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Poetry.

Trials of an Editor.

BY KATE SEVILLE.

How often we think when reading the news,
An editor could please if he choose—
But such a paper as this, why all must agree
That a thing of less interest they never did see.
But, Sir critic, reflect ere you make a noise on,
That one man's meat is another man's poison,
And, lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editors trials:
First—a pretty young lady, upright and fair,
With a paper in hand, waltzes up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She throws it aside with a muttered pshaw!

No marriges here—	
I think it is queer,	
When there's ever so many,	
They don't publish any,	
Here's poetry,	And battles,
Sketches,	And sieges,
And tales	And law suits
Without ending,	A pending,

But picnics, or concerts, or parties for me—
Such trash in a paper I never did see.

Then a nice young man, with a cane and mustache,
Who certainly thinks he is cutting a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and soirees,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please,

In theatres	In races,
Circuses	And chases,
Operas	In banquets'
Balls,	And calls,

And finally wonders what editors mean
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady next picks up the paper,
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper,
And wonders if lines addressed to Miss Rella
Were not written to her by some clever young fellow,
Whose pretty and witty, and learned and wise;
But she stops in alarm at the "dark hazel eyes,"

For hers are deep blue,	
What a pity 'tis true,	
For no Mr. Editor,	
'Tis all blamed on you,	
What speeches,	And lawing,
And sermons	And jawing,
And news	And clawing
By dispatch	To match;

Next a grave politician with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurly reads

Of breeches	Of scalp,
And speeches,	Of house,
And foreign	Of railways
Reports	And courts,

And says, as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people those editors are,
These rhymes and these love stories to print,
If 'twould do any good I would give them a hint.

Now, a prim old maid the paper espies,
And holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "ha! and do tell!"
She manages to read very well—

The marriages,	The Roberies,
Accidents,	And murders,
Suicides,	All in
Deaths,	A breath,

And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder
The whole of the community is under,
To support a paper whose print is so small
She wonders how some people read it all.

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame
I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir, is o'er,
So many mistakes was ne'er heard of before;
Look here at this "Bonnet Addressed to my Lady."
You've made it "A Bonnet and Dress for a Baby."
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that—
You're an editor, sir, but no gent—that's flat.

The farmer complains that his crops are neglected,
While so much time is spent guessing who'll be selected.

The minister says it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted on matters of state:
And thousands of other complaints are made known,
Which the editor's back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, they all join in saying,
Such a paper as this, he can print without paying.

Domestic Gale.

Judging from Appearances.

BY ALICE CARY.

Moses Wolfe was a man of forty-five years of age at the time our story begins; but, judging from appearance, you would have said he was fifty-five, for he had worked hard ever since he was big enough to work, and, for some reason, had fewer holidays than men who in this free country live to be forty-five years old. His eyes were half shut with the wrinkles at the corners, and his complexion bronzed and hardened by the continual exposure to the sun, and rain and bitter cold, of all the long and drudging years through which he had passed.

His head was bald at the top, and his hair thin and grey on the temple; his hands large and clumsy, with veins swolled and knotty as they could be; his neck was lean and long, and his shoulders bent, merely because he had not energy to hold himself up, people said; and in his face there was a wo-begone expression that made some people smile and others sigh. It was a foolish fashion Moses Wolfe had got into, his neighbors thought; and if they were disposed they could put on just such a miserable look; and if they presisted in wearing it, they supposed they would find it just as difficult to lay aside as he did. But mixed with the wo-begone expression, or struggling to get through it, there was one patience, of resignation, and of hope; or rather of what would have been hope; why he could not, nobody knew; and judging from appearances, he would not, and that was all. No one ever thought of pitying him, or of looking any further than appearances about him; and, standing a mile or two away from his house, and all the tireless help and love that should have been there, it was not easy to tell why the man should have been regarded by any as an object of pity.

By degrees he had lost the respect of the people, for, the truth is, he did not respect himself. He did not present himself on election day with shaven face and clean shirt to make his vote count on what he thought the right side. Poor Moses! he did not know there was any right side—everything was crooked and dimsal to him; and as for his vote, why it wouldn't make much difference.

His house had been getting out of repair for years and years; the roof leaked, and the porch floor was decayed and broken in; the kitchen hearth was burned into holes and hollows; the plastering was fallen off in some places; a number of the windows were broken, and you could not tell what color the paint had originally been. One or two, old and unpruned trees stood in the yard, their tangled tops full of spiders' webs, neighbored by dozens of young trees that from time to time had been planted, all dead, and ready to be plucked up by the roots; many of them having had their bark gnawed away by the hungry colts, and some of them having died of thirst, for Moses always forgot to pour a little water about the roots, no matter how dry and hot the weather after their planting; perhaps that he had been so little used to the dew of life himself.—But we will not anticipate.

There was a frolic at Mrs. Fundy's—a quilting party—and all the farmer's wives and daughters, for two miles around were there; the wives in black gowns and the daughters in white ones; the elder ladies talking of soap-making and sugar-making, and the younger ones of new bonnets and their lovers. Mrs. Fundy made the room warmer than the sunshine with her smiles. The quilting was going on nicely; and though she had fifty quilts, she thought this would be the prettiest of them all—the young girls might make hearts or arrows in the corners, just as many as they choose. Everything had gone just right—even the two ginger cakes, baked in the great bread-pan, had not burned one speck, top nor bottom; there was only the least immaginable draw-back to her happiness, on two accounts; she feared her friends would tire themseves to death quilting so fast and so nice; and she began to fear the most charming of her neighbors was not coming, for it was now ten minutes past two, and Mrs. Wolfe could not be seen in the distance. I do hope she will come, said one to another all around the quilt, for all were looking to Mrs. Wolfe, as they always did, for patrons of the fashins—since she, be it known, was the most stylish woman in all the neighborhood.

Anne Hadly was appealed to, she being thought likely to know the probabilities, inasmuch "she went out sewing;" but Anne a quiet young woman of some thirty odd years—how many odd it had been a good while since Anne had said—did not know anything about it; she never sewed for Mrs. Wolfe—she could not sew well enough, she supposed; and as Anne said this, her needle refused to penetrate up through the cotton of the quilt, and with a nevous jerk she broke it in two; upon which Mrs. Weed, looked very hard at her quilting, but slily touched the elbow of Mrs. Speed, said she guessed somebody remembered how somebody got the advantage of her with a certain Mr. M. W———, many years ago as it was. Mrs. Weed lowered her head to the quilt; and putting her voice into one of those questionable tones, neither whisper nor anything else, said if she believed if there was ever true love in the world, somebody felt it for somebody even yet; and she went on to say that she remembered when Mr. M. W., was lively as could be, and in all ways as promising a young man as could be found in the meeting house of a Sunday. Perhaps Anne felt the talk was of her, and determined to let them know she did not care for Wolfe, and never did; for she said with some asperity that likely Moses had bent together, and Mrs. wolfe was waiting to straighten him up before she came. There was a laugh, which subsided with the tapping of Mrs. Wolfe's fan on the side of the door-frame, and the shining of black eyes on the company as she gathered up the silk flounces of her dress and revealed a variety of tape trimed and frilled petticoats. The feathers of all the ladies drooped at once, though in the absence of competition they had felt that they looked pretty smart; not a dress in the house had cost so much as the lace on Mrs. Wolfe's cap, to say nothing of her Leghorn bonnet, veil of three yards in length ivory-handled parasol, and boughten fan—all the other ladies having fans made of goose-quills gathered in their own meadows.

Anne Hadly looked thoughtfully down at her own washed and ironed gingham gown; and Mrs. Weed whispered to Mrs. Speed, that the tears almost came into her eyes as she did so. She glanced at the heavy lace of the cap, and almost disdainfully pushed back her own abundant tresses; and with a sigh, which she did not mean any one should hear, quilted on very fast, though she had done already, Mrs. Fundy said, as much as any other two women at the quilt.

All were so glad that Mrs. Wolfe was come; for her fine dress gave *eclat*, as it were, to the quilting party; and all were so anxious to know why she had not come sooner, that Anne was quite forgotten presently—and quilted, and quilted, and quilted, in the saddest silence.

All the papers that held garden seeds, or other things, in Mrs. Fundy's house, were united, and the torn and wrinkled pieces pressed smooth with a hot iron and carefully stitched together, in order to serve for the patterns of Mrs. Wolfe's dress, cap and cape. She was not allowed to work at the quilt—not she—they all wanted her to talk about what she had seen in town, and what she had got, and what she was going to get; and besides, she was not used to work, and must sit in the big rocking chair and rest, and be an ornament.

So Mrs. Wolfe sat in the arm-chair, her flounces and frilled petticoats filling it quite full; the rings glittering on her white hands, which she locked indolently together, as she paid back the admiration she received in genial and instructive talk; for Mrs. Wolfe had more newspapers in her house than Mrs. Fundy, and read them all. She had been born and bred in a city, and had seen more of the world than most persons with whom her lot was cast. No one asked whether Mr. Wolfe had come, or was coming; for Mr. Fundy had a frolic as well as his wife, and the woods were noisy with the chopping. No one expected him to come; indeed, Mrs. Fundy was quite sure, now that she had come to think of it, that Mr. Wolfe had not been invited—if any one thought of him at all, it was to wonder what in the world Mrs. Wolfe ever had him for.

Three happy, sunny hours began to draw shadows after them as they went down, and the blood mounted red into Anne's cheeks as she lifted her blue eyes from the quilt, not so much because Mrs. Wolfe was asking her if she could come and sew a month for her, as because she saw Mrs. Weed and Mrs. Speed both look at her as though they thought she would reply very drily in the negative; so, perhaps, to disappoint them, perhaps to puzzle them, or, it may be, merely to satisfy her own curiosity, she said, smiling, she was quite at liberty, and would be glad to go, asking, with apparent innocency, if it was shirts Mrs. Wolfe wanted made. It was not shirts, but work for herself—she hardly knew what—she was going to town next week to get a good many things, and she would be glad to have Anne come the next day, if she could, and do some mending and be company; for Mrs. Wolfe said she would as soon be in prison as at home with nobody there but Moses.—All laughed, even Anne, perhaps; because the rest did; and all thought Mrs. Wolfe was an exceedingly funny woman; as for what Anne Hadly thought nobody could see through the shadow that rested on her face to tell. Twenty years since she was a spinning girl for the mother of Moses Wolfe, seemed only a day to her.

"Well," said Mrs. Weed, "I think Anne is a right nice sort of a body, if she is an old maid. I wonder," she added directly, "If she could get anybody to have her!" and answering herself, continued, "I think not, judging from appearances, for I never knew of her having a beau."

"It's most a pity," said Mrs. Speed, "that Moses wouldn't have her, seeing that he has turned out so." Mrs. Weed said "Yes," abstractedly; and so they arranged the table, feeling as sorry as they could for an old maid—counting by their own ages what hers must be, and repeating two or three times that it was almost a pity for her, inasmuch as Moses had turned out so bad, and she was not likely to get anybody, while Charlotte would have got twenty husbands, any one of whom would have suited her better than Moses, who was not half the man she thought she was getting.

"Anne is a good sewer, and a very nice housekeeper," resumed Mrs. Weed; "I think she must be thirty-five."

"Yes, there are a good many fine qualities about Anne," replied Mrs. Speed; she is good in time of sickness, and when there is a death she brightens up the house like a sun-beam; almost every one speaks well of Anne; but she must be thirty seven or thir-eight—I wonder what she would say if a body should ask her how old she is!"

"Well, I don't know as I care," said Mrs. Weed; "I should not be surprised though, if she were forty; old maids always will disguise themselves with dress and one thing and another, and it appears as if some of them look just about so for ten or a dozen years; she never was sick, nor had anything to break her constitution."

So the two women talked and guessed and surmised, called up old memories, and added one to another, saying often how good Anne was, and how well they liked her, at the same time keeping in vivid recollection her many winters, and the disgraceful fact that she was not married, nor likely to be.

The tears are falling on the last stitches of the quilt border as she is called to the present by hearing Mrs. Fundy saying, "Come, Anne, come right down to supper now." Anne goes to the window to put a thread in her needle, she says; but she dries her eyes while she threads her needle, and when she appears at the supper table she smiles and talks with Mrs. Smith about the new school in which she has placed her children, the fashion of summer-dresses, and the prospects of an abundant apple-harvest, and Mrs. Smith regards Anne with a sort of tender compassion, and insists that she shall visit at her house. "Poor Anne," she says to herself, "she has not anybody to care for her."

The choppers are all there; merry, even boisterous, laughing loud; for they have been drinking something stronger than tea, occasionally, during the afternoon. Anne glances timidly down the long table at first, afterward tearlessly; she does not see him she looks for; Moses is not there. Mrs. Wolfe sits at the head of the table, complacently dispensing smiles and agreeable nothings; she does not look for Moses; she knows well enough where he is and what he is doing; he is at home milking the cows; how he will get his supper she does not think; she supposes he will find something in the cupboard. When Mrs. Wolfe goes home one brings her shawl, and another ties her bonnet-strings; one gives her fan, and another some flowers; nearly all have something to do for her except Anne—she don't seem to see anything she can do for Mrs. Wolfe, but she promises to go on such a day and do the sewing. Passing over time and events till that day, let us accompany her.

It is midsummer, and the days are long and hot and weary; long and weary to Moses Wolfe, for he is up early and works late, and no one says to him, "Are you tired!" or "Don't do so much;" or "I am sorry,"—those phrases so magical to lighten burdens and shorten time.

It was after dinner when Anne appeared at Mrs. Wolfe's door, with basket and scissors, and thread and thimble, and dressed with more care than at the quilting. Why should she not be? No one there would care what she wore; for at such parties she is expected to come early and work late, and go home before the fun, or make herself useful in the kitchen, for who wants old Anne Hadly in the play-room, or wants to go home with her? Of course, nobody. Now she was dressed with more care than she had been for years, for nothing so stimulates the ambition of a woman as the thought that her little efforts please somebody; solely for herself she cares to do nothing, and only in another's pleasure can she find her own. She has put up her hair in quite a girlish fashion to-day, and the walking or the fast beating of her heart has sent the blood to her cheek, and taken the look of many years sway. She opens the gate noiselessly, and treads on the grass softly, for there is no paved walk leading to the door; and she half fears to attract the attention of Moses, whom though she has spoken to, she has not talked with for twenty years.

Why she has taken such pains to look well; why, indeed, she has come to the house at all, she hardly knows; it may be to avenge herself; it may be from curiosity; it may be from sympathy, for she has seen Moses growing old and bent and care-worn before his time; and though she never could quite forgive him for forgetting to walk with her because of Charlotte Flimsey, still she has been sorry. She is an old maid now, going from place to place sewing. Moses is an old man, who has perhaps forgotten that he ever loved her. At any rate she has come to work for his wife, and judging from appearances willingly and cheerfully.

Mrs. Wolfe wears no flounces nor frills at home, Anne finds; indeed, she is careless to slovenliness. "What is the difference when nobody sees me but Moses!" she says. "I don't think he knows a cotton frock from one of silk;" and Anne finds the carpet ragged and faded, and so dusty that to walk across it raises quite a cloud. The carpet had been a good one. Anne did not remember to have seen so expensive a one except in the city, till then, but it has been spoiled with abuse more than wear; the breadth next the fire place its half burned up, and holes have been torn in it here and there, which, for the want of mending, have grown twice their original size. Costly furniture is scattered about the house, anywhere and everywhere but in the proper places, and so broken and rubbed and scratched, that it makes Anne's heart sick to see it, for she has been used to be careful with what she has, and has always found pleasure in making the most of little.

Mrs. Wolfe does not rise from her seat, and scarcely looks up from the novel she is reading; but tells Anne to look about the house and see what she can find to do; "I guess you will find something to make or mend in some of the drawers or closets;—enough to keep you busy till I finish this chapter.

Anne saw enough to keep her busy without stirring an inch from where she stood, enough to keep her busy for a week, and for more than a week she thought, as she saw the double curtains of spider webs over the windows, the paper hanging from the wall in patches as it had from time to time been scaled off, the garden run to weeds, and the door-yard with its pools of dish water fragments of broken earthenware and china, where green grass or cool paving stones should have been. Laying aside shawl and bonnet, she opened the bureau as directed, and found such a medley as in all her life she had never seen; worn out shoes and stockings, fine lace caps and old and new ribbons, dirty dresses, aprons, towels and table cloths, crushed together and scattered among articles that would otherwise have been clean. One or two silk dresses too much torn or greased to wear, in close proximity to new materials for dresses, of the most delicate hue and texture;—and as for the worn out and torn stockings and gloves, there was no end of them. There, too, she found Moses' trowsers, just as they had been worn in the plowing;—shirts past all hope of mending, made, Anne noticed, of the coarsest material, and, as it seemed, who had left their dish washing for the purpose. Having emptied the drawers of one bureau, she began to adjust and repair working on from hour to hour, till it was long past noon. Still, in the doorway, the sunshine streaming over her frouzy head sat Mrs. Wolfe, reading on and on. Every moment Anne expected Moses to come in from the field; wondered she saw no preparation for dinner; and begun to grow nervous at her work. One o'clock, and two o'clock, and three o'clock, came and went and with a yawn Mrs. Wolfe closed the book, saying she could not put it down till she had read the last word. Now, thought Anne, there will be something done; and while she thought so Mrs. Wolfe threw herself across the unmade bed and was soon fast asleep. Hearing some noise in the kitchen, Anne threw down her work to see what it was; the door stood wide open, and a dozen chickens were on the table, eating the last of a loaf of bread that had been left there; a dog lay asleep in one corner, and a pig looked in at the door; the floor seemed not to have been washed for six months; there was nothing to be seen to eat, except the bread which the chickens were finishing; the stove was rusted and broken, and the fire dead. "Dear me, Oh dear me!" sighed Anne, no wonder Moses looks so old!" and she walked into the back-yard to see if she could find anything more cheerful or hopeful. Plenty of dead trees she found and these she had seen many a time before; some tubs of water which seemed to have been standing a month; rough ground which the pigs had plowed up with their noses, and a few rose and currant bushes, which seemed to have been killed by having hot water thrown on their roots. As she was about to return, having seen nothing to encourage her, a little girl of fourteen, perhaps, started up from a heap of sand on which she had been playing, and accosted her in a familiar and rude manner. She was wretchedly untidy in her dress, and in all ways unprepossessing. Anne thought, nevertheless she was Mrs. Wolfe's housekeeper, and a fair specimen of the fifty she had had during the twenty years of her married life. When asked why she had not been at work? she replied that she did her work when she pleased and as she pleased; and that if Mrs. Wolfe did not care, she was sure no one else need be troubled about it. "But is it not dinner time!" urged Anne, looking across the field where Mr. Wolfe was at work in the sun, digging briars. "As for dinner time," said the girl, laughing impishly, "we don't have no time mostly, unless we have visitors;—Mrs. Wolfe takes luncheon when she feels like she wanted it, and that's the way of it."

"And don't Mr. Wolfe eat anything!"—asked Anne, looking towards the briary hill-side again. Mr. Wolfe!" repeated the girl, tossing the sand high in the air in foolish glee: "Old Moses if you mean him, eats what he can get, and when he can get it. I wonder if you think a body would work a body's self to death for the like of him."

When first his footsteps came along the path to the door, Anne's heart beat so loud she thought Mrs. Wolfe would surely hear it; but she did not; probably she did not know that hearts beat louder at one time than another. "What shall I say, or how meet him! thought Anne; but it was easy enough to do, when he had made an easy and friendly recognition, and sat down at the table without more ado. In silence he partook of the scanty repast, making only one or two common-place remarks about the weather or the crops. He was changed in heart, as well as appearance, Anne thought, and had likely forgotten that he had ever cared more for her than for any other woman. Once, when she alluded to the spinning time at his mother's house she found that he remembered it; but whether the memory gave him pleasure or pain she could not tell, he betrayed neither.

Every day Mrs. Wolfe added to the list she was making of articles to be bought when she went to town, and in all the long list not one trifle was for Moses. "I must have a hundred dollars on Saturday," she said to him one evening, "and you must carry me to town."

"I don't know how I can spare more than twenty," said Moses; I need a good many things about the farm, and you see how badly off I am for boots and clothes—really, I don't know what I am to do."

"Didn't you expect to provide for me when you married me?" asked Mrs. Wolfe, sharply.

"Yes," said Moses, meekly.

"Very well, then," replied Mrs. Wolfe, "what are you making a poor mouth about?"

'Nothing," said Moses; "I suppose I must sell my best horse, if you cannot do without the money; but then I can't take you to town, you know, with my one horse; and sighing heavily he went out of the house, and sat alone with the moon and the winds.

And the horse was sold, and Mrs. Wolfe wore the new cuffs; and went to town in the public coach; every body said it was strange Moses could not take his wife to town in a private carriage, but he had become a strange man and could not be expected to do as other folks did.

Mrs. Wolfe did not come home in the coach; the horses were frightened, ran away on the way to town, and she was thrown from her seat and killed.

Those who wish to read the particulars of this frightful calamity, will find them all recorded in the *Incorruptible Democrat*, the editor of which applied to the subject the moving rhetoric with which he painted the ruin of his country, in case of his party's defeat, and printed his articles with an abundance of exclamation points, italics, small and large capitals, and other sensational indications, as was perfectly proper. I will not here dwell upon so melancholy a catastrophe.

"I wonder if Moses will not reflect on himself now," said the neighbors. They were curious to see how he could get along, now that he had nobody to help him. They supposed he would break quite down and very soon follow his wife. In all the country no one had ever so large a funeral as Mrs. Wolfe, or was so generally or deeply mourned.

Many came to condole with Moses, telling him he must cheer up and be comforted; he had good friends still, though he could never hope to supply the place of his angel wife.

And Moses Wolfe did cheer up, and he was comforted; not till after a season of deep affliction it is true; yet earlier than he ought, people say, he began to think his home not altogether desolate; and he was no sooner seen to smile, and to wear a new hat, than it was thought he was 'sprucing up' for a new wife. If he could have sunk lower in the estimation of his neighbors than previously, he would have done so now, but that was quite impossible.

Passing by his house one afternoon, Mrs. Speed saw Moses whitewashing the fence about the yard; she saw that the dead trees were gone, and that some new shrubbery had been planted. That night she and Mrs. Weed drank tea together, and said many things about Moses Wolfe and Anne Hadly, which I need not repeat. Mrs. Speed did not see Anne as she passed the house, but she knew well enough from the looks of things she was there; she thought too, Moses was growing younger every day, and she did not think it looked very well for a widower to bow and smile as he did. Of course, neither Mrs. Speed nor Mrs. Weed cared one straw what Moses Wolfe did nor what Anne Hadly did: it was none of their business; but really it did look too bad. They talked of Anne's age again, and this time established it to their entire satisfaction that she was forty-five and a half years old.

The apples were red in the orchard; it was September, and it was his own orchard now—the farm was paid for. The young housekeeper was gone: Anne had learned that it had been her habit to carry home without leave, sugar, coffee, tea, butter, &c, enough to supply a family of five persons. No wonder Moses had not got along! she thought. The horse Moses had sold so reluctantly, had been bought back again; the corn was ready to gather, the wheat and hay harvest had been good, and the house was as clean and orderly as a house could be. Two lighted candles were on the table, where baked apples and milk and broiled chicken and steaming tea waited the coming in of the master of the house. Walking quite erect, and looking more as he did when a young man than she had seen him for years, Anne thought, Moses came in; but she looked thoughtful and felt sad.

When Moses inquired what she was thinking of, she answered, looking thoughtful at her plate. "You must get a housekeeper." Moses looked thoughtful, too, for a moment, left the table in silence, unlocked an old chest, and taking from it a bunch of withered flowers, laid them in Anne's lap saying with such tenderness and seriousness as I cannot write; "Twenty years ago, dear Anne, I went a mile out of my way when the work was done, to gather these flowers for you; you would not take them then, and in spite and vexation—but no matter, will you have them now!'

Anne bent her head lower and lower over the flowers, and Moses bent lower and lower over her, to hear what she would say, till his lips quite touched her forehead. I need scarcely say her sighs ended in blushes and smiles, and that supper was not the last by a great many which they ate together.

When the neighbors once became reconciled, they said, one and all, they wished Moses and his wife happy, and thought the marriage prudent; but of course there was no love in the case. Anne, they said, was a poor old maid who wanted a home, and Moses a widower who needed a housekeeper, and who would have anybody who came in his way.

So much for appearances.

☞ On the third day's session of the Free Constitutional Convention now in session at Topeka, in Kansas, a petition was received from a clergyman in Leavenworth, asking that a clause be inserted in the Constitution making all Ministers of the Gospel, excepting Catholics eligible to office. It was unanimously laid on the table.

☞ Mrs. Pepper got the better of the philosopher, the other day, in arguing the question whether women or men talk the most.

'You say a woman can talk a man almost to death,' said Mrs. P., 'but I'd like to know if Sampson didn't jaw a thousand Philistines to death?'

The philosopher gave in, and that very evening presented Mrs. P., with a ticket to a stawberry festival, where that respectable lady got into seventeen sharp disputes and enjoyed herself amazingly.

Room-attic pancs; those belonging to a garret window.

What kind of a doctor would a duck make? A quack doctor.

I introduce a bill for the destruction of worms, as the woodpecker said in a stump speech.

A codfish breakfast and an India rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

I'm going to draw this beau into a knot, as the young lady said when she stood at the hymenial altar.

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than he that is no better!

An ancient and exceedingly common way of book-keeping to keep all the books you lay your hands on.

The women who reigns queen of the ball-room, is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children.

Pleasure which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable and unsuitable expense, most always end in pain.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

In becoming the "lion" of a party, does a man necessarily have to make a beast of himself?

The Felon Father and his Child.

On the appeal docket of the Supreme Court of this State may be found the case of a soldier named Wilson, who is at present under sentence of death for killing a fellow soldier. The offence was committed at Baton Rouge, where Wilson is now in prison, and his wife and children have, since "the trial," occupied a rude tenement near the jail in which he has been confined. To this fond wife and to these trusting children the condemned felon has shown true touches of nature, while to all else he has been a stern, stubborn and unfeeling man.

What cared he for the world! The stain of blood was on his hands, and no washing could make them white to the world's censorious eye. Even to his own eye, perchance, there was a "damned spot" which would not "out," but to the trustful eyes of his wife and children, his fetters were no disgrace, and his hands were not unclean. For these fond ones he had a place in his heart, a small warm spot, over which the festering sores of sin had not entirely encroached. They could still love him, and he love them—all else in the world was a dark, dreary void.

During the long summer months, when the angel of death was abroad over this Southern land, the damp cell of the prisoner was rendered brighter for a few moments each day by the presence of his wife: and often at nightfall, his little daughter—a fond young thing of but four summers—would beg to be left with her father in the dark, and would sing to him a tiny song of hope as she lay beside him on his rude prison bed.

But the dark, damp cell was no fitting place for one so tender in years as was the felon's daughter, and at length a shaddow fell upon her from the death-angel's wing; and she could no longer visit her father in his damp, grated dungeon.

She sickened, and she died!

Oh, how anxiously from day to day the mother watched over the sick couch of her little one, and how anxiously, when morning came, would the condemned felon-father inquire concerning the fate of his dear, fond, trusting child!

That hope which led him to believe that his child would recover, and would again visit him in his cell, and fill his ear with an instructive melody as from a better land.

His hopes, however, proved deceptive, and at last the sad news came that his little innocent was no more. What his reflections then were we leave to the imagination of our readers. Shut out from the world, and all but dead to every civil right, he had been deprived of the privilege of smoothing the pillow on which his daughter rested her dying head, and of catching a fond glance from her trustful eye ere it closed forever on the things of time and sense. In the father the felon was forgotten, and the ties of nature was asserted by a deep, convulsive agony of grief.

All now that the prisoner seemed to wish was an opportunity of seeing the body of his child before it was conveyed away forever to its narrow dwelling. But this, the stern jailor could not permit, unless the corpse were itself brought to the prison, that it might there be seen.

As he could see it no other way, the prisoner begged that it might thus be brought, and so it was—the dead on a visit to the living!

To the jailor's room the mother and a few kind friends accompanied the little innocent, in whom the seal of the skeleton archer had been affixed, and there they awaited the entrance of the condemned felon—the husband and the father.

It was a solemn fearful meeting—that meeting of the living and the dead.

The strong, stout man entered, with a load of gyves upon his limbs, and a double load of guilt and grief upon his heart; and the sound of his mourning and the sharp clank of his manacles, as his convulsed frame shook, mingled in strange disonance of sound.

There too, stood the mother, like Rachel, refusing to be comforted. But her grief was divided between her child that "was not" and her husband that *was*. And there were some of the little playmates of her who had ceased to be; and the kind friends above referred to and the stern jailor. None were unmoved. Nature asserted herself by the trickling pearls of sympathy. But on the face of the corpse a smile still rested; there was no grief there. Sorrow and sighing from it had passed away, and the glories of the spirit land had opened to its angel eyes and uncreated light.

The father stooped down and appeared to listen for the music of that voice which so late seemed sweeter to his ear than the song of birds, and he arose, as if a still small echo had stirred among the tendrils of his heart. Who shall say that there was not a silent, yet persuasive eloquence in those pale, cold lips, which warned a parent of the anchor of eternal hope!

After a time, the coffin-lid was closed, and all but the father and the jailor started on their tearful mission to consign the little sleeper to its early rest—"ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

The felon and father returned in sorrow to his cell; and the mother, to her lowly domicil, where, by the hearth, there was a vacant place. Both, in their dreams, are visited at times by a celestial presence which they call *their child!*—*N. O. Picayune.*

☞ The day of departure of the Collins' steamers from New York is to be changed from Wednesday to Saturday, commencing on the 5th of January next.

☞ A Western Editor says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.