MOTTO TAL RIGH TEN

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Selected Boetry.

A Lyric.

My life is like a floating spar, Tossed many a weary league from land, Without a steersman or a star To guido it to a friendly strand.

Too wide the sea, the strife too wild For anglit of rescue or of rest, Be Ocean's temper mad or mild, A lonely wave-vexed walf at best.

From homestend and from natal tree, By many a rude convulsion torn,-

Yet ever round it fondly clings Some remnant of the riven strand, which bound it to familiar things The last of Home and Native Land! Daltimore. J. W. Y

Interesting Miscelluny.

IDLENESS is the sepulchre of a lying man A HINT to ladies with grey hair-never say dye, alon a tomor at full a alle who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

He who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

Tun good man is just in little things, the wicked man is little in great ones.

A ring engine has just been introduced in to one of the back towns of Wisconsin, The editor speaking of it calls it a four wheels squirt ...

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give a man riches with-out brains, and he is a fool.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE .- Endearments bind together the members of the same household -sharers of the same flesh and blood, which

In Original Porm. The Bannted House. A Legend of King Alcohol BY SUNNIE SOUTHRON

Dows in the dark and lonely glen, Far from the haunts of man, Except by ghostly clan, By raven, bat, and hooting owl, Exulting in its ban.

Decay has mark'd it for its own, dieniei Yet, 'tis a staunch old house, And many years within its halls The Goblins may carouse, From dewy eve, 'till chanticleer, Their freedom disallows:

The tall rank grass and weeds have chok'd The path-why to the door, And mouldy most, and fungus grow, Upon the rotton floor-The cold damp floor by slimy snakes, And toads trail'd o'er and o'er.

The spider weaves its web across The paneless window sash, Unswept, save when the bold wind Dirough Its fragile warp doth dash,

And slams the broken slintters to With hollow echoing crash. Tis said that in the years agone

A good old man dwelt there, tis wife, his Jean, had "pass'd away," But left unto his care, 1 With golden locks of hair.

She was his all of joy on carth, His only petted humb, Whose soothing words upon each grief Could pour a healing balm, And age's irritable moods, And peevish murmurs calm.

And thus in happiness, in peace, And sweet content, the years Stole on and brought them many smiles; With but faw bitter tears; Yet, there is not a heart on earth, Devoid of eankering fears.

And so on Julia's future life The old man often mused, Would others love as he had done to a Or would that heart-abused, Feel only misery until Its silver chords were loosed it.

A wife, a mother, she became, Still they together dwelt, And husband, father, wife and child, Around one altar knelt; And still to them unsparingly Life's precious sweets was dealt.

Her little boy was sleeping sweet But yet-but yet a drunkard's child 1 Oh! could her tears atone For such a sin, for such a stain, The bitter wind then sown.

Would never as a whirlwind mar The future of her boy. Blighting his fair untarnish'd fame, His happiness after; Orlas a curse, a henvy curse, 112-1111 His every hape destroy.

A step, a well known step was on The threshold of the door. And for a moment ceas'd to throb Her freart so sick and sore. For dark forbodings chill'd into Her very bosom's core.

With reeling step her husband came lis idiot laught his glassy stare !!

And run's disgusting fome! Oh! they'd have filld'a paradise, With shame, and grief and gloom !

Of all humiliation's pange, Is that which cleaves the heart, when show For one we love doth how, and The very soul, that writhing feels "The impotence of wdee if insering ada

And if there is a lot combines The bitterest dregs of life, our and

The DRUNKARD'S HEART-BROKE WIFE!

The tempest still in fury raged, Bit passion raged within, More devestating than the storm. That swept with ceaseless din, Amd powers of darkness gloating smiled Upon that hour of sin.

The idiot laugh gave place unto The malediction stern, And woeful curses that in depths Of turid flame might burn, And then — Oh shame ! — Oh dreadful shame The loving wife was spurn'd I

More frantic still the maniac grew, His howlings wake'd his child, Its cries enraged the demon throng, That revel'd fierce and wild Within his heart, that heart on which The angels once had smiled.

He snatch'd him from his mother's arms, A shrick rang on the air, One wild, wild shrick, of anguish deep, And all was silent there-The silence not of peace, but of The coldest black despair.

The morning sun be amed on the snow With bright and dazzling sheen; And heedless threw its rays upon That and and horrid scene But could not a

lawrer, will be the ornior. The Lost Bride OR, THE MOTHER'S COMMAND I in a pole LEX. Ideate. I

All was mirth and reveiry in the court of

the Austrian Queen-the haughtly, stern Maria Theresa, conqueror of the nations and ruler of Europa's fondest King tom-noble Germany. Galety reigned, for a daughter of the royal household, the young and been tiful Josepha, was betrothed to the king of Naples. Their own country, ere that queen swayed the sceptre, had been so long downtrodden and oppressed, that to have one of its daughters chosen to fill the Neapolitan throne, filled the people's hearts with pride and joy. The moraing succeeding their arrival was appointed for the introduction of the bride-groom and his chosen queen. When the sad-hearted bride was sum-

and joy. Therefore, Josepha was welcomed with rejoicings, whenever she appeared in public. At first, the young girl was dazzled and pleased by the splendor that was lavished upon her; she was giddy with applatus and flattery. But a change soon came over her, Look at her now, as she reclines in her pri-vate chamber—her head reclines upon the breast of her favorite sister, the young princess, Marian Antoidetten Sher was sobbing with all the grief of a passionate child? Does she seem a 'happy bride ?' Ahl. Cupid, does strangely sometimes, and this is, one of his wildest frenks.

"One day, as she was sitting in the private garden, indulging in day dreaming she was aroused by the entrance of allyoung and aroused by the entrance of a young and graceful page, wearing the costume of the Neopolitan Court. The advanced and knelt, before her, speaking in a deep musical voice, the soft language of this initive fund—how well he did his imaster's bidding. He told her of the bright, sunny home, of the noble heart that was waiting for her, that the king, wished her for a companion one to love to fill his heart as well as throne; not merely allook, proud woman, to re ceive the admirations of the crowd. As he knelt there, gazing with admiration into her beautiful face, was there no danger 1. Did he not fear he was wronging himself—his mas-ter—and fire pure bright being before him? He little dreamed that treason lay hidden in his devoted heart !- None was there—though to the cold hearts of the wordly-minded it might seem so. Again and again they met; for he wore the signet ring of his master, and could be

admitted at any hour, while the queen-moth er was arranging her business affairs. Ere long, he was pouring forth, in impas

Ere long, he was pointing form, in inspa-sioned language, a first, deep love—but not his master s—it was his own. And the gentle Maria listened with a tearful eye, yet smiling lip. For days the was happy wandering as if in the mazes of a Blissful dream, from rival of an ambassador from the court of Nawhich she was rudely awakened by the ar ples, announcing that the king had resolv-ed to come in person to chim his bride-

and that soon stored a art

pany of gay linghts, their crosses and stars - Added to the intural drend one lashing to the noon-day sou, with long droop-ing plumes, and suits of richest velvet. Now came the king himself, proudly seat-ed on his fiery war-horse, his imperial robes est of men. He was surrounded by many rep-

Austria. Slowly they mered along with banners, and standards streaming in the wind, and hims

moned, she had been decked in richest attire by her maidens, and the entered the saloon with trembling steps and down-cast eye, fol-lowed by her maids of honor. Preceded by the grand chamberlain, she slowly passed that haughty company. Often had slie trod that marble floor be-

fore, yet now it seemed endless. Her brain grew dizzy, her poor timid heart throbbed life companion ; mid she shrank from hini What cared she for the care that had been bestowed upon that reception room ? It was only as an altar decked with ornaments, to receive the sacrificial lamb. She noticed that were regarding her, or the folds of rich-est stuffs, which shrouded the large windows -the marble pillars which supported the high, arched roof, wreathed with flowers and sparkling gems or the sparkling fountains well to see, was there-to seek for one pitying glance ; yet when her eye rested on her ing games, yet when her eye rested on her mother's face, and read no pity there, no sof-tening of the stern hard features, all hope died in her heart; and without a look to her lord, she approached and gracefully knelt at his fort with builty hard his feet, with bowed head. How beautiful she was! Atraved in long

robes of violet velvet, heavily trinimed with ermine, a tiara of diamonds flashing amid her long, raven tresses her beautiful eyes veil-ed by their long, jetty lashes—she looked so pure and innocent that for a moment every eye rested upon her in wonder some in pity, for they felt there was anguish in her heart—it had left its impress upon her marble brow. Look and earnestly did the king gaze up-

on her, then in low, musical voice, said- | ed by a mother's hand.

her would feel on entering mic

the knowledge that but a her aunt had died with Now came the king himself, proudly seat- her aunt had used with the magnitum ed on his fiery war-horse, his imperial robes small-pox. In that clime, no disease was falling gracefully around him, with a bright, more dreaded. She knew that the maleria happy smile upon his lip, and a light in his from that yank would breathe death into dark eye, as if he was soon to be the happi- her veins -fliat she could not return from the fatal visit and dive lo Now, when she resentatives of the longly houses of Italy and was happiest, to have the grim monster stare was happiest, to intrease grint monster stare her in the face to feel his icy touch upon her broy, was too much for her young heart to bear. With touching eloquence, she to soft-en her mother's heart entreasing her to re-voke the fearful command. But that was glancing in the sun-greeted by ringing of en her mother's heart entreating her to re-bells and bursts of music, until they reached voke the fearful command. But that was the palace, and were ushered into the grand vain ! she coldly turned from her child's ansalcon, where the king and his train were guish for she shrank from no duty, even welcomed by the queen. to face the cannon's mouth ; she had braved death there, and no child of her's through fear, should turn from duty's path.

NO. 30.

With despairing heart she returned to her with despairing heart she returned to her private closet. Long and bitter was the struggle; could she give him up now-the loved, the noble Francisco I All her bright hopes, must they be crushed I. Must she leave all-her loved father, sister, husband -all i Yet she saw there was no escape. Her mother—her queen had commanded; she was all-powerful, and would be obeyed. She sought relief in prayer. Long did she kneel before that uplifted cross. When grew dizzy, her poor timid heart throbbed with pain. That enormous hall seemed like some fairy grotto; and at the upper end—to her confused mind, way off there in the dis-tance—a throne was erected by one where sat her mother. Upon that rich throne she knew, was scated the man chosen to be her by delay. She would steal away alone to meet her doom, without even another interview with him she thought so soon to have been her husband. She would not pain his noble heart by a parting such as that. But not the haughty nobles and lovely ladies her darling sister, whose voice she could hear even then, singing one of the sweet songs so peculiar to her country, she must see her once more ; so softly and slowly she entered her own room, striving to school her heart for the trial; but at sight of her fair young sparking gens—of the sparking journams for the that; but at sight of her fair young of cool, water, costly vases, filled with rare exotics of exquisite perfume, which were scattered around. It was not in admiration of those that she slowly gazed around her, it was to see if one familar face she loved so well to see when her it is such agony, when, but a short time before, well to see when there to seek for one pilv. slie was so joyons.

Josepha then ordeded her carriage, enter ed it, and told the old coachman to drive to the church of 'Our Mother.' Slowly she proceeded through the streets where but a short time before passed the pageant of her king, which were even then gaily decorated in honor of her approaching nuptials pas-sed through arches where she saw her own initials linked with those of her betrothed.-The arches of the grand cathedrals were richly festooned and decorated, surmounted richly festooned and decorated, surmounted by the united arms of Italy, Austria, and Germany. One by one ahe saw all these, and they but added an additional pang to her heart; for she thought how soon it all be shrouded in gloom. So did that heroic girl drink the cup prepared and present-

a found of the same kind and to the sam degree no where else on earth. The dwellers in this common home, too, have a com mon share in the blessings and trials which befall their habitation. They are fed at the same board, repose under the same roof, and the joys and sorrows of one are very much the joys and sorrows of the whole group.----What a place those parents hold in this lit-tle empire. How their words have power, and their will is law, and their very footsteps are walked into; and how those whom God Where, where on all this lootstool of the dis-penser of our mercies, should God be ac-knowledged, if not here ! Shall not the voice of gratitude and praise ascend from that board spread with plenty, and around an altar reared for the morning and the eve-ning's sacrifice of humble and grateful hearts!

You may not only burnish your own armor and find refreshment for your own spirit bere, soldier of Christ, but here is a favored spot on which to train recruits to join the sacramental hosts. You should pray in your family .- Leyburn.

FLOWERS,--- How the universal heart of man blosses flowers. They are wreathed a-round the civile, the marriage altar and the tomb. The Persian in the far east, delights tomb. The Persian in the far east, delights in their perfumes, and writes his love in nose-gays, while the Indian child of the far west, claspa his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms, the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ameient limbor, tipped his arrow with flowers, and size buds are the bridal crown with us-a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Greeian altars and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

e ve. Youse Maine.-Say fold maids, their love is generally or and sincare than that of the

Alas! that every Eden s However fill'd with flowers, However watch'd and tended hides A serpent in its bowers, That with envenom'd fang will sting In fife's ungarded hours.

Still time sweep on, yet very pale Had grown sweet Julia's check, Her eyes spoke uncomplainingly Of sorrow deep, yet meek ; For well she knew the source from which True comfort she might seek.

And, oh ! she needed it, for he Around whose stalwart form, She would have twined caressingly And braved the fiercest storm, Like ivy lending to the oak A softer purer chaim,-

How was he fidlen ! Oh, how low ! A base and drunken sot ! A demon bringing grief, and Into that pleasant cot, wood. The desolating spirit of That once bright Eden-spot !

The father could not bear to see fler tears so often start ; And grief for her, his idok, broke His loving, donting heart ; He pass'd unto that better land,

And for a while her husband strove

One eve, one cold dark wintry eve, When storm winds raged around, When show was falling thick and fast Upon the whitening ground, And folding as who winding sheet Th' slready sunken mound;

lone for hours Julia sat, Close by the ingle side, lone within the room when Had been a joyom bride, and where her parent on her brens Had droop'd his hend, and died. The murderer's haggard mien.

The shocking news soon spread, and friends Whose lives had been more blest, Placing the mutilated corpse Upon its mother's breast,

Room by her parent found, and laid Them gently down to rest.

A few short weeks the wretched man Lay in the prisoner's cell, But of his death, and of his doom, I may not, cannot tell; His soul was in the hands of Him, "Who doeth all things well."

But gossips round the winter fire, Or of a summer eve, When twilight grey fantastic forms And apparitions weave— That hour when e'en the stoutest heart Orim shadows may deceive—

Tell how within that lonely place Strange glustly phantoms glide, And through the rooms with mocking laugh But noiseless footsteps stride, And curses wild and grieving moans, Are heard at even-tide,

They say the nurderer's spirit comes Enchain'd with dark Remorse, And Alcohol's grin demons place A fair but blood-stained conse Within his arms, then throwing him Upon a phantom horse They revel round and through the house, Until the shadows grey And floating mist wreaths warns them of The bright approach of day; Then sights and sounds evanish, for With light, ghosts pass away.

I do not vouch my legend's truth, But sure enorgh of woo, From Alcoholic spirits blight The brightest hopes below, For shuddering human hearts to crush mon with a blow !

without being w night in the in when you arose in the morning

d that soon adout a dell tathens in a sold ling up, fair lady, we would not take an Slowly she alighted from her carriage, and Francisco had that morn hade her a long unwilling bride;' and he stooped to raise entered the lofty, echoing cathedral. After farewell, as he was recalled by his master,

who perhaps, thought he was not progress-ing in his wooing as he could wish. We find Josepha seeking consolation in

her sister's sympathy." As middens some-

bow to the will of stern mothers." Such were her complainings, she poured. into her sister's car, who heard her patiently, then, thinking to console her, said-

Do not weep, sister dear, I would not weep, were I thus situated ; I would love to be a queen to have the noble courtiers and brave knights bowing at my fect, as they do at her majesty's our mother ;' and she tossed her beautiful head, as if she even then felt the brilliant diadem pressing her brow. But to return to the weeping Josepha. Her sadness passed unnoticed amid the busy preparations which were being made for the king's reception. Such a gorgeous display was never before seen in Austria. The proud Maria Theresa wished to rival the world; to sepha, and she was engaged at her devotions, a page entered to deliver a message from her display her pomp and power.

that he had entered her kingdom, a smile of triumph lighted up her pale, stern features, for she thought to surprise, and dazde, the proud king, who sued to be her son-in-law. Who can describe the splendor displayed in that noble pageant? Two powerful sov-oreigns vied with each other to render it imoreigns vied with each other to render if im-posing. The long lines of faithful efficers, his own brave and faithful guard. The large, well-trained company of lancers, their long lances tipped with brightest steel, and ponder, ous shield of everydevice—their noble borses decked with gorgeous trappings. Then a com-

Why did she start so suddenly, and a short prayer, she was met by a monk, who the

conducted her, bearing a torch, chapting in a low voice, prayers for her safety. With trembling steps and hushed breath rich blood flash over her pale face ? Why did her eye light up with such a look of joy? her sister's sympathy. As maidens some-times think, when in love, she thought she could be content with the dress and dower of a peasant girl, with her beloved Francis-co for a husband, rather than a crown and throne, shared with the king; and was sigh-ing over the lot of royal maidens, who must bow to the will of stern mothers.

Tired of the selfish, eringing love of his subjects, longing for the love of some pure religion ! What have ye done ! Sacrafie-ed that gift of God upon the altar of thy fal-e being, and not merely to find an automaton tenets !

to fill his throne, or receive the adulations of Hurriedly she repeated the imposed cereto fill his throne, or receive the adulations of the world besides having a little touch of mony, then hastily left the noisone place, romance in his nature disguised himself, and which she felt would too soon be her own visited the court of Maria Theresa, with what home. As she once more breathed the pure, success we have already shown.

success we have already shown. In that august assemblage they could ex-In that august assembling they could ex-change but a few whispered words; still, enough to cheer the heart of the maid, and her home to the royal palace. Ere she reach-Alas | poor child | how little slie thought cause her to pass through the long, ceremo, ed it, she had recovered her conscionant that the day would come but that when it, usy of the betrothed with a happy look. and cauly gave orders that no one he adm that the day would come - but that when it, any that evelong did they converse. How threw herself upon her bed and wept tears a signal that a life of misery had commenced - that instead of bringing her happiness, it many words of love were exchanged - how threw herself upon her bed and wept tears of bitterness. Soon, too soon the signs of the instead of bringing her happiness, it is ster met her as she returned to her room, fatal disease made its appearance. With ra-pidity it stalked through her veins, and quick-

sweet onel It is not such a sed thing to be id, disfigured corpse I a queen after all, is it sister dear ?

And where were the friends of this poor. deluded child ? All save the queen, were in ignorance, until too late to save. The weak-minded, but affectionate father was stunned. The noble, royal lover was frantic with grief The next day after the king had left Jo and indignation-that his beautiful, frail flower should be blighted by the breath of that miasma to which she was exposed by her exacting mother.

In one moment, he was plunged from the highest pinnacle of happiness to the lowest of depths of despai, —his passionate, warm heart was wounded—his spirit crushed. In

mother! She arose from her knees, and It almost seemed as if she could command the mines of Ophir, and the loons of the East. In person, she reviewed her troops, who were to meet him, and when she heard that he had entered her kingdom, a smile of with hereof Do you wonder what command a mother could issue to cause such anguish I Ye who have a geatle mother, cannot read the heart of a woman so stern as the unloving, unlov-ed Maris Theresa. She commanded her daughter, ere she left