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FOR THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

Slander.

Translated from Virgil, by "Pedagogue."
Through great Libyans cities Rumor goes,
Than whom, none other evil swifter moves;
She active, fleet; acquiring strength by
motion, grows.
E'en small at first, through fear; and snow ap-
pears
Her feet on land—her head mid clouds she
rears.
By angry gods incensed, 'tis said, to her,
The Earth,
As sister to the giant sons, gave birth,
All swift of foot, winging destruction forth.
A horrid monster, great; whose feathers
smooth,
As many sleepless eyes conceal, forsooth
As many tongues and ears, and babbling
mouth.
In gloom, by night, she flies, 'twixt earth
and sky,
Nor gives to slumy sleep a restless eye:
'Tis her to hush at night, by day, she sits a spy.
On frightens cities great, from turret high;
Announcing true, the propagated lie.
Greenville, June 23d.

FOR THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

Taxes.

Meas. Editors—It is evident from the present assessment of the property of the State that we are, as a State and a people, poor; or else fraud and deception have been in a great measure practiced in giving in the returns. It is very probable that there is more truth in the latter statement than in the former, for all reflecting men know that if the property had been returned at its true or any way approximating its value, a much larger amount than one hundred and fifteen millions would have been realized. In order to make up the deficiency in the amount, that all intelligent men in the State know should have reached at least two hundred millions, the State Board has in their judgment thought proper to double the value of all lands and real estate. This may seem hard for those who have fairly and honorably made their returns at the true value; but in all cases where wrong has been inflicted on a party by this double valuation, it will and can easily be remedied by furnishing the State Auditor with the proof. In many counties in the State, if the present valuation had been trebled it would not then have reached its true value. It is absolutely necessary and in the interest of all taxpayers to have a fair and full valuation of all the property of the State. It is essential to the credit of the State. If the cause of so low a valuation of the property was not generally known amongst financial circles, it would certainly tend to depreciate the bonds of the State; but the valuation of 1867 proves to all sensible men the absurdity of the idea that the property is not here. Under all the circumstances, it is better than could have been expected; for it has been taught and preached by designing political demagogues that taxation would amount to confiscation. As the public mind has been prepared so long for high taxes, I hope it will not prove so burdensome as it would otherwise have been; but it is clear to all who desire to know, and the figures and facts can be furnished when called for, that the present Government is not responsible for more than half of the present tax. We have, bequeathed to us in our extreme poverty, a debt of six millions made by the old oligarchy of the State, and the principal portion expended in enterprises that have never been of any practical utility to the State; the interest has been neglected, and no provisions made for it for three years past, swelling the amount of interest to be provided by direct taxation in the present year to about a half million dollars. It will doubtless be considered

by some that six millions is a small debt for the State to owe, which is true, contrasted with the debts of other States. It seems impossible for so small a debt to oppress the people with taxation, and when the interest past due is paid such a result would be impossible. But it is equally impossible for the bonds of the State ever to be sold at par as long as the interest remains unpaid for a number of years. Money can only be obtained for them at a ruinous discount, to be accounted for at some future day by heavy taxation. So to avoid putting the evil day off and bequeathing to others a still larger debt than we have inherited, the appropriation for the present year was made much larger than it would have been otherwise. By an examination of the County Auditor's books, it will be seen that the taxable property of this County will not exceed three and a half millions, another strong evidence of our poverty and inability to pay high taxes for County purposes. The amount of taxes for County purposes will very materially depend upon the amount of business that is carried to the Court of Sessions in the form of State cases. By the present arrangement, it is made the duty of all interested in tax-paying to be peaceable and law abiding citizens; and all are so interested, it matters not whether he owns a dollar's worth of taxable property or not—if he is a consumer he pays indirectly all taxes. The merchant may complain of high taxes as a trick of trade; but if his customer did not pay the tax and a profit on all articles he purchased of him he would find many if not all business houses closed. Now it is generally the case that the property holder makes the greatest noise over tax paying, when the whole truth is he is only the agent of the poor laboring man. He charges up the amount on every article of sale or barter that is purchased from him. This principle was thoroughly tested during the late war. The taxes so continued to increase until it seemed at a casual glance that all business would be forced to close; but the whole secret was, that no factory, no business man, paid any tax whatever. When tax was increased it only gave another opportunity for the speculator to increase the prices of all necessities, and the sequel proves that all taxes levied by the Confederate Government were paid by the soldiers and soldiers' families. The principle is the same in times of peace as in times of war. The poor laboring man in times of peace, who works for wages and is compelled to purchase from others the necessities of life, pay much the largest portion of all taxes. So the idea that a poor man is not directly interested in tax paying is an absurdity. Work it and twist it as you will, the capitalist will make the poor laboring man in some way pay his tax. All this blow and twaddle by capitalists about high taxes is a perfect farce; the poor laboring man, the consumer, is the one that has the right to criticize and complain of high taxes if any one has; but strange to say that this class, the actual sufferers, seldom murmur if the tobacco and whisky dealers will sell tobacco and whisky at such a price that the consumer is not forced to pay the tax. Then he has the right to claim that he has paid tax. If manufacturers will reduce their price to a reasonable percentage and pay their own tax on all manufactured articles, then we will admit that they pay tax also; if the farmer will cease to charge up tax on every pound of meat and every bushel of corn sold to a laborer, then we will admit that he also bears the burthen of the Government; but until this change is made we defy successful contradiction in assuming that the poor laboring man and consumer pays all expenses of the Government. The points I wish to urge are that all, rich and poor, are directly interested in taxes, the expenses of the Government, and that County taxes may be materially diminished by the feasible quiet, law abiding disposition of all classes. By a careful examination of all the recent Acts of the Legislature, it will be found that

the principal portion of the objections to them are not to the Acts, or the spirit and intentions of the Acts, but to the source whence they come. It was frequently remarked by intelligent gentlemen in the State, during the sitting of the Constitutional Convention, that if the Constitution was as pure and as perfect in every respect as they could desire it to be, that they would vote against it, considering the source whence it came; and very many intelligent men did so without knowing or reading a word of its contents.—This spirit is too often manifested by intelligent men, in speaking of the different Acts of the present Legislature. It is generally admitted that prejudice combined with intelligence is more dangerous to the public welfare than when associated with ignorance; the truth of which has been verified in the sad experience of the people of this State. But it is gratifying to know that intelligent men are beginning to realize the true condition. If the laws, and all other acts of public interest, could be judged, unbiased by prejudice and party passions, with common sense and justice from one standpoint, soon we would be united as a people for the general good of all, and thus secure the prosperity of the State.

J. B. II.

At the White House—Untimely Deaths.

The telegraph announced, a few days ago, that while Andrew Johnson, late President of the United States, was at Athens, Alabama, on his way to Pulaski, where he was to make a speech, he received intelligence of the death of his son, Col. Robert Johnson.

Andrew Johnson always exhibited the tenderest affection for this son, on whom he had bestowed an excellent education. He was a young man of superior abilities and remarkably pleasant manners. He had been a member of the legislature of Tennessee, and the upward path to usefulness and distinction lay open and easy before him. One only besetting sin forever blighted all his bright prospects; he had an uncontrollable thirst for strong drink. The last we heard of him previous to the news of his death, he was somewhere in an inebriate asylum.

The announcement of Colonel Robert Johnson's decease carries us back to the White House in the first days of Andrew Johnson's Administration. Robert was then one of his father's private secretaries. Col. W. A. Browning was another. Browning was one of the handsomest men in the world—tall, muscular, finely formed, with an open, pleasing countenance, and a complexion as clear, and a skin as fine as Ireland or Nantucket gives to the fairest of women. He had graduated at Yale College, and was a fine *belle lettres* scholar, and a man of many accomplishments. He had been with Mr. Johnson in Tennessee for several years, and went with him to the White House. But his stay was of short duration. He received the appointment of secretary of legation to Mexico. He never left the country, however. The same habit which has now carried off young Johnson did its fatal work with him more speedily. He was extremely popular, and the idol of women. Yet we have seen him turn from the loveliest of smiles and from the gayest scenes of festivity, and quietly remark: "My heart is broken—I have no wish to live."

Mr. Browning was married when quite young to a beautiful girl, who lived but a short time after her marriage. He never seemed to recover, in any degree, from the shock of her death. On the contrary, the pain of separation seemed constantly to deepen and grow more poignant in his heart. The last time we met him was in Washington, only a short time before his death. In the course of a brief conversation he said: "I have just parted with the most beautiful woman in America; but my heart is buried in my wife's grave and I want to die."

Soon afterward, he shut himself up in a room, and deliberately drank whiskey until it killed him. At the beginning of the time of which we speak, another inmate of

the White House was Preston King. How jolly he looked and felt—and how his hearty laugh shook his great, heavy sides! King, though a mild-mannered man, and a lawyer by education, had been an athlete and a fighter in his young days, and was always a bit of a dandy, weighing, we should say, upward of an eighth of a ton. He used to receive at the White House, arrayed in white pants and vest, and wearing something like the old-fashioned pump shoes, highly polished—such as Prosper M. Wetmore used to wear when he called on Secretary of State Marcy.

As we have said, Mr. King felt very jolly now. He was the President's other self, and had things his own way. He considered that he had been snubbed and badly treated by the Seward men, in the election of Morgan to supersede him, when he had served only one term in the Senate; but now he was greater than Seward; for was he not almost as good as President, while Seward was only Secretary of State?

Alas! that very elevation to power was the cause of Mr. King's awful and untimely death. His influence—his ascendancy—at the White House was felt to be altogether too great by the jealous and envious politicians with whose purposes it interfered. They cunningly contrived to banish him to honorable exile, by making him collector of the port of New York, an office for which he had neither taste nor adaptation. Its perplexing, complicated, and harassing duties—and, we have always thought, the discovery of the trick which had been practiced upon him—preyed upon his mind, until his reason tottered and yielded. With the cunning of a determined madman, he stole away from the friendly keeper who undertook to watch him; and having purchased a large bag of shot, he tied it securely to his neck, then took passage on a ferry-boat, and sprang from its deck into the North River. Several months afterward, his body rose to the surface, and floated ashore, where it was discovered and recognized; and it was taken to his home at Ogdensburg, and buried.

The good old man, who was steward at the White House then, and whose face was so familiar to so many—he too is dead. He was followed to his grave by sincere mourners, among whom were the President and his family.

When we recall all these, and we think of Old Abe, and of his darling little son Willie, who yielded up his young spirit in that house—and we see the great crowd surging in and out of the grand receptions of the new powers that be—we pause for a moment to wonder whether the living who are there to-day ever think of those who were there in all the power and pride of state so short a time ago, and who may now be fitting as unsubstantial shadows among them!—N. Y. Ledger.

DEATH OF WM. R. HUNT, ESQ.—The Columbia Phoenix, of Saturday, announces the decease, in that city on Friday, of Wm. R. Hunt, Esq. Mr. Hunt was for many years employed as clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, and by his admirable business qualities so recommended himself to the Legislature of South Carolina that he was elected first to the office of Surveyor-General, and afterwards to that of Secretary of State. During the period of fifteen years in which he was engaged in the State Department, he also filled the post of Deputy Comptroller-General. Mr. Hunt had acquired in his term of service a large and varied experience. He died a victim to consumption, at the age of thirty-five. The State has sustained in his death the loss of a good and valuable citizen.

BROWNLOW publishes a letter in favor of universal suffrage. He says for the Republicans of Tennessee to continue the restrictive policy when the party everywhere else opposes it, is mischievous and ridiculous.

A CHICAGO paper advises Sprague, if he wants a rich wife, to pay the verdict and marry Amanda.

THE New Orleans Times makes the following very significant remarks in relation to the very able document on Southern manufacturing by Col. J. B. Palmer, presented to the Memphis and New Orleans Commercial Conventions, by our delegate Dr. E. H. Heintzel. We hope the suggestions will be acted upon, and that we shall see looming up in our midst a thousand spindles, spinning to the tune give us this way our daily bread. The true interest of the South is to manufacture her raw material into an element of increased value, to the commercial world, thereby securing its own labor and dispensing its blessing at home.

According to the able report of Col. John B. Palmer, of South Carolina, which was ordered to be printed with the proceedings of the last Commercial Convention, recently held in this city, the Southern manufacturers can now make yarn cheaper than those North by 5c. upon each pound of manufactured cotton. Yarns can be manufactured and delivered in Europe at 4 1/2 c. cheaper than the cotton can be exported and manufactured in Liverpool or elsewhere. These statements are supported by figures, and minute statistics as to the price of wood, labor, cotton, and by actual showing of books in different factories. An ordinary crop of cotton is worth to the South \$225,000,000. Were this cotton crop, however, manufactured into yarns, it would give the South \$150,000,000 more of revenue. As the matter now stands, the South has only 199,772 spindles, where the North has 5,848,477. Were the whole crop manufactured here it would pay to the laborers, chiefly women and children, \$36,000,000. It would pay this sum to the class that are ordinarily non-producers.

The foregoing statistics are indorsed by F. Cugin, Superintendent of the Augusta factory, and that they deserve consideration there can be no doubt. The conclusion they lead to is that yarn samples should be sent immediately to Europe to ascertain, by positive experiment, and in authoritative form, what the precise margin of difference in prices is. If, after consultation with the manufacturers, dealers and others, residing in Europe, these statistics are verified, as they doubtless will be, an impetus will be given to manufactures which they could derive from no other source.

THE City of Worms is one of the most interesting places in Germany connected with the history of Lutheranism. The great Protestant Congress which assembled there on Monday appears to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Luther, and took the same stand against the Pope (Pius IX) which the great heretic himself took against the Pope (Leo X) when, 348 years ago, he appeared before the Diet of Worms, and in the brilliant presence of the Emperor, the princes and nobles, the church dignitaries, and a great concourse of spectators. As the apostle of the Reformation, Luther at that time boldly challenged the authority of the Pope. So now, after the lapse of centuries, his followers met to renew the challenge, and uphold the spiritual independence which Luther then asserted at the peril of his life. The magnificent monument of Luther which stands in the City of Worms is a less worthy commemoration of his character than the Congress which has just been held to re-assert his principles.

THE Confederate monument at Cynthiana, Kentucky, is said to be quite a work of art. It is twenty-two feet in height, and rests on a granite pedestal. On the north side, in bas relief, are the emblematic palmetto branch and laurel sprig, above a group of guns, swords, drums and standards. The monument is surmounted with a Confederate flag, beneath the folds of which are disclosed the stars and bars. The monument was made in Italy, and cost \$2,250.

SMALL women are noticeable for the greatness of their sighs.

Put too belles together, they rarely chime.

A FAVORITE box with the ladies—Band-box.

ARE WE COMING TO IMPERIALISM?—The New York Round Table discusses the question—"Are we drifting into Imperialism?"—in this strain:

"In plain sooth, the age of sensuality, of unchecked corruption, of dense, gross ignorance is coming down on us like night. A free press should have given more notes of warning than it has; but the press dislikes, in a free country, to print unpalatable truth, even when it discerns such truth, and the journals that profess "fearless devotion to principle" are notoriously the ones whose articles betray the most laborious solicitude to catch the applause and flatter the prejudice of the greatest number. Meanwhile, at what are called our "great centres," coarse brutes, who ought to be digging railways or drawing hand carts, lay down the law for the whole community, and by dint of vast wealth amassed under circumstances impossible in any other civilized country, degrade the social tone and spread in every direction an unbridled rage for pleasures of the senses. Intellectual elevation or ambition is scoffed at, and those who strive to dictate a taste for better things are either hated or despised. Nothing is thought of but the delights of the table, of fine clothes, of showy dwellings and equipages—in a word, of physical raptures of every description. If there is at present anything else—whether in the pulpit, in theatre, or in literature—the pill must be gilded so as to appear "sensational." All this is so widely admitted, so shamefully notorious, that its recital is trite enough; we repeat it merely in elucidation of the subject under discussion. It is impossible, when people think all things of their bodies and nothing of their minds, that either a Democratic or any other pure form of government can long be maintained. Unless a great change comes over American people, it will not be maintained by themselves. They are rushing toward the precipice at railway speed, and the universal corruption that good men deplore, is the prelude of a decomposition which is certain fate."

THE New York Tribune says: "Our Government must be republican or despotic, and that a rule based on the proscription of a full third of the adult males—this third comprising two thirds of the property, with a very large share of the natural ability, experience and intelligence, which are presumed to fit men for a responsible participation in politics—is questionably republican. It may do—nay, it must—in the immediate presence of a formidable rebellion; it cannot be maintained indefinitely after that rebellion has thrown down its arms. Our Southern Republicans are quite free in telling us what they must have, and how impossible it is they should live under rebel rule; we tell them, in turn, that it is impossible that we should perpetuate a rule over the South, in which the people of the South, or any considerable share of them, are denied a voice. If we should attempt to do it, we should simply sacrifice our ascendancy in the North, and they can judge where this would leave the Republicans of the South. We can do and dare much here for equal human rights. We are a shorn Sampson whenever we shall undertake to argue and insist that a part of the Southern people ought to be disfranchised and powerless forevermore. We know that we can maintain no such position, and we are nowise inclined to attempt it."

A poor man came to a minister and begged to be unmarried.—The minister assured him that it was out of the question, and urged him to put away the notion of anything so absurd. The man insisted that the marriage could not hold good, for the wife was worse than a devil. The minister demurred, saying that was quite impossible. "No," said the poor man, "the Bible tells ye, that if ye resist the devil, he flees from ye; but if ye resist her, she flees at ye."

THE essay on man—a woman's attempt to marry him.

THE bread of idleness has been discovered. It is loafing.