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"This I Did for Thee; What Dost Thou for Me?"

MOTTO PLACED UNDER A PRINT OF CHRIST IN THE STUDY OF A GERMAN DIVINE.

I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransom be,  
And quickened from the dead—  
I gave my life for thee;  
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee  
In weariness and woe,  
That thou eternally  
"O'f joy thou might'st know—  
I spent long years for thee;  
What hast thou spent one for me?

My Father's house of light,  
My rainbow circled throne,  
I left for earthly sight  
For wanderings sad and lone—  
I left it all for thee;  
What hast thou left aught for me?

I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitter agony  
To rescue thee from hell—  
I suffered much for thee;  
What dost thou bear for me?

And I brought down to thee,  
Down from my house above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My spirit and my love—  
Great gifts I brought to thee;  
What hast thou brought to me?

Oh! let thy life be given,  
Thy years for me be spent,  
World fetters all be riven  
And joy with suffering blend—  
Give thou thyself to me,  
Glady, I'll welcome thee.

It is said that Count Linsendorf, (Patriarch of the Moravian Brethren,) was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto.

The Siamese Twins, again.—Can they be separated and Live?—The Result of a Surgical Examination.

Sir James Simpson, the Professor of Medicine and Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, has examined very minutely and from every point of scientific interest these twins, and has delivered a lecture to the students of the University class on these and other recorded cases of united twins, of whom they are in many respects the most remarkable on record. In this lecture, which he publishes in the British Medical Journal, he gives first their history and description. Chang and Eng, or as they now sign themselves, Chang and Eng Bunker, are now fifty-eight years of age. They were two of several children, the rest being naturally formed. When infants they were attached face to face, but instinctive efforts from the earliest age have so far elongated the band as to enable them to adopt an imperfect lateral relation to each other. They are short but wiry-looking men; Eng, the taller of the two, being only five feet two and a half inches—Chang an inch shorter. They use the outer legs more than the inner, by standing, and these are the larger in circumference. There is no inversion of position of the heart and other organs, as Professor Allen Thompson, of Glasgow, has shown to be the general law in relation to united twins. Neither of the respirations nor circulations of the twin brothers are synchronous. Examined in Edinburgh by Dr. Aitken, when they were suffering from influenza, the pulse of one was twenty-four beats to the minute quicker than the other. Examined this week in London by Sir Henry Thompson and Mr. Earnest Hart, there was less difference—four pulsations in the minute. In their chemical as well as their organic functions, they are shown by Sir James Simpson to be two separate and distinct individuals. They can walk, swim and run; they are keen sportsmen, and good shots; intelligent, well-informed, and good men of business. They are naturally much accustomed to join in the same conversation, but can each easily carry on a conversation with two different individuals. They sometimes read separately;

each to himself, more often one aloud to the other. Their minds, indeed, are more dual than their bodies; the latter are united together, but the former are not. The band of union is formed partly by the extension of the cartilages of the breast bone; it is four inches and a half long and eight inches and a half in circumference. When the twins have suffered from blood diseases, as small-pox, measles, ague, they have been affected simultaneously. Nevertheless, from experiments which Sir James Simpson has made with drugs, he concludes that the vascular connection between the two brothers is comparatively very small. On the question of the surgical separation of the Siamese Twins, "Chang and Eng," says Sir James Simpson, "have themselves no desire to be surgically divided from each other. But some of their relatives and families have become anxious that they should be separated, if it were possible to do so. The operation is certainly possible, and would be effected with little, or indeed, no difficulty, but it would be so perilous in its character, that the twins could not, in my opinion, be justified in submitting to it, or any surgeon be justified in performing it." He then enters into details to justify this opinion. Chang and Eng are married to two sisters, the daughters of an American clergyman. Each brother has nine children. The family of Eng consists of six sons and three daughters; the family of Chang consists of three sons and six daughters. Their first children were born within three or four days of each other; the others at irregular intervals. Chang's ninth child was born three months ago. Sir W. Ferguson has carefully examined the twins, and, we understand, concurs in the general opinion of surgeons that any surgical separation would be most likely attended with fatal consequences, not so much on account of any obstacle presented by the structure of the uniting band of flesh as the moral effect of the disunion on the two brothers.

GREENLY ON THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTHERN RADICALS.—HORACE GREELY has written to the editor of the Wheeling Intelligencer a letter, in which he gives the Southern radicals generally a bit of advice. The letter is as follows:

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1868.  
MY DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 16th. Its leading positions have long been understood and appreciated in this quarter. Now hear me.

Every year 1,000 of your rebels die, and 1,000 (or more) of their sons become of age. You can't disfranchise them. You have now 5,000 majority. Six years at furthest will convert this into a rebel majority of 1,000. Then the rebels will be enfranchised in spite of you, and the blacks will be left under foot and you under estimate these at 2,000. Go your own way, and see if the rebels can't have you under foot in less than six years.

I speak from a wide experience when I tell you that your house is built on the sand. It cannot stand. Every year will see the passions of the war cool and the demand for amnesty strengthened. Now you can amnesty the rebels. Soon the question will be, shall they amnesty you? Look at Kentucky and read your certain fate in theirs.

Yours,  
HORACE GREELY.

There has been a great "slump" in Michigan. A piece of ground, about seventy feet in diameter, sunk to a depth of about eighty feet, leaving an opening in the centre through which a sound comes up as of the rushing of mighty waters. At least such is the story told by a local paper.

A Paris correspondent says: "Of all the Bourbon Princesses and Princesses now in Paris there is only one who if suddenly deprived of his fortune, could make a good living by his own efforts. It is Don Sebastian, the Infante, who is a capital portrait painter."

Little things should not be despised, for many threads will bind an elephant, and many drops will make a river.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A gifted legal friend of this town gave us the following account of a heartless murder, and its final revelation, that took place in this State many years ago. A man by the name of J., of Wayne County, N. C., sold a free negro (whom he had cheated into the belief that he was but hiring) to a gentleman whom we will call Brown, in one of the adjacent Districts of South Carolina. Sometime afterwards Brown discovered the fraud, and immediately wrote to J., from whom he had purchased him in Wayne County, that if he paid back the money he had paid him for the free negro, he would not prosecute him, and besides keep it a profound secret. To this, Mr. J. replied he would gladly do so, and urged Mr. Brown to come for it immediately; and closed by assuring him of his gratitude that he had spared his family the humiliation of a public disclosure.

Mr. Brown, therefore, left his home on horseback for Wayne County, and, upon reaching the residence of Mr. J., he was kindly received and sumptuously entertained. The money was paid over to him, and he was prevailed on to spend several days with the family and enjoy the sports of the country. After a very pleasant sojourn of a week, he started for his home in South Carolina, with the best wishes of his host and family that he might have a safe journey, and return to enjoy their hospitalities. Several weeks after his departure letters were received from Mr. Brown's family, making inquiry for him, and stating that he had not returned to his home. Search and inquiry, however, proved fruitless. Mr. Brown never returned. Mr. J., who had sold the free negro, never appeared at his case afterwards; but it was thought to be owing to the unaccountable and mysterious disappearance of Mr. Brown, who had been his guest.

Years afterwards, and not long ago, Mr. J., on his death-bed, urged his family and friends not to bury him in the family graveyard. He was very vehement in this request, but it was presumed to be but a vagary of his diseased brain, and his dying wishes were, therefore, disregarded. His remains were carried to the family burying ground, and the grave-digger commenced his work, but, when he had reached a certain depth, his spade struck a solid object—obstructions which, upon their removal, proved to be the skeletons of a man and horse, with the irons of a saddle; the iron buttons, too, upon the skeleton were found to be the same that Mr. Brown had worn.

Thus, even at the grave, before the clouds of the valley had shut him out forever from the light of day, surrounded by those who had met to do honor to his memory, without judge or jury, these silent witnesses, his own dread of the spot, the ghastly skeleton, with grinning teeth and sightless eyes, the buttons; the saddle irons, pronounced him, to the judgment of all present, a heartless, fiendish murderer. There was no appeal from this decision. Of a truth, "murder will out!"

[Wadesburg Argus.]

THIRTY years ago South Carolina grew tea, and it was demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that South Carolina could grow tea as well as China. It has not been done, because it requires small and cheap labor; but it will sooner or later, be grown in the South in large quantities. They fired a broadside, in Chicago, a few days ago, on the reception of the first tea received by the Pacific Railroad. It will not be more than a generation before we will fire a broadside in glorification over the first car load of tea received over the Cincinnati Southern Railroad from South Carolina.

Ice is now manufactured in New Orleans so abundantly that it can be afforded to families all over the city at one cent per pound, and to large consumers at three quarters of a cent. It has been tested with ice from Boston, and is found to be more compact and slower in melting. Made from filtered water, it is clear as crystal, and purer than ice naturally formed is apt to be.

CAREER OF A GUERRILLA'S BRIDE.

Nearly every pleasant day pedestrians on our principal avenues passed a dark-eyed brunette, of medium size, a plump figure, and richly dressed. In the early spring of 1861 Sue Kiterage, a lovely girl, just returned from boarding school, lived upon her father's plantation in one of the rural districts of Kentucky, that hung in a balance, uncertain whether to risk her fate with the new "Confederacy" or hang back. She was seventeen, and a frequent visitor at the adjoining plantation of Mr. Mundy, an old gentleman, whose wife and son, a young man, composed a happy family. One day a company of Union cavalry rode down upon the place, plundered the premises, carried off the valuables, burned the residence, and finally slaughtered the parents, who were defending their own firesides, laying waste the country in their track, and leaving young Mundy and Sue orphans indeed. Young Mundy was at last aroused, and while being carried off a prisoner no word escaped his lips but "Sue." When asked his name, he repeated "Sue," probably the effect of a disordered brain. His linen being examined, the indelible name of "Mundy" was found, and ever after he was known as "Sue Mundy," the constant terror of Union citizens and soldiers in that section. Released on parole, he immediately returned and interred the remains of his own parents, as well as the body of Mr. Kiterage. Taking a solemn and fearful oath of vengeance, and accompanied by Sue, who was now without home or friends in the wide world, he started for a neighboring camp of bushwhackers or guerrillas, where he was received with open arms and was soon promoted to the office of commander of the force, while Sue, disguised and passing by the name of "Kit," an abbreviation of Kiterage, proved invaluable as a spy, a fearless rider, and of undoubted bravery. Kit, after serving nearly two years as a spy and general planner for the band, found her health failing. Disguised and armed with the highest testimonials, she succeeded in securing a position on the staff of General Claiborne, the hardest fighting Irishman in the rebel army. This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Atlanta, July, 12, 1864, in which Pat Claiborne was killed. Returning to her youthful hero and his band, she again revelled in the carnival of blood, and though her evil spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, and Kit was again transferred to guard duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who have shared the hospitality of the celebrated camp will perhaps remember a short, stout, and muscular young lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's and cruel, as though a fiend incarnate lurked within. This was Sue Kiterage, the amiable young boarding-school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and firm friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own.

Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured and tried by a court-martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Louisville, Ky., in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kiterage was buried with it; and now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and dishonored, and cast away.

[Detroit Post.]

CARLTON says there is no harder riding than that of a Chinese cart. The wheels are clumsy, the body nailed to the axle, and there is no seat, spring or cushion. The mules are harnessed tandem, and the carters charge one dollar per day for a cart and one mule, and two dollars for a cart and two mules. The road is worn by constant travel, and there are deep ruts, sloughs and mirey places, which the driver is not careful to avoid.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

The New York Sun says: Mr. James A. Spurlock, of Versailles, has made an important scientific discovery of another kind. His revelations are perhaps best set forth in his own language, as follows:

"I claim the honor of discovering the centrifugal powers of nature that sustain and spread out the starry heavens, and cause them to revolve around the sun and other fixed planets or suns. I will publish a book this coming Spring entitled 'A Philosophy of Heaven, Earth, and the Millennium,' in which I will demonstrate in a scientific way that the Heavens are built by a master architect, and so set in working order that symmetry, harmony, firmness, and eternity are the results. That no calamity or collision ever did or can occur among the heavenly bodies. Take any planet—this earth for instance—hundreds of millions of miles away from its present position in its orbit, and it will instantly return. Gather the whole of our solar system into a group, and they will resume their present position. Bring, if possible, the whole created heavens together, and when released they will spread out and stand and revolve in systematic order, as now. I will show what causes the moon to go around primary planets, and why collisions cannot occur. I refer skeptics to the professors of the Smithsonian Institute. I made my discovery by reading the Bible in a philosophical view, and I consider it fully demonstrates Christ's divinity, and proves the resurrection of the dead to every intelligent thinker.

Mr. Spurlock requests the editors of the public journals to call attention to his discovery, and we have done it accordingly. He says that he would not ask this favor if he had money. We reply that this fact makes no difference to us. We had rather disseminate such news without price than not.

[Chronicle & Sentinel.]

WHY "TWINKLETH" THE STARS? About the twinkling of stars much has been written not merely by nursery rhymsters, but by true philosophers; for the subject, simple enough at first thought, becomes puzzling when it is closely studied. The momentary changes of color, and the flashing intervals of obscurity, are not susceptible of rough and ready explanation. Arago invoked the principle known as interference to account for the phenomenon. Light being a wave motion, if the elevation of one wave meet the depression of another, destruction of both ensues, and darkness comes of the interference. He held that the different strata of air encountered by a star's light coming to the earth refracted the component rays variously, and threw them into confusion, making them clash and become extinct. But a Roman astronomer, Professor Respighi, has lately overthrown this theory, and shown that the scintillations are to be referred to momentary deviations from their straight path of certain of the colored rays which unite to form a beam of star light. Our atmosphere first disperses or separates the colors, and then, for an instant, turns the course of some of them, leaving the others to come to the eye. The curious part of Professor Respighi's announcement is, that the rotation of the earth has an influence on the twinkling, for, by spreading out star's images into long spectra, he has noticed that these luminous streaks are rapidly traversed by dark furrows which sometimes pass in one direction and some times in another. These shadowy streamings are doubtless the spread-out scintillations, and their varying directions across the spectrum, upwards for stars in the West, downwards for stars in the East, and obliquely for those in other parts of the sky, show them to be, to some extent, caused by atmospheric fluctuations depending upon, or connected with, the earth's rotation. The professor finds that not direction only, but speed of passage also, is coincident with the terrestrial motion.

An old woman has been presented by a Kentucky grand jury as a witch.

Appleton's Journal makes the following charge against certain New York tea houses: Within a few years a large number of tea companies have sprung up in this city, which claim to import direct from China, to furnish a superior article at reduced rates, and which advertise largely all over the country. One street is fairly lined for a considerable distance with them. We are assured by those claiming to know that several of these tea establishments are organized frauds upon the people; that they use the leaves of the Camelia, which so closely resemble genuine tea that they are frequently mistaken for them by botanists; that they largely import and palm off upon purchasers Chinese "he tea," that they use the leaves of ash plum, and other trees, and mingle them with good tea; and, furthermore, that they reddy and color genuine tea leaves that have once been used, or have been damaged by water, &c. There is one of these companies which, we are told, does nothing else but purchase damaged cargoes or chests of tea, and then dries it on the roofs of certain buildings not a thousand miles from where we are now sitting. The drying process having been completed, a small quantity of a superior article is added to the damaged in order to give flavor; and it is then done up in packages for distribution all over the country. Those who are accustomed to patronize these tea establishments would certainly do well to analyze and test the quality of the article which is dispensed to them.

TEA SWINDLERS.

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THE OLD WORLD EMBRACING THE NEW.—Our correspondent on the ground says that the scene of the laying of "the last rail" on the Pacific Railroad "was a grassy valley on a mountain which divides the north end of the Great Salt Lake into two bays, far away from all signs of civilization except such as surround the two railroad camps. A chosen party of skilled Chinese levelled the ground and laid the last few ties, and the last pair of rails were placed and spiked to all but the last tie," reserved for the final ceremony of the junction of two ends of the mighty road. Here, then, at the Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America, in the heart of the Continent, (the City of the Latter Day Saints being at the other end of the Lake,) here we have, in the joint labors of Chinese and American workmen, Asia and America hand in hand, or the Old World embracing the New—a most interesting and suggestive incident.

A FRIEND TO THE CONFEDERACY.—It is not generally known that Spain was a strong sympathizer with the "Lost Cause," and especially that she at one time ordered steps to be taken for active hostilities against the North; yet Mr. Secretary Perry, of the American Legation at Madrid, so states in a recent letter. He says: "The desire of Spain to divide this country was so great in 1863 that the government of that country ordered hostilities to commence on our Southern border." Perry intimates that it was through his active interposition and efforts that countermanding orders were subsequently sent out.

MINISTER Burlingame rebuked the foreigners who thought they "outranked" him in Paris, in the following style: "We Americans do not raise the question of rank. We receive all gentlemen as occupying a common level. But if you raise the question of position, we outrank you. You are nothing but Dukes, Marquises and Counts. We belong to the royal family. We are the equal of our President. We are all heir apparent to the throne. We stand up for our order, and, if need be, we fight for order."

SEVATOR Sprague has been invited to address the Augusta Labor Union, but owing to pressing engagements he will be forced to postpone it until next fall.

Why is a one dollar greenback better than a silver dollar? When you fold it you double it, and when you open it you find it increased.