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## publisheo UUecking BY:SWAM\& SHERTVOD <br>  <br> THE PATRIOT. <br> nownern <br> $\qquad$

Letter on the Deathr of a Child.

ing paeves and unfolding bloom, the traitipr fien
roosumes the roo, and all the beauty fille.
You ate not surprised that my letter opena
wihh a serious sffectusn on the fleeting otace of
earthy pleau res. This $n y$ frequent theme will
continue, I believe, till my eyes are thur won
fisis world, ond $I$ repose apon a bed of dus. The

biessing you
the fear that
undergone
Lure can experience. Thave seen a dear and
ooly chid, the ilite companion of my bours
lefiucre, the delight of my eyer, the pride of $m$,


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| and the scene of vanisy and vexation closed. To often draw lowards the graves, and my eyes turn towards the vault, where all the contentions of this world cease, and where the weary are at rest. I prase with Seloman the dead who wre alreads dead, more than the living who are yet alive. <br> I will call reason and religion to my and. <br> Prayera and tears cannot restore my child, and to God whe made us we must submit. <br> Perhaps he was snatched in meres from some impending woe. In life he might have been miserable, in death he must be happy. I will not think him dead - 1 will not consider him coffined in the vaulh,or mouldering in the aust--but risen -clad with true glory and immortality - gone to the regions of elernal day, where he will never know the loss of parents, or of a child- gone above the reach of sorrow, vice, or pain. The litle hand which was so busy to please here, now holds a cherub's harp. That voice which was music to my, ears, warbles sweet symphonies to our Father, Lord and King. Those feet which came to welcome me from toli, and my arms recieved, while I held him up, and for the blessing used to thank my God, now traverse the starry pavements of the Heavens. The society of weak, impure. and unhappy mortals, is exchanged for that of powerful, pure, blessed spirits, and his fair brow is encircled with a never-lading crown. <br> Shall I then grieve that he who is become an angel, grew not to be a man! Shall I drag hum I would not, my dear boy, interrupt thy bliss. It is not for ihee, but for myself I weep. I speak <br> if he was present, and who can teil but that Oess and hears me? <br> Oar great Milion says': <br> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth <br> Perbaps even now he hovers over me with rosy wings, dictates to my heart and guides the hand that writes. <br> The consideration of the sorrows of this life, and the glories of the next, is our best supportdark are the ways of Providence while wrappec ap in inortality; but convinced there is a God, Mayt hope and believe that all is right. <br> May the remainder of my days be spent in in fathful disecharge of the duty L owe to the Su preme disposer of all events! 1 am but as a pil titim here ; have trod many roagh pailas, and |
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Count Leon, the natural son of the Emperor
appolen, is about to appeal to the French tribu
als to oompel Gen. Moontholet execentor undet
y took the lives of three mammoth hoggs, the en
ure weight of which was 1503 pounde, averaging
521 pounds each. They were only 22 months old
one of which proved to be pure gold, but the oiher
four, supposed to be worth 280,000, wrmed out
to be a mineral totally different from., gold, ant
The editor of the Savanah Georgian had greem
peas of New Years. They were folly grown

Nacauley, in bis history of England, rem
ing on the Puritan character, mays:- - The
The debt of the Caradas in nearly founceen mil
ons of doliars, wath a declining. revenue, and


The steamer Europa's manil, on her lass trip 1
verpool, consisted of twenty-enght housand lotTwo barrels of brandy were eoldi, setys the it
Bulletin, at the Calioraia gold mines for (al
Thompsonian Doctors hare been placed oin
sampe footing ns the old Medical frevily m
The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner, publisbed on
cew Year's day,; says:. - 49 is surely hereed bot
The French Army, under the Republic, con-
cists of atoout 550,000 men. The expenise in
early $E 17,000,000$.
The whole number of deriodicals in the Uni
d Siatse, in 1775 , was 38 . The number now
xceeds thite thousand.
The year 1819, is said to be a "s gumf" " yeap
We hope some folks will squate fheir pfiater' ace
I have a great run of business at present," re-
narked a piek pocket who was clased by tree
There "rere three or four " "rece site" volem
hrown in Texas at the late Presidentiaf election.Eight pianos have been sold to Lowell faciory
girls within the last six montha.

