

Wedlock's Peaceful Repose.

Josiah Allen's Wife, in Peter's Magazine. They have been havin' a female lecturer here to Jonesville, as pretty a girl as I ever see in my life; and it was a pretty lecture, too—dreadful pretty. The name of the lecturer was "Wedlock's Peaceful and Restful Repose."

A pretty name, I think. And it was a beautiful lecture—very, and flowery. It affected some of the hearers awfully; they was all carried away with it. Josiah Allen wept like a child durin' the rehearsal of it. I myself didn't weep, but I enjoyed it, some of it, fast-rate.

I can't begin to tell it all as she did, in such a lovely flowery way, but I can probably give a few of the heads of it. It ain't no ways likely that I can give the heads half the stylish eloquent look that she did as she held 'em up; but I can just give the bare heads.

She said there had been an effort made in some directions to speak against the holy state of matrimony, and she felt it to be her duty as well as her privilege to speak in its praise.

I liked it fast-rate, I can't tell you, when she went on like that; for no livin' soul can uphold marriage with a better grace than she whose name was once Smith.

I love Josiah; I am glad I married him. But, at the same time, my almost devoted love doesn't make me blind. I can see on every side of a subject; and although, as I said heretofore and prior, I love Josiah Allen, I also love matrimony, and I could not fully agree with every word she said.

But she went on perfectly beautiful—I didn't wonder it brought the school-house down—about the holy calm and perfect rest of marriage, and how that heaven was never invaded by any rude cares—how man watched over the woman he loved—how he shielded her from every trouble; kept her labor and sorrow far from her—how women's maiden life was like a oneasy, roarin', rushin' river that swept along discontented and unassisted, moanin' and lone, until it swept into the calm sea of repose—melted into union with the grand ocean of rest—marriage.

And then, oh! how calm, and holy, and sheltered was that state! How peaceful, how unruffled by any changes. Happiness, peace, calm. Oh! how sweet, how deep, was the ocean of true love in which happy united souls bathed in blissful repose.

It was dreadful pretty talk—mildly affectin'. There wasn't a dry eye in Josiah Allen's head; and I didn't make no objections to it: I was willin' he should give vent to his feelin's. Only when I see him bu' out a weepin', I just stilled a pocket-handkerchief round his neck, and pinned it behind, not knowin' whether he had one with him or not, and knowin' that salt water spots black satin awfully; for he had on a new vest.

I myself didn't shed any tears, as I said heretofore. And what kept me calmer was, I knew—I knew from the bottom of my heart—that she went too far; she wasn't mejum enough.

And then she went on to draw up illustrations comparin' married life and single—just as good illustrations as I ever see brought up, only they every one of 'em had this fault: when she got to drawin' 'em, she drew 'em too far; and though they brought the schoolhouse down it didn't convince me.

Once she compared single life to a lonely white cross travellin' alone across the country, 'cross lonesome and despairin', travellin' along over a thorny way and desolate, weighed down by melancholy and gloomy forebodin', and takin' a occasional rest by standin' on one cold foot and puttin' its weary head under its wing, with one round eye lookin' out for dangers that menaced it, and lookin' also, perhaps, for a possible mate—for the comin' gander—restless, wobblin', oneasy, miserable.

Why, she brought the hull school-house down, and got the audience all wrought up with pity and sympathy; and then she went on and compared that lonesome voyager to two wedded ones—a pair of white swans floatin' down the waveless calm, bathed in silvery light—floatin' down a shinin' stream that was never broken by rough waves, bathed in a sunshine that was never darkened by a cloud.

And then she went on to bring up lots of other things to compare the two states to—flowery things, and sweet and eloquent. She compared single life to quantities of things—strange, weird, melancholy things—and curious, but powerful. Why, they was so powerful that every one of 'em brought the school-house down.

And then she compared married life to two apple-blossoms, hangin' together on one leafy bough, in the perfumed May air, floatin' back and forth under the peaceful benediction of summer skies. And she compared it to two white lambs gambolin' on the hillside—two to two strains of music meltin' into one dulcet harmony, perfect divine harmony, with no discordant notes.

Josiah hunched me; he wanted me to cry there, at that place, but I wouldn't.

He did; he cried like a infant babe, and I looked close and searchin' to see if my handkerchief covered up all his rest. He didn't seem to take no notice of his clothes at all, he was a weepin' of his clothes at the school-house wept—weped like a babe.

But I didn't. I see it was a eloquent and powerful effort; I see it was beautiful as anything could be; but it lacked that one thing I have mentioned prior and before this time—it lacked mejumness.

I knew they was all powerful and beautiful illustrations. I could not deny it, and I didn't want to deny it. But I knew in my heart that the lonely white goose that she had talked so eloquent about—I knew that though its path might be tejus the most of the time, yet occasionally it stepped upon velvet grass and blossomin' daisies; and though the happy swans floated considerably easy a good deal of the time, yet occasionally they had their wings ruffled by storms—thunder storms, sudden squalls, and estecry, estecry.

And I know that the divine harmony of wedded love, though it was the sweetest that earth afforded—I knew that, and my Josiah knew it—the very sweetest and happiest strain that earthly lips could sing—yet I knew that it was both heavenly sweet and divinely sad, blended discord and harmon. I knew there was minor chords in it as well as major. I knew we must await love's full harmony in Heaven. They shall we sing it with the pure melody of the immortals, my Josiah and me. But I am eppisodin', and to continue and resume.

Wal, we was invited to meet the young female after the lecture was over, to be introduced to her, and talk it over. She was the minister's wife's cousin, and the minister's wife told me she was dreadful anxious to get my opinion on it. I 'posed she wanted to get the opinion of one of the first wimmen of the day; for though I am far from bein' the one that ought to mention it, I have heard of such things bein' said about me all round Jonesville, as far as Loontown and Shabackville. And so I 'posed she was anxious to get a hold of my opinion.

Wal, I was introduced to her, and I shook hands with her, and kissed her on both cheeks, for she was a sweet girl, and I liked her looks.

I could see that she was very, very sentimental, but she had a sweet concludin' innocent look to her, and I gave her a good kissin', and I meant it. When I like a person, I do like 'em, and visey versa.

But at the same time, my likin' for a person mustn't be strong enough to overthrow my principles. And when she asked me in her sweet accents "how I liked her lecture, and if I could see any faults in it?" I told her I liked it fast-rate, but I couldn't agree with every word of it.

Here Josiah gave me a look enough to take my head clear off, if looks could help anybody. But they can't. And I kept right on, calm and serene, and says I:

"It was full of beautiful ideas—as full of 'em as a rose-bush is full of sweetness in June. But," says I, "if I speak at all, I must tell the truth; and I must say that while your lecture is as sweet and beautiful a effort as I ever see tackled, full of beautiful thoughts and eloquence, still I must say that in my opinion it lacked one thing—it wasn't mean enough."

"Mean enough?" says she. "I don't understand you."

"Why," says I, "mean—mean temperat'ure, you know; middlin'ness, mejumness, or whatever you may call it. You go too far."

She said, with a modest look, "that she guessed she didn't—she guessed she didn't go too far."

And Josiah spoke up, cross as a bear, and says he: "She didn't go an inch too far; she didn't say a word that wasn't Gospel truth."

Says I: "Married life is the happiest life in my opinion; that is, when it is happy. Some ain't happy. But at the same time, the happiest of 'em ain't all happiness."

"It is," says Josiah, cross and surly; "it is, too."

And she said, gently, "that she thought I was mistaken—she thought it was."

And Josiah joined right in with her, and said: "He knew it was, and he would take his oath to it."

But I went right on, and says I: "It is, meby, in one sense, the most peaceful and stable; it makes 'em more peaceful than when they are a trapecin' round and a wanderin'. But," says I, "marriage ain't all peace."

Says Josiah: "It is, and I'll swear to it."

Says I, going right on cool and serene: "The sunshine of true love glids the pathway with the brightest radiance we know anything about but it ain't all radiance."

"Yes, it is," says Josiah, firmly. "It is, every mile of it."

And she says, gently, "that she thought I was mistaken—she thought it was."

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And I think a little better. But there are things that have to be done. A married woman that has a house and family to see to, and don't keep a hired girl, can't get along without some work and care."

"Wal, I say," says he, "that there ain't no need of your havin' a care—not a single care. Not as long as I live. If it wasn't for me, you might have cares, and most probably would, but not while I live."

I didn't say nothin' back, for I don't want to hurt his feelin's, and won't, not if I can help it. And he broke out again, anon, or nearly anon.

"Oh, what a lecture that was! Did you notice when she was a-goin' on about the waveless sea of married life? Did you notice how it took the school-house down? And I was almost perfectly mortified to see you didn't clap your hands."

"Wal," says I, "when I clap, I clap on the side of truth, and I can't see things as she does. I have been a-sailin' on that sea she depicted for over twenty years, and have never wanted to leave it for any other waters. But, as I told her, and tell you now, it ain't always a smooth sea. It has its ups and downs just like other human states."

Says I, scarin' up a very little ways—not far, for it was too cold, and I was too tired; "There ain't but one sea, Josiah Allen, that is calm forever. And one day we will float upon it, Josiah Allen, you and me. It is the sea by which angels walk and look down into its crystal depths and behold their blessed faces. It is the sea on whose banks the faddeless lilies blow, and that mirrors the soft cloudless sky of the happy moran'."

It is the sea of eternal repose, that rude blasts can never blow up into billows. But our sea, the sea of married life, is not like that; it is oftentimes billowy and rough."

"I say it ain't," says he, for he was just carried away with the lecture, and enthused.

"We have had a happy time together, Josiah Allen, for over twenty years; but has our sea of life always been perfectly smooth?"

"Yes it has—smooth as glass."

"Hain't there never been a cloud in our sky?"

"No, there hain't—not a dumb cloud."

Says I, sternly: "There has in mine. Your wicked and profane swearin' has cast many and many a cloud over my sky, and I'd try to curb in my tongue, if I was in your place."

He didn't say nothin' back, only anon, or nearly at that time, he broke out again, and says he:

"Never, never did I hear or see eloquence till to-night. I will have that girl down to our house to stay a week, if I am a livin' Josiah Allen."

"All right," says I, "I'd love to have her stay a week or ten days, and I'll invite her to, when she comes down to rehearse her lecture."

Wal, we got home middlin' tired, and the subject kind dropped down. And Josiah had lots of work come on the next day, and so did I. And it run along for over a week before she come. And when she did come it was in a dreadful bad time—seems as if she couldn't have come in a much worse time.

It was early in the morning, not more than nine o'clock. There had come on a cold spell of weather, unexpected, and Josiah was a-bringin' in the stove from the summer-kitchen, when she come.

Josiah Allen is a good man—he is my choice out of a world full of men; but his words at such a time are violent, and his demeanor is not the demeanor I would like to have showed off to the public. He was at the worst place, too. He had not the stove wedged in the entry way door, and couldn't get it either way. He had acted on his own, and I told him so, and he see it when it was too late.

He had got it fixed in such a way that he could not get into the kitchen himself without gettin' over the stove; and I, in the cause of duty, thought it right to tell him if he had heard to me he wouldn't have been in such a fix. Oh! the violence and frenzy of his demeanor as he stood there a-hollerin'.

I was out in the wood-house shed, a-bilin' my cider apple ass in the big cauldron kettle, but I heard the katoo, and as I come a-runnin' in, I thought I heard a little rappin' at the sittin'-room door; but I didn't notice it much, I was that agitated to see the way the stove and Josiah was set and wedged in.

There the stove was wedged firm into the door-way, perfectly set there. There was set all over the floor, and there stood Josiah Allen on the wood-house side, with his coat off, his shirt all covered with black, and streaks of black all over his face. And oh! how wild and almost frenzied his attitude was as he stood there, as if he couldn't move, nor be moved, no more than the stove could. And oh! the violence of the language he hurled at me across the stove.

asked: "How in thunder he was a-goin' to get in?"

And then he wanted to know if I wanted him squashed into jelly by comin' in by the side of it—or if I thought he was a crane, that he could step over it, or a stream of water, that he could run in under it—or what did I think he hollered wildly.

"Wal," says I, "you hadn't ought to get it fixed in that shape. I told you what end to move first." Says I: "You moved it in sideways. It would go in all right if you had started it the other way."

"Oh, yes, it would have been all right. You love to see me, Samantha, with a stove in my arms, you love it dearly. I believe you would be perfectly happy if you could see me a luggin' round stoves every day. But I'll tell you one thing; if this dumb stove is moved either way out of this door—if I ever get it into a room again, it never shall be stirred again so much as a hair's breadth—not while I've got the breath of life in me."

Says I: "Hush! I here somebody a-knockin' at the door."

"I won't hush! It is nothing but dumb foolishness a-movin' round stoves, and if anybody don't believe it, let 'em look at me—and let 'em look at that stove, set right here in the door as firm as a rock."

Says I again, in a whisper: "Do be still, and I'll let 'em in. I don't want 'em to catch you a-talkin' so and a-actin'."

"Wal, I want 'em to catch me—that is just what I want 'em to do. If it is a man, he'll say every word I say in Gospel truth—and if it is a woman, it will make her perfectly happy to see me a-sweatin' in the job. Seven times a year do I have to move this stove back and forth. And I say it is high time that I said a word. So you can let 'em in just as quick as you are a-mind to."

Says I, whisperin' and puttin' my finger on my lip: "Won't you be still?"

"No, I won't be still," he yelled out, louder than ever. "And you may go through all the motions you want to, and you can't stop me. But you have to do it to walk round and let folks in, happy as a king, nothin' under the heavens ever made a woman so happy as to see some man a-breakin' his neck a-luggin' round a stove."

I see he wouldn't stop, so I had to go and open the door, and there stood the author of "Wedlock's Peaceful Repose."

I felt like a fool, for I knew she had heard every word—I see it by her looks. She looked skait, and as surprised as if she had seen a ghost.

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Looshah.

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Poetical Courtship.

Some years ago in a far-off land a girl named Susan lived through the country, up an attained considerable renown special grace or intellect face, for certainly it would deny that she was extremely beautiful. Her form was remarkably stout; her complexion was a well skinned milk, and the snarl of crimson silk, ting vivid tint that lies in the tann sunset skies. In fact, heard it said, that often in t shed upon the darkness such neighboring clouds began to seeing the light shine out in exceedingly red and uncommon the birds (which isn't at all supposed of course the sun and so they crowded with all. But Susan had one one a aside from mind, or form, every one in the village (not a national parent was rich as a Jew possessed a million or two; impetuous but thoughtful, a ironical match, Susan would a elegant catch.

Now, in the self-same wild dwelt this heiress of a nation lived a youth surpassing fair black eyes and raven hair, as Aquinas famous poet. Clair; plishments were many, and r bore himself with a courtly modern school girl would quite distingue and militaire. And, as for as any one could a single fault had, which he missed; for they had so much in silver and gold (like Lazar he was poor as poor could be pauper without a cent; poor mouse—during Lent; or a still than that; poor as a songer rat. Yet, despite all the name, this youth with no name name declared his ad adame, with a passion which could tame, for the girl with hair and fame; and when she came and whispered ear that Susan Brown was ra or whose name evoked made Susan's temper, like her h perfect snarl, and a fiery red smiled his blandest smile (c seemed, though full of guile) ped his fingers at their waru their sage advice, and said he would woo and win her.

Alas my muse must here p in the matrimonial game wealth, not worth, that wins we see, like charity, can hide of mine.

But to resume: one sun when moon and stars were bright, our Charles Augustus Clair arrayed himself with ep a breadcloth skirt, glossy at which he had paid with an added forth to meet the ma; his future hopes were stayed ed, without more debate, th would decide his fate.

And silently wandering a and carefully pondering wh framed a glossy hair full o as we know all the eyes prim fair, and glossy hair, and u rich and rare, and ruby lip; eyes. And, being lips somewhat poetic, and having was very magnetic, he atray of pleasing rhyme, which, recite at the proper time, in a should be extremely pathetic.

Precisely at the hour of e tered at the garle gate, an him at the door, while a wai her features wore, which young man, for he much more than he'd been before.

Together side by side they gaged a while in friendly ch weather and things like th here thought the time was p test the lady's heart with a forty art.

So, with what composure command, he softly took hand, while his right arm waist, but he found that it more than half-way round ing his tactics, he gently growling head to his mainly began with lofty, rhetoric.

And his frail, rhyms refused memory's sea to got no further than "Dear h when he found his speech t down, while the words lay in his hand, like trees just u cane; and he grew purple coddlingly vexed, like a par forgotten his text, to keep chickens he ought to say next.

But he well he knew it woul trusting to luck, he blundered there about the words h

"Oh, radiant, fair, an mis, thine azure lips were; and a very world of mean golden depths of your goss you ruby hair, you garn shine on my path like a t

But there she stoppe might, for in a rage she o one hand seized his classic the mails of the other plou of his cheek, from the b chin; and she yelled in l case in a voice most ter "I'll teach you, you base, bear, to be making light a hair!" And then she gav box, and madly tore his ra the rent the skies with w; and tears of an enormous in torrents from his eyes.

But at length by an offe spar, and depriving his h full of hair, he managed a grasp to tear; and with say he flew at the gallant tell you would rival Tan mare.

Now the watch-dog was man as down the garden and with a natural belief t escaping thief, pursued hi don wall, where never sal at all, with one paw in ground, and cleared the v bound; but alas! as he v neath the tail of his coat dog's teeth; and then and terrible tear, ended for after between the gallant girl with the very sub; the Moral: Young men w!