

# DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 149.

## DAILY EVENING STAR.

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(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

On D street, between 12th and 13th streets,  
BY

JOSEPH B. TATE.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscribers served by the Carriers at six cents a week, payable weekly. To mail subscribers \$3.50 a year; \$2 for six months.

### Encouragement to American Poetic Talent! \$500 Premium.

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 infinite pleasure to witness the bountiful 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, 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 revelations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chef d'œuvres of the chisel, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of refinement. But, whilst they lavish their thousands upon those immobile products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned ovals of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever yet invited the Promethean fire of poetry to animate the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and wonder 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 Tuilleries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the kingly panoply of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the collections of the Royal Academy, or even the time-hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Dibden, and Campbell? Or what has 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 canvass 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 our 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. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.
- Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.
- Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, do
- Hon. Jas. C. Jones, do
- Hon. J. R. Chandler, of U. S. H. Repts.
- Hon. Addison White, do do
- Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do do
- Hon. D. T. Disney, do do
- Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.
- D. J. W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.
- D. Thos. Saunders.
- Joseph Gales, of the Press.
- Gen. R. Armstrong,
- Dr. G. Bailey,
- W. W. Seaton,
- Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.
- Wm. Seldon, late Treasurer of the U. S.
- Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.
- Rev. R. R. Gurley, Presbyterian Church.
- Rev. S. S. Roszell, M. E. 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 hour 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 forthwith, to whoever they shall present to me as the person who has written, within the time prescribed, the best National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

3d. 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.

4th. 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.

5th. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to this date, and received before the first Monday in December next.

R. W. LATHAM.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 10, 1853. Feb. 17—

Light Kid Gloves, Black Nett Mitts, &c.  
20 doz. Bajou's light colored Kid Gloves  
10 do. white do.  
15 doz. Black Nett Mitts  
100 " Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,  
every quality.

Call and see WM. R. RILEY,  
corner 8th street, opposite the Market.  
may 6-1m

**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

**G. L. GIBBERSON,**  
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 on Louisiana avenue, near 7th street.  
jan 3—

**WILLIAM H. BAUM,**  
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,  
On Maryland Avenue, near Seventh Street.  
IS PREPARED to undertake any kind of BUILDING, REPAIRING attended to with promptness.  
ap 21-6w

**NEW CIGAR STORE.**  
WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his new Store, corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and SNUFF.  
Call and try for yourselves!  
ap 25-tf

**COOPER & MCGHAN,**  
PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,  
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers,  
HAVING removed to C street adjoining the Bank of Washington, would respectfully invite all persons wanting work in their line to give them a call, as they intend to do work in New York style and for New York prices.

H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. MCGHAN is a practical Plumber from New York.  
Call and see us.  
ap 15

**PHILIP BOTELER,**  
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,  
D Street, between 8th and 9th streets.  
m 18-tf WASHINGTON.

**HOWELL & MORSELL,**  
(Successors to Oliver Whittlesey.)  
DEALERS IN  
OILS, LAMPS, GLASSES, & WICKS,  
of every description,  
PAINTS, VARNISH, BRUSHES, & GLASS.  
Artists' Materials of every description.  
Todd's Buildings, C street.  
may 23-tf WASHINGTON.

**L. F. BUTTS.**  
TIN, SHEET IRON, & COPPER SMITH,  
Near the corner of 7th and F streets, Island.  
All orders punctually attended to.  
may 20-tf

**MAGUIRE, Fashionable Hatter,**  
North side Penn. av., two doors below 43 st.  
Would inform his customers and the public that he has just opened a very large assortment of Spring and Summer HATS and CAPS, of the latest styles, to which he would call their attention; among which are: Superior Mole-skin, Silk, Cassimere, and Slouch HATS; Drab, Beaver, Brush, and Pearl HATS; Panama, Leghorn, Canton, Braid, German, Sennet, Palm Leaf, and other STRAW HATS; Children's Fancy do.; Boys' and Youths' HATS, of all styles and qualities. Also, Wool and other Common HATS. All of which he will sell at very low prices. Those wishing to purchase anything in his line, will do well by calling at  
MAGUIRE'S,  
m 13 Pennsylvania avenue.

**COLT'S REVOLVING PISTOLS, &c.**  
A LARGE and complete assortment of Colts' and Allen's REVOLVERS of all sizes and qualities just opened and for sale by  
JNO. W. BADEN.  
South side Penn. avenue, near 6th st.  
ap 9-2aw6w

**TO THE PUBLIC.**  
**Garner's Vegetable Pain Extractor.**  
HAVING, for the last fifteen years, been engaged in examining the medical properties of the various plants of the vegetable kingdom, in order to ascertain that if by a proper and proportionate combination and blending of several kinds into one harmonious whole, a liquid medicine could not be obtained that could be used internally and externally without injury to the human system, and that would relieve poor, suffering humanity of some of the diseases that flesh is heir to, I flatter myself that I have produced such a medicine, which I call **GARNER'S VEGETABLE PAIN EXTRACTOR**, that, for its efficacy in removing pain and disease from the human body, stands unrivalled in the history of medicine. This is no idle boast, as I first tried its virtues in my own family and then administered it to my friends and acquaintances until several hundreds have used it, and who are as much astonished and delighted as myself at the almost miraculous cures it has performed.

Satisfied of its wonderful powers, and at the earnest solicitation of my friends, I have determined to spread it broad-cast throughout the world, and for this purpose I have appointed Mr. G. L. GILCHRIST, of the city of Washington, D. C., my General Agent, who is prepared to supply Agents with any quantity of this valuable medicine. To him all letters and orders must be addressed, (post-paid,) which will meet with prompt attention.  
may 26-tf GEORGE W. GARNER.

**E. BURNETT'S**  
CONFECTIONARY AND FRUIT STORE,  
Corner of Penn. avenue and 14th street,  
next Kidwell & Laurence's Drug Store.

CONSTANTLY for sale, at the lowest cash prices, CONFECTIONARY, of all kinds, CAKES, Foreign FRUITS and NUTS, ICE CREAM, \$2 per gallon—families supplied at the shortest notice. TOYS and FANCY ARTICLES at reduced prices.

The public are respectfully informed that all Cakes and Confectionary advertised as above are made expressly for the establishment by the undersigned.  
may 2-7w J. G. WEAVER, Agent.

### Not In—The Widow Punished.

BY ALICE CAREY.  
She waited in the drawing-room,  
Good Mrs. Mabel Moore;  
Six fiances of pretty lace  
Were on the dress she wore;  
Upon her bosom a French rose,  
And on her capsome satin bows.

One little foot just peeped without  
Her petticoatso white;  
Her hair, a litt' gray, 'tis true,  
Was put in curl and bright:  
And sweet her plances shone around,  
As if some goodthing she had found.

The clock was on the stroke of eight,  
And still she sat apart,  
Now listening close, and laying now  
One hand upon her heart;  
And toying with her curls and rings,  
And doing other girlish things.

At length a step was heard, and then  
A ringing at the door;  
"Five minutes and a half too soon,"  
Said Mrs. Mabel Moore.  
Then to her maid—"It is no sin,  
Go quick, and say I am not in."

"For if he loves me as he says,  
He can afford to wait,  
And come again precisely at  
Five minutes after eight.  
My nerves are really quite unstrung,  
So very earnestly he rung."

But true love never did run smooth,  
As oftentimes is told;  
And when the door was opened wide,  
And shivering in the cold,  
The maid beheld the expected guest,  
She smiled and courtesied her best;

And told him with a grace as sweet  
As if she craved a boon,  
Her mistress had declared it was  
A little bit too soon.  
And that she thought it was no sin  
To send him word she was not in.

"Ah, very well," the guest replied,  
"In truth I make no doubt,  
That whether she be in or no,  
I've surely found her out."  
And she who sent him from the door  
Remaineth Mrs. Mabel Moore.

### THE CHILD'S COFFIN; OR, THE REPENTANT CRIMINAL.

BY SAMUEL C. ALLEN.  
I was coming home one night from attending a patient who resided at Hendon, and who promised not to be long for this world, when as I crossed a stile that led me into the high road, after which I had a near cut across some fields, I heard words of contention between a man and a woman.

It was an autumnal evening, and twilight was fast disappearing, yet there was sufficient to distinguish the figures of two persons, who were too intent upon their quarrel to see me as they passed the stile, particularly, as I paused and drew back a little.

"You shall carry it," cried the man, with a brutal oath: "you shall carry it. I know well that if I don't take care that you have a good hand it, you will be preaching upon the whole affair some of these days. Carry it."—curses.

"Oh! John, John, I am ill, so ill."  
"I'll be hanged. Come on. It's an excuse. You don't like to carry a coffin, but shall."

"I—I am faint, John. I do not know what it is that has come over me, but I—I am very faint and ill. Oh! if this should be some judgment of God. Oh! John, John, let us repent."

"Silence, will you? D—n it, how do I know but some one may be listening? Give me the coffin. Confound you, won't you come on? I wish I had the buying of your own coffin instead of the child's. Come on, will you? What! you'll lie down, will you? Take that, then."

I heard a blow or a kick given; and I commenced whistling with all my might as I tramped on after them with a quick step. This had the effect of stopping any further violence, and all was still till I had reached the spot where the man and woman were. The latter was upon the ground, while the man had an odd-shaped bundle of something upon his shoulder, which was so well disguised that if I had not, from their previous conversation, known it was a coffin, I certainly should not have recognized it as so disqual an object.

"A fine evening," I said. "Halloa! any thing amiss?"

"Oh dear—God bless you—no, sir," said the man, in a canting voice, "the Lord be good to us—no sir. It's my wife, bless her heart, she's a little tired or so—that's all. Come, old woman, get up: the Lord will help you."

The woman struggled to her feet with difficulty.

"Good evening, sir," said the hypocritical scoundrel; "good evening, sir; I thank you, sir."

"Oh! I'm going your way," said I. He paused a moment.

"Oh!" he said, "to Hampstead, sir, I suppose. Come, old woman, keep up—Think of the Lord, and cheer up."

"Partly to Hampstead," said I, "and partly not. It's a bracing night, ain't it? I have come across the fields and don't know much about here. Is that a public house?"

"Yes, sir: that is the resort of sinners called the 'Bull and Bush.' Ah, sir, if people would think of their immortal state it would be better for all."

"Why—why, old woman, you can't get on?"

"Dear, dear, the Lord help us."  
But for the offered assistance of my arm, the woman must have fallen. Dim as the light was, I could see vexation depicted upon the man's face; and he shifted the coffin first on to one shoulder and then on to the other, to see if he could not help the woman without me, but that I took good care he should not do; and I said:

"She seems ill, indeed. I will help you to your own door, if you are not going far."

"But we are going far," he said, "the Lord willing."

"Oh, well," I replied, "never mind, I have plenty of time."

There was no such thing as getting rid of me without a quarrel, and that he seemed to be afraid of; so we walked on in silence for some distance down a dark turning, and then down another, until we stopped at the door of a cottage, when he said: "Good night, sir—good night. We are at home now. Good night. The Lord be with you, sir."

"Amen," said I: "good night," and away I walked at a brisk pace, never once looking behind me for nearly a quarter of a mile; and then I turned and ran back swiftly upon my toes, for I felt a strong conviction that something was wrong, although I had no direct clue to what it was. I had taken sufficient notice of the cottage to reach it without any difficulty, and in a few minutes—rather out of breath, I admit—I stood before it.

It was one of those cottages with a door in the centre, and latticed window at each side; but there were shutters to the windows on the inside, which provokingly prevented me from getting a glimpse; and there I stood fancying there was some secret within, but totally unable to find out what it was. I fancied too that I heard the murmur of voices, and being resolved not to be foiled, if possible, I made my way to the back of the cottage, where there was a garden, and thence got into a kind of scullery or wash-house. There was a window exactly the level of my eyes, and I once saw into a room, where a scene was going on which transfixed me with horror and astonishment.

The man and the woman were both in the room; on a chair was placed a small, common, rough-looking child's coffin. At the moment that I looked into the room, the woman was upon her knees with both hands uplifted, as if in supplication, while the man stood over her with his fists clenched, and in an attitude as if to strike her.

"Oh! John, John," she said, "you know he is not dead. John, have mercy—have mercy! Do not do it! Oh, God, God, do not let him do it!"

"Peace, fool—peace, I say, or you will tempt me to silence you most effectually. Get the child—get the child."

"John, John, it only sleeps—no, it is not dead. Oh! God, oh! it's not dead, John. You know I got the laudanum from Mr. Spragg, and you gave it. Oh, no, no, no! You cannot, now that it has come to the point, put the living child into the coffin. It will awake—it will recover. Oh!—oh!—oh! Kill me first."

"But you consented. You know you consented. And when Mrs. Blanchard left you the twenty pounds, and said that she'd not be back from France for a year, you consented to make away with the brat."

"I was mad."

"You are mad now. But if you won't get the child, I will. It won't awaken till it's under ground in the morning, I'll be bound: and then it don't matter. We haven't killed it, after all. Didn't we send for Mr. Spragg, and didn't he look at it, and say it was dead?"

"No, no, John: Mr. Spragg came, but he never went into the room, where the child lay. You know he did not."

"What is that to you? Confound you, the coffin is too small, or you should get into it as well. Oh, you won't leave go, won't you? We'll soon see about that. Take what you deserve."

A blow struck her down, and then he stepped to a little bed that was in the room, and took from it what looked like a sleeping child, and crammed it into the coffin. His wife recovered sufficiently to see what he was about, and clung to his knees shrieking. He struck her with his disengaged hand, and commenced putting on the lid of the coffin. I ran round the house, and snatching up a stake, was about to dash in one of the windows, but I stayed my hand, for I thought I might do better.

"John, John, John!" I shouted, "a gentleman wants you at the 'Bull and Bush' directly."

I hid myself instantly, and in about a minute the door opened, and the fellow appeared shading the light with his hand.

"What's that? what's that?" he cried: "who wanted me? Mr. Lane is it? Who called I—I must have only fancied it, and yet it was so plain. Confound it, I could have sworn it. Never mind."

He closed the door again, but I was not disposed to give him any peace. He had given me a hint upon which I acted.

"John, John," I cried again in a loud voice: "John, Mr. Lane wants you at the 'Bull and Bush' directly."

"Who the devil is it?" he said, coming to the door again in a moment: "where are you? Mr. Lane, did you say? I'll come, of course, directly."

He went into the cottage as I guessed, to say something to his wife; and then in half a minute he came out with his hat on, and walked out in the direction of the public house I had named. I did not hesitate a moment, but went to the door and rapped at it. As I did so, I found that it yielded to my hand, being merely placed close without fastening; so I went in at once, and passing through the first room, reached the inner one where the woman was, whose compunction for the deed she had consented to, had brought upon her such ill-usage. She was on her knees by a chair, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Woman!" I said.

She sprang up with a cry of terror, and I laid my hand upon the coffin-lid, which I saw was nailed down. With my other hand I pointed upwards.

"God," I said, "has seen this night's work."

She shook for a moment or two, and then fell into a swoon at my feet with a heavy dab, as if she had been a corpse.

A hammer and a chisel lay upon the next chair to that which held the coffin, and my first care was to wrench open the lid of the death-like receptacle, and rescue the child. The woman never moved; and a thought struck me which I at once carried into practice. I recollected having seen some loose bricks in the yard, and dashing out, I got four of them, which I laid in the coffin. They filled it well, being rather jammed in. I then fastened the lid again as I found it; and taking the child in my arms, I darted from the cottage, closing the door behind me, and ran on towards Hampstead.

I had not gone far before I met a woman, to whom I said:

"Do you know where Mr. Spragg, the medical man, lives?"

"Why, Lor'a massy," she said, "you're only just passed his blue lamp. May I make so bold to ask, sir, what you—"

"Thank you, that will do," said I; and I darted over the road to a house where there was a blue lamp, sure enough, indicative of the dwelling of Mr. Spragg. I should not wonder but that I rang rather violently, for Mr. Spragg's bell handle came off in my hand; and when a servant appeared, she had quite a terrified look.

"Is Mr. Spragg at home," I said.

"Ye—ye—yes, sir. He is at home.—But if it's accident Mr. Spragg would rather not have anything to do with it. He don't like accidents and low people, and advises an 'ospital.'"

I pushed the servant aside and made my way into a parlor, where sat an effeminate looking young man over his tea and muffins.

"Good God!" he said, "what's that? I—I really—if it's an accident, go to some general practitioner. I only attend to ladies—a—a"

"You are a fool," said I; "I am a physician. This child is suffering from the effects of a narcotic. Get some nitric directly, or else I'll have you transported as an accessory, as sure as you are born—for you sold the laudanum."

"Srans—port—ed. Good God! I could not live without cold cream, and they don't allow it, I think. You are a physician—a—a—a—My dear sir, what do you think is the very best dye for whiskers that have a—a tendency to get a little red?"

I was amazed and mortified to find such an ass in the profession.

[To be concluded to-morrow.]

**OATHS IN PARLIAMENT.**—The bill, which was mentioned by Lord John Russell in his reply to a deputation on the question of the admission of Jews into Parliament, that Lord Lyndhurst was about to introduce into the House of Lords, for the purpose of altering the oaths to be taken by persons now by law required to take the oaths of allegiance, supremacy and abjuration, has been printed. The following oath is to be substituted:—"I, A. B., swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and that I will maintain the succession of the crown as established by an act, intitled, 'An act for the further limitation of the crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject; and I do make this recognition, declaration, and promise, heartily, willingly, and truly, upon the true faith of a christian, so help me God.'" The name of the Sovereign for the time being is to be inserted, and the penalties for not taking the oath are to remain in full, as at present. The affirmation of Quakers, &c.: the 10th George IV., chap. 7, for the relief of Roman Catholics, are not interfered with. The 6th clause provides that "nothing herein contained shall be construed to alter or affect the declaration now required to be made by persons of the Jewish religion by the provisions of an act intitled, 'An act for the relief of persons of the Jewish religion, elected to municipal offices.'"