

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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DAILY EVENING STAR.

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BY JOSEPH B. TATE.

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96 ".....12.12 1/2	96 ".....24.25
97 ".....12.25	97 ".....24.50
98 ".....12.37 1/2	98 ".....24.75
99 ".....12.50	99 ".....25.00
100 ".....12.62 1/2	100 ".....25.25

ENCOURAGEMENT TO AMERICAN POETIC TALENT!

\$500 PREMIUM.
I am impressed as I am with the controlling influence which is exercised by the fine arts upon the direction and destiny of human affairs, it has given me immense pleasure to witness the beautiful manner in which, from time to time, painting and statuary have been encouraged and rewarded by the Councils of the Nation.

But, while this acknowledgment is due to the discerning and worthy patrons of these noble arts, it is an equal source of humiliation and sorrow to behold the apparent apathy and indifference with which they seem to regard the incomparably more valuable creations of poetry.

To see them adorn the walls of the Capitol with the glowing relations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chief d'œuvres of the sculptor, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of civilization. But, whilst they lavish their thousands upon these immortal products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned creations of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever yet invited the Prometheus fire of poetry to animate the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and order of proportion, lies asleep around the humble vault of Mount Vernon, ready to spring into life and beauty at the first kindling touch of this genial inspiration.

It surely were a work of supererogation to introduce the proofs that crowd the records of the past to show how far above all other stands the "divine art" of poetry. What are all the paintings, statues, and regalia of Versailles, of Fontainebleau, and the Tuileries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the costly pomp of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the colic ions of the Royal Academy, or even the time hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Biblen, and Campbell? Or what the world that we would take in exchange for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Well might the British statesman exclaim, "let me but write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

As far as the living, breathing man is above the cold insensate marble that is made to represent him; as far as the radiant skies of summer are above the perishable canvas to which the painter has transferred their feeble resemblance, so far is poetry above all other arts that have their mission to console and elevate and inspire the immortal mind of man.

In view of these facts, and considering the lamentable paucity of patriotic songs in my distinguished and beloved country, and with the hope of being the humble means of a proper public feeling upon this interesting subject, I have been induced to offer, and do hereby offer, the sum of five hundred dollars as a prize for the best National Poem, Ode, or Epic.

The rules which will govern the payment of this sum are as follows:
1st. I have selected (without consulting them) the following persons to act as judges or arbiters of the prize thus offered, namely:
The President of the United States.
Hon. A. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.
Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.
Hon. J. F. Hunter, do
Hon. J. C. Jones, do
Hon. J. H. Chandler, of U. S. House Representatives.
Hon. Anson White, do
Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do
Hon. D. F. Dixey, do
Hon. John P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.
Hon. John W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.
Dr. Thos. Saunders.
Joseph Bates,
Gen. R. Armstrong,
Dr. G. Bailey,
W. W. Eaton,
Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.
Wm. Schless, late Treasurer of the United States.
Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.
Rev. H. G. Burie, Pre-bbyterian Church.
Rev. A. Russell, Methodist E. Is. Episcopal Church.
Rev. Mr. Donelan, Catholic Church.

2d. These gentlemen, or any three of them, are hereby authorized to meet at the Smithsonian Institution on the second Monday of December next, at such place as they may appoint, and there proceed to read and examine the various poems which may have been received, and to determine which of them is most meritorious and deserving of the prize. And I hereby bind myself to pay the sum aforementioned to the author, or his heirs, within the time prescribed by the National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

All communications must be sent to me at Washington (post-paid) before the first Monday in December next, with a full and complete conveyance of the copyright to me and my heirs and assigns forever.

3d. I hereby bind and obligate myself to sell the poems thus sent to me as soon as practicable, for the highest price, and to give the proceeds to the poor of the city of Washington.

4th. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to the date, and received before the first Monday in December next.
R. W. LATHAM,
Feb 17—

Philadelphia Type and Stereotype Foundry
The subscriber would call the attention of Printer to the greatly reduced prices of the present list they now offer:
Folio at.....30 cts. Minion.....48 cts.
Small Pica.....32 " Nonpareil.....58 "
Long Primer.....34 " Agate.....72 "
Brevier.....37 " Pearl.....1 08 "
Brevier.....42 " Diamond.....1 60 "

Resolved to spare no expense in making their establishments as perfect as possible, they have recently got up a complete set of the justly celebrated Galleys, Presses, Cases, Stands, Chases, Galleys, Printing Ink, and every article used in a printing of the constantly on hand, at the lowest rates. Second-hand Presses, and Type used only in stereotyping, at reduced prices.
Books, Pamphlets, Music, Labels, &c., &c., stereotyped with correctness and despatch.
To B. Specimen Books will be sent to Printers who will be glad to make orders.
L. JOHNSON & CO.,
No. 6 Sansom street.

HOUSEKEEPERS' GOODS.

JOHN M. DONN & BROTHER have just opened and arranged a handsome assortment of Goods suitable for the season, viz:
Parian Marble Goods
Paper Mache and French painted do.
French China and Berlin Iron Goods, as Cups and saucers, Mugs, Cartridges, and Match Boxes, Dresden China, very handsome, Baskets and Work Boxes, Portable Desks, &c.

PLATED GOODS.
Handsome Castors, Mugs Tea Sets
Card and Cake Baskets, Goblets, Forks and Spoons
Mustards, Salts, and Napkin Rings.

LAMPS.
Solar, Etherial, Hall, &c.
BRONZED GOODS.
Fenders, Dogs, Shovel and Tongs, Spittoons
Candlesticks, Candelabras, Hatracks, Looking Glasses.

LOOKING GLASSES.
Very large gilt frame, mahogany, and walnut
Looking Glasses, Bracket Tables.

FURNITURE.
Several handsome painted Chamber Sets, very cheap and good.
Bureaus, Sofas, Extension Tables
Chairs of many patterns and shapes and material.
Bedstead, Beds, Mattresses, and Feathers in the bag
China, glass, stone, and crockery Ware in quantities, a large stock, well assorted, and cheap.

JAPAN WARE.
Toilet Sets, Candlesticks, Cake Boxes
Brushes, Woodware, Iron Ware
Clocks of several varieties and patterns, 30 hour and 8 day. Our stock is certainly the most complete of any kept in the District or perhaps at any other place.

We invite a call from persons in want of articles in the line of housekeeping, and we flatter ourselves they can be accommodated at our establishment promptly and at as reasonable prices for the quality as at any other place.
JOHN M. DONN & BROTHER,
Pennsylvania avenue, bet. 10th and 11th sts.
dec 30—1f

OFFICE DESKS.—We have just received a fine lot of Black Walnut Office Desks, manufactured in Philadelphia, a very neat, convenient, and substantial article, and will be sold low for cash by
ISRAEL & GREEN,
feb 24—3t
Opposite Avenue House, 7th st.

GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!
WITH such testimony, no stronger proof can be given, unless it be that of this wonderful Hampton's Vegetable Tincture.
Let the afflicted read! read!

BARRELLVILLE, ALEAGANT COUNTY, (Md.),
May 4, 1852.
To Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray:

DEAR SIR: In justice to Dr. Hampton's Vegetable Tincture, I wish to inform you that I was taken sick on the 3d day of January last, with an affection of the stomach, bowels, and kidneys. I was attended by four eminent physicians for more than two months—all to little effect. I had some knowledge of the great virtue in Hampton's Tincture from one bottle which my wife had taken two years since.

I came to the conclusion that I would take no more medicine from my physicians, but try the Tincture; and I am happy to inform you I had not taken it two days before I felt its powerful influence upon my stomach. I have continued using the Tincture, and am now able to leave my room, and can eat any common diet without much inconvenience or pressure on my stomach.

The afflicted or their friends are daily visiting me, to learn of the great virtue there is in this Tincture of Hampton's.
I expect to send you several certificates in a few days especially from a young lady who has been confined to her room twelve months, with a disease of the head, affecting the brain.

Respectfully yours,
E. W. HALL.
On the permanency of the cure hear him. Still another letter from the above!

BARRELLVILLE, ALEAGANT COUNTY, (Md.),
October 13, 1852.
Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray:

DEAR SIR: I am happy to inform you that this day finds me in the enjoyment of good health, by the use of your Hampton's Tincture and the blessing of God. I am enabled to pursue my daily avocations as usual, and I have a great desire that the afflicted should know the great curative powers of the Tincture.
I am, with respect, yours,
E. W. HALL.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURES made by Hampton's Vegetable Tincture on our most respectable citizens—men well known and tried—we challenge the world to show anything on record in medicine to equal it. Many hundreds who have felt its healing powers bear the same testimony.

BALTIMORE, July 6, 1852.
Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray: Gents: Last September I was attacked with erysipelas, from which a dreadful ulcer formed on my right leg. Getting better of this, last November I took a deep cold, which led to what my physician told me was bilious pleurisy, which left me with a constant, deeply seated, and painful cough, having no rest day or night, and constantly throwing up from my lungs a thick matter. I became much emaciated, growing weaker every day, and keeping my bed the greater part of the time. My friends thought I had the consumption, and at times I was also of the same opinion. At this stage of my disease, after having tried many and various remedies, without success, a friend advised me to try DR. HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, and procured me a bottle, which I now pronounce the greatest medicine I ever took. Before I had taken half the contents of one bottle I felt much improved; and now, having taken but two bottles, my cough and pains have entirely left me, and I am enabled to attend to business. I can truly say that, with the blessing of God, I have been restored to the health I now enjoy by the use of this most invaluable medicine. Yours,
WESLEY ROCK,
Schroeder, near Saratoga street.

PORTSMOUTH, (Va.), Aug. 15, 1851.
Mr. J. E. Boush—Dear Sir: While I am in general opposed to Patent Medicines, candor compels me to state that I have great confidence in the virtues of Hampton's Vegetable Tincture. For several months past I have used it in my family, and in my dyspepsia, loss of appetite, dizziness, and general debility, with entire success. So far as my experience extends, therefore, I take pleasure in recommending it to the afflicted as a safe and efficient remedy.
VERNON ESKRIDGE,

DR. MORRIS'S
Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir.

THIS medicine has been in use for several years and so great are its curative virtues that many cases which were considered incurable have been permanently cured by the use of one bottle of the Elixir.

Many persons are afflicted with uneasy and painful feelings after eating, in all such cases the use of the Elixir, according to direction will give the highest satisfaction, giving relief immediately and in a few days effecting a permanent cure.

Infants teething are often attacked with spells of vomiting. The Elixir on occasions of this character is the mother's best friend as a few light doses restores the stomach to its natural healthy tone.

In short no individual or family should be without so valuable a medicine.
Sold by C. STOTT & CO, cor. of 7th street and Penn. avenue; W. ELLIOTT, cor. of E and 12th street; PATTERSON & NAIRN, cor. 9th and Pennsylvania avenue.
feb 7—1f

E. C. CARRINGTON.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office, east wing of the City Hall.
Feb 17—

R. H. LASKEY,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
PRACTICES in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.
Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth street.
dec 30—

THE STUDENT:
A Family Miscellany and Monthly School-Reader.
EDITED BY N. A. CALKINS.

THIS work has now entered upon its sixth volume with more flattering prospects than ever before. Its objects—Physical, Moral, and Intellectual improvement—have been so successfully carried out, as to meet the unqualified approbation of its thousands of readers. Being so arranged as to adapt it to every member of the family, from the child to the parents, it occupies a broader field than any other Magazine extant, and is emphatically THE FAMILY MISCELLANY.

THE SUBJECTS
Treated in its pages embrace The Sciences, including important discoveries; History, with the leading current events of nations, countries, and of individual acts; Biography of distinguished persons, illustrated with portraits; *Natu History* embracing descriptions and illustrations of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Trees, Plants, Fruits, and various productions of nature. These are enlivened, and rendered more interesting by pleasing facts, historical incidents, and illustrative anecdotes. Besides all this, appropriate Music is given, to gladden the happy home with pleasant songs.

OUR MUSEUM
Is a feature which attracts much attention from the young and old. This is filled with mental curiosities composed of gems of knowledge, embracing both literary productions of the present day and relic of former times, as found in philosophy, science, history, belles-lettres, and anecdotes. Among its varieties may be seen origin of words, sayings, questions from correspondents, their answers also enigmas, puzzles, wit, and pebbles uncommon picked up along the shores of reading.

THE PLAN OF THE WORK
Is unlike any other before the public. Several pages are devoted to articles in prose and poetry, from the ablest writers, embracing subjects of interest for the older members of the family, and the advanced classes in school. The *Youth's Department* contains narratives to each valuable moral lesson, relating to habits, conduct, etc.; also, travels, natural history, and articles on scientific subjects, adapted to the capacity of the young. For Children a few pages contain articles with easy words and simple ideas, to teach some moral lesson or fact in history or nature. *Teachers and Parents* will find a portion devoted to useful suggestions relating to their duties and responsibilities. A *Record of Events*, embracing a brief summary of the news, from month to month, is given. Its *Literary Notices* of books, etc., will acquaint the reader of the publication and character of new books, particularly of such as are suitable for the family, the student, or the school library.

A MONTHLY SCHOOL READER
Is one of the leading characteristics of this work. It is adapted to classes of different grades, and furnishes fresh and entertaining matter every month, thus imparting to the pupils a variety of useful information that cannot be obtained from their school books, while it develops a taste for reading. Its utility in this respect has been thoroughly proven, and hundreds have testified to its superior usefulness in the schoolroom.

THE AIM OF THE STUDENT
Is to develop intellect, interest and instruct them in kindle a love for such learning as will be practically useful in life. While its pages breathe a high moral tone, and inculcate none but pure principles, they will be free from party and sectarian prejudices, endeavoring to do the greatest good to the greatest number.

THE STUDENT
Is published on the first of each month, containing THIRTY-two large octavo pages, with numerous illustrations, on the following

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Single copy 1 year...\$1 00 | Eight copies one yr...\$6 00
Five copies " 4 00 | Fifteen copies " 10 00

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To any post-office in the United States, when paid quarterly in advance, is only half a cent a month, of SIX CENTS A YEAR.

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FOWLERS & WELLS,
131 Nassau-street, New York.

N. B.—Editors, Postmasters, Teachers, and Clergymen are respectfully requested to act as agents for this work.
Jan 14—

A CHEAP AND GOOD FAMILY PAPER.

THE WEEKLY PENNSYLVANIAN
Is published by WM. H. HOPE, at 78 South Third street, Philadelphia, at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This Journal will contain each week, Twenty-eight long columns of choice reading matter, comprising gems of original and selected Poetry, Tales, Political and Literary articles, News both foreign and Domestic, the proceedings of Congress and our State Legislature, and a full and complete Weekly Summary of the state of the Philadelphia Markets. In fact, the WEEKLY PENNSYLVANIAN will contain everything calculated to make it an acceptable FAMILY VISITOR.

To one who has been in the habit of reading the PENNSYLVANIAN, it is unnecessary to say this Journal will maintain the reputation it has hitherto borne as a National paper, freely and boldly defending the Constitution and the Union against the attacks of the fanatics of the North and the disunionists of the South. The cardinal principles of the Democratic Party will be maintained in all their freshness, vigor, and purity; and no departure from our cherished doctrines, winked at, or innovation tolerated.

It has been our continued effort to make the Democratic masses a reading people, and we are pleased to find that they are becoming more and more so every day. But our desire is to make them still more studious.

Our Democratic friends throughout the Union, are called upon to aid in increasing the already wide circulation of the WEEKLY PENNSYLVANIAN; by so doing, they will not only be helping us, but also aiding in circulating Democratic truths that will produce a glorious result. That our readers may be persuaded to help us, we offer the following inducements:

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We will send to one address,
Six Copies for Five Dollars
Twelve Copies for Nine Dollars.
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No Orders will be attended to unless accompanied by the Money.
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F. A. TUCKER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
UNDER NATIONAL HOTEL.

IS FULLY prepared, in his usual style, to supply his customers and the public with the various articles of wearing apparel appertaining to a gentleman's wardrobe.

Members of Congress and strangers, visiting the city are invited to call and examine his goods, consisting of Cloths of various grades, colors, and manufactures, and all sorts of Cassimeres, Vests, &c. &c.
dec 16—

DAILY EVENING STAR.

THE THORN CROWN.
Man! in glory would'st thou shine?
Would'st thou of a crown divine
Be the eternal wearer?
See this crown of sharpest thorn,
Mark it well—by whom 'twas borne—
Follow Him, the bearer.

This, the loving Saviour wore it;
This he hallowed when he bore it
On his brow so glorious;
This the helm that graced his forehead,
When that ancient foe abhorred
Down he smote victorious.

Helm, on Soldier's forehead shining,
Laurel, Conqueror's brow entwining,
High Priest's mitre dread!
'Twas of thorns! but now behold,
'Tis become of pur-est gold,
Touched by that Uest head!

THE DEAD WIFE.
BY MRS. C. W. DENISON.

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or two stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hands may unwittingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight.

You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hauds that have ministered so untrudgingly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulders; no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh! it is so sad!"

The little one, whose rest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tiny hand to stay the tears, and then nestles back to his father's breast, half-conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly is broken.

There is so strange a hush in every room! No light step passing round. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks!—it was such music when she could hear it.—Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

It strikes one! the fatal time when the death warrant rang out—there is no hope. Two! she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to tread the valley of the shadow. Three! The babe has been brought in, its little face laid on her bosom for the last time. Four! Her breath comes fainter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow.

Five! There is a slight change—oh! that she might live! Father, spare her. "Thy will be done."

It was her soft, broken accents. Yes! Heavenly friend, who gavest her to bless me—Thy will be done!

Six! there are footsteps near. Weeping friends around. She bids them farewell as she murmurs—"Meet me in Heaven." The damp drops gather upon her pallid features at the seventh hour. She lies very still—sometimes she hears sweet music. Eight! passing away so gently! But her hand clings to yours—and so she lies while that old house clock tolls for nine—ten—eleven—twelve solemn strokes. You spring to your feet. The lips are still—cold to your

lips. The hand has fallen back; its touch grown icy. She is gone. She will never speak to you again on earth. You must bear that cold gaze that love so lately kindled—and you fall weeping by her side.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth too—of joys past—of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—oh! how often, that the grave cannot keep her. You know she is in a happier world, yet that sometimes she is by your side, an angel presence. You look at your innocent babe, and think that a seraph is guarding it. Cherish these emotions: they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections, give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you, that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory, so may you meet her with a soul unstained; a bright and beautiful spirit-bride, where no one shall say any more forever, she is dead.

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