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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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The Heart's Own Music.
The Hearts we Love.

The hearts we love! How softly sweet
The flying moments seem,
When pass'd with those from whom we meet
The glow of friendship's beam;
That light, that beauty warm with tears,
Immortal rainbow of love's spheres!

With friends the hours have golden hues—
The evenings pass away
Like crimson fairs from violet dew,
At the last look of day;
While joy gleams beautiful and faint,
Like showers of moonlight round a saint!

The hearts we love! that joyous tone
Seems evermore to bring
The thoughts that memory loves to own,
Fair as the flowers of spring;
When fancies pure as angels hold
Sweet dreams, like roses drench'd with gold!

Within our home let friendship dwell,
No other charm we seek;
The meeting smile, when bosoms swell
With more than tongues can speak,
Has such a power, such feeling worth,
To me, 'tis heaven gracing earth!

A Story of the Ocean.

The Bride of the Wreck.
A FIDELITY SKETCH.

I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style "the passion." I had been a sailor from boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he existed no longer.

I was very young, strong in limbs, and I think stout heart, and I was possessed of a rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar, indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had read some books, but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand, then, why it was that I built a yacht and most of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sigh, now the happy days I have spent in the "Foam." I used to read considerably in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen, to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in that fact. Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

One summer evening I was at the old hall in which my uncle had died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprised while looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman hastily announced, and giving indications of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."

Of course, my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage dispatched to the park gate.

Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about 40 miles from me; and his father, an invalid, 50 years or more of age, was on his way, in company with his son to his son's house, there to die and be buried. They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.

Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door since I had been the possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black brows. Her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion, set off by raven hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls, unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle truth and complete confidence, either in all around her, or else in her own

domitable determination. For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far-seeing one too. She was 19 then.

He father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley, to the old church in which his ancestors were laid—Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house, or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love her or be loved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What, then, could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charm of that exquisite beauty, or graces which I knew were in her soul!

A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continued thoughts of her. I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near the window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said—

"You are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain."

It was inexplicable to myself, but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped, I did not know, but I did so.

Thrice afterwards I was warned of her presence in this mysterious way, till I believed there was some link between us two, of an unknown but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes without material intervention.

I heard of her frequently now as engaged to marry a Mr. Waller, a man whom I knew well, and was ready to do honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw, as I supposed, very satisfactory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I left London, and met them no more. The same rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went on board my yacht about midsummer, and four weeks never set foot on shore.

One sultry day, when pitch was frying on the deck, in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter deck. Towards evening, I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it fifteen minutes before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the helm, "Port—port your helm! a sail on the lee bow. Steady so."

I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the northwest. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady, and I went below again, and after endeavoring to account for the emotion I had felt, in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the "Foam," and as I would fancy at times that my arms were around her head lay on my shoulder; and then by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Waller, that was holding her, and I was chained to a post, looking at them; and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the Foam went before it.

Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife ready within reach to cut the lashing if necessary. We had not a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again, a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck and shook of the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on the weather bow, that might have staved a man of war, but kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly; but never abated the swift flight towards shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew.

I looked up, and turned quite around on the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud—all was blackness. At that moment

I felt again that strange thrill and at the instant fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next with a crash and plunge, the Foam was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her, another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broke loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy and I cut it away, and seeing a spar, went down in the deep sea above my boat. I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate finger of a woman. I drew her to me, and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night, we two alone floated away over the stormy ocean.

My companion was senseless—for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes. Who was my companion on the slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body only of a human being, or was there a spark of life left? and how could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be better to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve or die of thirst and agony.

I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young—scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling through the ropes and around the spars had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional springing of the spray, the dash of a foam cap or the heavy sound of the wind passing on my cars.

At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone on the wide world. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tighten. I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me closer to her, and laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm hers, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled close to my bosom, and whispered "thank you." Why did your brain so wildly throb in my heart at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was, that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave on it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashes from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to a part of the new raft or weck, I knew not which, and all the time that arm was around my neck, and rigid as if in death.

Now came the low wild wail that precedes the breaking of the storm. The air seemed filled with wailing spirits mournfully singing and sighing. I never thought of her as anything else than a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arm around her and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony.

"She gave it back, and murmured some name of endearment, wound both arms around my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder with her forehead pressed upon my neck, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then. It was madness with idol worship of the form God gave us in the image of himself which in that hour I adored as even God.

I feel the unearthly joy again to-day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair.

I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was human, mortal of my own kin by the great Father of our race.

It was a night of thought, and emotions and phantasms that never can be described. Morning dawned grayly. The first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head, it was welcomed with a shudder. I detested light—I wanted to float on over that heaving ocean, with that form clinging to me and my arms around it, and my lips over and anon pressed to the passionless lip of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace, I was mad.

But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain. I murmured aloud in my agony, "God of heavens, she is dead!" And it was Mary Sinclair.

But she was not dead.

We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off. Every man from the Foam and other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner yacht belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother and a party of ladies and gentlemen had started but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow, the night before the collision, which I had again at the moment of the crash, nor

what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long night.

I married Mary Sinclair; and I buried her thirty years afterwards; and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me.

Interesting Miscellany.

Be Something.

It is the duty of every one to take some active part as actor on the stage of life.—Some seem to think that they can vegetate, as it were, without being any thing in particular. It is expected he should "act well his part." He must be something. He has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die without having done any thing for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahomedans, that every one should have a trade. No Christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life like an automaton! Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? A man who does nothing is useless to his country as an inhabitant. A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfill the obligations for which he was sent into the world; and when he dies, he has not finished the work that was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads.—But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. *Be Something.* Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted.

See that young man, no matter what are his circumstances, if he has no particular business to pursue, he will not accomplish much. Perhaps he has a father abundantly able to support him. Perhaps that father has laboured hard to obtain a competence that is sufficient for his sons to live in idleness. Can they go abroad with any degree of self-complacency, squandering away the money which their fathers have earned by hard labour! No one who has the proper feelings of a citizen, who wishes to be ranked among the useful members of society, would live such a life.

Be Something. Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possession, or on your future prospects, but these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such case, ten to one, you will find your path beset with thorns. What may come upon you before you are aware of it; and, having no profession, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is, therefore, important that you should *be something.* Don't depend upon Fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

Be Something. Pursue that vocation for which you are fitted by nature; pursue it faithfully and diligently. You have a part to act, and the honor in performing the part depends upon yourself. It is sickening to see a parcel of idle boys hanging around a father, spending the money which he has earned by his industry, without attempting to do anything for themselves. "*Be something,*" should be their motto. Every one is capable of learning some "art, trade, or mystery," and can earn a competence for himself. He should *be something,* and not bring down the grey hairs of his father to the grave. He should learn to depend upon himself. Idle boys, living upon a parent, without any profession or employment are ill qualified for good members of society.—And we regret to say, that it is often the case that it is the parent's fault that they are thus brought up. They should be taught to *be something,* to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity; and to act well their part:—that will reap the honor which therein lies.—*Scar's New-York Magazine.*

LOVE AND DEBT.—There is very little difference between the man in love and the man in debt. Both the debtor and the lover commence operations by promissory notes; the former giving bills to his creditor, and the latter sending *billets doux* to his fair one. The lover, by promising to cherish, is honoured with a place in the lady's good books; and the debtor, by promising to pay, winneth admission to the creditor's ledger. Love keepeth its captive awake all night; so doth debt. Love is uncalculating, and debt holdeth no reckoning. The man who oweth money is in need of brass, and so is the swain who poppeth the question.

Distribute cheerfully in the time of health; for distribution on a death bed seems rather a cheap form of charity, inasmuch as it is rather a distribution of another man's goods than of thy own.

FIDELITY, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the dross of it invisible.

Thoughts on Education.
Educated Mothers.

There are many considerations which go to prove the necessity of bestowing a proper education upon the female sex. It is woman's privilege to watch over the expanding mind of youth, to catch the first glimpses of the awakening intellect. It is her hand that traces the first characters upon the pure page of childhood. It is hers to guard it from stain and blot, and keep it unsullied and fair. She has the opportunity of moulding the faculties of the young mind in almost any form her judgement may direct. Let woman be well educated, and a broad foundation would be laid of future prosperity, honor and renown. The seed of virtue would be implanted in the genial soil of fresh young minds, and these principles instilled which would be "a sun and a shield" in the Battle of life.

"What does France most need?"—asked Napoleon on a memorable occasion. "Educated Mothers,"—was the reply from the lips of a true-hearted and noble woman. It is what every country needs, in order that her sons may be the "jewels" of the State and her daughters the ornaments of society.

In history, we are told of a celebrated general who led his little son to the altar of Jupiter, and caused him to swear eternal enmity to a people who were then the masters of the world;—and the after life of that boy proved how well he kept his youthful vow. Mothers can accomplish far more than the father of Hannibal, even though their lot be cast in an humble home, and their influence exerted no farther than over the youthful minds around them. They can lead them early to the fountains of knowledge, and teach them to practice the golden lessons of virtue. Let it be remembered that "from a good home it is not far to Heaven,"—and that the early influences of the Fireside are the influences which direct and govern the whole after life.

But woman requires education not alone on account of the influence she exerts in the Home Circle, but throughout all orders of Society. It is true that nature has thrown around her extractions which fit her for moving in a different sphere from that of man, yet still she needs a well-cultivated mind in order to enable her to perform her varied and important duties. Her path through life may lead thro' "flowery meads and verdant dales," yet it requires all the boasted powers ascribed to man to enable her to preserve "the even tenor of her way." In the discharge of her duties, she has the same difficulties to contend with, which through the pathway of man. And if it be true that her influence is felt, and deeply felt, through every portion of society, it ought certainly to be salutary. In no section of the world are they more modest, more pure and delicate than among ourselves; but if to these graces was added suitable mental improvements, the effect upon society in general would be most happy.—A loftier moral feeling would be awakened, and we might hope to witness the purity without the extravagance of chivalry.

The cultivation of the female mind cannot detract from the power, influence or pleasure of man. It will bring no "rival in his kingdom"—it will not render her conversation less agreeable—it will not render her judgment less sound and practical in the management of domestic affairs—it will not render her less capable of performing all the duties which may devolve upon her in after years. Let knowledge unroll its ample page to her view—let her possess the key to all the varied sources of information—let education enlighten and strengthen her intellectual powers, and the harvest which would result would be one of abundant profit and pleasure. The fireside should be the throne of happiness, and an educated daughter, the brightest gem of the circle.

[Georgia Home Gazette.]

Elementary Education.

When a man is independent in his circumstances, he may suffer his genius or his fancy to find a purpose for him, but the first thing that a young man, without independence, must look for, is a mode or means of living. Life is the first subject of consideration. After this comes the ornamental department. But we must not begin with the ornamental. Build the cellars and the kitchen first, and the drawing-rooms afterwards. Now, elementary instruction of every description is fundamental, and may all be turned to good account, even for making a living in after life. Light reading is useful for enlightening the mind, for cultivating the imagination, and increasing our knowledge of the world. But elementary knowledge, the principles of the arts and sciences, and perhaps of one or two languages, is always useful and often indispensable to a right understanding and a full enjoyment of the light literature of any country. Time, therefore, is never wasted upon it in early life, and a young man may with perfect confidence apply themselves to the ordinary school learning of the day, without any suspicion that he is wasting his time, if no profession has yet been selected for him which

imperatively demand his attention to other subjects. In fact, he is preparing for himself a means of living for an honorable profession, and obeying the first law of nature—the preservation of life. By such diligence a man eventually obtains a commission— not, perhaps, in the army or in the navy— nor from any rich or great man; but, as Edward Irving used to say, he obtains one from Providence, who rewards him for his diligence by finding employment for him when he has fully prepared himself for it.— It is unreasonable to expect the commission without the preparation.

The Gain of a Loss.

The following circumstance actually occurred in Dublin, once upon a time. Mr. L. was much attached to Miss C., the young beautiful, and accomplished heiress to a property of some fifteen thousand per annum; but, being himself lord of no other earthly possessions than talents and good looks, he "never told his love," fearful not only of a refusal on the part of the lady to reciprocate the sentiment, but of the probable imputation of mercenary motives by her friends. Miss C., however had sufficient penetration to discover the genuine and disinterested affection for her swain, and the highly praiseworthy sensitiveness which caused him to shrink from its avowal. She was by no means indisposed to encourage his suit, but the consciousness of his comparative poverty rendered more than the ordinary encouragement necessary to stimulate his courage to propound the decisive inquiry. How was she, then, to give expression to her sentiments regarding him, without at the same time overstepping the bounds of "maiden modesty?" She proposed a game at cards. "For what stake shall we play?" asked Mr. L. "There's my stake," said the lady, throwing down a sovereign; "if you win, you win it—if I win, I win myself. I am aware I have no chance of winning though, against so expert a player as you." Mr. L. was indeed about the best player in Dublin, whilst his fair antagonist knew little or nothing of the game. Strange to say, however, on this occasion his luck deserted him. The poor gentleman was so unfortunate as to lose both the game and himself—and won the heiress! Their marriage was celebrated at St. Peter's church.

FISHES TAMED BY A CHILD.—In a quarter of the town of Hingham, known as Rocknook (says a Boston paper), there is a pond where a little girl, not sixteen years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs in the water. Gradually the fishes learned to distinguish her footsteps, and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand and allow her to touch their scaly sides. A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners. The control of Van Amburgh over his wild beasts is not more surprising than that which this little girl has obtained over her finny playmates. Visitors have been attracted from a distance of several miles to the spectacle she exhibits. The fishes will have nothing to do with any one but their friend. They will trust no one else let them come with provender ever so tempting. Even fishes are not so cold-blooded but they will recognise the law of kindness, and yield to its all embracing power.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—I may here, as well as any where, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One with a good profession lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments: he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indolence, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamt of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a tavern late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in. I know that he has had bad luck, for the worst of all luck is to be a stungard, a knave, or a tippler.—*Lectures to Young Men, by H. W. Beecher.*

A GREAT LIE.—"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land, it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."