

# THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

## OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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WILLIAM P. PRICE,  
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### The Heart's Echo.

#### Calvary.

Down from the willow bough  
My slumbering harp I'll take,  
And bid its silent strings  
To heavenly themes awake;  
Peaceful let its breathings be,  
When I sing of Calvary.

Love, love divine, I sing;  
Oh! for a seraph's lyre,  
Bathed in Siloa's stream,  
And touched with living fire;  
Lofty, pure, the strain should be,  
When I sing of Calvary.

Love, love on earth appears!  
The wretched throng his way:  
He beareth all their griefs,  
And wipes their tears away;  
Soft and sweet the strains should be,  
When I sing of Calvary.

He saw me as he passed,  
In hopeless sorrow lie,  
Condemned and doomed to death,  
And no salvation nigh:  
Long and loud the strain should be,  
When I sing his love to me.

'I die for thee,' he said—  
Behold the cross arise!  
And lo, he bows his head—  
He bows his head and dies!  
Soft, my heart, thy breathings be,  
Let me weep of Calvary.

He lives! again he lives!  
I hear the voice of love,  
He comes to soothe my fears,  
And draw my soul above;  
Joyful now the strain should be,  
When I sing of Calvary.

### A Pretty Little Story.

Kate Yale's Marriage,  
OR,  
THE HAND NOT ALWAYS THE HEART.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in earnest, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please, ha! ha!—shall be a possessor of these three qualifications:—  
First, a fortune;  
Second, good looks;  
Third, common sense.

I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Altho' I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary.

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings none ever doubted who had obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all others except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius, and something of a hero; the other a wealthy fool and something of a knave.

But the truth is—  
One poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of

ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot, possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people 'a fine character,' by his companions 'a noble good fellow,' and by the ladies generally a 'darling.'

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him 'Duke') was no idiot or hump back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him that I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections.—The 'Duke'—although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the arduous, conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However one day when he pressed her to decide his fate, she said to him with a sigh: 'Oh, Frank! I am sorry we have ever met!'

'Sorry?'

'Yes; for we must part now.'

'Part?' repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

'Yes—yes,' said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance, he lowered his voice and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept, wept bitterly.

'Kate,' said he, then with a burst of passion, 'I know you love me! but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now if you would have me leave you say, say the word, and I go.'

'Go!' murmured Kate, feebly—'go.'

'Have you decided?' whispered Frank.

'I have.'

'Then, love, farewell!'

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully, into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck; but in a moment, her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed from her with a sigh.

'Shall I go?' he articulated.

A feeble 'yes' fell from her lips—and an instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping—alone!

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart, had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which she swept her dishevelled hair tresses—until with a start she cried—

'Frank! oh, Frank, come back!'

'Here I am,' said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her.

'You have been asleep,' he said, smiling kindly.

'Asleep?'

'And dreaming too, I should say—not pleasantly, either.'

'Dreaming?' murmured Kate, 'and is all a dream?'

'I hope so,' replied Frank, taking her hand. 'You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I knew. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you where I left you, asleep.'

Oh! what a horrible dream, murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. 'It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!'

'And would that be so horrible?' asked Frank. 'I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me?'

'No; I thought I gave my hand without my heart!'

'Then if you gave me your hand it would not be without your heart!'

'No, Frank,' said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears, 'and here it is!'

She placed her fair hand in his—he kissed it in transport.

And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid but a happy one—followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke was unsatisfactory, however, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with thirst unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her, panting with a hunger which not all the flood of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus, and he answered with angry and desperate taunts of deception and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

'You do not care for me,' he cried, 'then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?'

'But it is wrong—sinful,' Kate remonstrated.

'Yes, I know it,' said her husband fiercely; 'it is the evil seed! Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clap your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience, for, I say nothing you do not deserve to have.'

'Very well,' said Kate. 'I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting I am the cold deceitful thing you call me—you know this state of things cannot continue.'

'Yes, I know it.'

'Well.'

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination—his lips curled with scorn.

'I have made up my mind,' said he, 'that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the gay Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free.'

'But the world!' shrieked poor Kate trembling.

'The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?' asked her husband bitterly. 'This marriage of hand and not of heart, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few understand the true meaning of husband and wife; but do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy?'

'Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble and cry, and cling to me now. I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire.'

He pushed her from him: she fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

'Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?'

She lay sobbing upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which she swept her dishevelled hair tresses—until with a start she cried—

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### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### A Woman's Wants.

'This is pleasant,' exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking chair, as the things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate revealed a pretty, neatly furnished sitting room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had been all day anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

It is pleasant to have a home of one's own, he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for his present comforts.

'Now if we only had a piano,' exclaimed the wife.

'Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation,' he declared, complimentary, besides a certain secret disappointment, that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

'Well, but we want one for our friends,' said Esther.

'Let our friends come to see us, and not to hear a piano,' exclaimed the husband.

'But, George, every body has a piano now-a-days—we don't go any where without seeing a piano,' persisted the wife.

'And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I don't want to hear it.'

'Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one.'

'I think it looks just right.'

'I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly,' persisted Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

'Your lamp smokes, my dear,' said he after a long pause.

'When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one,' said Esther pettishly.

'Those are very pretty lamps—I never can see by an astral lamp,' said her husband.

'These lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw they were bought in Boston.'

'But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp,' said Esther, sharply. 'They are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans, and the Millers, and many I might mention, all have them; I'm sure we ought to.'

'We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that.'

'We want to live as well as others,' said Esther.

'We want to live within our means, Esther,' exclaimed George.

'I am sure we can afford it, as well as the Morgans, and Millers, and Thorns—we do not wish to appear mean.'

George's cheek crimsoned.

'Mean! I am not mean!' he cried angrily.

'Then we do not wish to appear so,' said the wife. 'To complete this room, and make it look like other people's we want a piano and an astral lamp.'

'We want—we want!' muttered the husband 'there's no satisfying a woman's wants do what you may,' and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many houses and husbands rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife, with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found the result from useless expenditure at home—expense to answer the demand of fashion, and 'what will people think?'

'My wife has made my fortune,' said a gentleman of great possessions, 'by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness when I was just beginning.'

'And mine has lost my fortune,' said his companion, 'by useless extravagance and repining when I was doing well.'

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mother's ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will make it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the suffering poor, behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind

### Romance in Real Life.

A few days ago there was a great excitement in the streets of this city, says the Yazoo (Miss.) Whig, on the report that a woman had just arrived in town on horseback, dressed in male attire. How it was found out that the person who attracted a great crowd around her was a woman, we do not know. Either her long hair, which escaped from beneath her fur cap, or her awkward walk did it, and she was betrayed. She inquired for one of our most respectable citizens, and he entered into conversation with her, told her that she was found out, and if she would state to him the motive which had prompted her to assume the disguise which she wore, he would assist her in her enterprise, if it were a commendable one. She acknowledged herself to Mr.—, telling him her history, which is a singularly interesting one.

She is young, beautiful and accomplished. Her father lives in a not far distant county, where she was married a year or two ago, much against his will, and also in opposition to that of her brothers. Some weeks ago the husband came to Yazoo to seek employment, leaving his wife at home until he was settled. He was absent some time, and the true heart of his trusting wife, though not changed by his absence, suffered pain and disquiet from it. An old neighbor met him one day in Yazoo city, and asked him if his wife was with him. He replied in a jocular manner that he had no wife, but was going to get married to a young widow of this place. The man to whom this remark was made, reported it to the brothers of the wife, and they armed themselves to come to Yazoo to seek summary vengeance upon the destroyer of their sister's peace. She, womanlike, did not believe a word of the report, and declared her determination to come in search of her husband. Her brothers refused to let her come, and on her persisting locked her in an upper room at night, intending to start themselves in the morning on their expedition of revenge. When all was still, she bribed a negro woman to bring her a suit of her brother's clothes in which she dressed herself and descending through a window, got a horse from the stable, and started on her mission of love. Before the stern brothers awoke, their sister was far on her way to Yazoo city. She arrived here at noon, almost worn out with fear and fatigue, but firm and fixed in her resolution to find her husband and save his life. The gentleman to whom she told her story, is a man of the kindest impulses, and just the one to assist a woman in such a predicament. He assisted her in every way she desired, and never left her till he delivered her safe and sound, to her truant, but repentant husband.

### Female Education.

No woman is educated, says Burman, who is not equal to the successful management of a family. Although it does not require so much to rule a household as it does to govern a State, still it requires talent of the same kind. As he makes the best general who has begun at the lowest post, and passed up through every grade of office; as he makes the best admiral who entered the navy in the most inferior station; because they, and they alone, are acquainted with the whole compass of a subaltern's duty—so that woman will manage a family with the greatest ease and efficacy, who knows, experimentally, the duties of every member of it.

Daughters who neglect this part of education are entirely without excuse, and their mothers are still more to blame. The very apology which is often made for the neglect of it, is the greatest condemnation of those who offer it. It is said by those who are growing up in ignorance of these things, "Any one can learn to keep house when it is necessary. Any one who loves her husband and is devoted to his interests, will make herself accomplished in those things after she is married." As well might the young man say, "O, what use is it for me to learn a profession, or make myself acquainted with the details of my business? When I am married, if I love my wife it will then be time enough to learn a profession, or accomplish myself in the details of business." Would there be any surer omen of total failure and discomfiture? That which a woman can learn to do under the tuition of love, can certainly be learned to much greater advantage, under the tuition of a mother.

If it is at all so easy to learn, then they certainly are utterly inexcusable who neglect it. It is no degradation to the finest lady to know all the details of domestic affairs.—It is honorable, and ought to be her pride, as the morning, as wise as Minerva, and as accomplished as the Graces, ought to know the details of household affairs.

### Politeness.

POLITENESS involves in its very meaning the idea of deception. It is a cloak or covering, a polish of a naturally rough and coarse nature. It is to the mind what clothing is to the body. It conceals the nakedness of the thoughts. Now the nakedness of the thoughts is as shameful as the nakedness of the body. Perhaps even more so. It would be difficult to institute a comparison between them. But every person knows from experience, that even death itself would sometimes be preferable to the divulgence of thoughts that flicker through the mind, and necessarily and reluctantly absorb our attention. The exposure of these would be the exposure of a shame which would overwhelm the stoutest nerves, and bring the blood into the cheek of the most hardened and insensitive. Politeness throws the mantle of concealment over this mental shame—it reveals only that which is worthy to be seen. It distinguishes between the thoughts that are for ourselves alone and those which are for society, and it expresses the latter, while it suppresses the former.—This is not a fault, but an act of discrimination, which tends not only to promote peace, but happiness in society. And yet it is to a certain extent an act of deception. There is concealment of thought involved in it. We have withheld something. We have flattered a little. We have given the most agreeable of thoughts, and have suppressed the most disagreeable. We have prevaricated. In fine, we have told what we do not think; vulgarly speaking, we have lied, but this word is too coarse to be applied to a species of falsehood so very common, and one which did not originate in any intention to mislead for selfish or dishonorable ends.

THE BOY AND THE BRICK.—A boy hearing his father say "Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways," said: "If father applies this rule to his work, I will test it in my piny."

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; and I only tipped one. Now I will raise one and see if he will raise all the rest. He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "is a poor rule; 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent the first Adam?"

The father replied with the following: "Moral.—When men fall they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them."

A GREAT TRUTH.—In a discussion recently in the Methodist Protestant General Conference the Rev. George Brown, in speaking of discretionary powers of an editor, said he desired as much credit for keeping some things out of the paper as he did for putting other things in.