THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO--"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 1. GREENVILLE, S. C.: FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1854. NO. 1.

The Southern Enterprise,

A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

WILLIAM P. PRICE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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A Beautiful Poem.

The Death of the Robin.

The following sweet and touching lines are from the gifted pen of Mrs. AMELIA S. SMITH, here published for the first time.—*Home Journal.*

From his sweet banquet, 'mid the perfumed clover,
A robin soared and sung;
Over the voice of happy bird or lover,
Such peals of gladness rung.
Low echo, loitering by the distant hillside,
Or hiding in the glen,
Caught up, with thirsting lip, the tide of sweetness
Then bade it flow again.

The summer air was flooded with the music;
Winds held their breath to hear;
And bluebell wild flowers hung their heads, enamored.
To list that "joyance clear."

Just then, from neighboring covert rudely ringing,
Broke such a discordant sound;
And wily fowler, from the ambush springing,
Gazed eagerly around.

Still upward thro' the air that yet was thrilling,
To his melodious lay,
One instant longer, on a trembling pinion,
The robin cleared his way.

But, ah, the deadly shot rankled in his bosom—
His life of song was o'er!
Back, back to earth from out his heaven-ward pathway.
He fell to rise no more.

A sudden silence chilled the heart of Nature—
Leaf, blossom, bird and bee,
Seemed each, in startled hush to mourn the passing
Of that sweet minstrelsy.

An echo, breathless in her sweet dwelling,
Like love-lorn maid in vain
Waited and listened long to catch the accents
She ne'er would hear again.

Oh, bird! sweet poet of the summer woodlands!
How like thy lay to those
Of tuneful bards, whose songs sung in gladness,
Have oft the saddest close.

Thus, many a strain of human love and rapture,
Poured from a fond full heart
Hath been, in one wild moment hushed forever
By sorrow's fatal dart.

A Story of the Revolution.

The Tory Lover;

A TALE OF

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

On the outskirts of the village of Newark, in Delaware, stood at the time of our story a neat farm cottage, with a majestic elm growing before the door. In the distance, over the fields and woodlands, could be seen the spires of the town, and silvery glimpses of the Delaware, with a group of vessels of war anchored full three leagues off. The cottage stood a little way b[illegible] the dust of the frequently tra[illegible] greensward between. It [illegible] appearance of comfort, and never failed to attract the hearty attention of the passing traveller.

The sun was near setting, one pleasant afternoon, in September, 1777, when a young man, half in uniform, half in citizen's dress, stepped out of the cottage door, followed by a young and interesting girl, who was clinging to his arms, and evidently in earnest entreaty with him. He was tall and handsome, though sunbrowned, and bore the appearance of a young farmer. She was rustic too in her dress but her face was very fair and beautiful, and her manners refined above the condition to which she seemed to belong. Tears were in her large blue eyes, and one of her hands clasped his, while the other lay languidly upon his brawny shoulder.

"Why will you go, dear George, into this dreadful contest? To-morrow you may have to be brought home to me a mangled corpse. Oh, fearful, fearful! Say you will not go and war against your own country. This is the worst of all!"

"I am a loyal king's man, Annette, and if I fight, it must be on his side. The people are rebels, and will yet be put down, and heads will fly from the scaffold, ere long, like wheat from the sickle."

"No, never! The cause is a right one, and holy one, George, and Heaven will prosper it," she answered with enthusiasm. "I am grieved that one that I so dearly love—to whom my troth was plighted before this quarrel [illegible] out, and tory and rebel were unknown—should now be going forth, armed, to join the foes of my country, against our brethren. If we be wrong, yet we are your kindred—your neighbors—and this should unite your sympathies with us."

"You need not speak, dear Annette. I am resolved, in the approaching battle, to draw my sword for my king. Cornwallis and Howe are now within a few leagues, marching on Washington, and his forces have taken ground to oppose his passage of the Brandywine, and on to-morrow the battle will take place, and Philadelphia be in our hands."

The maiden was silent for an instant, with her face hid—at length she spoke, and said, gravely—

"Dear George, I feel as if I was called upon to sacrifice my love for you to my country's honor. How can I love my bleeding country, and at the same time him whose sword is ready to pierce its bosom? Turn, for my sake, George, and be an American in heart, as you are by birth, and as you should be in honor."

"You need not urge me, Annette," said the young man impatiently; "I will never draw my sword in favor of a rebel cause."

"Be it so, and I pledge myself never to give my love to *a traitor!*" answered the maiden, with spirit. "Thus perish the troth that has been plighted to one who has proved false to himself and his country."

And thus speaking, the spirited girl took from her finger her betrothal ring, and set it at his feet.

The young tory lover gazed upon her with surprise and anger, which, as he saw her entering the dwelling with a resolute step, without even casting a glance upon him, instantly changed into one of entreaty.

"Stay, Annette, do not leave me so. You are not surely in earnest? Come back and let me talk with thee. If you can so lightly break your troth, I love you too well to do so myself."

"You love me, George Lee!" she repeated with scorn; "you love me! when you are now ready to draw your weapon, and aim your rifle at the hearts of my father and brother, who are in the ranks of Washington, ready to do and die for thier country! Out upon such love! I will have none of it. Go, traitor to love and honor! fight for thy tyrant, King George, and be his slave, as he is thy master!"

With these spirited words, the young girl entered the house, and closed the inner door, thus shutting off all farther speech with her unworthy and recreant lover.

The young volunteer of toryism stood for a moment looking both mortified and angry, and happening to see the ring at his feet, in the sudden and bitter feeling of the moment, he ground it into the earth with his iron heel.

"Yes, let it and her perish, if they will. I am a fool to love a rebel's daughter and a rebel's sister."

Thus speaking, he strode moodily to the elm before the door, where his caparisoned horse was standing, and vaulting into the saddle, spurred at full speed in the direction of the British army.

The following day, the country for miles around the cottage was echoing with artillery and the roar of musketry. Two conflicting armies were engaged in deadly contest, close at hand, and in the scene of death and horror. Annette and a father, a brother and—shall we say it—a lover! for though her patriotic feelings made her cast him off, her affection still retained his image in her heart. On all sides columns were charging, engaging, retreating, and the tide of battle now rolled this way and that, and still came in the direction of the road that lead past the cottage.

She was part of the time fearfully watching the clouds of smoke that marked the progress of the combatants, and part of the time on her knees for those she loved—and was Geo. Lee excluded from the petition? Let each maiden's own heart answer.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of artillery and the roar of battle! She stood with her aged mother and gathered neighbors, upon the green beneath the elm, in painful expectation. The smoke, there came, rolled onward, and now they could hear the shouts of the soldiers in the fight. Their position commanded a view of a mile along the road, and soon they beheld scattering troops flying across it, at its extremity, and disappearing in the woods. Then came a squadron of horses, broken and retreating, and then artillery drawn in full gallop came into the road.

The American flag flew from staffs stuck on the gun carriages, and Annette knew that her countrymen were defeated. Louder and more fearful now grew the uproar of the battle beyond the wood, and regiment after regiment broken and terrified, filled the road, and were retreating along it towards Chester, and past the cottage. Annette's anxiety for her countrymen, and for her father and brother, would not let her quit her post, and the tide of battle came rolling past her a terrible spectacle! The dragoons galloped by, each horseman riding by himself with reins thrown upon his saddle bow; then came the artillery thundering along followed by a multitude of soldiers, without order or discipline, flying at the top of their speed.

"Oh, shame!" she cried, with hot tears in her eyes; "oh! that I were a man, and in the saddle, methinks my single arm would retrieve the day! Where is Washington? he certainly cannot fly."

As she spoke, she heard [illegible] on her right, down the road, a loud commanding voice, calling on the retreating men to rally. She turned and beheld Washington himself, who hearing of the giving way of the right wing, had come up at the head of a regiment to sustain it. His voice and presence now instilled new [illegible] into the flying soldiers, and soon they rallied in the road, and presented a front to the [illegible]ns of the British who were pursuing. Gen. Howe, seeing this demonstration of resistance, and knowing Washington to be there in person withdrew from pursuit, satisfied with having routed the wing. The American troops then slowly retreated, in good order, towards a strong position on the heights not far off.

Annette was delighted to see that among those who fled were neither her father nor brother, but she was pained to discover among the pursuers her own false lover, who seeing her at a distance, reined up his horse and turned aside, hoping to escape her notice. When she saw this, she resolved she would not only banish him forever from her heart, but from her throughts. But the resolutions of a maiden in love are made only to be broken, especially when the lover is the object of the [illegible].

It was almost eight o'clock, the evening of the battle, when Annette was seated in her door, listening to every footstep, expecting her father and brother. It was a pleasant night, but the time was a sad one. She fancied the wind wafted to her the moans of the dying and wounded, from the woods and fields around, where the fight had been, and her heart was full of forebodings of evil to those so dear to her. All at once she heard the approach of horses' feet, and started up with solicitude and expectation—for she knew neither her father nor brother were mounted; she waited anxiously the advance of the horseman along the road. He came at a slow pace, and as he drew nearer, she discovered by the light of the moon that he was an officer, and that his horse was wounded. Instead of passing the house towards the town, he turned up at the door and rode towards her. She was too familiar with scenes of danger, and the incidents of those warlike times, to feel alarm, and quietly waited the approach to the door stone.

"Good evening, maiden," he said, with a foreign accent; "I pray thee give me your hospitality, a brief space—I and my horse are both wounded, and he will carry me no farther, I fear."

There was something in the general tone of the stranger, as well as in his noble figure and engaging address, that immediately interested Annette in him; and without asking whether he was a friend or foeman, she invited him to alight and enter the dwelling. With some difficulty he got to the ground for his leg was stiff with his wound. She assisted him, and received his graceful thanks. He then examined first his horse's wound, and with her aid dressed it, and had him put into the shed and protected from the night air, with plenty of hay. When this was done, he went with her, into the house, and submitted his foot and ankle, which had been injured by a cannon shot, to the skill of the mother and daughter.

Annette then provided him with refreshments and tried to make him as comfortable as possible, without knowing whether he was one of her country's invaders or defenders; but his foreign accent led her to suspect that he was the former. But Annette was a Christain, and she remembered and obeyed the injunction of our Saviour—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

The ensuing morning the grateful stranger was about to leave. His horse was at the door much improved, as well his master.

"My sweet maid," said the officer, "you must take gold, for I can repay the hospitality in no other way."

"Cease to fight against my country, is all I ask, sir," she said warmly.

The officer smiled and said, "Have you then regarded me as a foe, and still done all this for me?"

"I have done my duty, sir."

"You are a noble girl, and I am happy to let you know you have not thrown your hospitality away upon one undeserving of it. I am an officer under Washington."

The stranger then remounted his horse and was about taking leave of her, and Annette had no tongue to ask him who he was, when two men made their approach before the house with guns and knapsacks.

"Father and brother!" cried she joyfully, receiving their embrace, as they hastened towards her. "What officer is this? He says he is under Washington."

The young man glanced at his face, which had been turned from them, and answered with pride and pleasure, "Do you not know him? It is the young French General, Lafayette."

They went towards him, and paid their respects, informing him that there had been fears he had been slain.

"No, no," he said, "my brave men, I heedlessly wandered from my staff after night, and coming to this house, was hospitably entertained by the maiden, who mistook me for an English officer, yet did nothing lack in her charities. You are honored, Monsieur, having so generous a child."

Thus speaking, the young French soldier took his adieu, and rode away.

After congratulating each other upon their safety, the brother told her that had only come to see her for a few hours, and were to return to the army the same night. They told her also that the column which pursued their right wing along the road past the cottage, had afterwards been met by General Knyphausen, and had been compelled to give up much of the vantage ground it had gained, with the loss of a great many men, slain and taken prisoners. Annette recollected that George was in this division, and she would have asked for intelligence of him, but *pride* kept her silent. At length her brother and father went into the house and she was following them, when a young man who had been a rival of George Lee, rode up to the door alighted, and called in a high tone of voice to her brother—

"Ho! Reuben, did you hear the news? Geo. Lee was taken last night skulking in the camp, and is to be hung this afternoon as a spy!"

Annette heard, and came near falling to the ground. She, however, recovered herself and with a bursting heart hastened, without making any outcry, to her own chamber. She still loved her tory lover, and now that he was likely to die, all her heart bled for him, all her love returned in its strength.

"He shall not die!" she said, resolutely; "I will save him."

That afternoon George Lee was brought out for execution in the rebel camp. Lafayette was in his tent, when Annette, breaking through the guards, threw herself at his feet, and implored his intercession for her lover's life. He recognized his hostess, and hastened with her to Washington. What he said to his chief we know not: but we do know that George Lee was pardoned, and the next day was attached to Lafayette's body-guard. In the subsequent battles of the revolutionary struggle, he distinguished himself by his valor and devotion to the American cause, and at the close of the war was married to Annette, whose patriotism was rewarded by [illegible] of those hopes of love which the [illegible] she had so nobly sacrificed in behalf of [illegible]

Miscellaneous Reading.

Spicy Proverbs.

Be a friend to yourself and others will.

Better go about than fall into a ditch.

Be the same thing that they wad be ca'd.

False folk should have many witnesses.

A man may say even his prayers out of time.

A friend to every body is a friend to nobody.

A friar who asks alms for God's sake asks for two.

After having cried up their wine they sell us vinegar.

A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with.

Every good scholar is not a good schoolmaster.

He gets a great deal of credit who pays but a small debt.

He that chastiseth one, amendeth many.

He that hath an ill name is half hanged.

He is poor indeed who can promise nothing.

He that plants trees, loves others besides himself.

He is a good orator who convinces himself.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are very familiar and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of the heads, and having the more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. Children amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate and more easily governed. How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books or papers for their families, would give hundreds to recall a son or a daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—We would not give a fip for the love of a fashionable, novel-reading, young woman. What is her love? Ideal nothingness. She never dreams of anything but rosy cheeks, bright eyes and splendid forms. The heart, the character, the disposition, have nothing to do with her opinion. She loves the outward appearance—the foppish dress, and the fashionable ball-room manners. Not so is the pure love of the industrious timid girl. Her love emanates from the heart, and when her affections are drawn out, you will find an object worthy of them. You will not be dazzled by dress or by looks—the heart alone will convince you that her love is no thrown away. Give us the respect and love of such a woman—timid, gentle, kind and industrious—and you are welcome to the tinsel and glare, the admiration and praise, of the ball-room coquette.

"Pay me that six and eightpence you owe me, Mr. Malrooney," said the attorney. "For what?" "For what I had of me," "For my life." [illegible]

The Dignity of Labor.

In an excellent article upon the Dignity of Labor, the Philadelphia Inquirer remarks: "If a man be the architect of his own fortune, and rise from indigence to affluence by the efforts of his own toil, energy and perseverance, the circumstances should be referred to with pleasure and exultation rather than pain and mortification. Far better thus to commence at the bottom of the ladder, and ascend gradually and steadily to its topmost round, than elevated by sudden wealth, to be compelled to descend by idleness, imprudence and profligacy. The distinction between false and true pride is not sufficiently appreciated. The pride of worth, integrity, intellect and character is noble and laudable in its nature, while that of mere fashion and money is narrow, empty and unworthy."

It seems strange that in a country professing to be republican, or in any land from which common sense had not departed, any such lessons should be needed as this. What condition of society must that be, in which a man can be ashamed of himself for being the architect of his own fortunes, or in which his children can be ashamed that their father was once a mechanic or a laborer, and endeavor to rid themselves of the recollection of it as a humiliating and a disgraceful thing! Why, looking at the matter by the simple light of reason that Heaven has given us, we should say the proudest feeling in this world ought to be those of a self-made man. For a man to raise himself from a poor and humble situation to eminence in any department of human exertion, requires the most universally admired among mankind—intellect, courage, and iron will, unyielding perseverance, hope, patience, and self-denial. He who elevates himself to a high position, is as much superior to the man who has inherited it, as the eagle that plies its powerful pinion through storm and sunshine to the mountain's top, is a more admirable creature than the worm who was born there.

That labor should be considered disgraceful is one of those monstrous absurdities which would seem to indicate either moral or mental derangement among those who entertain it. No nation, no community, and no individual can prosper, who holds and practices such a soulless creed. Labor is our lot—and no man can escape it. Work he must, either with his head, his hands, or both—or else he must become a slave to Idleness, the hardest matter in all the world. The various kinds of labor ought to be equally "respectable" where they are accompanied by equally elevated moral qualities. And never, until they are so regarded, can any community avail itself of the energy and industry necessary to its prosperity, dignity and happiness.—*Rich. Mail.*

Family Secrets.

The foundry bell rang, and Matthews hastened home to his breakfast. The first sound that met his ears on opening the door of his house, was the squalling children, while his other sense was regailed with a bad smell of ashes and steam, and the sight of his wife in the act of mopping up a puddle of brown and white slop, which was spreading itself over the floor. The character of poor Matthews' domestic comfort generally, might be seen in his wife's toilet on the morning in question. Her uncombed hair sticking out under the border of a dingy night-cap, her gown open behind, apron hanging by one string, and boots dirty and unlaced, completed her appearance of the thorough slattern. Her husband was up at work regularly at six, but she lay in bed till the last minute, and then all was in a hurry to get breakfast ready in time.

On this morning, as usual, she brought down the baby, which uncomfortable in its wet night-clothes, lay screaming in its cradle. A little boy, tired of being left alone, had crawled to the top of the stairs, and there sat crying in turn. Mrs. Matthews had made the coffee, and put the milk on to boil, and had only just run up to smack the noisy, undressed [illegible] chin on the stairs, when she heard the milk boiling over, and flying to snatch it off the fire, upset the coffee pot, and was mopping up the beverage as her husband entered. S[illegible] him with an angry frown, which [illegible] she was not afraid of him, [illegible] nothing, and looked around. On one [illegible] were the proper things of the night before—on the other, the extinguished fire-front, the table covered with [illegible] sloppy floor. He turned [illegible] went to breakfast at [illegible] he had visited so often under [illegible] stances, that he looked [illegible] more comfortable place [illegible]

Richard Coop[illegible] foundry, went [illegible] hour. No[illegible] ing int[illegible] pict[illegible]

WHAT WILL THE END BE [illegible] a boy angry with his parents, disobedient and obstinate, determined to pursue his own course, to be his master; setting at nought the experience of age, and disregarding their admonitions and reproofs, unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not trouble myself to inquire, "What will his end be?"

When I notice a little girl quite fond of dress and thereby her pride is increased; dissatisfied and unpleasant at times if she cannot obtain her desires, and anxious to appear better clothed than circumstances will permit, her thoughts occupied with what others will think of her dress—unless she changes her course of conduct, I need not ask what her end will be.

When I see a boy desiring the society of the wicked and depraved, associating with those who swear, lie, cheat and steal; seeking their company, making their friend, ship—I need not inquire, unless he alter his course, what his end will be. He will soon be as bad as his companions or worse.

But when I see a boy kind, affectionate respectful, obedient to his parents; keeping holy the Sabbath day; found in the sanctuary, joining God's people in his worship; loving to pray to him; who is punctual at Sabbath School—attentive, quiet, with his lesson well committed to memory and repeated accurately; keeping good company, forming good habits, I can predict with almost a certainty what the end of that boy will be. He will find a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heaven[illegible]

THE SORROWFUL TREE.—[illegible] it Bombay, there is a singular sunset, no flowers sorrowful tree—called half an hour after flourishes in the [illegible]. They yield a [illegible] ers are to be no sooner shi[illegible] it is quite [illegible] fall off [illegible] smell, t[illegible]