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TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE LAMENT
OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

BY DUGANNE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile,
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight:
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And a lone iness comes over my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came;
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom widely heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the tempter drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup made me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee, wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary—
I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard, now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Nor the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave;
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

MORE HUMBUGS.—A prophet, aged 19, has started up in Nauvoo, and announces himself as a messenger of two to many. Among other revelations, is one especial warning to the Saints, informing them that Nauvoo is to be destroyed, and that the true church should place themselves under the direction of the new prophet, and repair at once to California.

[From the Columbian Magazine for August.]

THE PERFECT WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"When a man makes choice of a wife— "
"He takes to himself a blessing or a curse."

"Yes; I suppose that is the real truth. A woman has it in her power to make a man comparatively happy or miserable."

"Not only comparatively, but really so."

"Of that there may be some doubt, except in very extraordinary instances. A man himself does much toward determining the quality of his wife's influence upon him."

"No doubt he does something. But a rightminded woman, who truly loves her husband, can make all at home bright with sunshine; while a selfish, discontented woman, will bring clouds over the clearest sky. Somehow or other I can hardly define the reason that there are so few wives who at all appreciate the trials which their husbands have to undergo in their struggles with the world, or who seem to think that, after coming home chafed, perhaps, and fretted from irritating contact with selfish men around them, they need soothing quiet and tender ministrations, such as only wife can give. Yet, so far as my observation goes, but few husbands are strengthened at home for the renewed struggles of the next day. The wife has her own troubles and domestic distractions to worry her mind, and instead of reflecting that these are trifles compared to what her husband has to encounter, and from which he has retired dispirited, it may be, and worn down, dins them in his ears, and frets upon her little stage, until the poor man feels that life has not a single quiet spot of repose in all its dreary desert. A certain writer, speaking on this subject, says, most truly:—'No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant.—He delights in enterprise and action—but to sustain him, he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, HOME must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor, to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness or gloom—or is assailed by discontentment, by complaint or reproach, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair." Alas, alas! how many a spirit is thus broken! I could point to a dozen cases within the now circle of my own observation. For one, when I marry, it will be after I have scanned the faults, feelings and character of the woman I choose with microscopic closeness."

"All right, of course. But do you expect to find a wife any more perfect as a woman than you are as man?"

"I expect to find a wife who will love me. That aint to cover the whole ground."

"It ought to do so, certainly; and it would, if women were as perfect now as when created. But they, as well as we, are not in the order of their creation. If we had no moral perversions, we should not be irritated and disappointed in our intercourse with the world, and should not, therefore, come home with exhausted strength, to recruit ourselves for a fresh struggle. Nor would women, were they not also morrally perverted, fret as you say, 'upon their little stage,' and meet their husbands at times in a mood as little conducive to domestic felicity as that brought home to them by their very patient and loving lords."

This conversation took place between two young men who were much together, and between whom a warm friendship existed. They usually talked to each other with freedom and familiarity. The name of one was Belding. He it was who looked for perfection in a wife. The other, named Carson, had clearer views on all subjects than his friend. His regard for and consideration of others was higher. He looked more to his duty of striving to bless, than to himself as a recipient of everything. Each had, unacknowledged to the other, made choice of a wife, provided the maiden so chosen did not object to the election. In making this choice, each had been governed by his ruling affections. Belding sought a perfect character, and turned from one and another successively, until he had found a woman who seemed almost faultless.—Her features were regular and beautiful, her face calm, her voice even. She never exhibited strong emotions or betrayed any weaknesses. Clara Lyon was, in the eyes of her lover, a perfect woman.

Carson, on the other hand, did not expect a faultless wife. He did not ask how far the woman he chose would be able to lay aside all thought of herself and consider only him; but rather looked right at her heart, and sought to determine its quality—to see if he could love her, and if she were capable of loving him.—This determined, natural perversions of character were next observed. But the true heart, the upright will, the loving, confiding disposition of Anna Williams, over ba anced all these.

"She shall be mine. We will love each other, bear with each other, and help each other along the rough paths of life's weary pilgrimage," he said, with a warm glow about his heart.

The maiden gave consent. Marriage soon followed. The friends began a new life. They had taken to themselves, in the language of Belding, a blessing or a curse! Let us see.

Conscious defect of character, when accompanied by pride and a love of approbation, leads to the assumption of an artificial exterior, which is opposite to the real internal. Clara Lyon was naturally impatient; this led her to assume a uniform calmness of manner. She modulated her tone of voice, and controlled the muscles of her face, without really reflecting that she was, by so doing, only accumulating her natural defect and perverseness within, instead of correcting them and letting them pass off. Little things fretted her; but pride, not principle, made her conceal all this. She hid her defects, instead of fighting against and expelling them.

A man of truer discernment than Belding would have soon detected all this. But his false views had taken from the faculty of close discrimination.

For a few months ever thing went on pleasantly enough. Home was a sweet spot to the young husband. His wife was ever ready to greet him with smiles. All was sunshine. But, in the nature of things, this could not last. Little and by little Belding's eyes were opened, and, to his surprise and chagrin, he saw that Clara was not the faultless creature he had supposed. An impatient temper had more than once showed itself; also fretfulness.—Things did not always go on right at home, Domestics were careless, wasteful, irregular, indifferent; or possessed of other annoying faults. Having no orderly habits herself, and possessing no firmness and decision of character, Clara permitted these to fretther sorely.

One day, about six months after their marriage, Belding suffered a good deal of anxiety on account of business matters that did not go on right. An operation that promised fairly had turned out disastrously. A creditor who owed him two thousand dollars had failed; and two or three other things occurred to disturb his mind. At dinner-time he was silent and thoughtful; nor did his wife seem inclined for conversation. During the afternoon he was closely engaged in adjusting several accounts. As the day began to close in, he shut the books, over which he had been toiling, and leaned his head, with a feeling of sadness, vpon his hand. He felt oppressed and dispirited.—The profits of a whole year had been swept away; and, in the mood he then was, he suffered doubt as to the ultimate success of business to steal over his mind.

In this unhappy frame he turned his steps homeward, with a feeling such as the worn-out mariner may be supposed to have on approaching a pleasant port. The thoughts of its quiet repose, and of the smiling angel who made all bright there with her presence, warmed his bosom.

"Away these gloomy thoughts, and this sad countenance," he said, as he approached his door. "Let not my presence bring with it a shadow."

The dinner, it so happened had been badly coocked that day. Mrs. Belding had complained of this to the cook before it was served, and the cook replied with ill-concealed anger. After her husband, whose manner at the table she attributed to the badly served meal, had gone out, Clara went into the kitchen and scolded the cook roundly for her carelessness, and in so doing evinced a good share of ill-regulated temper. The lady of the culinary department had as much spirit as her mistress, and retorted coarsely. She was told that she might quit on the instant. A demand for her wages followed promptly; they were paid, and Mrs. Belding was without a cook.

"Was ever a woman so tried?" she exclaimed, on retiring to her chamber and shutting herself in. A good crying spell followed. After this came thoughts of the troubles that were to follow. She knew enough of the character of the chambermaid to know that she would at once object to going into the kitchen, even as a temporary measure, until a new cook could be found. She could not do the cooking herself, and the meals must be got ready. To add to the uncomfortableness of her situation, the excitement of mind under which she was laboring brought on a nervous headache, the effect of which compelled her to go to bed and lie a greater part of the afternoon. Toward evening, the violence of the pain having subsided, she arose and called Margaret, the chambermaid; Margaret came into her presence with a grave face. She knew what was coming.

"Margaret, Hetty has gone away, and you will have to cook until I get some one in her place. I will try to supply her place."

Margaret looked displeased. She made no reply, but retired slowly.

"Wretched creatures all!" said Mrs. Belding, in an impatient voice; "no principle—no feeling."

Chafing herself by such thoughts, the wife sat in her chamber until night-fall. No lamp was brought to her, as was usual. This fretted her still more.

"I don't believe there is a light in the passage or parlor," she murmured, as she heard the street door open and her husband's step below. Slowly rising, she groped her way out of the room, for it was now quite dark, and along the passage, until she reached the stairway. A dim light shone from the kitchen; that was all.

"Margaret! why in the world havn't you lighted the passage lamp?" she called down in a fretful voice. That voice fell harshly upon the ear of her husband, and sent a cold feeling to his heart.

The chambermaid came from the kitchen, muttering to herself, and lit the hall lamp.

"There is no light either in the parlor or dining-room," Mrs. Belding said, still more impatiently, as Margaret turned to go back to the kitchen.

These omissions were supplied, but with such a bad grace, that it was only by an effort that Clara kept her feelings from boiling over.

Poor Belding! all his sweet hopes of sunshine, quiet and the soothing influence of home, fled in an instant. He did not take into consideration, for a moment, that his wife might have her trials as severe to her as were his trials to him. He only saw an exhibition of ill-temper because the lamps were not lit. Moodily he sat down upon a sofa, Clara sinking into a chair near him.

"I am tried beyond all patience!" the wife said.

No "why or wherefore" was asked. Mr. Belding did not even look into her face. There was a brief silence. Then, in a fretful tone, all the disagreeable occurrences of the day were related by Clara. These were contrasted in his own mind, by the husband, with what he had undergone, and were pronounced trifles light as air in comparison. Clara was mentally blamed and with much severity, for making the home, where he had looked for sweet peace, a spot in which discord reigned. What was the loss of a cook or a neglect to light the lamps, compared with the anxieties, losses, disappointments and labors which he had borne? "Nothing!"

To all her complaints he made no reply, although tempted to do so in no very pleasant way. His silence, and the frown that rested on his brow, threw a dark shadow upon the heart of his wife. To her, the troubles she had felt and complained of were real. But her complaints had evidently been an offence to her husband. He did not sympathize with nor feel for her. Wounded and dissatisfied by this, tears came to her eyes, and she wept with involuntary bitterness.—For this weakness she was chided by her husband, and the cause of her trouble called a mere trifle that no sensible woman ought to feel disturbed about for a moment; intimating, at the same time, that if she had a few of his anxieties to bear, she might complain with some reason. Of course, this did not help matters any. The husband seemed harsh and unfeeling. Both were rendered ten times more unhappy.

It was a full week before the sunlight broke in upon their dwelling, and then it came reflected through a humid atmosphere. Clara could not help feeling that her husband had been unkind and indifferent; and he permitted himself to think that she was fretful and thoughtless of the duty that devolved upon her of making his home a pleasant spot, where he could retire from the weary cares and anxieties of the world.

"She never seems to think," he would sometimes say to himself, "how hard are my trials in the world. How much I have to bear or how exhausted I sometimes feel, when I turn homeward my steps, and long for peace, sweet peace, and a face of love. Ah! if Clara would only think of this!"

Clara would have thought of this, for she truly loved her husband, if he had helped her to do so. If he had only borne with her for a little while and led her mind to reflect; if he had sympathized with her as he should have done, and thus strengthened her hands to uphold his. But his selfishness—his want of consideration for his wife, reacted upon him and made him unhappy. Instead of helping each other to correct their faults, the painful fact has to be stated, that as months and years passed on, and each acted out more frequently his or her real states, a partial estrangement instead of conjunction of mind took place. They bore with each other it is true.—The husband patiently endured his wife's fretful temper when it became excited, as it often did, and she met him with complainings frequently at a time when a placid face and a quiet tone of voice would have been balm to a tried heart that had buffeted hard with a selfish world during the day, and the wife bore the gloomy silence and often morose temper of her husband without an external murmur, while in her heart she perhaps at the same time yearned to throw herself upon his bosom and chase with a smile of love the clouds from his heart. Thus they are passing along their way through life. A little forbearance and a little mutual sympathy at first; a little more of love and less of selfish feeling, would have enabled them to start fair. But the twig was bent wrong at first and the tree has now become so hardened that no training can possibly restore it to perfect order and beauty.

Carson, as has been seen, in chosing Anna Williams for his wife, had not looked so much for perfection, as to positive qualities of mind that he could love. He loved Anna, and desired to make her happy and to be happy with her. He thought more of how he should make life a pleasant journey for her, than for him. She would make it pleasant for him. He delighted to think, as much as did his friend Belding, of the quiet fireside, shut in from the busy, jostling world; but he did not think of it as a place delightful only to himself, nor of his wife, the sweet angel of his paradise, as one whose highest sphere of action was to make all sunshine for him.

Like the first few months of his friend's wedded life, a half year rolled by without a jar of discord. With both Mr and Mrs. Carson there had been what may be called an artificial exterior, closing over and perfectly concealing their two interior states. The time had come when this must be laid aside. But voluntarily; not as the result of a determination of mind, but naturally and unanimously.

Domestic trouble, such as afflicted Mrs. Belding, had to be borne by Mrs. Carson; and, sometimes, they were not borne more patiently. Business cares and perplexities; losses, and crosses, and irritations, assailed Mr. Carson as well as Mr. Belding; and, it not unfrequently happened, that on coming home, worn out in body and mind, and longing for peace, he found no true peace where he had been most certain of finding it. His wife had suffered her trials also, and her mind was as much disturbed as his. On such occasions he usually forgot, or studiously concealed his own disquietude, in his desire and effort to chase the cloud from the spirits of his wife.

An occurrence, not very dissimilar to that described in the history of Mr. and Mrs. Belding, tried the quality of their love for each other. The husband met with a heavy loss, which, coming as it did accompanied with several unpleasant circumstances, afflicted his mind deeply. All day long he had been anxious, disturbed and depressed. When night came, he turned his face homeward, and felt something like a cheerful light breaking in upon his mind as he thought of his wife and her ever ready smile and sweet ministrations. But there was an unexpected cloud upon her brow. Instead of pleasant words, he was met with complaints, of the troubles of a domestic nature she had been compelled to endure through the day. At first he felt chilled. But he saw that Anna was really afflicted, and, so far from selfish anger, he felt instantly grieved for her and anxious to do something that would dispel the gloom that had settled upon her spirits. This desire almost made him forget his own anxieties. He listened with manifest interest to the story of her grievances; and, instead of calling them mere trifles, he sympathized with her, and suggested many things that her own mind took hold upon. After tea, he selected an interesting book, and read for an hour while she sat sewing. The effect was good both upon his mind and her's. Their thoughts ranged away from themselves, and became clear and more cheerful.

After the book was closed, Carson's mind went back to the occurrences of the day; and, quite unconsciously to himself, a shadow came over his face.—He had been sitting silent for some time, when his wife lifted her eyes from her work and noted with concern the change.

"You are serious, dear. What is the matter?" she said, as she let her work fall in her lap and looked steadily in his face.

"Am I? I had forgotten myself. But I will be as cheerful as ever in a moment."

"Why should you not be so all the time? What is the matter, William? You look really troubled."

"I was only thinking of some little matters that worried my mind to-day. But I will dismiss them. They have no business here."

"Any thing that disturbs your mind has business here. I have told you my troubles, too freely perhaps and now you must tell me yours."

Anna continued to urge her husband, and he at length told her, of all that had happened during the day and how much it had dispirited him.

"And when you tried to leave all this behind, and came home for strength and peace, I met you with a gloomy face and a sad story of my petty annoyances. How kind and forbearing you are! Would it have been any wonder if you had lost patience with me?"

"Do not chide yourself, Anna," returned her husband. "Your troubles were as real as mine; and I by no means despise them. Hereafter let us endeavor each to bear the trials of our peculiar spheres of action with patience, and when we meet we shall strengthen each other's spirits to bear up and press onward with hope."

Thus they began their married life aright; and, as months and years passed on with them, they drew closer and closer together, and all jarring strings became more and more attuned in harmony. Unlike Belding, Carson had not sought a perfect wife to make all life's paths pleasant for him to walk in, but one whom he could truly love, and for whose happiness he was willing to make many sacrifices. Many, however, he was not called upon to make; for his wife soon became as full of thoughtful regard for him as he had shown himself for her. Their lives soon ran along as one quiet current in which were few conflicting eddies.

Thus it is with all things in life. If we look to ourselves alone—if we think of ourselves alone, we shall meet with disappointments. But if we regard the good of others as well, we shall rarely miss attaining the end we seek, and with it will come a blessing for our own hearts.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following anecdote of Gen. Jackson:—

"In the winter of 1832, President Jackson conferred the mission to Russia upon a justly distinguished son of Pennsylvania. Before the newly appointed minister, however, had departed on his mission, he deemed it due to the President to ask his counsel in reference to the selection of a secretary of legation. The President declined all interference, and remarked to the minister that the United States government would hold *him* responsible for the manner in which he discharged his duties, and that he would consequently be at liberty to choose his own secretary. The minister returned his respectful acknowledgment, but before taking a final leave, sought his especial advice in regard to a young gentleman then in the service of the state department, and who was highly recommended by the (then) secretary. Gen. Jackson promptly said, 'I advise you, sir, not to take the man, *he is not a good judge of preaching.*' The minister seemed puzzled, and observed that the objection needed explanation.

"'I am able to give it,' said the old hero, and he thus continued. 'On last Sabbath morning I attended devine service in the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. There I listened to a soul-inspiring sermon by Professor Durbin, of Carlisle, one of the ablest pulpit orators in America. Seated in a pew near me, I observed this identical young man, apparently an attentive listener. On the day following he came into this chamber on business, when I had the curiosity to ask his opinion of the sermon and the preacher. And what think you, sir, the young upstart, with consummate assurance, pronounced *that* sermon all froth, and Professor Durbin a humbug! I took the liberty of saying to him—*my young man, you are a humbug yourself, and don't know it.* And now,' continued the venerable old man, his eye lighted up with intense animation, 'rest assured, my dear sir, that a man who is not a better judge of preaching than *that* is *unfit* to be your companion. And besides,' he added, if he were the prodigy the secretary of state represents him to be, he would be less anxious to confer his services upon you—he would rather be anxious to retain them himself.' The President's advice was, of course, followed by the ambassador, and the young man's subsequent career of vice and folly proved that the general's estimate of his character, albeit founded upon a common place incident, was substantially correct."

Gen. Tom Thumb has taken his departure from Paris, where he has reaped a splendid harvest.