

The Southern Enterprise, A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Original Poetry.

Lines.

Written after seeing a young friend who had been exposed to imminent danger on Ochsberg Sound.

BY LINTONFIELD.

Saved from a sudden death!
Saved from a watery grave!
Saved from a tomb beneath
The never-resting wave!
Thanks for the care of Him
Who sitteth enthroned above,
And watches o'er us all
With more than parents' love.
Thanks for thy life preserved,
Though many tears were shed
When we thought thee, dearest one,
Asleep on the Ocean's bed.
But our bleeding hearts are healed,
And our sorrow is turned to joy;
For we clasp thee once again
In our fond embrace, dear boy.
Yes, thanks for a Father's care,
Who bade the storm "be still,"
And the winds were hushed, and the
tempest ceased
In obedience to His will.
Greenville, S. C. Feb. 14th, 1856.

For the Deaf and Dumb.

For the Southern Enterprise.

Curious Ideas.

BY JOE, A JERSEY MUTE.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am actuated by no feeling of malice in imitating the following sketch, which every person who is familiar with the mental peculiarities of the deaf and dumb, can answer for the perfect truth of it. A deaf mute residing in Georgia, published a lengthy communication in a New England periodical, professing the ability, in spite of his physical infirmities, to represent the mute portion of the community in Congress. According to him, there are several mutes of uncommon parts and integrity, who, if elected to Congress, would employ the pen as the medium of expressing their views of the questions which engage the attention of that august body. The writer agitated, as he said, for justice. He contended that in not granting the mutes permission to represent their class of people in Congress, justice was not done what he called "the deaf and dumb citizens of the United States." He thought the President of the U. S. had a right of itself to grant them a tract of land, wherein they might form a colony independent of the speaking community. He imputed to the President and his ministers the narrowness and selfishness of that policy which grasps. The truth is, the writer set up for a profound statesman, and considered his opinions of great weight.

A mute lady, whose husband, also deaf, is naturally ill-tempered, on being asked by her friend, likewise a mute, with whom she was conversing, to bear a message to her husband in person, declined on the ground that she feared her husband should not be pleased with the message. The person that asked, was offended, and told her that she insulted her. The accused one tried to convince her that she never meant it; but she held to her opinion. At his return, her husband was informed by the offended person that in declining her request to be the bearer of a message which she desired to disclose to him, she meant to insult her. He said that his

wife acted wisely. No sooner was this said than the complainant burst into a passion of tears. The lady whom she charged with insulting her, was, in truth, infinitely her superior in delicacy of feeling, as well as understanding. Jealousy was at the bottom of the difficulty.

It is characteristic of the deaf and dumb that when they live together they are in "hot water." A young lady of superior education, immediately after her marriage, received and accepted the invitation of a friend to board with her. She had not been long quartered there before her friend made a scene, a description of which would not excite other feelings than that of disgust. The friend saw in her not only the essential qualities of a lady, but an excellent scholar, and hence her jealousy.

A gentleman, who in his boyhood, had distinguished himself by his proficiency in all the branches of education, taught in a deaf and dumb school, offended many of his former school fellows simply by talking fluently on the ordinary topics of conversation. He was stigmatized as a conceited fellow. He married a lady, who, too, had been a distinguished pupil in the same school. Her superior understanding alone caused her many bitter enemies. Reader, if you asked her enemies what was her standing in the community, they would not hesitate to call her all manner of bad names.

Thus it will be seen that a life among the deaf and dumb cannot be otherwise than a life of misery. They read little, much less write with their speaking friends. They love to talk trifles. There is much in their conversation to disgust. They suspect too much, and for the most part without cause. A well educated mute cannot expect to live happily among the vulgar deaf and dumb. Doctology—an excellent agent in amplifying the language of the deaf and dumb—is rarely employed in the daily intercourse of these people. They do not like to arrange words as they come from their fingers, in the order of grammatical language. That a good many mutes conduct themselves as becomes ladies and gentlemen, I admit; but they are in minority, with regard to the number of deaf and dumb who have received a school education.

A mute boy reading a letter which he received from his parents, came to the following words: "your sister JANE is well. She still goes to school," and told his companions that it appeared from the letter that his sister JANE wrote well. Thus he put a wrong construction upon the words which I have just quoted. One of my female scholars chided me for marrying my wife, and said that my wife would have to part with me when she went to see her mother who lived at a great distance.

The mutes of New England attempted to publish a newspaper, the object of which was to advocate the rights of the deaf and dumb; but, as none of them possessed the requisite qualifications of a public journalist, they abandoned the attempt which, to say the least, was foolish. They also endeavored to form themselves into an association for the relief of those of their number in distress; but it ended in—0.

Deaf mutes ought to associate with speaking people, and by writing them, familiarize themselves with the idioms of the language which is universally spoken, and with the ideas of great men. I know several mutes who, by constant conversation with the hearing people around them, have acquired a remarkable command of language. The powers of thought of the deaf and dumb ought to be kept in continual exercise; a fact which must be borne in mind by the parents or guardians of deaf children. The information of these unfortunates is meagre in the extreme. This is one of the many evils resulting from their association with each other. When in the society of speaking persons they are obliged, to communicate their ideas in writing, and thus make progress in the acquisition of language. "Practice makes perfect."

Philadelphia, Pa.
What is the reason, said one Irishman to another, that you and your wife are always disagreeing? "Because," replied Pat, we are both of one mind—she wants to be master, and so do I.

A Story of Single Life.

A Bachelor's Troubles.

BY PHINEAS PHUMBLE.

"Come, while you set silent, I'll have you to hear The truth or a lie from an old bachelor: They'll set and they'll think, till they wear out their brain,
And wish for a wife—but, alas! 'tis in vain.
Sing down—derry down!"

CONFOUND the luck! Here I've been half an hour looking for my Sunday boots, and finally, I found one of them on the centre table beneath a thousand, more or less, books and papers, and the other way back in a cuddly-hole, where I store away old rubbish. Well, I've found my clean shirt at last; and where do you think it was! I hope to holler if I hadn't put it in my hat box; and my hat I had placed in a chest where I keep my linen. Hat all smashed to thunder—cost five dollars—oh, oh!

Je-ra-sa-lem! Here's a discovery. This shirt hasn't got a button on it—and the wrist bands and collar are all frizzled up with "derlicious" like the fringes (I believe that's the name) on a woman's—what d'ye call em?—neck enciferer; that's near enough, any way. Why, what's the matter with this shirt? Rip! I can't get it off, nor on. Rip! that's the way the money goes. Shirt cost one dollar and a half; another expense, by Jupiter! Crackle! how cold it is! why the fire has "clean gin out." That's another job.—Crack—crack—plizz! Why, what's the matter with the coals! Come to think, I throw a pail of water over them. Have to borrow some splinters.

"Mrs. Sanctimonious, will you give me a few splinters!"
"Mercy on us! Why, if Mr. Phumble hasn't come right out afore me, with nothing on but his breeches! and his wig is off, too. Law sakes! I never knew he more a wig!"

O, dear! Why didn't I throw something over me! My wig is off, too. Now it'll be all over town in a few minutes, that Phumble wears a wig. Wouldn't have it known for fifty dollars. No, sir-ee!

Well, I must have a fire, some way. Let me see. Blowed if I don't make splinters of that old wash stand; it isn't of any use to me; and the wash bowl will do just as well on my linen chest. Truly, necessity is the mother of invention.

Slap! bang! That's the way to use old rubbish. Whizz! bang! There's something coming.

"Mr. Phumble how can you make such a racket on the Sabbath day!"
"Allow me to tell you, Mrs. Sanctimonious, that it's none of your business! I reckon on I'm lord of my own room, if I do live in a boarding house; and if I wanted to, I'd break my neck, for all of you!"

"Mighty fine talk, Mr. Phumble—mighty fine, you old hedge-hog! Oh, mercy, if you haven't broken up my wash stand—my favorite wash stand, the last gift of my dear, departed husband. Hoo! hoo! hoo!"

Tears for an old wash stand! Bothersation! I'd rather hear it thunder any time, than to see a woman in tears and hear her blubbering. My heart begins to melt—it's all "running down," like a clock, or butter on a hot summer's day.

"Dear, Mrs. Sancty—heaven bless you!—Here's a ten, for smashing your treasure.—Now dry up; there's a good woman—and please leave this room in a trifle shorter than half a dozen seconds."

"Dear, Mr. Phumble! ten dollars, as I live why, that's enough to pay for half a dozen such keepsakes. What winning ways the man's got! you're a jewel, Mr. Phumble—that you are."

And you're a confounded old swindler! ten dollars gone to her capacious pocket. I wish my heart was made of iron.

Well, the fire's going at last. Crack—crack—whizz—turr-r-r; what a cheerful glow it sends through the room! But it cost ten dollars. That's very much like lighting cigars with ten dollar bills.

"Well, what am I to do for a shirt!—Thank fortune, and my usual foresight, I've got half a dozen in my chest—my wash stand rather, as it is now. What wonderful knack I have of "killing two birds with one stone"—half a dozen sometimes. Now that chest answers all the purposes of a mantel piece, a side table for books and papers, and eating table sometimes—and now it comes in play as a wash stand—a capital wash stand, and the inside a perfect museum!—Linen, cigars, pipes and tobacco, matches, "schnapps," letters, and other articles too numerous to mention." Ah, there's a great deal in knowing how to arrange things. I know a woman couldn't arrange, and economize, and turn everything to advantage half as well as I.

Moses and the prophets! if the water hasn't leaked out of the wash bowl, and got all "mixed up" with my linen and other fixings! Crash!—slap, dash; there goes the rest of the water, bowl and all, right on to my shirts! Bowl all smashed to pieces, another expense! I guess that chest won't do for a wash stand without I make a place for my linen under the bed. A capital idea! I'll arrange it all to-morrow. Well, I'll have to dry a shirt before I can wear one.

There it hangs on the back of a chair, before the blazing fire—looking for all the world, "like a shirt on a bean-pole." Reminds me of an answer a lady once gave me. I saw some sort of an undergarment, once, drying before the fire, like my shirt.

"Miss," said I to a young lady in the room, "can you inform me what that outlandish thing is!"
"That," she answered, blushing, "is a shynymyset."

She didn't think I heard her, when she muttered in a low tone, "I'll bet my old shoes that man isn't married!"
A queer name, truly—that "shynymyset," should think shimmy-rest or hang, would be a good deal more proper.

Ten o'clock as I live; and church will commence in half an hour. How can I ever get ready! I shall have to wear the shirt as it is. As good luck would have it, the bosom isn't wet, and that's the only part shown, it won't make a "diff of bitterness." A great practice—that of "putting the best on the outside." Bosoms are no exception—and who can tell how many bosoms—bosoms white as the driven snow—(isn't every one has a good wash-woman) bosoms that rise and swell like the heaving of the ocean—(or a swell clerk) and cause real bosoms to swell ditto—aren, when you search below—false as my wig, and fastened to the body by false strings! Thank my stars, I never wore a false bosom, and I never will!

Well, at last I have got to church—but with a heart in which "angry passions rise" and in a state of mind very unfit for that holy place. Somehow the chimes of the old bell don't sound as sweet as it is wont, and the singing of the choir, though always beautiful heretofore, seems but a hollow mockery. Ah! when the heart is not right, how vain the hope of deriving pleasure from religion, or indeed, anything else.

What a cracked voice the minister has got! I declare, it reminds me of the broken wash bowl! Ah! there's Miss Susan Gable—Susan is a sensible sort of a woman—rather old—but then, she's not one of the sort that "never grows old." There's a great deal of comfort in knowing that though a person may change outwardly there's something lasting within, that defies even the ravages of time. And in the hour of death it must be sweet to know that you can leave behind you a name that can "never grow old."

Susan doesn't belong to this class—very few do. Let me see; I've about to come to the conclusion that I want a wife—if I don't marry, I'm afraid my name will grow old the day after I'm dead—inasmuch as I am the last of "my noble family," the last of three brothers—all bachelors to the last.—This is one very serious objection to single blessedness—a fellow's name is apt to die away; and on that account I should advise no one to be a bachelor—is they can help it. It wouldn't work well in the long run; were the world—the masculine portion—one vast society of "Shakers" or bachelors, it would be a world of hypocrites—and the human family would of course die away. Speaking of "Shakers," I believe, had I been a Shaker in my youth, I should have been married long ere this. Mankind is averse to being fettered, woman-kind ditto; chain them down to rules and regulations—make them go to church six times every Sunday—prohibit intercourse between the sexes, while young—and they're mighty apt to kick in the traces, and overset the fondest wishes of their mistaken guardians.

I believe I'll see Miss Susan Gable home after meeting.
That's an awful long-winded minister, I've a great notion to throw my boot at him. I do hate long sermons; I'm a great lover of the "short and sweet" doctrine, and I believe that even a link of pleasure can be too "long drawn out."
At last services ended. The last psalm is sung, the last prayer is offered, the benediction—there goes Susan. "Now comes the tug of war."

"Miss Gable—Miss Susan Gable—allow me, my dear madame on account of the similitude of our ages—to—have the supreme felicity—to—"
Why, what a look! I guess she never spoke to a gentleman before.

"Our ages, indeed! I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm not so old as to be obliged to wear false hair, and a false set of teeth and—"

"I don't wear a false bosom, plague take you!—nor yet a cotton bosom!"
"Home, sweet home," says Payne—and thus says Phumble. How dear to my heart is bachelor's hall, after the exhibition I have just had of woman's lack of sense! Susan Gable too old for me! just as if I didn't "want a courtin'" of her just as many's the night—five and twenty years ago; (to my shame I tell it)—just as if she wasn't proud of me, and would have become Mrs. Phumble for the asking; and just as if she was as young now as she was five and twenty years ago. Oh, Susan—Susan Gable; too well have you learned the ways of the world—too well have you learned to practice your deceit of your class of civility. But you can't hide the wrinkles, Susan; they brand you in the face as a liar—and the rose on your cheek—like your would-be girlish actions—is as false as your swelling cotton bosom!

Ah, what tale-bearers these old women

are! How soon the story of my wig went over the town; magnified and increased until I find out my teeth are false. Told of it to my teeth, too! and then left to chew the end of my solitary fancies. Well, well, I was told I was in love (!!) the other day; and that I'd get the mitten; (this was by a young tale-bearer—just beginning to develop her natural propensities.) I was told, too, that I was dead, and that my spirit had communicated to this world the astounding fact, that the reason I was never married was because I was a victim of a coquette. Of course every word is true. How can I deny the stories of respectable scandal-mongers! But I will "throw down the glove" to these "respectable" old &c., and to every story I say, prove it.

Women are nuisances—with a few exceptions. I look around my humble tenement, and I can't help congratulating myself on being free from their scandalizing presence. "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"

"Home is where love is."
"Home is where love is?"
"I am a monarch of all I survey,"
echo answers "whom!"—but it doesn't answer "what." Hurray for the neuter gender! Here's a bachelor's solace—a bachelor's "how to make home happy," a good cigar (puff, puff!)—float away, care and trouble, float away, Susan Gable, tale-bearers and scandal-mongers—all float away with the blue smoke. [Puff, puff!] I believe I am the most contented man in the wide world. Like Silkkirk.

"I am a monarch of all I survey,"
if I don't look out of the window, [Puff, puff, puff!] I wouldn't be a married man for all the world! [Puff, puff!] And something seems to say, "Do you know the reason why Jack didn't eat his supper!"

A Warning to the Ladies.

WHY HE DIDN'T PROPOSE.

"Why did you never think of marriage?" asked I of my friend Lyman Robbins, who is some ten years older than myself and a confirmed bachelor.

"I have thought of it," said he.
"Well, why didn't you marry then?"
"I will tell you. You know Frank Palmer, don't you?"

"Yes; he failed last week to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?"

"Something, as you will see. I was never seriously tempted to make a proposal but once, and that was to Frank's wife—before she was married, do you understand?"

"Oh," said I, growing interested. "And why didn't you?"

"You shall know. I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society and I was just at the age to yield to her fascination. Though I had never expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I am quite sure that she was aware of my feelings towards her. Our families being something intimate, we were on the same footing and she treated me in much the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin."

"Do you think," I inquired, "that she was in love with you?"

"No," said he; "I never thought that. I presume, however, she would like to have laid me on to a declaration, and then would have acted, as fancy dictated. One day, when I had made a morning call—and was retiring, she told me she was going out a shopping and laughingly proposed to me to go with her and carry the bundles. Having nothing of importance to take up my time, and not being averse to the proposal, partly on account of its novelty and considerably, I rather suspect, on account of the agreeable character of the company I should have, I consented in the same spirit, and in a few minutes we were fairly en route."

"I have but little to buy," said my companion. "You may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry."

We made our first visit to a dry good establishment.

"Have you any lace collars?" inquired Caroline. A large quantity were displayed, but they were only five dollars in price, and they were too cheap. At length one was found at seven dollars with which, being declared the best in the store, my companion at length professed herself satisfied and decided to take it.

"I suppose," said she on going out, "that I don't really need it, but it was so beautiful I could not resist the temptation."

A beautiful shawl at the door of a store next caught Caroline's attention. "I must certainly go in and look at their shawls," said she, "I never saw any precisely like them."

"New kind!" said she to the clerk. "Yes, Miss, just imported from France, warranted to surpass in fineness of texture and durability any now extant. Will you have one?"

"The price!"
"Seventy-five dollars, and cheap at that." Caroline was startled at this announcement.

"That is high," said she.
"Not for the quality. Just feel of it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive."

"I did not think of getting one to day;

however, I think I must. You may charge it to my father."

The shawl was folded, enveloped, and handed to me by the clerk.

"I suppose father will scold," said Caroline; "but it's such a beauty!"

We reached, ere long, another dry goods store, the placard of which, "selling off at cost," proved so seductive that we at once stayed our steps and entered. Caroline rushed to examine the silk; the first specimens offered, which to my unpracticed eye seemed of a superior quality, were cast contemptuously aside, and she desired to see the very best they had in the store. Some were shown her at two dollars and a half per yard. After a while, she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. This was done and the bundle handed to me. The bill, of course, was sent to her father.

What with the shawl and silk, each of which made a bundle of the inconsiderable size, I was pretty well weighed down and began to be apprehensive of the consequence in case my companion should make any more purchases. She, however, relieved my anxiety, by saying that she intended to purchase nothing more. She was only going to stop in at a jeweler's to have a locket repaired. Accordingly we repaired to the store of a fashionable jeweler. This locket was handed over with the necessary directions.

But this was not all. A lady at the counter was engaged in examining a very costly pair of earrings which she was desirous of purchasing, but demurred at the price. At last she laid them down reluctantly, saying, "They are beautiful; but I do not care to go so high as twenty five dollars."

"Let me see them if you please," asked Caroline. They were handed to her. She was charmed with them, chiefly, I imagine, on account of the price, for they had little beyond that to recommend them, and decided to take them. "Now, I must absolutely go home," said she, "without purchasing anything more."

For once she kept her word, and I was released from my attendance. But the thought that she had expended one hundred and thirty-five dollars, in a single morning's shopping, and on objects none of which, by her own confession, she stood in need, could not help recurring to me, and I decided that until I could find some more rapid way of making money such a wife would be altogether too expensive a luxury for me to indulge in. How far I am right, you may judge by Frank Palmer's failure. At all events that is the reason why I didn't propose.

"I beg Leave to say that I Decline your Request."

SUCH was the laconic reply of the gullant Zachary Taylor, to a "haughty summons to surrender," from that imperial coward, Gen. Santa Anna, previous to the hard-fought battle of Buena Vista. Santa Anna, with a powerful force of twenty-two thousand men, threatened the brave little army under Taylor, which amounted to only four thousand six hundred and ninety men, with annihilation. But the "hero of Palo Alto" was determined to "fight a little anyhow," and stood his ground.

The battle commenced; the contest was "long, desperate, sanguinary" which, says the historian, "no pen can adequately describe." But the Americans, commanded by General Taylor in person, stood firm against the fierce and almost irresistible assaults of the Mexicans, and were victorious. The Mexicans fled, leaving their killed and wounded in the hands of the victors. "In a military sense of the word," (was a glorious victory.)

My young friends, this story has its moral. Listen. When you are pressed by evil persons, or false friends to do wrong, think of the words of the "invincible Taylor," and reply, "I beg leave to say that I decline your request." Say it firmly. Your own evil passions may send you a haughty summons to surrender; yet decline; they and your evil companions are cowards. The odds may be fearful, the contest, "desperate and sanguinary"—fierce not, "stick to your text," Summon all your good resolutions, command yourself "in person;" like Washington; invoke the aid of the God of battles, and the victory will be yours. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you;" so will your evil advisers, and bad passions; leaving their killed and wounded in your hands; and believe me you will have gained a glorious victory in the fullest and most Christian sense of the word. Conquer your own bad passions, and you will be greater than Alexander, who conquered the world, but fell a victim to his own unrestrained vices. Though you may not, like Taylor, ascend to the Presidential chair of our Republic, yet you shall have your reward; the love and respect of the good on earth, and a "crown of glory in heaven!" Is this not worth striving for?

I might well add that no man, however learned, however skilled in statesmanship or aught else, can fill the chair of our republic with dignity and honor, who has not a mastery over his passions, and cannot say firmly to evil advisers, "I beg leave to say that I decline your advice."—Olive Branch.

SEBASTOPOL was bombarded and cannonaded for 322 days.