

# The Southern Enterprise.

## A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

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G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.

J. C. BAILEY, Prop'r. and Associate Editor.

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### "Us Carpet-Baggers."

J. T. Dewees, so called, of North Carolina, is one of the "carpet-baggers." He describes himself and his Radical colleagues upon the floor of Congress as "us carpet-baggers." This frank announcement was made to the evident discomfiture of the Radical party, and to the intense amusement of the Democrats upon the floor. The Republicans were plainly ill at ease with this as the first fruits of their Reconstruction Acts. Mr. Dewees was like a bull in a China shop. He was not content until he brought all the crockery down.

The debate in which Mr. Dewees made this announcement may not prove uninteresting.

The Bill had the mild name of "a Bill to reduce the military peace establishment of the United States." In it was a clause arming what was called the "loyal militia of the South."

The evident design of the Radical party was to place arms under the control of the Radical Governors and carpet-baggers of the Southern States, to be used for the purpose of intimidation, and to control the election in the interests of that party. As was forcibly said: "The veil cannot be kept spread over this unholy scheme. It has been torn aside, and the pudicity and the atrocity of the project stands revealed to the nation. It is nothing more nor less than to distribute the arms of the United States over the ten Southern States, to place them in the hands of negroes and the adventurers who lead the negroes, and who will marshal them on election day for the purpose of keeping away Democratic voters."

This was the subject brought under discussion, when Mr. Dewees made his remarkable announcement.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, who has taken especial charge of General Grant, evidently had taken alarm at the recent demonstrations at the South. He felt that the Republican party were there daily losing ground. Their deceptions had been detected and exposed. He, therefore, felt rather lukewarm about the Bill. He was afraid the Republican party would be hoisted with their own petard.

He said: "The question is, and it is one of the greatest importance ever thrust upon us, whether that state of things (referring to Democratic supremacy) is to be remedied by sending arms into those States. Sir, I believe that in most of the States, not ten days after those arms are sent there to the negroes, they will be in the hands of the rebels."

Here was a frank acknowledgment by one of the leaders of the Republican party, of two important facts. First, that the very intent of the measure was the arming of the negroes with a view to Republican success, and second, of his realization that the negroes were fast being freed from the delusions into which the Radicals have heretofore deluded them.

Mr. Boyden, of North Carolina, denounced the whole measure as an incitation to civil war and insurrection in these States. His remarks are worthy of the consideration of the whole country. He said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am alarmed at the condition of the country. It is proposed now to send arms to North Carolina that the people may use them against each other. Great God! we cannot afford to fight each other. Keep away your arms; do nothing to irritate our people, but do everything in your power to assuage and heal the excitement there. We want no arms. I warn the House that if arms are sent there we will be ruined. We cannot live there. If we need anything in the shape of arms, in God's name send an army of the United States there, but do not arm neighbor against neighbor. There never was a more mischievous measure than this proposition to arm one class of our people against another."

It was in reply to this speech that Mr. Dewees, the great "carpet-bagger," arose. We quote from the report:

Mr. Dewees addressed the House against adjournment. Some provision should be made for the new governments of the Southern States, and for the protection of the loyal people; otherwise the rebellion would be re-established. The letter of Mr. Blair would be carried out. If Congress adjourns now, before six months in the factious and Republican governments in the South would have ceased to exist, and the Ku Klux, the rebels, the Slaveholders

ing Copperhead-Democratic party would be ruling there as they ruled in 1865.

Mr. Brooks clapped his hands in admiration of the speech, which was much enjoyed on the Democratic side of the House.

Mr. Woodward enquired of Mr. Dewees whether the reconstructed governments in the South could be maintained in any other way than by the bayonet.

Mr. Dewees. We can if you will give us arms to keep down the rebels. [triumphant laughter on the Democratic side, and by no other means.]

Mr. Woodward. Then, as I understand the gentleman, the governments which this Congress has been at such great pains to reconstruct can only exist by the bayonet.

Mr. Dewees. The support given to this question of adjournment on the side of the House where I occupy a seat is for the purpose of carrying out the 3d of July letter, stamping out the loyal State governments, and dispersing us carpet-baggers. [Laughter.] I say to them "come on whenever you feel disposed. Come on, Stretch out, then, your traitorous hands to touch again one fold of the old flag, and the representatives of four millions of men, who, though black in skin, are white and loyal in heart, will throw themselves as a bulwark between you and those loyal governments, and you will only live in sad memories of sad events. Come on! Come on!" [Unrestrained laughter among the Democrats.] If you want to sustain those governments, you have got to give us some assistance.

Mr. Ross. Is there not some danger of the Republicans losing the election there unless they get arms?

Mr. Dewees. There certainly is, if you allow the Democrats any show at all.

The Bill has not passed. Congress has adjourned until the first Monday in September. But the debate is instructive, as an acknowledgement by the Republican party that, notwithstanding their military despotism and white disfranchisement, they are in danger of losing the elections if the Democrats are allowed any show at all. In the emphatic words of Mr. Dewees, reconstruction cannot be maintained except by the bayonet. Without the bayonet, the voice of the sovereign people will "disperse us carpet-baggers." Fight dawn.—*Charleston Courier, July 28th.*

### Serpents in a Pile in South America.

In the savannas of Izuabuco, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen: and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveler ever spoke of it. We were ten on horseback—two of them took the lead, in order to sound the passages, while I preferred to skirt the great forest. One of the blacks who formed the van guard, returned at full gallop, and called to me. "Here sir, come and see serpents in a pile." He pointed to me something elevated in the middle of the savanna or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, "this is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other; after a violent tempest. I have heard of these but never saw any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near." When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none were inclined.

On a sudden, the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissing issuing from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their venomous darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was the first to draw back, but when I saw this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than attack us, rode round it to view the order of battle, found it faced the enemy on every side. I then sought to find what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent of the cayenne, and that they reunite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him in mass.

[Humbolt.]

THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.—The attempts to colonize it have all proved abortive, and nineteen souls now constitute the entire population, and these eke out a miserable existence by fishing and hunting, having no bread of any kind and but few vegetables. The island is mountainous, is covered with timber, and produces few varieties of fruit; but the waters abound in fish of almost every kind. The claim thrown around Juan Fernandez by DeFoe's narrative of Robinson Crusoe is rudely dispelled as we are made acquainted with the island—a most uninviting place certainly, even for our enterprising country to settle up, and doubly so for as the residence of a solitary castaway.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### A Southern Cheese Factory.

A correspondent of the Asheville News and Farmer, gives the following particulars of a new enterprise recently started in Buncombe County, N. C.:

Not quite a year ago, Mr. N. W. Woodfin, the owner of the lands upon which the Factory is situated, left this place to visit the State of New York. While there he made the acquaintance of Gov. Horatio Seymour, the present President of the Cheese Factory Association of that State, who induced him to visit many of the Cheese Factories there in successful operation. The flattering results of that State caused Mr. Woodfin to seek out every information concerning it, with a view of introducing to the people of Western North Carolina the subject of Cheese making, as a means of recuperating their lost fortunes and to change the production of their farms.

The intelligent and practical mind of Mr. Woodfin saw at once that if Cheese Factories were profitable in New York, where grazing lands are worth from \$100 to \$200 per acre, and labor much higher than in these mountains, it would be much more profitable in Western North Carolina where equally as good grazing lands can be bought at from \$1 to \$10 per acre, and labor much cheaper, while our climate and water, being cooler and purer than in New York, will enable us to produce a better quality. He immediately induced Capt. Edwards one of the best cheese makers in New York, and who was highly recommended by Gov. Seymour, to pay a visit to Buncombe and examine the country. In January last, Mr. Edwards came here took a survey of the country and pronounced it equal to New York for Cheese making.

A company was immediately formed, Capt. Edwards was employed to superintend the Factory, and sent back to New York to procure the most complete and best machinery. At that time there was not a tree cut, from which any part of the present buildings were erected; but the indefatigable energy of the members of the Company in an incredibly short time felled the large forest trees, erected suitable buildings, made a good road of two miles in length, and by the time the machinery arrived, on the 27th day of April, everything was ready to receive it.

On the 28th of April 1868, (the day after the machinery arrived) the first cheese was made at Elk Mountain, weighing 40 pounds, and is as fine an article of cheese as any made in any country.

Quantity of Cheese now made daily,	250 to 260 lbs.
Number of cows milked,	180.
The whole quantity of Cheese made since April 28th,	8000 lbs.

There are two sizes of Cheese made one size weighing about 40 lbs. each the other from 8 to 12 lbs. The prices adopted by the Company are for the largest size 20 cents per pound, for the smaller size, by the single Cheese, 25 cents per pound, but where three or more small ones are taken the price is reduced to the same as for the largest size. This price brings it within the reach of every one, and if the Company does nothing more, it deserves the united support of our people for having reduced the price of that article of food.

The Factory employs fifty hands. Of these, three are females; two as milkers only, and in the vat room. The male employees are engaged, between the morning hours, in various other duties on the farm.

About fifty hogs are kept "fat and flourishing" upon the whey from the vat.

The Machinery was made by Messrs Williams, Relf & Co., Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Thus, then, in ten months after it was first thought of, the Machinery has been made in New York, and delivered in Buncombe County, N. C., the forest felled, the buildings erected, 180 cows purchased, and 8000 pounds of superior Cheese made, which finds ready sale, in and near Asheville, at the above prices, and gives the Factory earnings, since the 18th of April not two months—the respectable amount of \$1,600! Such energy and industry is entitled to the highest praise, and ensures to the enterprise a profitable career.

As an enterprise, for the general good, it cannot be over estimated. Already we see its influences permeating through every section of these Mountains.—Cheese Factories are to be established in other Counties, and with them will our farmers be encouraged to change their system of cultivation. The grass and rotation of crops will soon make our old fields put on a living green verdure, from which the lowing cattle will yield, morning and evening, their golden reward to the owners, while the lands will be constantly improving in price and quality.

We are unable, in this number, to give details of the process of Cheese making, but as it will be our pleasure to often notice the success of this Factory, we shall embrace another opportunity for that.

We cannot close this article without assuring our readers of two essential particulars in the Elk Mountain Cheese:

1st. Its cleanliness. Everything connected with its manufacture is scrupulously clean. No lady in the land is more cleanly or fastidious in her bread and pastry, than are Capt. Edwards and his excellent lady in everything connected with their Cheese, so that none need fear "eating dirt," in it.

2nd. Its quality. We profess to be a good judge of cheese, and we unhesitatingly pronounce the Elk Mountain Cheese equal in every respect, to any cheese we have ever tasted. And why should it not be? Captain Edwards is the best cheese maker that could be found in New York; the machinery used is the same as that used in the best Northern Factories; the process is identically the same, the pasturage is fully as good, and our cows yield as rich milk, while our climate is far superior.

We ask our Southern merchants to turn the current of their cheese money up this way, and we promise them they will be delighted with the change. The Company is now ready to fill all orders.

### Force of Imagination.

A few years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the Minister of Justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The Minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin—a man who had been born of distinguished parents. The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in his family had obtained leave of the Minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution, and that the easiest death he could die would be blood letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition he would otherwise have been made of, and rejoiced at being thus enabled to spare the feelings of his friends and family.—At the time appointed the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and everything being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains, filled with water, from which issued small streams falling into the basins placed there to receive them.—The patient, thinking it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker and weaker by degrees, and the remarks of the medical men in attendance in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dripping of the fountain, had so extraordinary an effect upon the mind of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, although before a very strong man, and he died without having lost a single drop of blood.

[Le Camellion.]

A BEAUTY.—The following glowing description of a young Hebrew girl, is from the pen of an American, the late Mr. N. P. Willis:

"The rich Turkish coffee was brought in by an old woman, who left her slippers below as she stepped upon the mat, and our host followed with ebullient and a renewed welcome. A bright pair of eyes had been peeping for some time from one of the chambers, and with Hajji's permission I called out a graceful creature of fourteen, with a shape like a Grecian Cupid, and a timid sweetness of expression that might have descended to her from the gentle Ruth of Scripture.—There are lovely beings all over the world. It was a desert else. But I did not think to find such a diamond in a Hebrew's bosom. I had forgotten to mention her hair, which was very remarkable. I thought at first it was dyed with henna. It covered her back and shoulders in the greatest profusion, braided near the head, and floated below in glossy and silken curls of a richness you would deny nature had you seen it in a painting. The color was of the deep-burnt brown of a berry, almost black in the shade, but catching the light at every motion like threads of gold. In my life I have seen nothing so beautiful. There was something in it that you could scarce avoid associating with the character of the wearer—as if it stole its softness from infancy gentleness in her heart. I shall never thread my fingers through such locks again!"

"Three and sixpence per gal," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the price current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when gals are valued only three and sixpence?"

### The Coward Traducer.

The midnight assassin, who stealthily breaks in upon the sanctities of the private home of a family, and thrusts his siletto into the heart of slumbering innocence, is no greater villain than he who assaults his neighbor's good name—invades the hallowed courts of the temple of his well deserved and hard-earned fame—breathes blight and mildew upon his spotless reputation—and leaves in his tortuous track, the slime and venom of the basilisk.

The sentiment has been most truthfully and graphically enunciated, that he who can choke the sweetest flowers of social love, and taint them with disease—and in the paradise of earthly bliss, where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the malaria of moral desolation, the poison of hatred and distrust—who gladly would, were it possible, crush his neighbor's character to dust—grind to powder every vestige of his public honor and private value, and build upon the ruins—who can write infamy upon the brow of others to prove his own purity—is neither man nor beast, but a heartless demon.

Those who have seen their dearest interests tampered with—who have known what it is to have the priceless gem of a good name sullied by the pestilential breath of cold uniplying slander—these best can say, the calumniator has no heart,—no conscience,—no soul! If the lightning's flash ever darts from heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast the hope of murderers such as these.

But bad as is the vile defamer of the living—yet far worse is he who exults from the peaceful shadows of death, the departed victim of his envy, to hold him up to the gaze of the world, as a target at which to hurl the pestiferous shaft of his malignant hate.

In such a monster, there is to be found no trace of the image of God; but in room of this, is seen every appalling and disgusting lineament of the archfiend of perdition.—*Rev. Z. Fuller Esq. Paper.*

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—The California correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel gives the following account of a wonderful discovery which has just been made in the State:

A vein of very curious rock has recently been discovered in El Dorado County, which as yet failed to elicit from the scientifically inclined any satisfactory explanation. Several large slabs have been taken out and are now on exhibition in this city. Its peculiarity is that it represents landscape drawing wrought by the hand of nature thousands of years, perhaps, before the advent of man upon this mundane sphere. Mountain scenery is here portrayed on ineffaceable tablets by a peerless drawing master, representing, in variegated colors, bold and rugged peaks rising one above another and descending in long rolling ridges of hilly country. Barren rocks, trees, and manzanita brush in profusion give variety to the pictures, but nowhere is to be found that essential requisite to a complete scenic picture—a mountain stream. And here it would seem that that even so matchless an artist as nature has actually blundered. Another singularity of this rock is that the picture extends through the entire vein, so that, cut in any direction, it cannot be destroyed. The coloring of a dull, heavy character, consisting mainly of grades of red, yellow and black—seen at a little distance they resemble merely rude outline pencil drawing. No geological servant has favored us with an opinion as to the cause and manner of their formation. The action of water and reflection in some as yet undefined way is the most plausible hypothesis advanced. It has given rise to a "Photographic Land-cape Rock Company," who design shipping to the Atlantic States and Europe, samples for exhibition. There is certainly no deception about it, and it may justly be classed as the eighth wonder of the world.

SINGULAR SPIRIT OF REVENGE IN A SPIDER.—On Saturday last, a compositor in our office heard that peculiar noise made by a fly, when attacked by a spider, proceeding from a web on the opposite side of the room, he proceeded to the spot, liberated the fly, and returned to his case. Sometime after, he felt a severe bite on his neck, and upon looking for the cause, perceived the identical spider from which he had taken the fly, making its way off with all possible haste, and notwithstanding the efforts made to catch it, it eventually, by means of a thread which it had attached to his dress previous to making the attack, escaped. The place bitten swelled to the extent of half an inch in diameter, but had entirely disappeared on Monday. It is almost impossible to conceive a spider's watching a person, descending from its elevation, crossing the floor, and actually attacking him, with intent to kill, but nevertheless it is absolutely true, and we have no doubt the little fellow, retreated, exulting in the success of the "experiment." We will only add that it must have had a most horrid temper.

### Cruelty to Animals.

TO BE READ IN SCHOOLS.

There are few things more disgraceful in children than to be cruel to those harmless creatures which are unable to defend themselves. If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at the toady, or takes pains to set his foot on a worm, I am sure there is something wrong about him, or that he has not been well instructed.

There was once a boy who loved to give pain to every thing that came in his way, over which he could get any power. He would take eggs from the mourning robin, and torture the unfledged sparrow—cats and dogs, the peaceable cow, and the faithful horse, he delighted to worry and distress. I do not like to tell the many cruel things that he did. He was told that such things were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him for his evil conduct. But he did not reform. When he grew up he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see men wounded, and blood running on the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray his country, and to sell it into the hands of the enemy. This is to be a traitor.—But he was discovered and fled. He never dared return to his native land, but lived despised, and died miserably in a foreign clime. Such was the end of the boy who loved to give pain to animals. His name was Benedict Arnold. He was born at Norwich, Conn., and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory.

FOOD.—The sub-animal is directed to nourishing food, by the instinct of his organization; but man, the contorted and debased image of what he exalts idealizes, as the form of his Creator, among the perversions of his natural ordinations, has so confused the regular and wholesome indication of his tastes, that it ceases on many occasions to be the guide to his proper nourishment. Safety in his choice of food must therefore be founded on experience and instruction. Thus, instead of living on what nature designed for, through his pleasure, the greater part of his joint perceptions of taste is employed on what he likes, and not on what is proper for him. \* \* \*

The sub-animal being a wise and sufficient feeder would be disgusted—did he know it—at the Epicure, gorging himself both in deleterious kind and quantity, and taking the consequences in aches, indolence and stupidity.—Such an inferior animal has no joint perception, except of a gulping selfishness in his dinner; and then only compares his state with that of others, to have a conclusion in favor of himself; but with no ears of that self by following the instinct of nature, like the foolish mother of mankind turns to some flattering devil of the dish, tempting him against a law of his health, and happiness and life.

[Rusk's Analysis of the Human Intellect.]

GREENVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.—We publish in another place the announcement of the opening session of this Institution in August next. This College has grown in importance in the estimation of the people, and even in these stringent times is in a prosperous condition; and it is a gratification to us to be able to announce that the course of instruction in this College, is efficient and thorough. Parents who desire to give their daughters a thorough education, can find no better place than the Greenville Female College. It is located in a pleasant and healthy village, and no place can boast of better society than Greenville.

Another item of interest and importance connected with this College is the fact that the citizens of Greenville, aided by an appropriation from the "Peabody Fund," have provided for instruction in the Academic Department of this College free of all charges.—This advantage will certainly largely increase the number of students in this Department, and eventually increase the number in the other Departments of the College. For information, apply to Prof. C. H. Judson, President, Greenville, S. C.

[S. C. Baptist, 24th ult.]

We are glad to learn that the First Baptist Church, Charleston, has secured the services of Rev. W. Harrison Williams, of Richmond, Va. Bro. Williams recently graduated at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and we feel confident that he will serve satisfactorily and successfully the people to whom he goes. We rejoice at every accession to our ministry in this State, and regret that so many have already left the State, and that others are contemplating the subject.

[S. C. Baptist, July 24th.]

A maiden, who had suffered some disappointments, thus defines the human race: "Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco, confusion, conceit, and boots. Woman—the waiter, perforator, on the aforesaid animal."