

for their business in allowing us the use of their... in which to hold the...

Receipts. The thanks of this Grand Division... and Directors of the Greenville and Columbia... and the Charlotte and South Carolina Rail Roads...

No further business appearing, the Grand Division was closed in due form, to meet again at Columbia on Thursday the 30th November, 1854, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Z. J. DeHAY, Grand Scribe.

News from the Plains.

We have received news from Fort Laramie, Nebraska Territory, as late as the 18th of July. The command of Col. Stockett, en route to Utah and California, consisting of two companies of artillery and some dragoon recruits, reached that point on the 10th of the month.

The troops will start again on the 20th for Salt Lake, by the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. They expect to reach the city of the Mormons by the 1st of September, where they expect to spend the winter, and start early in the spring for the Pacific coast.

Very few Indians were seen before reaching Laramie; a great number of Sioux are there encamped. Buffalo were very numerous on the Big Platte and South Fork. Many return parties from Salt Lake city were met, composed principally of persons who were disgusted with the social system of Brigham Young.

Mock Marriage.

RECENTLY a gay party was assembled at Clifton Springs, N. Y., and in the course of the evening, gaiety began to flag. For the amusement of the assemblage, a marriage was proposed; just for "the fun of the thing."

But the mock marriage turned out to be a rather serious affair; not much fun in it, after all. For the groom gave his bride to understand, after the ceremonies was over, that he considered the marriage binding.

Now, our opinion is, that whenever a young lady so far forgets her maiden modesty and the common sense rules of propriety, as to make a mock of the solemn ceremonies of the marriage rite for the amusement of a crowd, she deserves no better fate than to be indissolubly united to the sham bridegroom, who may make her his dupe.

Singular Occurrence.

The following is from the Centerville Times: Under the obituary head, in to-day's paper will be found the death of Mr. Jacob Reese. On the day of his death Mr. Reese was engaged in seeding oats, and toward evening was startled by a voice apparently at his elbow, saying, "You may sow but shall not reap."

THE KNICKBOCKER tells of a man who stole a five dollar bill out in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being a discount. The prosecutor said he knew that the thief was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was an all-fired man as not to be willing to steal Indiana money at par.

JOHN VAN BUREN, it appears, is becoming ashamed of his new associates, for he has authorized the London Advertiser to contradict the statement that he would attend the anti-slavery conference to be held at Manchester.

The Enterprise.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Friday Morning, Aug. 18, 1854.

AGENTS.

E. W. CARR, N. W. cor. of Walnut and Third-st., Philadelphia, is our authorized Agent. A. M. PEDEEN, Fairview P. O., Greenville Dist. WM. C. BAILEY, Wallace's Factory, Spartanburg. W. W. SMITH, Morrisville, Greenville District.

LE BAS BLEU.

The August No. of this neat and well edited little newspaper has been placed upon our table by the enterprising editresses. It is edited by a corps of young ladies of the Johnson Female Institute, at Anderson, at \$1 per annum. May no Knight of the Garter, or of the Quill, ever attempt to stop its length of days and usefulness.

"SUNNIE SOUTHRON."

OUR readers we know will be pleased to notice that this gifted poetess has become a contributor to the Enterprise. The piece to be found in to-day's paper is full of poetry and sentiment. We have another piece of hers on file, which we promise our readers to present them shortly.

We have likewise the satisfaction of stating that our fair friend "GENEVIEVE" has consented to become an occasional contributor. An article from her pen will be found in our next number.

Will not our sweet writer "OLA STA," favor us and the readers of the Enterprise with a contribution. We would be more than happy to number her in our lists of contributors.

No efforts upon our part will be spared to render the Enterprise acceptable to the readers of the Home circle. We have already enlisted a number of writers of no ordinary talent, and many others have promised a helping hand. If our friends will extend its circulation during the present volume we will give them the benefit of a Foreign Correspondence in 1855. We likewise contemplate new improvements.

CHICKS' SPRINGS.

We, too, have been to these Springs, and who has not! We do not design making a very lengthy notice of them. So much has been said in praise of them, that nothing remains for us to speak, unless repeating what others have said—for which we have no liking. That the water is excellent, containing fine medicinal properties unexcelled in our country, no one doubts. That the house is kept well, affording everything delightful to the taste of an epicure, the testimony of hundreds who have visited them is sufficient to assure any one wishing comfortable quarters and good living that he would want for nothing, while sojourning at the Springs.

We found the society of the place of a gay and dashing turn—little given to reading or anything else calculated to improve the mind. We know, that but few people go to watering places for the purposes of reading and meditation. But we do think that persons would feel far better, and the water would have a greater and more beneficial effect, were they to drink more of it—take more exercise—and do less dram-drinking, and less card-playing, than they appear, for the most part to be guilty. To do this we would suggest to the Messrs. CHICK, (we charge nothing for the suggestion) to furnish their visitors with a number of good newspapers. While there we only saw one, which an old gentleman had completely monopolized, and only too books, which were Congressional documents, containing the President's Messages, &c., which we considered a little too uninteresting for the time and place.

The number of visitors, we were informed, numbered about one hundred and fifty. We saw a number of acquaintances, and made the acquaintance, and we trust the friendship, of others. We must admit that the time was pleasantly and agreeably spent in drinking the water, eating the good things of the dinner table, and enjoying the company of our fair proteges. We always make it a point to enjoy myself, whether at Chicks' Springs, or any other place.

A NEW PAPER is soon to be started at Hamburg by J. M. Robinson, to be called the "Valley Pioneer."

CHARLES DICKENS, the celebrated English author, has become a bankrupt. So says reports.

Senator CLAYTON, of compromise notoriety will shortly publish a letter advocating the principles of the Know Nothings.

Prescott, the American historian is engaged in writing the life of Phillip the Second of Spain.

JOHN DILLON, who was engaged in the Irish Revolution of '48, but now a resident lawyer of New-York, it is said has received permission to visit his own country.

A large fire occurred in St. Louis on the 8th inst., destroying 4,500 bales of hemp, 1,000 barrels of pork, and 150 hhd. of sugar, the loss amounting to \$100,000.

A REMINISCENCE.

Reminiscences are not always pleasing. 'Tis true, in searching through an accumulation of old and dusty relics we sometimes come across a little memento which affords a pleasant thought. Perchance it is a ringlet of hair—we immediately associate it with the one whose head it once contributed so much to decorate and adorn. 'Tis then we think more vividly how much we may have once loved them. Should it be a miniature of a friend long since left us—perhaps dead—it seems to bring them more closely and intimately near us; making us to feel that there is a strange and mysterious sympathy existing between friends "who have loved."

If it be the last gift of an affectionate parent we bemoan it in silence with the tears of affection, and breathe a prayer full of gratitude to the source of comfort and joy. But there are others again which bring no such feelings, emotions and results. There are those which we would ever endeavor to keep hid, not only from our eye, but the mind is willing to prevent their remembrance; bringing as they do, feelings calculated to fill the heart with strange forebodings, which, instead of making us look to a bright and happy future, full of anticipation, wraps the soul in a gloomy pall, and leaves it revelling in dismal scenes of Despair.

We have just been thinking. Our thoughts have not been dwelling a great deal upon any one particular object—permitting ourself to wander for a little while over scenes of happy days, stopping here and there to think of pleasant times and sweet by-gones. Again, a moment is lost in a sad reflection of sadder events. Leaving old friends and associations we sped away in our mind's flight, stopping to muse over a somewhat strange coincidence, which with your permission, we relate:

A summer or two since it was our good or evil fortune to visit for the first time the great commercial city of the South. Being anxious to see everything, and enquiring after the many, to us, strange and peculiar beings whom we saw, it is not to be wondered that we found ourself sometimes peering in the windows of the curiosity shops, and at other times wondering why it was that the vast multitude walking hither and thither as if there were no such things as friendship and love, and that every one seemed to live within himself and only for himself.

'Twas Saturday night. We were returning from an evening's entertainment. It was yet early, and hearing the clamors of an auctioneer and the clatterings of his hammer upon the huge empty pine box before him, we entered his apartment. We said it was not late, but becoming interested in the sales of the auction—bidding occasionally—we were unconscious of the lateness of the hour until St. Michael's bell tolled the hour of twelve, and from the stillness of all without we were led to believe "all right." But the auction room nor the auctioneer either has anything to do with the incident in question. Mention would not have been made of them just here, but they serve a point. Among the many little things we purchased was a blank book, which from having, at the present, cast our eye upon it, has made us remember the scenes of that hour, from the fact that shortly after our leaving the place, we recorded them in its pages.

Hastening from the noise of the auctioneer's hammer, we found ourself wending towards our lodgings. The light from the hitherto bright gas lamps was waning and flickering. The watchmen were growing weary in the discharge of their monotonous duties. We had not proceeded far when our ears were arrested by the cries of a female voice, which seemed to reach us from a dark alley we were then passing. Unwilling to risk ourselves in such a dark, unknown, and to us, apparently subterranean precinct, we proceeded to wait until her cries were heard by others. Shortly thereafter appeared at the opening space a man, whom we discovered, from seeing underneath his cloak the ensigns of office, to be one able to render assistance, and who quickly drew around him the members of his guard. The woman also found her way into the street, seeking aid. From her we learned that one of her children was dead, another was dying, and the third, a dear little babe, was very sick, whilst the father and husband was reeling from the frightful effects of intoxication, and her own life in danger of death at the hands of her mad and cruel husband. We listened but a moment to her story of distress, and following her footsteps through the dark alley, which grew darker at every step, we at length found ourself at the abode of misery.

Whilst the enraged husband was being fettered we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the most deplorable and wretched sights we have ever been called upon to witness. Looking through a low window we saw the little dead child, which but a short while before was struggling with pain, lying upon a bed of straw. There was an angelic smile playing over its now cold and lifeless face. By its side lay another little creature dying, and a third was weeping at the bedside of her dead and dying children, im-

ploring the protection of heaven upon her wretched home. We turned from the sickening scene—the wretched husband was taken away, and the poor mother left to weep over the dead treasures of her household.

How long, oh! lovers of humanity shall we be called to mourn the existence of such a vice as drunkenness! Is there no balm in Gilead, whereby to heal this pestilence, which while it dries up the fountain and source of domestic happiness, and whose touch is more cancerous than the sores of the leper, drags the miserable creatures of its influence to the portals of Death, Hell and Despair!

How long, oh! lovers of liberty and country will you suffer the galling chains of a servitude worse than tyranny to be fastened upon your countrymen without one solitary effort to release them from their oppression? The appeals of orphanage—the tears of widowhood, and the better feelings of our nature ask you, "How long?"

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD, AND THE BLACKSMITH AT HOME.

Our own District is not without a few of either of the above characters, but we must admit that the latter has more of a "local habitation," for on more than one occasion we have known the schoolmaster to be absent when called upon. Travelling through our district not long since, our eye was attracted by a piece of paper tacked to a pine plank, and the whole nailed to a tree. Of course we stopped to read it, and was so much pleased with its orthography, and style of diction, that we copied it, and propose giving it an insertion in our paper—entire:

"SHEPHERD."—The Undersigned has located myself near the old post office for the purpose of serving the public I ceep shoes and nales already made to despatch a hors well shod in a few minits I would like to inherit a ful sher of the work such as lize in my line of business to wit shoeing Horses repairing wagens carages and buges & so on i ceeps thee best iron the world affords altogether sweade Y—L—

We think he will get as much as he can do. Any man who desires work and knows the benefit of advertising for it—will most assuredly get it.

A NATIVE.

A COUNTRYMAN brought into our village a few days, a real live inhabitant of our section in the shape of a huge rattling rattlesnake. It was securely caged in a wooden box, and afforded infinite delight to a number of little children who gathered around to see it.

Speaking of snakes reminds us of something we recently heard concerning a little girl of our acquaintance. Whilst upon a visit to Cassa's Head in her wanderings amid the rocks and cliffs of the mountain she came across what she supposed to be birds' eggs. She picked them up, and after carrying them for some time in her hands, and occasionally placing them in her mouth, as children are often seen to do with such things, she deposited them in her little basket, or pocket, and upon returning home brought them with her. Soon after her arrival she was showing her mother the pretties she had found in her travels, when her mother discovered the eggs to be those of a snake, and carrying them into the yard, broke them open and found to contain live and kicking snakes of three and four inches length.

"FOR SALE OR RENT."

Not long since we saw the above written on a plank about two inches wide and about two feet long, and tacked over a window of a house not a hundred miles from Greenville. When we first saw the notice we supposed some rude boy had placed it there to annoy the proprietor, and thinking that if the owner of such property was really anxious to sell, he certainly would advertise it in the papers where persons in quest of such things are most apt to look. Upon enquiry we found that he was anxious to sell—desired a large price—and yet refused to place the notice where it might be seen, for fear of having to pay seventy-five cents or perhaps a dollar to have it known by thousands, and which would most probably bring him a purchaser in a few days. We care not how long the board remains over the window—it is our candid opinion he will scarcely find a buyer until he gives it a more public notice than the one he has adopted. We know the property might be sold or rented. It is quite desirable, but when a man willfully keeps himself from making money by the giving of a small pittance to have his wishes generally known, we do wish he may never succeed in doing it.

ASSAULT ON THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT PIERCE was attacked by a man named JAMES M. JEFFARDS of Charleston shortly after the adjournment of Congress on Friday. As the President was leaving the Capitol, he was followed by JEFFARDS, who threw an egg at him, hitting him upon the back of the head, knocking his hat off. JEFFARDS was arrested, but subsequently, at the request of the President, released. The assault was made upon the President from his having replied to an invitation to drink from JEFFARDS that he "Did not do anything of the kind." We have not learned that it was a bad egg.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

No news!—Election again!—Bad accident—Passing events—Reflections and Remarks—Miscellaneous.

COLUMBIA, Aug. 18, 1854.

Mr. Editor:—We are really "in a fix" this week. No important or interesting news to report—no thoughts fresh from the mint of the mind to give—no romantic or heart-thrilling events to recount. So we must put in a special plea—as the lawyers say—for our brief letter at this time.

The Senatorial election in October next is to be the hardest struggle ever recorded in the annals of Richland District. Both parties are working day and night. But we must stop here, lest our warm support of one of the candidates should lead us into political remarks.

An accident occurred here on Monday by which an individual named WAIGER was badly injured. While engaged in pulling down a brick building of Mr. JOHN KINSLEY'S, a part of the wall fell in and he was partly covered by the falling brick and timber. He is now considered out of danger.

Floating on the tide of passing events, a little barque containing news of sadness reached us a few days ago. N. P. WILLIS the poet editor is gently and slowly passing away from earth. Consumption has seized upon him and will soon hurry him to "that bourne whence no traveller returneth." May the stream of life bear him gently down to eternity's ocean, and there may he find a harbor where storms never come!

We are now enjoying pleasant weather. Mornings and evenings are cool, but in the middle of the day, when "Sol shines bright," oh! 'tis hot. We soon shall welcome that delightful season of the year, the Indian Summer, when all nature is adorned in red and variegated hues, and the flowers wither and the fruits ripen.

Hoping you will make all possible allowances for this epistle, penned hastily in dull times. We are, yours truly, BAYARD.

Romantic Marriage.

A few evenings ago, as the cars of the Carrolton Railroad were approaching the city, a little girl, about three years old, ran in front of the engine and stopped on the centre of the track. The brakeman attempted to stop the engine as soon as the child was perceived, but on and on hurried the iron monster, and just as it was about to crush into the earth the beautiful victim which thus so innocently braved its coming, the strong arm of an athletic young man was stretched forth, and at the hazard of another life the child was saved.

Loud was the shout of applause from the few who witnessed the daring deed, and in triumph the young man bore the child away, and delivered it to its mother. Any attempt to describe a mother's feelings on such an occasion would be more than vain. She felt as a mother alone can feel, when the darling of her heart—her only child—is rescued from the very jaws of death; and with an eloquence which no words can convey, she looked and spoke her thanks. That mother was a widow, young and fair as the incarnation of a poet's dream; and whilst she was blessed with no little of this world's goods—Of course she was grateful to the preserver of her child's life, and as he was poor, she offered to bestow upon him a goodly largess. He, however, refused to accept any reward for doing what he considered to be his duty, and so the matter for the time rested.

Since then an intimacy has sprung up between the young man and the grateful widow, and the result was, that they went together to Mobile, where the widow's name is at the hymeneal altar to be changed, and the young man is to become not only the protector, but the step-father of the child he saved.

May the joys of the twain increase, and their days be many.—N. O. True Delta.

NATURAL SODA FOUNTAIN.—Soda springs have been discovered about fifty miles east of San Felipe, California, by Pool and his party, engaged in the survey of the public lands. The spring is in a mound of symmetrical shape, tapering like a sugar-loaf, in the centre of the top of which is a hole, unfathomable, containing the carbonated beverage fresh from some natural laboratory below. Some of the mounds are six feet high, and clothed with a green and luxuriant coat of grass, while others are shaped like an inverted bowl and fringed by a growth of cane.

The water is described as having the same sparkling and effervescent property as that ordinarily sold by apothecaries, and drunk with avidity by both the men and animals belonging to the party. When impregnated with acid of any kind, it produced instant effervescence, and in that form is peculiarly refreshing as a drink.

GOLD IN OREGON.—Considerable excitement has been created in California—particularly in San Francisco—by the report of the discovery of gold at Port Orford, Oregon, in such quantities that the miners were realizing no less than fifty dollars per day. Parties had already organized in San Francisco to start for the new diggings. If it should turn out that gold exists in any considerable quantities in Oregon, California will be greatly benefited by the withdrawal of the numbers of persons who now wander about there in search of employment, and who, in consequence of the desperate state of their circumstances, it is said, are ready to commit any atrocity. The conviction of the existence of gold in large quantities on the Oregon coast is becoming more and more generally known by every arrival. A rich mine has also been discovered near St. Helens.

THE MILK... Mr. Wallace describes an extraordinary tree called the milk tree, which was one of the best wonders he saw near Pareu. The fruit is eatable and full of a very juicy pulp, but stranger of all is the vegetable milk, which extrudes in abundance when the bark is cut. It was about the consistency of milk, and had for a slight peculiar taste could not be distinguished from the genuine product of the cow. Mr. Leaven ordered a man to trip some logs that had lain in the yard nearly a month. He cut several notches in the bark with an axe, and in a minute the rich sap was running out in abundance. It was collected in a basin diluted with water, strained and brought up at ten lines and at breakfast next morning. The peculiar flavor of the milk seemed to improve the quality of the tea, and gave it as good color as rich cream; in coffee it is equally as good. The milk is also used as glue, and it said to be as durable as that made use of by carpenters.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—We understand that a man died in west Troy last Thursday evening, with a disease strongly resembling cholera, and his body deposited in a coffin and finally prepared for burial. The remains were kept until Saturday evening, and then while the friends of the deceased were engaged in holding a wake over him, the supposed dead man slowly recovered from the state in which he had so long lain, and actually arose from the coffin, walked across the floor, and requested a drink of water, saying that he was very thirsty. This comes to us from one of the parties present, and we see no reason to doubt her statement. We further understand that the man is convalescent and will recover.—Troy Times, 24th inst.

SILVER IN WARREN COUNTY.—We have before us a letter from a gentleman now residing in Alabama, in which he states, that about forty years ago, his father, living at that time in Warren county, about thirty-five miles from Augusta, in erecting a mill on one of the branches of Brier Creek, discovered in a species of slate rock, particles resembling metal. As the particles were abundant in a particular locality, he thought there might be a vein of silver there, and intended to have it tested. He did not do so, however, and it has remained until recently, when the discoveries of metals in various parts of the State induced one of his heirs to have the rock tested by a competent person, who gave, as his opinion, that the rock contains silver in sufficient quantities to be valuable. It is the intention of the present proprietor to have it thoroughly explored as soon as possible.—Constitutionalist, 6th inst.

SOUTHERN EMANCIPATOR.—A Georgia planter, who died a year ago, leaving a very large estate, embracing, besides lands and money, one hundred and fifty fine healthy negro slaves, and no nearer heirs than nephews and nieces, directed by his will that the negroes, should be emancipated and settled in Indiana or Illinois, and left a large portion of his property to buy them farms and farming implements and stock. But the laws of Indiana and Illinois forbid the settlement of such population within the borders of those States, and in this dilemma, it being evident the will cannot be implicitly obeyed, the executors are desirous of sending the negroes to Liberia, whither a part of them, who are very intelligent, are anxious to go. The cause has been brought to the notice of the American Colonization Society, and will be thrown into the Georgia courts for adjustment.

TAKEN IN.—One of the Philadelphia papers states that a South Carolinian named Burges was swindled out of two hundred dollars by the "patent safe game" in that city last week. He walked with a newly-made acquaintance towards the Fairmount Water Works; met a third party who had a beautiful little box that he would bet any amount of money could not be opened; Burges' new friend took up the banter, and not having the necessary amount of funds with him, Burges lent him two hundred dollars; the box could not be opened and the money was lost.

OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says that the latest dispatches from Spain to the State Department here are to the effect that for the moment nothing whatever can be done by the American agents in Spain, and that the only course to be pursued is to wait quietly for affairs again to assume a settled aspect. Then the settlement of our difficulties and the acquisition of Cuba can be brought up again. This is probably the truth, and is moreover in itself so obvious, that it might be safely asserted even by those who know nothing of the latest dispatches.

PILLAR DOLLARS.—We learn from the London Economist that the Chinese have erected a mint in Canton for coining Spanish pillar dollars of "Charles the Fourth, 1778." This coin is the standard of the Chinese, and the scarcity of it has induced them to coin it, which is rather a novelty in mintage, thus reproducing old dated coins. The pillar dollars have always commanded a premium with the Chinese, though intrinsically worth less than the Mexican dollar.

COMPROMISED.—It is said that, up to this time there are but two suits pending against the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Company, for damages incurred by the accident on the fourth of July. The suit instituted by Mrs. Johnson, for the loss of her husband, has been withdrawn voluntarily by that lady. A large number of sufferers have compromised on liberal terms, and the same disposition seems to prevail generally among those who have not yet finally adjusted their claims.

The Whigs, MORRILL Democrats, Anti-Nebraska men of all shades, Temperance and Free-soil parties, have nominated JOHN H. WOOD, Whig of the State of New York, Major for Congress, for Governor of the State in the Congressional election.