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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Poetry.

Slander.

BY FRANCIS S. OSOOD.

A WIMPER woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet bared with shame and woe;
Now might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.

Alas! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little moaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round,
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,
Until it reaches a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart it was meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that—it broke!

Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came—a thunder-clash to hers,
That fragile girl so fair and gay,
That guileless girl so pure and true!

The bee that in a lilly lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
Was killed by but a gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very sound—a death-blow came!

And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Sprung in the lilly too!)
For who the maid that knew,
But owned the delicate flower-like grace
Of her young form and face?
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frightened bird,
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder—died!

A Little Story.

The Declared Lover.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

Will you go with me to-morrow night I said Frank Allyn, as he parted from Lucy Alton at the door one evening.

"Oh! to be sure," said Lucy, "provoking the exhibition is worth seeing, which I suppose it is—or such a gallant as you would not have asked me."

"Very well," said Frank, lifting his hat and turning to depart, "I shall be here early."

Frank was Lucy's lover. He had been so for several months. He was open as the day, and loved Lucy with his whole heart, and had often urged her to a speedy marriage. But she was a gay thoughtless creature, who though she loved him in her secret soul strove to conceal it from him as many of her sex do. Had not Frank been a declared lover, this would have been commendable; but, as it was, it only made him unhappy, without any commensurate gratification to herself, for often, after she had been so capricious as to drive her lover to despair, would she lie awake weeping all night. How false is that sentiment which induces a woman thus wantonly to trifle with a lover from mistaken notions of pride.

But Lucy was not solely to blame for her conduct. She had an elder sister who possessed great influence over her, and this sister secretly disliked Frank, taking every opportunity to injure him, though outwardly treating him with feigned favor. The morning after the conversation with which our tale begins, Lucy and her sister had just seated themselves at the breakfast table, when the latter said—

"Mr. Townsend was here last night—he left invitations for us to the concert this evening. I told him you had engagement, and he is to bring his Italian friend, Mr. Santori, with him."

"How sorry I am," said Lucy.

"Sorry for what?" responded her sister.

"That he asked me, for I told Frank I would go with him to the exhibition to-night."

"How!"—Frank again.

"Why, what would you have me to do?" said Lucy, after a few minutes' painful pause.

"I suppose it is on me to advise," replied her sister. "Only this I will say, that Mr.

Townsend and his friend will think it very odd that, after making an engagement with them, you break it for Frank."

"But won't Frank think it very odd for me, after making an engagement with him, to break it for these comparative strangers?"

"There is the difference. With a friend one may take liberties, but not with a stranger. Frank can go with you any evening, but Mr. Santori, leaves town day after to-morrow. He has been civil to you and it is but polite to go with him."

Lucy paused.

"But Frank will be so angry," she said timidly, at length.

"Then let him be. Oh! before I would suffer a gentleman to see I cared for angering him, I would die. What, surrender this privilege of sex! No, no! if you wish to retain the affection of a man, tease him, and conceal you, affection from him."

There was again a pause of several minutes, and the breakfast service was nearly over, when Lucy's sister carelessly remarked, "This is the last night of Signor Eagle,—is it not? You have the newspaper Lucy."

"Yes; he sails for Europe during next week."

And the exhibition remains open for a month?"

"It does."

"Then I am astonished that Frank did not ask you to hear the Signor this evening. He knows how fond you are of music."

"I have a mind to go," said Lucy, who by time, began to yield, as customary, to her sister, from a secret dread of that sister's sarcasms, if she betrayed her love.

"Frank and I can go to the exhibition some other time."

"But if he gets angry," said the sister with a slight scorn on her lip, which stung Lucy to the soul.

"Angry or not I will go with Santori," said Lucy, with flashing eyes. "So that's fixed," and she rose from the table.

And she did go with the Italian to the concert. Frank arrived a few minutes after she had left the house, and words cannot describe his surprise, indignation and pain at her conduct.

He paced his room for hours that night now determined to see her once more and hear her excuse.

Lucy herself spent an unhappy evening. Not even the divine strains of *Nigel's* instrument could banish from her mind how Frank would regard her conduct. On returning home she heard the surprise of her lover, which he had not affected to conceal, and arguing the worst, she retired to her chamber and spent the night in tears. At breakfast she strove in vain to hide the effect the last evening's events had produced on her. Her sister read her secret in her swollen eyes, and with a few well managed taunts, turned the whole current of Lucy's thoughts, and ashamed of her weakness. It was while she was in this new mood that Frank called.

"Well, your jailer is below said her sister bringing Frank's card up to Lucy. "He has come, I suppose, to see your repentant tears under pain of his eternal displeasure."

In no temper, therefore, to receive her lover as an injured person, did Lucy descend to the parlor. The salutation on both sides was cold, and the conversation at first embarrassing. At last Frank came to the point.

"You went out last night, Lucy. Was I mistaken in supposing from what you said, the night before; that you were engaged to visit the exhibition with me?"

This was said mildly though with some constraint, and had Lucy replied to it in a proper spirit, all would have gone well.—But instead of making a candid explanation of the circumstances, and trusting to her lover's generosity, she replied—for she was still writhing under her sister's implied taunts—"And if I was engaged with you—what then?"

Frank looked sadly at her, for there was a defiance in the tone, as well as in the words. Lucy's heart rebuked, and had she changed her demeanor, all might have gone well. But pride that fatal curse interposed, and she again resumed.

"You say nothing."

"Lucy," said Frank reprovingly.

Her eyes flashed.

"I do not understand you, sir! You assume a tone of unwarrantable authority over my movements this morning. Have I ever given you liberty to do this?"

Frank hesitated ere he replied. He saw that she had taken a position which precluded an explanation since it denied his right to ask any. But he saw the erroneous nature of her position. He therefore determined not to give up the point yet.

"This is not what I assert, Lucy," he said, "you have made an engagement with me which was broken. This certainly entitles me to an explanation, and I ask nothing strange—I assume no unwarrantable authority in seeking it."

The justice of this position impressed Lucy, and again she was on the point of yielding, but again her better impulses gave way to pride.

"Thank heaven," she said, rising, "we are not engaged. If I cannot do as I please, without being treated as a truant child,—if my conduct cannot be regarded as right without an explanation, and on the faith of my own

notions of justice, then I care not to make an effort to place it in a favorable light. You have you, answer, sir. A jealous tyrant for a husband is my particular aversion."

There was a tone of contempt in these latter words which overthrew the guard which Frank had hitherto sustained over his feelings. He, too, rose. His whole demeanor was changed.

"It is well," he said with dignity. "Lucy, I had not looked for this. I came here disposed to be frank. You met me with insult. I shall never trouble you again.—Sometime hereafter you may think differently of this hour."

He waited for no reply, but left the room. And Lucy, hesitating an instant whether or not to call him back, sank on the sofa when the door closed, and burst into tears. The next day she heard that Frank had left the city suddenly on a visit to his sister at New Orleans.

A month passed away. Often was Lucy tempted to write to her lover and sue for his forgiveness, but a fatal voice always interposed, whispering that he would soon return, when an opportunity for a reconciliation might occur without compromising her pride.

One morning about two months after Frank's departure, on opening the newspaper, her eyes fell upon the following paragraph.

"DIED, at New Orleans, on the 16th instant, FRANK ALYNN, Esq., of New York—of fellow fever."

The paper fell from Lucy's hand and she fainted away. She was carried to her chamber which she did not leave for months, and when she came forth she was a different creature. Years have passed since then, and though her efforts were numerous, she still remains faithful to the memory of her lover. She looks upon herself, in part as his murderer. And those who could see the sad, pale face of the once haughty Lucy, would acknowledge that bitter indeed has been the lesson she has learned—never trifle with a declared lover.

Biographical.

Daniel Boone.

THIS hardy and brave pioneer, and founder of Kentucky, was born in 1748, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. While yet a mere boy, his father emigrated to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of the South Yadkin river. The wild and daring spirit, the love of adventure, and fearless intrepidity, which characterized his maturer life, were displayed very early. Before he was twenty, he married the daughter of Mr. Ryan, a neighboring settler, by whom he had several children, and who cheerfully shared with him his lonely and repeated removals from civilized into savage life.

On the 1st of May, 1769, Boone, with a few neighbors, started for the western wilderness, and, at length, "located" on the banks of the Red River, in Kentucky, then an unbroken wilderness, which had never known a white man, nor resounded to the stroke of the axe. We could not follow our hero through all the vicissitudes of his pioneer life; it was one of great peril and many hardships. Several times taken prisoner by the Indians, he had the tact to conciliate them, and contrive his escape. Enduring much by reason of hunger and privations, toiling early and late to reduce the savage wastes to a condition of cultivation, he acquired such a passion for his wild and adventurous life, that when, in 1792, Kentucky was admitted to the Union, he struck out still farther into the wilderness, and settled, at length, St. Charles, on the Missouri River, about forty-five miles above St. Louis. On being asked why, at his time of life, he relinquished the comforts of a home he had redeemed from savage life and rendered comfortable, for the renewed trials of a wilderness home, his answer was, "Oh, I am too crowded; I must have more elbow room."

During this interval of time, Col. Boone had made many lesser changes in his place of residence, and had often been employed by Government on missions of hostile and friendly intent among the Indians; in all of which he exhibited a statesmanship and courage which won for him the approval of his employers, and the admiration of his savage foes. He resided in his last home about fifteen years, when, losing his wife, who had shared with him all his perilous life, he went to spend the remnant of his days with his son, Maj. Nathan Boone, are when he died, in 1823, breathing his last in perfect resignation, at the great age of eighty-four years.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to enter a minute detail of all the romantic and adventurous exploits of this remarkable man; we content ourselves with the following:

While a resident in his father's house, on the Yadkin River, being about eighteen years of age, he, in company with another youth of the neighborhood, got up a "fire hunt," which is conducted as follows:—One of the party rides through the forest on horseback, with a lighted torch swinging above his head, while the other remains in covert. The torch attracts the attention of the deer, and at a signal from the concealed person the torch is held stationary, and while the eager eyes of the wondering animal are fixed on the light, a ball is planted between them, and the "poor fool" falls a victim to his curiosity. On this occasion, Boone was in covert, and seeing a pair of reflecting eyes through the dim shade of the trees, levelled his rifle, and gave the preconcerted signal.—To his astonishment, the animal turned and fled; without a thought, the brave hunter sprung from his hiding-place and pursued. Over hill and moor, through brake and thicket, the race went forward, our hero gaining on the game until, at length, the affrighted and pursued object rushed into the house of his newly settled neighbor Ryan. Flinging himself through the door, we may judge of the confusion of Boone, when he saw the object of his pursuit fainting with terror in the old man's arms—for it was his beautiful and only daughter! We need not relate how he wooed and won the fair Rebecca, who came so near being the victim to his bullet.

While residing on the Kentucky River, a party of three Indians waylaid and took prisoners three young ladies, one of them Boone's daughter. He was absent from the fort at the time—but, returning some hours after, commenced the pursuit alone, overtook the party the following day, and, slaying two of the Indians, returned to the fort, bringing the fair captives with him.—*Illustrated American Biography.*

The Character of Paul.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

PAUL, in his natural character before his conversion, resembles Bonaparte more than any other man—I mean both in his intellectual developments and an energy of will. He had the same inflexibility of purpose the same utter indifference to human sufferance, when he had once determined on his course; the same tireless, unconquerable resolution—the same fearlessness both of man's power and opinion, and that calm self reliance and mysterious control over others. But the point of greatest resemblance is the union of strong, correct judgement with rapidity of thought and sudden impulse. They thought quicker, yet better than other men. The power, too, which both possessed, was all practical power. There are many men of strong minds, whose force nevertheless, are in reflection, or in theories for others to act upon. Thought may work out into language, but not into action. But these men not only thought better, but they could work better than all other men.

The same self-control and perfect subjection of his emotions—even terror itself—to the mandates of his will, are exhibited in his conduct when smitten to the earth, and blinded by the light and voice from Heaven. John, when arrested by the same voice on the Isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not speak or stir, till encouraged by the language—"Fear not." But Paul, (or Saul,) although a persecutor and a violent man, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror. The voice, the blow, the light, the glory, the darkness that followed, were sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but master of himself and his emotions, instead of giving away to an exclamation of terror, he simply said—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" With his reason and judgment as steady and as strong as ever, he knew at once that something was wanted of him, and ever ready to act, he asked what it was.

From this time on his track can be distinguished by the commotions about it, and the light above it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went to cast his lot with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear, as the lofty turrets of the proud city flashed upon his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the son of God.—He strode away into the synagogues, and before the astonished priest, preached Christ and him crucified. He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrim itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earthquake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury on himself. With assassins dogging his footsteps he at length left the city. But, instead of going to places where he was unknown, and where his feelings would be less tried, he started to his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends. To entreaties, tears, scorn and violence, he was alike impervious. To Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria and Rome, over the known world he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mar's Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Partheon behind him, on the deck of his shattered vessel, in the interval of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone. Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and sinking from no responsibility, he moves before us like a grand embodiment of power. The nations have around him, and kings turn pale in his presence.—Bands of conspirators swear never to drink till they have slain him, and people stone him; yet over the din of the conflict and storm of violence, his voice rises as clear and distinct as a trumpet call, as he still preaches Christ and him crucified. The whip is laid on his back till blood starts with every blow and then his mangled body was thrown into a dungeon; and at midnight you hear that same calm, strong voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake shakes the prison to its foundation, the manacles fall from the hands of the captives, the bolts withdraw of themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges.

One cannot point a single spot in his career where he faltered a moment, or gave way to discouragement or fear. Through all his perilous life, he exhibited the same intrepidity of character and lofty Spirit. With his eyes fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling on glories he was not permitted to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death, how indescribably sublime! Napoleon dying in the midst of a midnight storm, with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing Spirit watching in its delirium the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, is a sight that awes and startles us. But behold Paul, also a war-worn veteran, battered with many a year, tho' in a Spiritual warfare, looking back, not with alarm but with transport, looking not on earth, but on heaven. Hear his calm, serene voice ringing over the storm and commotions of life—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course—there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No shouts of foemen, or smoke or carnage of battle surrounded his Spirit, straggling to be free; but troops of shining angels, the smile of God and the songs of the redeemed, these guarded and welcomed him home.

SABBATH-BREAKING is that sin which leads to all other sins.

Origin of the Indians.—Recall of the Jews.

EUROPE was not less startled in 1492 by the discovery of the American continent than by finding it to be overspread by the Indian race—a race before this period lost to history. Philosophers and historians were alike taken aback by the announcement. One of the most prominent theories to which the discovery gave rise was the suggestion of the probability of their being descendants of the "lost ten tribes of Israel." This theory, which, so far as my reading goes, was first advanced by Grotius, was very popular with the first settlers of the colonies, and furnished an additional impetus to the efforts made for their reclamation by the venerable and apostolic Elliot, and his co-laborers and successors, influencing this branch of benevolence and humanity down to the present era. But although it has been a fruitful and favorite theme of discussion with divines and philanthropists during the entire period, (say 370 years,) at least down to Boudinot's "Star in the West," and Jarvis' discourse before the New York Historical Society in 1819, I think the question of their origin is as far from being satisfactorily solved now as ever.

It is not proposed to enter into this discussion at this time, far less to revive the opinions of those who have staked their learning and judgement on the topic, but merely to contribute a suggestion respecting a point of historic interest, which, on the assumed affinities between the Jew and Indian races, is equally applicable to the one as to the other of these very marked branches of the human family. Biblical commentators on prophetic events have manifested a disposition to hasten on, as it were, predictions which are often obscurely and symbolically stated, while they generally occurred in fixing a definite value to the leading sacred types and symbols. One of the most undisputed of these interpretations relates to that feature in the prophetic chronology which makes the biblical period of one day correspond with one year of our system. In the 8th Daniel, 13, 14, it is predicted that from the taking away of the "daily sacrifice," during which the people of God shall be "trodden under foot," till their recall and the "cleansing of the sanctuary," which is apprehended to signify a period of spiritual and moral enlightenment on the true character of the Messiah, two thousand and three hundred days shall intervene. This seems to be plain language. Tacitus informs us that the conquest of Judea was finished by the capture of Jerusalem, under Titus, A. D. 70.—Having carried the city after a long and bloody siege, during which he was once driven out of it, he finally succeeded in taking its last stronghold, the temple, on the 10th day of August, when—not by design, but caprice, it seems—a Roman soldier set fire to it by a burning arrow, by which it was reduced to ashes and ruins. Thus ended the "daily sacrifice." This was the second temple—the temple in which Christ personally had taught. It was never rebuilt, though once attempted by Julian.

On the assumption that the prediction in Daniel refers to the first taking of the daily sacrifice by the burning of the temple under Nebuchadnezzar, 588 before Christ, the prediction expired in 1642, the beginning of the preaching of John Elliot, of apostolic memory, to the American Indians. If the second period of taking away the daily sacrifice be meant by the burning of the second temple by Titus, then the prediction is unexhausted, and will not expire till A. D. 2370. To what extent human is to concur with divine influence in this great moral event, those can best judge who have devoted most attention and exhibited most wisdom in discussing the subject. I design only to make use of the facts to observe that if it is supposed that the spiritual and moral deadness of heart of the Jews or Indians is to be made sensible by this call to repentance, either nationally or individually, the importance and vitality of the call at this time may be well judged of. Shall men wait till it be proved that the Indians are descendants of the Jews before efforts are made to reclaim them? Shall the Indian priests and pow-wows have hundreds of years' further scope to practice demonology, magic, and witchcraft, before their errors are exposed? If at last they are not proved to be descendants of the Jews, or even to have philological affinities with them, on whom will the blame of not preaching the Gospel to their rest? If they have the Jewish blood in their veins, even in the most diluted quantity, according to the affinities of races, the fault will be still more pungently ours. Elliot's voice has now been heard affirmatively on this question 212 years. Brainard repeated this call at exactly 100 years from his first utterance—namely, in 1742. But in every view are the aborigines not more particularly our "neighbors" than the idolatrous races of the Orient? If they want bread, or hunger and thirst of ten for any lack of knowledge or of bodily comfort, they are certainly near to our own doors. Shall we, like the Levites, suffer them to be wounded, or leave them to the trust that "good Samaritans" from distant foreign lands will come and bind up their wounds, or does not this duty belong peculiarly to Americans? H. R. S.