

# CITY JOURNAL AND DEMOCRAT.

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S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

## Port's Corner.

For the Domestic Emblems of Life.

Hast seen two cloud-born streamlets rise,  
From the misty fountain start,  
And dash along 'neath azure skies?  
Like drops that thrill the pulsing heart,  
And as they sparkled in their pride  
Didst hear their whispers soft and low,  
Their vows to linger side by side.  
And let their dimpling wavelets flow;  
Until the ripples in their course  
Approached a river's silent bed,  
Which flowed with stern, resistless force  
And onward to the dark sea led;

And then didst see them madly gush  
With childish glee, and new delight  
Into its outstretched arms—then rush  
A sunder far in wild affright;

The whispered music of each rill  
Didst hear it falter day by day,  
And mark, though they were parted, still  
It trembled as it ceased to play,

Then hear them burst their thrilling song  
And break the beauty of the spell,  
Which they had loved and cherished long  
And thus forever breathe farewell!

Hast seen two truthful beings move  
In the same kindred path for years,  
Whose hearts reflected Heaven above,  
Alike their hopes, their loves, their fears,

And then didst mark when soon, or late  
Life's swelling current changed—and they  
Were sundered by relentless fate  
And from each other swept away?

And long would fancy live again,  
In dreams perchance, of other days,  
And off some soulful, liquid strain;

Some fragment of forgotten lays,  
Would make them back to memory turn  
With quivering lip, and dewy eye,

And boding over its mossy urn.  
Just wake the echo of a sigh,  
Then came suspicion's shadowy form,  
Each grew distrustful, careless, cold,  
And though their love was pure and warm,  
It seemed not as it seemed of old.

Then soon didst watch them the less glide  
Afar upon time's shoreless sea,  
And enter on its waveless tide,  
The Ocean of Eternity!

Ah yes, I know that such is life,  
But say kind friends, say, can it be  
That all the world's cold, subtle strife  
Can end with change, and me?

Our hearts shall wait at memory's thrill,  
And when life's hues shall fade at last  
Our unbound souls shall mingle still,  
Then shall love's golden cord twine,

Clasp our plumed spirits freed in Heaven,  
The Marriage Alter.

Judge Carlton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Georgia, thus sketches the marriage scene:

I have drawn for you many pictures of death let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of a beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just plighted her faith; to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.

See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Oh, woes to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wing shall the raven find,  
O'er the pale heart,  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap.

Ere life be parted,  
Shame and dishonor sit,

On his grave ever;  
Blessing shall follow it,

Never! Oh, never!

We have all read the story of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had, but a few months before, united her fate to his—if you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness. And will you give me back that which I brought to you? asked the despairing wife. Yes, he replied, your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not—Alas! she was weeping. I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted love. Can you give that back to me? No! and the man, as he flung it at her feet. No!

I cannot restore that; but I will do more—I will keep it unsullied and untainted—I will cherish it through my life, and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear.

Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it here. The mild, the gentle reproof of love winning back from its harshness, and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be fought; how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided.

Pride and poverty go hand in hand.

## The Crook'd Wife,

A Romance of the West.

BY MRS. M. A. DICKINSON.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER II.

'How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsakes?

How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

Herman learns Spanish—Matrimony and Wealth—Married Life—The Young Wife.

And what are you so busy about now Herman?

As the elder Stanton, as they sat together on the veranda, at the close of a sultry day.

Spanish, sir, answered the young man promptly. This is a Spanish grammar, this a Spanish spelling-book, and this a Spanish reader, he continued, designating each volume; and according to the old Don over the way, I am getting along finely.

What is this before Herman but a prospect of ever increasing happiness, and independence for life? A beautiful bride a home of splendor, leisure to pursue his favorite studies, friends in abundance, what was wanting to fill up the measure of joy?

Alas! the rash young man soon discovered

he was more than suspected before, that he had married a woman for her wealth and beauty, and that was all. Playful was she all the day long—with a merry elf; her black eyes sparkled like the crystal ripples when touched by moonshine; they were full of pleasant joys light, but there was no depth to them, no soulful intelligence shining through. She had little taste for anything beside sport; she could turn in weariness from sage converse and yawn sleepily at the recital of the most sublime poetry. She seemed to have no application—no force—no conception of the beautiful. The thunderbolts of science might fall at her feet, and she would only turn from them with disgust. Her mind was for the present, empty and frivolous, willing to be and remain in ignorance. She needed some powerful motive to arouse it; she had hitherto been a passive animal. And yet one could not help loving her, for all, only the thought of her beauty, the glitter of prospective wealth blinded him to her mental defects, when he knew that such as his, craved a kindred companion.

Suppose I should leave you for a little time—only a little time? asked Herman, as his wife bent above him and twined his silky hair around her fingers.

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Leave me! she exclaimed, alarmed; how long? for a week—a whole week?

It is possible father will keep you long on his old plantation? No, no; I shall not let him!

A little year, Lelia is all I should be gone.

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