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OUR MOTTO—"QUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Poetry of the Heart.

For the Weekly Post.

Wy Mother.

I asked an infant as it lay,
Dozing the mora of life away,
Dependant on another—
What charms, weak one! has earth for you
Whose woes are many, pleasures few?
It seemed to smile, "My Mother!"

I asked a youth just grown to man,
What visions bright, as moments ran,
Illum'd his path to honor?
"My star of hope, my motive power,
My index through the darkness hour,
Has been," he said, "My Mother."

I hailed one on the battle field,
Whose fate the battle shock had seal'd,
As eyes grew dim and reason reel'd,
You die, said I, my brother!
He showed his wounds, and dropped a tear,
Then in a tone distinct and clear,
He said "Remember, Mother."

I asked a maiden drowned in grief,
From which she vainly sought relief,
Tell me, nor sorrow smother—
"Oh," she exclaimed in anguish deep,
"My only solace is to weep!
She's gone—its is my mother."

I asked a chri-tian to relate,
His first impression, and their date,
Which led him to discover
His lost condition here on earth—
"The Saviour's love, the Saviour's worth!
The short reply was, Mother."

Stories for the Home Circle.

"Boarding Out;"

OR,
COMFORT VERSUS APPEARANCES.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"But, my dear, it would ruin me to board at such an establishment!" exclaimed Mr. Fulton with his amiable wife.

"Nonsense! It will be money in your pocket."

"Have you counted the cost of the experiment?"

"To be sure I have."

"Our expenses since we commenced house-keeping have averaged twenty dollars a week, you say," replied Mr. Fulton with a little hesitation.

"Well."

"Now I am sure we can get nice, genteel rooms in a fashionable establishment for eighteen dollars."

"Perhaps we can; what does that prove?"

"Prove! Why, that it is cheaper to board than to keep house."

"Fire and lights, a dollar more," added the husband with a smile.

"That is but nineteen."

"Washing about three dollars more."

Mrs. Fulton looked blank; she had not thought of these things.

"And then you will have to go to the opera, the theatre or a concert five times a week, which will cost from five to ten dollars more."

"We needn't do that."

"But if you keep up with fashionable people you must do it."

"That would still be inside of thirty dollars a week; and you were boasting the other day that your income was about forty."

"Sound logic, my dear! You women are shrewd financiers."

"Just try it for a season, to please me."

"I have other and better objections than the expense," said Mr. Fulton.

"What?"

"Here are Charley and Ella—would you like to take them into a hotel?"

"Why not?"

"It is not a proper place for children."

"What can you mean?"

"Don't you know, my dear, that the family is the only proper sphere for a child?"

"Pooh! How silly!"

"I can point you to a young man, who spent his boyhood in a fashionable hotel; he is now a miserable sot, a gambler, a thief, for aught I know."

"I don't see any danger."

"However good and pious the manager of a hotel may be himself he cannot possibly prevent a great deal of wickedness and immorality in his house. All sorts of people congregate there."

"But we could have rooms all to ourselves."

"You don't mean to keep the children tied to your apron strings all the time, do you?"

"But they needn't associate with such characters as you speak of."

"I do not like a hotel; I think it is the very antipode of domestic happiness."

"It need not be."

"There is nothing like home about it."

"Pooh! and then it is the fashion you know," replied the lady, with considerable earnestness. "All the first people board at hotels. We cannot afford to keep house in such style as the Smiths and Joneses; but if we go to a hotel, we shall be on a level with the best and most aristocratic of them. Give me the hotel, and I will teach Mrs. Smith to turn up her nose at me, as she did last Sunday when she came into church."

"Mrs. Smith is a fool!"

"I know it."

"And you desire to imitate her?"

"I wouldn't be like her for all the world!"

"Why ape her follies then?"

"I don't."

"Well, well, Ellen, you shall have your own way; but I confess that it is with a great deal of regret that I leave this comfortable house."

The thing was settled. Mr. Fulton agreed to the point, and on the very day of the conversation, went to a first class hotel, and engaged board for himself and family. Mrs. Fulton went with him. They intimated that they wanted rooms at eighteen dollars a week, and were shown a single department in the fourth story. The lady could not think of such a thing. She wanted a suite of rooms—a parlor and bed-chamber—and the obliging landlord took them down one flight to a couple of dingy rooms, having a delightful prospect of a brick wall just four feet from the windows. They were offered these at the very moderate price of twenty-five dollars a week.

Mrs. Fulton turned up her nose and retreated without a word of comment. Another suite on the same floor was shown them, but fronting on the street. The parlor was thirteen by sixteen, the chamber eleven by thirteen, and the landlord, in consideration of the fact that Mr. Fulton had a large southern and western trade, and could influence custom to the hotel, would let them have the rooms as a particular favor at thirty dollars a week, exclusive of "extras." He positively would not let any one else have it at such a seriously low rate—not even the Governor of the State.

Mrs. Fulton was reluctantly making up her mind to forego the cherished experiment when to her surprise, her husband closed the bargain and engaged the rooms.

"But you can't afford it, Henry."

"O, yes—you like the rooms?"

"Pretty well," replied the lady, dubiously.

"Very well."

"But the children?"

"You can have a trundle-bed for them," suggested the obliging landlord. "There's Green—worth over a hundred thousand, has smaller rooms than these."

The suggestion was accepted, and in due time, the Fultons, bag and baggage, children and all, were huddled together in the tiny rooms. The contrast between these and the spacious apartments to which they had been accustomed was rather unsatisfactory; but then it was fashionable to board in a hotel, and like the dandy who cut off an unseemly toe so that he could wear a fashionable boot, they compelled themselves to conform to the circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

We pass over a month. Mrs. Fulton, who possessed a really domestic nature, was not altogether satisfied with the experiment of boarding at a hotel; indeed her experience had been decidedly unpleasant. Independent of the inferior dimensions of the rooms they occupied, there were many difficulties to contend with. The boarders were not all of the first class, and they found themselves compelled to associate with persons who, though their public reputation was untarnished, were yet fearfully delinquent in their private lives.

On one occasion after Mrs. Fulton had made the acquaintance of several of her fellow-boarders, she invited a little party to a social time in her thirteen by sixteen parlor. They were all respectable people, merchants and professional gentlemen and their wives. But the company had no sooner disposed of the ordinary small talk of an evening gathering, than it was proposed to play a game of whist.

Now neither Mr. or Mrs. Fulton had the slightest objection to a game of whist, and readily adopted the suggestion; but to the horror of both, their fashionable guests insisted on playing for "quarter a corner," which gradually increased to a dollar, and finally to five dollars. The gentlemen and ladies got excited in the game, and by-and-by, when the champagne came on, they indulged very freely in the sparkling beverage.

At eleven o'clock this excitement became general. The guests repeatedly rang the bell and ordered more wine, till at last poor Mrs. Fulton began to tremble in view of the consequences. She found that the Smiths and the Joneses, and the Browns, and the

Greens, though fastidiously fashionable, were dissipated—the ladies as well as the gentlemen. The former were vulgar and immodest, she would not have permitted her children, quietly sleeping in the next room to have witnessed the scene for the world.

At midnight when to their intense relief the party broke up, and she retired to muse upon the happy home she had wantonly sacrificed for the doubtful elegance of a hotel.

They were compelled to return these visits, and to become a party to a series of just such scenes as they had witnessed in their own rooms. They were thoroughly disgusted, and sighed for the comfortable home they had abandoned.

But in a few weeks, they ascertained that there were two cliques in the house—the one with which they had already identified themselves, and another, who utterly refused to countenance the dissipations of the first, or fellowship with its members. They were respectable, moral and dignified people; and to Mr. and Mrs. Fulton's surprise they found themselves cut by them.

"Only think of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Fulton, when she realized the situation in which she had placed herself; "to be spurned by decent people, because we associate with such as the Smiths and Joneses."

"You do not understand the tricks of the fashion, my dear," said Mr. Fulton coolly.

"To be cast out for dissipation and riotous conduct—what would my father say if he knew it?"

"He would say that you ought not to have come into a hotel."

"I wish we hadn't come, Henry."

"So do I."

"How can we ever get rid of these people?"

"Cut them. Mrs. Smith, in my opinion is no better than she should be," said Mr. Fulton, sagely.

"I know it! If you could have seen her flirt with Jones while her husband was in New York."

"She was intoxicated in the drawing-room last week."

"And there is Mrs. Bolton, who goes to our church, she actually refused to speak to me the other day."

"Well, my dear, here is another argument," said Mr. Fulton, drawing his board bill for one month from his pocket.

"And Charley came into the room with an awful word on his tongue; he said he had been down in the bar-room, and heard somebody use it there."

Mr. Fulton shook his head. He felt that argument more keenly than any other.—The morals of his children were near his heart, and when he thought of his little boy listening to the conversation of a bar-room his heart ached, and he trembled for the future.

"And Ella is a great favorite with the rowtenders," added Mrs. Fulton.

"Do you let the children run about the house when and where they please?" asked the husband, a little sternly.

"I cannot keep them in this little room all the time."

"True; but look at this bill," said Mr. Fulton, handing her the document.

"One hundred and eighty-four dollars!" exclaimed the lady. "It's a downright swindle!"

"But there are all the items."

"Lunch, fifty cents," said Mrs. Fulton reproachfully. "And I declare, here is the same charge twenty times!"

"You ordered them, did you not?"

"No, indeed, I did not, I have three or four times, perhaps."

"Think again."

"I have frequently rung for a cracker and a cup of milk for Ella's supper."

"Meals in room, extra," said the husband quoting from the bill of fare.

"But here are two charges of that kind yesterday. I ordered none."

"Nothing?"

"O, I did ring for some gruel for Charley; he was sick."

"And the other is probably a mistake; boarders don't keep accounts, and servants often mistake the number of the rooms."

"That would not make up all the bill—Wines, twenty-one dollars!"

"Your party to the Smiths, the Joneses, &c.," said Mr. Fulton, with a smile.

"Washing, over twenty dollars! Do let us leave, Henry, as soon as we can."

"But, my dear, hotels are fashionable!"

"Nay, nay—"

"And boarding would be money in my pocket."

"I was wrong."

"And the children are perfectly safe; we shall have rooms all to ourselves!"

"I give it up; you were right, Henry—I have been very foolish."

"You have taught Mrs. Smith to turn up her nose to you when she comes in church."

"I am satisfied now."

"So am I," replied Mr. Fulton, laughing heartily at the doleful air of his wife. "I was satisfied before, and therefore retained my lease of our comfortable house, and have not sold the furniture."

"Oh, Henry, forgive me; I will trust your judgment another time."

"I will move to-morrow."

"The obliging landlord was sorry to lose a good boarder as Mr. Fulton. His wife

bill was very tolerable for a month, and the "extras" perfectly stunning as a whole.

Mrs. Fulton returned to her former pleasant home, perfectly assured that her own happiness and the morals of her children could be better promoted in her own house than in the confusion of a fashionable hotel so that she never had occasion to try the case—COMFORT VS. APPEARANCES.

A Love Affair Down East.

SKETCHED ACCORDING TO NATURE.

I've heard folks say that the wimmin was contrary. Well, they is a little so; but if you manage 'em right—haul in here and let 'em out there—you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, just which way you wish 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton, there was a good many fast rate gals down there, but I didn't take a likin to any of 'em till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The Squire had a mighty pretty darter. I said some of the gals were fast rate, but Nancy Cummins was fast rate and a leetle more.

There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was something jam about Nancy, that they couldn't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once he couldn't look at another gal for a week. It tuk a likin to her rite off, and we got as thick as thieves. We used to go to the same meetin, and sot in the same pew. It took me to find sarms and hymns for her; and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; and then we'd keep 'em together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on us as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper; and the way she could make injun cakes, and the way I could slick 'em with merlasses and put 'em away, was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew; and always, gettin somethin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was goin for it like a locomotive. Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she had me tight enough. Then she begun to show off, kinder, independent like. When I'd go to meetin, there was no room in the pew; then she'd cum and she'd streak it off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she got to cuttin round with all the other fellers, just as if she cared nothin about me no more—none whatever.

I got considerably riled—and I thought I mites well cum to the end of it at once; so down I went to have it out with her. There was a hull grit of fellers there. They seemed mighty quiet till I went in; then she got to talkin all manner of nonsense—said nothin to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it worn't any use—I kept movin about as if I had a pin in my trousers; I sweat as if I had been thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldn't stand it; so I cleared out as quickly as I could, for I seed 'twas no use to say nothin to her. I went strait to bed and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I if that gal is jest tryin of me; 'taint no use of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fetch her out of that high grass, use me for sausage meat.

I heard tell of a boy wunce that got to skewel late on Sunday mornin; master sez— "You tanel sleepin crittur, what has kept you so late?"

"Why," says the boy, "it's so everlastin slippery out, I couldn't get along, no how; every step I took forward, I went two steps backward; and couldn't have got here at all, if I hadn't turn'd back to go 'tother way."

Now that's just my case. I have been putting after that gal a considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go 'tother way—she's been sliken of me, and now I'll sliken her. What's sass for the goose, is sass for the gander.

Well, I went no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath day, I slicked myself up, and I dew, say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shine clear off any specimen of human natur in our parts. About meetin time, I put off to Elton Dodge's. Patience Dodge was a nice gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't just like Nancy Cummins. Ephraim Mussey had used to go and see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jealous. Well, I went to meetin with Patience, and set right afore Nancy; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her who had a blazin red head, and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a thank-givin dinner. I know'd who she was thinkin about, and it wasn't the chap with the red head, nuther. Well, I got to boein Patience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nancy, seed how the cat was jumpin; she didn't cut about like she did, and looked rather solemnly; she'd gin her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up till I like to have got into a mess about Patience. The crittur thought I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a tame turkey.

One day Ephe cum down to our place lookin as rathy as a militia officer on a trainin day.

"Look here," sez he, "Seth Stokes," as loud as a small clap of thunder; "I'll be darned—"

"Hallo!" sez I; "what's broke?"

"Why," sez he, "I cum down to hev satisfaction about Patience Dodge. Here I've

been courtin ever since last year, and she was just as good as mine, till you cum to go in arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole."

"Why," sez I, "what on earth are you talkin about? I ain't got nothin to do with your gal; but s'pose I had, there's nothin for you to get wofy about. If the gal has taken a likin to me, 'taint my fault; if I have taken a likin to her, 'taint her fault; and if we've taken a likin to each other 'taint your fault; but I ain't so almighty taken with her and you may get her for all me; so you hadn't ought to get savage about nothin."

"Well," sez he, rather, cooled down, "I'm the unluckiest thing in creation. I went 'tother day to a place where there was an old woman died of some disease, and they were sellin out her things. Well, there was a thunderin big chest of drawers, full of all sorts of truck; so I bought it and thought I had made a speak; but when I cum to look at 'em, there warn't nothin in it worth a cent, except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I gave for it. Well, when the chap that bought it took it hum, he heard somethin rattle—broke the old chest; and found lots of gold in it, in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now if I had tuk that chest hum, I'd never found that money; or if I did, they'd all been counterfeited, and I'd been tuk up for passin on 'em. Well, I jest told Patience about it, and she rite up and called me a darned fool."

"Well," sez I, "Ephe, that is hard;—but never mind that—jest go on—you can git her; and when you do git her, you can file the rough edges off jest as you please."

That tickled him, it did; and away he went, a little better pleased.

Now, thinks I, its time to look arter Nancy. Next day, down I went; Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the Squire was in. She said he warn't.

"Cause," sez I (makin bleeve I wanted him), "our colt sprained his foot, and I come to see if the Squire won't lend me his mare to go to town."

She sed she guessed he would—better sit down till he cum in.

Down I sot; she looked sort of strange, and my hart felt queer all around the edges. Arter a while, sez I:

"Air you goin down to Betsy Mastin's quilting?"

Said she, "I don't know for sartin; are you g'in in?"

Sed I, "reckoned I would."

Sed she, "I spose you'd take Patience Dodge."

Sed I, "mout, and agin mout not."

Sed she, "I heard you're goin to get married."

Sed I "shouldn't wonder a bit—Patience is a nice gal." I looked at her; I seed the tears cum in.

Sed I, "may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid."

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a boiled beet. "Seth Stokes!" sez she—and she couldn't say any more, she was so full.

"Won't you be bridesmaid?" sez I.

"No," sez she, and she burst rite out.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be bridesmaid, will you be the bride?"

She looked up at me—I swan to man I never seed anything so awful pooty! I took rite hold of her hand.

"Yes or no," sez I, "rite off."

"Yes," sez she.

"That's your sort," sez I, and I gave her a buss and a hug.

I soon fixed matters with the Squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.—[Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

Taking in a Knowing One.

THE RIVER BIT.

MR. TRAVERS DENHAM, a resident of Calcutta, was a civilian of dashing exterior and plausible manners, though in fact a rouse—an adventurer—one who sought to bet and to play at every opportunity, and who always won, and won in such a manner as to raise strange suspicions, and something worse than suspicions, in the breast of a certain Major Byrne, whose regiment was then stationed in the above city.

It so happened that the latter one day entered the house of an official personage—one who, in a manner, figured high in the society of Calcutta, whose hospitality was equal to his wealth, and whose urbanity and fine nature were on a par with both. On being shown into a splendid drawing-room, where some furniture just received from Europe lay unpacked, he found Mr. Travers Denham, arrived there before him, in conversation with the host, who was warmly pressing him to dine with him next day. Carelessly saluting Denham, Byrne advanced to the chimney-piece, at the side of which a small concave mirror, of an elegant but still old-fashioned shape, was fixed among a group of small paintings.

When Denham was gone, Major Byrne turned to the host, and said: "If Mr. Denham offers to make a bet with you about that dining-table, pointing to a new one, 'take him at his word.'"

"A bet! The table! my dear fellow"—began the other.

"Whisht, and listen to me," said the ma-

for; and he communicated to his friend what, by the extravagant fit of laughter it produced, must have been highly amusing.

The morrow came. The guests assembled, and with them were Major Byrne and Mr. Denham. Among the articles of furniture remarked, was the new dining-table, and, as Byrne had expected, Denham was on the qui vive.

"The table would certainly be a splendid one were it not a little too high," observed that latter, with a knowing glance at its proportions.

"Too high? Nonsense," returned its owner, laughing. "It's only the usual height—say thirty inches."

"My eye is rarely deceived," said Denham, confidently; "and I am certain that it is more than that—say, that it is one-and-thirty inches high."

"Well, I think this time your eye does deceive you," retorted their host; "and—"

"And I am so confident of the contrary," continued Denham, "that I should not mind making a wager it is full the measurement I state."

Their host looked at Byrne, who winked drolly in return, unobserved by the clever gambler, and then he quietly replied:

"A wager! My dear fellow you would be sure to lose, take my word for it."

"Lose, eh!" and Denham smiled. "Well, if you like, I'll bet you a cool thousand—aye, two—that it is you who are in the wrong."

"Two thousand," and their host shook his head, and looked very gravely at Denham, and again at the table.

"Yes, two thousand," said Denham, getting warm with engerness, and taking out his pocket-book, from which he counted out notes to that amount. He had fleeced several young fellows lately—been "lucky," he called it, without remorse—and was tolerably flush of money.

"Why," hesitated the challenged, "I think it would be a foolish wager; but, by gad! I don't like to be put at defiance, and so I bet; and at the instant he also drew forth the like sum, which, with Denham's two thousand, was deposited in the hands of a gentlemen present.

"You are sure to lose," cried Denham, triumphantly, and scarcely able to conceal his delight.

"I am certain to win," the host said, very gravely, as with expectation on tip-toe, a private in the engineers, who was at hand, and called in, proceed to measure the height of the table.

"Thirty inches!" pronounced the latter, after a pause.

"What?" cried Denham, with a start of rage, flushing, and then turning pale. "It must be a mistake."

"No," several of the guests said. "Thirty inches in the height. Come and judge for yourself." And unmistakably the height so turned out.

"The devil!" exclaimed Denham, carried away now by his ruinous failure. "I'm certain that yesterday I measured it to be thirty-one inches."

"Yes, faith," said Byrne, stepping forward, "it's myself that saw ye, me boy, marking the same on your hip as ye stood beside it, and, thinking what ye were up to, bedad! we had the legs seen off an inch; and now, I think, for once the tables are turned upon ye!" and amidst a roar of laughter as the money was handed to the winner, the discomfited gambler rushed from the room, and was soon after profitably missed from his haunts and circle.

THE CLERK'S WIFE.—A merchant's clerk, of the Rue Hauterville, recently married. His master had a niece, of Spanish birth, an orphan—she is not pretty, though very sensible, and well informed. At the balls, last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination or amusement, as she seldom ever danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listed to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact.—Being a gallant man, he acted accordingly. The incidents that led to the denouement may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished gave his clerk's proposal a cool reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on Tuesday. The Thursday after, at breakfast, Adeline said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being compelled to return to the duties of his office thus early in the honey moon—

"Very well—don't go there—go there no more!"

"My love, it is very easy to say so, but—"

"Easy to say and easy to do—both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office work for you, if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is, husband, that you neglect nothing."

FANNY FANS objects to men shedding tears. She says it is an infringement on one of woman's most valuable "water privileges."