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EDITOR.

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

Baby Willie

Such a wonderful boy is our Willie!
Such beautiful eyes and bright hair,
While his mouth is a rose-bud of Summer
That has opened in sunny air.

Such a mischievous boy is our Willie!
His laughter like music rings out,
Oh, there's nothing on earth that we love
So much as his baby-like shout.

Oh, a treasure on earth is our Willie!
The beautiful, golden-haired thing,
God bless his fair face and bright forehead,
This boy in life's earliest spring.

ESTELLE.

FOR THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

Letter From Texas.

PRATHER HOME, April, 1868.

"Oh clods! ye ancient messengers,
Old couriers of the sky,
Treading, as in primeval years,
Yon still immensity.
In March how mildly beautiful
Along the deep, yet lower
Begin, as when from chaos dull
Ye loomed in pride and power
To crown Creation's morning hour."

Beautiful! exceedingly beautiful! are the mysterious clouds that sweep over this great prairie, gilded with the beams of early morning, white in the risen radiance of day or many hues, painted by the master hand of the angel who dwells in the sun, and has all bright prismatic colors at his command. It was a favorite fancy of early childhood (where the original idea was obtained I know not) to watch often the beloved skies of Carolina, thinking the great blue ether was the canvas on which the best inhabitants of the happier sphere delineated, with a pencil of living beams, some of the beautiful scenes that occurred in the spirit land. How the bright hues varied as one graceful for motion was dashed out, and another took its place; how "castles in the air" rose and fell; warriors with helmet and plume passed in review; spirit steeds trod the blue ether; Alps piled themselves on Alps, and every form of beauty revealed there. What if it was all fancy, and those fairy manifestations only denoted changing weather!

"When Science from Creator's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield the place
To cold material laws."

Easter Sunday at home. White hands have wreathed the altar with fresh flowers; hyacinths that breathe of Heaven; snowdrops, emblems of purity; or, symbolizing the long life "beyond the river." White are the vestments of that altar—oh that our souls may be by baptism made as pure—and in the far off distance of this stranger land "I hear or seem to hear" the faint notes of the sweet organ, accompanied by gentle voices, chanting "the Lord has risen."

Tell him to feed the flock who stands
With eyes upraised and lifted hands,
And for the absent ones to pray,
Who wander sadly far away.
That if unto their native shore
It be ordained they come no more,
In the triumphant church above,
Crowned with a Savior's dying love,
In future days they all shall come
When angels take the "harvest home."
Oh, it is sad never to go to our own church!
Never to hear the solemn words,
Thrilling the morning's golden air:
"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all
The earth keep silence before him."

Home and its associations are busy at the heart, this beautiful spring-time this glorious day, the flowers of the prairie, and the roses with which we crown May queens long since.

May-days and Maggie! my Maggie! who has gone to live where no winter comes, and flowers never die. Often I sit and think of her, as she was in those balmy hours, when the breeze swept back her golden curls, and heaven was in her blue, laughing eyes. Again her flower-crowned brow I gain her tender voice. May-day! May-day of life! Maggie, my sweet Maggie, we shall meet, I trust, yonder, for here childhood and youth are vanity. Only in the bowers of Eden is rest perpetual rest, and friendship eternal. Yet is it sweet to remember the past, and the loves gone for ever from earth.

Waiting for us on the happier shore,
Are the beloved ones who come no more,
Singing the songs of an angel choir,
Touching the chords of a golden lyre,
Singing of home, as it used to be.
Soft as the breeze on a summer sea,
Singing of those who are coming are long
To join the chorus of that glad sea.

From the Anderson Intelligencer.

The Burglar Gun.

We have recently witnessed the performance of this extraordinary gun; and whether considered in reference to the certainty and efficiency with which it performed its functions, or its admirable adaptation to our wants, in times of such general demoralization, we were led to the conclusion that, sooner or later, it must come into general use, and take rank as one of the most valuable discoveries of the times.

The credit of this invention is due to the Hon. John Wilson, of Anderson, S. C. And it is understood that the idea was suggested to his mind by the act of an audacious burglar who entered his office in the night-time, with intent to commit felony, and make a clean sweep of the contents of purse and pocket book. We predict, however, that a similar experiment will not be made upon his honor during the remainder of his lifetime. His name, henceforth, will be inseparably connected with, and always suggestive of this faithful, sleepless sentinel, and his worldly effects much better secured against burglars and thieves than they could have been by locks and bolts, and bars.

This burglar gun, like all fully perfected inventions, unites in an eminent degree, both simplicity and efficiency. These are the leading elements of their usefulness, and most convincing proofs of the genius of the inventor. The whole structure consists of a gun or pistol, resting on a pivot, or upright rod proceeding from the centre of a hollow metallic drum, about the size and shape of a peck measure. Within this drum is planted the machinery that gives rotary motion to the rod, on which the gun rests, so that it is made to fire in any one of four directions, instantly and with fatal effect. Four very delicate wires proceed from this internal machinery in opposite or different directions, to any point that may be selected within the range of the weapon. These wires, always in a state of slight tension, cannot be touched without an immediate discharge from the pistol. But, by far the most astonishing feature of the performance is, that the discharge is always precisely in the direction of the wire touched. For, although the gun may be pointing in an opposite direction, in the course of either of the other wires, it instantly responds to the burglar's touch, turns on its pivot, and fires at him.

The writer is not acquainted with the ingeniously planned mechanism by which the inventor has imparted such precise perceptive powers to his bantling, but is well assured that it has been done at a cost of much thought and unsurpassed ingenuity.

But, in forming an estimate of the merits of this invention, the great question to be solved in advance is, as to the practical advantages to be derived from it; and the propriety of its use as a resource against burglars and thieves, in a moral point of view. As respects the first, it is beyond all question one of the most reliable safeguards, and uncompromising sentinels, ever placed in charge of the property of a citizen. It effectually supercedes the necessity of all other means of security. Locks may be dispensed with and doors thrown widely open, and yet the answer of the sentinel, could the inventor have imparted the power of speech, to the question, "Watchman, what of the night?" would always be, "The day is dawning, and all is well."

Its efficiency has been tested in many localities, and in every instance with complete success. No inclosure, no garden or orchard, has ever been entered or approached where the presence of this gun was suspected. There is a terror even in doubts as to its whereabouts, that haunts the wretch to order. "Was this weapon introduced to general use, we are not prepared to say it would make men honest, or inspire rogues with a distaste for stealing; the present demoralized condition of the country frustrates all such expectations. We see men all around us, once regarded as high-toned and honorable, thrusting their roguish paws into the pockets of their more honest neighbors and former friends, and growing proud and consequential on ill-gotten gains. The love of money has been sown broadcast in the human heart; and like the fabled Uvas, sheds the dew of death upon every budding virtue. No, no; it is impossible to make men honest; but Wilson's gun will prevent them from stealing—can diminish, if not entirely abate trials, for grand and petit larceny, before our criminal courts—lessen the number of convicts in our penitentiary; and above and beyond all else, it can protect the property of honest people against burglars and robbers through all coming time.

As to the moral right of a citizen to place a deadly weapon in charge of his property, it would seem to us unquestionable. And if the public mind was fully enlightened as to the beneficial results that would follow its introduction to general use, the legal right would be promptly provided. As a general rule

the weapon should be placed in enclosures; where no one has a right to enter except the owner of the estate; and where none would except for felonious purposes—such as banks, mercantile houses, mansion houses, and other buildings with locked doors, and gardens with locked gates. These contain nearly all that is valuable on a farm. If restricted in this way by statutes, no honest person would ever be injured by the burglar gun. The lock on a door or a gate would announce in unmistakable language, the presence of the fearful watchman. And surely if an audacious thief should have the hardihood to force an entrance under such circumstances, and should lose his life by the experiment, he would have simply met his reward, and should be buried in a felon's grave, without the honor of a sigh or a tear to his memory. He would be no loss to society—there would be plenty of the same sort left. This department of industry and enterprise is already overstocked with competitors—so much so, that if hundreds were destroyed annually by Wilson's gun, it would not amount to an appreciable diminution of their number.

But the protection to property afforded by this gun is not necessarily limited to the above named enclosures. Placed in conspicuous localities, just long enough to be seen, in melon patches, orchards, and even corn fields, though never charged with ball at all, it would be none the less effective. The robber would be totally ignorant of his immunity from danger, he could know nothing of the stratagem, and would cower before the fearful uncertainty. The bare fact, as soon as known, that a citizen had purchased a burglar gun; or, that some two or three neighbors had procured one to be owned in common, and exchanged to meet their several necessities as they might arise, would amount to a never-failing resource for the protection of their rights.

The writer, after an attentive examination of the subject in all its relations, is forced to regard the burglar gun with special favor; nor, has he any doubt, but that, if brought into general use, and the manner of using it, and the localities in which it should be placed, regulated by law, with heavy penalties annexed for a reckless and improper use of it, but that it would soon be regarded as an invaluable acquisition to the best interests of society.

The inventor has added much to his former reputation as a discoverer in the arts, and entitled himself to the gratitude of his country. Were he paid the one half of one per cent. for the use of his gun on the value of all property that would be saved from the depredation of thieves and plunderers, his annual income would amount to many thousands of dollars. But whether he is to fare at the hands of his countrymen as did the Yankee, who was paid sixty thousand dollars for a dancing toy; or, as Robert Fulton, who fathomed nature's laws, and made steam the world's great motor, and died in poverty and rage, is yet to be seen. Such have ever been the varied fortunes of men; such the gross ingratitude of States and nations.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

CHEAP RAILROAD FARE—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.—An advertisement of the South Carolina Railroad Company, offering business tickets to travel on their road at twenty-five dollars for one thousand miles, has been published for some weeks past in all the city papers, but it is to be feared that the liberality and advantage of the offer have not been fully appreciated. Twenty-five dollars for a thousand miles is only two-and-a-half cents a mile, instead of six cents the usual charge for way passengers. By the use of this ticket, a merchant living one hundred miles from Charleston, and who is in the habit of coming to Charleston five times a year, at an expense for railroad fare of sixty dollars, could, come twelve times for the same money. The importance of this saving need scarcely be explained to business men familiar with the advantage of a frequent removal of their stock.

Our interior exchanges will confer a favor on Charleston, and a benefit on their mercantile subscribers, and do only justice to the South Carolina Railroad Company, by calling attention to this matter.—*Mercury.*

GEN. GRANT sent a message to Congress on the 8th, covering a communication from General Canby detailing the evil effects of compelling State officers in North and South Carolina to take the test oath. Many good men acting with the Union party cannot take it. Other good men who could take it decline doing so lest unworthy motives be attributed to them. Grant expresses no opinion on the subject, but merely transmits General Canby's letter.

THE TOWN of South Danvers, Massachusetts, has decided, by 133 Majority, to change its name to "Peabody," it having been the birthplace of that charitable millionaire.

Grant—An Argument for Empire.

The papers in the interest of the Radicals are evidently looking to a complete revolution in our form of government, and some are bold enough to avow a preference for the imperial principle. We quote from an article in the "Native Virginian" of a recent date:

Looking to the past, we now see clearly that the American Revolution, in so far as it was supposed to have established the right of self government, was a blunder as well as a crime. The experiment has failed signally and (for aye to come) hopelessly.

We believe firmly that Grant's election is certain, and that Grant will prove their master.

Nor need the South fear Grant. He is not the fool he is said to be. He is not the Radical he is thought to be. He has played and is still playing his game for absolute power with consummate skill. From an obscure outcast from the regular army, he has arisen to the supreme command of that army. He has made himself a necessity to the Radical party. Strong as that party has been and is still, it is powerless without Grant, and they know it. He knows it. This day, were he to side with Johnson, Radicalism would go to the wall. He does not side with Johnson because he hates the South or loves the negroes, but because Johnson represents constitutionalism, and his game is outside and above the Constitution. He is seeking dominion, and he has almost grasped it. Whether the wisdom which has led him so far be his own or another's, the fact remains—Grant is the power in this country. Call it fortune, luck, what else you will, it does not change the result.

He will use the Radical party as a stepping stone to the imperial purple, and then he will strangle it. He is a man raised up of God for that purpose. He is remorseless. His heart is flint. His will is adamant. His fondness for horses, for dogs and cigars, his bad grammar, his silence, his ignorance, all do not the least unfit him for the part he has to play. When the *Courier des Etats Unis* said in quiet derision, "he talks little and thinks less," it uttered a good joke, which all enjoyed. But those who will be at pains to look back a little will remember two important facts in this "lucky fool's" history. First, he accepted the command of the armies of the United States on condition that he should have absolute control of them. Second, he has persistently refused to stand upon any Republican platform, and has forced that party to make him their candidate without any public pledge whatsoever.

These two, put with many other things, prove that Grant is for himself and no one else.

He is no ordinary man. He who would rush his legions against Bragg entrenched on Lookout Mountain; who strove the line of march from the Rapidan to the James with 80,000 dead and dying; who, at the second Cold Harbor, allowed his wounded to perish in agonies rather than admit a defeat by sending a flag of truce to Lee; and who, to carry his point, accepted with out hesitation the awful responsibility of starving ten thousand of his fellow countrymen at Andersonville; he who would do this, and would play the terrible game of war as recklessly and coolly as he was wont to play the game of faro in the days of his penury, is just the man to trample a State or throttle a Continent if that State or that Continent stood in the way of his ambition. Self sustained and pitiless, he is the man of all others in America to master, put down, keep down, and trample out of existence the Radical party. What if, in so doing, it be necessary to deluge New England or the West with blood? That would please him well. Nothing better.

But he has taken sides with the negro, and will grind the whites of the South under his heel. Not he. His danger lies not that way. The South is unarmed, and naturally disposed, as a choice of evils, to prefer imperialism to fanatical demagoguery. The West is restive, and New England mischievous. But the moment the West perceives that the struggle has begun between Grant and Congress it will side with Grant. President in name but Emperor in fact, he will then easily overmaster New England by the simple threat of putting his armies in motion. In this way, and this alone, bloodshed may be averted, and the revolution now in progress be accomplished peaceably. The Republic will have disappeared, the Empire will have taken its place. We will not have a good government, but we will have the best possible, under the circumstances, and as good as most governments in Europe. All sections, all classes, both races, will be kept in subjection. The land will repose, the fruits of industry will be gathered—civil liberty will be extinct, but there will be a fair share of personal liberty to those who behave themselves.—Therefore we hope that Grant will be Emperor.

A CITY blindeth the eye.

From the Charleston Mercury.

Progress of Evil.

Nothing can show more clearly, the inevitable progress of usurpation in a free government, than the history of the last eight years. It divided and overthrew the Democratic party. It, then, made war, William H. Seward more than any other man in the United States, is responsible for this war. By his persistent agitation, he kept alive the sectional differences, concerning slavery before the war; and by opposing all adjustments of these differences, he forced on the war. He more than any other man, merged the Whig party into the Abolition party, baptized with the new name of Republican party. Where is Mr. Seward now? He has faithfully adhered to the policy of President Lincoln, which was the policy of all the great Whig leaders of the war. He is straddled high and dry—the mock and scorn of his more progressive revolutionary associates. If the Whig leaders of 1850 and 1860 who followed up usurpation by war, could have foreseen where it would have landed them and their country—would a single man of them have identified their party with the Abolitionists? And President Johnson—the head of the Southern Unionists—what thinks he now? Is he, and his associated Unionists, satisfied with the part they took against the efforts of the Southern people, to save themselves, from the savage hate and brutal predominance of Northern Radicalism? When he holds in his hand, the resolution he offered in the Senate, declaring the purposes of the war, for which all his Radical associates voted—and now, finds himself about to be convicted as a criminal for being faithful to it—what must be his feelings? However good may have been his intentions—he is sure of his wisdom, in putting such a people over his country? Where is the constitution for which he professed to act? Where is the Union, for which he let loose war, and spread desolation over the South? Where is a free government itself, for which he has so nobly struggled, against the steady march of consolidation and despotism, in its natural sequence of usurpation? Of all the people in the Southern States, the most to be pitied, are the Unionists of the late war. They see their country dominated over by a military tyranny; and they are forced by its exactions, either to repudiate and oppose it, or to acquiesce in its policy. Some few of them, with that pride, which Pope describes as "the never failing view of fools," will refuse to acknowledge their error. They will go on like Brownlow; but the greater part of them will follow President Johnson. They will see, like him—that to support usurpation and aggression by war, is to open wide the gates of revolution; and rather than be further participants in the political ruin (more fatal than the physical ruin) of their country, they will take, like him, persecution, perdition or death. Falling back into the great body of the white race of the South, they will help to make the South, a people more separate and united, from their common ruin, sympathies, and oppressions, than they ever have been.

In the meantime, whilst the revolutionary policy of the Radicals unites the South, what will be its effects in the North? A party which is false to the great faith due to the constitution, can be relied on to respect no other faith. Is the love of a free government, so dead in the hearts of the Northern people, that they will make no effort to save it, and transmit it to their posterity? Or, is Grant already calls for one hundred thousand soldiers. The present army of fifty thousand men, costs one hundred and forty millions of money annually. Can they mistake the drift of these things? Is it not plain that we are rapidly hurrying on to imperialism? The history of the civilized world, contains no record of a people, free and inheriting a free government, sinking passively down, without a struggle, into political slavery.

CAROLINA NATIONAL BANK OF COLUMBIA, S. C.—This institution was duly organized on Saturday last. In about two weeks, the bank will be put in operation. Place of business, Radcliffe's former stand, in Anderson's building. The following are the officers:

President—L. D. Childs.
Cashier—W. B. Gulick.
Teller—Iredell.
Directors—Dr. J. W. Parker, Edward Hope, John Preston, Samuel Tate, G. W. Swenson, and one more to be appointed from Columbia.

The officers of this bank are all Southern men, who, in the past, have been identified with the South. We trust that the bank will be the means of increasing the business of our city, and of helping to build it up. Let these gentlemen pursue a liberal policy, and they will deserve well of this community, for the establishment here of banking facilities.—*Columbia Phoenix.*

STRICKEN DEAR—Col. John Forsyth, writing from from Washington, has this curious bit of gossip:

"An ardent Pennsylvania Democrat assured me the other day that the women of the North, 'almost to a man,' were Democrats—eight out of ten, he thinks, and he mentioned it as a good joke, that even the partners of the bosoms of Forney and Kelly (Mobile riot Kelly) were against their lords in politics, and irrepressible Democrats. If the Northern women are this way, the jig is up with the Radicals, and they might as well agree to die game, with their black flag nailed to the mast."

GONAZZ, the friendly chief, who aided the Queen's army in its march through Tigre, will be duly crowned King of Abyssinia, thus introducing a new dynasty.

How to Make Real Estate Valuable

The true way for the large land holder to raise the price of his lands is to settle them up, as far as he can, with small farmers. This will raise the price of the residue. Population, so it is industrious, creates a demand for real estate. This is why city real estate is worth so much more than village property, and why, in the centre of active population, city property is at its highest value. Yet, if between our great blocks of stores on Canal, of Camp, or other streets, there were whole squares of unimproved and unsettled property, the rest would suffer in value; and property on other streets, all built up and put to use, would become active and marketable value.

So, too, with plantation property.—If it be divided up, so as to afford homes to a great many producers, all thrifty, and mechanic and country stores supporting people, wanting good schools, churches, and moderate social advantages, not "stuck up" with expensive notions, needing to go away from home for their gratification, all the real estate around will take a high value; but if there are great wastes of plantations, inaccessible to the moderate buyer, between them, all will proportionately be damaged in value.

Rich land will, of course, be worth in any case more than poor, but land of like quality will be worth more when it is thinly settled, even if the few in the latter case have come into the region with wealth, either of their own or borrowed from banks or commission merchants.

But it will very seldom be the case that all the forty-acre lots will be sold at once. Part could be reserved absolutely, or while some are offered on a credit; the others, to prevent too extensive purchases—purchases for speculation, and not for use—could be held for cash sales only. In such case the vendor would either have left a portion, say half his property, to rise in value with the thrift around it, or have a sufficient sum with which to make purchases of other plantation property to be divided and sold in like manner.

There is only one thing in this which will be in the way of a clear-sighted man, and that is that poor covetous human nature hates to have its neighbor profit by one's own enterprise and good management. The same spirit which induced John McDonough to buy square after square of property in the rear of the city, and to refuse to sell or properly improve it, for fear that adjoining owners, whose land he craved, would have their property enhanced in value, and thus to permit his own to remain unprofitable, and the whole neighborhood to become a desert, leads the planter to be unwilling to divide up and sell his property, for fear Jones and Smith's places along side him will become valuable.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE PAVILION HOTEL.—This long established and popular caravansary, continues to flourish with unabated vigor under the proprietorship of Mrs. N. L. Butterfield, relict of the former proprietor, whose memory is endeared to the hearts of his numerous guests as the prince of landlords, and the chief of good fellows. The active management of the hotel is entrusted to Mr. A. Butterfield, superintendent, assisted by Mr. H. Borneau, book-keeper, and Mr. Henry H. Parsons, supervisor of the refreshment department. The interests of the proprietress do not suffer at their hands, as is amply testified by the number and satisfaction of their guests. Travelers from abroad, and visitors from the interior of the State need feel no hesitation on arriving at the wharf or the depot, to jump at once into the Pavilion Hotel omnibus, for there now, as ever, they will find good lodging, good attendance, good fare, good liquors, in short, all that is requisite to make hotel life comfortable and pleasant.—*Charleston Mercury.*

THE HEBREW RACE.—A Richmond magistrate thus spoke of the Jews.

"I was commonwealth attorney of the city of Richmond for twenty-one years, and in that long interval, I prosecuted only three Jews, and two of them were most honorably acquitted, there being not a particle of evidence to sustain the charges. During my fourteen years of service as a magistrate only one Jew was before me for trial, and he was acquitted. In that long period I do not remember ever having application for public charity from any individual of either sex, or any age, belonging to that faith, and so far as I am aware, no Jewish child has ever received the benefits of our free schools, for which their parents without murmur pay their taxes."

TO CURE A FELON.—As soon as the parts begin to swell, wrap the part affected with cloth, thoroughly saturated with tincture of lobelia, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails, if applied in season.