

UMPOUA GAZETTE.

BY ROYD & BARELY.]

Devoted to the Principles of Democracy, and the dissemination of General and Useful Intelligence.

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POETRY.
The things of other days,
The pleasant things of other days,
How faintly they passed away?

As dawn before the morning sun,
The things of other days,
The pleasant things of other days,
How faintly they passed away?

They steal with soft and silent tread,
Their memories thus do stand,
Like shadowy spirits of the dead,
Mourning for life again.

Trust in God.
While our youthful hearts are light,
And around us all is bright—
While we ever happy be,
Father! we will trust in Thee.

Trust in Thee! Oh, where else trust
When sorrows come, as come they must!
Oh! then may our motto be,
"Father! we will trust in Thee!"

A MAN'S true prosperity often begins
when he is said to be ruined; and his
ruin, when he is said to be prospering.

Miscellaneous.

How to Marry.

A few years ago I made one of the seventy-nine passengers on board the fast steamer Emily Barton, bound for the Tennessee. A pleasant intelligent and good steward, a good steward, and social, refined company, made the trip one of pleasure; indeed, long shall I remember the sunny Emily Barton and her superb living freight.

By this time his arm was around her waist, and parting her curls, (black as the raven's wing at midnight,) looked steadily in her face for a moment, and "signed the contract" with a kiss that all the married ladies afterward pronounced of the genuine sort—perfectly, satisfactorily. Raising his flashing eyes with a triumphant expression from the pleasant job just mentioned, he said—

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Death on the Desert.

The following, which found its way into the Weekly Magazine, is not an over-drawn picture of the trials, vicissitudes and sorrows of an overland journey to the Pacific coast. Nearly every man, woman and child in Oregon, who crossed the plains, witnessed similar and frequently more heart-rending scenes.

All through that gloomy night we heard the tramp of cattle, as they swept by, almost mad for water; the cursing of the drivers, and the voices of men as they implored the distance to the river. Toward morning our train moved again. Silent and sad, and almost noiselessly, we moved along by the starlight, until day began to dawn, when we struck the deep sand ten miles from the river.

Preparations were made for the funeral. A coffin was constructed of the remains of a wagon box, the grave dug, and the toil worn emigrants gathered around the grave. No word was spoken—no funeral services said—but silently and silently we laid her down in the cold earth.

His TIME HAD COME.—A few years ago two men of great physical strength were elected to the Legislature in one of our western States, the one an excellent lawyer, the other a blacksmith, but unfortunately a little deaf.

TRAVEL TO EUROPE.—The steamships for Europe are now crowded with passengers; some to visit the *Palais de l'Industrie*, which is to open next month at Paris; some to make the tour of Europe, and some to visit the Crimea, to witness the grand tragic-melodramatic spectacle at Sebastopol.

THE MEMORY OF THE LAMENTED HENRY CLAY was abused on the night of the 12th by a carouse gotten up in the name of a defunct body once known as "The Henry Clay Festival Association," but now conducted by a handful of midnight-plotting Know-Nothings of the rabid sort.

Trust in God.

While our youthful hearts are light,
And around us all is bright—
While we ever happy be,
Father! we will trust in Thee.

While our dearest friends are here,
Blessing us with words of cheer,
While from every sorrow free,
Father! we will trust in Thee.

Trust in Thee! Oh, where else trust
When sorrows come, as come they must!
Oh! then may our motto be,
"Father! we will trust in Thee!"

Though severest trials come,
May we say, "Thy will be done,"
"As our day, our strength shall be,"
Father! we will trust in Thee."

The price of advertising in the *London Illustrated News* is six cents per word. The *London Times* has recently largely increased its rates, which compared with those of American newspapers are enormous.

A MAN'S true prosperity often begins when he is said to be ruined; and his ruin, when he is said to be prospering.

plain—perhaps he had done the best he could—but she wished he had loved her more—how awful it was to die on the Desert—she did not wish to be buried there. And then she blessed the little woman again—her breath grew short—her hand relaxed its grasp—and one piercing shriek broke on that Desert air—prayer God I may never hear the like again—and the spirit of the heart-broken woman was lost.

All through that gloomy night we heard the tramp of cattle, as they swept by, almost mad for water; the cursing of the drivers, and the voices of men as they implored the distance to the river. Toward morning our train moved again. Silent and sad, and almost noiselessly, we moved along by the starlight, until day began to dawn, when we struck the deep sand ten miles from the river.

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Lamartine's Mother.

It was the fate of the father of Lamartine, the great living French poet and orator, to be mixed up with the French Revolution. During that stormy period, he, with a great number of his compatriots, was imprisoned in the prison at Macon. He was not there long before his wife, with her child, took lodgings opposite the window of the cell which enclosed the republican. She soon drew his attention to hermit and his child, which though he could not speak to her for fear of the sentinel, reconciled him in some measure to his captivity and lessened the burden of his woes.

"My mother," says Lamartine, "carried me every day in her arms to the garret window, showed me to my father, gave me nourishment before him, made me stretch out my little hands towards the bars of his prison, then pressing my forehead to her breast, she almost devoured me with kisses in the sight of the prisoner, and seemed thus to wait him mentally all the caresses which she lavished on me." At last she lit on the happy expedient of conveying him letters in the following manner—She procured a bow and some arrows, and tying a letter to a thread, she shot the arrow, to which was attached the other end of the thread, into the window of the prisoner's cell. In this way she sent him pens ink and paper. He then, by the same ingenious expedient, sent love letters to her.

Thus the separated husband and wife were enabled to correspond, to cheer each other's hopes and sustain each other in their misfortunes. This was all done at night time, when the scrutinizing eyes of the sentinels remained in happy ignorance of the medium of communication. Success having inspired courage, the lady with the assistance of the arrow and thread, afterwards conveyed a file to the captive, with which he silently filed through one of the bars of his prison, and then restored it to its place. On the next night, when there was no moonlight, a stout cord was fastened to the thread and transmitted to the prisoner. The rope was firmly fastened on the one end to a beam in the garret of the lady, and the other end to the bars of the cell; then summoning up all his courage, the prisoner glided along the rope, above the heads of the sentinels; he crossed the street, and found himself in the arms of his wife and beside the cradle of his child. Such an adventure required the hero's courage and the philosopher's caution, and none but those who were personally interested in it can ever imagine the feelings which must have agitated their hearts! From time to time, when the night was dark, the knotted cord would glide from knot to knot, and enjoy delightful hours of converse with her whom he loved best on earth.

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A SLANDERER.—A person of whom the Greeks showed a deep appreciation, when they made the word synonymous with evil. Slanderers are at all events economical, for they make a little scandal go a great way, and rarely open their mouths except at the expense of other people. We must allow that they have a good excuse for being defamatory, if it be their object to bring down others to their own level.