

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 2.

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The Southern Enterprise,
A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

WILLIAM P. PRICE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

\$1 50, payable in advance; \$2 if delayed.
CLUBS OF FIVE and upwards \$1, the money
in every instance to accompany the order.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted conspicuously at
the rate of 75 cents per square of 3 lines, and
25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Con-
tracts for yearly advertising made reasonable.

Published by W. P. PRICE.

Original Poetry.

A SONG FOR THE BRANDY SELLER.

Turn—"Old Dan Tucker."
On all the crimes that'er have been
Selling liquor is the worst sin,
It's caused more misery pain and woe,
Than any other crime below.

Get out of the way, you brandy seller,
Get out of the way, you brandy seller,
Get out of the way, you brandy seller,
You've ruined many a clever fellow.

You've spread distress on every hand,
And scattered strife all o'er the land—
You've turned the husband to a knave,
And made the wife to be a slave.
Get out of the way, &c.

You've took the shoes from women's feet,
And bread the children need to eat,
You've robbed them of their winter clothes,
Left them naked and almost froze,
Get out of the way, &c.

You've made the father hate the child,
And drove the mother almost wild—
When in his drunken sleep at night,
He often puts them all to flight.
Get out of the way, &c.

You've caused many a child to cry,
And tears to stream from mother's eyes,
When off she's heard them cry for bread,
And hungry they must go to bed,
Get out of the way, &c.

You've robbed the strong man of his strength,
And laid them down in mud full length,
And left him there to lie and roll,
Drunk as a beast in a mud hole.
Get out of the way, &c.

You're guilty of the meanest thing,
Perhaps that yet has ever been,
You've robbed the rich, and wronged the poor,
You've turned the needy from your door.
Get out of the way, &c.

You've crowned some mighty kings with mud,
Some palaces you've filled with blood,
You've brought some mighty cities low,
And proved some Nation's overthrow.
Get out of the way, &c.

And now I tell you plainly, sir,
With rum you know you've gone too far,
You've led many a man astray,
I warn you of the judgement day,
Get out of the way, &c.

Give Him All.

An Indian, who heard a sermon in a
Christian settlement, who was much moved
by the claims that he should "give up all to
God." The duty pressed upon his heart;
he returned to his wigwam, he meditated
upon it, and at length solemnly resolved to
do what God had required. First, he took
his rifle, and set it a part for the Lord; then
his fishing apparatus; then his scanty furni-
ture; then his blanket;—repeating as he
set apart each article, "Here, Lord, take
that." Finding himself utterly destitute,
having given up all, he yet felt that he was
forsaken of God, and was in great distress.
The darkness of despair came over him. In
this, his last extremity, he laid himself upon
the altar saying, "Here, Lord, take a poor
Indian. The offering was accepted; and
there alone, bereft of human help or hope,
his poor desponding savage, was delivered
from the power of sin, and made an heir of
glory. He soon learned to read, and was
supplied with a Bible, which he made his
daily companion; he was happy in solitude,
or with Christian friends, to whom he
often remarked, that when he gave himself
to the Lord, the Lord gave him "all things."

How to "Go It."—Go it strong in your
pursue of the absent. Some of it will be sure
to get around.
Go it strong when you make love to a
pretty widow. More people have erred by
a little than too much in this particular.
Go it strong when taking up contributions
for a charitable purpose. It will pay.
Go it strong when you make a public
speech. Nine people out of ten never take
any notice unless it suits like a short
hand whip to the conscience cow-hide.
Go it strong when you advertise. Busi-
ness is like a mill-race—the best supporters
are full columns.

An Interesting Story.

The Lost Boy.

The editor of the Sandusky *Mirror* was
formerly Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary.
He gives the following as one of the inci-
dents which occurred while he had control of
the institution:

I had been a few months in charge of
the prison, when my attention was attracted
to, and a deep interest felt in the numerous
boys and young men who were confined
therein, and permitted to work in the same
shops with the old and hardened convicts.—
This interest was much increased on every
evening, as I saw them congregate in gangs
marching to their silent meals and thence
to their gloomy bedrooms, which are more like
living sepulchres, with iron shrouds than
sleeping apartments. These young men and
boys being generally the shortest in their
height, brought up the rear of the companies,
as they marched to the terrible "lock step,"
and consequently most easily attracted at-
tention. To see many youthful forms and
bright countenances, mingled with the old
and hardened scoundrels whose visages be-
tokened vice, malice, and crime, was sickening
to the soul. But there was one among
the boys, a lad of about seventeen years of
age, who had particularly attracted my at-
tention; not from anything superior in his
countenance or general appearance, but by
the look of utter despair which sat upon his
brow, and the silent uncomplaining manner
in which he submitted to all the hardships
and degradations of prison life. He was of-
ten complained of, by both officers and men,
and I thought unnecessarily, for light and
trivial offences against the rules of propriety;
yet he had no excuse or apology, and never
denying the charge. He took the reprimand,
and once the punishment, without a
tear of murmur, almost as a matter of course
speaking thankful that it was no worse. He
had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed
the light of home, parents and friends, if not
the luxuries of life. But the light of hope
seemed to have gone out—his health was
poor—his frame fragile, and no fire beamed
in his dark eye. I thought, every night as
I saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I
would go to him and learn his history; but
there were so many duties to perform, so
much to learn, and do, that day after day
passed and I would neglect him. I learned
that his name was Arthur Lamb, and that
his crime was burglary and larceny, indicat-
ing a very bad boy for one so young. He
had already been there a year, and had two
years to serve. He never could outlive his
sentence, and his countenance indicated he
felt it. He had worked at stone-cutting on
the State-house, hence my opportunities for
seeing him were less than though he had
worked in the prison-yard; still his pale face
haunted me day and night, and I resolved
on the next Sabbath, as he came from Sab-
bath School, I would send for him and learn
his history. It happened, however, that I was
one day in a store waiting for the transac-
tion of some business, and having picked up
an old newspaper, I had read and re-read,
while delayed, until at last my eyes fell upon
an advertisement of "A Lost Boy! Informa-
tion wanted of a boy named Arthur—"
(I will not give his real name for perhaps he
is still living,) and then followed a descrip-
tion of the boy, exactly corresponding with
that of the convict, Arthur Lamb. Then
there was somebody who cared for the poor
boy, if indeed, it was him—perhaps a moth-
er, his father, his brothers his sisters, who
were searching for him. The advertisement
was nearly a year old, yet I doubted not,
and as soon as the convicts were locked up
I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came, as a
matter of course, with the same pale uncom-
plaining face and hopeless gait, thinking no
doubt, that something had gone wrong and
had been laid to his charge.

I was examining the Convict's Register,
when I looked up, there stood—a perfect
image of despair! I asked his name. He
replied "Arthur!" Arthur what? said I
sternly. "Arthur—Lamb!" said he hesi-
tatingly.

"Have you a father of mother living?"
His eye brightened—his voice quivered, as
he exclaimed:
"Oh, have you heard from mother! Is
she alive? and tears, which I had never seen
him shed before, ran like great rain drops
down his cheeks. As he became calm from
suspense, I told him I had not heard from
his parents, but that I had a paper I wished
him to read. He took the advertisement
which I had cut from the paper, and as he
read it he exclaimed:

"That is me! that is me!" And again
sobs and tears choked his utterances.
I narrated him the advertisement was all I
could tell him of his parents—and that as I
requested information, I desired to know
what I should write in reply. The adver-
tisement directed information to be sent to
the *Christian Chronicle*, New York.
"Oh, do not write," said he, "it will break
poor mother's heart!"
I told him I must write, and it would be
a lighter blow to his mother's feelings to
know where he was, than the terrible uncer-
tainty which must haunt her mind day and
night. So he consented, and taking me to

my room, I drew from him in substance
the following story:

His father was a respectable and wealthy
mechanic in an interior town in the state of
New York. That at the holding of the
State Agricultural Fair in his native town,
he got acquainted with two stranger boys,
who persuaded him to run away from home
and go to the West. He foolishly consented
with high hopes of happy times, new scenes
and great fortune. They came as far as
Cleveland where they remained several
days. One morning the other two boys
came to his room early, and showed him
a large amount of jewelry, etc., which they
said they had won at cards during the night.
Knowing that he was in need of funds to
pay his board, they pressed him to take
some of it, for means to pay his landlord. But
before he had disposed of any of it, they
were all arrested for burglary, and as a por-
tion of the property taken from the store
which had been robbed was in the posses-
sion he too, was tried, convicted. He had
no friends, no money, and dared not write
home, so hope sank within him. He resign-
ed himself to fate, never expecting to get
out of prison, or to see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of the convicts who came
with him on the same charge, I learned that
what Arthur had stated was true, and that
his only crime was keeping bad company,
leaving his home and unknowingly receiving
stolen goods. Questioned separately, they
all told the same story, and left no doubt on
my mind of the boy's innocence. Full of
compassion for the little fellow, I sat down
and wrote a full description of Arthur, his
condition and history as I obtained it from
him—painting the horrors of the place, the
hopelessness of being reformed there, even if
guilty, and the probability of his never liv-
ing out his sentence, and describing the pro-
cess to be used to gain his pardon. This I
sent according to directions in the advertise-
ment. But week after week passed and no
answer came. The boy daily inquired if I
had heard from his mother until at last
"hope long deferred seemed to make the
heart sick," and again he drooped and pined.
At length a letter came—such a letter! It
was from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New
York. He had been absent to a distant city,
but the moment he read the letter the
good man responded. The father of the
boy had become almost insane on account
of his son's long and mysterious absence; he
had left his former place of residence—had
moved from city to city—from town to town
—and traveled up and down the country
seeking the loved and lost. He had spent
the most of a handsome fortune; his wife,
the boy's mother, was on the brink of the
grave pining for her first-born, and would
not be comforted. They then lived in a
western city, whither they had gone in the
hope of finding or forgetting their boy, or
that a change of scene might assuage their
grief. He thanked me for my letter which
he had sent to his father, and promised his
assistance to secure the convict's pardon.—
This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed
pained and pleased; hope and fear, joy and
grief filled his heart alternately; but from
thence his eye was brighter, his step was
lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every
nerve.

Days passed—and at last a man came to
the prison, rushing frantically into the office
demanding to see the boy. "My boy! my
boy! Oh, let me see him!" The clerk,
who knew nothing of the matter, calmly
asked him for the name of his son, "Arthur
—." "No such name on our books: your
son cannot be here." "He is here—show
him to me. Here, sir, is your own letter;
why do you mock me?" The clerk looked
over the letter; saw at once that Arthur
Lamb was the convict wanted, and rang the
bell for the Messenger. "There is the warden,
sir; it was his letter you showed." The
old man embraced me and wept like a child.
A thousand times he thanked me, and in the
name of his wife, heaped blessings on my
head. But the rattling of the great iron
door, and the grating sound of its hinges,
indicated the approach of Arthur, and I con-
ducted the excited parent into a parlor. I
then led his son to his embrace. Such a
half-sob and agonizing groan as the old man
gave when he beheld the altered coun-
tenance of his boy, as he stood clad in the
degrading stripes, and holding a convict's
cap in his hand, I never heard before. I
have seen similar scenes since, and became
inured to them, but this one seemed as if
it would burst my brain.

I drew up and signed a petition for the
pardon of the young convict, and such a
deep and favorable impression did the letter
I wrote in answer to the advertisement, have
upon the directors, that they readily joined
in the petition. Gov. Wood was easily pre-
vailed upon in such a case, and the pardon
was granted.

Need I describe the old man's joy? How
he laughed and wept—walked and ran—
impatient to see his son set free! When
the lad came out in citizen's dress, the aged
parent was too full for utterance. He hug-
ged the released convict to his bosom and
kissed him—wept and prayed. Grasping
my hand he tendered me his farm, his gold
watch; anything that I would take. Pain-
ed at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took
the old man's arm in mine, and his boy by
the hand, and escorted them to the gate, fit-

rally bowing them away. I never saw them
more. But the young man is doing well,
and long may he live to reward the filial af-
fection of his parents.

This case may be but one among a hun-
dred where the innocence of the convict is
clear—but even where guilt is clear there
should be pity for youth, and some proper
means taken to restore them to the path of
rectitude and honor!

Miscellaneous Reading.

Origin of "Seeing the Elephant."

Some thirty years since, at one of the
Philadelphia Theatres, a pageant was in re-
hearsal, in which it was necessary to have
an elephant. No elephant was to be had.
The "wild beasts" were all travelling, and
the property man, stage director and man-
agers, almost had fits when they thought of
it. Days passed in the hopeless task of try-
ing to secure one; but at last Yankee ingenu-
ity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and
an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins,
paint and varnish. Thus far the matter was
all very well, but as yet, they had found no
means to make said combination travel.
Here again the genius of the managers, the
stage director and property man stuck out,
and two "brothers" were duly installed as
legs. Ned C—, one of the true and genu-
ine "b'hoys," held the responsible station of
fore legs, and for several nights he played
that heavy part to the entire satisfaction of
the managers and the delight of the audi-
ence.

The part, however was a very tedious one,
as the elephant was obliged to be on the
stage for about an hour, and Ned was rather
too fond of the bottle to remain so long with-
out "wetting his whistle," so he set his wits
to work to find a way to carry a weep drop
with him. The eyes of the elephant being
made of two porter bottles, with the neck in,
Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling
them with good stuff. This he fully carried
out: and elated with success he willingly
undertook to play fore legs again.

Night came on—the theatre was densely
crowded with the denizens of the Quaker
city.
The music was played in sweetest strains
—the curtain rose and the play began. Ned
and "hind legs" marched upon the stage.
The elephant was greeted with round upon
round of applause. The decorations and the
trappings were gorgeous. The elephant and
the prince seated upon his back were loudly
cheered. The play proceeded; the elephant
was marched round and round upon the
stage. The fore legs got dry, withdrew one
of the corks, and treated the hind legs, and
then drank the health of the audience in a
bumper of genuine elephant eye whisky, a
brand, by the way, till then unknown. On
went the play and on went Ned drinking.
The conclusion march was to be made—the
signal was given, and the fore legs staggered
towards the front of the stage. The conduc-
tor pulled the ears of the elephant to the
right—the fore legs staggered to the left.
The foot lights obstructed the way, and he
raised his foot and stepped plump into the
orchestra? Down went the fore legs to the
leader's fiddle—over, of course, turned the
elephant, sending the prince and hind legs
into the middle of the pit. The manager stood
horror struck—the prince and the hind legs
lay confounded, the boxes in convulsions,
the actors choking with laughter, and poor Ned,
casting one look, a strange blending
of drunkenness, grief and laughter at the
scene, fled hastily out of the theatre closely
followed by the leader with the wreck of
his fiddle, performing various cut and thrust
motions in the air. The curtain dropped on
a scene behind the scenes. No more pageant
—no more fore legs—but everybody held
their sides. Music, actors, pit, boxes and
gallery, rushed from the theatre, shrieking
through every breath—"Have you seen the
Elephant?"

Soil Best Adapted to the Culture of Wheat.

ALL of our commonly cultivated plants
are composed of precisely the same elements,
the only chemical difference being the relative
proportions in which the same elements unite
to form the plant; so that if a soil will pro-
duce any one of our cultivated crops it possesses
the capacity, so far as the elements of plants
are concerned, of growing any other crop to
some extent. In judging of the best kind of
plants to be cultivated on any particular soil,
therefore, we have to look to the relative
proportions in which the elements of plants
exist in the soil, and adopt that class
of plants which requires most of the
particular elements in which the soil
abounds, or requires least of those in
which it is deficient. This would seem to
be a common sense view of the subject, yet
there are many other circumstances, often
overlooked, which, if considered, would ma-
terially affect our conclusions. In a large
crop of corn there are all the elements which
a large crop of wheat contains, and also in
larger quantities, yet there are thousands of

acres of land that produce immense crops of
corn that cannot be profitably cultivated with
wheat. A good wheat soil will always pro-
duce a good crop of corn if properly tilled,
while much of our best corn land will not pro-
duce wheat under ordinary culture. The
cause of this great difference is not, we have
shown, owing to a deficiency in the soil of
any element of the wheat plant, for the re-
quirements of the corn crop are identical in
kind and greater in quantity than that of
wheat. It must, therefore, be owing either
to the manner in which the various elements
are assimilated by the plant, or the existence
in the soil of some substance, which though
sufficient, it may exist in a corn crop soil
for the actual demands of the wheat
crop, yet from the different habits of the
two plants, a much larger quantity may
be necessary for the performance of the
healthy functions of the wheat than the corn
plant. This substance is most probably clay;
for all soils, which experience proves to be
the best adapted to wheat culture, abound
with this substance and lime. The reason
why clay is so much more necessary and be-
neficial for wheat than for corn, is not clear-
ly understood.

In light soil the wheat plant is found to
throw out its lateral roots very near the sur-
face, while in a clayey or heavy soil it is
more inclined to tap, and the lateral fibrous
roots are at a greater depth. In the former
case the plant would be more likely to heave
out in the spring, while in the latter it would
be better able to stand the vicissitudes of
cold and heat, from the roots being at a
greater depth, and having a firmer hold of
the soil. It is therefore probable that one of
the benefits which the wheat plant derives
from clay, is its preventing the extension of
fibrous surface roots, and forcing the plant
to grow out a single tap root, which descends
much deeper and takes a firmer hold of the
soil.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Beards vs. Smooth Faces
Many of your "smooth faced" men say,
wearing the beard looks unbusiness like, and
forfeits confidence. Others assert that it is
a piece of egregious vanity to wear the
beard; in fact, they seem to consider that
they have a perfect right to say everything
that is "disagreeable respecting beards."
In standing up in defence of beards, I
must say that this assertion about vanity is
utterly illogical. A beard grows naturally
on a man's face; undoubtedly, if we did but
know it, for some good and wise purpose.
Hair grows on the head and eyebrows, as
well on the cheeks and chin. Now if a man
were to shave the hair off his head and
brows, as he does from his chin, the chances
are that he would be thoroughly laughed at,
and yet one proceeding would not be a whit
more senseless than the other.

There is one certain fact I would mention
with regard to beards. It is this: As a
general rule, every man with a beard is a
man of strongly-marked individuality—fre-
quently genius—has formed his own opin-
ions—is straightforward, to a certain degree,
frequently reckless—but will not fawn or
cringe to any man. The very fact of his
wearing a beard, in the face, as it were, of
society, is a proof that his heart and con-
science is above the paltry aid of a daily pen-
ny shave.

If men would not shave from boyhood up,
they would find their beards would be flow-
ing, their moustaches light and airy, both
adding a dignity to manhood and a venera-
bility to age, to which shorn humanity
must be strangers.
But the beard is not merely for ornament,
it is for use. Nature never does anything
in vain, she is economical and wastes nothing.
She would never erect a bulwark were
there no enemy to invade it. The beard is
intended as a bulwark, and designed for the
protection of the health. The beard has a
tendency to prevent diseases of the lungs by
guarding their portals. The moustache pre-
ticularly, as we have already seen, prevents
the admission of particles of dust into the
lungs, which are the fruitful cause of disease.
It also forms a respirator more efficient than
the cunning hands of man can fabricate.
Man fashions his respirator of wire, curiously
wrought; nature makes hers of hair
placed where it belongs, and not requiring
to be put on like a muzzle. Diseases of the
head and throat are also prevented by wear-
ing the beard.

A Thick-Headed Husband.

A rickety old lady who was too unwell to
attend meeting, used to send her thick-head-
ed husband to church, to find out the text
the preacher selected as the foundation of
his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely
fortunate enough to remember the words of
the text, or even the chapter or verse where
they could be found; but one Sabbath he
ran home in hot haste, and with a smirk of
self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife
that he could repeat every word without mis-
sing a syllable. The words follow:—An an-
gel came down from Heaven and took a live
coal from the altar.
"Well, let us have the text," remarked the
good woman.
"Know every word," replied the husband.
"I am anxious to hear it," continued the
wife.

"They are nice words," observed the hus-
band.

"I am glad your memory is improving but
don't keep me in suspense, my dear."
"Just get your big bible, and I will say the
words for I know them by heart. Why, I
said them a hundred times on my way home."
"Well now, let's hear them."
"Ahem," said the husband, clearing out
his throat. "An Ingen came down from
New Haven and took a live coal by the tail
and jerked him out of his halter."

The Way it Should be Done.

"MOTHER, how is the flour barrel? It's
getting low," said a finely built man, as he
paused for a moment before leaving the
house where his grey-headed parents lived;
"I must send you some I have lately bought
of the No. 7 brand, just for you to try; upon
my word it makes the nicest and sweet-
est biscuit that I have tasted—and you'll say
so, I think."

And next day came the barrel of flour, but
not alone. There was a good supply of cof-
fee and tea, and a dozen little niceties and
all for the old folks to try. That man knew
the value of kind parents. He was a son to
be proud of. Were any repairs to be done,
he found out almost intuitively; and he never
er called upon them with his hands empty.
Something "that mother loved," or would
make "father think of old times," invariably
found its way into their pantry. And he ac-
tually seemed to like nothing so well as to
leave in their absence some token of goodness
and respect for those who had worn their
lives out in serving him.

But ah! how many leave their parents
desolate, and in need, or give them a place
by their fireside where they expected to dote
and work out the obligations. Is it any
wonder that such individuals, conscious that
they are in the way, grow querulous and
fretful, and die, perhaps, unregretted. Oth-
ers are ashamed of their honest old parents—
shame on them—and keep them in some by-
place, giving them a small pittance upon
which they can barely subsist.

A would-be fashionable young lady who
had sacrificed everything to appearance,
once told some of her newly-made acquaint-
ances, that the familiar old man laboring in
the yard, was the woodsawyer. Having
gone thus far, she was base enough to carry
out the lie, and when he came in for a mo-
ment, and stood upon the threshold of the
door with a childish smile warming his wrink-
led face into sunniness as he gazed upon their
merriment, instead of calling him by the dear
name of father, she schooled herself to say,
coldly, pointing to the yard, "we can't pay
you till the whole is done." The old father
gazed for a moment in astonishment, com-
prehended her duplicity, and turned away bro-
ken-hearted. Truly, then, the iron entered
his soul, for

"O! who can tell
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

Sweeter praise can never be than that
a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that
has led him gently from sorrow, and is even
now smoothing the cold brow damp with the
spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as
your tears fall upon the sod that covers the
gray-haired father, that you were ever kind
and loving to him; that you gave cheer-
fully of your abundance, and never caused him
to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering an-
gels we call father and mother. Angels,
though earthly, have they ever been, from
the time that Adam and Eve gazed upon
their first-born, as he slept amid roses, with
the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and the cher-
ub form, were all mysterious to them.—
Willingly they have suffered for us, let us
bless them in our heart of hearts, and allow
no love of gain or pride of position, to tear
them thence.

"Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind has she been.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
None loved thee so fondly as he;
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,
And smiled at thy innocent glee."

AN IRISH WARDROBE.—At an auc-
tion sale in a country town, a trunk was
put up, when one of a party of Irish
laborers observed to a companion:
"Pat, I think you should buy that
trunk." "An' what should I do wid
it?" replied Pat, with some degree of
astonishment, "Put your clothes in it,"
was his adviser's reply. Pat gazed
upon him with a look of surprise, and
then, with that laconic eloquence
which is peculiar to a son of the Em-
erald Isle; exclaimed—"And go wid
it!"

ROYAL ANTICIPATIONS.—The Royal
Prussian *Gazette* states that Queen
Victoria and Prin Albert are to
stand godfather and godmother to the
Prince or Princess which is shortly ex-
pected to increase the Imperial fam-
ily of France.