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G. F. TOWNES,
EDITOR.

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

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Time is Passing.

Time is rushing in his chariot;
Rapidly his wheels go round;
Though they cast no dust behind them,
Though they have no rumbling sound,
Silently they bear us onward;
Soon our journey will be o'er—
Soon the friends with whom we mingle
We shall see and hear no more;
So on our feet shall pass the meadows
Of the vast eternal shore.

Flying months and years remind us
Of the world we're passing to;
Let us leave good deeds behind us,
In the world we're passing through,
Which shall be the seeds of kindness
Watered by celestial dew,
And shall bear good fruit for others—
Fruits of joy, and peace and love—
Years long, after we are singing
In the immortal land above.

Men are born and men are dying;
Thousands come, not one can stay;
Time is swift, his wheels are flying,
Never ceasing, night or day,
For the laughter nor the crying
Of the stricken or the gay;
Gushing down, the God-defying—
They who laugh at Death's delay—
And from sorrow, sin and sighing,
Bearing gentle souls away.

Plans and schemes of men and nations,
Hearts and homes and homestead free,
Granite walls and Art's creations,
All the eye delights to see,
All the ear delights to hear,
Crumble, tumble, fall and fade.
Oh! we need a world more cheering,
Free from grave and eyre shade;
Thanks to God! that world we're nearing,
In eternal sapphires laid.

Why I Want Boys to Learn Farming.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I live when I can in the country, though most of my sleeping hours are given to work which calls me to the city. My neighbors are mainly farmers, generally in fair circumstances, whose children are fairly educated, or may be if they will. I regret to say that a majority of them prefer not to follow their father's vocation, but want to live by trade, by office, or something else than farming. And the reason, to my mind, is clear: their education and their whole intellectual culture lead away from the farm. Their school-books contain nothing calculated to make them love agriculture, or qualify them to excel in it; their fire-side reading is not of chemistry, geology, and the related sciences, but of knights and fairies, troubadours and tournaments—in short, all things calculated to make them detest farming as a coarse, plodding, hum-drum pursuit, fit only for inveterate dunces and illiterate bores. I protest against this as false, misleading, pernicious, and demand an education and a literature which shall win our farmers' sons to prize and honor the calling of their fathers.

A political economist has observed that labor, unless used at the moment of production, is lost forever. In most vocations, it is impossible to produce beyond the day's needs. The doctor can only cure diseases as they manifest themselves; the best lawyer cannot anticipate next year's legal business; the carpenter and mason cannot build houses except as they are wanted. The farmer, on the contrary, may grow corn or cattle, flax, wool, or cotton in excess of the current demand, and store it against the time of need. Better still, he may drain, and subsoil, and fertilize; may plant trees, and graft, and prune, so as to double his product in the future by a judicious expenditure of effort in the present. If a hundred thousand additional lawyers and doctors were let loose upon the community, I do not feel sure that the net result would be more justice or less disease and death,

while I am quite sure that the national wealth would not be increased thereby; but a hundred thousand enlightened, efficient farmers added to those we already have could hardly fail to add one hundred millions per annum to the property which shall be the heritage of our children.

My countrymen! let us each do his best to increase the proportion of useful workers to pestilent idlers in the community. Nay, more; let us try to increase the proportion of producers to exchangers or distributors of wealth. Fences, and padlocks, and policemen, and revenue officers may be necessities of our present condition—I presume them to be so; but we might have our country so well fenced, and padlocked and policed that we should all starve to death. There is no shadow of danger that too few will seek to live by law, physic, trade, etc., etc., while there is great danger that trade and the professions will be overcrowded, to the neglect and detriment of productive industry. Let us face the foe that menaces our position, and defeat him if we can.

[Hearth & Home.

The Will and the Health.

If the truth could be known, it would be found that, perhaps, in eight cases of sickness out of ten, the disorder is brought on by the morbid and excited imagination of the victim. Intense fear of disease is sufficient to produce it, and in the sickly seasons of the year, we cannot too powerfully exert our will to banish apprehension and keep our minds perfectly easy. The learned Feuchtleben says: The principal cause of an habitual unhealthy state is an exaggerated attention to everything that concerns the body. It is pitiful to see narrow minds occupied by an incessant and minute care for their physical existence, and wearing themselves away by habitual anxiety. The physician, whom they are never weary of consulting, only feels contempt for them. These people die of the desire to live! The effect produced on most people of weak minds, by reading medical works in which different maladies are described, is well known. It often happens in studying diseases of the eye that, the fear of amaurosis striking the imagination, the sight finally becomes affected by that fear alone. An English servant, after reading an account of a frightful death caused by the bite of a mad dog, was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia, and only owed his life to the most careful treatment. Goethe says: "During an epidemic fever which raged around me, I was exposed to inevitable contagion, and felt the first attacks, but succeeded in saving myself (I am convinced of it) solely by the exercise of a strong will. The power of the will at such moments is almost incredible; it expands, so to speak, throughout the whole body, which it places in a condition of activity to repel injurious influence. Fear is a condition of indolent weakness which surrenders us defenceless to the victorious attacks of the enemy." These are facts worth remembering and acting on, and they are reasonable hints.

How to RAISE PLUMS.—The Rural World says: There is a secret about plum raising. We have discovered it in traveling over the country. We never visited a large plum orchard in our life that we did not find plenty of the fruit. Now these facts set us to thinking, and the result of our thought is this: That it is very easy to have all the plums you want to eat and sell. The secret connected with the plum raising is to plant plenty of trees, so as to give fruit to the curculio and to yourself also. If you will plant fifty or a hundred trees, you will have fruit enough for everybody. Every such orchard that we ever visited had plenty of ripe fruit; some even complained that the curculio did not thin out the fruit enough, that the trees were overloaded. So we say to our readers, if you plant plums at all, plant fifty or one hundred trees—then you will be sure to have all the fruit you want.

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons: Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness and liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy any article simply because the man that sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks, to those in your employ; for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you.—Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time, your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal that than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.—Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you can not afford to, simply because it is fashionable.—Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.—Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the time.

Young men, cut this out; and if there is folly in the argument, let us know.

BEEF BACON.—It is surprising that our people will not provide this luxury, when it can be so easily done. Just take the fleshy parts of the hind quarter, cut out in large pieces the size of a ham, and treat it with sugar or syrup, salt and saltpetre, and when ready hang it up and smoke as bacon, and you will have an article for your table which an epicure would relish.

We have tried this in person, and had it forcibly brought to our mind by a present of a piece of the beef bacon from the packery of Dr. Per, near this city, and after giving it a palatable test, we do not wonder that it commands such prices, and is in such great demand in the Northern market.

[Houston (Texas) Telegraph.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is one of singular beauty.—When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with crosses, they loose it over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the Spirit Land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

A Legend of Massachusetts Superstition.

In the history of Gloucester, just written by Mr. Babson, he tells a legend of Peg Wesson, a reputed witch. In the year 1745 a company of soldiers were elated in Gloucester, as a part of the force destined to operate against the French fortress of Louisburg, Cape Breton. Some of these men, before their departure, by some means, so provoked old Peggy's wrath, that she threatened vengeance upon them. While in camp there a crow was observed hovering overhead in rather a singular manner. Several shots were fired at the bird without effect, when one of the men thought it might be Peggy, and if so, he knew that common lead would have no effect upon her. So he took a pair of silver sleeve buttons from his wrist, dropped them into his gun, and let her have it. The charmed missile went direct to the mark, without regard to correctness of aim or distance. This bird fell, wounded in the leg, and was soon dispatched. They afterward learned that at the exact moment when the old crow fell, old Peg fell in or near her house on Buck street, with a broken leg. And more wonderful still, on an examination of the fractured limb, the identical sleeve-buttons that were fired at the crow under the walls of Louisburg were found imbedded in the flesh. Another version of this story was to the effect that a siege train of heavy artillery was placed in position and in readiness to open fire, when the crow was observed flying back and forth, passing over one gun and then another, and not a gun could be "got off." The match was extinguished, or the powder would flash in the pan, until the bird was brought down. Strange as it may seem, this weird tale was very generally received as truth, and it was believed by many down to a much later date.

CHINESE INDUSTRY.—A writer shows how it is that the vast population of China is enabled to live and thrive:

"From patient and untiring industry, it seems to me the Chinese have no equals. Anything which needs great labor and but little skill, they can do better than all the world beside. If it be the digging of innumerable miles of canals, or the building of great walls that stretch half way across a continent, they can do it. There are no more careful, thrifty, economical tillers of the soil than they; even the steepest hillsides are redeemed from waste by narrow terraces, and their broader fields are kept as tidily as gardens. They spare no labor nor economy in the enriching of the soil, and work hour after hour to irrigate it, carrying the water often for considerable distances in buckets swung across their shoulders.—They use very little agricultural machinery, and all their implements are of the rudest sort.—What they depend on is the ceaseless drudgery of patient manual labor; and by this alone the agricultural miracle which makes all China one great garden has been wrought."

CHEWING TOBACCO.—Mr. David Macrae, a Scotchman, and recently a traveler in the United States, says: "The amount of chewing and spitting all over America, but especially in the South and West, is incredible. You find spittoons in shops, in parlors, in cars, in houses of assembly, in Congress, and even in churches; and where there are no spittoons it makes no difference. You will see a man in a court of justice lift the Bible to take the oath, give a side-squirt of tobacco juice, kiss the Bible, hand it back, and give another squirt.—At Raleigh, N. C., I saw Litchford, the tailor, whose apprentice President Johnson once was.—Litchford is now Marshal of the Supreme Court, and goes through the form every morning of opening the Court. When the Chief Justice says, 'Marshal, open the Court!' Litchford gives a squirt of tobacco, cries, 'O yez! O yez!' this Supreme Court is now opened! God bless the State and this honorable Court! and gives another squirt. That is the entire ceremony."

Cheating a Lover.

Greene is one of the banner counties in Georgia for sobriety, and intelligence, for fine looking men and pretty girls—the latter, by the way, are not to be caught every time, nor is it their fault, as the sad experience of a young man will testify. It seems that he courted a young lady, and obtained her consent to become his lawful and wedded wife, but on application to her parents she was refused him, which of course was a source of great disappointment and trouble to him. A few days after this mortifying refusal he received a very polite note purporting to have come from the object of his dearest love, stating that she was willing to be his now, and forever, and to meet her on a certain night, at a certain place, and they would be joined in holy wedlock. He was perfectly thrilled with joy at this intelligence, procured his license and the services of the Magistrate, and was promptly at the place at the time appointed. Several young men appeared with, apparently, a lady dressed in bridal apparel, with a veil over her face, and the solemn ceremony was duly performed.—The bride and bridegroom got in the buggy and left for his home. On the way he was full of loving and subduing expressions, such as darling, sugar, honey, etc., offering to kiss her, but with conscious timidity was slightly repulsed, but he did not mind that, he was the victor of an inestimable gain, and his joy was full. But lo! when he arrived home, and the light shined forth upon features and form, he saw that he had married a young man instead of a lady.—What a terrible flutteration and tumbling of joys and hopes!

He returned his license to the Ordinary, and asked him to take them and give him his money back, which, I believe, was done. Whether he will ever succeed in getting the one he thought he had, or not, I cannot tell.

[Cor. Chronicle & Sentinel.

THE New York Herald says Parson Brownlow presents the most extraordinary picture of physical debility that was ever before witnessed in any legislative assembly. Thad. Stevens might have been considered, when brought into the Senate Chamber on men's-shoulders to take his place among the managers in the memorable days of the impeachment trial, the best illustration up to that time presented of the triumph of intellectual will over a shattered and prostrate bodily organism; but Brownlow's appearance shows even greater indications of physical wreck and ruin, and yet the latter lacks nothing of the same unconquerable mental fire and energy that marked to his latest moments the character of the Great Commoner. When taking the oath, Brownlow lay back in his chair, his head bent down, his face ahrivelled, ghastly and of unearthly hue, his hands clasped in bony, vice like grasp, and his whole appearance indicative of great physical depression. As Mr. Colfax read the oath the poor old Parson raised his feeble arm, which shook with palsy and dropped every moment to his side. Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Bassett went over and sustained his arm through the remainder of the ceremony, though the old man made one or two desperate efforts by himself to sustain the right arm by propping it with his left hand. After he had taken the oath, the Parson stretched forth his hand for a glass of water, which shook wildly before it reached his lips. The ordeal, slight as it seems, had completely exhausted him.

A SPRING wagon has been invented by a gentleman in Mayslik, which he proposes to run without any kind of animal or steam power. He has already ready perfected a small model which runs up or down hill very rapidly.—The power is received from an immense coiled steel spring, which will run for half an hour without being wound up. In going up hill the spring exhausts itself, but in going down hill it winds itself up. The inventor claims that he can carry very heavy loads over any ordinary road.

Hopes and cares, anxieties and tears, divide our life.

Once More—Plant Corn.

It is much to be feared that corn holds but a small place in the mind of the farmer, and that the all-engrossing thought is cotton.—It certainly looks so. On every side extensive preparations are making for big crops of cotton; the whole mind seems to be occupied with this one idea. Immense quantities of guano have been brought into this district, with a view to raise this crop; and all the ready money which could be made available, has been converted into cotton fertilizers, with scarce a thought for corn. In former times, the mania ran into the accumulation of slave property—cotton then held as large a place in favor as now, but it was planted and raised and sold only to be converted into the inevitable negro; now the proceeds are put into guano. Now cotton is made to buy guano, and guano is bought to make cotton, and if a small portion be left, it goes to filling up the corn crib. We do not advocate the neglect of cotton by any means, it would be folly to do so, but we recommend and advise the planting of corn, and all the grain crops, to a large extent. Let cotton take the second place, bread the first. If the cotton crop fails, or the price goes down, where will the money come from to buy corn? What will follow but insolvency? We want immigration too, and what attraction can the immigrant see in great cotton fields? he cannot eat the fleecy staple. The prospect is certainly an uninviting one to him, and he turns away in most instances from the cotton fields of the South, to seek a country that gives promise of something to eat. Plant corn, farmers, and plenty of it, and then cotton to your heart's content.

[Newberry Herald.

A FELLOW who has been shaved in China says that the barber first stropped the razor on his leg, and then did the shaving without any lather. The customer remonstrated, but was told that lather was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and was, therefore, never used by persons who had any knowledge of the face and its appendages. After the beard had been taken off—and it was done in a very short time—the barber took a long, sharp, needle shaped spoon, and began to examine his customer's ears. He brought up from numerous little crevices bits of wax and dirt that he had been accumulating since childhood. The barber suddenly twisted his subject's neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebrae had been dislocated. "Hold on!" shouted the party, alarmed for the safety of his neck. "All right," replied the tonsor, "me no hurt you," and he continued to jerk and twist the neck until it was limber as an old woman's dish rag. He then fell to beating the back, breast, arms, and sides with his fists, and pummeled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over his man, dried the skin with towels, and declared that his work was done. Price, two cents.

FOOTSTEPS OF NATURE.—All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and the pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its bed in the soil; the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal; the falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a footprint in the snow or along the ground, but prints its character more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of man inscribes its memories on his fellows and his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda signatures, and every object is covered over with hints that speak to the intelligent.

Those who are fixing their eyes upward in mock devotion should remember that people do not go to heaven by stairs.

Reap ideas and house them well, but leave the words high stubble.