



1865. READ, 1865.

Hand to Your Neighbor! PROSPECTUS OF THE Philadelphia Age. 1865.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. ADDRESS, GLOSSBENNER & WELSH, 430 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Select Poetry.

QUERIES.

If a person feel a person treading on his toes, what a person ask a person how a person answer?

Is it anybody's business, if a gentleman should choose to wait upon a lady?

Or to speak a little plain? Or to speak a little plain?

That the meaning all may know, is it anybody's business, if a lady kiss a man?

Is it anybody's business, when the gentleman does call, or when he leaves the lady, or if he leaves at all?

Or is it necessary, that the curtain should be drawn, to save from further trouble, the outside looks?

Is it anybody's business, if the lady, if she has been riding out with her ladies, and doesn't let her know, is it anybody's business, if she goes to the theatre, and the gentleman, if she should accept another escort, where he doesn't chance to see?

Is a person on the side walk, whether great or which is small, is it anybody's business, if a first person means to call, or if you see a person, and how calling anywhere, is it any of your business, what a person means to do there?

The substance of our query, simply stated would be this, is it anybody's business, what a person's business is, if it is, or if it isn't, we would really like to know, for we are certain, if it isn't, there are many who will be so.

It is, we'll join the rabble, and act the noble part of the tavern and delirium, who through the public mass, but if not, we'll act the teacher, until each mortal is aware, it were better in the future, to mind his own concerns.

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would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other, and mutual recrimination only produced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was in no wise unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her, but the manner of the request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then followed passionate words and angry retorts, till husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But now as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it into a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on a weekly paper which lay on the table, and they settled on this passage, which completed a short sketch—"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously."

And those words stole, in a still, serene, rebuking voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had for her no special message of meaning; but now God had sent his angel to drop them in her heart, and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by the kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hung in yearning, golden beauty about her.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons—he had chosen her from a score of others who envied her that good fortune, and how those early days of the courtship came over the softened heart of the woman, as the first days of spring came up from the South, and so softly over the bare, despoiling earth. Then she saw herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyous bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and tender heart, to whom she gave herself gladly and trustingly as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning and a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's, and how for a while the thoughts of her being the mistress of the great old farm house, fairly frightened the wife out of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home for Isaac Parsons. She remembered, as though it had all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise and their mutual comfort.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that! If she had controlled her temper then—if she had been only gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! Here the wife and the mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron and cried like a child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind upon any course of action, she would not shrink back from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat with her apron at her eyes, and the sobs rocking her to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet restlessness all about her—what went on in the softened woman's heart—only God and His angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?" The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and weather-beaten, yet he had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment as though he half doubted whether he had heard aright—His wife's face was bent over the bread, so he could not see it; but the words came a second time:

"Are you tired, Isaac?" It was a long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that soft, quick voice. It stole over his heart like a wind from the land of his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel a kind of tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand besides Roger."

Mr. Parsons did not say one word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were busy to let him read one word. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have the chickens stewed, potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he preferred the former broiled, and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment, and he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And whilst Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the dainty broiled chickens, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

"Hush, hush, children," would in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime, the soft voice of the mother:—"Father's busy reading the paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it, for the wife as seldom consulted his wishes in the small, everyday matters which make the happiness of irritation of our lives, as he did her's.

In a few moments the hungry family gathered round the table. There was little spoken at the meal, but a softer, tender atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The children felt, though they did not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?" "Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meeting." Want anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with bolts of evergreen, around which so rapt berries hung their charms of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hands with an angry grunt, that "the thing would not work."

"Let me try, father," Mrs. Parsons stepped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sunburned forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old sweet memories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair.

He looked on his wife with a softness in his face, and a softness in his keen eye which he little suspected. And the softness and smiles stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons' heart which had not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsive and kissed her cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three-quarters of a score of years.

"The woman's comely face was full of soft blushes as a girl's of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plucked one of the house without speaking one word; but with a mixture of amusement and something deeper on his face not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and muttered to himself, "Melissa shan't repeat that act—I say she shan't!" and when Isaac Parsons said a thing, everybody knew he meant it.

The sunset of another autumn day was rolling its vestures of purple and gold about the mountains when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm yard.—He had been absent all day in the city, and the supper had been awaiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"Oh, father, what have you got there?" they all clamored, and as he came into the house tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children," was the unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snapped the cords, and a breadth of ingrain carpeting rolled upon the floor, through whose dark green ground work trailed a russet and golden leaves—a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife—"There, Melissa, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for yesterday morning. I reckon there ain't many that will beat it in West Farm's."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons' face, half of joy, half of something deeper.

"Oh, Isaac!" She put her arm around the strong man's neck and burst into tears.

The trio of children stood still and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the first thing which recalled Isaac Parsons to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, don't like this. I'm hungry as a panther now, and want my supper before I do anything but put up my horse;" and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive-branch of peace in the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired its pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons's heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride and passion, and evil habits, was at last achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day, or month, but the "small leaves that leaveneth the lump," working silently and surely, completed at last its pure and perfect work, and in the farm house of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self-relinquishment, of forbearance and love, which was given unto those "who fear God and keep his holy commandments."

Leaves from the Diary of an Editor.

Monday, January 3. Out of a situation. Just had a brilliant article rejected by that stupid ass Quod, who because his paper is successful, thinks he knows better than I do what the people want. My wife thinks I might try and get something to go at. Borrowed two dollars of an old friend who didn't know I was out of business until my fingers had closed upon the bill, or I wouldn't have got it. He asked me to give him a notice in "my paper," but Lord! when I told him I hadn't any, his lower teeth suddenly grew too heavy, and his jaw dropped. Mem. If you feel particularly generous next July, and want to cool off your best friend, just ask him to lend you a dollar. It will be equal to putting a chunk of ice down his back.

Tuesday, 4th. Wrote a pamphlet of three pages for a patent medicine dealer; I left the price to his own liberality. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, counted them over carefully, returned them to the place from whence they came, and after a disjunctive remark or two concerning the hard times, handed me fifty cents. Came home at 11 P. M., with eight gin cocktails in me and a smashed but on my head.

Wednesday, 5th. Had a headache.—Saw an advertisement in the Ledger for an editor—answered it. My wife informed me that our rent was due. Told her I knew it, and that in all probability the landlord, or his infernal agent, knew it too. The knowledge of that fact would probably extend to a constable before the week was out, and in that case we would be out as well. Wife in tears. I came down town, resolved to drink no more. Got along very well until I met Councilman Van Clief. Van's countenance always reminded me of an Egyptian hieroglyphic I once saw cut upon a vase. It is an astonishing countenance, and has that sort of a look which induces the belief that some physical drawback or chronic contraction of his facial muscles prevents him from ever closing his eyes. Well—met Van. Van is genial, and I couldn't resist the invitation—"Petted"—Liddy's—Harry Neal's the "rest is silent."