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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Selected Poetry.

Remember the Poor!

Remember the Poor!
It fearfully smoweth,
And bitterly bloweth;
Thou couldst not endure
The tempest's wild power
Through night's dreary hour,
Then pity the poor!

Remember the Poor!
The father is lying
In that hovel, dying
With sickness of heart,
No voice cheers his dwelling,
Of Jesus' love telling,
Ere life shall depart.

Remember the Poor!
The widow is sighing,
The orphans are crying,
Half starving for bread;
In mercy be speedy,
To succor the needy,
Their helper is dead!

Remember the Poor!
To him who aid lendeth,
Whatever he spendeth
The Lord will repay;
And sweet thoughts shall cheer him,
And God's love be near him,
In his dying day!

An Exciting Story.

The Brother Hunters: OR, POOR TOM'S FATE.

At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where the rocky slopes extend far into the cultivated settlements, and at no great distance from the banks of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp ridges of ice with which the extraordinary severe winter threatened to imprison it, two white hunters walked, wrapped in their blankets, along the stream, and seemed to be looking for a place where they could cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows, as they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, and the elegantly fringed leggings, the closely-fitting and carefully soled moccasins showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods, and were not of those 'land hunters' who, especially at that day, had begun traversing the western part of the State, in order to find out the most favorably situated districts, and purchase, or at least lay claim to them.

'Bill,' one of them at last said, as he stopped, 'our searching is of no use—you see I was right; the stream is here too wide for us to find a tree lying across it, and if I really want to work with my little tomahawk, and felled one of the nearest plane trees, it would not be long enough. Besides a heavy storm is gathering behind us, and I think we should not go wrong were we to make arrangements for passing this night better than the last; it will be bitterly cold.'

Tom made no further objections; the spot looked too inviting, and they were both soon engaged in raising a rough shelter for that night at least, which could afford them refuge against the collecting storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished, and the next half hour found both under their quickly erected roof, watching the pieces of meat broiling on the fire.

'It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned,' Tom at length broke the silence; 'only look, the water in the tin pan is frozen quite hard, the wind has chopped round to the northeast; it blows confoundedly sharp too.'

'Let it blow,' Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket; 'I am tired, and want to sleep, Tom. Lay a couple of boughs on the fire before you turn in, and the one first awake to-morrow must rouse the other.'

Midnight was past, and the fire had nearly expired, but the two brothers slept firmly, and the icy north wind that howled over the snow-clad hills into the valley, could not disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of clouds had, however, collected together from various quarters; darkly threatening they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and bowed their leafless branches, as if in timid forebodings of the approaching storm. A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurricane howled and tore through the narrow mountain ravines.

'Bill!' cried Tom, springing up in horror—'Bill, get up; we dare not lie down; see how the old trees quiver; and do you hear, there's one of them cracking!'

'Hullo!' Bill replied, as he quickly threw off his blanket, 'has it caught us? Hi! Tom, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the confounded northwester won't take it along with it!'

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting-place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away into the gloom of night. A lightning flash again burst forth from the clouds, and the thunder deafened the sound of the howling storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the whole earth were torn from its foundations; far, far away on it came; at first indistinctly with a hollow sound, like the crash of a thousand cannons; then nearer and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation around.

'Wait, you shall have fire—in a few seconds,' Bill now cried, as he sprang hastily up, 'be there a minute longer, and I'll fetch some ashes, and then help you up—only a moment's patience; and in haste he flew back to the still burning camp-fire. Ah! he did not notice the weak, painful smile which stole over the features of the unhappy man, as he begged him to 'have patience.' He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms could hold—the flames scorched his hunting-shirt and hands—he did not notice it, and flew back to his brother's side; plenty of driftwood lay around, in a few moments a bright, cheering fire flared by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.

Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and madly threw himself on the tree, which a hundred men could not have raised, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

'Bill!' Tom gently begged him, 'come here, come—give me your hand—that right. And now, Bill—do you really love me?'

'A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered this question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty, suffocated every sound.

'Will you do me a service?' Tom implored, drawing the unresisting man closer to him.

'A service!' Bill whispered—'a service? What can you ask that I would not do for you if it was in my power?'

'What is it?' the hunter asked, in terror.

'Take your rifle,' Tom begged, 'and put an end to my sufferings.'

embrace, till Tom entreated gently, 'Do not delay any longer.' With a hasty bound the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to his cheek, and lay the next moment unconscious by the side of the brother he had shot.

What more have I to tell! Shall I describe now he awoke and piled branch upon branch on his brother's corpse, so that wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away, and wrestled with death for many months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by friends? No! enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from his bed, and try to fly—on an expedition against some plundering Creeks, a compassionate bullet put an end to his life, and friends buried him where he fell! But his memory has been still retained in that neighborhood, and when a hunter camps at night, and turns an inquiring glance towards the giant trunks which menacingly surround him, then a gentle prayer parts the lips of even the roughest and wildest of the band, and whispers, "God preserve me from poor Tom's fate."

Interesting Miscellany.

Midnight.

HUFELAND, in his treatise on sleep, has some curious as well as forcible ideas on the necessity of devoting midnight to rest and sleep. He considers that the period of twenty-four hours, which is produced by the regular revolution of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man. Diseases show this regular influence, in their daily rise and fall. Settled regular fever exhibits a twenty-hours' flux and reflux. In the beautiful state, there is manifest the same regular influence, and the more habitual our moods, our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of sleep, the more power is there in the system to resist disease. In the morning the pulse is slow and the nerves calmer, and the mind and the body better fitted for labor. As we advance towards the evening of the day, the pulse becomes accelerated, and an almost feverish state is produced, which, in excitable persons, becomes an absolute evening fever. Rest carries off this fever by its sleep, and the refreshing opening of its pores, which sleep produces. In this nightly respiration, there is absolute crisis of this evening fever, and this periodical crisis is necessary to every one, for it carries off whatever useless or pernicious particles our bodies may have imbibed.

This evening fever Hufeland thinks is not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but to the departure of the sun and of the light. The crisis of this fever, to be most effective by its regularity, ought to take place at midnight, when the sun is in its nadir, and then the body becomes refreshed for the early morning labor. Those who neglect this period, either push this diurnal crisis into the morning, and thus undermine the importance of its regularity, or lose it entirely, and arise to their labors unrefreshed by sleep. Their bodies will not have been purified by the nightly crisis, and the seeds of disease will have thus been planted.

Nervous people are subject to the influence of this evening fever, and think they can not labor without its excitement.—Hence their mental efforts are performed in the night alone; the important time for the crisis of their nervous excitement passes over in wakefulness and no refreshing perspiration cleanses the body or strengthens the nerves. Such people will wear out soon, unless they change their habits and seek rest when the nature and human constitution dictate.

These considerations ought to be deeply studied and regarded by all who are in the ruinous habit of turning night into day, and of changing the functions of each.

Small Horses.

The arguments may all be in favor of great size, but the facts are all the other way. Large horses are more liable to stumble and be lame than those of a smaller size. If theory is to be resorted to in order to determine such questions, we suggest to the lovers of overgrown animals the following:

On choosing a horse, take care by all means that his hind legs are short. If they are long, and split apart like a pair of dividers, never inquire the price of the horse dealer; run for your life, and make no offer that can be taken up. Horses that are snug built are not always fast travellers. It is no easy matter to select a horse that is perfect in all points. Snug and tough horses are not fast on the road. The fastest trotters are not made for hard service.

The Pirate and the Dove.

The following anecdote is related by Audubon, the celebrated traveller and ornithologist:—

A man who was once a pirate, assured me, that several times, whilst at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy notes of the doves awake in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only compares that wretchedness of guilt within him with the holiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through those plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a hasty visit to those wells and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be the noblest work of God—an honest man. His escape was effected amid difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him comparable with the danger of living in violation of human and divine laws; and he now lies in the midst of his friends.

Editors.

An editor, "cannot step," without he tread on nobody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without giving any comment, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he confidently refuses to advocate claims of an individual to office he is accused of personal hostility. If a chap who measures off words into verses, as a clerk does tape, by the yard, hauls him a mess of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet, and if the editor be fool enough to print the nonsense, stop my paper; I will not patronize a man who is no better judge of poetry.

One man grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room; another complains that the paper is too large, he cannot find time to read it. Another class finds fault because the paper is too small. They do not get the worth of their money; and we believe non-paying subscribers. One wants the types so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family. Another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. An old lady actually offered an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for handbills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation, when compared with that of the editor who undertakes to please everybody.

A Puzzled Sow.

Old LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, of the Knickerbocker, tells some very droll things, occasionally. To such as are familiar with the ways and manners of that graceful and sagacious quadruped yclept "the hog," the following morsel, from his Table talk, will appear at life-like as it is ludicrous:

One of our Western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the corn-field, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end, within the enclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now, old lady!" Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out, once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ended upon the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place and shortly emerge again. "Her disappointment," says our informant, "at finding herself in the same field whence she had started is too ludicrous to be described!" She looked this way then that, granted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to the original starting place; and after a deliberate survey of matters to satisfy herself that all was right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the

wrong side, she evinced more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing, or driving ever induce her to visit that part of the field. She seemed to have a "superstition concerning the spot."

Sunday Reading.

A Strong Church.

A CHURCH may be what the world calls a strong church in point of numbers and influence. A church may be made up of men of wealth, men of intellect, men of power, high born men, and men of rank and fashion; and being so composed, may be, in a worldly sense, a very strong church. There are many things that such a church can do. It can launch ships and endow seminaries. It can diffuse intelligence, can uphold the cause of benevolence, can maintain an imposing array of forms and religious activities. It can build splendid temples, can rear a magnificent pile, and adorn its front with sculptures, and lay stone upon stone, and heap ornament upon ornament, till the costliness of the altar shall prevent any poor man from entering the portal. But, my brethren, I will tell you one thing it cannot do—it cannot shine! Of all that is formal and material in Christianity, it may make a splendid manifestation, but it cannot shine. It may turn almost everything into gold at its touch, but it cannot touch the heart. It may lift up its marble front, and pile tower upon tower and mountain upon mountain but it cannot touch the mountains, and they shall smoke; it cannot do Christ's work in man's conversion. It is dark in itself, and cannot diffuse light. It is cold at heart, and has no overflowing and subduing influences to pour out upon the lost. And with all its strength, that church is weak, and for Christ's peculiar work worthless. And with all its glitter of gorgeous array it is a dark church it cannot shine.

One the contrary, show me a church, poor, illiterate, obscure, unknown, but composed of praying people—they shall be men of neither power nor influence—they shall be families who do not know one week where they shall get their bread for the next—but with them is the hiding of God's power, and their light and influence is felt for eternity, and where they go there is a fountain of light, and Christ in them is glorified, and his kingdom advanced. They are his chosen vessels unto salvation, and his luminaries to reflect his light.—Dr. Olin.

Winter Evening.

How do you spend your winter evenings? "Tell me how you spend your winter evenings," said a gentleman addressing a congregation of young men, "and I will tell you what position you will occupy in the world ten years hence." This portion of the day is yours for self-improvement, for recreation, or for pleasure; and its use or abuse will affect incalculably your future character. Do you spend it at the drinking saloon, the card-table, or as an idle longer at low places of public amusement? Do you waste your health, exhaust your energies, and debase your mind by vulgar pleasures? Do you pass your winter evenings aimlessly, listlessly, doing nothing, or doing something just as it happens? Or have you set them apart for some definite and worthy pursuit?—Have you resolved to devote some to a course of valuable reading; some to a course of lectures; some to the enjoyment of a virtuous society; some to the house of prayer? Have you resolved to pass your evenings in that way which should tend to make you stronger and better for each to-morrow? "I never had any time to study but the winter evenings," said a lad who passed an examination for colleges with marked ability.

"Oh, my, I was ruined in the winter evenings," exclaimed a young clerk who came home to be laid in a drunkard's grave.

Boys, take care how you pass your winter evenings.

Wesley said "that ten thousand ears were no more weight to his mind than ten thousand hairs were to his head." Was it he or Whitfield, who, when asked whether a man was answerable for bad thoughts, replied, "I cannot help the birds flying over my head, but I can prevent their making nests in my hair."

Look not mournfully into the past, it cannot return; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Mrs. Hollyhook rejoices that the times are hard since it enables her to wear her old bonnets and dresses, and yet appear as well as anybody's folks. Hard times are one of the blessings. They give the antiquated garment a chance to shine.