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THE PIEC NEW TO BE SHOW

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Original Boetry.

For the Southern Enterprise. Lines to -- -- --.

BY GENEVIEVE.

Cours L I would give thee a barque of Love, Gently stirred with cars of Happine Wafted by Hope's unceasing gale, Which would glide smoothly o'er

Life's troubled sea. Guided it should be, by a fair hand, Whose smiles should be sunlights of gladness As a bliesful dream should pass thy life, With this gifted one of earth. Yes-

One of earth's brightest treasures ; Whose happiness would be only in thy smiles Whose task 't would be to beguile Thy weary hours, and as a meteor bright,

She'd be, who would safely guide thee To the portals of blies.

Miscellaneons Reading. DE ina; a Thrilling Jale.

Among the wondrous sights on the earth, he volcano of Ætna will always hold a just pre-eminence Renowned by past and pres-ent history, sublime by its elevation, its form, and the awful secresy of unknown terrors which lie concealed within its bosom, the Sicilian volcano will always be viewed with the

deepest, the most solenin awe. It was with such feelings and with such thoughts as these, that I began to ascend the volcano on the morning of the fifth of May, 1849. I had left Cattania on the day be-fore, in order to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to glance carelessly upon itno; for to me there was always something reverend, something almost divine, in con-nection with this great mass of unleaved la-va, which led me to look earnestly at its rugged sides. I wished to ascend, to view from its summit the fairest regions on earth ; to glance down, down into those unfathom-able depths where fire, fire in all its terror, forever dwells forever struggles ! It was with slow steps that I ascended the

stone, were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat, and looked down. From the scene beyond, from that glimpse of earth, which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lovely and all that was most over powering ; to turn and gaze into a volcano's awful depthswhat a change !

Involved in a thousand thoughts I sat there, thinking myself alone, when a sudden there, thinking myself aloue, when a sudden grating struck my ear. I was startled ex-ceedingly, and turned round. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined it to the other cliffs-upon the isthmus-I saw a mild looking.

upon the isthmus—I saw a mild looking, middle aged gentleman approach me. He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick. "I beg your pardon, Signor,' said he, in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone; 'I beg your pardon for intruding my-self upon your company. But it is not often that I see any visitor so far up.' "My dear sir, I beg you will makes no ex-cuse,' I replied; 'I was just admiring this scene below.'

scene below.' 'Ah! yes, 't is a glorious sight.'

'Glorious ! say, rather, a terrible one.'

Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surprised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely levely !

And as he spoke, a smile of bewitching beauty crossed his features. I suppose your tastes are different from

those of many people, Signor. I have not such feelings. But may I ask you if you are often here?

'Oh, yes! I live here,' he repied, waving kis stick around. 'I live here," I thought that he meant me to understand

that his home was on the mountain, where very many villas are situated. 'And I should suppose,' I continued, 'that

you are often on the summit. 'Oh, yes, I am here always.'

'Always! what a strange fascination it ha r vou !

'It has ! it has !' said the gentleman. Oh fearful'—and his voice grew low and hol-I was silent.

I was sient. I will tell you, said he, sitting closely by my side, and turning his eye full toward mine, I do not wish you to inform any one. Promise me that you will not.'

I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now that within their depths there gleamed a strange and sinister light. I promised him; and at the same time I

uneasily drew back farther from the edge. 'Well then, Signor,' said he, 'I am king here! I rule Mount Ætna !'

'Yes !' I answered, a little alarmed at his words, and attempting to smile.

"Yes! I am king here. In me you see the being who causes the lava to pour forth, and overwhelm the regions below. I have lived for centuries. The spirits of the deep

obey me: see !' He leaped up from the ground. There was a fearful fire in his eye, his nostrils were cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had dilated, his paleface became as white as mar- in unison with ble, and as bloodless, save that on either check I had been an invalid and there glowed a deep red spot. 'See!' he shrieked wildly and loudly; 'spirits of the deep arise ? Ha !--yonder-see them!-they are coming-in clouds-en-robed in thunder-garments-see !

I looked all around. The spell was broken which enchanted my gaze. I looked all around : at the blue sky above, at the scorched earth around, at the horrible chasm beneath. There was no hope. Oh! could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Could I but do it—but H

what i do you not answer ? he cried, sud-denly lashed into fury by my silence, and stamping his foot in frenzy upon the rock. 'Do you not answer ? Then I must carfy you with me!"

The maniac sprang toward me !

With all my energies roused into frantic action, with every sinew braced, and every muscle contracted, I placed my foot back-ward, against a small angular rock which projected above the sandy soil, and endeav-ored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, ored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which projected above the loose sandy soil, and endeavored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose thrilling into the air, his eyes all blood-shot, his mouth foam-ing, on he came. He struck me—his arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace, his hot breath came here in the struct of the struct of the struct surrounded me in a fearful embrace, his hot

breath came burning upon my cheek. I stood firm : for despair, and all the bitterness of death, had given no place to fear and tim-idity, but had bestowed upon me the cool-

ness of one in an ordinary situation. I throw, my left arm beneath his, my right I passed over his neck and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth. It was a moment of horror such as no

mortal tongue could ever tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while three thousand feet beneath, lay the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour, my heart beats more forcibly even as I think upon the time.

Thus stood, breast to breast, face to face -the madman and I-he with his arms en circling me; I seeking to save myself. He pressed me toward the edge of the cliff. He plunged his feet deep into the ground ; he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced; and I held him tightly, and I pushed him, I sought to hurl him from me. Hurl him from me!—as well might the hungry tiger be hurled from his

Oh ! the agony of that struggle ! I know not how long it was, but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman glared at mine all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white, all ghastly, was upturned toward me, as he shouted in his fiendish mocking

laughter. O HEAVEN! Oh! horror! Can this, will this endure for ever !' cried I in the agony of my fear. The maniac howled with derisive shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker. But he was a madman; and would he grow weaker also ? A thousand thoughts fled through me.

feet. The rock, the saving rock-I had lost it ; I was gone. I threw my arms high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended

e manie

The Dark Side.

There are some people who are always looking on the "dark side" of life. They seem to see the world through "colored glasses," and thus everything bright and glo-rious, takes a sombre-tint from the medium through which they gaze. They have not strength and courage to struggle with the strength is of constance for these are used of Eden, it was decreed that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. If the history of the age is credible, that edict has never been altered. Either from the corrup-tion of man's primitive tastes, or the force of actual ills of existence, for these are wasted in grappling with imaginary evils. If in the springtime they sow amid the budding love-liness of nature; they do not believe that wants consequent upon the change; the earth, though mellow and generous to toil, has, steadily refused to yield spontaneously the fruits, of Eden. To satisfy hunger and thirst, when autumn comes their fields will be filled with "plenty sheaves," and plenty will sit smiling at the household hearth. They to defend the body from heat and cold, and think of the devestating march of the tornado, to shelter it from storm and danger, man has and the withering breath of the forest king, been obliged to tax his invention and to exrather than the crystal dew-drops, the reert powers, which his original simplicity freshing shower, and the cheering sun-light, might have avoided. God did not turn him that shall ripen the fruit, and give a golden from his earthly paradise without making

hue to the waving grain. When the harvest has been gathered in, amid the merry songs of the reapers, they do not offer a prayer of thanksgiving for those mercies. On the contrary, they borrow trouble concerning the winter, and fear that during her long and dreary reign want shall chase abundance from their dwelling.

If they have white-winged vessels floating in far off seas, they listen. to every rising breeze, as if it were the herald of a coming doom, and fancy each ship a thousand times wrecked. Do they possess richly-stored coffers I they are in constant fear of burglars

and assassing. Friendship, they do not trust, because there is a possibility that a smile may conceal a deceitful heart, and kind words be used to lure another to ruin. They visit homes, that seems to them like emblems of Eden. Peace, and joy, and love, throw over them a halo of light, but even there a shadows floats up from the murky atmos phere which enchrouds the distrustful soul They wonder if this apparent happiness is not assumed in order to make an impression, and give them an idea of real domestic bliss. There are those to whom they are bound by a thousand ties, but instead of enjoying their

to do his bidding. Nor will man ever be exempt from toil. All that is fair and noble in this picture of society, they spend the hours in gloomy forebodings of death and misery. Dear reader, you have seen just such perhis triumph has risen from the motion of active hearts and hands. Garden and grainfield, cottage and palace, temple and monument, the shrines and alters whereon the sons, so have we, and marked how they have

not only rendered themselves wretched, but highest faiths and holiest affections are consecrated, are the creations of toil-toil, which cast as dismal spell over all with whom they come in contact. It is well to look upon life in the wilderness, in the van of armies, and as it is; to realize that it has sorrows and in council halls, not forgetting the glorious sufferings, and prepare for them; but it is birth of man, has bowed to the first edict of vain and sinful to look continually on the God. By sweat, and in pain, the great, the dark side.

true and the heroic have wrought out their If want falls to your lot, remember that He who sent the ravens to feed his servant, lives, and their brows bear the only crowns that sparkle with imperishable diamonds. will not forget His trustful children. If friends Let no man scorn labor-labor, which fate become your foes, do not think that the has dictated as the basis of our earth-life, whole human race are of the same stamp. and with which the Supreme Being rolls and "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell ;" and so it is with mankind. True, there rules the universe in its immensity-N. Y. Mirror. are thousands of wretched, fallen, guilty be-

ngs; but there are, also, hearts that throb Business Habits. nobly with their wealth of pure aud generous impulses. It is permicious doctrine which too many are teaching when they portray friendship as "only of name," and truth but

Che Working-Hlan. Labor and Libe.

When Man was driven from the Garden

things ; out of that man came as a savage,

without plan or capital beyond the capacity

reared his dwellings-while broad fields filled with flocks and herds, and populous cities crowned with domes and spires, rose before

him until he is what we now see, the genius

of civilization, by toil mastering the elements

The force of example is the greatest force in the world, because it is the force of habit which has been truly and appropriately cal-led second nature. Its over whelming influ-ence is so great that honest men become rogues by contact ; a fact which every alderman in the country, who is acquainted with the inside of a prison will confirm. If strong minded men have frequently fallen victims to evil example, how shall the weak escape ? Very easily !-- the philosophy of success lies in sound judgement and correct business habts .- Merchant's Guide.

Ladies' Department.

No Mother.

"She has no mother!" What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single ut-terance—no mother! We must go far down the hard, rough paths of life, and become ingood provisions for his new wants. Sterile as the unbroken turf seemed, it yielded to the ured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our own stick iron: and and when the dry seed was cast into it, the rains, dews and sunexperience the dread reality-no mother, without a struggle and a tear. But when it shine, nourished them into plentiful harvests. But necessity-the ever recurring calls of human wants, which are as angel infirmities is said of a fragile young girl, just passed from childhood toward the life of women, how sad is the story summed up in that one -have allowed him no cessation from labor. To live, to generate and fulfill a being "fashort sentence ! Who now shall administer led but not lost," he has been forced to toil the counsel-who now shall check the wayfrom day to day, providentially permitted, in the average, to accumulate little beyond ward fancies-who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughupplying immediate wants. In the perpetter ? ual summer of Eden, nature provided all

Deal gently with the child. Let not the up of her sorrow be overfilled by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathiz-ing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing ? of his hands, or the fruitfulness of the earth. Step by step he emerged from the depen-dence of ignorance and folly—he smote the forests—furrowed and drained the earth s she forgetful of duty ? Is she careless in her movements ? Remember, oh remember, she has no mother ! When her young companious are gay and joyous, does she sit sorrowing? Does she pass with a languid step and a downcast eye, when you would fain witness the gushing and overflowing glad-ness of youth? Chide her not, for she is motherless; and the great sorrow comes down upon her soul like an incubus. Can yuo gain her confidence ? Can you win her love ? ome then to the motherless with the boon of your tenderest care, and by the memory of your tenderest mother, already, perhaps, passed away; by the fullness of your own remembered sorrow : by the possibility that your own child may yet be motherless : contribute so far as you may to relieve the sor-row and repair the loss of that fair, frail child who it written motherless .-- Port Eclectic.

> FEMALE LOVE.-We think the following remarks must be more applicable to English remarks must be more applicable to English than American society. In this country, marrying "for love" is certainly, the rule and not the exception, Mrs. Crowe to the contrary notwithstanding. This lady says: —"How very few women have ever been in have over been in love. How very few even marry from elec-

tion ! They marry because they are asked, and because the marriage is suitable. It is their vocation to be married; parents ap-It is an awkward thing to begin in the prove, and they love no other attachment. world without a dollar-and yet hundreds of Any observant person living in society,

where there is continued marrying

been dismissed the fatigue of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity might well have daunted me. But after many restings and haltings, I was able to attain the summit.

The summit ! good heavens ! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awaken-ed within me ! Can I ever forget the glimpse which I first caught of all the glories and all the horrors of nature mingled together in such fearful unison ?

Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows, and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glanc-ing and flashing in the sun as they wander-ed to the sea, with ten thousand labyrinthian

turnings; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ruffle, not a ripple ; there terraces up on the sides of a hundred hills, where vine-

yards were planted, and where the trellised vince passed long, all green, all blooming ; were groves of orange trees, amid the dark green

dark green folings of which the golden oranges peeped forth like the flashes of phos-phorescent hight in a midnight sea; there

And the sea---the wide, the boundless, the i deep blue Mediterranean---there it spread away, on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, spreading away as far as the thoughts could run---glorious as The dashing, Silver-flashing Surges of San-falvador." alone with a maniac !

But turn aside—and there, beneath, far be-ath, lies an abyss like that of which Milton a sung in sublimest mortal strain. I paused upon the brink, and, shuddering, ath, lies

down ! The thick and funvolumes of torthously-ascending smoke e resthing upward as from a cauldron, caped from a myriad crevices in the rocky, ipitous sides; it poured forth from behind a and united with the vast mass ible denths on the an andy, rocky edge, where

I leaped up from the ground : I gazed at

He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell far down in the abyss. He flung off his coat and threw it away.

'Signor,' said I, in hopes that a mild tone night make him calm, 'Signor, the winds obey you. Let us go.' 'Go ? Where? It not this my home ? Is

not this my palace ! Saw you not my ser vants / You are my ghost

'Will yout not sit down and tell me about your home ?' said I shuddering.

'No! there are secrets that can never be spoken. Can you understand them f Who are you, a mortal, that you dare to ask? I walked slowly toward the narrow passage of land—the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go. "Can this all be pleasantry? thought I.

were long avenues of dypresses, of acadias, An awful thought passed through me, which jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of

and the sca-the wide, the boundless, the ing, every since in his body worked up. He stood, screaming, laughing. O God ! I was

You are to go with me,' he cried.

"Where ? "There. I have come to carry you to my home.' He pointed with a cold, snaky smile

down toward the unfathomable abyss whence aded the terrible column of inky and suffocating smoke.

I gazed at him : for there was some ele-ment of fascination in his glassy stare, which forced me, compelled me to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless and disclosed, as they parted, his

bloodless, and disclosed, as they parted, his mouth and tightly-shut teeth. "There is my home—there; and I have come to take yeu with me. Ha thal how happy you will be I Come?" Buill I gazed; while my heart throbbed with slow but terrible pulantions. He advanced one step toward me.

cking yell. 'Down ! down! to the bottomless pit To the home of fire and brimstone ! To the endless horror of burning lakes !' he screamed, as he gave a bound toward the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman strength, by a partial possession of even a madman's power ; I caught him by the throat. and even on the very edge, even when in sight of the abyse, I sprang back, I bore him back; It brought him to the ground. Falling heav ily upon him, I held his throat still in a fierce grasp while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and his open mouth as my cheek lay pressed against his face ; I heard them grate harshly, and drew my head violently away, as he sought to seiz me with his sharp teeth.

In our frantic struggles on the ground, we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice-stone ascended around us in suffocating clouds. I was halfinsane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fine choking dust, and rubbed it violently over his open mouth. It dust around, I could not see where we were He held me by the hair as he sprang ; a moment after, and a fearful force was straining there, holding my head down with irresistible force. Another moment, and I arose while wild and high arose the shriek of the maniac, as he fell-down down-into the abyss.

As exchange tells a story of a miserable drunken sot who staggered into a Sunday School, and for a few minutes listened ver School, and for a few minutes listened very attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars, but being anxious to show his knowledge of the "scriptur," he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. "Parson B—," said he "ask me some of them hard ques'shuns." "Uncle Jo-seph," said the dominie, with a solemn face, in a drawling tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of ain and the depths of iniqui-ty ?" "Yes'ir and in the gall of bitterness too. Ask me auother question !"

The "thief of Time," has never been ar

+ 30

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the fair semblance of what she ought to be, shilling. The stone obelisk which the citi- en in marriage, must be struck with this Death may sever us from those to whom we zens of London erected in Fleet street as a tes- fact. Cupid's quiver must be exhausted, or suffering ; we must remember that there is One guiding the affairs and destiny of the world, and that "He doeth all things well."

The End of 'Great Men.'

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy leights of ambition, and with his temple bound with chaplets, dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked upon the world. and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonish ment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the arms, of the mistress of the world,' and made her

very foundation shake-fled from his country, being hated by those who once exulting ly united his name to that of their god and called him Hanni Bal-and died at last by poison administered by his own hands, un amented and unwept, in a foreign land. Cæsar, after having conquered eight hund-ed cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he con-sidered his nearest friends and in that very

place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name-after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth-closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could

Thus these four men, who, from the pecu-haz situation of their portaits seemed to har situation of their portaits seemed to stand as the representative of all those whom the world called great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died— one by intexication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide— one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile 1 ' How are the mighty fallen 1

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timony of their respect for the political con- this arrow blunt-he pierces few hearts now, duct of the late Mr. Worthman, had been I am inclined to think that a girl really in pounds from a single bank note. I know a

gentleman, a builder, in an extensive way of ousinees, now worth \$100,000 who was a brick-layer's laboror some six years ago at \$1 per day. He became rich by acting upon principle. He has frequently assured me, that even when he was ill paid, he continued to save fifty cents per day, and thus laid by

\$182 the first year. From this moment his fortune was made ; like a hound upon the right scent-the game, sooner or later won, was sure to become his own. Another very

extensive firm-one of whom has since died and left behind him an immense propertythe other is still alive, and has realized as much; and, yet both these men came to New York without a cent, and swept the very shop wherein they both afterwards made their fortunes. Like the builder, whom we have just mentioned, they posses ed an indomitable spirit of industry, perseverance and frugality, and the first half crown became in consequence the foundation of a million more.

The world at large would call these individuals fortunate, and ascribes their property to good luck ; but the world would be wrong in doing so. If there was any luck at all in the matter, it was the luck of possessing clear heads and willing hands, have carved out their own fortunes, as well as those instances above cited. By the word, "busi ness,' means habit. Paradoxical as it may appear, at first sight business is nothing in the world but habit-the soul of which is regularity. Like the fly wheel upon a steam engine, this last keeps the motion of life stea-dy and unbroken, thereby enabling the ima-chine to do its work without obstruction.----Without this "regularity," your notions as a merchant may be capital, but they never will

*Picture to yourself a ship without a com-past a lock without a key; or a carriage without wheels. These are all types of a man of business without regularity—uscless.

better dedicated to his capacity for busi-love—one who bore the symptoms of the ness—a capacity which enabled him, as it malady—would be thought very improper; did Stephen Girard, to create thousands of vet I have often fancied that there must be a man born in the world for every woman, one whom to see would be to love, to reverence, to adore; one with whom our sympathies would so entirely blend, that she would recognize him at once her true lord. Now and then these pairs come together ; and woe to her that meets this other self too late! Women would be more humble and merciful if they did not, through ignorance and thoughtlessness, measure the temptations of others by their own experience."

A SHORT ROMANCE .- The following romantic incident is said to have occured a few years before the Russian conquest of Armenia. The Sirdar fell violently in lova with a beautiful Armenian maiden, and demanded her from her parents. Their supplications, and those of the girl herself, were mavailing; for, although she had a lover, she was not formally bethrothed; she was consequently carried off to the harem. During the night, her lover entered the palace-gardens, and, in a low voice, commenced singing beneath the windows of the harem, in the hope that she would hear him. Soon a window was opened, and some one leaped out. Fearing that his singing had betrayed him, he fled; but as he heard nothing more, he crept back, and found his beloved caught in the branches of a tree, which had broken her decent to the ground. He helped her down, and they prepared for flight, but be-ing overheard, they were pursued and caught, and in the morning they were brought be-fore the Sirdar; when the latter had heard the circumstances of the case, he exclaimed, "I see that in the sight of God you were already betrothed. Lovers so true should never be parted; live happily together, and God be with you !" [Baron Von Haxthausen's Sketches.

WASHINGTON JEVING is cultivating his grounds and gardens at Sunnyside. He says his potatoes cost him about sixpence a piece.

not bring him aid !