

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Original Poetry.
For the Southern Enterprise.
To My Mother.
BY SUNNIE SOUTHERN

LAST night I had a dream, mother,
And through the hours of day,
Through housewife's toils and pleasures too,
Its spell doth with me stay.

I thought I was again, mother,
In my own dear girlhood's home,
Just as in days of yore, mother,
E'er I had learned to roam.

And seated by your side, mother,
Your arm around me thrown,
I heeded not earth's joys, mother,
Nor cared for its cold frown.

Your gentle voice I heard, mother,
Its tones fell on my heart,
So soothing and so kind, mother,
New strength therein did start.

And though 'twas but a dream, mother,
Yet as a warm bright ray,
It has each care and duty cheered
Throughout the hours of day.

A Cuban Sketch.
The Justice of Tacon.

The following interesting story, is copied from a late work on Cuba, by Mr. Ballou:—

During the first year of Tacon's governorship there was a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, who kept a little cigar store in the Calle de mercaderes, and whose shop was the resort of all the young men of the town, who loved a choicely made and superior cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without mother or father living, and earned an humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beauty, with a finely rounded form, a lovely face, of soft olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times, there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercaderes. But she dispensed her favors without partiality; none of the rich and gay equisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgment from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of a Spanish song; but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle on the opposite side of the harbor.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardent romantic in his fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbor for reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of his comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor since a boy, for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his father had done before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro, and when he came at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and securing the little stern aving over Miralda's head, would steer out into the gulf and coast along the romantic shore.

There was a famous roue, well known at the time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who frequently visited Miralda's shop, and conceived quite a passion for the girl, and indeed, he had grown to be one of her most liberal customers. With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Count besieged the heart of his intended victim without appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her, until

one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suspect the donor's intentions at once, and to promptly decline the offered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Count continued his profuse patronage in a way to which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint.

At last seizing upon what he considered a favorable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estates at Cerito, near the city, and offered all the promises of wealth, favor and fortune; but in vain. The pure-minded girl scorned his offer, and bade him never more to insult her by visiting her shop. Abashed, but not confounded, the Count retired, but only to weave a new snare whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be so easily thwarted.

One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was settling over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar shop, when a young man, wearing the lieutenant's insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez, to which she timidly responded.

"Then you will please to come with me."

"By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"The order of the Governor-General?"

"Then I must obey you," and she prepared to follow him at once.

Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on, and getting into a volante, told Miralda they would drive to the guard house. But, to the surprise of the girl, she soon after discovered that they were rapidly passing the city gates, and immediately after were dashing off on the road to Cerito. Then it was that she began to fear some trick had been played upon her, and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Count Almonte. I was in vain to expostulate now; she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officer and soldiers were his own people, who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things, save her personal liberty; that he trusted, in time, to persuade her to look more favorably upon him, and that in all things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders at all times to prevent her escape.

She knew very well that the power and will of the Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart, and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The siletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had been used to wear one even in her store against contingency; but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom.

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Count Almonte. First she was found out, and then that circumstance, and these, being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favorable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some certain plan for her delivery. There was no time to think now; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is, not in immediate danger—and he would breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise, he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the Count, and his own liberty, by some means, be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself, he must be his own counselor in this critical case.

As last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed—

"Why not go to head-quarters at once! why not see the Gov-General, and tell him the truth? Ah, no! How is that to be effected? And then this Count Almonte is a nobleman. They say that Tacon loves justice. We shall see; I will go the Gov-General; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try."

And Pedro did seek the Governor. True, he did not at once get audience of him—not the first, nor the second, nor the third time, but he persevered, and was admitted at last. Here he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisguisedly and open in all things, so that Tacon was pleased.

"And the girl," said the Governor-General, "over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered 'is she thy sister?"

"No, Excellencia, she is dearer still—she is my betrothed."

The governor, bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him, searchingly said—

"Swear that what you have related to me is true, as you hope for heaven."

"I swear," said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to his table, wrote a few brief lines, and touching a bell summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the Captain of the Guard to him.

Prompt as were all who had any connection with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order, with direction to bring the Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda, immediately before him.

Pedro was sent to an ante-room, and the business of the day passed as usual in the reception hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miralda stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued of herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here."

"Excellencia, I fear I have been indiscreet," was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes upon the girl, did you not?"

"Excellencia, I cannot deny it."

"Declare upon your honor Count Almonte, whether she is unharmed, whom you have thus kept a prisoner?"

"Excellencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof," was the truthful reply.

The Governor turned, and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the Count, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered, the Gov. Gen. turned his back for one moment as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed to the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office."

"Holy father," said Tacon, "You will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez together in the bonds of wedlock."

"Excellencia," exclaimed the Count in amazement.

"Not a word, Senor, it is your part to obey!"

"My nobility, Excellencia!"

"Is forfeited," said Tacon.

Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacon's mode of administering justice and of enforcing his own will to dare to rebel, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had coveted thus about to be torn from him. In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart the Governor's orders, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The Captain of the guard was summoned and dispatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Count Almonte, completely subdued and broken spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse, and with a single attendant soon passed out of the city gates. But hardly had he passed the corner of the Pasco, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him, and he fell a corpse upon the road.

His body was quietly removed, and the Captain of the guard, who had witnessed the act, made a minute upon his order as to the time and place, and, mounting his horse, rode to the Governor's palace, entering the presence chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the Gov.

"Excellencia," said the officer, returning the order, "It is executed!"

"Is the Count dead?"

"Excellencia, yea."

"Proclaim in the usual manner, the marriage of Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estates. See that a proper officer attends her to the Count's estates, and enforce this decision." Then turning to Pedro Mantanez, he said,

"No man or woman, in this island is so humble but they may claim justice of Tacon!"

The story furnishes its own moral.

Mr. Ballou closes his volume with a lively picture of the benefit which would accrue to Cuba, from her annexation to the United States.

This fellow who tried to get up a concert with the band of a hat, is the same genius who a few weeks since played upon the affections of an up town lady.

God made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor, as well the poor on the rich. The world is but a mere magnificent building; all the stones gradually cemented together. There is no one subsists by himself alone.

"When I got into a scrape, I always take fire!" as the lucifer match said of itself.

ALWAYS prefer solid sense to wit.

Miscellaneous.
The Vacant Pew.

O! how many are the scenes that arise in memory when we gaze upon the seat once occupied by a dear friend. How quickly a reminiscence of the past burst upon our mental vision, as we sorrowfully glance at the empty seat. There is a blank to be found in almost every family; go where you will, and death has been there. Mother, where is the little innocent that sat near thy side, in its little arm chair, and held forth the tiny arms that wont to encircle thy neck? Where is that tender tie? Ah! thou art silent, while the finger points to that little vacant chair, and we learn that thy treasure has been taken from thee.

Husband, where is she who sat in her accustomed place at the table and partook with thee, of the evening repast? Does that fair form appear, when the hour of toil is o'er, at the little cottage gate, to greet thee with a smile and welcome thee to thy rural home? Ah! thou too, art silent; death has visited thee, and the falling tear is sufficient proof that there is an empty seat in thy household.

Sister, where is he who once sat with thee in the school-room—that dear brother who loved thee and was ever near in the hour of trial to protect thee? Thy sobs answer the questions; he, too, is absent from that little circle of similar faces, and thou art left, perhaps, without a single friend to console thee. The grim monster has been with thee and thou art left brotherless.

Young man, dost thou remember that old father, whose locks were silvered by the frost of age—whose feeble footsteps were supported by the staff which he held in his trembling hand? Dost thou remember the spot where that dear parent knelt with thee and prayed that God would bless his little boy? Ah! thou canst not reply for thy heart is full of emotion. There is a vacant spot in thy house; that old, grey-headed father sleeps in the valley, and the winds whistle above his resting place, but his slumbers are unbroken. No storm can disturb the quiet of the grave, yet thou canst not forget him: that old chair, which stands in the corner of the room, almost speaks to thee,—"Thy father sat here, here did thy parent sleep, it was here thy father died!"

Young lady, where is that dear mother, who loved to smooth thy hair or wreath thy glossy curls about her finger, who watched near thy pillow when thou wert scorched with fever, and administered the cooling cordial to quench thy raging thirst—who knelt by thy bed side and prayed for thy speedy restoration to health—who listened, with pleasing emotion, while thy lips repeated the little prayer she taught thee? Where is she? O! thy heart has felt the cruel blow and we know that thou hast lost the tenderest tie a child ever knew. Canst thou forget thy mother? Ah! no, go to the spot far away in yon church yard and there her ashes repose. The willow weeps above her silent dust, and the gentle zephyr as it stirs the branches of that drooping tree, seems to whisper in thine ear, "remember thy mother, thou art mortal and must die." And dost thou remember her? If not thy heart must be cold indeed; the old rocking chair is before thee, there thy mother sat and thou canst not forget her, no, never!

Reader, is there a vacant seat in your family? If so, you know what feelings are produced by gazing thereon. I have not been guilty of penning fiction, for my soul has felt the pangs of sorrow, and I, too, can see the vacant chair and exclaim, as my eyes rest upon that old relic, "My father, my father, where art thou?" There is a vacant pew in the house of God. The members of the church assemble every Sabbath, and the songs of devotion arise to Heaven, while the prayers of the pastor ascend, as sweet incense, before the Lord of Hosts. The word of God is dispensed, but there is one who hears it not. I look at that spot near the pulpit; the old pew is there, but, alas! it is vacant; the occupant has gone to his reward. I saw the coffin brought into the church and watched the old man as he gazed upon that coffin. It was a solemn scene, and one never to be forgotten!

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend!
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end."

Life is short, but a brittle thread; it is even as the bubble upon the ocean, that bursts, almost at its formation. Hast thou seen the vapor upon the mountain's brow and beheld it vanishing before the rising sun? Such is the picture of life's brevity. The time will come when other hands shall close our eyes and kind friends will perform the last office for the dead; yes, the tear will fade, perhaps, from the eyes of those who loved us and our vacant chair will be looked upon as a record of the past.

Reader, let us learn a lesson from the vacant pew, and "be also ready for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man cometh."—*Olive Branch.*

J. M. C. F.
Washington, D. C.

SECRECY is the soul of all great affairs.

The Farmer's Daughter

There's a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. As you are thinking only of sheep or of curds you may suddenly be shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plate, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty, safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature—crosses a glade—leaps a stile. You start, you stand lost in wonder and astonished admiration! You take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the Nymphs and Dryads to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, "it's only the farmer's daughter." What! have farmer's such daughters now-a-days? Yes; I tell you they have such daughters. Those farm houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is only another name for a very tender heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country—with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasure of a pipe and jug of brown Otober—of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his pig—over a fragrant cup of young-hyson, or rapt in the delicious luxuries of custards or whipt creams—in walks a fairy, vision of wondrous witchery, and with a curtesy and a smile of winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter, a lively creature of eighteen, fair as the lily, fresh as the May dew, rosy as the rose, itself graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window; sweet as a posy of violets and clover gillivvers, modest as early morn, and amiable as your own imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming. You are lost. It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty filbert or a frog-bitten straw-berry for your peace of mind if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going in the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, and fancying farm houses nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.—*The Hall and Hamlet, by W. Howitt.*

Wealth.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," is a prayer which is seldom offered in sincerity. With the first branch of it there is no difficulty. Every one is ready to deprecate poverty; but who are they who fervently plead with God to withhold from them wealth? And yet poverty is a safer condition than affluence. The highest authority has assured us that the soul of a rich man is peculiarly imperilled; while it would be difficult to find in God's word any sentence like this—"how hardly shall they that are poor enter into the kingdom of heaven!—Poverty certainly has its evils—wealth has its dangerous seductions. Many happy families have been hopelessly ruined by the sudden accession of fortune. Simple habits, most favorable to the cultivation of the Christian virtues, have undergone an alarming change; contentment with home-enjoyments has been superseded by a restless and dissatisfied feeling prompting the desire for pleasures beyond the domestic circle; alienations spring up to disturb a hitherto delightful harmony; extravagance discards the spirit of economy; selfishness usurps the place of benevolence; fashion excludes devotion; and alas! how often does profligacy, with its riotous spirit, break up the peace of the once happy household.—Wealth, in some rare cases, may prove a blessing; but in most instances it proves a curse. The most fruitful delusion by which Satan entrap the souls of men is by persuading them that they could resist the tendencies of wealth and use it without abusing it. It may appear to be an extravagant assertion, and yet it will be difficult to disprove it, that no one can be safely entrusted with wealth who has not first learned heartily to pray, "Give me not riches."

A WEAK STOMACH.—On one occasion the Vice-Chancellor, Dean Miller, said to me very abruptly, "You have been looking at me some time, I know what you are thinking on; you think that I eat a confounded deal!" "No sir," I said; "I am surprised that you eat of such a variety of dishes." "The truth is," said he, "I have a very weak stomach, and when it has digested as much as it can of one kind of food, it will get to work and digest some other." I observed to him, "That the weakness of his stomach resembled that of Dr. Toppog, a physician at Colchester, who, when a gentleman with whom he was dining expressed some dissatisfaction at his not taking claret, which had been provided expressly for him, answered, 'I have no objection to take a bottle, or a couple of claret, but I have so weak a stomach, I am obliged to drink a bottle of port first!'"—*Gunning's Reminiscences.*

Love of Country.

It scarcely matters where a man is born, whether amid the frost and snow of Polar regions, in Southern climes, where the verdure of earth is perennial, he loves, and to the latest hour of his life will love, his native land. It may be bleak and inhospitable; its government may be oppressive; still he clings to the soil on which he was born with an unflinching affection, and whithersoever he may go into other and more beautiful countries, his memory in waking hours and in dreams wanders to his childhood's home—he loves it though it exiles him, and is proud of its name and fame, while its yoke sits galling on his neck. Love of country is a life-imprinted sentiment, belonging alike to the rudest savage and the most polished civilized man.

And it is a beautiful ordinance in our nature that we are all pervaded by this sentiment. From this springs the fraternity of race and nation; the cohesion of individuals into communities, and the inclinations of communities to a "local habitation and a name." From this, too, springs the strongest manifestation of brotherhood—man caring first for himself, family and kindred; then for the community and nation to which he belongs. Through this isolate fraternity, man, rising in intelligence, extends the brotherhood of communities to the human race. From this, too, springs patriotism, which, without a country endeared by peculiar associations to love and defend, would not exist. If man was bound in heart and mind to no peculiar spot on earth; if the birth-place, the hearths, the altars, and the graves of kindred were no bond, his sentiment, from first to last, would be unmitigated selfishness, and instead of meeting and defying danger by his hearth and altar, he would fly to other spaces of earth. He would be continually a wanderer—a nomad—careless where he pitched his tent, or where his grave was scooped.

And since this sentiment is so strong, so essential, and so beautiful for the development and brotherhood of our common race, how steadily intelligent people and nations should strive to render their native lands—their countries—worthy of their love and aid and praise. The Roman of to-day is abject and bowed down, because his country is described and shorn of the beauty and glory which inspired the conquering legions of the Caesars. He may love his country as devoutly as did a Fabius or a Brutus, but it is not the love which springs from pride in her power, her virtue and her greatness; it is rather a love compounded of grief and pity that she has so degenerated. The virtuous patriotism of a people depend much upon the condition of the country to which they belong. It may be easy to-day to impose fetters upon the inheritors of the "eternal city," but the world could not enslave a Roman in the age of Coriolanus.

But the love of country simply is not enough to inspire the noblest patriotism; it must, to stimulate the loftiest virtue and heroism, be a love born of a just pride. It must be a love that will not permit a people to forego the guardianship of their own soil, institutions and laws. A love that will make them eternally vigilant in the defence of their own hearths, altars and graves. A love, jealous as devoted, and relying upon native hands and hearts, and not upon foreign auxiliaries—upon Pretorian Guards.—A people may be hospitable and give shelter as they will, but the sword, the treasure and the laws of their land must not be placed in the hands of strangers. All glory, in ineradicable lines, is graven with warning to this end.—*New York Mirror.*

Beauties of Wainew Henry.

Those will have a great deal to answer for that obstruct the course of necessary justice, and strengthen the hands of the wicked, by saying, "Oh! wicked man, thou shalt not surely die."

We must never be overawed, either by majesty or multitude to do a sinful thing, or to go against our conscience.

Let us all be convinced how religiously we ought to perform our promises and make good our bargains, and what conscience we ought to make of our words when given.

If the fraud of others will not justify or excuse our falsehood, certainly the honesty of others in dealing with us, will aggravate and condemn our dishonesty in dealing with them.

Under the greatest provocations it is our duty to keep our temper and to bridle our passions; a just cause needs not anger to defend it, and a bad one is made never the better by it.

Every service becomes honorable when it is done for the house of God and the offices thereof.

Let every one of us submit to the Lord Jesus and refer ourselves to him, saying, we are in thy hand, do unto us as seemed good and right unto thee; only save our souls and we shall not repent it. If he appoints us to bear His cross and draw in His yoke, serve at His altar, that shall be afterwards neither shame nor grief to us; while the meanest office in God's service will entitle us to a dwelling in the house of the Lord all the days of our life.