

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 2.

GREENVILLE, S. C.: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1855.

NO. 33.

The Southern Enterprise,
A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

WILLIAM F. PRICE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.
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Selected Poetry.

The Old Year.

BY PHENE MAY.

Twine ye a wreath of the holly leaves,
Of the holly berries red,
With loose ears from the golden sheaves
For the Old Year's honored head.
The Old Year, soon doth he pass away—
We shall see his face no more;
He hath lost the sceptre of his sway—
He flies to the shadow shore.
And as alone he speedeth far,
Pursues him swift and near,
Leaning forth from his flying car,
The young impatient year.
Old Year, there are pleasant thoughts with
And thy familiar face, [those,
Like the face of a parting friend, do we
In the deepening distance trace.
You have given us gifts with a lavish hand,
You scattered the summer flowers,
You strew'd with its gem the laughing land
And vested the vernal bowers.
And the autumn's mellow fruits were thine,
And the autumn's golden sheaves,
And the purple clusters of the vine,
And the gorgeous sunset evens.
And what, tho' your parting path be red
With the death of leaves and flowers,
Tho' stark they rustle beneath your tread
As you fly through the forest bowers.
Still, still dost thou crown the happy earth
With gems of crystal bright,
And leavest her dancing in Christmas mirth
Like a young bride robed in white.

A Select Story.

The Village Funeral.

BY REV. E. G. SMITH.

The bell had given the usual summons at the time appointed; and soon the villagers obeying the signal which called them to the house of mourning, to mingle their sympathies with the bereaved, were seen in little groups of two, three or more, slowly gathering at the spot. It was near a white house with green blinds, and inclosed within a white paling, facing an open green near the church, and the burial place and the occasion was one which drew together a larger concourse than usually attend. As I was then on a visit to my native place and acquainted with the bereaved family, I thought it suitable to unite my sympathies with those of others, and accordingly went to the house with some friends soon after the villagers had begun to assemble. We entered and found a few persons seated in silence in the rooms, all of which were opened for the purpose. In one of them near the entrance was placed the coffin, which held the lifeless remains. It was the corpse of a little child of about two years old, and a circumstance which rendered the event still more afflictive—it was a favorite child of a widowed mother.
Her husband had been called away from his labors about two years before, and she was left in the desolateness of her widowhood with her family of little ones, of which this was the youngest and bore his father's cherished name. The father at the time of his death, was the pastor in that village, and it happened that I had then spent a day or two there, and witnessed the funeral of the pastor and father. As I now stood beside the coffin and looked on the wan features of the child I could not but recall those circumstances to my mind, and the mournful procession I had seen scarcely two years before, seemed to pass in view before me. The widow and the mother then could not join that slow moving hearse, and the mourning friends. But now she was to visit that oft-frequented grave to be henceforth endeared to her heart, by a new deposit for the child was to be laid to slumber beside its father, and the kindred dust to be mingled together. The features as they appeared in death bore the marks of past suffering, yet composedly rested there, and

"Something like a smile did play
Over the dead insensate clay,
As if a happy dream had shed,
A halo round that guileless head."

The child—how many hopes had been laid upon it—how often the mother's arms of love had encircled it—how frequent beamed her eye with delight as she won its smile, and how had she quickened her ear to catch the sound of its prattle! How constant had the thought of the father gone, dwell in her mind as its name was uttered, and it had been marked proceeding from one stage of its infancy to another. The voice of prayer—how urgently and affectionately had it been breathed over it, and its tender hands clasped to teach it to pray. And in its sickness when disease strode on, and the little sufferer sank under its progress, how unremitting had been the care that had been given to it, the vigilance of attention with which its wants had been regarded, and the many appliances with which it had been sought to be soothed. And now, all was over, the cherub spirit had fled, and all that remained of its loved image save in memory's linings was to be taken away. It was indeed a house of mourning, to which we were summoned.

As we passed on and took our seats, all was still. Now and then some one with saddened visage entered with noiseless step, and after turning to glance at the little sleeper, would be seated, or stand in one of the rooms, or at the entrance appropriated to the purpose. Of these many were females, and not a few of them mothers; some of them had been called to similar trials, to mourn over their hopes of childhood, blasted in the bud, and now they were present to weep with one who before might perhaps, have wept with them. It was not difficult to divine the thoughts which might then be passing through their minds. Remembrance doubtless, was busy in giving back to them their dead, and the similar scenes to which they have been called—Oh, yes, to be shorn so of our tender branches that have climbed up around our hearts and seemed to add a grace and beauty to our abode—to feel the cutting off from us of objects appreciated with so many thickly crowded events of life—though we may feel that we need the pruning, it is painful, and many an after scene, will find us going back to cling in thought to those beloved and departed little ones. True, but for such breaches in our family circle, as one well observes, the very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imagination and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand those who have lost an infant, are never without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone, is rendered an immortal child.—Death has arrested it with his kind yet harshness and blessed it into an eternal image of youthfulness and innocence.

So they passed in, one after another, each face saddened and all so silent and thoughtful that no one could doubt this to be the house of death. There too, were the playmates and friends of the boy; children of various ages and stature; little boys and girls gathered with their parents and acquaintances, for little Henry had been a pretty, gentle one and beloved by those who knew him. On the countenances of some of these young-est, could be read the inquiry mingled with a certain sadness of air, caught sympathetically from those older, 'What is the meaning of this?' They had heard that their playmate was dead—they knew that in the coffin there was something that looked like his face and form, but it seemed so different too—What is death? I seemed to be the thought that was then dwelling in their minds. There was a curious saddened expression such as you never see on a similar occasion except on the visage of childhood, and indeed of almost infantile childhood.
But the villagers had now assembled, and the rooms and entries were filled. A slight delay occurred for a moment before the solemn services commenced. They were waiting for the leader of the choir. There is a beautiful simplicity in a village funeral, and in this respect and on account of the more homely, yet apparently hearty sympathy of those present at the scene, it contrasts most favorably with the more formal and ceremonious scenes in the city.
The services were introduced by a hymn appropriately selected, and sung with much apparent feeling. It pointed to the flower, withered and destroyed, it told of winter fleeing and the blossom again in beauty dressed—and it told too, of hope beyond the bounds of time—of the flower that should feel the genial influence of an everlasting spring, and revive again to bloom forever in the paradise of God.
The pastor then made a short and touching address. His own heart, was evidently deeply moved in sympathy with the afflicted family. He was the successor of the child's father in the sacred office there, and he likewise was an inmate in the same dwelling where the little boy had so recently lived, and died. He feelingly alluded to the

character of Christ, as a friend, and one who bore our burdens and carried our sorrows, who evinced his readiness to sympathize with his people, and was so well adapted to comfort them. He then briefly and beautifully spoke of the circumstances which brought us to the house of mourning—some of those present, had known the little stranger, had noticed the opening promise of his short life, and had rejoiced that its widowed mother when made to mourn a husband's departure, had the child as it were to restore him to her heart. Seizing upon this thought, he most happily and soothingly dwelt on the fact, that this little one though now removed from one parent had been received to a welcome from its heavenly father, and that possibly its own departed one had been employed as the guardian Spirit to conduct its spirit to its future eternal abode. He said, that as he looked at it as it lay in its cradle breathing its last breath, he could not but think that it might be, the father's spirit was there the first to greet it, and receive it to his arms of love. It was taken from the evil to come. The loss here then, was a gain to the child in Heaven.—One parent was mourning it left from her arms; another was rejoicing in feeling it to be associated to his blessedness in a better world. Urging these consolations, and they are dear as they are true, on the sorrowing heart he closed with an earnest prayer that God would so strengthen and comfort the mourner as to render this painful trial a source of exalted blessing.

The services finished, the coffin was borne forth and placed in the open air in front of the house, on a table, so that all who wished might take a last look of the dead. On that very grass-plat, how often had his little feet trod! How had the air rung with his childish glee; its little sports were now over, its carol voice had ceased; it was now to be borne away to rest with the dwellers of the grave. The gathered crowd moved slowly from the house of mourning; they began to form the procession and to proceed to the burial-place. The bell tolled with its solemn knell, as we moved on till we reached the spot. For a moment, the coffin was placed on the father's grave, and it seemed as it rested there, an emblem of the spirit, already in the bosom of that parent above. Then it was let down into its last resting place, beside that other grave, and the falling earth soon hid it from our sight. The numerous crowd lingered till the burial was over, and then you might see them scattering in different directions. The widow with her remaining little ones slowly withdrew, to feel how great a void one little child will make in the family circle; to bend the knee in thankfulness to God who had sustained her, and to seek for his continued grace.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE—BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—Guy, Sr., of the National, and Gen. Cass are so much alike, 'tis hard to tell them from which. Last week a gentleman coming down the stairs cried out, "Guy, I can't stand this; being put in the third story; having to tramp three flights of stairs every time I go to my room!" The reply was "Sir! it is not Guy, but General Cass you address." Gent apologized and went out—soon returned; thought he certainly saw Guy, Sr., before him, exclaimed—"Guy! Guy! a good joke—I mistook Old Cass for you just now." "Sir," said the General bluffly, "you meet Old Cass again."

DECIDELY COOL.—The editor of the Columbus (Georgia) Corner Stone gives the following reason for the interest that journal has manifested in the subject of Kansas emigration. It says: We feel no interest in the Kansas question, except that resulting from the hope that they may get up a difficulty over it, which may by possibility result in a dissolution of the Union. We would not, for any other benefit we expect the South to derive from it, turn on our heel for choice whether it shall be a free or a slave State.

A Weldon (N. C.) letter in the Petersburg Express states that a student named Singleton, from Edgecomb county, North Carolina, in an altercation, was shot by a young man named White, from Tennessee. The wound was thought to be mortal.—White has fled.

AN old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz: "Oh, give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead!"

"Dennis, darling, oh, Dennis, what is your doing?" "Whist Biddy, I'm trying an experiment!" "Murder! what is it, did ye say? Why, it's giving hot water to the chickens—I am, so they'll be after laying boiled eggs."

Many a true heart, that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menacing tones of the savage chieftain.

A Bad Habit.

A LADY is justly down upon the too prevalent habit of spitting, so much in practice, and to reform which, like many other things, must be the work of time. How easily acquired—and yet how hard, to get rid of a bad habit! There is one portion of this spitting affair, however, which deserves every execration, viz: the outrage committed upon a fine carpet or hearthrug. What rudeness! and yet we witness it daily. A cowhide—no, nor a rug! won't cure this distemper. Wonder what the showing such slovenly people to the door would effect? even sensible, intelligent men are guilty of this—what, then, can be expected of inferiors?
But hear this lady, the talented Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, upon the odious practice alluded to:—
"The habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meagre in person. They spit themselves to death, and then talk wonderingly about our climate—swell the numbers of those who die of consumption, and look like scarecrows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indecency—but men look solemn, talk grave and spit; just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period.
Boys, as soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—shooting forward the body and the under lip, till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance.
If spitting must be done, the pocket-handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established, should carry an extra handkerchief, that the one 'wisely kept for show' may be as little objectionable as possible.
Seriously, our secretions, if healthily, are never offensive, and never in undue quantities; the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth, causes an extra secretion, which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is seriously taxed to supply the waste—the gums shrink—the teeth fall—the throat is parched—bronchitis first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.
An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence.—The bird never spits, the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent secretes saliva as a deadly poison. If we weep passionately, the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser emotions, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely on the action of our minds, sympathetically, and intimately with all its moods.
Sensitiveness inclines us to swallow down our saliva, while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The scent of roses moistens the lips more than the tongue; lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while, on the contrary, one who is agreeable moistens it. Hence those who weep much have not only dry lips, but an acid mouth.
There is a beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of those glands, but unquestionably weaken the sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits, and you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spittoons, and nature will do her work more generally for man—she will beautify him—whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up!"

Without doubt, this is all true, and 'tis equally true of habit being a "second nature." It is also true of man being the only animal requiring stimulants—and to be, by some, on account of his false position; by others, that he is naturally so—and the highly scientific Dr. Buchanan favors the latter idea. Now, which of these opinions is right? Or, are they both right and both wrong?
But stay. The amiable writer above quoted seems to hazard a middle opinion between the two extremes. Verily, if the bare removal of a spittoon would cure an odious, nay, pernicious habit, it would very soon be accomplished. But the old notions of bygone dogmas are still prevalent—namely, that we can like and dislike just as we please. Now, who likes the taste of that execrable weed—tobacco? There is nothing pleasant about it; the very hogs despise it. Yet man puts into his mouth what even swines refuse! If the lowering of man's high dignity thus could be so easily cured, wouldn't it be soon set about in real earnest!

But not so. Must we have a legislative enactment, too, like that about whiskey drinking, to cure—no, not to cure, but to attempt to cure the evil? Speaking of stimulants—we know a gentleman who, while writing, must have a cup of strong coffee at his elbow. Hazlitt, formerly editor of the London Examiner, and author of the able "Criticism upon Shakespeare," could not write without his glass of brandy—and water in reserve. Keene the celebrated actor,

Cook, and a whole host of others might be named, all requiring stimulants of some kind. Then, there are your opium-eaters, too, using the most deadly of all stimulants!—Napoleon le Grand used an inordinate quantity of snuff—so did Swift. Some, again, cannot even indite a paragraph without the aid of a cigar, and to all this we lastly call out, "bad habit," which, at the best, is none other than a schoolboy explanation.

Henry Ward Beecher attributes much of our shortcomings to our "pale east of thought," as the poet says, or, more properly speaking, to our too sombre education.—In his late lecture upon "Mirthfulness," he says:—
"The better way, he thought, was to put men in the right position and then draw out the exercise of all the faculties. [We have long thought that.] It is true that by locking a horse in a stable he cannot run away; but the true education was to teach him not to run away while he had his liberty. By putting a padlock on all the feelings they would not do evil; but a better plan would be to bury the man at once!"

As if in corroboration of this view of the subject, another writer observes:—
"It is distressing to perambulate our public streets, especially our places of business. Men pass each other like so many walking shadows, each eyeing his neighbor askance, as if inwardly inquiring 'when that fellow is going to pay the balance of that account?'—And this is an undeniable sample of the age we live in."
Now, whence is all this? Is it a natural or an unnatural position we are now in—may, have all along been in? And, if man be naturally an animal requiring stimulation, it might be a much more useful subject of enquiry what will best suit him, and put him in the way of attaining it, than to sit down and coolly tell him, "Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt not do that. All the legislative enactments in the world never did—never can accomplish this purpose."

List Of Acts, Passed December 1855.

1. An Act to grant aid to "The State Agricultural Society of South Carolina."
2. An Act to enlarge the powers of the Commissioned Officers of the City Guard and the Police Officers of the City of Charleston.
3. An Act to incorporate the Landford Manufacturing Company.
4. An Act to amend the charter of the North Eastern Railroad Company, and for other purposes.
5. An Act to establish Clarendon county as a separate Judicial Dist.
6. An Act to authorize the Commissioners of Free Schools for St. Philip's and St. Michael's to sell and convey certain lands.
7. An Act to authorize the City Council of Charleston to close "Little Coming's Creek."
8. An Act to authorize the erection of Gates upon all such roads as are not public highways.
9. An Act to vest the title of the State in certain escheated property in certain persons therein mentioned.
10. An Act to aid the city of Columbia in the construction of new Water Works, and for other purposes.
11. An Act to unite the Morris-Street Baptist Church, Charleston, and the Fourth Baptist Church, Charleston, into one corporation under the name of the "Citadel Square Church."
12. An Act to extend the King's Mountain Railroad.
13. An Act to amend the twelfth section of act, entitled "An Act to incorporate certain Societies, Associations and Companies and to renew and amend the charters of others," passed the 21st day of December, 1854.
14. An Act to lease the State Road over the Saluda Mountains to M. D. Dickey and Oliver Barrett, and for other purposes.
15. An Act to incorporate the Graniteville Cemetery Company.
16. An Act to amend the charter of the Spartanburg and Union Railroad Company in certain particulars.
17. An Act to renew and amend the charter of the Town of Unionville.
18. An Act to amend the charter of the Savannah River Valley Railroad Company.
19. An Act to incorporate certain Religious and Charitable Societies for the Advancement of Education, and to renew the charters of others heretofore granted.
20. An Act for the better regulation of the Commissioners of Cross Roads for Charleston Neck.
21. An Act to change the time for holding the election of Tax Collector for Pickens District.
22. An Act to amend an act, entitled "An Act"—
23. An Act in relation to Kidnapping Seamen.
24. An Act to amend the fourth section of the first article of Constitution of this State.
25. An Act to alter the law in relation to the duties of Ordinaries in taking Administration Bonds.
26. An Act to alter and amend the charter of the Joint Stock Banks of this State.
27. An Act to disband the James Island Boat Company.

28. An Act to repeal the proviso to the first section of an act, entitled "An Act relating to the Survey of the Coast of Carolina, under the authority of the United States."

29. An Act to amend an act, entitled "An Act to change the day for the election and the term of office of the Mayor and Alderman of the city of Charleston, and for other purposes."

30. An Act to provide for a uniform system of measuring Ranging Timber in this State.

31. An Act to incorporate certain Towns and Villages, and to renew and amend certain Charters heretofore granted.

32. An Act to incorporate the Edgefield Railroad Company.

33. An Act to amend an act, entitled "An Act to incorporate the Elmwood Cemetery Company."

34. An Act to raise supplies for the year commencing in October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty five.

35. An Act to incorporate certain Societies, Associations and Companies, and to renew and amend the Charters of others.

36. An Act to prohibit non residents from Hunting, Ducking and Fishing within the limits of this State.

37. An Act to make appropriations for the year commencing in October, 1855.

38. An Act to amend an act, entitled "An Act to incorporate the Town of Hamburg," passed the 10th day of December, 1855.

"Miss Brown, ain't you afraid that your boy will get drowned, goin' in swimmin' so much?" "Well, Miss Smith, I shouldn't wonder, for he's just rogue enough for that."

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.



GREENVILLE, S. C.

Thursday Morning, Dec. 27, 1855.

AGENTS.

E. W. CARR, N. W. cor. of Walnut and Third-st., Philadelphia, is our authorized Agent.
W. M. WALKER, JR., Columbia, S. C.
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A HALF SHEET.

We had concluded at one time to publish our usual paper for Christmas week; but editors are as little prepared to resist the *desires* of other people, and having an accommodating spirit we yielded to his entreaties to be turned loose for a few days. Of course he will *harp* a little, after gaining such a victory—and should he play upon one of a "thousand strings," it matters not to us—the difficulty will rest between him and our efficient town Marshall. If they do not overhaul him, the readers of the *Enterprise* may expect an address from him on New-Year's day—the weather and other circumstances permitting.

MAGISTRATE.

S. D. GOODLETT, Esq., has been appointed Magistrate for the Town of Greenville, in the place of Maj. S. A. TOWNS, resigned.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

We tender our thanks to Messrs. MILLER & METZ, of the *Yorkville Enquirer*, (through the hands of W. P. McDEX, Esq.) for a copy of a pamphlet containing the proceedings of the Celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain, October, 1865, and the addresses of the Hon. JOSE B. PIERSON and Hon. WILLIAM G. BANCROFT, together with the letters of distinguished gentlemen who were invited, and an Appendix furnishing a most interesting account of the Battle and its consequences. All in all, the pamphlet before us displays much taste and credit upon the Committee appointed for the purpose of preparing it. To be had at BRYAN'S Book Store, Columbia. Price 35 cents per copy.

RAIL ROAD-COLLISION.

On last Thursday the up-train passenger engine on the Greenville Road met with serious injury by coming in contact with a freight train. The particulars, as we have learned them, are as follows: The passenger train, from some defect in the engine, had been delayed several hours behind the running schedule, and when some three miles above Newberry, came in collision with a freight train, which was also behind time, causing great damage to the machinery of both. Fortunately no lives were lost, but we regret to see that the Mail Agent, Mr. O. H. WEAVER, received a very serious injury, not serious ones, however. A freeman had his leg severely mangled, and several of the passengers were more or less hurt by the jarring. Very few accidents comparatively speaking have occurred on our road, and but few complaints, if any, have been lodged against the gentlemanly conductors and the crew upon the passenger line.