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The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY
A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick Building

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"An Editor in Heaven."

Such is the caption of an article which has been going the rounds of the papers for sometime, and appears to be something new "under the sun." Just as if editors were not in the habit of going to Heaven. We venture to say that a greater proportion of them go to the home of those who have performed their mission on earth, than any other call poor mortals fill. "An editor in Heaven." There's nothing strange about that at all. It is almost a moral as well as a professional impossibility for them to go anywhere else. Once upon a time, after the demise of a member of the "corps editorial," he presented himself at the gates of the "Golden City," and requested admission.—The door-keeper asked him what had been his occupation on Terra Firma. He replied that he was an editor.

"Well," said the watchman, "we've got a crowd of your kind here now, and they all came as "dead-heads." If you can pay your passage you can come in, if not, you must place yourself under the control of a personage you ruled tyrannically below:"—meaning the"devil.".

Not having the "wherewith" to go in, our much-beloved brother of the"quill and scissors" posted off and presented himself at the entrance of Clootie's dark domain.—A very dark complexioned gentleman stood sentry, and asked in a gruff voice: "Who comes?"

"An humble desciple of Faust," was the calm reply.

"Then hold on, you can't be admitted," exclaimed the gentleman in black, evincing considerable agitation' and fiercely scowling upon him.

Why not demanded the typo, who began to get some what "huffish," and looked around for a "shooting-stick," with which to force an entrance.

"Well sir," replied his sable majesty, "we let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up such a row with his former delinquent subscribers, and as we have more of that class of persons here than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of any editors, only those who have advanced our interest in their papers on earth, and even those we keep in a seperate room to themselves. You have published many things operating against us and blamed the devil with every thing that went wrong, so you can't come in. We enforce this rule without respect to persons, for our own peace and safety."

Casting a dull leer at the outside sentinel, our typographical friend started off again, detirmined to get in "up above." This time he took with him a file of his paper, and presented it to the guardian of the Celestial City, requesting that it might be carefully examined, and they could see whether he was entitled to a free ticket. In due course of time the conductor came along and took him in, telling him that he had been a martyr to the cause of improvement, and that resolutions had been passed to admit all members of the "art preservative" who had abused the devil below. He added that as they were punished enough by being with the devil, all their future punishment is commuted. He further stated that not one delinquent subscriber could be found in Heaven.

THE WAY.—An indignant St. Joseph (Mo.) husband, whose wife has sued for a divorce, writes a protest to Judge Adams, in which he says: "This damnable thing called divorce has in my opinion parted many a man and his wife." Whatever may have been its effect in Missouri, that is certainly the way such things operate out this way.

Suicide of a Husband at the Death-bed of his wife.

The Zanesville *Courier* of the 18th furnishes the following particulars of a most distressing tragedy which took place in that city on Tuesday last: The citizens of this community were

GREATLY SHOCKED

at an early hour yesterday evening by the intelligence of the death of C. H. Durban and wife, which had just taken place at the residenc of Judge Evans, in the sixth Ward, under the most sad and painful circumstances—the one dying from the effects of a pistol ball in the head, fired by his own hand, while his wife lay dying in the same room of a lingering disease—consumption—and expiring ten minutes after her husband had gone into eternity. That our citizens were startled by the announcement would but faintly express the feellings of sadness and horror at the event, and of the sympathy for the parents, relatives and freinds of the deceased. The circumstances of this painful occurrence, as near as we can gather them are as follows:

MR. CHARLES H. DURBAN,

son of our well known fellow citizen Thomas Durban, Esq., a young man about 23 years of age, a practicing attorney, office in the Antheneum Building, was married last spring to Miss. Lucy Seaman. After marriage, owing to the failing health of Mrs. Durban, they resided at Judge Evans'. The disease with which she was afflicted was that of consumption of the lungs. Mr. Durban, from the testimony of all, was the most devoted of husbands, kind, generous, and noble-hearted of sons. Dr Ball was the attending physician of Mrs. Durban during her illness, and was requested by Mr. Durban to visit her every day, to spare no expense whatever in procuring her anything that would tend to her comfort or aid in her recovery.—The doctor did, on one occasion, omit his daily visit for one day, when, the next morning, Mr. Durban called on him and begged him not fail visiting her daily untill her health was recovered or death put an end to her sufferings. She continued to grow worse, and as the prospect of her recovery faded away Mr. Durban grew sad and gloomy. Dr. Ball visited Mrs. Durban yesterday morning, and found that

SHE COULD NOT LONG SURVIVE—

a few days at the most. In the evening he was sent for again, and arrived at the bed-side of the sufferer at 5:50 o'colck. Mrs. Durban wished to take some medicine, morphine and chloroform, prescribed by the doctor when she was restless and could not sleep. Her husband asked the doctor about giving it, expressing himself as if fearing the desire for the sedative might increase. The doctor requested him to give her the medicine, which he did, at the same time seeming very nervous and excited. He wallked partially around the room with his hands in his pockets, and finally stopped at the foot of the bed. The doctor then gave her some valerate of ammonia, Mr. Durban still standing at the foot of the bed and seemed

TO BE SUFFERING INTENSLY.

He said to the physician, "Doctor, for God's sake cant you give Lucy, (his wife's name) something to releive her?" The doctor told him to wait, that the remedy had not had time to act. As the difficulty of breathing seemed to increase the doctor told him to bring some unslacked lime, that she might inhale it while it slacked. He did so, and attempted to hold it to her face but seemed unable from nervousness. She then took a severe fit of coughing, when the doctor took his place. Mr. Durban passed to the foot of the bed, saying as he did so, "Doctor, can't you do anything more for her, she is dying?" The doctor found that she would suffocate unless her position in the bed was changed, and with the assistance of her mother and Mrs. Evans was trying to change her position, when a report rang out which filled the room with sound. The doctor glancing up,

NOTICED MR. DURBAN STAGGERING

and supposing that he might have accidently shot himself, rushed to him and laid him on the floor. He did not breath, seemingly, after the shot. His wife seemed fully conscious of what had taken place—said she was sorry but couldn't cry. She tried to speak again, but her words were not understood, when she died, there being from five to ten minutes between their deaths. The ball took effect in the right temple, a little above the eye. In his pocket was found a letter, saying that he could not live without her, and if he died first that he would met her in Paradise. There were letters also to his parents, and a note requesting that no coroners inquest be held upon his body, that it was a matter between himself and his God.

A Vice to Common.

It is shocking, even to a hardened man of the world, to hear on the thoroughfares of this and probably every other large city, exceeding profanity of boys and sometimes girls, not yet in their teens. The most horrible oaths glide off their toungs and through their lips as easily as well rounded periods from the mouth of an accomplished orator. It is to be hoped that the great majority of these juvenile swearers are described by Byron, when he said of his fictitious characters. "He knew not what to do, and so, he swore." It is lamentable that this vile habit prevails to such an alarming extent among ths young, but its prevalence with the older members of the community is still more deplorable. Thoughtlessness on the part of children, and half-grown persons, may furnish some slight excuse, but when adults continually indulge in the objectionable practice, we fear it indicates a nature which, if not irreclaimably debased, has lost much of its original purity.

An article in the Pitsburg *Preacher* gives seven good reasons why a man should not swear:

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal sheap as to swear.
2. It is vulgar—altogether to low for a decent man.
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined.—Such a one will no more swear than go into the street and throw mud with a loafer,
5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives.

Adroitly Hit.

A correspondent of the *Herald* and *Presbyter*, writing from Minnesota, tells the following: I have picked up a little story which I think is too good a reproof for disturbers of the peace in churches to be lost. A presiding elder of the United Brethern Church was preaching in the neighborhood, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church.—in the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching a young man that sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncooth grimaces. I paused and administerd a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the offical members came and said to me: "Brother——, you made a great mistake That young man whom you reproved is an idiot." Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot."

During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.—Jefferson's ten rules are good yet, especially for those who have the training of the pupils in our public schools. They are so short and concise, and embody so much of value, that it would be well if they were clipped and put where we could see them often. They are as follows:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much trouble the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak, if very angry, count a hundred.

It is said that if a tree is felled while in leaf, and allowed to lie until the folirge withers, the wood will be the soonest seasoned, as the leaves will draw all the sap before thep die.

CAN.—What *did* the young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the cars, but you can take a buss?"

Substitute for Matrimony.

TILTON ON DIVORCE AND GREELEY ON TILTON.

From the New York Tribune.

We print herewith "Tilton's Views of Marriage and Divorce," as set forth by himself. We have repeatedly printed the same views (essentially) as set forth at full length by several eminent writers on his side, so that we are very glad to find Tilton's statement a short one.

Tilton's right to think as he does we do not dispute; our right to regard his doctrine as eminently pernicious and detestable he seems unwilling to concede. We feel that just such reasoning as his, instilled by libertines into the ears of their foredoomed victims, has filled and is now filling the earth with sin, misery and moral ruin. Indeed, the libertine who beguiles an innocent girl into compliance with his wishes, and deserts her when his passions are sated and she about to become a mother, stands fully justified by Tilton's premises and deductions. For the seducer would say, "I have ceased to love, honor, to ckerish; therefore, my 'covenant is *ipso facto* ended,' and I am free to go where I *will*." If this doctrine is not Tilton's, we are unable to discern the difference.

Tilton says that the marriage contract "is *ipso facto* ended whenever, instead of loving, they hate, and, instead of honoring, they dispise," etc.

If Tilton has any form of marriage covenant in use among Christians, which justifies his assertion we challenge him to produce it. We never saw nor read such; we are sure none such exist. On the contrary, all the marriage covenants within our knowledge bind the parties not to hate, despise, or loath each other. If they do so, they break their vow; but this by no means releases them from its obligations.

We insist that the men and women who believe in the Tiltonian marriage covenant shall act accordingly. Let them stand up before the world and say: "We take each other for husband and wife for so long as we shall continue to love each other supremely; but whenever this shall no longer be the case, then we proclaim and will hold ourselves at liberty to separate and take to ourselves new partners." Then we shall know exactly how to treat them. They will be precisely in the position of every libertine who has a mistress, and will be regarded and treated accordingly. Their assuming before the world an obligation to cling to each other "till death do part," and insisting on regulating their lives by one totally different, we unutterably abhor. In fact, no person who holds with Tilton has any right to marry at all. He has no right to the honors of marriage while he repudiates its essential obligation. The Union that Tilton believes in is not marriage at all, but something radically diverse from that. It is the marriage *a la lacque* of Parisian workmen and grisettes, which is expected to last a year, but often disappoints that expectation.—Those who hold it superior to Christian marriage should prove their faith by giving it a distinctive name. Words are things, and marriage is not what any one choose to have it; but is defined by the dictionaries. If the free-lovers are not ashamed of their creed, let them prove it by giving a distinguishing name to their substitute for marriage.

A young Jewess of Baltimore named Miss Bettie Jacobs, eloped on the 19th ult., with a gentleman named Allman. The fugitives were married at Washington and proceeded to Alexandria for a quiet honeymoon. The father traced them up to the hotel, and was conducted up to their room. As the door was opened the bride exclaimed: "Father, we are legally married," and burst into tears. The father upbraided her for her act and forbade her to call him father again, as she disgraced both him and her mother. A dialogue was carried on between the two and amid their cries and sobs, which was only interrupted when the landlord declared that it was attracting too much attention and must cease. The father turned to go, and as he did so, cast a fond look at his daughter, and to her frantic "Good-bye, father," said: "I will go home, put crape on my hat, and mark you on the record: 'Died September 19, 1871.'" And thus they separated.

FLIRTING.—A local journal states that in a town upon the Hudson there has been discovered a young ladies' society having for its motto, "Flirt on flirt ever." An ditor's daughter was the ringleader, and in denouncing the affair the editor spared not his erring child in his devotion to truth and common sense.

THE LOVE LETTER.

She took it in her trembling hands,
That poorly served her will;
The wave of life on golden sands,
Stood for a moment still.

She read the superscription o'er,
And broke the careful seal;
The precious burden that it bore
She did not read, but feel.

O, earth, so green with Summer now,
O, sky of heavenly blue!
O, mated birds on every bough!
Her thoughts are not of you.

The bum of friendly tones below,
The life of pleasant care,
That swayed her soul an hour ago,
Now rule no longer there.

She knows a love too pure and high
For simple words to speak;
Its glory glistens in her eye,
And blushes on her cheek.

Its brighter warmth about her lies
It fills each human need.
Enfolds her life and glorifies
The simplest word or deed.

He has no promise to allure,
No fairy tale to tell;
The skill of honest love is sure
To work its purpose well.

It scornes the flatterer's subtle art,
The worldling's acted lies;
But storms the fortress of the heart,
And bears away the prize.

Yet brave as spurred and belted knight,
More tender still than brave,
He lifts his victim into light,
Himself the willing slave.

O, Love, thy kingdom stands secure,
Born with Creation's day;
Thy sweet dominion shall endure
When earth hath passed away.

Do Thou Likewise.

[From the Missouri Republican.]

The Democratic leaders in New York have done themselves great credit by their prompt and vigorous action toward the Tammany ring. The moment that it became probable that the charges of fraud in the management of municipal affairs in the city of New York were not mere partizan devices designed solely to break down prominent Democratic officials, the Chairman of the State Democratic Central Committee at once interposed to aid in exposing the frauds and bringing the guilty parties to punishment. It is believed to have been at his suggestion that Mr. Green was made Acting Comptroller; a Democrat having so entirely the confidence of all parties, that the public now rests satisfied that the doings of the ring will be effectually and fearlessly investigated.

The Democracy having thus cleared its skirts of all suspicion of connivance at frauds, the Radical party should go and do likewise in its portion of Uncle Sam's political mansion. The New York Custom House would seem to need purification fully as much as Tammany. The New York *Tribune* continues its charges against Collector Murphy, and they are certainly grave enough to demand stringent investigation. A correspondent of that thoroughly Radical journal inquires of it about certain disagreeable rumors concerning that official; that by the aid of government officials he was enabled to make large sums of money out of the government during the late war; that he has been deeply interested with Tammany in its schemes of street widening and other fat jobs; and that by these operations he has amassed vast wealth. The correspondent also writes that it was further rumored that Mr. Murphy only pretended to relinquish his interest in Tammany when he obtained the superior position of United States Collector. To this the *Tribune* editorially answers, that the public record of the Administration pet is "only faintly hinted at in the above startling questions;" and it thereon gives some astounding items about him. He is so much a part and parcel of the Tammany ring that in 1866 he voted for Hoffman and the other Democratic candidates, and paid large sums of money to secure their success, in order to enable the ring to control the city more surely; in addition, he and "his crowd," as Radicals, nominated a candidate in that Mayoraly election for the express purpose of having Tammany win. But these political pecadilloes in support of his brethren of the ring are as nothing compared with the personal shortcomings of which the *Tribune* accuses him. To say that he made large sums of money out of the government during the war "very faintly hints the extent of the case;" and it charges as "not denied" that his transactions were of such a nature that the War Department ordered an investigation, by which "very damaging results were obtained;" that through private political influence the investigation was suppressed; and that when the papers were subsequently called for, it was found that twelve affidavits, hurtful to Mr. Murphy, had been burglarously abstracted from them. (Where *did* the Tammany ring learn that trick of burglary of vouchers in the New York Comptroller's office?) It also charges that Mr. Robert Murray openly boasted that, at Mr. Murphy's instigation, and on his promise to pay their expenses, he "spirited away" witnesses to the matters involved in that investigation; that, besides his share in the street-widening jobs, "he was admitted to the notorious and infamous real estate speculations of Tweed, Sweney and Connolly; to this day and hour he is joint owner with them of city property valued at a million of dollars, and in at least one transaction, amounting to over a quarter of a millon, he engaged with them as late as Oct. 15, 1869, as the records in the City Hall now prove.

Thus high Radical authority describes the man who runs what an eminent Radical merchant calls the "venal, corrupt machine" of the New York Custom House. Mr. Murphy appears in the *Tribune* with an answer to this formidable indictment, but it is a wretchedly lame one. As the *Tribune* remarks of it, "change names and Mr. William M. Tweed might with equal grace say the same thing." His joint speculation with the ring's leaders in real estate is admitted, and the charges about the abstracted affidavits are met by nothing more definite than a sneer at the witness, Mr. Murray, and a reference to his own confirmation by the United States Senate, which, however, as the *Tribune* asserts, never made any examination into them.

The honest men of all parties will wait with some curiosity to see whether the Radical party will deal with its Murphy as summarily and vigorously as the Democracy has dealt with the Tammany ring—which, by-the-by, Mr. Murphy says "dates its existence" from the election of Mr. Hoffman, as Mayor of New York, and hence it is not the Democratic Tammany of an earlier time.

Josh Billings.

We have no more rite to laff at a deformed person than we have at a crooked tree—both of them are God's arketekture.

How strange it iz that men had rather be flattered for possessing what they have not, than to be justly praised for what they possess.

Suavity ov manners towards men iz like suavity of molassis towards flies; it not only calles them to you, but sticks them fast after they get thare.

There iz a grate deal ov charity in this world so koldly rendered that it fairly hurts; it iz like lifting a drowning man out ov the watter bi the hare ov the head, and then letting him drap on the ground.

Exchanging kompliments iz another name for exchanging lize.

The greatest thief this world haz ever produced iz procrastination and he iz still at large.

ADVICE TO DOCTORS.—Have you heard of the Bowery boy, who, being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease that brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him.

"What's my chances, Doctor?"

"Not worth speaking of."

"One in twenty?"

"O, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred."

"I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just go in like thunder on that chance."

The Doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

A green young justice of the peace out in Illinois was recently called upon, for the first time, to perform a marriage ceremony. He nervously looked through "Every Man His Own Lawyer," and "Haines' Township Laws," but failed to find the desired form. The crowd grew impatient, and he told the couple to hold up their right hends. This done, he pronounced the following charge: "You and each of you do solemnly swear that in the cause now upon hearing, you will tell the truth, the whlole truth, and nothing but the truth; and you will love, honor, cherish, and obey each other during the term of your natural live, so help you God." Both answered solemnly, "I will," and the Justice charged them a dollar each and pronounced them man and wife.

If a civil word or two, will render a man happy, he must be wretched indeed who will not give them to him. Such a disposition is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains.

No Appeal.

In the cases of Brigham Young and others, now in the courts of Utah, it seems there is no appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. In civil cases where the amount involved is $1,000 or over the right of appeal still exists, but Congress, in order the more effectually to carry out the reconstruction measures, took away the right of appeal in cases where life and liberty are at stake, and the act being general, Utah was affected in like manner as the States lately in rebellion. The Salt Lake leaders are, therefore, left to the mercy of Judge McKean and his confederates.—*Sac. Union.*

Could there be a more terrible arraignment of the Radical party, than is the above simple statement of what a Radical Congress has done? In civil cases where the amount involved is $1,000 or over the right of appeal exists; but Congress, for the purpose of carrying out its usurpations "took away the right of appeal where *life and liberty are at stake*." We say "*usurpations*" advisedly; for if Congress did not believe the reconstruction acts usurped authority not granted in the Constitution, why did it fear to allow cases arising under them, where "life and liberty were at stake," to go on appeal before the Supreme Court? That such outrages on justice and decency may be perpetrated, and the perpetrators not be blasted with the thunderbolts of God's wrath, is calculated to shake the confidence of man in Divine justice, or in the Divine superintendence of human affairs!

The political and moral ideas of a party are crystalized in the legislation which the party, when in power, enacts. The Republican party is willing to allow cases involving dollars and cents to be appealed to the the highest judicial tribunal of the country, but in cases involving the *life* and *liberty* of the citizen all appeal is denied, because the decisions of the tribunal might interfere with their schemes. Comment is unnecessary!—*Yreka Union.*

About Marrying.

Occasionally young men of good character indulge in gloomy doubts concerning the average American woman, but such doubts can easily be traced to disappointed affection, or perhaps it may be produced by the horrors of a cheap boarding-house. Marriage is sanctioned by God and commen sense. It is the only means whereby a young man in this country can hope to lead a respectable and cleanly life. But there are too classes of persons who are exempt from its joys and its sorrows.

If you, young man, are deaf, dumb, lame, blind and idiotic, and if your ancestors have been such, or if you are so mean that your life is that of a friendless, snarling cur, and you feel that you could not be anything else, even to your wife, you can stand aside.

If you, young man, have conceived that ambition so common nowadays, of being a "fast man;" if you have made up your mind to keep a fast horse and a concubine; if your ideas of happiness is to have your hands full of cards and your stomach full of oysters; if you, in short, have made your arrangements to go straight to perdition, without change of cars, you'd better not marry. You will spend the money that the honorable man lavishes on a home and its "light and life," on painted creatures who drag your polluted name through every sink in the land; who will display the jewelry and gifts you have bestowed on them, and curse you with a glib, round oath for a spoony and a fool. You, too economical to marry, will have plenty to spend on long-haired cutthroats, who will leave you at last, it may be, to die wifeless, amid the dust and cobwebs of the garret.—*Fanny Fern.*

The price paid by Robert Bonner for the collection of renowned horses which his stable contains are stated by a gentleman, who is said to have received his information from his (Bonner's) own lips, to be as follows: Dexter, $33,000, Pocahontas, $45,000, Peerless, $46,000, Lantern, $40,000, Bruno, $25,000, Ed. Everett, $20,000, Joe. Elliott, $10,000, Lady Palmer, $35,000, Star, $20,000, Flatbush Maid, $35,000. Total, $278,000.

UNFORTUNATE FEMALES.—The number of women of mature years *i. e.*, above the age of twenty, who must remain single in consequence of the actual disproportion of the sexes in England and Wales is between 300,000 and 400,000. The number of adult women who really are single is 1,537,000, of whom 1-230,000 are between twenty and forty years of age.