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A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Agriculture, Literature, Religion, Science, Amusements, Politics and Advertising.

Volume 12. CAMBRIDGE, MD.,—WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1857. Number 39.

THE DEMOCRAT
Is Published every Wednesday Morning,
By THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

At $1.50 per annum, payable in advance; or $2 within the year, if not paid in advance.—No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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" of Twelve, one year, - - - 13.50
" of Twenty, one year, - - - 20.00

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☞Advertisements of One Square will be inserted three times for one dollar; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents. One square three month, $3; 6 months, $6; one year, $12. Twelve lines or less make a square.—Fractions of a square to be charged as a square. Yearly advertisements at the rate of $12 for one-third of a column; half column one year, $15; one column one year, $25. Six months or yearly advertisements, must be paid for quarterly—other advertisements are collectible as soon as the time of publication expires.

☞All communications of a private nature and obituary notices charged for at 50 cts per square. Simply marriages and deaths inserted gratis.

☞Job Printing, such as Sale and Show Bills, Pamphlets, Cards, Blanks, Checks, &c., executed with neatness and despatch. All Job work attended to on accomodating terms, and cheap rates.

☞Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. SMITH would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he continues to be confidentially consulted at his old established MEDICAL HOUSE, No. 11 South Frederick street, on all diseases of a PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

His long experience and attention to this class of complaints; his safe and speedy method of treatment, and his extraordinary success during a long and extensive practice, enables him, confidently, to promise all persons so afflicted, a safe and radical cure, without injury to the constitution or confinement from business. By a long course of study and practice experience, Dr. S. has now the gratification of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never failed, "since he first introduced them," to cure the most alarming case, and that in a very short but reasonable time, without the aid of mercury or any other deleterious drug. Within the last ten years Dr. S. has cured more than thirty thousand cases, of the above character and it may be safely said that *more than one-half* of the patients had been previously treated with mercury and other mineral poisons by some foreign or native pretender to the healing art.

Dr. Smith does not profess to be a Parisian, or a graduate of any London or Parisian hospital. He believes the United States can produce physicians as capable of curing disease, "no matter how difficult," as any foreigner who has been compelled to leave his own country because his boasted skill and wonderful discoveries in medicine have failed to afford him a living at home. Let the unfortunate bear in mind, when affliction overtakes him, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure, and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be more moderate in his charges than he could justly be where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advances of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored blotches, with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

YOUNG MEN

And others afflicted with seminal debility, "whether original from a certain destructive habit," or from any other cause, with the train of bodily and mental evils which follow, when neglected, should make an early application, with the full assurance that they can be speedily restored to sound health and firm vigor.—This is one of the greatest evils that can befall man, and has doomed thousands of the human race to untimely graves; blasted the brilliant hopes of parents, and blighted, in the bud, the noble ambition of many an aspiring youth. Dyspepsia, weakness of the back, eyes, and limbs, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, forgetfulness, &c. &c., are symptoms of this disease.

IMPOTENCE—IMPUISSANCE.

One of the most frequent penalties paid by those who give unrestrained license to their passions is a loss of virile power. The young, unaware of the fearful results that may ensue, are but too apt to commit excesses. Impotency may, and does occur from stricture, gravel, deposites in the urine, and from many other causes; but by far the most frequent source of it is an abuse of the sexual organs, by excessive venery or self-pollution—particularly the last. Too great excitement of the genital organs is, however, productive of other effects, besides premature impotency; it tends to derange the digestive functions, and weaken the physical and mental powers. Thus parents and others are often deceived as to the true source of the complaints of the youth and young men. It could be shown how attenuation of frame palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion, and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when, in reality, they are the consequence of an alluring and pernicious practice, alike destructive to the mind and body.

Dr. Smith has given particular attention to the cure of female complaints. His method of treating Suppression, Irregularities, and other complaints peculiar to their sex, is safe, and seldom requires but a short time to cure. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine, securely packed from observation, forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the country.

N. B. Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid boasting impostors, whether foreign or native, as also the numerous *Specifics*, advertised as a certain cure for any and every Disease. These preparations are put up to sell, but not to cure, and often do much more harm than good, therefore avoid them. ⁂A word to the wise is sufficient.

No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp.

Address DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, South Frederick street,
Feb. 18, 1857. 1y Baltimore, Md.

Choice Poetry.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny summer flings
Her rosy arms about the earth,
And brightest blessings brings,
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the seas,
My lassie bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be;
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain bower,
I never dreamed the wildwood
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace,
The wild rose parted with a blush
That nestled on her face;
The sunbeam got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her
Their joyous martin song,
And some of their soft innocence—
She's been with them so long.
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Miscellaneous.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

The following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Alhoy, on the convict prisons of France:

It is some years, says this writer, since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts, as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favor of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl, who passed before me several times casting an anxious and longing look toward the building in which the ropewalks carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognized her. I had seen her the preceding evening at the house of the gate-keeper, and had been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Eutrope, the peasant to whom she was betrothed was acquainted with the guilt of his future father in law, for the same village had been their home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict, but Tiennette was beloved, and Eutrope's affections for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful results might arise from their union.

He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that this father, who in the eyes of the law was dead who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tiennette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the author of her days only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Eutrope had long resisted this wish of Tiennette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with an unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a well-looking youth with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed.

I took upon myself to interpret to him the wishes of Tiennette. I told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter: that no laws, judges or juries can unloose the ties of nature; and the filial piety of Tiennette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtues of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes was fastened on the countenance of Eutrope. She watched its every movement as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Eutrope listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speaking he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tiennette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps toward the prison.

I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to consider my presence as useful in confirming and vacillating resolutions of her lover encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the hospital. We silently traversed the long court and mounted the staircase.—When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Eutrope and Tiennette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope; whilst Tiennette approached her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his sunburnt countenance. The turnkey, who had introduced the two young people into the ward remained gazing upon the scene; a good sister of charity supported the sick man; he took a pen which was handed him and glanced over the marriage contract which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonored name.—Then stretching toward Tiennette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Eutrope, who looked at it with a bewildered stare, whilst another rustled against the dress of Tiennettee, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon the pillow. Tiennette took advantage of this movement to glide her trembling hand under the coverlid. The turnkey had that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Eutrope, who seemed ill at ease, made a sign to Tiennette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase, which led to the wards, the young girl said to Eutrope, "The step we have now taken will bring us a blessing." They then entered together the chapel of the civil hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart which bore them back to their native village.

Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who did'st not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honor a guilty father.

The Two Brothers.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob:"

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, in the greatest harmony possible, cultivating the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves together, made two equal stacks of them, and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. My brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; is it just that my portion of the harvest should be as large as his? Upon this he arose and took from his stack several sheaves; which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected.

On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has none to assist in his labor nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me wife and chileren; is it right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness? If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge see his portion of the harvest increased. This object was approved and immediately put into execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went into the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to divine into the cause of the miracle, they met; each bearing the sheaves mutually designed for the other. It was thus that all was elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord.

The Bible.

One of the most remarkable results of modern research is the confirmation of the accuracy of the historical books of the Old Testament. The ruins of Baylon and Nineveh shed a light on those books which no scepticism can invalidate. The thing which surprises us most is their marvelous accuracy in minute details, which are now substantiated by recent discoveries. The fact seems to be that when writing was laboriously performed on stone, men had an almost superstitious conscientiousness in making their records true, and had not learned the modern indifference to truth which our facile modes of communicating thought have encouraged. A statement to be chiseled on rock must be correct; a statement which can be written in five minutes, is likely to embody only first impressions, which may be amended in five minutes thereafter. Hence it comes to pass that we know more exactly many things which took place in the wars between Sennachrib and Hezekiah, than we know what is the precise truth with regard to some of the occurrences in the battle of Bunker Hill. Sir Henry Rawlinson, speaking of his researches at Babylon, states that the name and situation of every town of note in ancient Assyria mentioned in the Bible can be substantiated by the ruins of that city. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon is perfectly verified. The prosecution of these researches will be regarded with great interest as corroborating the truth of Scripture.

☞Man has much to learn.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Female beauty has been the admiration of all ages, from the most remote down to the present. More has been said, written, and sung in its behalf than on any other subject. It is the one beauty above all others, the most appreciated as well as the most omnipotent. Nations, however, differ materially as to their standard of feminine beauty. The Ethiopean is charmed with flat noses and thick rolling lips. The connoisseurs of the Celestial Empire go in raptures over little eyes, high cheek bones, and feet too infinitessimal to support the burdens Nature has consigned them to carry. The South Sea Islanders have an amiable weakness for the *embonpoint*, and choose their queen, according to the number of tons of flesh which cover her bones; while the Dutch belle is chosen according to the circumference of her waist. The Caucasian race generally consider a faultless regularity of feature, together with the thousand and one charms which go to complete the sum of female loveliness, as the standard of beauty.

In the East, the beautiful Circassian has long been the highest type of feminine attractiveness, and their beauty is of world-wide fame. The perfections which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon them are assiduously improved and heightened by all adventitious aids which art can give. They are carefully fed, and daily bathed under the direction of the family doctor, and nothing is neglected which can render their fair proportions beautifully rounded, and their skin pure and clean.

Beauty is and must be "a joy forever," and those who would disparage its endowments, or seek to instill into the mind of the youthful possessor of it the idea that its presence is something to be regretted rather than cherished, are short-sighted in the extreme. Sydney Smith, who understood its proper estimate, said:

"Never teach fulsome morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

Aristotle, always an admirer of beauty, declared it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world. Fontenelle compared beautiful women with clocks; the former causing us to forget the hour, the latter to point them out. Dean Swift made a proposition that beauty should be taxed according to its degree, leaving every lady to rate her own charms, adding that such a tax would be very cheerfully paid, and would prove very productive. Plato called beauty "a privilege of nature;" Socrates, "a short-lived tyranny;" Theocritus, "a delightful prejudice," Theophrastus, "a silent cheat;" Carneades, "a solitary kingdom."

The painters usually impersonate the style most in vogue. In the time of Rubens, the nations on the shores of the Meditterranean considered plumpness essential to beauty.—His cherubs are, therefore, fat to repletion, and his graces and angels are rosy-cheeked, plump-limbed Bacchantes. Titian was an intense admirer of red hair, and all his nymphs, goddesses, and madonnas bore a strong resemblance to each other, and all were crowned with the glowing locks of his celebrated Fornarini. Titian was the most admired artist of the masters in the time of Elizabeth, and it became the universal fashion to go in ecstacies over all shades of hair that bore any resemblance to the bright yellow tresses of the Queen. So far did this rage extend, that ladies of rank possessing exquisite hair of their own, so outvied each other in imitating their royal highness, that they wore red fronts—the reddest being the most exquisite. In the time of Cleopatra, also, there was another red-haired fever. This famous and destructive beauty possessed that peculiar shade of hair described by the poet as "brown in the shade and gold in the sun," the gold tints decidedly predominating in any strong light.

A recent writer, in an "Essay on Woman," remarks that—

"Beauties generally die old maids. They set such value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

We suspect the cynical author of the essay, however, to be a disappointed old bachelor, who thus takes his revenge on the cruel fair ones who said him nay; for the most beautiful women we know are happy wives and mothers, or bid fair to become so. Let what will be said, beauty is an undeniable fact; and as it ever has been, so will it ever be, loved and worshipped for itself.

☞"Pray, Mr. Hume," said Lady Wallace to the philosopher, "when I am asked what is my age, what answer shall I give?" "Say madame," replied he, "what I believe to be the truth, that you have not yet come to the years of discretion."

☞"I wish you had been Eve, said an urchin to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

☞Do not squander time, for time is the stuff life is made of.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Morality is of a fixed and unchangeable nature. Virtue and vice are not mere sounds. They have their foundation in the eternal and essential difference of things. There is an intrinsic beauty in virtue, and an intrinsic deformity in vice, which must ever mark them from each other. Virtue never can be made vice, nor vice virtue. Their nature is firm and immoveable. It depends neither on the caprice or opinions of men, nor on the arbitrary constitution of God himself, but is the standard by which all intelligent free agents ought to determine and regulate their actions. There is an immutable good in virtue, and an immutable evil in vice. We, therefore lie under the obligation to practice the former, and avoid the latter. That is founded not only on positive law or command, but also in the native goodness of the one, and in the malignity inseparably attending the other.

Virtue is the health and strength of the soul. Vice is its band and destruction. Even as the former is a food which nourishes it and agrees with its constitution, so vice is a cruel disease which wastes and consumes it. Nay it is a deadly poison, which tears and divides the firm texture and composition of its parts. Did the reader ever observe how his mind has been pleased and delighted when his eye has beheld a beautiful object in nature, or a pleasing prospect in a sweet landscape? Has he ever marked how his soul—even though ruffled and discomposed—has been ravished and delighted, and rendered placid, calm and serene by an agreeable strain of music? Even so will the sight and practice of virtue—virtue, so related to the faculties of a rational soul!—fill his mind with pleasure, ease, and satisfaction. So a virtuous person must be as completely happy in this world as man possibly can be. He must enjoy himself. A divine peace and serenity must be his. In whatever state he may be fixed he must reflect upon his conduct with pleasure and satisfaction. But contrary feelings must be the inheritance of vice, and the curse of vicious persons.—Their conduct must be full of pain and uneasiness to them. It must render them obnoxious to their own reason. The same principle which urges them to punish and abhor vice in others must teach them to loathe and abhor themselves. And condemning their own conduct they must know that others hate and condemn for it. And this is punishment. The mean opinion which they are aware every rank and order of men entertain of them must necessarily be attended with an inward torment and vexation of mind. So we begin in this life to experience a foretaste of the Heaven and the Hell of the future world!

THE FUTURE.

In the momentous contest of 1860, will be re-produced the arguments and considerations which influenced the judgment and action of the people after the adjournment of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution. What those arguments and considerations were, may be found in the letters of Washington, who had been President of the Convention; and it will be seen that he urged the adoption of the instrument by every rational appeal which his gigantic intellect could abduce; and by every feeling of patriotism which his magnanimous heart could suggest.

The decision, if not a unanimous one, was at least a decisive and an honest one. But a single State withheld her assent to a protracted period. It was Rhode Island. And it may not be generally known, though nevertheless a fact, that the Federal Government, after the inauguration of Washington as President, was upon the eve of declaring war against that deluded member of the old Confederation. By remaining out of the Union, it was determined by Congress that she had no right to escape the payment of her quota of the public debt incurred in the achievement and maintenance of a common independence. Just at the critical moment, to avert the consequences of an invasion, Rhode Island acceded to the terms of the Union, and there was much rejoicing over the event.

And so there will be much joy over the Union in 1860, if it survives the ordeal. And the work is to be achieved by the greatest and best men in the country. It is to be a true verdict by honest men. The small politician and the profligate intriguer will play no conspicuous part in that scene of awful grandeur. The Democratic nominee, the one upon whom the choice of the Constitutional party may fall, will doubtless be worthy of the designation; and if he should succeed, we will hear nothing more of the absurd and ridiculous saying, that this or that insignificant trading politician "made him President." He will owe his elevation first under God, to his own merits; and next, to the good sense and patriotism of his countrymen. In that great day, the diminutive mousing politician will be unnoticed and unheeded. His oblique exits and entrances will accomplish no good, or perpetrate any evil. Nothing less than the unequivocal verdict of the People will suffice for the preservation of the Union; and if a victory should be obtained by fraud, it will be contemptuously rejected. Our present form of Government can exist only in a pure atmosphere, maintained by enlightened heads; sanctioned by brave and honest hearts, and defended by brawny arms.—*Southern Monitor.*

☞Miss B. says that the first time a young man squeezed her dress, she felt as if she was in the land where the rainbows come from. How poetic a little hugging makes people!

☞He is by no means to be considered wise, who is not wise towards himself.

A Baby and a Basket.

The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian has the following good story among its police reports:

As Mrs. Esther Stansbury, residing in a court running from Race, below Sixth street, was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant recently, she found a basket suspended from the knob of the door. Putting her hand into the basket she felt something alive and kicking, so wrapped up in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A paper folded like a letter lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned into the house, and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was directed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

To JOE STANSBURY—*Sir*: I send you the baby which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. Oh, Joseph! what a sly old rake you are! Who would think that such a sober old spindle-shanks could be such a tearing down sinner? The child is yours—you may swear to that. Look at it—it's Joe Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe—letting on to be a widower! But do a father's duty by the young one and I'll forgive you.

Your heart broken NANCY.

P. S. Don't let that sharp-nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby. N.

Mr. Stansbury was in the basement kitchen, quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out:

"Stansbury, come up here, you villian!—Here's a mess for you!"

The astonished Stansbury hastily obeyed the summons.

"Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart-broken Nancy?" cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband hobbled into the room.

"Nancy! what Nancy's that?" said the sly old rogue, in well-feigned astonishment.

"Why, Nancy, the mother of this baby that's been hung up at the door, Mr. Stansbury! Oh, you look mighty innocent; just read that letter, and look into the basket!—Don't be afraid, it won't bite, it's got no teeth, poor thing. You'll know it; for, as the hussy says, its just like you, all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody."

In less than five minutes Mrs. S. had collected a room full of spectators—half of the inhabitants of the court—to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movement of which astonished everybody. "Its full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that shows its his. You'll soon see that it is like him in everything."

At last all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made its escape through the open door. It was a big *tom cat!*

A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little, and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers, and Lizzie seeing the effect of her words, hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I've been to scold so much, when my little girl could hear and be troubled about it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not bad; you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and O, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"O, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes.

The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom, "and I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"O, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much?"

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

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