

DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

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For the News.

SOLILOQUY,

IN THE ABSENCE OF MY HUSBAND.

How wearily, love, I watch'd for thy coming,
How anxiously waited thy footsteps' return;
How desolate am I when hence thou art
roaming, [burn.
With loneliness how this fond bosom doth

Yet 'tis pleasure to think that thou soon wilt
be near me, [alone;
And when thou dost come thou art mine all
But this joy cannot last, for much, too much
I fear me,
Thou wilt soon have another, a happier home.

But still, while I say so, my own heart re-
proves me,
For all that is right God demands to be done;
And if it is right, even much as I love thee,
May others share with me thy heart and thy
home.

But Thou, Most Omnipotent Source of sal-
vation, [Thy hand;
Oh! grant me this boon which I crave at
May jealousy flee, like a fiend's foul creation,
From the presence of God when Himself is
at hand.

If pity e'er touch'd the great heart of Jehovah,
May even a daughter Thy sympathy find;
Oh! give me Thy spirit my weakness to
cover, [mind.
And comfort me, lead me, take charge of my
May my thoughts ever dwell on the glory in
heaven, [ones;
Which encircles the brows of the sanctified
Who bring to salvation the dead and the
living,—
A numberless host of both daughters & sons.

Mrs. C.

G. S. L. City, March, 1851.

TOO WILLING BY HALF.

A NOVEL BOARDING-HOUSE SCENE.

While General Jackson was President of the United States, he was tormented day after day by importunate visitors, (as most chief magistrates of this 'great country' are,) whom he did not care to see—and in consequence, he gave strict directions to the messenger at his door to admit only certain persons on a particular day.

In spite of this peremptory order, however, the attendant bolted into his apartment during one forenoon, and informed the General that a person was outside whom he could not control, who claimed to see him, orders or no orders.

'By the Eternal!' exclaimed the old man, nervously, 'I won't submit to this annoyance. Who is it?'

'Don't know, sir.'

'Don't know? What's his name?'

'Beg pardon, sir—it's a woman.'

'A woman! Show her in, James; show her in,' said the President, wiping his face; and the next moment there entered the General's apartment, a neatly clad female of past the 'middle age,' who advanced courteously towards the old man, and accepted the chair proffered her.

'Be seated, madam,' he said.

'Thank you,' responded the lady, throwing aside her veil, revealing a handsome face to her entertainer.

'My mission hither to-day, General,' continued the fair speaker, 'is a novel one, and you can aid me, perhaps.'

'Madam,' said the General, 'command me.'

'You are very kind, sir. I am a poor woman, General'—

'Poverty is no crime, madam.'

'No, sir; but I have a little family to care for—I am a widow, sir, and a clerk employed in one of the departments of your administration is indebted to me for board to a considerable amount, which I cannot collect. I need the money, sadly, and come to ask if a portion of his pay cannot be stopped, from time to time, until this claim of mine—an honest one, General, of which he had the full value—shall be cancelled.'

'I really—madam—that is, I have no control in that way—how much is the bill?'

'Seventy dollars, sir; here it is.'

'Exactly—I see. And his salary, madam?'

'Is said to be \$1200 a year.'

'And not pay his board-bill?'

'And you see, sir, this has been standing five months, unpaid. Three days hence he will draw his monthly pay; and I thought, sir, if you would be kind enough to'—

'Yes, I have it; go to him again, and get his note to-day for thirty days.'

'His note, sir! It wouldn't be worth the paper on which it is written; he pays no one voluntarily.'

'But he will give you his note—will he not, madam?'

'Oh, yes—he would be glad to have a respite in that way for a month, no doubt.'

'That's right, then. Go to him to obtain his note for thirty days from to-day, give him a receipt in full, and come to me this evening.'

The lady departed, called upon the young lark—dunned him for the amount—at which he only smiled—and finally asked him to give her his note for it.

'To be sure,' said he, 'give a note—sart'n. And much good may it do you, mum.'

'You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you, sir—thirty days hence?'

'Oh, yes—sart'n, of course I will; I always pay my notes, mum, I do,' and as the lady departed, the knowing young gent believed he had accomplished a neat trick once more.

'I wonder what the deuce she'll do with the note? Gad! I'd like to settle some of the other accounts in the same way. Hope she'll have a good time getting the money on that bit of paper. John Smith is rather too well known for that.' And he turned with a chuckle to his books again.

The poor boarding-house keeper called again upon the General a few hours after-

wards.

'Did you get the note, madam?'

'Yes, sir, here it is.'

The President quickly turned it over, and with a dash of his pen wrote the name of Andrew Jackson upon the back of it!

'Take this to the bank to-morrow morning, madam, and you can get the money for it,' he said, hurriedly.

The lady acted accordingly, and found no difficulty in obtaining the cash for it at sight.

A week before that month's termination, Mr. John Smith received a note to the following effect:—

Bank of Washington, —, 1832.

Sir: Your note for seventy dollars is due on the 26th inst., at this Bank, and you are requested to call and pay the same.

—, Cashier.

'Ha, ha!' screamed John, upon reading this brief note. 'A capital joke that. Can't come it, mum—can't, no how! Scarecrow—left for collection—I un'stand—won't do—no go!' and John very soon forgot it.

But 'pay day' came round again—and John took his monthly stipend once more, \$100, from the Cashier of the Department, as usual. As he passed down the avenue, the unpaid board-bill suddenly entered his head.

'Who the deuce now has been fool enough to help the old woman in this business, I wonder?' said John to himself. 'Gad! I'll go and see. It is all a hum, I know; but I'd like to know if she has really fooled anybody with that bit of paper;' and entering the bank he asked for the note 'left there for collection against him.'

'It was discounted,' said the Teller.

'Discounted! why, who in the world will discount my note?' asked John, amazed.

'Any body, with such a backer as you have got on this.'

'Backer! me—backer, who?'

'Here is the note; you can see,' said the Teller, handing him the document—on which John instantly recognized the bold signature of the then President of the United States.

'Sold—by Moses!' exclaimed John, drawing forth the money with a hysteric gasp, for he saw through the movement at a glance.

The note was of course paid, and justice was awarded to the spendthrift at once.

On the next morning, he found upon his desk a note which contained the following entertaining bit of personal intelligence:—

To John Smith, Esq.—Sir: A change having been made in your office, I am directed by the President to inform you that your services will be no longer needed by this Department. Yours, —, Secretary.

John Smith retired to private life at once, and thenceforward found it convenient to live on a much smaller allowance than twelve hundred a year.

Speak of yourself as seldom as may be. If you praise yourself, it is arrogance; if you dispraise, it is folly.

Patience is a power in a man, warning him to rein his spirit.

Errors are good examples.