

# The Perysburg Journal.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Interests of Wood County, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Arts and Sciences, Home and Foreign News.

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NO. XLVI

## Letter from the State School Commissioner.

OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF SCHOOLS,  
COLUMBUS, MARCH 9, 1858.

Editor of the Perysburg Journal.—Dear Sir:—My attention has been called to an article in the Journal of the 4th inst., under the heading, "Education in Wood County."

I read your article with regret and surprise. I regret that you should consider that your county had received injury by my publication of the letter of Mr. Dodge; and I regret that you should attribute to me a degree of wrong which is not justly chargeable on me. In the absence of Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Dodge indubitably consented to furnish to this office, a statement of the transactions of the Board of Examiners, during the last school year. From the circular which called for these returns, the Board was requested to furnish a "public opinion," "people," &c. Now we assert, fearless of successful contradiction, (and our columns are open for a fair and manly discussion of the facts, to any person,) that the above assertions of Mr. Dodge contain "little or no truth."

The average wages of male teachers is nearly double the amount which he places it at, and therefore the "people" must sanction it. The language "at least here," is a direct and unjust reflection upon our county as compared with other counties; otherwise, it is meaningless. The assertion that our teachers, at least "a large proportion" of them, are severely fit to receive certificates, is unjust and incorrect, unless the standard of qualifications for teaching is unusually and unnecessarily high. And here we will remark that the table of figures, published in the Commissioner's Report, showing the time for which certificates are granted, is entirely destitute of value because the standard by which Teachers are tried throughout the State, varies very materially. For instance: the standard of qualifications necessary to secure a certificate for six months in this county, may call for a twelve or twenty-four months certificate in another county.

How Mr. Smyth can "take pleasure in bearing testimony to all we said in respect to the educational progress and condition of the people of Wood County," and believe that the letter of Mr. Dodge, which directly conflicts with our statements, will not injure our county "to the value of a single bushel of good merchantable corn," we cannot conceive. We have been in the habit of thinking that intelligent people, in seeking a new home, would not be slow to note the educational advantages which it would afford. We have thought that a reputation, well founded, for "educational progress," was of great advantage to any county, especially to one which was comparatively new. But it seems we were wrong, and the publication of official assertions, in official documents, that our teachers are "green," our people wanting in appreciation of education and niggardly in its support, is just as good as anything else! At all events, "the character and reputation of the county cannot" be seriously injured by all that School Examiners and School Commissioners can do, let their intentions be ever so mischievous.

"Every day brings something new," and this is rather a new doctrine, but emanating from such high authority, we must of course adopt it! If our School Examiners and School Commissioners can do no harm, in the name of common sense what good can they do?

We regret that the veiled deformities of Mr. Smyth's letter has rendered it necessary for us to use a little severity in exposing it. We wish to deal with facts in a plain and straightforward manner, without equivocation or concealment, and whatever will not bear this test, should not be bolstered up by petty-foggish attempts to warp the truth.

The publication of Mr. Dodge's letter has astonished and mortified our own people, and its contents have been the subject of much comment by the press and people throughout the entire State. Its composition was the greatest piece of folly and indiscretion, and its publication was most unfortunate. That Mr. Smyth, who is familiar with the facts, did not discover its erroneous statements and improper general tone at a glance, we wonder much; that a second reading of the letter, contradicted as it is by every fact contained in the Report, did not induce him to acknowledge the oversight, is still more astonishing.

The anecdote which he relates is very good, but we doubt the propriety of publishing such things in an official report; and most heartily condemn them when presented in a light which makes their reflection darken the character of every teacher in the county. The "reflected honor" in that case is rather obscure.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

JOHN VAN BUREN AND THE STRAY DOG.—John Van Buren recently said in a convivial speech:

"Well, gentlemen, there is one family has got back safe into the Democratic party to stay for life. It is the Van Buren family; and if Senator Douglas only knew the long, dreary road he has to travel, the deep roaring streams he has got to swim his horses over, the dark stormy nights where the wind will blow down his tents, and he will be forced to sleep on the ground with the rain pouring on him in torrents, the high, steep and rugged mountains he has got to climb, the interminable deserts where there is no wind nor water he has got to cross, in the road he has taken away from his father's house, he would, in my opinion, take the straightest chute-back into the Democratic camp." The roar that followed John's description of the dangers and difficulties of the route he himself had traveled since 1818, may be imagined but not described.

—At the Republican jubilee on the 22d, at Wooster, Ohio, Mr. Milan gave as a toast the following:

BURNS, MILLER ANN PENDELTON.—When the people get them, they will roast Burns, grind Miller, and hang Pendleton.

favorable—but they say nothing unfavorable, and herein lies their virtue. Now take the next sentence: "The fact that there are some poorly qualified candidates for the Teacher's profession, and some men who wish to hire teachers at low salaries, is no certain evidence that such is the general character of the Teachers and people of any county."

Mr. Smyth here puts an interpretation upon Mr. Dodge's letter which the language will not justify. Dodge says: "A large proportion of our applicants are barely competent to receive certificates, and a tight squeeze at that." We saw no word "some" there. He also says: "It has been the aim of the Board to raise the standard of qualification, by rendering each examination a little more stringent than the preceding. It is doubtful, however, whether public opinion will uphold any Board in this course, at least here. People seem to consider it as sure to result in increased rates of compensation, and dislike to have their old \$15 a month teachers thrown aside." We see no word "some" in that, but instead, "public opinion," "people," &c. Now we assert, fearless of successful contradiction, (and our columns are open for a fair and manly discussion of the facts, to any person,) that the above assertions of Mr. Dodge contain "little or no truth."

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## For the Journal. COME HOME, DEAR BROTHERS!

BY CAPT. D. H. M'KINLEY.

O, brothers dear, your sister calls, 'tis time for you to come  
From the golden land of Ophi, to your mother and your home,  
Your sister dear has mourned for you, since first you went away,  
And your mother's passed no dreamless night, or  
know an easy day.

Don't think that we reproach you with the trouble  
that we bore;  
We freely, heartily bear it all to see your face once  
more;  
And there's nothing but the gladness and the love  
within our hearts,  
That we will soon strike hands again, and never  
part.

How oft at morn we think of you as at the board we  
meet;  
How oft at night we fancy we hear your coming feet,  
But ah! then comes remembrance, and our hearts are  
very sad—  
O, hasten home, dear brothers, and make us all so  
glad.

We would gladly hear your patient toll, in search for  
leaves of gold;  
We bear you in our prayers above, where gold will  
never rust;  
Your home is yet so pleasant, and your friends are  
yet so dear—  
O, hasten home, dear brothers, we would gladly  
have you here.

Dear brothers, you remember well our dear old willow  
trees,  
Whose long, luxuriant branches moaned with the  
even breeze;  
Your only sister has her swing beneath their cooling  
shade—  
O, hasten, brothers to her side before the leaflets  
fade.

Her treasured hopes and wishes, like perfumed  
incense rise,  
To God who watches o'er you, and reigneth in the  
skies;  
Her weeping trembles in the dew on the door-step  
of  
O, hasten to our altar, to your sister and your home.

How many sweet mementoes and memories of your  
love,  
Have we within your father's house, our tender hearts  
to move;  
Your portraits on the table, how they rejoice our  
heart,  
O, hasten home, dear brothers, and never from us  
part.

Do the miners come around you with true hearts and  
loving hand,  
Do they console and console you when you sicken in  
that land?  
Have they pleasant smiles to greet you, and silver  
words to bind?  
Have they hearts more fond and loyal than the two  
you left behind?

The old homestead is still so dear, your father's grave  
is green,  
And the wild briar at my window is the prettiest I  
have seen;  
The rose bush and the lilac will soon put on their  
bloom—  
O, hasten, brothers, hasten to your dear old happy  
home.

Your home had always plenty, your father's smoke  
with  
the fatness of a plenteous land, which smoked  
upon his beard;  
But ambition's noble impulse—an independent mind,  
Took you away so far from home, and left us all  
behind.

The long, long years that you've been gone no plants  
and  
months have had,  
The songs of birds, the flowers of spring, no longer  
And all the happy sounds we hear have learned a  
mournful tone.  
To thrill upon our heart chords now, since our dear  
boys have gone.

"'Twill be a lonesome path, indeed, to travel this world  
without  
your presence by the way, your love so deep  
and true;  
But God who guards the sparrow is whispering you  
O, hasten, brothers, hasten to your mother and your  
home.

The pleasant spring again has come, the grass will  
soon  
be green,  
And thousand memories of the past will the improve—  
We're looking for you daily,—O, brothers, won't you  
come?  
To the dear scenes of your childhood, your sister, and  
your home?

The house, the Barn, the Orchard, and the dear old  
Garden too,  
How much they all remind us of happiness with you;  
Your favorite grassy lawn the lawn are prancing in  
Come home, dear brothers, hasten home, and let us  
take a ride.

Stony Brook, March, 1858.

## For the Journal. Thoughts of the Past Year.

BY CORA.

As Time, with "arrowy swiftness," steals away  
the months and years of our existence, memory  
whispers of all that has been enjoyed and suffered  
in the unreturning past. And what minglings of  
joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, can we recall,  
even in the short space of "this time last year?"  
Eyes bright with hope and gaiety, have been dimmed  
by the tears of disappointment and sorrow.—  
Forms buoyant with youthfulness and elasticity,  
are prematurely bowed with sorrow, or, perhaps,  
have obeyed the mandate of the "King of ter-  
rors," and those whom we knew but one short  
year ago, fall of loveliness and health, have been  
very quietly laid to rest, beneath the shadows of  
bright forest trees and woodland blossoms; and  
those who but "this time last year" were happy  
in the possession of their love, now walk the earth  
as mourners indeed, and in their hearts have arisen  
a very great sorrow, and they wonder if ever again  
to them the songs of the wild birds, the awakening  
of the young flowers, or the returning of the joyous  
Spring, will breathe a thought of gladness—  
so great seems the grief of their mourning hearts.

"O, shall he be taken and the other left?" Who  
cannot testify to this event is the brief lapse of one  
year? Who has not been called to mourn the  
"passing away" of a relative, a friend, or a com-  
panion? Who, at the dawning of last year were  
with us, but now are with the blessed angels around  
the throne of God? The old, the young, the  
brave, the beautiful, have passed from earth since  
last we heard the greetings and warm wishes at the  
birth of the new year, 1857.

The infant has closed its sunny eyes in death,  
and moored its tiny bark upon the shores of that  
river that maketh glad the City of the Great  
King, and has been called home by that gentle  
shepherd who hath said "of such is the kingdom  
of heaven." The gentle maiden and the young  
wife alike have laid down the cares, the joys, the  
love, and the sorrows of this life, and have gone  
to God, who hath bidden them, in accents of love,  
"to come up hither;" and now a seraphic strain  
is theirs, and their fingers sweep the golden strings  
of angel's harps. The old man has quietly passed  
away to his long home. Gently was the silver  
loosed, and the pitcher broken at the fountain, and  
having suffered all the righteous will of his Maker,  
has gone to receive his reward. And proud and  
manly forms have yielded to the call of the Pale  
Rider. Old Ocean has claimed his due, and be-  
neath his coil and billowy depths sleeps the form  
of those whose bravery and generous gallantry are  
a nation's pride, and whose untimely fate bids  
a nation weep. True to the last—unwavering even  
in death—"with harness on," their bodies went  
down into the mysterious caverns of the briny  
waves, and their God-like souls up to the great  
Rewarder of the Faithful, at whose bidding the  
sea shall give up its dead. O, the past year! As  
its moments have sped away, who can estimate the  
foot-prints made upon the sands of Time, whether  
for weal or woe, during its brief sojourn with us?

And, turning from the past aspect of death,  
what changes have been wrought amid the life-  
scenes of those who have survived the dead year.  
Many, at the commencement with all the comforts  
that money buys, now are reduced to want, and  
friendless and penniless they roam about in search  
of employment, doomed to chilling disappoint-  
ment, and the cold, averted gaze of those who  
twelve months since, were profuse in their congrat-  
ulations and wishes of a happy new year. On many  
prosperous families, in many thriving homes the  
magical sparrow, "Hard Times," has written his  
fatal impress, and with many has been fulfilled the  
prophecy, "riches take to themselves wings and  
fly away." New friendships have been formed, new  
bonds kindled during the past year. And alas!  
also old from ships have been buried; old and tried  
friends now meet in pride and coldness, and in  
their hearts the night-shadows of bitter thoughts  
and laughing feeling have taken the place of confidence  
and trust. And over this there are mourners  
whose grief is as great as those who have seen the  
"sorrow-folds" gathered about the forms of those  
who gladden their sight no more.

But turn to the sunny side of "our year  
ago." There has been much to cheer, to animate,  
and to bless. For many there has arisen light out  
of darkness, sweet flowers have blossomed in their  
pathway; gay songs of wild birds have cheered the  
fleeting months, and joy has gilded many past  
hours; and thankful to that God "from whom all  
blessings flow," may we trust to Him the future  
of our lives—the fair unwritten page of 1858.

PLAIS, JAN., 1858.

## Antipathies.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;  
Mr. Vaughan, a great huntsman, in Hanover,  
would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would  
run away at the sight of a roach pig.  
Henry III. of France could never sit in a room  
with a cat.

The Duke of Schamberg had the same kind of  
antipathy; any, we read of a gentleman, in the  
court of the Emperor Ferdinand, who died at  
the use of hearing the mewling of a cat, how-  
ever distant she may be from him. The same  
happened to Chevre, Secretary to Francis the  
First, if an apple was shown to him.

Cædus was particularly disgusted at the sight of  
eggs. Uladislaus, king of Poland could not  
bear to see apples.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abeno never could  
drink milk.

Ambros Pare mentions a gentleman who never  
could see an eel without fainting.

Erasmus, though a native of a seaport (Rot-  
terdam), had such an aversion to fish, that the  
sight of it gave him a fever.

King James the First had an utter aversion to  
the sight of a baked sword, so that when he  
conferred knighthood the blade was placed on  
the shoulder of the person "whom the king de-  
lighted to honor," by one of the royal attend-  
ants.

An eminent London Banker, when dining  
has fainted in consequence of a footman bringing  
and placing on the side-board, the tray contain-  
ing the half of a log of Ceshire cheese although  
the panther did not see the cheese.

We have read of a gentleman who would fall  
into convulsions at sight of a carp.

## The Outrage at the Illinois Pen- itentiary at Alton.

On Monday, the 23d instant, a convict in the  
Illinois Penitentiary, named Hall, attempted, by  
a bold outrage, to gain his liberty. While the  
turnkey, a man named Crabbe, was conducting  
this convict to his cell, the latter knocked Crabbe  
down, dragged him into the cell with him, lock-  
ed the door after them and then standing over  
him with a dirk, told Buckmaster, the Warden,  
and other officers, who came to see what the  
matter was, that unless they immediately pro-  
ceeded a pardon for him from the Governor, he  
would kill the poor turnkey. The officers shot  
at him through a crack in the door, but he dodged  
the balls!

About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, Mr.  
Rutherford, the State Superintendent, and Col.  
Buckmaster, the Warden, descended to effect an  
entrance into the cell where Hall, the prisoner,  
and Crabbe, the Turnkey, were confined. For  
this purpose they placed before the door on the  
outside, breakfast for both, in vessels larger than  
the ordinary size, so that the door would have  
to be opened to a considerable distance to get  
them through. They then called for the convict  
to come and get them. He refused, however, to  
come out till the hall outside was cleared.

The Warden, Superintendent and Guards pre-  
sented to retire, but only ranged themselves  
against the wall, so as to flank the door, out  
of sight of the prisoner. The latter, thinking they  
had gone, cautiously opened the door and in-  
stantly thrust a crowbar into the opening, at the same  
time calling to Crabbe, the imprisoned Turnkey,  
to fight for his life. The Turnkey accordingly  
sprang to the opening and struggled to get thro',  
the convict in the meantime plunging his dirk  
into the body of the unhappy man with terrible  
fury and rapidity.

When he was finally got out, it was found  
that he had received nine stab, seven times in  
the back and twice in the arm. The left leg  
was perforated twice, forming dangerous wounds.  
As soon as the Turnkey got out, the convict  
broke down the door and suddenly refused to  
come out. He was given a few moments to re-  
flect, at the end of which time, still refusing, the  
Warden fired at him, through the grating. The  
ball struck his head, just below the left ear, and  
glancing inside, lodged under the skull. It fell,  
and was then brought out. He spoke very cool-  
ly about the affair, hoped that Crabbe would  
live, but said that he had put five other men in  
the same fix. He even in his still condition,  
though he prayed that God "if there was any  
God," would forgive him. He admitted that he had  
conspired, but the extent of the plot had not  
been ascertained.

At last accounts both the wounded men were  
lying in a critical condition. Crabbe it was  
thought might recover, for the convict there is  
but little hope.

This is Hall's third imprisonment in the Pen-  
itentiary. His first experience in this respect  
was in the State Prison of another State, where  
he was sentenced to serve for life for murdering  
his wife. He escaped, however, and was sent  
from Chicago, a second time for some other of-  
fense. His present offense is for robbery in  
the Chicago county. He is a man now weigh-  
ing 110 pounds, and is consumptive; notwith-  
standing this, he is an indomitable desperado.—  
He has studied medicine. While himself and  
the turnkey were confined in the cell together,  
the latter made a jump at the door for the pur-  
pose of opening it, when the convict was thought  
to be off his guard; but the latter made a blow  
at the heart of the turnkey with his dirk, which  
did not reach his aim, but nearly severed the  
thumb from his hand. Hall afterwards dressed  
the wound quite skilfully.

P. S.—Hall's wound proved fatal. Crabbe is  
fast recovering.

## Elopements.

The species of elopement known by the above  
name, has been, for the last year or two, and in  
fact, still is, extraordinarily popular.

It seems as if the rising generation was fully  
convinced that marriage is something to be great-  
ly ashamed of, or else the soul was a whole  
series of writers of the past age, is bearing a goodly  
portion of fruit. In former times, if John wanted  
to wed with Mary, he went and told her so, like an  
honest young man. If she was willing, she said, "Ask  
pa!" and he asked the question. If John was  
illustrious, temperate, and well-to-do, pa said,  
"All right," and Mary became Mrs. John. If  
John was not, pa said, "no!" and Mary got over  
it, and married some one else.

It must be confessed that this was not so ro-  
mantic as an elopement. There was no surprise,  
and no scandal among the neighbors. But the  
Johns and Marys were very happy. They raised  
crops, and built houses, and spun cloth, and bore  
children, and fulfilled their simple destiny as well  
as it could be done.

Now, however, "monsieur change tout cela." Mary  
sees John from the boarding school window,  
and sees that he makes eyes at her in passing.—  
The next time he passes, she contrives that he  
shall see her again, and a little bit of eye-coquetry  
is the result. Process repeated several times, when  
John, being of course, in love, from his boot-holes  
up, finds out Mary's name, and induces her a flow-  
ery epistle, saying:

"Meet me by moonlight alone!"  
To this Mary replies, and meets him. John  
squeezes Mary's hand, talks moonlight and Childs  
Harold, and goes home feeling as if he had been  
living on honey and maple sap for a week. Mary  
goes home feeling ditto.

A correspondence ensues on sweet-smelling pink  
paper, with gilt edges, but in which all the words  
are spelled wrong, and the English grammar to-  
tally ignored. All of a sudden, some fine morning,  
Mary turns up missing, and John also. They are  
not heard of for a week, when they return,  
Mr. and Mrs. John, and go down on their knees  
to beg the old folks forgiveness.

Being altogether too young and inexperienced to  
appreciate what they are about, ten chances in  
twelve they quarrel before the honeymoon is  
over. John kicks the broom handle scraping ac-  
quaintance with his head, and Mary, though a  
bloode, appears in public with black eyes. How  
much better it is, we should like to know, than  
the old style of doing things?

Romance is a nice article, a very pretty article,  
—but it may be purchased a little too dearly.—  
A lifetime of misery is hardly atoned for by a  
fortnight of sugary sentiment, and it behooves young  
people to think twice, before they run their heads  
into a noose from which there is no escaping.

We would recommend those of our readers who  
soubtrificalize any movement of this kind, to con-  
sult their parents on the subject. If the old folks  
agree to it, the young folks may elope as much as  
they like, and will be entirely justifiable there-  
in.—There are cases, undoubtedly, where running  
away is quite right, but these are exceedingly rare,  
and require a most singular combination of cir-  
cumstances. Generally, the usual proceeds from  
the efforts of Selenus Glib's romance, acting on a  
feeble brain, and should be treated accordingly.—  
Golden Price.

"Don't rob your lives," as the farmer said  
to the lawyer who called him bad news.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speak-  
er; "the saddest I have attended for many  
years."

"That of Edmonson?"  
"Yes."  
"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one  
long struggle with the world, and at every dis-  
advantage. Fortune mocked him all the while  
with golden promises that were destined never  
to be fulfilled."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked  
one of the company.  
"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a Mar-  
tyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was  
worthy of a better fate. He ought to have suc-  
ceeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one  
who had spoken of his patience and endurance.  
"No, sir. He died poor, as I have just said.  
Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded.  
Strange fatality seemed to attend every enter-  
prise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said  
the other, "and I thought he died rich."  
"No. He has nothing left behind," was re-  
plied. "The heirs will have no concern as to  
the administration of the estate."  
"He has left a good name," said one, "and that  
is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done  
in the name of humanity," remarked another.  
"And precious example," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in  
adversity; of heavenly confidence when no sun-  
beams fell upon his bewildering path," was the  
testimony of another.

"And high traits, manly courage, heroic for-  
titude."  
"Then he died rich?" was the emphatic de-  
claration. "Richer than the millionaire who  
went to his long home on the same day, a mis-  
erable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral,  
did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a  
triumphant procession! Not the burial of a hu-  
man clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the  
translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why,  
his whole life was a series of successes. In every  
conflict he came off the victor, and now the  
victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping,  
souless, selfish man with a moderate share of  
brains, may gather in money and learn the art  
of keeping it, but not in a hundred can brave-  
ly conquer in the battle of life as Edmonson has  
conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men,  
a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor,  
but rich—rich in neighborly love and rich in ce-  
lestial affections. And his heirs have an inter-  
est in the administration of his affairs. A large  
property has been left, and let them see to it  
that they do not lose precious things through  
false estimates and ignorant depreciations."

"You have a new way of estimating the  
wealth of a man," said the one who had first ex-  
pressed sympathy for the deceased.

"It is not the right way" was answered.—  
"There are higher things to gain in this world  
than wealth that perishes. Riches of princely  
value ever rest on a false merchant, who trades  
for wisdom, buying it with the silver of truth  
and the gold of love. He dies rich who can take  
his treasure with him to the new land where he  
is to abide forever, and he who is to leave all  
behind on which he has placed affection, dies  
poor indeed. Our friend Edmonson died richer  
than a Girard or an Astor; his monument is  
built of good deeds and noble examples. It will  
abide forever."

"A venerable old man says. Let the slan-  
dered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that  
thieves throw stones."