The Perrysburg Journal.

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

VOL. VI. PERRYSBURG, O., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1858. NO. XXV

DOCTOR J. HOWELLS,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.
September 17, 1856—19tf

DR. J. B. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
BOWLING GREEN, Wood County, Ohio.
All calls will be promptly attended to, both day and night. [Feb. 11, 1858—tf

ASHER COOK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,
PERRYSBURG, OHIO.
OFFICE—Over J. A. Hall's Store.
The French and German Languages Spoken.

JAMES MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the United States and State Courts.
Office in the second story of the Perrysburg Bank Building, Perrysburg, Ohio.
April 1.] [1858—47.

JOHN MASTIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FOSTORIA, OHIO,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care in the Courts of Seneca, Wood and Hancock counties. [April 1 '58—47.

D. W. H. DAY,
ATTORNEY AT AW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.
BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Jan. 28.] [1858—

BAIRD HOUSE,
C. C. BAIRD, PROPRIETOR,
PERRYSBURG, OHIO.

GEORGE STRAIN,
Attorney at Law,
PERRYSBURG, WOOD COUNTY, OHIO.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him in the several courts of Wood and adjoining counties.
OFFICE.—Same as occupied by John Bates.
May 20, 1858—2tf]

F. & D. K. HOLLENBECK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND
GENERAL COLLECTING AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
PERRYSBURG, OHIO.

MILLENERY & DRESS MAKING!
MRS. A. S. WOOD,
INVITES the attention of the Ladies to her new and rich variety of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Borders, Braids, Cape Trimmings, &c.,
FOR THE SPRING and SUMMER TRADE.
Particular attention will be given to DRESS MAKING. She is also prepared to renovate Straw Bonnets, Gentlemen's Leghorn and Panama Hats, &c., &c.
PERRYSBURG, May 13th, 1858.

N. W. MINTON,
COUNTY SURVEYOR;
BOWLING GREEN, WOOD COUNTY, OHIO,
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Persons writing him, will please give a description of their lands.
December 31, 1857.

PERRYSBURG PLANING MILL
and Sash Factory,
DANIEL LINDSAY, Proprietor.
MANUFACTURES to order, and keeps on hand, a general supply of
Doors, Sash, Blinds and Window Frames;
Pine, Whitewood and Ash Flooring;
do do Doors.
All kinds of PLANING done to order. Orders promptly filled at Toledo prices, or, in some cases, below them. [Perrysburg, May 27, 1858—3y1.

Commercial College.

FACULTY.

W. H. HOLLISTER, E. R. FELTON,
Principals and Profs. of Book-Keeping and collateral branches.
WM. P. COOPER, W. H. HOLLISTER,
Professors of Practical and Ornamental Penmanship.
L. V. BRUCE, Esq., and others, Lecturers on Railroad and Marine Law.
JARVIS M. ADAMS, Esq., D. W. BROOKS, Esq., Lecturers on Commercial Law.
E. L. JONES, Esq. Lecturer on the principles and details of Banking.

EXAMINING COMMITTEES.

ON BANKING—R. E. ROCKWELL, Teller of Wason, Everitt & Co.
ON MERCHANDIZING, JOBBING & COMMISSION—T. DWIGHT ELLS, Secretary Cleveland Gas Company.
H. G. CLEVELAND, Book-Keeper for Geo. Worthington & Co.
LAFAYETTE VORCE, Book-Keeper for Edwards & Iddlings.
ON RAILROADING—H. C. LUCE, Secretary and Treasurer of Cleveland & Toledo R. R. Co.
J. T. SIMPKINS, Assistant Superintendent C. & T. R. R. Co.
H. D. WATTERSON, Clerk Freight Dept. C. & T. R. R. Co.
J. M. FERRIS, Clerk Ticket " " " "
J. P. AMES, Conductor C. & T. R. R. Co.

TUITION.

For Full Course Book-Keeping, including all departments, Lectures, Commercial Law, etc., time unlimited, ... $40
For Half Course do, do, do. 20
For One Year Business Writing, ... 10
For twenty-five Lessons Business Writing, ... 5
For Flourishing, Ornamental Penmanship and Pen Drawing, as may be agreed upon.

This is the only institution in Northern Ohio having *real* "Examining Committees," before whom each student must pass an examination, and from whom, if competent, they will receive certificates.

Any student entering our College may rest assured that no gentleman's name is used by us, but such as are actively engaged, and no departments advertised but such as are regularly instituted. And though we have no disposition to make comparisons unfavorable to any one, (especially ourselves,) we unhesitatingly offer our "Course" to the public, as equal, if not superior to any similar institution in the country, and ask the public to examine. Send for a circular.

HOLLISTER & FELTON.
Cleveland, March 4, 1858—15m6.

NEW Styles of
PRINTS,
DELAINS, ROBES,
BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS, DOMESTICS,
HOSIERY, &c., &c.,
just received by F. R. MILLER, & CO.
Sept. 1858—20.

STAR and Opal Candles, full weight, of superior Quality. For sale low—
PECK & HAMILTON.

A Leaf from the Past.

SALEM, Sept., 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Feeling confident that not one of your numerous readers can be ignorant of the public interest now agitating the question of a fitting memorial, commemorative of Leslie's retreat at Salem, on the 25th of February, 1775, I take pleasure in handing you the following quaint old ballad, with all its oddities and inaccuracies, composed immediately after the occurance of the events to which it refers.

The writer was one Mrs. Symonds, of North Fields, (that charming rural suburb of a locality that rejoices in the title of *city*, while for its quietude and unbroken sameness, it had far better be called "Sleepy Hollow.")

I have been told that the words were sung to the tune of "Lang Syne." Just think what a quantity of good nature, breath, and slurs would be involved in the gathering in of such lines to that imperishable, and benevolently accommodating old tune! Your musical critic, whose excellent articles are so eagerly read by the music-loving, need not try to marry the smoothest harmony to the ballad! As I have elsewhere intimated, I give it *verbatim*, without adding or expurging a word. Though very incomplete, the relic of a time "that tried men's souls" must be viewed carefully, for clustering thickly around it are many tender and solemn associations, that life, nye, death even, cannot sever.

MARY AMES ATKINS.

Col. Leslie's Expedition.

On the twenty-sixth of February,
The year seventy-five,
With officers and soldiers,
North Bridge was alive.

The Whigs of the North,
Courageously they stood,
They *hoisted* the channel,
Which was made of wood.

"Why," so says the Colonel,
"My orders run so,
That over this here bridge
My soldiers must go.

"And hat my request,
I'll jist go thirty rod,
And then h'i'll return,
According to word."

So they, in great haste,
The channel let fall;
Over went the Colonel,
The soldiers, and all.

They made a great clamping,
As they hurried along,
But we didn't mind it an atom,
For we know'd they'd dare not do wrong.

So, at their request,
They went thirty rod,
And then they returned,
According to word.

The Tories in the town
Were put to a fright,
Some left their homes,
And some watched by night.

Prince, he kept close,
John Sergeant, he fled,
And *Grant* was afeared
To sleep in his bed.

The Tory that aided them,
From Marblehead to Salem,
He *came* as a Tory,
And *went* as a Whig.
And if you'd know the man,
It was Major Peddrick.

Boston, Sat. Eve. Gazette.

LOLA MONTEZ ON THE "RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS."—Lola Montez addressed a large and enthusiastic audience of ladies and gentlemen in Hope Chapel, New York, on the evening of the 13th inst, on Rome. The proceeds of the lecture were to be appropriated to assist in the re-erection of the Church of the Good Shepherd, which was destroyed by the tornado last Summer. Persons refused to patronize the lecture, thinking Lola an unfit person to perform the important part assigned her. She does not sustain the best reputation, and we sometimes think people might about as well shake hands with the Devil in one thing as another, but Lola seems to think differently, and we give her concluding remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The advertisements have informed you that the proceeds of this lecture are to be given to Rev. Ralf Hoyt, to aid him in re-building his free church for the poor. The papers have also apprised you that some of the clergy have cast reflections on the worthy rector, for his willingness to receive the sum which your patronage of this lecture yields, which certainly is a piece of bigotry, intolerance, cruelty to the poor, and meddlesome impertinence, which I have never before witnessed, even in the most illiberal Catholic countries of the old world. [Applause] Who are those men that would bar you and me from doing a good act, and would rather lock the doors of comfort and instruction on the poor, than that they should be blessed by a hand that will not be moved by their dictation. [Loud Applause.] How many churches will be built, and how many poor will be fed, by money which they will give. [Applause. A voice: Not one in a thousand.] It is reserved for me to read these bigots a lesson, and to tell them that they are not Christians, but Pharisees. They belong to the same class of hypocrites who condemned our Savior because he ate and drank with publicans and sinners, [applause,] and they appear to be just as full of the headstrong devil of intolerance as they were in the old time. They are certainly very impudent and bold devils when they enter into the breast of professing Christians in such a free and enlightened land as America. Such bigoted intolerance would be bad enough in Timbucto or the Fegee Islands, but in America it is like a foul spot upon the bright sun. [Applause.] I am going to Europe in a few days, and when I return, which I certainly shall do, [applause,] may be I will give a course of lectures, to raise a fund to send missionaries to christianize the clerical Pharisees, [loud laughter and applause,] who had rather the poor and desolate should not have the Gospel preached to them, than that the means should be furnished by the patronage of your humble servant. I entreat the prayers of this congregation for all such benighted and miserable sinners. [Applause.]

SUNRISE.—A glorious Autumn sunrise, these fresh, clear bracing mornings—what can be more beautiful, more exhilarating? This is what Grace Harkaway, in "London Assurance," says of it.

"The man that misses sunrise looses the sweetest part of existance. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the eye of morning—the silent song the flowers breathe—to listen to the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause—these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and smiled o'er the telling of it."

—ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—Died, in Hunter's Bottom, Ky., at the residence of her son, Wm. White, September 14, Margaret Hoyt, age ninet-one years. She was a native of New York and landed at Maysville, Ky., seventy years ago She was the first white woman in Cincinnati.

The Old Rose Tree.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"Lord, keep my memory green!" was the exclamation of the old man in one of Dickens' Christmas tales. And the old man, full of love, full of faith and trust, full of happiness—the fruit of a well-spent life—looked back over the past, and saw only the beautiful and the good, made brighter to his dimming eyes by contrast with the ugly and repulsive, which lay in indistinct shadowings through the long drawn out panorama of more than four-score years.

These sunny days, these bluebird twitterings, that call me from the dull fireside, where the blaze has sunk into somber embers, out into the open air, after the long, cold winter months, waken old and pleasant memories, and stir my heart, which is beginning to grow slaggish in the down hill of life, with the thoughts of youth, and I seem to grow young, as I go about hunting for the first crocus, or the first green spire in the hyacinth and tulip bed; and to live over again in imagination the days of the past.

It was a fine, sunny morning, in that month called so fickle (though we don't know why, for April has of late shown herself much more steady in her habits than her coquettish sister, May,) when we—Kate, Lottie, and I sallied forth, broom and rakes in hand, to clear the rubbish from the old door-yard, and give spring a fair chance to scatter her pets, the blue violets and the dandelions, without fear of losing their beauty under the damp leaves that lay scattered about. There they were, the leaves of the old locusts, that stood like sentinels around the farmhouse. There were interlopers, too, that had been wafted from the poplar on the hill-top, leaves from the great walnut on the plain, that Sallie, the milkmaid told me, when five years old, was the ladder by which the man in the moon climbed up to his bright home; leaves from the oaks by the barrel spring; leaves from the beech, at whose root I made my seat of moss, and where with childish delight I read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sinbad the Sailor," and more especially when I conned with mysterious awe the long columns of the *Boston Weekly Messenger*, which came all the way from the great literary emporium to the valley of the Muskingum, forty years ago.

No matter where the leaves came from, there they were, strewn over the ground, and marring the beauty of the soft green carpet which Nature, the grand upholster, was trying to lay down, or rather to raise up, as we fancied, for our especial use, and of which not one emerald spot could we afford to lose.

There were chips, too, scattered by thoughtless hands, and stones, thrown to inform truant four-footed cultivators that their services in that locality could be dispensed with; bones that old Gage, the house dog, and his younger companions, Mingo and Minus, had left to bleach above ground. These were not only a deformity, but sadly suggestive of waste, and hinting strongly that they desired to be buried at the foot of the grape-vine or pear-tree, and still cherished as adding comfort and luxury to those they had served so well in life, that they might be useful even to the end.

There were twigs and broken branches that could not bear the cold, surging, wintry winds, and fell to rise no more, till lifted by our hands to rear the funeral pile of Winter, that we might scatter the ashes of his destruction over the soil, and bring forth, Phœnix like, new life from the dead. A merry trio were we—Kate, Lottie, and I—and I can't tell now for the life of me which sang the merriest roundelay, we, or the cat-birds across the lane in the cherry-tree, now in full bloom, or the robins in the spice-apple, down by the barrel spring, that gushed out cool and clear, at the foot of the hill, and where the Eastern emigrant so often halted for the night, and built his camp fire and refreshed himself and family for the coming journey. The clear, cool water, so soft, so much like New England's gushing fountains, was a rich treat to weary travelers in those early days. Those old oaks were a pleasant shelter, too, stretching their arms east, west, north, and south, as if to show proper resentment towards George and Dan for cutting off their grand old heads, that stretched skyward day by day.

It is no matter; we were all cat-birds, robins, and girls, as happy as happy could be. Our lungs were strong, for we had never learned that Nature made a mistake in giving women breathing room, or that the "real lady" must be fashioned by bands and whalebones, cords and tapes, into symmetry and grace. Strong hands had we, too—Godey and Graham had not given us such oft-repeated lessons about small, white hands and taper fingers as they have the girls of the present day. And then, our hearts were willing, for our good mother had imbued our minds with the great truth, that labor and useful employment gave health, strength, and happiness. So, with our tools we went to work. How balmy and fresh were the breezes of spring! How magnificent the apple orchard! Every tree in its affluence of bloom, a huge boquet tied up by the hand of our mother Nature for the use of her children. No wonder the brown thrasher made the spice-apple his home; it was the most beautiful of them all—so round, so graceful. We all loved it, too, for there we gathered the first ripened fruit; there the woodpecker dodged his red head among the limbs, and drummed his defiance as he picked the blushing cheek of the fairest and best. His time is not come yet; but the thresher is master now.—There they go, with bills full of shreds from the barnyard, where the flax was prepared for the wheel. See, see, Kate, we will hunt their nest some day!

Fie! how I wander! It seems but yesterday, so freshly does it all come back to me this sunny morning. I breathe the odors and mark the beauty and take in the melody of my childhood's home, and hear the voices of the loved ones, and see my mother looking out with calm, blue eye upon her children, as if it were all before me. "Lord, keep my memory green!

Well, well, we worked away. By the south door of the "old Spanish potato" (as some of the neighbors christened the irregular, red brick house, built then, as a few are now, with a view to comfort and convenience, light and ventilation, but very plain and homely) was a nook, a yard or so wide, which separated the door-step from the stone wall that supported the cellar stairway.

Into this nook in the winter fell the scrapings of the feet as they came in from the barnyard, the sweepings of the house, and many bits and ends, which the east wind, whisking round the corner, compelled us to throw down and beat a retreat, with tears starting in our eyes.

This nook, now the spring was come, must be cleared out. There were the winter boquets, made of sprigs of evergreen, a few having been wet and dipped in flour to make them snowy white, to contrast with the deep green and buds of blue. There were the orange clusters of the bitter sweet and open scarlet berries of the fire bush, or, as the Indians call it, the Wahoo, and the jetty seed-clusters of the blackberry lily.—Were there ever boquets as beautiful to my eye as those my mother placed upon the mantles in the old homestead thirty-five years ago! Never, oh, never!

As I threw them all despoiled and moldy into my basket, there seemed to spring from every one a face or form of some well-beloved friend, and they came singing round me the melodies of the Christmas time—Cynthia, Lucy, Abby, Julia, Mary, Betsy, Emeline, Lou, Helen, Laura, Clara, and Eliza, and—yes, it's no use to deny it—Frank, Harry, Dan, Will, Aleck, Tom, George, John, Charles—ah! a whole host of them—all that Played "Pattander," "Lost my Glove Yesterdy,' "Button, Button, who would be Button?" all who paid pounds and measured taps and kissed pigeon fashion on Christmas and New Year's days in the months agone.

But I wander again—how can I help it? "Lord, keep my memory green!"

The rubbish was all in my basket; but how bare it looked, that spot with its deep, rich, soft mold, that lay below the rubbish like the rich memories in my own heart! How much of all the elements of beauty had found their way into this south side nook!

"I will consecrate it," said I to myself, "to those dear friends and happy hours." I ran to the old garden, now mostly grown up with weeds, where the roses still bloomed under the mulberry, and the lilacs tangled their tops among the cherry blossoms. Soon a vigorous rose-root was selected and planted by the old door-stone, where, with care and watching and watering, though rather late in the season for transplanting in Ohio, it soon took root, and grew well. Upward, through the days and weeks, it grew. The door-stone protected its roots from frost and shielded it from the fierce winds, while at noon the sun warmed its roots into vigorous life. I watched, I watered, I trained it. It shot up one long, graceful wand, and ere the warm days were ended it reached the second-story window. What a marvel it was!

The autumn came. The maples put on their crimson and gold, and arrayed themselves regally for the tomb. The robins, the cat-birds, the thrushes, with their predatory friend, the woodpecker, had raised their families, sung their song of farewell, and gone south to spend the winter. The spice-apple had done good service at home, while its neighbors, the pippins and pearmains, greenings and russets, had gone with the farmer boys, "floating down the river on the Ohio." in flatboats, to seek their fortunes in the sunny South. The old cider-mill creaked the death groans of the common folks of the orchard. Everything was fading, dying, going to sleep for a winter recruit, that they might come forth in the spring-time with renewed beauty and strength, my rose-bush among the rest.

The winter months flew by on silvery feet, for what with the country meetings and singing-schools, and sewing bees and quiltings, and now and then a merry dance, and the country school, and the housework, there was no time for *ennui*, and we never dreamed of discontent. Spring came, and amid the out-springing of fresh life my rose tree put forth its many shoots.—Carefully pruning away all but two or three of the most vigorous, and caring for it well, it grew grandly; and in May the long, waving of last year put forth its bloom two weeks before any other in the garden. It was full of splendid flowers—one long wreath of beauty.—So grand was it, that even my father, who was so strongly utilitarian that he could barely tolerate flowers, paused as he passed, and as his keen eye ran admiringly from root to apex, exclaimed, "It beats all—how handsome it is!" How proud I was! There was a flower for every favorite in my little circle. In my mind I named them all, and as each one withered and fell, I felt sadly, and thought of the time when some of us should leave vacant places in the choir, in the evening play, or the class-room. When the last one sent its delicious fragrance into my window in the early days of June, I watched it with a mother's care, noted every change, and mourned its dying. How often had I sung Moore's beautiful poem, "The Last Rose of Summer!" Now his words seemed harsh, and the spirit of the song at variance with the highest humanity. To suit myself better, I penned the following:

'Tis the last rose of summer that hangs on my tree,
The last of the loved ones that blossoms for me;
Oh! I'll rob it not yet of its beauty and bloom,
For too soon it will wither and sink to its tomb.

I will not touch it rudely—I love it too well,
Let it wave to and fro to the zephyr's soft swell;
For the memory of pleasures that could not well last
Is enshrined in each petal to tell of the past.

I will wreathe round it kindly the leaves of the stem,
That the winds may not wither too roughly my gem:
Its petals I'll watch till they wither and droop,
And when they are fallen, I'll gather them up.

May the fate of the rose be an emblem of mine;
Should the flowers of affection that round me now twine,
The bright buds of Friendship, be plucked one by one,
'Till the last of the loved ones is faded and gone,

Oh! then may the world view with pity my fate,
And not deepen the sorrow it may not abate;
But with kindness and gentleness lessen my woes,
Till I calmly and quietly fall like my rose.

The next year my rose reached the eaves over the second-story window. The young branches had gained the altitude of the parent stem, and, stretching across the door, wreathed the whole wall in verdure and beauty. But ere the leaves fell again, sorrow was in all our hearts. A malignant disease swept down the valley of the Ohio, and young and old, rich and poor, beauty and deformity, fell victims to its insatiate wrath. One, two, three of the brightest and best of Friendship's circle slept beneath the cedars on the plain, ere its bright leaves slept among kindred dust.

Years passed. My rose-tree grew, and was every year a thing of wonder, and ever it called back with magic power the forms of loved ones, whose memories were more sacred since the spirit made its home heaven.

There came a change. One chill, wintry eve, when the moon looked glitteringly upon bare branches, or dead leaves rustling, a stranger came who won me from the paths of childhood and youth, from the old door-stone, from father and mother, brother and sisters—from my rose-tree; and I fancied its long, bare stems swayed mournfully to and fro, and sung sad requiems against the window, while I bade all those I had loved so long, farewell.

Does man appreciate a young girl's trusting love? Does he know and feel what a severing of life cords there is in her heart, and all for him? Does he realize the sacrifice when she gives up home, family friends, freedom, all, for a resting place on his heart, and begins a new life? No, no, no, or he would never be jealous, as he too often is, of the natural tears she must let fall, nor joke her with seeming indifference. What, weeping: sick of your bargain so soon? Oh! man, if thou hast won a young girl's love, if thou hast drawn her from the arms of a mother,

"Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast—
Watch, guard, and cherish it—suffer not a breath
To dim the bright gem's purity."

I bade good-bye to all with streaming eyes, The loves of the past were strong, but the new love was stronger than them all, and after a few years roses dearer than the old ones were twining their tendrils round my heart, and blooming on my bosom. Another tree, too, climbed over my cottage window, and gave its beauty to my own home. I was happy in my new loves, but the old were not forgotten, and often I sought the old farm and the familiar faces of my childhood.

But there came a time when a new house, of stately proportions, had been reared in front of the homestead, and a porch must be thrown over the south door to shade it from the sun, and to join the old and new together.

"I think I must cut down your rose tree," said my tender-hearted brother, "but"—he paused.

"Oh, certainly," said I, with a choking sensation in my throat, "it's only a rose tree, and must not stand in the way of improvements."

I caught up my babes, and retreated to the old chamber. How the past came thronging back! I tried to be calm, to force back the tears, to feel "that it was *only* a rose-bush," and that it must not and ought not to take the place of better things. I looked at it as it now shaded the window, so full of richness and fragrance (it was in the days of its blossoming.) As I looked, there came a blow, then another. Its great branches groaned with agony; it was severed at the root; it was torn away, and the sun glared in upon me. I could bear no more. The swelling fountains burst forth—I wept convulsively, wept like a thoughtless child.

Just then my mother entered the room, and seeing my fearful emotion, she sprang to my side, and drawing my head to her breast, as she used to do in years long gone, (dear, sainted mother, it brings the tears even now as I think of thy love!), exclaimed: "Fannie, child, what is the matter?"

"Oh, mother!" I cried, "see, they are tearing away my rose-tree; they are severing the last link that bound me to home! The new house has covered the old door-stone; the new yard has spoiled the old circle; the barrel-spring is dry; the altar of stones we once erected to Friendship on the hill is thrown down; my seat under the beech has been spoiled by the plow; the old walnut has gone into fire-wood; and now my rose-tree! You will all forget me."

"My dear child," said she, soothingly, "all these changes have been made for the best.—Every one has added to our happiness and comfort. This is weakness in you. Do you love these inanimate things better than your friends? Come, dry your tears. We are all here, and we shall not forget you."

"We are all here." How her soft, kind voice calmed the turbulence of my passionate spirit! In an instant I looked up, and smiled through my tears. Hers were falling, too, as I answered: "Yes, mother, we are all here." I looked at the fresh bud opening on my heart, at another at my feet only a little more expanded, and my thoughts glanced away to a manly form, dearer, a thousand times dearer, than when I gave up all for him; to my own quiet home, my own rose-tree, my new friends, my widened sphere of action, my holier duties, my higher responsibilities, and I wiped my tears, and said: "Yes, mother, it is well. We are all here. Let the old past go. The beautiful present is richer and fuller of light and love for these sacrifices. It is well."

Thirty-five years have passed since I planted my rose-tree, one score and five since I saw it fall, and more than two score of that circle of friends who used to twine my roses in their hair in the early spring, have been called to the land where the flowers fade not.

I learned a lesson that day which I shall never forget: that old things must give place to new, and that they who bind their souls to the dead will lose the rich fullness of the present, and shed many bitter tears. Let us treasure its memories, but not with sighing and sadness; let us learn to feel that the loved are never lost, but still circling around, to bless and cheer, and let our prayer ever be, "Lord, keep our memory green!"

TRIAL OF A HANDSOME YOUNG WIDOW IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The North Carolina papers announce the acquittal, at Raleigh, last week, of Martha Morgan, a handsome young widow, aged about twenty-two years, charged with the murder of Alexander Allen, a constable in Johnson county. A writer to the Petersburg *Express* says;

"Martha Morgan, the prisoner, was indigent, but probably honest. Through her own exertions and the kindness of a few neighbors, she supported her little family. Some months since, Allen, the Constable, forcibly entered her abode and levied on the effects of her scanty household, for the purpose of selling the same. She remonstrated and importuned him to desist. Regardless of her entreaties, he persisted in taking possession of her furniture, and added insult to injury by heaping upon her a volly of abuse. Being without a protector, and feeling deeply aggrieved, in a moment of frenzy she seized a shot-gun and shot her persecuter down. The Jury having come into Court, rendered a verdict of 'Not Guilty!' The result was received by an immense concourse of visitors by one universal outburst of applause."

A DAMAGING DISCLOSURE.—Hon. F. P. Stanton, Secretary of Kansas, under Gov. Walker, in a late speech at Lawrence, made the following statement:

"He (Stanton) came to Kansas in 1857, believing it to be the intention of Mr. Buchanan to deal fairly with the people. Had not this been his opinion, he would never have accepted the position of Secretary, nor Walker that of Governor of the Territory. Justice still demanded the admission that he still believed the intentions of the Administration to have been good. Its present line of policy was an after-thought. Until the month of September, he and Gov. Walker were sustained throughout by the Administration. He would mention one circumstance which was not generally known, as showing this conclusively.

"On the first of September, Gen Whitfield and Dr. Tebbs, of Kansas, who were then in Washington, signed a letter "expressly stating that the course of Gov. Walker and Secretary Stanton was acceptable to the people of Kansas, inasmuch as an undoubted majority were in favor of a free State." *This letter was written at the special request of Mr. Buchanan*, who was anxious to shield himself from the assaults then being made upon him by the South. Through Mr. Buchanan's agency, the letter was sent to the *Union* office, and was actually in type, accompanied by editorial comments endorsing the character of Dr Tebbs, as a "gentleman of unimpeachable veracity," when it was seen in proof by a Southern member of the Cabinet, who ordered its suppression. *From that day to this*, the course of the Administration towards Kansas has been a most unscrupulous and shameful one."

BAD FOR THE BARREL.—A negro lately fell from the upper story of a warehouse in Charleston, S. C., a distance of 30 feet, striking head first on the top of a whiskey barrel. The result was, the barrel leaked.

The Overland California Mail.

There were great rejoicings in St. Louis on Saturday last, on the arrival of the first mail from San Francisco, overland, under care of Mr. Butterfield one of the contractors and Mr. Bailey, mail agent. The mail was but twenty-four days from San Francisco; shortening therefore our mail facilities with the Pacific Coast some ten days. Of course this time will be improved when arrangements are perfected, so as to reduce the time to perhaps twenty days. This mail is to be a semi-weekly one. The St. Louis *Republican* of Monday, 11th, says:

Nine years ago, when the discovery of gold in California led to the immense emigration in that State, it was regarded as an expeditious trip if made from the Mississippi to the Pacific in eighty to one hundred days. Thousands were occupied a much longer time, and hundreds perished on the wayside. The establishment of this mail route, and of the road from St. Joseph to Utah, and thence to Sacramento, has changed the whole current of things, and it is now demonstrated on a first trial, and under adverse circumstances, that it is practicable to carry mail and passengers from St. Louis to San Francisco in twenty-four days; and this will be reduced if necessary below twenty days.—We rejoice over this result, because we have all along predicted it could be done, not precisely on the line over which the travel has been made, and because it must soon become the great mail route between the Eastern and Western oceans. Our citizens will not wait for a semi-monthly communication across the Isthmus, when they can avail themselves of a semi-weekly mail by the overland route, thereby gaining time and additional facilities. Very soon, too, the stages will be crowded with passengers, called by business or pleasure to travel East or west, and not a year will have passed away before this route will be made perfectly secure by the establishment of stations at short distances, where settlements will grow up, and the accommodations will be as good as they were thirty years ago between St. Louis and Philadelphia.

Mr. Bailey, an agent of the Post Office Department, we believe, was the only passenger who came through last night, the others having stopped at Springfield from fatigue. Mr. Bailey being called out by gentlemen who had assembled at the Planters' House, on the occasion, gave a brief but interesting history of his trip. The great difficulty in the way was the want of water, in some of the deserts, but this was remedied to a very considerable extent, by the foresight of the company, in sending water forward for the use of the animals. The company has more than two hundred stations on the road. Mr. Bailey believes that all the difficulties which attended this trip will be overcome in a short time, and he proclaims the whole enterprise "a perfect success." The Indians gave them no trouble.

Mr. Bailey stated that at least four days time were lost on the trip from causes which will not likely occur again. The first 462 miles from San Francisco to Los Angelos were traveled in eighty hours the next 282 miles from Los Angelos to Fort Yuma in seventy-two hours and twenty minuets; the next 280 miles from Fort Yuma to Tucson in seventy-one hours forty-five minutes; the next 320 miles from Tucson to Franklin in eighty-two hours; the next 428 miles from Franklin to Fort Chadbourne in one hundred twenty-six hours thirty minutes; the next 282 miles from Fort Chadbourne to Colbert's Ferry (Red River) in sixty-fixe hours twenty-five minutes; the next 192 miles from Colbert's Ferry to Fort Smith in thirty-eight hours; the next 318 miles from Fort Smith to Tipton in forty-eight hours and fifty-five minutes; the next 160 miles from Tipton to St. Louis eleven hours and forty minutes.—*Cleveland Herald.*

GOOD WEATHER.—Mr. Everett delivered an address the other day, in New York, and a showery morning caused considerable grumbling among a large number of people who wished to hear the great orator. Speaking on the subject, Mr. Everett said:

"I heard from one and another the remark that he was sorry that we had not a good day. It was, it is true, raining in the morning. The weather is good; all weather is good; sunshine is good; rain is good. Not good weather, sir? Ask the farmer, into whose grains and roots there yet remains some of its moisture, to be driven by to-morrow's sun. Ask the boatman, who is waiting for his rait to go over the rapids. Ask the dairy-man and grazier if the rain, even at this time of the year, is not good. Ask the lover of nature if it is not good weather when it rains. Sir, one may see in Europe artificial water works, cascades constructed by the skill of man at enormous expense; at Chatworth, at Hesse-Cassel, and the remains of the magnificent water works at Marley, where Louis xiv lavished uncounted millions of gold, and has, according to some writers, laid the foundation to those depletions of the treasury which brought on the French Revolution. The traveler thinks it a great thing to see these artificial water-works, where a little water is pumped up by creaking machinery, or a panting steam engine, to be scattered in feeble spray, and do we talk of its not being a good day when God's great engine is exhibiting to us His imperial water-works, sending up the mists and vapors to the clouds, to be rained down again in comfort and beauty and plenty upon grateful and thirsty men? Sir, as a mere gratification of the taste, I know nothing in nature more sublime, more beautiful than these rains descending in abundance and salubrity from the skies.

PRAYER.—There is one thing which is in the power of every one to bestow, and which must prove an offering of value for every one to receive—*Prayer*. To require alms, one must be poor; to require assistance, one must be in need; to require comfort or sympathy, one must be in distress; but of Prayer, the richest and happiest stand in need, and the poorest and most miserable can bestow. How might we not use this important privilege in the services of our fellow creatures!

A woman, formerly of Newark, N. J., but who, for the past year, had been living in Chicago, a few days since started, with a sick child in her arms, to return to Newark. When near Cleveland, Ohio, the child died in her arms.—The mother disconsolate and far from friends, and with scarcely money enough to reach home, rather than leave her babe among strangers, continued on her journey and reached Newark, *having carried the dead infant in her arms* the entire distance.

COURTS'T HELP IT.—After a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches in Adrian, Michigan, the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears, according to the established ridiculous custom; at the sight of which the groom followed suit with a copious flow of the briny fluid. After his friends succeeded in calming him, he said he couldn't help it, for he felt as bad about it as she did.

—Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log, with an axe and auger; and Lewis Cass was rocked by his mother in a second-hand sugar trough.