

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. I.

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The Southern Enterprise,
A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.
WILLIAM P. PIERCE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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Original Poetry.
For the Southern Enterprise.
Lines
WRITTEN ON PARIS MOUNTAIN.
All nature is hushed in silent repose,
And the moon in her beauty is gleaming,
Making all seem as a beautiful dream:
Thus enchanting my fancy and feeling,
I've torn myself from my companions away,
And bright Luna's rays are enjoying.
And now I'm listening to the Katydid's song,
Would you know what I am thinking?
The my eyes now rest on far distant mountains,
And feel that their beauties are overpowering,
Yet methinks this enchantment would be more
Were another, too, on them gazing. (Dear,
But I look on the stars, and the brightest of all,
Cause my heart with sweet thoughts to be
thrilling.
For I fancy his eyes in that bright orb I can
trace,
And with mine they fondly seem meeting;
He'd sympathize with me, in my excess of joy,
And his heart with mine would be beating.
While I gaze on this scene, which no pen can
describe,
And the fragrance of sweet flowers are breath-
ing,
I look me around and say, this cannot be earth,
To stray land sure I've been straying;
But now I'm awakened from my enchanted
dream,
For someone my name is repeating.
So bright star, fairly land, I'll bid thee good-
to-night, and away at their bidding. (night,
'Tis with reluctance I leave thee, but I must
away,
But it's of thee bright star, I'll be dreaming.
GENEVIEVE.

Miscellaneous Reading.
Battle of King's Mountain.
Messrs Editors:—It will be recollected that at our celebration of the 4th of July, 1853, the initiatory steps were taken for the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain. For reasons not necessary to mention, the project was abandoned, with a pretty general understanding that the celebration should take place on some succeeding anniversary. Since that time we have sorely heard the subject mentioned. We seem to have forgotten what deep interest was excited by the bare announcement that the citizens of York had determined to celebrate the anniversary of the great battle, so glorious in the annals of our revolutionary history. A general enthusiasm pervaded the State from the mountains to the seaboard, at the prospect of commemorating an event attended with such happy results in the controversy then pending. The patriotic citizens of South Carolina know the importance of such a celebration. The time, the place, the occasion are well calculated to arouse feelings, more intense than the recurrences of any other anniversary we are wont to commemorate. From moral as well as local causes, it must exert a beautiful appearance on us a free, enlightened and patriotic people; indeed its influence would be as permanent as the consequences flowing from the event we celebrate.
Here Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, can meet and kiss as sisters. It was here their sons were immolated, willing victims on the altar of their country's freedom. It is their common heritage, their richest treasure. Is the spot then not sufficiently dear to us to make at least one pilgrimage to this, the Mecca of our liberties? We can here meet and shed the tear of sympathy, and pay homage to exalted worth, without being shocked and disgusted with the indecencies and excesses of the mob; the low obscenity and vulgarism that profane and desecrates the fourth of July celebration, by burning the Constitution—the sacred charter of our rights and liberties. What care we for the celebration of an anniversary on terms of equality with those hell-hounds of fanaticism, dead alike to shame and of honorable and patriotic impulses? Can it be expected that we should will consent to this "glorious Union," which we are practically allied and confederated with such monsters as these? Our national duties and its associations are all done to us, and will continue to be done, so long as we remain bound on earth, but in view of such circumstances we can-

not but grieve, and patriotic pride must be humbled that it is thus prostituted. We need not wonder, that the day consecrated to liberty is mocked and sneered at—that the Constitution is burned, that patriots and public benefactors are hung and burned in effigy, when we reflect that it is in a region where religion, and even the Bible itself, have been nullified and set at naught; where fanaticism and infidelity will ever dare encounter "the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler." These abominable abominations are the legitimate offspring where such principles reign Lord of the ascendant. Monsters though they be, they are the unmistakable miniatures of their hideous parent. But what are we to do? It will not do to dispense with the celebration of such epochs in our history as give us character as a people. The celebration of a nation's birth when patriotism is the ruling spirit has a great and important effect on national character. What then will be the benefits resulting from a celebration of King's Mountain? Its most beautiful feature is, that it will bring together some three or four Southern States. This seems to be a great desideratum, clearly evinced by Southern Conventions, &c. But as these are convened for great political purposes, great diversity of opinion must necessarily exist. The celebration of the Anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain would obviate this difficulty. The genius of patriotism presiding, but one sentiment would prevail, consequently it would eventuate in greater good. It would strengthen the strong bond by which we are already indissolubly connected. Let this be the rallying point, and link after link will be added to the golden chain that will eventually embrace in its extension all the Southern members of this great Confederacy. Let us be prepared to celebrate these espousals in a manner worthy of the occasion. A downward tendency of our Republic seems to be its manifest destiny. It will be difficult for political Alchemists to find an adhesive principle by which the discordant materials of which it is composed, can be much longer held together. But I will abstain from further discussion of such unwelcome topics. Will not the press of the State take this matter in hand, and endeavor to arouse public attention to a grand celebration as soon as possible, on the anniversary of the battle of KING'S MOUNTAIN.—*Yorkville Miscellany.*

Paper.
Light and soft as fleecy snow, it protects the finest cutlery; pressed into the form of a roller, it becomes hard as metal; and turned in a lathe, is used as an instrument for manufacturing paper itself. It is a package for the most common wares, and a thin slip of it pays for an estate or a cargo of the richest merchandise. It now constitutes the chief money of the world. The bulk of all commerce is carried on by its means. All the wealth of the most opulent classes consists of bits of paper. Preserving the impression of priceless skill, jealousy guarded in portfolios, or surrounded with rich frames, it is among the most valued possessions of the man of genius; at the same time it is proverbially the cheapest of all materials. Playing cards, trays of all kinds, drinking vessels, boxes, mouldings, and cornices for rooms, pannels for apartments, and bulkheads for ships, are all made of paper. It covers our walls. Boards for binding books, frames for pictures, toys for children, ornaments for boudoirs, are amongst a few of the countless uses to which ingenuity has applied old rags. Perhaps the most singular part of the whole is that paper is made from articles which have no value except as materials for its manufacture. The vilest refuse—our cast-off garments, the beggar's rags, the waste of cotton, worn out ropes, all of which we should be troubled to dispose of—is converted by the paper-maker into an article indispensable to civilized man.
SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—Under this head, the *Columbus Enquirer* gives the following as true:
A certain well known mare, the property of one of our citizens, whose docility and sagacity have long since been a subject of general notice, and which is particularly remarkable for standing any length of time without hitching, was on one occasion driven to a store in our city, and stopped at a tree in front of the house, while the owner alighted for the purpose of making a purchase. He had scarcely left the vehicle, when, contrary to all habit, the animal deliberately backed out from the tree, and took up a position quietly at another tree some twenty yards distant. The owner, being somewhat surprised at this unusual freak on the part of his favorite, was induced to investigate the cause, and, to his utter astonishment, discovered, attached to the first mentioned tree, the following notice—
"Don't hitch horses to this tree."
The inference is irresistible.
RAILROADS.—It is calculated that there will be twenty-one thousand miles of railway in operation in the United States upon the first of January next. The longest railway upon the surface of the globe is the Illinois Central, which is 731 miles in length, and is rapidly approaching completion.

Ladies' Department.
Rights and Wrongs of Woman.
We find an excellent article under the above head in a late number of Dicken's Household Words. We quote a few paragraphs in which we are sure our readers will find instruction and pleasure.
"No woman who does her duty faithfully to her husband and children will find her time unemployed, or her life incomplete. The education of her children alone would sufficiently employ any true-hearted woman; for education is not a matter of school-hours, but of that subtle influence of example which makes every moment a seed time of future good or ill. And the woman who is too gifted, too intellectual, to find scope for her mind and heart in the education of her child, who pants for a more important work than the training of an immortal soul, who prefers quarter-decks and pulpits to a still home and a school-deak, is not a sea captain, nor a preacher by mission—she is simply not a woman. She is a natural blunder, a mere unfinished sketch; fit neither for quarter-decks nor for home; able neither to command men nor to educate children."
"But the true Woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery; whose intellect has field enough for her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well fitting gowns, and who scowls and rants and raves at the edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious makeups; a woman who speaks low, and who does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds, and rarely argues, but who rebukes with a caress, and adjusts with a smile; a woman who is the wife we all have dreamt of once in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past; such a woman as this does more for human nature, and more for woman's cause, than all the sea captains, judges, barristers, and members of parliament put together—God given and God-blessed as she is! If such a wife as this has leisure which she wishes to employ actively, she will always find occupation, and of a right kind too. There are the poor and the sick round her home; she will visit them, and teach their children, and lecture their drunken husbands; she will fulfil her duty better than by walking the hospitals, or preaching on Sundays! There are meetings to attend also, and school committees, and clothing clubs and ragged schools to organize; and her voice will sound more sweet and natural there than when shrieking through a speaking trumpet or echoing in court. And there are books to read, and then to discuss by the fireside with her husband, when he comes home in the evening—though perhaps his attention may sometimes wander from the subject to her little foot, peeping out from under the flounces over the fender, or to the white hands stitching so busily,—and is not this better than a public lecture in a Bloomer costume!"

HARK YE, GIRLS.
It is high time somebody told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time, a certain class of you, and it is plain enough you are trying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat; and there is danger that some of the foolish gudeons will be sadly taken in.
It may be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one that engrosses much of your time and attention.—But it is your fault that you pursue this idea in the wrong direction. Your venerable mother of Eden memory was called a "help" for a man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you in the half silly way you have commenced. Men who are worth having, want women for their wives. A bundle of gew-gaws, bound with a string of flints and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer; this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are well enough in their places; and so are ribbons, and tinsels, but you can't make a dinner of the former, nor a red blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and red blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration; remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or managing brothers to help you to find a market.

Learn to Cook Well.
The health of the family depends upon it. We know there are those who associate luxury, effeminacy, and all the dependent ills, with every attempt of the kind recommended. But we do not believe that health is promoted by eating raw carrots or doughy bread—or, that to secure long life, it is necessary to turn cannibal.
Not is it necessary, in order to shun the error of which we speak, to run into the opposite extreme. Good cookery does not consist in producing the highest seasoned dishes, nor such as to foster a morbid appetite; but in preparing every dish well, however simple, or common it may be. There are, for instance, families who never eat any good bread from one century to another, and have no idea in what it consists. Nor are most cooked any better in their precinct. Those little, simple, and healthy delicacies, which the good house-keeper knows intuitively how to produce, are never seen here. Even a dish of potatoes cannot get themselves well boiled. These things ought not to be, nor is there any need of their existence, if the wife has any just notions of her obligations to herself and those about her.
The science of bread making, of meat broiling, stewing, roasting, or boiling of vegetable cooking; and of preparing the multifarious small dishes of all sorts, which go to make pleasant the table, and all about her, are hers to understand and practice.
There is a good deal of common sense in the above article, and we rejoice that such a large majority of our most intelligent and refined ladies understand the art of cooking well. To do this, it is not necessary to be a domestic drudge, with no time to devote to intellectual improvement; but simple, well cooked dishes which require but little time in preparation, a neatly set table with an intelligent woman to provide, is more inviting, even to the epicure, than the most elaborate entertainment where the lady who presides is nothing but a cook. The objections is often made by those of the opposite sex, who are averse to the moral elevation of woman, that an intellectual woman is unfitted for the duties of domestic life; but as very few men of intelligence are among such objectors, it is not at all necessary to bring any proofs to the contrary.
We would only hint to young ladies who may not be particularly in love with the kitchen, that no lady is fitted for the duties of life, unless she is practically acquainted with the entire *modus operandi* of house-keeping. Those who have acquired false notions of gentility, those whose minds never rose above the frivolities of fashionable life, are those who are poor house-keepers and bad cooks, while the intelligent woman who can trace the relations of cause and effect, who understands woman's duties and responsibilities, will never consider the trifles which make up the sum of every day happiness as beneath the notice of her cultivated powers. A truly intelligent and well educated woman must necessarily be a good cook and a good house-keeper.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—A friend in this city has sent us the following receipt for preserving tomatoes (a most healthy and nutritious vegetable,) which places it in the power of every housekeeper to have upon her table every day in the year a fresh article, at a nominal expense. We have availed ourselves of his information so kindly furnished:
"Take ripe tomatoes, wash them in cold water, and boil them for twenty minutes; have your cans (or bottles) prepared in the mean time by placing them in cold water in a boiler; put your tomatoes in the cans with a very little salt and pepper, and set the boiler with them over a slow fire, where let them remain until the water boils, at which time cork and seal them hermetically.—By this simple process you can have the vegetable always ready for your table, with all the freshness and flavor of the season."
BUTTER.
Not one pound in five of butter sold in this city is fit for human food. Butter makers would remember these few short rules:
The newer and sweeter the cream, the sweeter and higher flavored will be the butter. The air must be fresh and pure in the room or cellar where the milk is set.
The cream should not remain on the milk over thirty-six hours.
Keep the cream in tin pans, or stone pots, into which put a spoonful of salt at the beginning, then stir the cream lightly each morning and evening; this will prevent the cream from moulding or souring.
Churn as often as once a week, and as much oftener as the circumstances will permit. Upon churning, add the cream upon all the milk in the dairy.
Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound of butter.
Work the butter over twice, to free it from the butter milk and brine, before lumping and packing.
Be certain that it is entirely free from every particle of butter-milk or coagulated milk, and it will keep sweet forever.
Be certain that it is sometimes used for the purpose of the errand, instead of the butter.

ASKING FOR WORK.—To me,—speaking from my heart and recording my deliberate opinion upon a material, which will far outlast my own fabric—there is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of a young man, in the prime of his life and vigor, offering himself a voluntary slave in the labor market, without a purchaser, eagerly offering to barter the use of his body, the day-long exertion of his strength, the wear and tear of his flesh and blood, bone and muscle, for the common necessities of life—earnestly craving for bread on the penal conditions prescribed by his Creator,—and in vain, in vain! Well for the drone of the social hive that there are bees of an industrious turn, willing for an infinitesimal share of the honey to undertake the labor of its fabrication.—*Thomas Hood.*
PUNCH has a caricature satirizing the present absurd fashion which threatens to place the bonnet on the extreme verge of the organ of philoprogenitiveness. The picture represents a lady dressing a la mode, with a boy behind her holding her bonnet on a stick near the back of her head.
"Tommy, how's all your folks?" "All well but Growler—he's got the bow-wow complaint."

Knickerbockiana.
The Knickerbocker for August sets out some good things on its "Little People's Side Table."
"Our 'Ann' has a little girl to help her with the house work"—as *sui generis* a little creature as the table Topsy. A few days since, when 'Ann' came in from having, as she said, a short 'chatter with a friend', she detected her little 'help' in some misdemeanor, and proceeded to reprimand her for it. In the course of her Anna-mad versions, she said: "Do you think you are fit to die?" "I do," said the little girl, taking hold of her dress and inspecting it, 'I guess so, if I ain't too dirty!'"
"When my grand-mother, long since in Heaven, was about three years of age, she was taken to the funeral of a deceased playmate. The little corpse was lying in its coffin, around which flowers were strewn; and she, being lifted up, kissed its cold cheek and whispered:
"Please give my love to God!"
"This strikes me as one of the sweetest expressions I ever heard made by a child."
"Our little Charlie has always been in the habit of saying a little prayer before going to bed. A few evenings since, all things being ready for retiring, and when he was about to kneel at his mother's knee, he stopped, and looking earnestly into his mother's face said:
"Mamma, I am tired of saying somebody else's prayer; mayn't I make one myself?"
"His mother said, certainly, my boy, if you really wish to."
"He knelt very reverently and clasped his hands; then, with the earnestness of unaffected childhood, said to his mother:
"Mamma, if I get stuck, will you help me out?"
"My little boy, after listening some time to his mother's efforts to get a peddler to 'throw in something with everything she purchase' at his long eyes on some primers in the trunks. The peddler, reading his wishes, offered to give him one. The little fellow hesitated, and when urged, said: 'I don't know as I will take it, unless you will throw in something.'"
"A little girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off she didn't use enough water to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble, she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction, at least:
"Why, sis, you've made of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself all away!"
"This opinion, coming from an elder brother, was decisive, and the washing was discontinued."
"One day, a little school mate of Willie's was in here, and the two got to disputing about the number of days in a week; Willie persisting that there were seven, and his little opponent stoutly maintaining that there were only six. 'Well,' said Willie, 'you say them over and I will count.' So the days were named and counted, from Monday to Saturday, inclusive; and then there was a pause, which Willie broke by saying:
"And Sunday."
"Oh!" said his diminutive opponent, with a look of supreme contempt, "that belongs to the other week."
"One pleasant day last summer, I took my seat in the stage coach bound from Fall River to C—. Among the passengers was a little gentleman who had possible seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pick-pockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:
"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket!"
"No, you couldn't," replied he, 'I've been looking out for you all the time!'"

WIT.—Why is wit mean? It is admired, and yet it is considered inferior. The witty man is not often able to think deeply. All this is not the case because wit is contrary to direct thought. It consists in discovering resemblances, not in the ultimate meaning of things, but in their specialities or coverings, which are non-essentials. Wit is therefore very attractive to those who are blind to essentials, and by practice becomes their faculty. They are continually busying themselves about individualities and subordinate points. To the definition of wit, "that it is the finding of resemblances in things very different," might have been added, "dealing with inferior or subordinate meanings."
ALAS THE BACHELOR.—We dropped in suddenly on a visit to a bachelor acquaintance the other day, says the *St. Louis Ledger*, and just as we made our appearance he put something in his pocket very hurriedly, and looked guilty as if he had been caught on a visit to a spinster. We cast our eyes at his pocket, and half-way out hung the secret. It was his stockings! The poor miserable fellow had been darning it, and it astonished us to see what perfection he arrived at in that branch of home industry. You may give him up girls.
We heard the other day a good one of John Check who always had his eyes cocked both ways for justice and perhaps for Sunday. It seems he had fined an Irishman, who having used a little too much of the crayther, was foolish enough to let the crayerther use him. Pat on leaving the office met a friend to whom he held forth—
"By jabbers, and I was fined, Martin!"
"Ah, who fined you?"
"That's tellin' just! 'Twas a mon in there who's either a justice of peace or a piece of justice—and I don't know which; and he's left handed in both eyes,—that's what he was."

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.
A young man—steady, sober, industrious, and intelligent—once visited a young lady, and was very much pleased with her. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to inquire where he had been.
"I had to work to-night," he replied.
"Why, do you work for a living?" inquired the astonished girl.
"Certainly," replied the young man; "I am a mechanic."
"My brother doesn't work," returned the lady; "and I hate the name of a mechanic!" and she turned up her pretty aristocratic nose.
"This was the last time he visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women for a wife. The proud lady, who disdain the name of a mechanic, is now the wife of a miserable fool, a regular vagrant about grogshops—and she, poor miserable creature is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children; while her brother, who 'didn't work for a living,' now fills a drunkard's grave.
Ye who dislike the name of a mechanic, whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better discard the well-fed pauper, with all his broadcloth, jewelry, brazen face, and pomposity and take to your affections the hard fisted, intelligent, and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, who have turned their backs upon honest industry. A few years of bitter experience have taught them a severe lesson. In this country, no man or woman should be respected, in our way of thinking who will not work, mentally or physically, and who curl their lips with scorn when introduced to a hard working man."

WHY WORK SO HARD.—Where's the use of toiling and sweating to make money, unless we are to enjoy our earnings as we go along? Depend upon it, it is all vexation,—vanity and nothing else. That a man should wish for so much as will permit him to enjoy an occasional holiday, to be sick for a month or two if circumstances are so disposed, to be relieved from the necessity of labor when the strength fails, and to have a snug something over for the widow and little ones, is natural and right. But why should one strive to hoard large sums for his children? Perhaps one in a hundred of children who inherit wealth improves his inheritance. A few, with most marvelous of good sense, strive to turn their money to a good account, and improve the superior facilities for providing the world with what it needs. But the vast majority, knowing no better how to use than to make the money that falls into their hands, by their thriftlessness wound the reputation of their dead fathers in the very point where they were most sensitive while living,—they proclaim that financial ability is no heirloom in the family. In view of the constant rotations of Fortune's wheel and the assurance which all family history gives the wealthy man, that if he leaves a large property to his son he will scatter it without much increasing the family reputation,—that really, too, the heir is not likely to prove so steady and worthy a citizen as if simply well started in the world, it becomes a mystery that we should consent to eat always the bread of carelessness, and watch night and day to board.—*N Y Times.*

WIT.—Why is wit mean? It is admired, and yet it is considered inferior. The witty man is not often able to think deeply. All this is not the case because wit is contrary to direct thought. It consists in discovering resemblances, not in the ultimate meaning of things, but in their specialities or coverings, which are non-essentials. Wit is therefore very attractive to those who are blind to essentials, and by practice becomes their faculty. They are continually busying themselves about individualities and subordinate points. To the definition of wit, "that it is the finding of resemblances in things very different," might have been added, "dealing with inferior or subordinate meanings."
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