

WESTERN ENTERPRISE.

R. L. ABERNETHY, & E. A. POE, Eds. & Proprietors.

"ABHOR THAT WHICH IS EVIL; CLEAVE TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—ROMANS XII. 9.

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Poetry.

For the Enterprise.

LINES.

Respectfully dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of Temperance of the Marion Division.

Ye friends of humanity, wake!
And arm you with courage and zeal,
Go forth to your glorious work,
The woes of the wretched to heal.

Go where the poor drunkard is found,
And beg him his cup to forsake,
Or kindly entreat him to stop;
For his body and soul are at stake.

Entreat him to stop ere his wife
And his children are drowned in disgrace,
And all that is lovely and dear,
To want, and to ruin give place.

Go, aid the vile drunkard's poor wife,
With comforts that nature demands,
Go soothe with the balm of kind words,
Go bless with beneficent hands.

Go warn that young man of the dregs
Of pollution, and sorrow, and death,
That mingle so freely within
The cup that now poisons his breath.

Go tell him, that they who in youth,
The habit of drinking do form,
Are almost as sure to be lost,
As flowers to fall by a storm.

Go on then, ye Temperance band
And rescue the drunkard from shame,
And save the fair youth of the land,
From the perilous drunkard's foul name.

Go on in your glorious work,
Till intemperance shall hide his curs'd head,
And those who his cause now defend,
Are conquered, or else shall have fled.

Go on, and the God of the good,
Will reward you on earth and in heaven,
And when your best work shall be done,
The plaudit, "well done," shall be given.
Marion, N. C. J. A. S.

UNNATURAL.

"All thrives the hapless family that shows,
A cock that's silent and a hen that crows;
I know not which live most unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives."

Selected Tale.

THE COMPROMISE. BY HAL.

THE steamboat Granite State, went puffing from the wharf in Hartford, one afternoon last summer, as was its custom of an afternoon, for New York; but never had that pretty steamer borne upon its deck a person of rarer beauty than one who sat leaning against the rail, watching the disappearing objects and feasting her eyes on the beautiful scenery, while the boat glided down upon the bosom of the glorious Connecticut, and was now on her way back to her home. Near her sat a nurse, holding in her arms the widow's only child, a babe of about two years of age.

One does not tire with looking at the scenery presented on the banks of the Connecticut; there is a variety of beauty to look upon. Rich, luxuriant farms, woodland and towns are strung along its waters like beads upon a rosary, and we feel half inclined to count them as the fair nun counts her beads, and look up and

thank God that this world is so beautiful. And surely it could not have been that the mother was tired of looking upon the beauty of the scene presented that made her turn her gaze from it, and fix it upon her lovely child. She looked upon him fondly, and a mother's admiring love shone from her features; her face beamed as though it had been the face of an angel.

"Worshipped as ever!" exclaimed the old nurse. "I do believe you love this child more than God or Heaven."

"Speak not thus, Nancy; I do love the child, dearly love him; but hope I love God too."

"Hope? do you know you love God or Heaven half as much as you love this boy?"

"I dare not answer."

"Dear mistress, love not your boy too much.—He may be taken from you."

The old nurse was a firm believer in the doctrine that the Divine Being interferes with the affairs of men to work good results, and the sincerity in which the words were uttered sent them to the heart of the mother, and tears stole to her eyes as she thought of the possibility that her child, so like her husband, who had died nearly two years since, should go hence and leave her alone.

The nurse appeared sad that she had caused the loving mother needless grief, and both became abstracted, insomuch that that they did not notice with what a longing gaze the child was looking upon the fair waters. It was while they were thus sitting in silent abstraction, that the boy, as if he had seen some congenial spirit look up from the pure stream, and longed to meet its embrace, sprung from the arms of the nurse, and disappeared in the waters.

"Lost! lost! my child is lost!" frantically exclaimed the mother; and she was about to spring into the waters for her child, but was prevented by some of the passengers. For a moment all seemed confusion, amid which a gentleman appeared who had been in the front of the boat, quietly reading. He hastily inquired for some article of clothing the child had worn. The nurse handed him an article of the child's apparel.—Calling to him a large Newfoundland dog the gentleman pointed first to the article of clothing, then to the spot where the child had disappeared in the water. The excitement was intense, and by the time the life-boat was lowered, it was thought that both the dog and the child were lost. At this moment the dog was seen approaching with something in its mouth. The life-boat was pushed towards him, and it was found that he had the boy, and he was still alive, and both boy and dog were soon on the deck.

As soon as the mother had satisfied herself that the child was still alive, she rushed forward and throw-

ing her arms around the dog, burst into tears, caressed and kissed its shaggy head, and looking up to its owner said,

"Oh sir, I must have that dog! I am rich; take all I have, everything, but give me my child's preserver!"

The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog's head, said,

"I am very glad, sir, that you have been of service to you, but nothing in the world would induce me to part with him."

The dog appeared perfectly happy, as if conscious of having done his duty.

A short time after the incident the gentleman who owned the dog and the lady who owned the child that the dog had saved, were seen conversing together in a retired part of the boat.—The passengers soon conjectured that they were making some compromise relative to who should for the future own the dog, and it proved evident that they were right in their conjecture, and that a compromise was agreed upon, for next morning when the steamboat arrived at Peck's slip, New York, not only the lady and her child and the nurse entered the beautiful carriage, which was in waiting, but the gentleman and the Newfoundland dog entered too.

It was a brilliant wedding in an elegant residence on one of the avenues and the rich widow was the bride, and the gentleman who owned the dog was the bride-groom. The dog was also present and participated in the ceremonies, and was the observed of all observers.

* These are the mother's own words as reported at the time the incident occurred, on which this sketch is founded.

THE RICH MAN'S DAUGHTERS.

In one of our great commercial cities, there resided a gentleman worth from two to three millions of dollars. He had three daughters, and he required them alternately to go to the kitchen and superintend its domestic concerns. Health and happiness he said were thus promoted.—Besides he could not say in the vicissitudes of fortune, that they might not ere they should close their early career be compelled to rely upon their hands for a livelihood; and he could say, that they could never become wives, and the proper heads of families, until they knew with practical experience all the economy of household affairs. One of these daughters became the lady of one of the States—all at the head of respectable families; and they carried out the principles implanted by their worthy parents, visiting and securing the esteem of all around them.

Let the fair daughters of our country draw lessons from the industrious matrons of the past.

Sunday Reading.

HOW VERY UGLY I AM.

Our entertaining friend, Dr. Livingstone, tells us that the tribe of the Makololos have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves as to what constitutes comeliness. The women, in particular, often came and asked for the looking-glass; and he says the remarks which they made, while he was engaged in reading and apparently not attending to them, were very amusing and ridiculous. On first seeing themselves in the glass they would say, "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as punkin leaves!" "I have no chin at all." "See how my head shoots up in the middle." laughing heartily all the time at their own jokes.

One man came alone, to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought the Doctor was asleep. After twisting his mouth about in various directions he said to himself, "People say I am very ugly;—how very ugly I am!"

We must not forget, however, that this looking into the glass is rather a dangerous thing, especially if people are not quite so ugly as our black friend. It would probably do him harm, but we think we know some young people who would be all the more agreeable, and the more hopeful characters too if they did not so often look into the glass.

There is however, one glass into which they cannot look too often—the word of the Lord (James i; 23-25.) The more they look therein, the more clearly will they detect their defects and perceive sinfulness; and this will tend to keep them humble, and to make them useful characters.

When you look at yourself in this glass you not see your face, but your heart. It matters very little whether we are homely or ugly like this African; but is the heart clean by the blood of Jesus and the spirit of the Lord? Do you know the reason why many young persons, as well as older ones, do not like to read and study God's word? Because it shows how ugly their hearts are.

Let us ask the Lord, who can change the hearts of all to make us and the poor heathen clean and beautiful through the blood of our Saviour.—Sirr's China.

VALUE OF FIVE MINUTES.

The true worth of minutes which careless people count of no importance is well shown in an anecdote of Mr. Hubbard, told by the Boston Recorder. A number of years ago, it was a custom of the orthodox churches in Boston (at the request of the Chaplain of the State Prison) to furnish about a dozen teachers, who would voluntarily go to the prison on sabbath forenoon, to instruct classes of convicts in Sabbath School in the Chapel.

Hon. Samuel Hubbard was one of those who went. Near the close of the time devoted to instruction, the chaplain said:

"We have five minutes to spare. Mr. Hubbard, will you please to make a few remarks?"

He arose in calm, dignified manner, and looking at the prisoners, said:

"I am told that we have five minutes to spare. Much may be done in five minutes. In five minutes Judas betrayed his master, and went to his own place. In five minutes, the thief on the cross repented and went to the saviour to paradise. No doubt, many of those before me did that act in five minutes that brought them to this place. In five minutes, you repent, and go to paradise—or will you imitate Judas, and go to the place where he is? My five minutes have expired."

There are some things which no wealth can purchase, which no enterprise can compass, and with which no ship that ever rode the seas came freighted.

Where is the emporium to which you can resort and order so much happiness? Where in the ship that ever brought home a cargo of heart-comfort a consignment of good consciences, a freight of strength for the feeble, and joy for the wretched and peace for the dying? But what no vessel ever fetched from the Indies, prayer has often fetched from heaven.

Hope never looks back; it cannot; it never sees the present nor the past, but Hope ever lives in the future. Likewise love merely, but it always sees the beautiful.

Beauty is the true object of love, and nought but that. We can believe the truth whether good or bad—we love the beautiful everywhere. We look with the eye of faith down the vista of futurity and hope for joys eternal, immutable