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[It is not often that the name of Stephen A. Douglas is connected in our minds with literature, or anything outside of the fierce contentions of the political arena; but here is a poetical effusion which is credited to him.]

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Bury me in the morning mother—
O let me have the light
Of one bright day in my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night,
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear.—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here;
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Savior's love, mother,
I feel it is in my heart—
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part:
Forever to part, when here mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

THE WONDERFUL HOUSEMAID.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I'll bet I know somebody that's a great deal handsomer than she," exclaimed little Nell Summers in a lively tone, as she tossed her building blocks into a basket, pell-mell, and climed into the lap of her uncle Herbert. "Miss Kate Odell can't begin to be so beautiful as our Ellen."

"And who is 'our Ellen?' asked Mr. Lincoln, as he toyed with the child's sunny curls; "and how came little Miss Nell to know what her mother and I were talking about? We thought you were too busy with your fairy castles to listen to us."

"And if I was busy, couldn't I hear? It takes eyes and hands to build castles—not ears—don't you know that, Mr. Uncle?"

"If I didn't I do now;" and he roguishly pinched the small snowy ones that lay hidden behind the long ringlets. "But tell me little niece, where and who is that beautiful creature that rivals the belle of the season in charms, according to you?"

"Why, it's Ellen, our Ellen, and she's up stairs, I suppose."

"But who's Ellen, and what does she here?"

"Why, Ellen's the maid, and she sweeps and dusts and lays the table, and waits on it, too, and does everything that maids always do, and a great deal besides, for mamma never has to think any more, and George and I don't have to cry over our lessons.

"A wonderful maid, indeed," said uncle Herbert, in an incredulous tone; I fancy Miss Odell wouldn't be scared if she knew who her beautiful rival was. But how came she here?"

"Why, mamma hired her, as she does all her maids; and unless she gets married, we shall always have her, for I know she'll never do anything bad."

"A paragon, truly—this Ellen; pray explain mamma;" and Mr. Lincoln turned to his sister.

"I cannot," said she. "I can only corroborate what Nell has told you.—Ellen is a maid who has lived with me a fortnight only, and yet in that time has won my heart completely. In person—but as you stop to tea, you will see her, and you can judge yourself if she does not rival, and fairly, too, with the brilliant belle of the winter. In manners, she is a perfect lady; she has, too, exquisite taste and a tact in the management of household affairs that I never saw equalled—"

"Tell him how sweetly she sings," interrupted the little daughter. "She sings me to sleep every night, and I always feel, when I shut my eyes, as if I was going right up to heaven?"

"Bravo, Nell. A very angel of a housemaid she must be. I long to see her;" and he laughed in that peculiar tone which seemed to say, "you're telling me but a humbug story."

"You'll laugh the other side of your mouth," said Nell, earnestly, "won't he mamma, when he comes to see her?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered her mother gaily; "indeed, if he had not as good as owned that he had lost his heart to Miss Odell, I should not care to give so young and enthusiastic a man a glimpse of my pretty maid.—But list, I hear her gentle tread."

The door of the sitting-room was opened, and there glided into the room, with a step light as a fairy's, a young, slender, but exquisitely graceful female. The single glance which Herbert directed towards her, as she entered, filled his soul with a wondrous vision, for beauty sat enthroned upon every feature of the blushing face.—The fair oval forehead, the soft, dark eye with its long, drooping lashes, the delicately chiselled nose, the rose-tinted cheeks, the full scarlet lips, each items of loveliness, were blended in so perfect and complete a union, that one felt, as he gazed upon the countenance, as does the florist when he plucks a half-blown moss rose—Heaven might have made it more beauteous still, but this suffices.

There was a little embarrassment visible in her attitude, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of company, but only for an instant did she yield to it. Recovering herself hastily she said to Mrs. Summers:

"Did you decide, ma'am, to have tea an hour earlier than usual?"

It was a simple question, but the accents thrilled the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, if there is so much music in her voice when she speaks only as a servant to her mistress, how heavenly it might be in a lover's ear; and from that time he did not wonder at little Nell's remark about her songs of lullaby.

"We did, Ellen, and you may lay the cloth at once. My brother will stop with us."

Intuitively delicate, Herbert seemed all the while busy with his little niece, and did not once look towards the beautiful domestic during the moments that elapsed ere the tea was ready, yet he stole many a furtive glance at her through the golden curls of his little playmate, and when she glided from the room, he felt as though the sunshine was driven from his path.

"Isn't she more beautiful than Miss Odell, say, uncle?" whispered Nell, as the door closed on her. "Didn't I tell the truth when I said I knew somebody that was handsomer than she?"

"Indeed you did," said Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. "She is nearly perfect."

"I wish you could see her with her hair curled, uncle. Once or twice, when we were up stairs alone, she has let me take out her comb, and such long silky ringlets as I made by just twisting it over my fingers—oh, I don't believe you ever saw any so beautiful in all your life! I teased her to wear it so all the time, but she shook her head and combed them up into braids again, and said curls and house-maids didn't look well together; and when I asked why not, she said I'd know when I grew older, and then two or three great tears stood in her eyes, and I do believe, uncle, she cries some nights all the time, for her eyes look so red some mornings. Ain't it too bad that such a handsome girl should have to be a maid?"

"Yes, by my soul it is," said the young man, warmly. "Do tell me, sister, her story. There must be some romance in it. She has not been a menial all her life."

"What I know, I can tell in few words, Herbert. When Bessie, my last maid, gave notice of leaving, she said she could recommend a substitute, and I, not being very well, thought I would sooner trust her than run the risk of going day after day to the intelligence office. She said a young girl, who, with a widowed mother lived on the same floor with some of her friends, had applied to her for aid in obtaining a situation as maid, and she thought, that what she had seen and knew of her, she would suit me exactly. I was somewhat startled when I saw her, for though Bessie had told me how beautiful and lady-like she was, I was not prepared for the vision that met me—to tell the truth, in a most unbusiness and unhouse-keeperly way, I engaged her at once, without inquiring as to her abilities or her recommendation. She won my heart at sight and she has won my head since, for she is not only thorough in the performance of her duties, but executes them with a taste and judgment I have never seen excelled by any matron. If the day is cloudy, when you enter the parlor you will find that she has so disposed the window hangings, that the most will be made of the sunlight; if it is sunny, she will so arrange them that a gentle twilight seems to shadow you. She is, indeed a perfect artist in the arrangement of every thing, studying and combining effect and comfort.—I feel with you that her lot has not always been so lowly, but there is a certain respect that she inspires in one, that forbids close questioning. I incline to the opinion that she and her mother have been sorely pinched for means, and that finding needle-work an inadequate compensation, she has chosen to work out, as by that means, while she earns more a week, she saves her board from out their scanty income, and has time to rest. But here is papa and herself with the tea."

As soon as they were fully seated, and the cups had been passed, Mrs. Summers turned gently to the maid, as she waited beside her chair, and said, in a low tone, "we shall need nothing more at present." Quietly, but with visible pleasure, she withdrew; and as the door closed on her, Herbert exclaimed:

"Thank you, sister, for sending her away. I could not have borne to see so ladylike a creature wait upon me. It seemed clownish in me to sit for a moment while she was standing. In good sooth, if I had so fair a maid, I should be democratic enough to ask her to eat with me."

"And thus wound her self-respect. No, brother, she has chosen for some good reason her menial lot, and I can see would prefer to be so regarded.—All I can do, till I can further win her confidence, is to make her duties as little galling as possible. But come, sip some of her delicious tea. It will give you inspiration to compliment Miss Odell to-night."

"Miss Odell go to—France!" said the young man, hastily. "A painted doll—good for balls and parties, but no fitter for life in its realities than Nell's waxen baby!"

"He's beginning to laugh the other side of his mouth, isn't he mamma?" exclaimed the little girl. "I knew he'd love Ellen best."

Herbert blushed, and Mrs. Summers adroitly changed the conversation.—The housemaid was not alluded to again till an hour after tea had passed; when George, the eldest of the family, a bright but somewhat capricious boy of twelve, rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming eagerly:

"Mayn't Ellen stay in to-night, mamma, and go out to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly, if she chooses, my son."

"But she don't choose, and that's the trouble. I want her to stay, and she says she can't because her mother will be so anxious about her."

"But why do you wish her to stay, George? You certainly have no command of her or her time. Pray, what do you want she should do?"

"Why, I want her to show me how to do those horrible hard sums in the back part of the arithmetic, and I want her to tell me how to conjugate that awful irregular French verb, *aller*—I wish it would *aller* into France where it belongs—and I want her to hear my Latin and—"

"Turn into a *school-ma'am*, after toiling as maid all day. No, George, no—I have been very grateful to Ellen for the assistance she has shown you in your studies, but I cannot allow her leisure hours to be so sorely invaded," interrupted his mother, while her brother held up both hands in much amazement; for, to tell the truth, since he had seen the maid, he was prepared to believe everything wonderful of her, and would not have been surprised to hear that she knew as many tongues as Burritt himself.

"Verily," said he gaily, "this passes all—a housemaid, and hear your Latin lessons? What else does she know?"

"Everything," said George earnestly. "She can talk French better than monsieur, and *la belle* Italian tongue—oh, how sweet it is to hear her read and sing it! I tell you, Uncle Herbor, she knows the most of any woman I ever saw, and if you was a knight of olden times, you'd do battle for her beauty, and rescue her from the slavery of that old despot, poverty!" and the boy's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up, as though he would have grown a man that moment and shown his prowess.

"Bravo, George!" exclaimed his uncle. "She needs no more valiant knight than her youthful page promises to be. Should your right arm ever be wounded in the defence of your queen of beauty, advise me of it, and I'll rush to the rescue." The words were lightly spoken, but there was a meaning deeper and more divine involved in them than the speaker would have then cared to own, even to himself.

The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door closed on Ellen, little Nell was snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had borne her with kisses and music tones, and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ball room. But with all its light, splendor and gaiety, it had no fascinations for Uncle Herbert. His thought were with that beautiful girl, who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did Ellen the housemaid.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Summers had rightly conjectured the reason why one so gifted had become a menial, though not for many weeks did she learn the whole story. It was briefly this: The father of Ellen, Mr. Seymour, had been a prosperous merchant in a neighboring city. Wedded to a lovely woman, wealth flowing in upon him with a heavy current, a beautiful child to sport on his hearthstone, life for some years glided by like an airy dream. All the riches of his own and his young wife's heart were lavished upon Ellen, and as she grew up lovelier in person than even her infancy had promised, so she grew beautiful in mind and soul, the idol of the family altar.

She was in her eighteenth year when the first blow struck them—the long and fearful illness of the husband and father. A mere wreck of himself, physically and mentally, he was at length pronounced convalescent, although perfect health, the physician said, could only be bartered for in a sunnier clime.

They sailed at once for Italy. A year had been passed in that beautiful land, a delicious and exhilirating one to them all, for the step of the invalid had grown steadier each moment, his eye wore its wonted brightness, his cheeks their glow, and the pride of mind sat again enthroned upon the noble brow, when, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless heaven, there fell a second blow. The mercantile house, in which he was head partner, had failed—ay, and failed in such a way that, though innocent as a babe, his name was covered with infamy. It was too much for the spirit not yet strong. Poverty it could have borne, but disgrace shivered it entirely. He lay for some months in hopeless lunacy, never raving, but only sighing and moaning, growing each day paler and weaker. But he passed not so away. When the last hour of life drew near, his darkened soul was light again, and he tenderly counselled the two dear ones who had hung over him so faithfully, and bade them be of good cheer, for though wealth was gone, the unspotted honor of the husband and father should be yet shown to the world. Then commending them to the All Father, with a hand clasped by each, their sweet voices blended in holy hymns, he passed away. A grave was hollowed out for him on classic ground, and the snowy marble wreathed with affection's chaplets a few times, and then sadly the mourners turned away, a proud ship bearing them to their native land.

Where were the crowds that had flocked about them as they left its shores? Alas! the widow and her child found none of them. Alone, and unaided, they were left to stem the torrent of adversity. Theirs was a trite story. One and another thing they tried to do, but the obloquy that rested on the dead man's grave followed his living darlings, till poverty, in its most cruel sense, pressed heavily upon them.

"Let us go where we are unknown," said Ellen, passionately, yet mournfully, one evening, as, after a futile search for employment, she returned to their humble lodgings, and buried her weeping face in her mother's bosom. "They'll kill me with their cold, proud looks. I'd rather beg my bread of strangers than ask honest employment of these scornful ones, who trample so fiendishly upon our sacred griefs."

And they gathered up the remnants of their treasures, and silently, secretly, lest the shame should fly before them, went to a lonely home in the city, where we find them. There they readily procured needle-work, and all they could do for their fingers beautified every garment that passed through their hands. But the song of the shirt was soon the only one they could sing. Night brought no rest to the weary day, and though twenty, instead of the 'twelve hours' of the Bible were spent in toil, they were famished and frozen.

"Mother," said Ellen, one evening, as the hour of midnight found them still at work, "this is too much for woman. I shall sew no longer."

"But what will you do, darling?" and Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale, thin face; "shall we starve?"

"Mother," there was resolution in the tone now, "mother, I shall hire out as housemaid; don't attempt to dissuade me, my mind is determined. It is as honorable as this—I shall earn as much if not more than now; I shall save my board; I shall have my nights for rest." She pleaded till she won at last a tearful consent, and entered the service of Mrs. Summers.

* * * * * *

His sister's house had always been a second home to Herbert Lincoln, but now it seemed dearer than ever. Their tea-table, in particular, seemed to have a fascination for him, and at the end of a fortnight, he had sipped so many cups of Ellen's fragrant tea, that Mrs. Summers declared she should certainly present him a bill of board. And though in all that time he had not exchanged a dozen sentences with the beautiful maid, it was but too evident she was the magnet which attracted him.

Business now took him out of town, and three weeks elapsed ere he returned. As he was hastening from the depot, turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he had dreamed every night of his absence, and beside her, little golden-haired Nell.

"Uncle Herbert," cried the child, and embraced him passionately. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come home. We missed you so much." Then freeing him from her arms, she said, gracefully, "and here is dear Ellen, too, ain't you glad to see her again?"

Ellen blushed, but the young man so courteously extended his hand to her that she could not refuse it.

"I am happy to see Miss Seymour enjoying this beautiful day," said he in low gentle tones as respectfully as if addressing a queen.

"And I am happy to see Mr. Lincoln looking so well," responded the lady, with a quiet dignity, and she passed along.

"But where are you going, little neice?" said Herbert to Nell, detaining her a moment.

"Oh, to see Grandmamma Seymour, she is a sweet lady, too. Ellen took me there once, and it made so happy that mother lets me go now whenever she does," and she tripped away.

Herbert walked rapidly to the first corner, then turned and deliberately retraced his steps and followed the two, till he learned the street and number of Ellen's home.

That night as he carefully examined his bureaus, it occurred to him his supply of linen was quite too deficient, and forthwith he purchased a goodly sized parcel of the raw material, and at an early hour the next day was knocking at the door of the dilapidated house which he had seen Ellen enter. Through vaultlike halls, and up rickety stair-cases he wended his way till he found Mrs. Seymour's room. The beautiful and saintly face of the widowed mother fascinated him as completely as had the daughter's, and with a reverential tone he opened his errand. While she inspected the linen, and made inquiry as to the particular way he would have it made up, his eye glanced eagerly over the room.—The exquisite taste of the housemaid was visible everywhere. Geraniums and roses smiled in the winter sunbeams that crept so lovingly into the narrow casement; the white muslin that draped them hung in folds graceful as snow wreaths; pencilings as rich almost as mezzotints, hung upon the walls; the rockers were cushioned with rose colored muslin; bits of cloth, gorgeous in hue as autumn leaves, woven into matts, relieved the bare floor of its scanty look; a guitar leaned under the tiny mirror, and a few costly books were scattered in an artist-like way hither and thither, wherever the rambling eye would wish to see pinned some beautiful thing.

"This is Tuesday," said Herbert; "can I have one by Friday?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and sooner if you desire it."

Not sooner, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem even now to say that you have done so."

"It is the lot of the seamstress," said the lady calmly but sadly.

The young man could not trust his voice to reply, and hastened away.—In his office he gave way to his feelings: "She, the beloved and the beautiful, toiling in menial service, and that angel-like mother sewing for her living. It shall be so no longer. Thank God for riches," and he seized his pen and inscribed these words on a slip of paper, "an honest debt due your husband," he enclosed bank notes for five hundred dollars, and addressing the envelope to Mrs. Seymour, of ——— street, dropped it into the post office.

Could he have seen the grateful tears that stole down the widow's cheeks, and heard her soul-touching prayers, as she received it that evening, he would have realized the full force of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Oh, that it were Ellen's evening at home," said she, "thank Heaven, I may have her all to myself, again. With this sum in hand, we can be comfortable, without tasking ourselves as severely as heretofore. My beautiful child shall be no longer a menial."

Impatiently she awaited Friday evening, for then Ellen would surely be with her again. But that eve came and went, and she was left alone. A sudden and severe illness had attacked Mrs. Summers, and when Herbert entered her house on the evening of the same day he had sent the generous gift, he found it full of sorrow. The physicians only shook their heads sadly, when asked if there was any hope, and when the loving ones gazed on the white face of the sick one and marked the intensity of her agony, they turned away with fainting hearts. Now, the full beauty of the housemaid's character was developed. Instinctively, they gave up all to her. She directed the attendants, she soothed little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George, and spoke so sweetly to the mourning husband and brother, that the spirit of faith seemed in their midst. To the sick woman she was in very truth a ministering angel.

No hand so softly wiped her brow, so tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweetened the healing draught, brought such cool drinks to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministration, it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flower-crowned.

Day after day, and night after night, found the fair nurse beside her patient. Paleness gathered on her cheeks and lips, but the same sweet smile played there; lassitude quivered on her lids, but the same hopeful look beamed from the eye; the limbs trembled with weariness, yet obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked on in wonder that one so delicate held out so long under such heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, "under God, she is the healer."

And when the crisis came, when Mrs. Summers lay there so deathly that only by pressing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all; when husband brother, children and friends had stolen softly away, unable longer to restrain their cries, that young girl tarried still, motionless, almost breathless, silent her prayers going upward.

Oh, how dear she was to them all when again she appeared in their midst, and said in her own low, sweet music-tones, "You may hope."

"Bless you, bless you, faithful one!" exclaimed Mr. Summers, as he wound his arms around her. "Henceforth, you are one of the treasures of our household, the sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nellie and George, and thank her. Under Heaven, you owe to her your mother's life." Little wet faces were pressed to hers, and passionate kisses brought fresh roses into her cheeks. Then a manly hand—oh, how its pressure thrilled her nerves—grasped hers, and a full, rich voice murmured, "our angel, sent by God."

On a bright and glorious morning, in the month of roses, a splendid equipage drove from the city mansion of Mr. Summers. It held a family party, the wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nelly, puny, though out of all danger; the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter and spring's nursing; Mr. Summers, his fine face all aglow with chastened joy, and Herbert Lincoln, looking as though a lifetime of happiness was crowded into a moment.

It was the first long drive the physicians had permitted the invalids, and they knew not where they were going, at least, none but Herbert.

Ellen had declined going at first.—"I have seen my mother so little of late," said she, gently, "I think I must spend the holiday with her."

But they said no, and promised, if she would go with them then, they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked, as consenting at length, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in all his life, and longed with a frenzy he had never felt before, to fold her to his heart; the shrine which had been sacred to her from the first moment of meeting.

"What a lovely home!" exclaimed Ellen, as leaving the main road, they branched off into a splendid avenue, lined with graceful elms, and came in sight of a small but elegant mansion, draped with rose-vines, and embowered with rare shrubbery. "I trust it holds happy hearts."

"Yes," said Lincoln, warmly, "that it does, and we will to-day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop."—Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed like a beaming of light in fairy land, that beautiful place, to those senses so long pent up in the chambers of sickness.

They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the Graces, so charmingly were beauty and utility blended. A moment they waited ere the rustling of satin announced the approach of the lady, to whom they were making so unceremonious a call.

She entered, and in a second Nellie Summers was clasping her round the neck. "Grand-mamma Seymour, the faries did come to you, as you told me last week perhaps they would sometime. Oh, I am so glad."

Mr. and Mrs. Summers stepped forward and grasped her hand; but Herbert and George, where were they?—A scream from Nellie announced them. Pale and passionless Ellen lay in their arms. She had not seen her mother, but her eyes had caught sight of a small Greek harp in a pillared niche, her own father's gift, and sold by her when they left that proud city of scorn. Memories so many and sad had unstrung her nerves. Joy seldom kills, though. When awakening from her swoon, she met the tearful eyes of her mother, she felt assured there was some blest mystery to be told. It was all soon explained. Herbert and Mrs. Seymour had become fast friends in the past winter—he had cheered the lonely hours of Ellen's absence—he had learned her story and assured himself that foul wrong had been done her husband. Employing the best counsel in her native city, he bent all his own energies and talents to the cause, and sifted the matter to its very root, and triumphed, too. The fair name came back fairer than ever, and the wealth with it, too; the wretches who had blackened the one and stolen the other, cowardly fleeing, instead of making manly confession.

"I have to thank Mr. Lincoln for it all," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, at the close of her recital, "and I have to pay him yet," and she glanced archly at him. "Bills should be settled, even amongst friends."

Herbert hesitated a moment. Then he knelt beside her. "I have no mother," he said sadly. "Be as one to me, and I am repaid a thousand times."

She threw back the raven locks that clustered on his noble brow, and imprinted there a calm, sweet kiss.—"My son," said she solemnly," "I adopt you into my love; Ellen, receive a brother." But Ellen was gone.—They caught, however, a glimpse of white muslin in the green shrubbery, and she was followed, not by both, though; Mrs. Seymour had, indeed, risen, but a sudden thrilling pulse in her warm heart checked her, and she resumed her seat.

Herbert hastened out and found her under the shadow of an old elm, on a bed of moss, with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with a radiant look of joy, led her back to the house and to her mother's knee.

"As a brother, Ellen will not own me," said he, "but when I asked her if some day, not very far away, she would call me by a dearer name, she was more willing. Our hearts have long been one—bless, mother dear, oh, bless the union of our lives!"

How Not to Correct a Fault.

"Well, Sarah, I declare! you are the worst girl that I know of, in the whole country!"

"Why, mother! what have I done?"

"See there! how you have spilled water in my pantry! Get out of my sight; I cannot bear to look upon you—you careless girl!"

"Well, mother, I couldn't help it!"

This conversation I recently overheard between a mother and her daughter. Mrs. A. the mother, is a very worthy woman, but very ignorant of the art of family government. Sarah, her daughter, is a heedless girl, of about ten years old. She is very much accustomed to remove things out of their proper places, and seldom stops to put them in again. On the occasion referred to above, she had been sent to put water into the tea-kettle, and had very carelessly spilled a considerable portion of it upon the pantry floor. After the above conversation, which, on the part of the mother, sounded almost like successive claps of thunder on the ears of her daughter, Sarah escaped, in a pouting manner, into an adjoining room, and her mother wiped up the slop in the pantry.

Well, thought I, my dear Mrs A., if that is the way you treat your daughter, you will probably find it necessary to wipe after her a great many times more, if you both live. Such family government as here set forth seems to me to be liable to several serious objections.

The reproof was too boisterous. Children can never be frightened into a knowledge of error, or into conviction of crime. It is their judgment, and their taste for neatness and order, which need training, and not their ears.

It was too unreasonable. The child was, indeed careless, but she had done nothing to merit the title of "the worst girl in the country." Children are sensible of injustice, and very soon find it difficult to respect those who unjusily treat them.

It was too passionate. The mother seemed to be boiling over with displeasure and disgust; and under this excitement she despised her darling child—the very same that, in a short time afterward, when the storm had blown by, she was ready to embrace in her arms, as almost the very image of perfection.

It was inefficient. Sarah retired, under the idea that her mother was excited for a very little thing, which she could not help. Thus she blamed her mother, and acquited herself.

☞ If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate industry will supply them. Nothing is ever denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it. Remember, a man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as others—and is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertaking in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of all mankind.

The French Government and American Affairs.

Mr. Gaillardet, the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, and who also, by his articles in the Paris *Presse*, contributes very materially to the formation of public opinion in France relative to American affairs, writes as follows to the *Courier*:

"France saw with sincere and unanimous regret, discord appear in the bosom of a confederation which is in part its own work, and whose power is necessary to its interests. The wishes of France were favorable to a reconciliation, and to the Union. The Emperor Napoleon openly expressed his wish to Mr. Faulkner, and has abstained from saying or doing anything which could encourage the separation of the South, despite the advantages which such a separation promised to the commerce of Europe in general, and to that of France in particular. But today the division of the Union is accomplished; and at the moment when the Confederate States of the South apply themselves to enlarging the freedom of their ports to foreign industry, the North restricts the entrance to its harbors. While those lower their tariff, these raise theirs. It is the slave States who show themselves progressive, and free States who show themselves retrograde. The American people, which is so practical, may understand that Europe should be a little like itself, and go whither its interest call. The Southern Confederacy, by prohibiting the slave trade, as forestalled the moral opposition of Europe. There will be in America only five more free ports for us. This is what the Republicans of the North should not forget, if it is not already too late. The *Moniteur* says the new tariff should be one of the first sacrifices made to their reconciliation with the South; otherwise Europe will end by seeing only a fortunate event in a separation which she at first deplored; and *it will become not only a right but a duty for us to recognize the independence of the new Confederacy.*"

A Mexican Saint.

A letter from Guerero, Mexico, tells something of a new Saint, who is creating a great excitement at Mier, about ten miles distant from that place. It says:

"Fancy a man, about sixty years of age, very dark and vulgar looking, with a long white beard reaching half way to his waist, grey moustache and hair, with a hat of the old high crowned, broad brim Mexican style black wool, a coat of striped sack-cloth, pants of the same, a dirty white shirt, open down the bosom, sandals on a pair of very dirty feet, tied with strings coming up between the toes, and you have a *personnel* of a man who wields a rod of iron over about 2,000 human beings, and they following him and kissing his feet and hands, and firmly believing him to be the God of Hosts.

I was with him all day—took supper with him and had some conversation with him. I asked him about peace in Mexico and the United States. He said there never would be peace again, in either country, until the world was destroyed. His mode of doctoring is curious. His medicines are '*agua ardiente*' and water. He rubs it on the affected parts while the patient is kneeling. He has performed some astonishing cures, and supports the people who are with him. He buys beeves, divides amongst them, gives them clothing, and supports them entirely. Where the money comes from I do not know; but I do know that he supports them, and at an enormous expense. This is no hearsay what I have said. I have seen, and unless I had, would not believe."

Old Letters.

Never burn kindly letters. It is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words, lie folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod.

Above all, never burn love-letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one, who has just journeyed before her to the far off land, from which there comes no messages, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographer can so vividly recall to the memory of a mother, the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left her at the call of Heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their filial love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother, is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul.

Keep all loving letters, burn only the harsh and cruel ones, and in burning, forget and forgive them.

A Bad Night.—A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In hopes of abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest hour; but at length it was over and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching his home.

The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor.—In half an hour he reappeared, drenched with rain.

"Where in Heaven's name, have you been?" asked the host; viewing the singular looking object, which looked like a dog around the paws and a weeping willow about the head.

"I," said he, quietly shaking off the water, "I have been at home to tell my wife, that, as it was such a bad night, I should not return."

☞ Mr. Brown, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so—are you acquainted with him?"

"No, sir, I never seen him."

"Why then do you come to such a conclusion?"

"Cause, *he takes ten newspayers and pays for them in advance.*"