. He then fled. Of course all efforts to close the umbrella and remove it have been utterly useless, and the poor sufferer walks about with his person distended in a manner that is indescribably painful. These practical jokes are very wrong. Just for the sake of a moment's amusement this man is obliged to carry that umbrella with him to his grave.

Up to SNUFF.—A gentleman playing at cards at Baden-Baden, was very much annoyed by an inquisitive stranger who stood beside him and looked into his hand. At last he took a pinch of snuff and administered it to his tormentor, immediately saying: "I beg your pardon, but you was so near me, sir, that I mistook your nose for mine."

A Burning Coal Mine.

After the tourist has taken the enchanting ride over the Switch-back, at Summit Hill, a few miles beyond Mauch Chunk, (Pa.) he is ready to look with interest upon the old-fashioned looking town, a portion of which is underlain by the ignited coal. The fire was not discovered till the early part of the year 1859, when it had already made considerable progress. It is the general opinion that it was the work of an incendiary, but the motive that a person could have that would induce him to set fire to a valuable mine, causing the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of valuable property, can only be surmised. It may be that some thirty or forty years hence, when the fire has died out, and all so all interest in regard to it, will be startled by the confession of some ancient but time-softened sinner, who will give the full particulars; but we must wait till then. The excitement at the time of the breaking out of the fire was considerable, but coal mining in this country had not then attained the magnitude that it now possesses, and fires in the mines were then almost unknown. The miners had as yet had no experience in them, and a very simple, in fact entirely too simple, means of extinguishing the fire was adopted.

A dam of timber was built across the gangway, of but little more strength than a partition between two rooms. This was intended to retain the water until the heat should be extinguished by it. The theory was good, but unfortunately when the water rose to a considerable height the dam gave way before its pressure. A second dam was immediately erected, but it met with the same fate as the first. It was then decided to build a dam which would not be burated by all the pressure that could be brought to bear on it by the waters of the mine. Four feet were cut of solid coal in the top, sides and bottom of the gangway, a solid structure of oak, strong as a canal lock, was erected, and clay was packed in behind it for the space of ten feet. The water back up against this, but now the water was not the agent of destruction. The fire had made a detour through the coal, and had enveloped the dam on all sides, save one, and on that was the water. No human structure could exist in such a conflict of the elements. It was earth against fire, water and air, and earth succumbed. The dam having given way, the fire soon reached the mouth of the slope, and all hopes of extinguishing it were given up.

Since that time the mine has been closed. The fire will burn out, but will certainly not be extinguished in any other way. Occasionally small tracts of land fall into the fiery furnace below. The effects of the fire and its accompanying heat are almost well shown here as at Vesuvius and elsewhere. The rocks are baked, and are of many shades of color; they have changed their stratified position, and are inclining in every direction. But perhaps the most interesting of all are the changes wrought in the rocks containing iron pyrites (Fe. S.) The pyrites have been heated in the proximity of steam, which caused them to become soluble water; they have then been dissolved out of the rocks, leaving perfectly cubical, glazed cavities in the solid rock, giving to it a honey-combed appearance.

[New York Evangelist.]

OLD SHOES.—You probably think that if you look very sharply at an old shoe, when you throw it away, that you will know it again if it ever comes back to you. But that does not at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast off gaiter while you eat your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well, we'll tell you. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next, the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dried, it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then passed into mould and shaped into buttons, combs, knife-handles, &c. So you see how it may come to pass that you will comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

[From the Troy Times, June 22d.]

A Hired Assassin. Remarkable Scandal in Saratoga Agency.

The Southern part of Saratoga County has lately been greatly excited over a matter, the developments in regard to which are about as follows: A little more than a week ago, Isaac G. Lansing, a farmer, living in the town of Half-moon, went West with a gentleman from Vischer's Ferry to buy sheep. Immediately after his departure a most horrible story became whispered about, the substance of which was that Mr. Lansing had bargained with a man to murder his wife during his absence. When Mr. Lansing returned, he found the rumor was rife in his neighborhood, and at once commenced a suit for slander, and obtained an order of arrest against Abram Devoe, of Crescent, the author of the story. Upon being arrested, Devoe at once made a criminal complaint against Lansing for plotting the murder of his own wife, upon which Lansing was arrested yesterday and arraigned before Justice Cramer, of Waterford.

The examination of Lansing was at once proceeded with, and Devoe disclosed a state of facts which, if true, reveal a plot for wife murder on the part of Lansing which, in horrible and cold-blooded details, rivals Ruffalo's case. Lansing approached him with complaints of "troubles in his family," and a proposition to Devoe to get his wife out of the way, for a consideration. Devoe says he received the proposition favorably, and that on the strength of it he has at various times received favors from Lansing, in the shape of fire wood, etc., and small sums of money.

Devoe also disclosed the nature of the proposition to several persons, telling them that he intended to make use of it to get considerable money out of Lansing and finally expose him. As Devoe's story goes, about two weeks ago, Lansing told him that he was about to leave home for several days, that his wife would be alone in every night with their two small children, and he wanted the business done then. Devoe relates the details of instructions which he received from Lansing, how to enter the house through a certain ins. cure window, how to make his entrance noiseless, where to find his sleeping wife, how to find certain jewelry and silverware in various parts of the house, which he was to take away, and thus to make it appear that plunder was the object; also, how to rob a neighbor's house near at hand, and thus make the "blind" darker, and finally how Lansing cautioned him to "make no mistake" and "not harm the children," but to "make sure work of it." Then the blood money was paid, the sum being one hundred and five dollars, and the devilish business arranged. Devoe tells his story in such minute detail, and connects so many collateral facts and outside parties incidentally with it, that before the investigation is closed it cannot fail to appear that Devoe has told an ingenious and tremendous lie, or Lansing ought to be hung. The examination is adjourned to the 26th inst. Mrs. Lansing has some property, and both she and her husband are very respectably connected. The "trouble in the family," it is rumored, is certain entanglements with other women, and the wife's property is suggested as an inducement to the plotting. It is certainly a most strange and unfortunate affair.

SINGULAR CASE.

A case which seems likely to rival in interest even the Ruloff trial is shortly to appear before the country. Some months ago a Mr. Ruth, of Lawrence, Kansas, was found dead, and near his person was a letter from which it appeared that it was the belief of the man who was dead that he had been poisoned by one Dr. Medlicott. He was in an honorable position in society, not only having been regarded as a clever physician but also as an estimable Christian gentleman and a member of a religious society at Lawrence. Circumstances connected with the case led to the belief that the doctor had been unduly intimate with the wife of Mr. Ruth, and that this intimacy led to the death of the unfortunate man. It is now held that Dr. Medlicott, some time a widower, has murdered his wife; no motive being alleged for the act excepting that which too often has led to the commission of murder—lust and the desire for money. New developments in this case may soon be expected, for the opening of the grave and the examination of the body of Mrs. Medlicott have led to the belief that the lady was poisoned. Her stomach has been subjected to analysis, and, as is alleged, has been found to contain substances of the same nature as those which were found in the stomach of Mr. Ruth after that gentleman had died.

The gushing Olivia, in writing up the Agricultural Department, reports a kind of wheat that has "a coat as dainty as the velvet lips of a belle."

Beautiful Simile.

An Alpine hunter, ascending Mont Blanc, in passing over the Merde Glacier, lost his hold and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice to cleft its foundations. By catching himself in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projecting spurs of ice, he broke his fall so that he reaced the bottom alive, but only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose up to heaven, above which he saw only a strip of blue sky. His feet trickled a little stream formed from the slowly melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet, which led to some unknown crevice or passage. In silence and terror he picked his way, down the mountain side, till his farther advance was stopped by a giant cliff that rose up before him, while the river trickled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters which seemed to wait for him. What should he do? Death was beside him and behind him, and he might fear, before him. There was no time for reflection or delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One minute of breathless suspense—a sense of darkness and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below, and then a light began to glimmer around him, and the flowers and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouny.

So it is when believer's die.—They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge.—Yet one chilling moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.—

We observe, says the Atlanta Era, that an effort is now being made all over the South to raise money for the purpose of building monuments to the Confederate dead.—This is all right and proper, but would it not be better to first take care of the living orphans of the Confederate dead? In order to who tell us, and noble men we have only to save the minds, bodies and souls of their dear little children. The proposed monuments would be graceful and beautiful tributes, but it is possible to erect others far more useful. The dead soldiers of the Confederate armies need no towering shafts of perishable marble to commemorate their names and deeds. They have left behind children, many of them in extreme poverty, and it would be senseless, nay inhuman, to let these starve, or grow up in ignorance, while we build monuments to their fathers. The various monumental associations might do well to use the funds collected for the benefit of the living. Build a few institutions of learning and asylums for the unfortunate children of our dead heroes. A few such monuments scattered over the land would be far more honorable to both living and dead than a costlier and more gaudy, but empty, tribute.—*Savannah Advertiser.*

ROMANTIC RESULT OF A STARE.

A beautiful and wealthy young lady, at a social party, took offence at what she supposed to be the impertinent gaze of a gentleman present, who was a stranger to her, but a friend of the lady of the house. The lady demanded his expulsion, as a condition of her remaining. Explanations ending at her, "though" was not looking to attract and fasten the attention on any one." He was looking at a fine and costly chain that encircled the fair one's neck—just such a one as he had purchased for his sister—in one of the links of which (having a secret opening) he had put his photograph. But some months since, and before he had an opportunity to present it to his sister, it was stolen from him. Upon examining the lady's chain he touched a spring (to the little beauty unknown) and lo, and behold! there was his photograph.

YELLOW FEVER IN BUENOS AYRES.

The New York Herald's correspondent at Buenos Ayres sends information of the yellow fever plague in that city.—Now that the epidemic is disappearing, the newspapers are engaged in a war of words concerning the number of persons that perished during its stay. As many as thirty thousand are given as the number, while the native papers will not admit higher figures than fifteen thousand. Of the American victims two—a young lady named Miss Wood and the other a Mr. Spring—sacrificed their lives in voluntarily attending the sick, and, owing to their humanity and unselfish heroism, found untimely graves in a strange land, far away from their friends and relatives.

A Wonderful Story.

It is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary for life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not at all, as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever, but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has now been lost. Meanwhile, Professor Grusselbach addresses many proofs in support of his idea; among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which he says have always proved successful. He took a snake, and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is his secret. For fifteen years the snake resists, apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a petition to his Government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him, to be treated in the same manner as the snake promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposals is not known.

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I leave you to judge the confusion of the fair one. She immediately offered to return the piece of jewelry which was politely declined, for the time, and it is said by knowing ones that she has concluded to except the young man's hand and heart, in order that being the possessor of one she may be permitted to retain the other. It is but justice to remark that the young lady bought the chain from a traveling peddler, who had stopped at her father's house, for about one-half of its original cost.—*[Cor. Chillicothe Register.]*

A QUEER FOWL.—

The women should make a note of this item and apply it to a Delaware paper: "I saw a hen Sunday that was a gray old chicken—half bantam. She used to lay eggs and hatch them during the first five years of her life. She then ceased to lay—changed her manner and looks to that of a rooster, and now crows for day and all day, fights the other roosters, and mates with the hens."

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