

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 1

GREENVILLE, S. C.: FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1854.

NO. 26.

The Southern Enterprise,
REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

T. J. & W. P. Price, Publishers.

Advertisements inserted conspicuously at the rate of 75 cents per square of 3 lines, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Contracts for yearly advertising made reasonable.

Selected Poetry.

Beyond the River.

Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bounds
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And sometimes sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes hither come our gain
Entrancing sounds that hither float;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harp and voice blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's River—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But their pure souls, as hirs, can last—
They look for us in their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

A Beautiful Story.

Translated from the German for the Southern Enterprise.
The Bellows-Mender of Lyon.

BY G. H.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]
My poor Cecily, scarcely having heard the above explanation, sank fainting back. It must, also, be remembered that in consequence of my late education and manner of living, I possessed far more sentiment and tenderness of feeling. Adoring and trembling in this cruel moment, at the thought of losing her, I tried to recall her to life.—I lavished the most tender care on her, yet almost secretly wishing my efforts would be unsuccessful. Finally consciousness returned, yet when her half crazed look met mine, she pushed me back, called me a monster, and fainted again. I improved on her present condition by withdrawing her from the gaze of a gaping crowd that had collected around us, by laying her on a miserable straw pallet within the hut. Here I sat down by her side, when unloosing her eyes, the first use she made of consciousness, was the request to me to leave her alone for a short time, not deigning to listen to the stammering confession, and protestations of love, shame and remorse. The niece of the clergyman of our parish, happening to be near, both her company, and the poor youthful sermons of my levity and baseness—also being only seventeen—appeared very thankful for that young lady's attention. I spent a very unhappy night. I did not care for myself, but she alone filled all my thoughts—and love for her alone filling my heart, I was afraid of having lost forever her affection and esteem. I certainly deserved nothing better, but to have seen her, my Cecily look on me with coldness and contempt, would have broken my peace forever. I had ruined the happiness of her life, and the night of anguish spent might have served as an atonement for any smaller sin than mine. It may be believed that, continually sending over, I kept myself informed, regarding her state of health. When hearing that she was quite now, and had retired, I was not a little surprised next morning, on seeing her stepping into the room I occupied, looking very pale, but collected. Finding on my knees, in mute gesture, language, calling me, I begged her pardon.—"You have deceived me," she said, and it

will entirely depend on your future conduct, whether I shall ever forgive you or not; at least, take no advantage of the authority, that you in such unworthy manner have secured yourself over my person. The niece of the clergyman has offered to me shelter in her house, and I shall accept this place of refuge, until the time that I have quietly reflected on my present situation." Those words calmed me, but I was soon destined to experience their fallacy, and spending the next two or three days in anxious expectation and wild hopes for the future, I received two letters at once. The first came from the engravers, the authors of my elevation and fall, writing that on nearer acquaintance, feeling quite friendly towards me, every one of them having originally subscribed a certain amount of money towards the execution of their design, and being perfectly satisfied with the revenge taken, they had decided to provide me with money and other requisites to commence some business, whereby I might be enabled decently to support myself and Cecily. The other letter came from Cecily: "Despite your unwarrantable conduct I still feel some pity for you, also inform you of my return to Lyon, with the intention of entering into a convent, and thus be separated from you for ever, but be prepared to appear in any court of justice I may summon you in, for the reason of liberating myself from the chains that bind me to you." This letter brought me near despair. I run to her late residence to gain some additional information, but unsuccessfully, and was convinced, that on account of my villany and low station, the clergyman and his niece had persuaded Cecily to take such a decided step. I left for Lyon and found that the whole affair had created there quite a considerable surprise. I lived there retired, and under my real name, only having intercourse with the engravers, they, although playing through me such a villainous game, were still in another sense men of honor and generosity. They, being the cause of my losing my earlier livelihood, I felt no delicacy whatever in accepting from them a large amount of money to try my luck in commerce. They gave me good advice, how to lay out my capital, and following their counsel, it soon trebled without any trouble of mine. During all this time Cecily's father exerted himself to the utmost of his ability to annul and dissolve the marriage, this could only be done by bringing the matter before court where my imposture was delineated in quite lively colours, and proceedings procuring a divorce were accordingly instigated. Never before perhaps was the Court Room crowded to such excess as on the day, her case was called on. Cecily herself appearing before the Court, and enchaind the attention and looks of all, mine of course, among the number. I occupied an unknown and unobserved stand among the spectators, and tried to hide myself in a corner. Cecily's counsel then got up, describing and relating the whole with pathos, and taking her by the hand, drawing her forward, commenced pleading in her behalf, with such eloquence, that a great many of the spectators were shedding tears. I had employed nobody in my defence, and Cecily was only wishing to be divorced from me, not having any desire to see the author of her misfortune punished, and she would undoubtedly have gained the suit if some person had not spoken in my favor. This was one of my friends—the same that had once been rejected by Cecily. He addressed the bench in a short extempore speech, praised my character, proved and confessed the temptations held out to me, as also the cause of my fall. In the conclusion of his speech he spoke more particularly to Cecily, saying: "Madame it is very possible that the court in its wisdom, will decide you are not the wife of Monsieur COURTENAY, (my real name,) but let me tell you, that you are, and forever will be, the partner of his bosom, and the wife of his heart. Your marriage may be annulled, and no fault will be attached to you, but remember that the disgrace of this affair will have to be borne by some one, and who more likely than that being far more innocent than you. Can you, nay will you be so cruel, task you, to inflict so much future misery on a being, your mother's heart would fain shelter from all the sorrows and ills of life? I appeal for a decision to those tender feelings that animate a loving heart." Cecily was deeply moved, and exclaimed, whilst tears were streaming down her lovely eyes, "No! not I will!"

Our marriage was annulled, however, and no other steps were taken in this affair, but having signed my right name to the marriage contract (my wife and her father believing it to be the family name of the Marquis of Rennepont,) it was declared to be valid, and lawful measures were taken to prevent me from exercising any influence or control over her affairs. I could not remain in Lyon after this event, my name being associated with all that was rascally and mean. With a considerable amount of money, therefore, realized by merchandizing, I left for Paris, and under an assumed name, threw myself headlong into business, continued it with ardour, more for the purpose of forgetting the past than to acquire additional wealth. I exerted my utmost abilities to succeed in all my undertakings, and that to such a degree as few would have done under the same circumstances. The most daring speculations had the greatest charm for me, and fortune seemed determined to favor me. Soon I found myself the head of a most flourishing firm, and before the elapse of six years, was owner of considerable fortune. But I was unhappy—the remembrance of my wife filling me with grief, repentance, anxiety and despair, although I never made the least attempt to open any intercourse with her. About this time I had the chance to be of great service to a Lyoner Banking House, and was receiving repeated invitations of honouring them with a visit, and consented at last to accept their invitation. Once more I entered Lyon, but this time in a hired carriage. I soon enquired of my friend, the banker, all about Cecily's circumstances, and he told me, that she was still living in the convent, very much beloved and respected on account of her modesty, piety and kind attentions to all that needed help, also in providing with the most tender solicitude for her son, thereby gaining the esteem of all the people of Lyon. He farther told me, that Cecily's father had died shortly and left her so little as almost to be compelled to live by the generosity of the abbess. These explanations, of course, excited me very much, scarcely containing myself sufficiently so as not to betray who I really was. I immediately called upon one of the engravers, who gave me more particular details and received me most warmly. I begged him to call a meeting of all the creditors of Cecily's father, gave him the necessary funds to satisfy all their just claims, and then went to repurchase such articles of furniture as I knew Cecily attached a particular regard to. Every hour during my stay in Lyon increased the wish to see my wife and press our darling boy to my beating heart. Unable to withstand this feeling any longer, I at last discovered myself to the banker, and begged him to exert his influence in procuring me permission to visit the convent. His astonishment, recognizing in me that notorious, far-famed Bellows Mender, cannot be described. Fortunately he was acquainted with the abbess, assuring me that it would be easy for him to procure me an interview with my wife. Scarcely an hour passed before I was introduced by my friend to the abbess of the convent as a merchant lately arrived from Paris. She received me kindly, and we were shown in to the parlor by her, where on entering I saw with indescribable emotion my poor Cecily with our sleeping child in her lap, sitting before me. Cecily was now twenty-four years of age, and appearing to me more lovely than ever. I had intentionally disguised and muffled myself up so that she did not recognize me, although I saw her trembling at my entrance as if my appearance recalled a long lost object to her mind. I could not speak, and my friend was under the necessity of keeping up the conversation. The boy, before long, awakened, and staring at us left the knees of his mother. Regarding us a little while with quiet curiosity, he came up to me, and who can describe the stormy feelings in my bosom when my child covered me with his innocent kisses and caresses. I became excited, and unable to suppress it any longer, sprang up, and with the child in my arms, threw myself at the feet of my pale, trembling wife. "Cecily! oh, Cecily!" I exclaimed, with tears in my eyes, "your child demands a father! Will you not forgive me?" The boy endearing her knees, appeared also entreating pardon for his erring father. Cecily was near fainting—her ruby lips lost their wonted color, and bring her lustrous dark

eyes upon me, the tears rapidly chasing each other, she sank weeping in my opened arms, and hiding her angelic face on my breast, softly murmured, "Thine, forever thine!" With this scene, I may close the true history. Misfortunes had corrected and improved my Cecily very much, and I have enjoyed, and am still enjoying such happiness with her, as I never would have deserved by any sacrifices, or acts of repentance of mine. I must mention one circumstance, however, which happened after my reconciliation with Cecily—one never to be forgotten by me. I left with my wife and child for Paris, but not before I had purchased one of the finest country seats in the vicinity of Lyon, one chosen and selected by Cecily herself. We very often spent whole weeks there together, and on one occasion shortly after having returned to Paris, I received a letter from her, entreating me to be punctual in arriving that day week at Chateau Roche Blanche—the name of our country seat—as a fête given in my honor was to come off at that time. I went, and who, gentle reader, do you think, were our invited guests? Why nobody else, but all the ten engravers and painters, the original causes of all our enduring afflictions. It was indeed the proudest day in my life, when Cecily, in my presence, thanked them for the happiness that an all-wise Providence, through their means, had bestowed upon her, humbling her pride, and teaching her to appreciate and adore the unlimited love of the Creator of the universe to his creatures here on earth.

Biographical Sketch.

Macaulay.

'Grace Greenwood' thus sketches Macaulay the celebrated English historian: "I have met Macaulay before, but as you have not, you will of course ask a lady's first question, 'How does he look?' "Well, my dear; so far as relates to the mere outward husk of the soul, our engravers and daguerrotypists have done their work as well as they usually do. The engravings that you get in the best editions of his works may be considered, I suppose a fair representation of how he looks when he sits to have his picture taken, which is generally very different from the way anybody looks at at any other time. People seem to forget, in taking likenesses, that the features of the face are nothing but an alphabet, and that a dry, dead map of a person gives no more idea how one looks than the simple presentation of an alphabet shows what there is in a poem. "Macaulay's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine as peculiarly English; short stout and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full, round rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing; that is to say it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind. "I was informed that he was famous for almost uncommon memory; one of those men to whom it seems impossible to forget a thing once read; and he has read all sorts of things that can be thought of, in all languages. A gentleman told me that he could repeat all the Newgate literature, hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions; while his knowledge of Milton is so acute, that if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory. This same accurate knowledge extends to the Latin and Greek classics and to much of the literature of modern Europe. Had nature been required to make a man to order, for a perfect historian, nothing else could have been put together, especially since there is enough of the poetic fire included in the composition to fuse all these multiplied materials together, and color the historical crystalization with them. "Macaulay is about fifty. He has never married; yet there are unmistakable evidences, in the breathings and aspects of the family circle by whom he was surrounded, that the social part is not wanting in his composition. Some very charming young lady relations seem to think quite as much of their gifted uncle as you might have done had he been young. "Macaulay is celebrated as a controversialist; and like Coleridge, Carlyle, and almost every one who enjoys this reputation, he has sometimes been accused of not allowing people their fair share in conversation. This might prove an objection, possibly, to those who wish to talk; but as I greatly preferred to hear, it would prove none to me. I must say, however, that on this occasion the matter was equitably managed. There were I should think, some twenty-five or thirty at the breakfast table, and the conversation formed itself into little eddies of two or three around the table, now and then swelling out into a great bay of general discussion.

Ladies' Department.

Lives of Holy Women.

ROSA GOVONA.

The following interesting life of Rosa Govona we take, with a few slight alterations, from Julia Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity." On the Northern side of the Ligurian Apennines, in the basin formed by the Upper Panaro, extends the district of Mondovi, a province of the Sardinian States. Surrounded by a fertile tract of land, rich in corn, vines, mulberry trees and cattle, rises the chief town, Mondovi. It is built partly on the bank of the Ellero, partly on a hill which rises above the river. In this quiet place there lived, in the course of the last century, a young orphan girl of the name of Rosa Govona. She excelled in needle work, her only means of support; she never cared for pleasure, and thought not of marriage; grave, mild, and silent, she lived alone, in the dignity of labor and the honor of womanhood. Toward the year 1748, Rosa, being then in her thirtieth year, happened to meet a young girl, an orphan like herself, who was destitute, and without the means of earning a livelihood. The sight grieved her compassionate heart, and shocked her feminine delicacy. She took home the young stranger, and addressing her in language of Scriptural simplicity, "Here," said she, pointing to her humble dwelling, "here shalt thou abide with me; thou shalt sleep in my bed; thou shalt drink from my cup, and thou shalt live by the labor of thine own hands." This last clause, comprising independence and self-respect, was one of the most cherished points in the creed of Rosa. Pleased with the docility and industry of her young guest, she conceived the project of a female association, based on the principles of labor and mutual aid. Ere long, the young girl of Mondovi was surrounded by a society of young and unprotected single women, who dwelt beneath the same roof, and labored diligently for their livelihood. So novel an establishment in Mondovi was at first warmly attacked, but the prudent silence of Rosa and her companions, and above all their blameless life, at length prevailed over calumny, and they were able to live and labor in peace. Nay more, the authorities of Mondovi at length offered Rosa, whose abode had now grown too narrow, a house in the plain of Carassona. This she readily accepted, and was soon surrounded by seventy young girls. She obtained another and larger house in the plain of Brao; but extending her views with her means, Rosa no longer confined the labors of her friends to the common tasks of needle-work; the house of Brao became a real factory for the manufacture of woolen stuffs. Five years had now passed away since Rosa first took home the orphan girl. She might well have rested satisfied with what she had done; but consulting only her zeal and anxious wish of spreading his good effects of her system, she set off for Turin in the year 1755. Rosa Govona entered the capital of Piedmont with no other protection than her own strong faith, and no higher accommodation than the two or three young girls who accompanied her. She simply explained her project, and asked for an asylum. The fathers of the oratory of St. Phillip gave her a few rooms for the "love of God, and the military posts sent her litters and straw mattresses. Rosa and her companions were satisfied, and establishing themselves in their new abode, they cheerfully set to work. The fact became known, and attracted attention. On the suggestion of his financial Minister, Count of Gregory, Charles Emanuel III. assigned to Rosa and her companions huge buildings belonging to a religious brotherhood, recently suppressed. The house was soon filled with forsaken orphan girls. The king read and approved the judicious rules laid down by Rosa, and ordered the factories of the establishment to be organized and registered by the magistrates appointed to superintend commercial matters. From that time the Rosinas, as they were called in honor of their foundress, enjoyed the special protection of the Sardinian government. Rosa Govona felt deeply grateful for the favor her plans had received from the king. Knowing that the most effectual mode of showing her gratitude would be to continue as she had begun, and to contribute to the commercial and moral prosperity of his dominions, she established in Turin two factories; one of cloth for the army, and another of the best silks and ribbons. Thanks to her three hundred women, without any resource, save their own labor, they earned an honest and comfortable livelihood, and provided in youth for the wants of old age. Houses depending on that of Turin were established at Norazza, Fossano, Savigliano, Salusso, Chieri, and St. Damian of Acti. Over the entrance of every house which she founded, Rosa caused to be engraved the words she had addressed to her first guest: "Tu mangerai col lavoro delle tue mani." "Thou shalt live by the labor of thine own hands." Rosa devoted twenty-one years to the task of going over the provinces of Piedmont, and founding asylums for the unprotected and in-

dustrious poor of her sex; until, exhausted by her labors, she died at Turin. Her remains were deposited in the chapel of the establishment there. On the simple monument which covers them may still be read the following epitaph: "Here lies Rosa Govona of Mondovi. From her youth she consecrated herself to God. For his glory she founded in her native place, and in other towns, retreats opened to forsaken young girls, so that they might serve God; she gave them excellent regulations, which attached to them piety and labor. During an administration of thirty years, she gave constant proofs of admirable charity, and of unshaken firmness. She entered on eternal life on the 28th day of February, of the year 1776, the sixtieth of her age. Grateful daughters have raised this monument to their mother and benefactress." But little is told of Rosa Govona, personally; we know more what she did than what she was. She appears to us thro' her good works, thoughtful, and ever doing; a serious and beneficent apparition. A plain cap, a white kerchief, a cross in her bosom, and a brown robes, constituted the attire of the foundress of the Rosinas. One of her biographers calls her sister Rosa; but it does not appear that she took any vows, or sought to impose any on her community. The Rosinas are bound by no tie; they can leave their abode, and marry if they wish; but they rarely do so. There will always be a certain number of women whom circumstances or private inclination will cause to remain unmarried. Rosa Govona was one of these; and for them she labored. She wished to shut them from vice, idleness, and poverty; to present to them unaltered the noblest inheritance of human beings—dignity and self-respect. According to an interesting account published in Paris a few years ago, the Rosinas are still in a prosperous and happy state; they are admitted from thirteen to twenty; they must be wholly destitute, healthy, active, and both able and willing to work. They are patronized by government, but labor is their only income; all work assiduously, save the old, who are supported by the younger companions. The labors of the Rosinas are varied and complete: whatever they manufacture, they do with their own hands from beginning to end; they buy the cocoons in spring and perform every one of the delicate operations which silk undergoes, before it is finally woven into gros-desupes, levantines, and ribbons. Their silks are of the best quality, but plain, in order to avoid the expense and inconvenience of changing their looms with every caprice of fashion. They also fabricate linen; but only a limited number of Rosinas can undergo the fatigue of weaving; their profits are moderate but sufficient. The house in Turin alone spends eighty thousand francs a year; and it holds three hundred women, of whom fifty, who are either old or infirm, and consequently unable to work, are supported by the rest. One woman, poor, obscure, and unlearned, but strong in her own faith, and above all, in her love for orphan sisters, accomplished this. Let the Heart be Beautiful. The mind loves to linger upon scenes of beauty, and the heart forgets its sorrow in contemplating them. Nature has scattered with lavish hand and everything that should please the eye, elevate the mind, or rejoice the heart. Art, too, has exerted her skill in imitations of nature, for the same purpose—the enjoyment of man, the noblest work of God—a being possessing faculties for appreciating and enjoying these beauties, capable of deep feeling and generous sympathy—aye, and more beautiful than either the animate or inanimate objects around him—beautiful in form, symmetry, gracefulness, and beautiful in heart, when possessing pure motives, noble principles, and a holy zeal for the right. We are attracted by the brilliant color and faultless form of a flower; and if it is fragrant, too, we value it highly. So we admire the beauty of human form; but we are shocked by want of sense, or feeling—disgusted by selfishness; and when we find these combined with the most beautiful forms, are indeed saddened. On the other hand, a mind filled with glowing thoughts, a soul warm with sympathy, at once commands our love and respect. What though the individual may be homely in feature, or uncouth in appearance! If he but possess a noble heart, it is enough; he is beautiful. The beauty of form may fade, the eye lose its lustre, the cheek its bloom, but the beauty of the heart can never die. It matters not whether thy neighbor be rich or poor, whether his complexion be black or white if he only cultivate the noble part of his nature, and love virtue and truth. For beauty consists in goodness, and a beautiful form without it, is the most disagreeable thing in nature. Yes, let the heart be beautiful. Let us lose no opportunity of speaking gentle words, of doing generous deeds; for who can tell what effects they may produce! And let us strive to make ourselves better, to prepare for a heavenly home, where all hearts are beautiful.