THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT THE

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GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smilling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms far a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now.
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well, and summer has come again,
Singing her same old song;
But, O! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and rain
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know that I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

WHAT YOUNG MEN SHOULD DO.

1. Every young man should make the most of himself, intellectually, morrally and physically.

2. He should depend upon his own efforts to accomplish these results.

3. He should be willing to take advice from those competent to give it, and to follow such advice, unless his own judgment or conviction properly founded, should otherwise direct.

4. If he is unfortunate enough to have a rich and indulgent father, he must do the best he can under the circumstances, which will be to conduct himself very much as though he had not those obstacles to oveocome.

5. Ae should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that all great results have been wrought out from apparently slight causes.

6. He should never, under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come as near his desires as possible—he will thus reach the object of his ambition.

7. All young men have "inalienable rights," among which none is greater or more sacred than the privilege to be "somebody."—*Dunn.*

ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN.—Always say Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good-night. Good-morning. Use no slang terms.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or tables.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room, where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.—*Phrenological Journal.*

COONS AND CARPET BAGGERS.—The Baton Rouge Advocate is responsible for the following good story of coons and carpet baggers:

"Is that coon lively?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied the black possessor of as wild a specimen as ever made tracks in the Comite Swamp.

"Well, I want a real lively fellow; put him on that root," pointing to a lower knob of a very tall oak, "and let's see if he will stir himself."

No sooner said than done, and the coon went up the tree like a greased streak of lightning.

"You satisfied, boss, he's lively?"

"Well, yes; but I don't want a coon in a tree top."

The freedman looked up the tree, whistled, and scratched his head for an idea, and said, "Well, boss, dat coon is like a carpet bagger; wery promising when he's down, but when he's up he ain't no use to nobody."

—The following States hold elections this fall: Iowa, 2nd Tuesday in October; Maryland, first Tuesday in November; Massachusetts, 1st Tuesday in November; Minnesota, 1st Tuesday in November; New Hamshire, 1st Tuesday in November; Ohio 2nd Tuesday in October; Pennsylvania 2nd Tuesday in October; Wisconsin, 1st Tuesday in November.

HON. BEN. STARK.—We have pretty certain information that Hon. Ben. Stark, a large real estate owner in this city, and formerly U. S. Senator from Oregon, will be here in a short time. Mr. Stark has been absent, we believe, about eight years.—*Herald.*

Israel's Future—The Suez Canal—The Prophecies of Isaiah Fulfilled.

From the Jewish Messenger.

The American press have seized upon the idea started in the *Messenger* a fortnight ago, attributing to the Suez Canal additional importance in view of the probable consequences upon Palestine, as a suggestion of striking significance, and we recur to the subject with a desire to consider it in its varied phases.

The proposed inauguration, on the 17th of November, will be an occurrence of international interest. The eyes of the civilized world are upon that little connecting link between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and imperial combinations are on foot to divert the trade there concentrating into the channels which England and France respectively seek to control. Palestine appears to be regarded as of such slight consequence in this connection, as in all other relations, save those of archæological concern, that its claims to consideration have been entirely overlooked.

The contests of the Middle Ages between the Christian and Saracen forces looked to the possession of the Holy Sepulchre; Napoleon exulted in his memorable campaign under the shadow of the Pyramids as the most brilliant epoch in his military career. It would seem that here is to be the theater of another conflict; the grand victory of peace is to be won on the field once stained by the blood of avenging hosts. "The swords are to be beaten into ploughshares."

What are Israelites to hope from this triumph of patient skill, and this international strife for the mastery? The projector of the Suez Canal, M. Lesseps, lately addressed the company at its Paris office, demonstrating the extraordinary commercial success of the work, and predicted that the receipts would be limited during the ensuing year, simply by the means of transportation, and that the facilities would speedily be multiplied, so as to realize the most sanguine expectations. There can be no doubt that Palestine will sympathize with the regeneration of Egypt, and that the seaports of the Holy Land will be transformed again into busy marts, and the products of the soil be sent forth in their ancient abundance in exchange for the commodities of distant countries.

The beautiful and memorable words of the prophet Isaiah cannot be forgotten by the Israelites to-day, however light the yearning for their immediate fulfilment: "Fear not, for I am with thee. I will bring thy seed from the East and gather them from the West; I will say to the North give up, and to the South keep not back; bring my sons from far, my daughters from the extremity of the earth." "Ye are my witnesses; I will work, and who shall hinder it?" "Thus saith the Eternal, who maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters. * * * Behold, I will do a new thing. Now it shall spring forth, shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the desert and waters in a waste." "Thy children shall make haste; thy destroyers and they that make thee waste shall go forth from thee. Lift up thine eyes round about and behold; all these gather themselves together and come to thee. For thy ruins and thy desolate places, they shall even now be too narrow by reason of the inhabitants, and they that swallowed thee up shall be far away. * * * Thus saith the Eternal God: Behold, I will lift up my hand to nations and raise my standard to peoples; and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders. And kings shall be thy nursing fathers and their princesses thy nursing mothers; they shall prostrate themselves to thee with their faces toward the earth and lick up the dust of thy feet, and thou shalt know that I am the Eternal; for they shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

Equally significant is the glorious prophecy of Ezekiel:

"Thus saith the Lord—Although I have cast them far off among the nations, and although I have scattered them in the countries, yet I will be to them as a minor sanctuary in the countries where they have come. Therefore thus saith the Lord, I will even gather you from the peoples and assemble you out of the countries where you have been scattered, and I will give you the land of Israel; and they shall come thither and they shall remove all the detestable things thereof and all the abominations from thence; and I will give them one heart and I will put a new spirit within them."

The language of the prophecies is explicit—the confidence of Israel in their fulfilment is almost universal. Our uncertainty as to the time implies no doubt as to the ultimate realization of these hopes.

The rehabitation of Palestine, the commencement of commercial relations with the world at lage, will once more introduce as a momentous question "the right to the government of the Holy Land. But the decision will not depend on the arbitrament of helmeted knights, wild enthusiasts cr the indomitable Guard. The weapons of peace will be wielded and the reopening of commercial activity in and about Jerusalem will be the manifestation of this great change.

Will the Israelites consent to return to Palestine?

That remains to be determined. It is not unseasonable, though, to anticipate that when this field for business activity actually presents itself, there will be thousands of Hebrew pioneers to avail themselves of the prospect.

There are hundreds of thousands whose love and attachment for the Holy Land time has not dimmed, who will embrace with avidity the opportunity of emigration. Their condition as individuals and as communities would be materially bettered.

Mark Twain's Horse.

I have a horse now by the name of Jerico. He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and this one fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If I was correct, I have got the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes across, with the utmost impartiality.

He appears to have a moral dread of telegraph poles, especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it is now, I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always, it would become monotonous after awhile. This creature has scared at everything he has seen to-day, except a hay-stack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and a recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill any one with admiration to see how he preserved his self-posession in the presence of the barley-sack.

This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day.

He is not particularly fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault—his tail has been chopped off, or else he has sat down on it too hard some time or other, and he has to fight flies with his heels. This is all very well tho': but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much variety. He is going to get himself into trouble some day in that way. He reaches round and bites my legs, too. I do not care particularly about that, only I do not like too see a horse too sociable.

I think the owner of this prize had a wrong opinion about him. He had an idea he was one of those fiery, untamed steeds, but he is not of that character. I know the Arab had this idea, because when he brought the horse out for inspection in Beirout, he kept jerking at the bridle and and shouting Arabic: "Ho, will you? Do you want to run away, you ferocious beast, and break your neck?" When all the time the horse was not doing anything in the world, and only looked as if he wanted like to lean up against something and think.

THAT KOVCAD.

John Covode, cheirman of the Radical State Committee of Pennsylvania, is a spellist to an eminent degree, and as a leader in that party that possesses "all the intelligence," will yet distinguish himfelf. He was recently instructed to write a letter to Brewester, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, requesting him to resign, and here is the result:

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The 30 '69

hon benjiman brooster

aftur con Sultashun With our Perlitikal Ass osheats Whu ar Ankshus Forr the ilekshun uv our MewtshaL fr End I am satisfied tht ure Rezig Nashun Azz aturn E genrl will Goo A Loang wa too heel xizting Dis Censhuns I rite This frankle tu yoo Bee Cauz i no U desir tu eekuur tht Ree zult this kunklooxhun Has Nott bin arrived At hazetillee But haz bin awe Thurrized By the guvern R hymnselff

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AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.—Mr. Mackey the Alderman of Charleston, South Carolina, the noted high Free Mason, in a late speech, paid the following beautiful tribute to the Catholic Sisters of Mercy. He said:

When the ploughshare of war had marked your streets with its red furrows, these good women moved by day and night amid the nameless horror of your prisons and hospitals, bearing food for the famishing body, and words of comfort and of healing for the stricken soul. To the Sisters of Mercy it mattered not whether the sufferers were cloven down beneath the bars, while striking with a courage that rose more resplendent as the cause it maintained grew more hopeless, or whether they fel while upholding the starry symbol of our country's sovereignty; but saw in them only the human, and made them all one under the banner of the cross! They shrank not from the path of duty during the four years siege of this devoted city. The shot and shell of the untiring besieger—shattering that they might reach and reaching that they might shatter—spared not the roof that sheltered these apostles of humanity, but in their pitiless and far-reaching flight involved the innocent and the guilty in the same common calamity! Yet when many of the brave soldiers of that besieging army fell into your hands by the ever varying fortunes of war, these Sisters of Mercy were the first to minister to their wants—like the sandal tree, that breathes out fragrance to the ax that fells it.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Tired and Weary.

Saturday Night brings its joys but they are like flowers hidden under the fog in the distance—or like winter plants 'neath the snow. There is such a load of weariness on them and over them at times. Who is not weary to-night? Perhaps not weary from over-work, but tired from overwaiting? Sometimes Hope's task is a heavy one!

But the week has gone roaring, whistling, howling down the aisles of the past like a simoon, laden with the joys it brought and took away—the friends it has taken from us—the hopes we had last week—the good acts and the bad acts—the past seven days—the tears, prayers, fears, triumphs, and shattered anticipations we all had—with the lives of those we knew and loved as soon will one of them go home with our life.

Which will be our last Saturaay Night chapter? This one, or another one? And when comes *our* last week and call Home, may that God we adore, believe in and reverence give those who read after we are done with this weary-working, hearts to take us as we meant, that the good intentions of a busy life may not fall like ashes, or like dead trees that bear no fruit. And may He who with a glance unravels the mysteries and dissects all of our life-acts each from the other be kind of heart to all of us, writer and readers.

To-night we are very weary—tired with our work. And *somebody* is not here. The room is very still. Gently the breeze sighs outside, as if to wrap the heart in crape. The gaslight flickers, and shadows dance and wirtle across our paper, just as shadows will over the weary heart. A miller flies about us, singeing his wings at times, as men and women do in life and in love. Now he has gone, and to-morrow will be dead or forgotten, as all of us will be some day—and this makes us more weary of waiting.

The room seems *so* still. We hear tramping of feet and rumbling of wheels on the street. Are they weary? Who are all those who go by? Are they tired? Are they happy? Are they going to happy homes or to misery? What a terrible knowledge must be God's for he knows *all* our hopes, fears, desires! All our happiness and all our misery! Those who go by are doing somewhere, *home*, or to other place. We know them not. They do not know us. They live and die without us—how little we amount to as individuals. No wonder we are weary!

We have waited all the week for this night to come. We wanted to cut loose from business cares and this head-aching work for others, to rest. We wanted to rest in our easy chair—to see the flower of the bud we have seven days watched—to throw off the uniform of life's terrible battle, for its points hurt, and rest. But it is hard to rest alone! Wonder if it is hard to die alone? * * * *

If that one were only with us and by us to-night. No matter who it is—we know, and that one knows! If we could but feel that presence—watch the whispers of the soul as shadowed on the face and by the eyes—could feel on our head, which at times feels like lead, hot and burning like a sea of fire from weariness, overwork and overthinking, we should not be so weary. But it is not thus, and when this is written, perhaps sleep will bring us rest.

And it is long to be alone—to wait for a coming—to hunger for that one to be nigh and by you. Nor for work—for passion, for annoyance, but to love, to pet, to caress, to hold in your heart, and fill the soul with, as roses hold fragrance. How it rests one to sit in the shade! How it rests the heart to be with loved ones, and to forget under the gentle touch, the soft smooth of the palm over weary temple, the silent kiss, the God's poetry of the eye, the heart-swelling inspiration of that love which reaches us from heaven, as sun-beams pierce through shutter-crevices, and to know that we are not alone!

There are many weary ones to-night. Oh! God, pity them all—friend or foe Near-by and far away are weary ones. Wives sitting in tears—sitting with swelling hearts and eyes just ready to run over with the coming tear, straining every nerve to catch the footstep sound which comes not. There are those who walk from crib, bed, or cradle, of sleeping or sickened little ones to wonder why *he* does not come, and the night almost gone! Who keeps him—what keeps him—where is he—why is he? Weary with the work of the week, many is the heart-broken wife of some jolly fellow who is carousing with his companions while the ivy, the weeds, the choking vines of sadness, neglect, and despair are choking and deadening and worrying the life out of some poor, heart-broken, faithful, devoted wife and mother, tired of life and weary of waiting!

There are many weary men, worried at the shop, store, office, or labor who find no rest at home, for the laws there are too prohibitory and the bandages too tight. Men grow weary and want rest. Tired with the struggles of a week, they go home to cross words, cold looks, indifference—*heart labor* the greatest of all. Well, such is life—we wonder more men are not lost—swept overboard into the sea of reckless dissipation than there are. O! the influence of home—the influence of hearts—the influence *of* influences, and of those most strange and wondrous influences which make us good or bad, sad or happy, weary or rested in heart, as the case may be. Let those who are weary rest more with each other—with those who in love and loving each, give that rest we all need.

There are those tired of work—tired of waiting—weary of life! But don't give up! The shore is just beyond! Keep up, for it can be reached! Strive, hope—have faith and all will be well. If the rest for the body comes not this week it will soon, for in the grave is rest for all bodies!

And if the heart finds no rest here—if the spirit is not at rest here it will be hereafter, and as we are deserving so will our future joys be more. And we will not repine, for there *are others* more weary than ourselves! Let us pity them. There are women who weep—wives who pray—mothers who hope—maidens who fear—lovers that tremble—watchers who wait—let us turn from self to pity them.

There are men who have toiled all the week—men who are struggling bravely—who are honest, workingmen, slaves to taxation and dissipation—men we love like brothers, who have enough to discourage them, as we often have. For the taxes must be paid—the wife must be cared for—the little ones must be loved and educated—the older ones fast hastening *home* must be made happy as possible; and the *wants* eat the earnings till life is but a sigh of tired weariness. Courage, brothers—others have risen with greater loads from lower places—so can you. Have pluck. Be brave. Fight on. Be true. Shun dissipation. Be men, and guard your manhood, that you and your loved ones may be happier. Do this, and we care not what weariness comes to *us* from overwork and weary waiting every Saturday Night.—"*Brick*" *Pomeroy.*

THE MADSTONE.

In a late number of the Phrenological Journal we asked for some information on this much vexed subject. A Journal reader residing in Iowa sends us the following letter in response:

Editor of the Journal—*Dear Sir*: Please to receive the following *facts* concerning the madstone. In 1857, during the summer season, I was at work in Sullivan County, Missouri, building a gristmill, while at work there, a gentleman by the name of Berry, formerly from Ohio, a broom-maker by trade, had one of his horses bitten by a mad dog; but was not ascertained until Mr. Berry himself was bitten by the hosre in the back of his left hand; the wound was made by the front teeth of the horse, and was of the size of a five-cent piece. Some of the citizens near told M. Berry of a madstone in possession of a gentleman near Memphis, Mo., and advised him to get it. He succeded in doing so; and I saw Mr. Berry while using it upon his hand. It was of the appearance of pummice-stone, but had an octagonal arrangement of cells of pores. One side of it was ground smooth; by putting the smooth side upon the wound, it would stick so as to actually cause pain to remove it; but after remaining upon the wound about half an hour, would fall off of its own accord, and not stick to the wound again until after it had been soaked in sweet milk. Mr. Berry used this stone about one month, when it would adhere to his hand no more, and he returned it to its owner. Meanwhile the bitten horse died, as did also a number of cows which had been bitten by the same mad dog.

My father had in his possession a madstone which had been used a number of times during his life with good results. It had the appearance of a piece of turtle-shell (tortoise), was about the size of a quarter-dollar piece. It was set in gold. This stone was said to have come from the skull or cranium of a snake—the cobra capello. It is kept as an heir-loom in our family, one of my forefathers having obtained it while battling with the Turks under Prince Eugene. My eldest brother—a druggist, living in the Grand Duchy of Baden—now has it in possession.

[We thank our friend for the above, and give it an airing in our columns; but we fear that his statement, though made, evidently, with all the frankness of conviction will not satisfy our scientific readers. Can not *some* physician testify with reference to this singular phenomenon, and satisfy the doubtful by his professional opinion?]—*American Phrenological Journal.*

—"Pete, is you into them sweetmeats, agin?"

"No, marm, them sweetmeats is into me."

—Destroy the passion for tale telling. Lisp not a word that will injure the character of another, and, as far as you are concerned, slander will die.

—Koopmanschap is now in New York, and has contracted with a Texas land company for the introduction of five thousand coolies.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

From the Jackson (Mich.) Citizen.

The *Atlantic Monthly* itself has followed soon after its great and gratuitously circulated advertisement of advance sheets, which has not paid the newspapers after the manner of Mr. Bonner and New York publishers, who excite public interest with the first chapters of their serial novels. With the story in full, also come the comments of writers on both sides of the Atlantic, for a summary of it has passed over the ocean cable, and if Mrs. Stowe was the person to care a single straw for the "opinions of the press," she might be induced to believe that in her imprudent and uncalled-for revelations she done that which, to say the least, is very foolish, if it be not actually criminal and licentious. The great majority of readers disbelieve the horrible charge which Mrs. Stowe has seen fit to publish as a veritable fact, and the story has been read like "Uncle Tom's Cabin.", "Dred," and others of her productions, in which she has used invention to illustrate her generally correct theories and make them more palatable to the public. True it is that, in this instance, the invention is not her own, but she has adopted it, ornamented and embellished it, and given it the sanction of her name with full endorsement. Writers of stories, however popular, do not always succeed in history—the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by Walter Scott, was called the author's greatest work of fiction, as this Byron scandal may be set down as Mrs. Stowe's greatest romance. The Lord and Lady Byron battle is not a new one, for the two great poets, Tom Moore and Thomas Campbell, fought it out soon after the death of his Lordship, and effected nothing but an unfortunate estrangement between themselves.

The London *Athenæum* has an article upon the story, and rejects entirely the supposition that the poet was guilty, severely censuring Mrs. Stowe for bringing it before the public. This is the treatment which the tale and its sponsor will receive from the greater portion of the respectable press? Mrs. Stowe has anticipated the censure, for were the hideous recital made in one of the ordinary story papers of the day among its sensational matter, the stuff would be ruled out of the reading of every well-ordered household in the land. Her excuse for the publication, several times repeated, is that the "mistress" of Lord Byron—making a great point of the connection—has published a book giving a different version of the married life of the poet and his wife. Mrs. Stowe professes the utmost contempt and loathing for the "mistress," but, at the same time, she has lifted her up into the same moral height with herself by entering the lists against the dead Countess and her book, and in defence of the dead wife, whose name had far better been left to rest as it was before.

She has created a sensational desire among all who read her "true history" to peruse, also, the extremely silly book of the Countess Guiccioli, Byron's works and the memoirs of Lady Blessington, neither of which is tolerated in some very strict families. Her itch for authorship and continued notoriety has led her to take the jealous surmisings of a suspicious woman as if they were downright facts, and present them to the world in an apparent fit of indignation at a posthumous work, the writer of which she scorns, though dead, as having been false and profligate in life. That she believes her story is very manifest, but the public do not share in her belief to any extent, and while there are few to defend the private life of Lord Byron, there will be fewer still to put faith in this disgusting scandal concerning him and his half-sister, a lady whose life and deportment were never assailed before. There are some mistakes in the book which will reveal themselves to those who have given the subject attention before. The poet and his wife were married in January, 1815, and separated in February, 1816, but the smaller errors are of little consequence in comparison with the great one of publication.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN FRAUDS.—It appears that the frauds discovered in the Methodist Book Concern consist of the alleged fact that a son of Dr. Porter, one of the agents, has received commissions for the past eight or nine years, averaging not less than seven per cent. for purchasing printing paper for the institution; that this agent permitted his son, who is a paper broker, to charge a heavy commission for doing what was the agent's duty to do himself. Report says the purchases on which this commission has been allowed amounts to $150,000 per annum. The son also sold paper to the concern at rates which gave him a great profit. Irregularities are reported in the binding department. No particulars are known—a rigid investigation is progressing.—*New York Dispatch.*

—Cyrus Redding, a London gentleman, in a letter on the Byron controversy, expresses his belief that the charge made by Mrs. Stowe never existed out of her own brain. He says that Lady Byron steadily refused to state the reason of the separation.

—Nearly three-quarters of all the wheat in Northern California and Southern Oregon has been destroyed by late heavy rains.

—There are fears of a general outbreak of the Indians upon settlers in Surprise Valley, California.