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WILLIAM B. PRITCH,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Selected Poetry.

[From the Baltimore Clipper.]

The Cottage Maiden's Song.

Twice in the spring-time of my life,
When hopes were bright, and cares were few,
I'd wander from my "Cottage Home,"
To gather flowers bathed in dew.

One morning, wearied from my walk,
I sat me down by the river-side,
Upon a seat formed by a rock—
To watch the ebbing, playful tide.

My flowers I made into a wreath,
And said this eve I will thee wear.
How sweet will look these wild-wood flowers—
Within my glossy raven hair.

Beware, beware the river sigh'd,
Hid in that garland lies a thorn;
'Tis thy brow that thou must not place
Those flowers—they will sting when worn.

I laughed to scorn such idle talk,
My chaplet on my brow I placed;
And on the river's brink I stood—
Reflected saw a ghostly face.

The evening came—my flowers I wore,
And all adm'rd my simple crown—
Yet still—for all—where'er I turned,
I seem'd to meet the river's frown.

'Twas midnight when from off my brow,
I wearied flung my wreath aside—
But ah! too late, the thorn held fast,
And said—"How heedest not the tide."

Such, such is life we do not take,
A friendly word, in kindness given;
And not until the thorn has pierc'd—
In prayer we raise our eyes to Heaven.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Laughter.

Professor Fiegl devotes two hundred and seventy pages to profoundly philosophical investigation of the origin, use, and benefit of laughter generally, and treats of its different causes and aspects under thirty-seven distinct heads. He is able to inform us how to judge a man's character and disposition by bearing him laugh. The melancholy man's laugh is a poor hi, hi, hi!—the choleric temperament shows itself in a he, he! the plegmatic in a cheerful ha, ha, ha!—and a sanguine habit is betrayed by its own characteristic, ho, ho, ho!—*Westminster Review.*

Two hundred and seventy pages devoted to laughter! But not too many. As a remedial agent nothing equals it. One hearty laugh every day will cure each and all who are sick, or any way ailing, of whatever complaint, and keep those in health always well. The laugh cure will even beat the water cure, potent as it is. And the two combined, if universally applied, would soon close every apothecary shop, lay every physician, water cure included, on the shelf, and banish every form of disease from among them. All its giggles effectually stir up every visceral organ, churn the stomach and bowels more effectually than anything else can possibly do—hence the easy laughers are always fat—pumping the blood throughout the system with a real rush, burst open closed pores, and cast out morbid matter most rapidly—for how soon does the hearty laughter induce free perspiration—set the brain in motion to manufacture emotions, thoughts, and mentality, as nothing can excite it, and universally practiced would be worth more to the race, than if California deposits covered the whole earth! Only when fully tried, can it be fully appreciated. Laughter is life; while sadness and long-faced sordidness is death.

A medical neighbor tells the following:—While on a picnic excursion with a party of young people, discovering a crow's nest of a rock precipice, they started in great glee to see who would reach it first. Their haste being greater than prudence, some lost their holds, and were seen rolling and tumbling down the hill-side, bonnets smashed, clothes torn, postures ridiculous, but no one hurt. Then commenced a scene of the most violent and long-continued laughter, and

which, being all young people well acquainted with each other, and in the woods, they indulged to a perfect surfeit. They roared out with merry peal on peal of spontaneous laughter; they expressed it by hooting and hallooing when ordinary laughter became insufficient to express the merriment they felt at their own ridiculous situations and those of their mates; and ever afterward the bare mention of the crow nest scene, occasioned renewed and irrepressible laughter.

Years after one of their number fell sick, became so low that she could not speak, and was about breathing her last.

Our informant called to see her, gave his name, and tried to make himself recognized, but failed till he mentioned the crow's nest, at which she recognized him, and began to laugh, and continued every little while renewing it; from that time began to mend, recovered, and still lives a memento of the laugh cure.

The very best application of laughter is in connection with intellect, as the best soul-stirring speech where some public folly or wrong is held up to merited ridicule—the location of mirthfulness at the side of causality indicating their conjoint exercise.

But whether we laugh wisely or foolishly at something or nothing; at ourselves or others; let us ha-ha! many times a day, and laugh off many of those ill and petty annoyances at once, over which too many now fret and cry.

The hi, hi, hi! he, he, he! ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! mentioned in the above quotation as signs of character, are all true, but embody only the merest glimpse of those characteristics disclosed by different laughs. Thus, continued laughter, continuity, and application; while a short ha, ha! of only two ejaculations, and the first the most forcible, signifies "good on the spirit," but without consecutiveness. What such can do with a rush, they will do first-rate, yet will plod over nothing. Whole-soled, spontaneous persons laugh right out heartily and loudly, while secretive persons suppress their laughter, and hypocrites change their countenance into an unmeaning leer. Warm feeling but reserved persons hold in for a while, then burst into a broad hearty laugh. Such will be cold and stoical on first acquaintance and towards ungenial, yet warm and devoted friends, when their affections, adhesive or conjugal, are once enlisted. Discriminating persons laugh at sense, or only when something laughable is presented; while the undiscriminating laugh about as much at what is a little laughable, as at what is superlatively ridiculous.

Cast iron conservatives laugh little, and then by rule; and proud aristocrats must keep on a dignified, hard-faced look, while true republican familiars laugh freely. Vain persons laugh much, at least with their faces, and at what they have said and done. Forcible persons laugh "good and strong," while tame ones laugh tamely. Some laugh mainly with their faces, others with both face and body. The former is better for health than nothing, yet a thousand times more healthy is the latter.

The old fogy notion, that to laugh out loud is decidedly vulgar, especially for a female, is simply ridiculous. It is on a par with breathing, thinking, and every natural function. True, there is a coarse, gross, sensual, and an exceedingly vulgar laugh, yet its vulgarity consists in the sensualism of the laughter and its heartiness.

Art and Science.

The new French floating batteries are entirely built of iron, and covered with a shell of the same metal, under which the chimney is lowered and concealed during action.—Trials have been made against this shell with 64-pounders, but they only produced a slight dent, the projectiles themselves rebounding far away. When shot the batteries look like a tortoise—broader in front than behind. The front battery is armed with thirty guns of the heaviest calibre.—The port holes are in their turn closed by lids, that open of themselves at the moment the gun is fired, and then shut instantly. A small orifice in the lid enables the gunner to take aim.

The depth to which volcanoes penetrate has been approximately estimated, upon good data, and found not to exceed seven or eight miles; and whilst the erupted matters are derived solely from materials that do not exceed 25 times that of water, it must follow that far below the volcanic sources the density of the compounds must at least be 75 times that of water.

Messrs. Shaw & Ames, of Baltimore, have invented a revolving battery which they can fire eighty times a minute. A larger battery, carrying four pound balls, they say can be fired fifty times a minute without cessation. The entire operation can be performed by one man, and so complete is its arrangement and construction that a premature discharge is almost impossible.

The Niagara railway suspension bridge—that triumph of engineering—is now completed. When first projected it was declared by no less an authority than Robert Stephenson to be impracticable; and even when its construction was somewhat advanced he pronounced it to be a mere waste of time, though light carried over, it would inevitably

break down beneath the weight of a railway train. The most peculiar fact just now is that the engineering world declare that, had the same principle of construction been applied a few years ago, the Britannia tubular bridge of the Straits of Menai, in England, by Stephenson, might have been dispensed with, and the end be accomplished at one-third the cost.

Dr. Hays states that the chemical composition of the iron recently found in Liberia is pure iron, 98.40; quartz grains, magnetic oxide iron crystals, and zeolite 1.60. This statement is interesting, as it settles in the affirmative, contrary to the opinion of many if not most scientific men, the question as to whether terrestrial native iron does exist.—The discovery of native malleable iron in Liberia is also a fact of much interest, both to the scientific and the philanthropic world.

"The old Woman."

It was thus a few days since, we heard a young stripling of sixteen designating the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives called so occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond all phrases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous ills of life have been hers; trials untold and unknown, save to God and herself, she has borne incessantly, and now, in her old age, her duty done, patiently awaiting the appointed time, she stands more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously, tenderly to her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveyard. Others may love when she has passed away; kind-hearted sisters, perhaps, or the whom of all the world you choose for a partner, she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love fondly, but never again while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling mother has been.

In agony she bore you! through pulling, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward and thoughtless boyhood, she bore patiently with touchless rudeness and nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lit up the darkness of wasting, nightly vigils watching always in your fitful sleep by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through recklessness and impatient youth, she is your counsellor and solace. Up to bright manhood she guides you through her own steps, nor even there forsakes or forgets. Speak gently then, and reverently of your mother, and when you too should become old it shall in the same degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to the "old woman."

Influence of Marriage.

Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment, until he has passed many days, and, above all, many days of misfortune with her. The married pair must know each other to the centre of their souls—the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them! Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love property which we are in danger of losing. The soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labors in the field, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his life is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaotic arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they rear

How Much Owest Thou?

At this season, men are preparing to settle their accounts for the year. They inquire about the amount of their taxes and of their debts to individuals. "How much do I owe?" and "How much is due to me?" are questions of absorbing interest. Is not this, then, a fitting time to extend the inquiry—to ask our souls, in reference to God's goodness and grace, "how much owest thou?"

We all owe much for sparing mercy—for the protection of our homes and the supply of our wants during the year. Many are indebted to God for special prosperity in business—for unusual health—for additions to their objects of love—for new sources of domestic joy. To multitudes this has been a bountiful season. And what have we rendered unto the Lord for all his benefits?

Careless, worldly-minded, reader, pause, and ponder this question! Think of God's righteous claims upon you! How easily he might have cut you off in your sins! how easily he might have plunged you into poverty and want! Is it nothing that he has kept you alive, and given you so much health and success? As an honest man, you expect to meet every honest claim. Here is one of the most just, clear and urgent. You may repudiate it, and yet walk erect among your neighbors; but you are dishonored and disgraced in the sight of your own conscience. In the sight of God, and of all holy beings in his universe. And the longer you neglect to meet this claim, the greater it grows. It accumulates more rapid than a debt at compound interest! O, begin, then, at once to repay God, though it be but in poor thanks and the offering of a worthless heart, for his goodness and his mercy!

Christians, you profess to recognize the claims of God. Consider them now, as the year is drawing to a close! What have you rendered to him for all his truth and grace? How have you repaid his constant care; his patience with your unbelief; his gentleness when you were wayward and perverse; his seeking you when you wandered; his restoring you when you erred, his aid in temptations; his light amid darkness; his strength when you were weak, and his grace in every time of need? O, if God had abandoned you a year ago, how desolate and desperate might your condition now be! Nay, if God had not been with you continually, how sadly and hopelessly your soul might have made shipwreck long ago!

Can formal thanks and heartless service meet our obligations? Will it be enough to do as we have done, and are doing!—Nor do we not owe a fidelity and devotion far beyond that of the present or the past!—Should we not gratefully and joyfully consecrate every energy of our being to that service of God? All around us there is much to do—the world is a wide, ripe spiritual harvest, that is perishing for lack of reapers. If all who have promised to labor in this harvest, and who have received their wages in advance, and ten-fold more, were at work, how changed the scene would be! The demand for Christian activity was never more urgent than now, and it is time for each to consider our personal obligations.—*Herald.*

Neighbors' Quarrels.

Most people think there are cares enough in the world, and yet many are very industrious to increase them. One of the readiest ways of doing this is to quarrel with a neighbor. A bad bargain may vex a man for a week; and a bad debt may trouble him for a month; but a quarrel with his neighbors will keep him in hot water all the year round.

Aaron Hands delights in fowls, and his cocks and hens are always scratching up the flowers of his neighbor, William Wilkes, whose mischievous cat every now and then runs off with a chicken. The consequence is, that William Wilkes is one-half the day occupied in driving away the fowls, and threatening to sew their long ugly necks off; while Aaron Hands, in his periodic outbreaks, invariably vows to skin his neighbor's cat, as sure as he can lay hold of him.

Neighbors! neighbors! why can you not be at peace? Not all the fowls you can rear, and the flowers you can grow, will make amends for a life of anger, hatred, malice or uncharitableness. Come to some kind-hearted understanding one with another, and dwell in peace.

Upton, the refiner, has a smoky chimney, that sets him and all the neighborhood by the ears. The people around abuse him without mercy, complaining that they are poisoned, and declaring that they will indict him at the sessions. Upton fiercely sets them at defiance, on the ground that his chimney did not come to them, but they came to his chimney.

Neighbors! neighbors! practice a little more forbearance. Had half a dozen of you waited on the refiner in a kindly spirit, he would, years ago, have so altered his chimney that it would not have annoyed you.

Mrs. Tibbets is thoughtless; if it were not so, she would never have had her large carpet beaten when her neighbor, who had a

wash, was having her wet clothes hung out to dry. Mrs. Williams is hasty and passionate, or she would never have taken it for granted that the carpet was beaten on purpose to spite her and give her trouble. As it is, Mrs. Tibbets and Mrs. Williams hate one another with a perfect hatred.

Neighbors! neighbors! bear with one another. We are none of us angels, and should not, therefore expect those about us to be free of faults.

They who attempt to outwangle a quarrelsome neighbor go the wrong way to work—a kind word, and still more a kind deed, will be more likely to be successful. Two children wanted to pass by a savage dog; the one took a stick in his hand, and pointed it at him; but this only made the enraged creature more furious than before. The other child adopted a different plan; for, by giving the dog a piece of bread and butter he was allowed to pass, the subdued animal wagging his tail in quietude. If you happen to have a quarrelsome neighbor, conquer him by civility and kindness; try the bread and butter system, and keep your stick out of sight. This is an excellent Christian admonition, "a soft word turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Prov. 15: 1.

Neighbors! neighbors! live on love! and then, while you make others happy, you will be happier yourselves.

That happy man is surely blessed,
Who of the worst things make the best;
While he must be of temper curst,
Who of the best things make the worst.

"Be ye of one mind," says the apostle, "having compassion one for another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing.—1 Peter 3: 8, 9.—*Old Humphrey.*

Death of a Miser.

\$50,000 Aching for Circulation.—The well known miser, John Herryman, a citizen of this place, died very suddenly on Friday night of last week. The deceased was a German, who, by some means, had amassed a handsome fortune, which we have heard variously estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars, but unfortunately for the public, as well as himself, he belonged to the lowest grades of misers. In fact, the most avaricious and loathsome character of that class ever painted by the master hand of Dickens, to use a cant phrase, "was no patching to him."

Of his history, place of nativity, or friends, nothing is known, and any allusion to these matters, even by his most intimate friends, always exasperated him.

He leaves, so far as at present is known, no one to inherit his estate, which will in all probability escheat to the State. No will has yet been discovered, and it is not likely he left any. The manner of life and parsimonious habits of the deceased, are almost incredible.

For the last sixteen years he has constantly worn the same blue linen woolsey wamum and pantaloons, carefully run or darned all over with strong thread, so as to prevent the possibility of wearing out, except on some important occasions, such as land sales or something of that nature, when they gave way to a suit of black velvet that he often boasted had served him faithfully for forty years. He contracted the disease of which he died by walking over the bad roads during the most inclement weather of the season, all the way to Putnam and Henry counties, to pay his taxes on the land he owned there, without sufficient clothing to protect him from the cold. In fact, we are informed that he scarcely ever wore a shirt or under garment, and that the one he had on when he died had not been changed for over three months.

It is related of him that, but a short time since, notwithstanding the pile of gold and silver he had hoarded away, he actually carried an old horse shoe he had picked up some place, about the shops, and he succeeded in selling it for half a dime.—*Sandusky (Ohio) Vindicator.*

A German society in Albany—the Turn Verein—is composed almost entirely of Smiths. The editor of the Albany Express gives a portion of the roll as follows:

Big Smit; Little Smit Smit; from he hill; Smit from de holler; Smit mit de store; Smit de blacksmith shop; Smit mit de lager bier shop; Smit mit out any "vrow"; Smit vot wants a "vrow"; Smit mit one leg; Smit mit two legs; Smit mit de pigs; Smit mit de pig head; Smit mit de pig feet; Smit mit de brick yard; Smit mit de junk shop; Smit mit de bologans; Smit mit one eye; Smit mit two eyes; Smit mit de bone picker; Smit mit two "vrows"; Smit mit de will cart; Smit mit de segar stumps; Smit mit peach pits; Smit mit de whisks; Smit mit de red hair; Smit mit, no hair; Smit.

A horse dealer who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of port to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and then he said the horse had but two faults: When turned loose in the field he was "bad to catch, and he was of no use when caught."

Political.

Equality of the States.

The following has issued from the office of the United States attorney General:—

1. It has been adjudged by a long series of decision of the Supreme Court that the United States never held any municipal sovereignty, jurisdiction or right of soil in the territory of which any of the new States are formed except for temporary purposes, namely to execute the trust created by deeds of cession of Virginia, Massachusetts, Georgia and other States in the original common territory of the Union or by treaties with France, Spain, and the Mexican republic, in the territories of Louisiana the Floridas, New Mexico and California.

2. It has been adjudged by the same series of decision that the provisions of the ordinance for the organization of the North West Territory were extinguished by the constitution, or if any of them retain continuing validity, it is only so far as they may have authority derived from some other source of the compact of cession or act of Congress under the constitution.

3. This doctrine has been applied in leading cases to questions touching the property in public lands, the relation of master and slave, religion, navigable waters, and the eminent domain and may be taken as the established legal truth.

4. In obedience to the same principle and proceeding in the same line of adjudications, it must have been held, if the question had come up for judicial determination that the provision of the act of March 6, 1820, which undertakes to determine in advance a perpetual rule of municipal law for all that portion of province of Louisiana which lies north of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, was null and void *ab initio* because incompatible with the organic fact of equality internal right in all respect between the old and the new States.

A Noble Platform.

The young men of Connecticut, known as "the Junior Sons of America," were in State Convention for two days at Hartford, and closed their session with a handsome supper, eloquent speeches and good toasts.

1st. Americans shall rule America.

2d. The Union of these United States as they are, one and inseparable.

3d. To silence the clamor of faction, and to rebuke the busy intrigues of selfish politicians.

4th. To see our internal resources improved, our labor rewarded, our genius fostered, and our manufactures, agriculture, commerce and national dignity sustained by an intelligent American statesmanship.

5th. To be educated in American sentiment and principle, and strengthened in our work as our ancestors were in theirs, by the inspiration of that Sacred Book.

6th. That the suffrages of the American people for political offices should not be given to any other than those born on our soil, or reared under the influence of our institutions.

7th. That we will welcome to our shores the victims of tyranny from foreign lands, and offering them a place by our side, we grant them equal justice under the protection of the Constitution.

8th. Opposition to foreign military organizations.

9th. The doctrines of the revered Washington, Jefferson, Adams and the immortal patriots of the Revolution, the last "Sons of '76," who are fast fading from our view.

10th. The good of our Country, not party, the success of our principles, not men.

11th. A radical change in our naturalization laws.

12th. To spread abroad, and to maintain against all accidents of time or of defeat, the waxing or the waning of parties; those three great charters of American Liberty: the Constitution of the U. S., the Declaration of American Independence, and the Bible.

13th. Union above all "side issues," and harmony in preference to all intrigues of private politicians—eternal hostility to foreign officials—and united protection to American interests.

HON. N. G. FOSTER.—Whatever may be thought proper of Horace Greely as a politician, no one will deny his high intellectual attainments and his ability as a critic. Writing to his paper from Washington, he takes the following highly complimentary notice of the "maiden effort" of the Hon. N. G. Foster, from Georgia, in reply to the apologetic speech of Mr. Cobb:

"The other debutant was Mr. N. G. Foster of Ga. (a Baptist clergyman, I believe,) who proved himself just the strongest man who has spoken for the Southern Americans yet, unless Humphrey Marshall be excepted.—Mr. Foster is a large built, dark complexioned, Webster-looking man, still in the prime of life, with a good faculty of putting words very solidly together. His leading idea was the impolicy of making a measure instead of a principle the basis of political concord, especially a measure subjected to so many conflicting interpretations as the Nebraska bill. It was about the best first speech I ever heard."