

eradicate it from his judicial acts. In truthfulness, however, it can be said of him that with any defects he may have had, his reputation as a Judge stands fully equal to that of his judicial brethren of the period.

As a politician, he was always a Democrat, and rendered to the party effective aid; hence his elevation to the bench both in Iowa and Indiana—being a very effective stump speaker, and having few superiors in arousing the masses to action.

The great secret of his success and advancement after all was his severely studious habits and application to business. His most eloquent appeals to the jury, or to his constituency or friends, were not simply the impulse or inspiration of the moment, as was very frequently thought. They were the coinage of intense thought and reflection on the subject. as the writer has been frequently informed by the Judge.

INFANTILE INQUIRIES.

Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
 Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
 Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
 Who asks for alms at our pillared door?
 Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow
 As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
 Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
 Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said — but I knew not what he meant —
 That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
 He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
 Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
 And he told how his kindred there were laid,
 And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
 And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
 And my sisters wept as they heard his tale.

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
 He chased from the wild flower the singing bee;
 And followed afar, with a heart as light
 As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;

And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;—
Yet, he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?

'Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child,
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But enjoy thy life, fair boy, like thee —
It was there the old man longed to be!

'For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's youth joy, 'neath their cottage shade —
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth —
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day —
He knew that they, with all sufferings done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

'Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

[This anonymous poetry was selected for the holidays, the season of gifts to the poor and the rich. Its lines are truly tender and touching.]

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