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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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WILLIAM P. PRICE,
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Selected Poetry.

Dying Moments.

BY ANNA JANE MACLEAN.

There's a rustling of angelic wings—
Bright creatures leave the sky—
They come to see, in her agony,
A mortal sister die.
There is no one near to hear her
When she breathes her latest sigh,
Save the angels that are winging
Their bright way from the sky.
There'll be weeping on the morrow—
Aye, tears from many an eye
That looked not on her sorrow,
But coldly passed her by.
They will tremble when they think upon
Her unresponsive moan—
O' the rustling of the angel's wings
Were heard by her alone!
They'll say it was a fearful thing
To yield up living breath
Without a hand to wipe away
The gathering dews of death.
O how blest that fluttering spirit was
On earth can never be known,
For the rustling of the angel's wings
Were heard by her alone.

Interesting Miscellany.

The Dream of Happiness.

Often had I heard of happiness, but was ignorant of it myself. My heart enquired if it was all a phantom, a thing of fiction merely, and not of fact? I determined to travel through the earth and see if it were in the possession of any mortal. I beheld a king on his stately throne. Subjects obeyed his laws. A multitude of servants came and went at his bidding. Palaces of the most costly material were at his service, and the tables groaned with the richness of their burdens. He seemed furnished with all he could desire, but the countenance betrayed that he was unhappy. I saw a man of wealth. He resided in an elegant mansion, and was surrounded by every luxury, but he lived in constant fear of losing his possessions. He was constantly imagining that all his property would be consumed and taken from him. Thus picturing to his own mind the miserable condition of himself and family, he was not satisfied with his present wealth. The more he had the more he desired. Surely here was not happiness. I looked upon a lovely valley surrounded by hills. Gurgling streams came murmuring down the hill side. The lambs frolicked merrily about. Cattle grazed in the verdant pastures, and now and then went to quench their thirst at the nearest spring, or the purling brook. Everything seemed pleasant. I thought certainly here is happiness. But I visited the inhabitants of this beautiful spot, and saw that they were not happy. They lived not peaceably among themselves and murmured because great wealth was not their portion, or that they were borne to high station. I beheld a fair young creature, blessed with health and beauty. She was the life of the ball-room and received the most constant attention. But I perceived that she was not truly happy. These things could not satisfy the longings of her heart. I saw a true and hearty Christian. He was constantly exercising love to his fellow men, and doing all in his power to extend the knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He trusted not in the vanities of this life for happiness. He sought not this world's riches, but laid up for himself a treasure in Heaven. His soul was at rest, and at peace with God, and with mankind. Although he experienced many trials, both in public and private, still he was cheerful and content with his lot. He only of all these was possessed of true happiness.

When you hear a woman inveighing publicly against the marriage state as it is, it is a sign she never tried it—or, if she has, married a man whose wife was probably as much in fault as herself.

One day a testy person, who was much annoyed with Mr. Barnum, met him in Broadway and thus accosted him—"Mr. Barnum, you are an excellent man." "At know that," said Barnum, "one of the blindest and most unimaginable, but I am the best show man in America."

Ladies' Department.

The Sin of Tight Lacing.

Corsets are beginning to make a direful show in the millinery windows. Small waists are exhibited in the streets by pale, cadaverous, grave-yard looking darlings, as if the contraction of the vital portions of the body indicated sense or patrician origin. For several years past the use of corsets has been repudiated, much, indeed, to the benefit, both moral and physical, of the female population. It is to be regretted that the silliness of fashion is now to step in, and make our mothers and future mothers the delight of doctors and undertakers. Is the figure improved by being pinched in at the waist. Does any one believe that such distortion of the frame will increase the matrimonial attractions? No one but a stupid ignoramus would admire such disfigurement—a kind of vapid puppy, not fit to be trusted alone in the streets. No later than yesterday we saw a sensible-looking female clerk pinched in her corsets to such an extent that she could not utter a sentence of ten words without painful exertion. Her lungs must have been damaged beyond cure if she remained in that harness six hours. Young woman! if you desire health, respectability, and declining years that will not make you a nuisance, forswear corsets. If you wish to keep your clear complexion, or to obtain one—if you are careful about a breath that shall not be offensive, abandon corsets. If you would not be acquainted with the most awful disease, such as make death welcome instead of terrible, never girdle yourself with corsets. It is nobody's business, you may say, but your own. There's the mistake. It is everybody's business to prevent the deterioration of the human race, and corsets are famous in that work. Avoid the corseted feminine, gentle wife-seeker, as you would a pestilence. Make yourself agreeable to stout waists and faces that look as if they were not galvanized into existence.

The Venetian Brides.

ACCORDING to an ancient custom, nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always celebrated on the same day of the year. The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the State annually increased the general joy of the occasion by endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning, gondolas, elegantly ornamented, assembled from all parts of the city at the Episcopal Church of Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sound of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people unarmed, and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived over night at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind it with their banks until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice through its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their defenceless lovers, possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and booty. But a deadly revenge overtook them.

The Doge, Pietro Cambrano III, had been present at the ceremony; he shuddered in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths, they flew to arms, and throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with their spoilers in the lagoons of Carlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared; and the victors returned in triumph, with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived for many centuries the recollections of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification.—But the Doge was not satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted on the traitors. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the parties who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with dual crown, the duty of consummating his design.

Young man one word in your ear. You are just starting upon the great journey of life. Don't stand there holding your horse, waiting for the crowd to go by. If you do, you will wait until the sun of life shall set upon your gray hairs, and your days be forever past. No. What if the crowd is big; mix in and take your position along with the rest. If the sluggards do not go fast enough, drive around them. You will make by it. Distance all you can; be excelled by none, and you will surely come out ahead. You may break a wheel occasionally, but not of tenner than others would break it in driving past you. The world will move on; some fast and some slow; yet they do all move and what folly for you to wait until others have outsped you and carried away the choice fruit of the season. Remember that.

From the Olive Branch.

Lights and Shadows.

How like the clouds and sunshine of an April day the lights and shadows come and go over the path of life. How joy and sorrow seem to meet, and hope and fear chase each other over the world. Come into our busy metropolis, and you will find the exemplification of this principle. Go through the streets; gather the pictures that greet you any day, and you will have a mental panorama of contrasts, with which Rembrandt's can bear no comparison.

Here a grand mansion is illuminated for a wedding and you can see the brilliancy of the moving throng within. You catch glimpses of halls fit to grace a palace; of carpets and drapery and rare gems of sculpture, which almost dazzle you with their magnificence. You behold the bride in the flush of her youth and beauty, her cheek crimsoned with excitement, her eyes beaming with happiness and her lips wreathed with smiles. You mark the graceful outline of her figure in its snowy robes, and the flash of the jewels which light the waves of her dark hair.

You hear the congratulations offered to the envied pair—the blessings breathed—the farewells spoken. Your glance follows the young wife, as she enters the carriage, which will bear her from home, friends, and all she once held dearer than might else on earth. You hear the music of the lingering revellers long after you have passed on and the gorgeous pageantry has faded from your sight. But before those sweet tones have melted from your ear, you become an accidental witness of another and far different scene.

In a shadowy corner, only a very short distance from that grand dwelling, there is a group so striking that it rivets your attention. A feeble old man has crouched down on the steps of an imposing church, and is sitting there, with his tattered cloak folded around his emaciated frame, and his head resting on the thin hands clasped over his sturdy cane. A child is reclining at his feet, with half-closed eyes, and slender fingers, idly trifling with her unkempt locks. Near her, standing erect, and silent, is a girl of some ten summers, fair, but with the spirit of a suffering woman imprinted on every feature. The whole trio are faint and weary and desolate. In all this city with its numerous homes, there is no roof to shelter them; no fire-side around which they can loiter; no amply supplied table, where they can satisfy the cravings of hunger, and as the aged man thinks of it, tears roll down his sunken cheek. But the heroine beside him, so youthful in years, but so old in bitter experience, soothes him with gentle words of encouragement, and smiles, that light up her wan face with strange radiance. You think of little Nell, the guardian angel of her grandfather, hovering about him with her winning ways, leading him from the temptations that surrounded him, and dying at last in that pleasant country place near the ancient church and the grave yard. Perhaps her patient endurance, her noble devotion speak a reproach to your repining, and you turn away with higher resolves and holier aspirations.

Farther on, you see a brilliant throng assembled within the walls of a theatre. Everything there seems gay and enchanting; the gas light, which reveals the elaborate decorations of the edifice; the stage, with its superb scenic arrangements; the melody that floats from tenebrous instruments; the beauty and fashion all around you, combine to form a fascinating picture. You hear the merry jest in the pauses of the play—the light laugh, the applause, which ever and anon echoes through the stately building. Then, with a lingering gaze, you again resume your walk. A moment more and you perceive a single ray of light twinkling from a house that appears wrapped in silence and gloom. But you soon find yourself looking anxiously into that dimly illuminated room. It is so still, that your foot fall almost startles you, and your hurried whisper has a fearful distinctness. Two watchers are keeping a vigil beside the dead; the corpse lies shrouded in white drapery, that falls over it with the rigidity of sculptured marble. The pale hands are folded, and within the waxen fingers nestle flowers, frail, fair and sweet like her whose dreamless slumber they will soon share. The eye brow is garlanded with myrtle, and a spray of blossoms fastens the robe around the slender neck.

Once more you are in the street; men go carelessly by the chamber of death, laughing and talking with merriment that jars painfully on your ear. You meet the rich wrapped in velvet and fur, and the poor in scanty and ragged habiliments. You behold life and death commingling, and joy, with her starry crown, seems walking side by side with grief and woe. Do you ask "why this is?" Why does this home seem endowed with the loveliness of Eden, and that darkened with shadows, whose gloom appears almost impenetrable? Why is plenty given to one and want to another? We answer, He who rules the universe, doeth all things well. For wise purpose, He shows these contrasts, and makes out the lot of our race. Trust in Him, and your existence may be made a blessing to yourself and the world.

The Old World.

The Jews of Palestine.

As I was returning from England lately, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was on his way home from Palestine. He is a man of excellent parts. His wife, two sons, and a daughter, were also accompanying him. My curiosity was naturally awakened about the condition of the descendants of Abraham, and with pleasure I listened to his description. Since ever I was able to read my Bible, my sympathy for the Jews has been strong. And why should it be otherwise? They have been the instruments in God's hand of handing down to us the sacred Scriptures; and of them Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Where the temple of Solomon stood, a Mahomedan Mosque now stands. But the Jews revere the place still. Many of them may be daily seen going to the ruins, and kissing the sacred stones, literally fulfilling the words of the Psalmist:

"The saints take pleasure in thy dust,
Her very stones to them are dear."
Most miserable is their present condition. Their privations are numerous. Famine has reduced them to the greatest poverty. Besides they are treated most cruelly by their oppressors. And yet the feeling that all the brethren of the dispersion "shall be restored to the Holy Land," is fully impressed upon their minds. Little impression in behalf of Christianity is made upon the Jews. For this there has been a variety of causes. The forms of Christianity represented by the Greek, Roman and Armenian churches, have been such as to confirm the deep-rooted prejudices of the Jews. As yet the Protestants have done but little for their evangelization. A Protestant Episcopal church has been erected in Jerusalem. A bishop of that persuasion resides there.—But nothing of a permanent nature has resulted from his episcopal functions among the Jews. Let the Jew be convinced of the Divine origin of Christianity, and he will want no more robes to adorn his priests in the sanctuary. Such may strike the senses of the carnal mind favorably, but it will not be required by the true Christian; for the holy garment he desires is the righteousness of his blessed Savior.

There is a mission colony established in a certain town in Palestine, which is supported by American Christians. But, alas! it observes the seventh day as the Sabbath, instead of the first or the Lord's day! The Jews say to them, "Why do ye not keep our feast days, when you keep our Sabbath?" This is not a moral honest mode of treating the Jews. And besides this spirit of accommodating the forms of Christianity to the pre-conceived prejudices of either Jew or Greek, is the well known spirit of Popery—a spirit that gives the form of godliness without the life. And how often is this resorted to, even among Protestants.

THE JEWS IN NEW YORK.

A devoted servant of Christ—Rev. John Neander, once a Rabbi of distinction—is laboring with assiduity among his kindred of the seed of Abraham. He visits them at their own houses, and is doing the will of his Divine Master. Besides laboring among the Jews, this devoted servant of Christ, preaches every Lord's day to a large German congregation in Williamsburgh. The Jews are very numerous in this city, and have several beautiful synagogues. But their prejudices against Christianity is unabated. The Jew is a lasting monument of Divine Providence—scattered over every land he preserves his identity. Go to China, there you will find him. Go to Hindostan, there you will find him. Nay, you will find him among the Arabs and the Parsees, the Nestorians and the Punjabees, the Copts and the Ethiopians, the Greeks and the Romans, the Poles and the Germans, the Spaniards and the Portuguese, the Britons and the Americans. And though he speaks the language of the country wherein he lives, there is one language dear to him which he always learns. The Hebrew is his sacred language. It forms the basis of union for all Jews. No matter from what clime a Jew may come, he can communicate his ideas to another Jew through the Hebrew tongue. This teaches us an important lesson—one that the Bible has always taught—that when the dispersed children of Abraham shall return to Palestine, and be endowed with the Spirit from on high, they will go forth, east, west, north, and south, and proclaim a free salvation, through the shed blood and living intercession of Jesus Christ.—The converted Jew is far more energetic than the converted Gentile, in diffusing the knowledge of Christianity. The heart of a Hebrew will thro' more at reading the sublime and poetic Isaiah, than it could be expected a Christian's would. Christians owe the Jews a debt of gratitude never to be forgotten. Let them awake to a full knowledge of their state. Let them ameliorate Israel's unhappy condition. Let them bear no hatred to Israel's children. For when our blessed Savior was suspended on the cross he prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—*Pres. Banner.*

Rothschild and Palestine.

It is rumored in Paris that M. de Rothschild had offered to accept the terms proposed for the Turkish loan, or even to advance a large sum, provided a mortgage was given on Palestine.

This rumor is highly suggestive. Every reflecting Christian must have frequent thoughts of the Jews of Palestine, and of the precious promises and prophecies laid up for them in the Bible, during the thickening of the war plot, which now must inevitably involve all Europe. The great battle of Armagedden—the angel standing in the sun calling all the fowls to the feast of the God—the treading of the wine press without the city, and the blood coming to the horses' bridle, and passages of Holy Writ that come up before the mind with awful grandeur, clothed with the idea of a possible fulfillment within a short time! Palestine is the Lord's inheritance, reserved for the seed of Abraham. The Turkish power holds it. Its downfall is imminent; and who next shall own Palestine? Evidently the Jews.

The world has wondered at the wealth of the Rothschilds. They are Jews. Why has Providence raised them up and placed in their hands an amount of wealth equal to many an entire kingdom? May it not be for such a time as this? The Turkish power straightened for money to fight against Russia, comes to one of the Jews to borrow—he asks a mortgage on Palestine; and on this condition offers more money than Turkey asks. The Sultan, knowing Palestine is one portion of his dominions on which the Emperor of Russia has fixed his covetous eyes, that he may command the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and also, the mouths of the Nile, would the more readily mortgage it to Rothschild, to put it as far from the enemy as possible, and identify it with the interests of Western Europe, and by this means the more effectually secure the aid of France. In the event Turkey is swallowed up—the mortgage lies unredeemed—Palestine is once more the property of an Israelite. But Russia is determined to have it; but to obtain it she must fight all Europe—and the last great conflict is on this sacred ground. New forms of government arise all over Europe, and the Jews return to their fatherland under the deed of Rothschild. These are thoughts that quickly sprang up in our mind upon reading the above few lines.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

Constantinople.

The largest open space in Constantinople is the Hippodrome. It is a present three hundred yards long by a hundred and fifty wide.

In it formerly stood the celebrated group of four horses, originally from Bism, and afterwards removed to the cathedral of St. Mark, at Venice. It still contains the grand obelisk from Thebes, the broken pyramid of Constantinople, shorn of its bronzed plates, and between the two the hollow spiral brass column which once supported the golden tripod in the temple at Delphi. The Hippodrome continues to be used by the Turks for feats of activity, both on horseback and on foot. There are numerous libraries at Constantinople; the number of volumes which they contain may be estimated at eighty thousand, reckoning both MSS, and printed books. The literature of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey is represented in them; and the collection includes philosophical and theological works, poetry, history, books of science, and an immense number of those treatises on conduct manners to which the Turks attach almost as much importance as the Chinese themselves. The periodical press has produced a sufficiently large number of journals, printed sometimes in French, sometimes in Turkish or Greek.—*Turkey, the People, Country, and Government.*

Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell was a prodigy—Born of humble parentage, he knew nothing of the blandishments of palaces and courts; and therefore he trampled upon them and spurned them from his sight. It is wonderful to see with what resolution and vigor he tore away the barriers which unnumbered generations had looked upon as sacred, and with what boldness he brought forward new schemes for the control of a tumultuous people. In the face of all the reverence of kings and high power which was felt at that day, "I would as soon," cried Cromwell, "put my sword through the heart of a king as that of any other man."

He was a staunch Presbyterian, and could not brook the least approach to Popery. In one of his journeys he stopped at Yorkminster. "What are these?" inquired he, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niches of the chapter house—"what are these?" "The twelve apostles," answered the trembling dean. "Takes them down and coin them into money," replied Cromwell, "that they may go about doing good like their master."

Lady's Pearl.

A FELLOW by the name of Moonshine has been held by bail in Richmond, Va., for a charge of stealing iron. This is a dark deed for one bearing so luminous a name. For one of the lightfingered gentry he chose a heavy article to deal in. Perhaps he won't find such sport "mezzochestras."

The Sick Bachelor.

HERE I AM, a doomed man—looked for a fever, in this gloomy room, up four flights of stairs; nothing to look at but one table, two chairs, and a cobweb; pulse racing like a locomotive; head throbbing as if it were hooped with iron; mouth parched as Ishmael's in the desert, not a bell-roped within reach, sun pouring in through those uncurtained windows, hot enough to singe off my lashes, all my confidential letters lying loose on the table, and couldn't get up to them if you held one of Colt's revolvers to my head. All my masculine friends (!) are parading Broadway, I suppose, peeping under the pretty girl's bonnets, or drinking "sherry cobbler." A sherry cobbler! Bacchus! what a luxury! I believe Satan suggested the thought to me.

Heigho! I suppose the doctor, whom they sent for, will come, before long; some great, pompous Æculapius, with owl phiz, a gold-headed cane, an oracular voice, and callous heart and hands, who will first manipulate my wrist, and then take the latitude and longitude of my tongue; then he will punch me in the ribs and torment me with more questions than there is in the Assembly's Catechism; and then he'll bother me with writing materials, to scratch off a hieroglyphic prescription ordering me five times as much medicine as I need, then I shall have to pay for it, then ten to one the apothecary's boy will put up poison by a mistake. Caesar! how my head spins round! Hippodrome racing is nothing to it.

Hist! there's the doctor. No, it is that little unregenerate cub, my landlady's pet boy, with a brau new drum (as I'm a sinner) upon which he is beating a crucifying tattoo. If I only had a bootjack to throw at him. No; that wouldn't do; his mother wouldn't make my gruel. I'll bribe him for a sixpence to keep the peace. The little embryo Jew! he says he would not do it under a quarter. Twitted by a little pinnafore! I, Tom Halliday, six feet in my stockings! I shall go frantic.

"Doctor is coming?" Well, let him come—I'm as savage as if I had just dined off a cold missionary. I'll pretend to be asleep, and let old Pill box experiment.

How gently he trends—how soft his hand is; how cool and delicious his touch—how tenderly he parts my hair over my throbbing temples! His magnetic touch thrills every drop of blood in my veins; it is marvellous how soothing it is. I feel as happy as a humming-bird in a lily-cup, drowsy with honey-dew. Now, he's moved away. I hear him writing a prescription. I'll just take a peep, and see what he looks like—Caesar Agrippa! if it isn't a Female Physician! dainty as a Peri—and my beard three days old! What a bust! (Wonder how my hair looks?) What a foot and ankle! what shoulders! what a little round waist! Fever! I've got twenty fevers, and the heart complaint besides. What the mischief sent the little witch here? She will either kill or cure me, pretty quick.

Wonder if she has any more masculine patients? Wonder if they are handsome? Wonder if she lays that little, dimpled hand on their foreheads, as she did on mine?—Now she's done writing. I'll shut my eyes and groan, and then, may be, she will pet me some more—bless her little soul!

She says "Poor fellow!" as she holds my wrist, "this pulse is too quick." In the name of Cupid, what does she expect. She says, as she pats my forehead with her little plump fingers, Sh—sh! Keep cool." Lava and brimstone? does she take me for an iceberg?

O, Cupid! of all your devices, this feminine doctoring for a bachelor is the *ne plus ultra* of witcraft. If I don't have a prolonged "run of fever," my name isn't Tom Halliday.

She's gone—and I'm gone, too!

[FANNY FERN.]

GEN. PUTNAM'S WOLF DEN.—A gentleman who recently visited the den in Pomfret, down which old Pit descended, with a rope round his leg and a musket in his hand, describes it as being at least twenty feet long, on an average two feet square, though in some parts much wider. It extends directly into the mountain, and is slightly descending. The wall above and on either side is of rock. It is so formed that a furious she wolf could keep at bay as many dogs as could be sent against her. She who crouched in the farthest end upon a shelving rock, and "the passage being rather crooked, the General must have penetrated at least ten feet, and probably more, unless he had a gun so favorably contrived that he could round a hay stack." The visitor crept in a distance of 20 feet, and since there was no wolf there he regretted that he did not meet with a few rattlesnakes, to make the descent a little perilous.—*Boston Chron.*

"I cursed the hour when we were married," exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half, to which she mildly replied, "Don't say dear, for that is the only happy hour we have seen."

WHAT mechanics may be expected to out-live all others?
Ans.—The boot and shoe tankers; he is for ever lasting.