




11-1-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 15): November 1, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 15): November 1, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 118.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/118

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1849.

NO. 15.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,
At No. 31-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

SELECT TALE.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

By the Author of "The Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," "Loving and Winning," &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

If Miss Leigh ever appeared lovely and fascinating—if she ever appeared to be all that a woman should be, it was for the first time that she succeeded in the demolition of the pyramid; and yet his heart had not the perfect consent of his judgment; or rather he feared that if his judgment was perfectly well informed, his sentence would be against him. And yet, what have I to fear? The strong attachment of her friends speaks volumes in her praise, even did she need such testimony in her favor. And do I not, myself constantly witness the vigor of her intellect—the correctness of her opinions—the delicacy of her feelings—the tenderness of her sympathies. What can I ask more? Where else can I find as much? He sighed deeply as he added—Mr. Atkins spoke truth—I have become fastidious. I am expecting that perfection on earth which is to be found only in heaven. And am I so perfect myself as to have a right to expect perfection in a wife? Alas, how many defects will you have to overlook in me, Augusta, should you ever be mine, and mine you must be! I can—I will hesitate no longer! This very evening you shall know the wishes of my heart! He immediately opening his writing-desk, filled a page with avowals of his attachment, and closed by the offer of his hand.

On entering his friend's parlor in the evening, Mr. Chauncey found the young ladies engaged at chess: Mr. Atkins seated by them, watching the progress of the game, while Mrs. Atkins was occupied with a book in another part of the room. He was so often with them, that he came in and out almost like one of the family, so that a bow and a "good evening" were all that was necessary before he mingled in the group, and became a participant in whatever was on hand. He now stationed himself behind Miss Leigh's chair, and fastened his eyes on the chess-board. For some time, however, he could not fix his mind on the game, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the important letter that seemed to burn in his pocket.

"Our fair friends are so equally matched," said Mr. Atkins, "that there is not so much interest in watching the contest."

"Have you frequently played since you have been here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey.

"Very seldom," Miss Leigh replied.

"I thought so," said Mr. Chauncey, "or I must before this have found you thus engaged."

"They played last evening," said Mr. Atkins, "and had a warm contested battle."

"And who was conqueror?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, Augusta," said Miss Eustace, looking up "but much against my will, I assure you. I never tried harder for victory in my life."

"Then you bore your defeat admirably said Mr. Atkins. "For my part, I thought you quite indifferent about it, you appeared so well satisfied after you had yielded the contest."

"O, yes,—after I had yielded," said Miss Eustace. "The time of trial, you know, is when one fears that they shall be obliged to yield. After all, there is about as much satisfaction in being beaten as in beating, for one can scarcely help sympathizing with an antagonist who has fought bravely but unsuccessfully."

"I am happy to learn that you so much enjoy being beaten," said Miss Leigh, smiling.

"You think I shall soon have that enjoyment again?" said Miss Eustace, "and I shall indeed, unless I pay more attention to the game."

For a full hour from this time they made their moves in perfect silence—victory sometimes leaning to the one side and sometimes to the other. The two gentlemen were as much interested as the fair antagonists; but they had taken different sides. Mr. Atkins' sympathies all being enlisted for Miss Eustace—Mr. Chauncey's of course for Miss Leigh. Both, however, were too gentlemanly to express their feelings by words or sign. But at length the game seemed drawing to a close, and again in Miss Leigh's favor, when a skilful move on Miss Eustace's part, turned the whole face of the battle. Miss Leigh, however, seemed not aware of it, so intent was she on the manoeuvre she had been performing. But Mr. Chauncey's heart beat quick, as he saw all her danger; and when she placed her finger on a piece, to have moved which would have decided her fate at once, his self-command forsook him, and uttering an emphatic "Ah!" he turned suddenly from the table. He could not endure to witness her defeat.

Miss Leigh suspended her movement, but she was too much excited to see clearly, and after a momentary pause, she made the fatal move. The next instant she saw her error—it was too much—and at that moment when Mr. Chauncey resumed his post, with a flaming cheek and flashing eyes, she swept her arm across the table, exclaiming—

"I will never play another game of chess while I live!"

Miss Eustace looked up with an expression of anxiety on her features; Mr. Atkins with one of undiminished displeasure; while the countenance of Mr. Chauncey spoke amazement and consternation. Miss Leigh instantly left the table, and walked towards the fire, followed by Miss Eustace.

"Who is the victor to-night Abby?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, raising her eyes from her book.

"Neither," said Miss Eustace, in a very soft and low tone; "we did not finish the game."

"You know better, Miss Eustace," said Miss Leigh; "you know you were yourself victorious, and I will never play another game of chess while I live!" Her voice, though but slightly raised, had the tone of passionate ex-

citement; and her words were scarcely uttered, ere she burst into a paroxysm of tears. Miss Eustace again looked up with an expression of distress—stood suspended a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then silently left the room.

"Are you petrified?" said Mr. Atkins, as he turned round and observed Mr. Chauncey, standing immovable beside the chess-table, his eyes riveted upon it.

The question of Mr. Atkins roused him, and drawing out his watch, he said while his voice betrayed much emotion—

"It is later than I thought—I must bid you good night!"

"O, not yet, Horace," said Mr. Atkins. "That unlucky game of chess has engrossed the whole evening. Come, sit down. Susan will throw aside her book—Augusta will get over her defeat—and we will have some rational conversation."

"You will excuse me this evening, said Mr. Chauncey, and uttering a hasty good night, he left the room.

He was scarcely conscious of anything until he found himself in his own chamber at his boarding-house. Stirring the decaying embers that lay on the hearth to make them burn more brightly, he snatched the lately written letter from his pocket, and laid it upon them. He watched it as it consumed, until the last particle was reduced to ashes, and then, drawing a long breath, he uttered an emphatic—"Thank heaven!"

An hour afterwards he rang the bell for a servant, gave some directions, and at five the next morning, while the stars were yet bright in the heavens, he took a seat in a mail coach, that whirled him rapidly away from the scene of his danger.

"What has become of Mr. Chauncey," inquired Mrs. Atkins, the second evening after the decisive game of chess had been played—"He is staying from us much longer than usual I think."

Miss Leigh looked up with a face of anxious inquiry, as Mr. Atkins replied—

"Indeed I don't know what has become of him. I have not had a sight of him since Tuesday evening. 'Perhaps,' he added, laughing, 'perhaps he died of the fright you that night gave him, Augusta!'"

Coloring the deepest crimson, while the tears forced themselves to her eyes, Miss Leigh replied—

"At least my hasty temper will frighten all your friends from your house, Mr. Atkins should its effects not prove any more fatal. O, could my friends know how much my ungovernable temper costs me, they would pity as much as they blame me!"

"O, do not talk of dear Augusta," said Miss Eustace, taking her hand. "Forget it all, as we do—or remember it only to strive after more self-command for the future. You remember how much we admired the sentiment we read yesterday—

"Qui s'ait se posséder, peut commander au monde."

"O, yes—but all my efforts at self-possession are useless," said Miss Leigh, almost sobbing—"I can never remember it till it is too late, and then mortification and self-upbraiding are my just reward. I would give the world, Abby," she added, as she parted the hair from her friend's placid brow—"I would give the world, had I your equanimity of temper!"

"Well, let us talk no more of it," said Mr. Atkins. "To-morrow I will look after the truant and learn the cause of his absence."

He had scarcely done speaking when a servant brought in the letters and papers which had just arrived by the mail. Looking them over, Mr. Atkins caught up one, exclaiming—

"This is curious!—this must be Horace's hand-writing, and the post-mark is Boston?"

"Pray open it," cried Mrs. Atkins—"What does he say?"

"Why, he says," answered Mr. Atkins, after rapidly running the letter over—"he says that he writes to bid us good-bye, that he could not come to utter in his own person."

"Good-bye!" cried Mrs. Atkins—"pray when did he leave town?"

"At five the next morning after he had left us," said Mr. Atkins.

"And how long is he to be absent?" Mrs. Atkins inquired.

"Uncertain," answered her husband. "The length of his absence will depend on circumstances. Perhaps we shall not see him again these three months."

"This is very singular!" remarked Mrs. Atkins. "Does he say what called him away in such haste, to be gone so long a period?"

"Not a word. The letter seems to have been written in great haste. I have never seen such a scrawl come from beneath Horace's hand. He must have been in a great haste."

Mr. Atkins then proceeded to open other letters, and nothing further was said of Mr. Chauncey, or his abrupt departure. Yet a glance at the faces of the trio of ladies would have proved that the subject was not dismissed from their thoughts. Mrs. Atkins, with half closed eyes, sat looking at the fire, with an air of abstraction which showed that she was endeavoring to unravel the enigma. Miss Leigh's features wore an expression of blank disappointment; and after an unsuccessful attempt to conceal or control her feelings, she retired to her chamber. The heightened color in Miss Eustace's cheek was the only thing that betrayed her face that bespoke emotion; but an eye fixed intently on the fire that fell over her bosom, would have seen with what force and rapidly her heart was beating.

"Gone!" said Miss Leigh, as she clasped the door of her chamber! "Gone for three months! From me—forever! The die is cast! She wept in the bitterness of disappointment and mortification. She had for many days been hourly expecting the offer of his hand—the hand she most strongly wished to possess—She had felt confident of his attachment—she had told her cousin of her expectations. She had read his affection, his admiration in his eyes, in the tone of his voice. Had she been deceived! Had he tried to deceive her? O, no—Horace Chauncey was above deceit. He had loved her!—but like a fool—or rather, like a fury, she had forced him from her! It must have been so—that game of chess had sealed her fate! Such was the train of thought that accompanied her tumultuous and compunctious feelings. Her peace, her happiness, her self-respect were gone; and the most bitter drop in her cup of sorrow, was the full consciousness that she had brought on her own misery—that she deserved her wretchedness!

From this period, all enjoyment of her visit to Mrs. A's was at end. She dragged out a

week or two, every solitary moment of which was spent in bitter self-upbraiding, and then took an abrupt departure for home. Miss Eustace would have accompanied her, but to this Mrs. Atkins would not listen for a moment. "No, no, Abby," said she, "it must not be! I cannot part with you both at once; and one day must not be taken from the time allotted for your visit, unless by providential disappointment."

"Whom suppose you I saw slighting from the stage-coach just now?" said Mr. Atkins with much animation, as he came in to tea one evening, about a fortnight after Miss Leigh's departure.

"Horace Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins.

"Horace Chauncey?" repeated Mr. Atkins—"How come you to think of him?"

"Because there is no one likely to arrive here whom I should be so glad to see," Mrs. Atkins replied.

"Well you are correct in your conjecture," said Mr. Atkins. "It was Horace, and he has promised to look in upon us for a few minutes in the evening. But you need not look so much moved, Abby, for I dare say nothing will happen to drive him away to-night."

"There is nothing pleasant in the recollection of the last time I saw him," said Miss Eustace. She blushed as she was speaking at the disingenuousness which led her to permit Mr. Atkins to ascribe her emotion to a wrong cause. She felt as if

"L'art plus innocent, tient de la pitié."

But it was not art—it was nature—The love in a woman's heart likes not to be joked upon, at least not until it may with propriety be expressed. It is a little treasure she has a right to conceal from all eyes. Timidity, delicacy, natural female reserve, are the causes of this concealment, rather than the want of ingenuousness. In the most perfect solitude she would blush to clothe in sound the words "I love," though she constantly be conscious of the fact—constantly have her eye fixed on the beloved object engraven on her heart. The woman who can to a third person, speak freely of her love, loves not as woman is capable of loving!

As expected, Mr. Chauncey came in before the evening was far advanced, and though on his first appearance, his manners were not quite as calm and collected as usual, his embarrassment soon wore away, and his visit, instead of being one of few minutes, was lengthened to a couple of hours.

You need no new invitation to favor us with frequent visits, Mr. Chauncey, said Mrs. Atkins, as he was taking his leave; "those you formerly received were for life."

Notwithstanding the kindness and delicacy of this remark, Mr. Chauncey for a while was less frequently to be seen at his friends' than formerly. He was not a pining lover; but he had received a shock from which he could not at once recover. His was not a heart that could long continue to love, after the beloved object had ceased to command his respect. To marry Miss Leigh, to look to her to make his abode of peace, serenity, and joy, was impossible; and after the full conviction of his judgment, to spend his time in sighing for her loss would be puerile. Yet apart from every selfish consideration, he did mourn that a woman possessing such qualities as she possessed, and who might be all that the heart or judgement could require, should be spoiled by the indulgence of one baneful passion.

Even at the time when he yielded himself most completely to Miss Leigh's attractions, the contrast between her temper and that of Miss Eustace would force itself upon him. At the moment of the destruction of the pyramid, the feather screen came fully before his memory; and the different expressions of the two young ladies' faces, when Mr. Atkins ventured to propose some improvement in the mode of wearing their riding-caps, were vividly painted to his imagination. He strove, however, to persuade himself, that it was unreasonable to expect in one person a combination of all the excellent and lovely qualities that are divided among the sex, and he endeavored to believe, that that candor which was so ready to acknowledge a fault, was even more desirable than uniform sweetness of temper. But the veil had been rudely torn from her eyes; his sophistry had all been overthrown—and after one struggle, he was himself again restored to the full conviction, that one great fault will spoil a character.

It was not long, however, before Mr. Chauncey's visits at his friends' house were as frequent as ever, though the character of his enjoyment was changed. He was no longer engrossed by one exciting object, and there was a new quietness breathing about his friend's fire-side, that rendered their rich moral and intellectual pleasures truly delightful. Formerly his visits had all the excitement of pleasure; on returning home he had needed repose; now they had the soothing effect of happiness, and if he went weary, he returned home refreshed.

During several of his earlier visits, Miss Eustace was as silent as she had formerly been; but gradually her friends were drawing her out by addressing themselves to her, or asking her opinion; and Mr. Chauncey himself was becoming interested in eliciting her remarks—She did not awaken his admiration, like Miss Leigh; but she soon became sensible, that if what she said was less shining, it was generally better digested; and if she had less wit herself, she more heartily enjoyed the wit of others. If he did not leave her society dazzled by her brilliancy, he found that what she said called forth thought and reflection; and if her observations had less force and fire than her friend's they would better bear examination—Her lustre was mild, but not overpowering, and her influence upon the heart and mind, like the dew of summer's evening descending on the flowers—harmless, gentle, and insensible—but invigorating and refreshing.

The dreamy recollection, too—that strange association of certain expressions of her countenance with some by-gone pleasure, which he had experienced on his first acquaintance, but which had been lost sight of while he was engrossed by Miss Leigh, was returning with increased force upon him, and awakened a peculiar interest. It was something undefinable, intangible; but still something that gave a throb to the heart whenever it crossed him. Yet so quiet was Miss Eustace's influence; so different the feelings she awakened from those excited by Miss Leigh, that his heart was a captive while he yet suspected not his loss of freedom.

One evening on entering his friend's parlor, he found Miss Eustace alone. Mr. and Mrs.

Atkins having gone out for an hour. She was standing at a window, partially screened from view by the heavy folds of the window curtain. She took no notice of his entrance, supposing it was one of the family who came; but he immediately joined her, remarking—

"You seem lost in thought, Miss Eustace—Will you permit me to participate in your reflections?"

"I was looking forth on the beauties of the evening," said Miss Eustace.

It was a glorious night. The moon clear as a pearl, was riding high in the heavens, and looking down on the earth, which seemed hushed to perfect peace—and every star that could make itself visible in the presence of the queen of night, was sparkling like a diamond.

"It is indeed a night to awaken admiration, and inspire poetry," said Mr. Chauncey. "Has not the muse visited you?"

"I believe not," said Miss Eustace. "The influence of such a night on my heart is like that of music; I think it is feeling, not thought, that it inspires. O, could one communicate feelings without the intervention of words—could they throw them on paper without the mechanical drudgery of expressing them, what a volume would there be to read!" She raised her face towards him while speaking, beaming with the inspiration of the soul.

"Who is it! what is it! that you are perpetually bringing about my imagination—my memory?" said Mr. Chauncey, abruptly. "I seem to have had a pre-existence, in which you were known to me."

Miss Eustace made no reply. The suddenness of the question made her heart beat tumultuously—painfully; and the intensity of her feeling produced a sensation of faintness; but she supported herself against the window frame, and her agitation was unnoticed.

"I have it!—that must be it!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, after a moment's abstraction. "Gen. Gardner—Years ago, when quite a boy, I spent a week at his house. He had a lovely little daughter—her name, too, was Abby—I have never seen nor heard from her since; but she strongly resembled you. The same expression animated her features. Am I not right?"

Scarcely able to command voice enough to speak, Miss Eustace replied—"I believe Gen. Gardner never had a daughter!"

"O, you must be mistaken!" said Mr. Chauncey. "It has all come as fresh to my memory as the events of yesterday. My father went a long journey, took me with him as far as the General's and left me until his return. I was with his lovely little daughter, daily, for a week; and remember asking her before I came away, if she would not be my wife when she became a woman."

"Most true," thought Miss Eustace, trembling from head to foot, "and you followed the question by a kiss."

"You are acquainted with the General's family," continued Mr. Chauncey, "and yet you say he never had a daughter! But you must be mistaken! He certainly had one then, if he has one no longer!"

"I cannot be mistaken, sir," said Miss Eustace, in tones that were scarcely audible, "as I have passed much of my time there from infancy."

"Then it was yourself," cried Mr. Chauncey, "your own self that I saw there! Am I not right? Do you not remember it?"

"I do," Miss Eustace had just voice enough to utter.

"And did you remember me when we first met here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey, with eagerness.

"I did," said Miss Eustace.

"And why," he cried, "why did you never speak of our former acquaintance? Why could you not kindly recall my early enjoyment of your society?"

Miss Eustace could make no answer. She felt as if about to betray her heart's most hidden secret; as if Mr. Chauncey would read her whole soul, should she attempt to utter another syllable. Her trembling limbs could no longer support her, and with an unsteady motion she crossed the room and seated herself on the sofa.

The attachment of Miss Eustace to Mr. Chauncey was rather an instinct than a passion. She was eight years old when they met at Gen. Gardner's and she had not seen him since, until they met at Mr. Atkins', yet the attention he then paid her, which were the very first she had received from one of the other sex; and which had a peculiar delicacy for the attentions of a youth of sixteen made an indelible impression on her feelings. The strange question he asked her was ever awake in her heart—the kiss he imparted ever warm on her cheek! She would have felt it profanation to have had it displaced by one from any other lips. But though she had never since seen him, she had very frequently heard of him; and the sound of his name, a name she herself never altered, was ever music to her ear; and for the ten long years during which they had been separated, his image had filled her whole soul. "For Abby Eustace to have loved another would have been impossible! Her love for Horace Chauncey was a part of her very being!"

Mr. Chauncey did not instantly follow Miss Eustace to the sofa. He wished to look at his heart—to still its emotions as he went further. But one look showed him that he loved her wholly, entirely, undividedly; the sight of her agitation encouraged his hope—and advancing to the back of the sofa, and leaning over it, he said, in the softest tone—

"Now that you are a woman may I repeat the request of my boyhood? Will you be my wife?"

Miss Eustace spoke not a word, but her eyes met those of her lover; language on either side was unnecessary—both felt they loved and were beloved—that they were one forever!

Something more than a year after this eventful moment, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey were spending a social evening with their friends, in the same pleasant parlor in which their hearts had first been opened to each other. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Atkins made known the fact, that her cousin, Miss Leigh, was on the verge of matrimony.

"Pity her husband," said Mr. Chauncey.

"Pity him!" exclaimed Mr. Atkins. "For what? I dare say he considers himself one of the most fortunate fellows alive."

"Undoubtedly he does," said Mr. Chauncey; "but it will be a miracle if he ever enjoys domestic happiness."

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Atkins. "Surely Augusta has many valuable and attractive qualities."

"I grant it," said Mr. Chauncey, "and acknowledge that I once felt her force. But should a woman combine in her own character all the valuable qualities of the world, she could not secure happiness to her husband, were they allied to a temper like hers."

"Is not that going too far, Horace?" asked Mr. Atkins—"Is not that laying too much stress on temper?"

"I think not," answered Mr. Chauncey. "Early in life my mother often spoke to me of the importance of good temper. Her remarks which made a deep impression, led me to careful observation; and I am convinced, that could we accurately learn the detailed history of any one, from the cradle of his infancy to the grave in which he was laid at three-score years and ten, we should find that temper, his own or that of others, had occasioned three-fourths of the unhappiness he had endured. Neither poverty nor toil, pain, sickness, disappointment nor the loss of friends—neither, nor all of these together have caused so many hours of bitterness in this sorrowful world as ill-temper. It is the scorpion among the passions—it stings the deepest, the most envenomed wounds that are inflicted on human happiness."

"I rather think you are right, Horace," said Mr. Atkins, after sitting for a few minutes in silent abstraction—"I rather think you are right; and if so," he playfully added, "I really sympathize with you on account of Abby's unhappy temper."

"Abby's unhappy temper!" repeated Mr. Chauncey, while his eyes beamed with unutterable complacency and love as they rested upon her. "Look at her, Charles. Picture to yourself that face inflamed and distorted by passion! Imagine your own wife so disfigured! Is not the picture horrible? Who ever imagined a woman as she should be, without investing her with meekness, gentleness, patience, forbearance as the genuine characteristics of her sex? When destitute of these, she denies her nature—contradicts the very design of her creation."

"But you will grant," said Mr. Atkins, "that some women are born with much stronger passions than others: will you make no allowance for these?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Chauncey. "I have no belief in ungovernable passions. I would as soon excuse a thief for his stealing, or a drunkard for his intemperance, as a sensible woman for indulging a bad temper, on the score of natural infirmity. At the point of danger a double guard must be placed. Every woman owes this, not only to herself, but to her friends."

She was made to lighten care; to soothe corroded feelings; to console the afflicted; to sympathize with the suffering, and by her gentle influence, to allay the stormy and conflicting elements that agitate the more rugged nature of man. Instead of this, shall she permit her own angry passions to be the whirlwind that shall raise the storm? The woman who does this, should be disowned of her sex, like those who abandon themselves to any other vicious inclination. An ill-tempered man is a tyrant; but an ill-tempered woman is a monster!"

THE MEMORY OF CHILDREN.—It is noteworthy that children, who are taken away by death, always remain in the memory of the parent, as children. Other children grow old; but the one we lost continues in youth. It looks as last we saw it in health. The imagination hems its sweet voice and light step, and sees its silken hair and clear bright eyes—all just as they were. Ten or twenty years ago by go; the child remains in the memory as at first, a bright happy child. Its young and beautiful form moves before us; and what is such a memory but an angel's presence? Certainly, next to seeing an angel in seeing, with a parent's heart, such a cherished form. Amid this world of ambition and show, who shall say that this is not a means, under Providence, of subduing and spiritualizing the mind? Thus, in order to cherish such a remembrance, we are at times willing to turn even from the charms of the living. The sight becomes sweeter than the song. Sorrow subdued becomes a friend, and sacred joy is mingled with tears of holy recollection. Thus as grief assails the mount of Time she seems to pass through a sort of transformation. The convulsive agony changes to passive sorrow, and querulous misgiving to quiet meditation. There must be distress; let then, the gushing tears flow, for it is the course of nature; but even with this, let there be the victory of Christian faith; the glorious hope of our holy religion.—*For*

"Such a hope, like the rainbow, a being of light may be born like the rainbow, in tears."

THE LAST MOMENTS OF F. C. GERMON.—Mr. Germon was one of the most celebrated members of Dumbarton's original Band of Ethiopian Serenaders, and died of consumption. He died at Carel's Bolivar House, in Chestnut above Sixth street, and was buried on Sunday last.

A friend, who was with him in his last moments, states that when Mr. Carel, Jr., asked if he should read some good work—"Read over Shakespeare," said he—"read me Shakespeare." Mr. C. urged him to think, now, of another world, and as he left the room said, "Frank, there is yet time."

Germon said nothing for some moments. Death was rapidly approaching. He folded his hands across his breast. "Time," said he at length, "there is yet time!" Then lifting his hands, as in prayer, he commenced to recite the little verse employed by children on going to sleep, viz:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to God my soul to keep;
Here he paused, and murmured, "Time—Time—yet time," and continued to recite—

"And if I die before I wake,
I pray to God!"

Here he was rapidly sinking. He gasped, "I pray to God"—"ah—time—time"—and, as the last words died away on his lips, his spirit left his body, we trust for a happier place.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Cider!" said Mrs. Partington, withdrawing the mug from her face, containing her favorite beverage, and smacking an admiring tribute: "Cider was a great drink with my Paul while he was a scogger here; many a time has the dear creature called to me, 'Mrs. P., take the old black bowl and go down cellar and draw a mug of cider.' I never shall cease to forget him!" and with much emotion she drained the mug and pensively laid it on the table. Her knitting was resumed instinctively and pursued, but soon a stitch was dropped and then another

and another, and her speck fell suddenly from the saddle of her nose; sleep overtook her, and her head bowed upon her hands. Strange the effect of grief! some thought it was the cider.

WORDS. One of the stereotyped expressions of rhetoricians is that words are "the dress of thought." In a masterly essay on Words, by the accomplished essayist and reviewer, E. R. Whipple, we find the following comment on this sentiment:

Such a definition degrades them below their sphere, and misconceives their importance. They are as Wordsworth has happily said, the incarnation of thought. They bear the same relation to ideas, that the body bears to the soul. Take the most beautiful and sincere poetry, which has ever been written, and its charm is broken as soon as the words are disturbed or altered. If any expression can be employed except that which is used, the poet is a bungling rhetorician, and writes on the surface of his theme. A thought embodied and embraced in fit words, walks the earth, living being. No part of its body can be stricken from it or injured, without disfiguring the beauty of its form or spoiling the grace of its motion.

When a celebrated Scotch nobleman was ambassador to the court of France, king Louis was always very anxious to learn from him the character of his nation, *trix junta in ma.*

"Well, my lord," cried the king, "how would an Englishman be found after a hard fought field?"

"O sleeping away the fatigues of the day!" replied the ambassador.

"Very prudently," rejoined his majesty, "and the Irish?"

"O he'd be drinking away the fatigues of the day."

"Good! good!" laughed out the royal Louis. "And, now, though not the least in glory's annals, your own countryman, the bonny Scot?"

"Why, your majesty, I ken Sandy's humor, he'd be just darning his hose, perhaps, and thinking of the siller he could save."

SOME. The man who deliberately walks into a grocery store and eats a dozen peaches, just by the way of testing their quality, and then concludes they are not exactly the thing, is some. The man who invites you to an oyster feast, and after eating, drinking, and smoking, leaves to foot the bill, on the plea that his purse is in his other pants, is also some. The man who ties up a half grown, home-sick pup in his yard, and permits it to howl hideously all night, for the benefit of his neighbors, is considerably some. The individual who writes anonymous communications to an editor, calling him names and threatening his character with slander, is very much some.

The Pionyeer says a fellow, calling himself Wm. Hutchinson, was arrested in New Orleans for having in his possession 203 printers' rules, supposed to have been stolen. Now we say there is no rule in the craft whereby a jour would be justified in having so many rules to guide him in his compositions. Hutchinson should be chased in this matter and if it is made out that he gouged the articles, he should be locked up in close confinement till he is ready to be worked off and placed under the stone.—*[See.]*

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—We are happy to learn that the Panama Railroad Company have put under contract that portion of their railroad across the Isthmus which lies between the Chagres river and the bay of Panama, about 21 miles, the whole distance from Panama to Limon Bay being 46 miles. The contractors are Messrs. Trotten and Trant, who, whose proposals were most favorable, and who possess the great recommendation of having been employed for the last four or five years in the territories of New Grenada, in constructing a canal ninety miles long, to connect two branches of the Magdalena river. They have accomplished this work entirely with native labor, and though at first encountering great difficulty, they have succeeded in training the natives into expert workmen, and will be able to carry over with them a large force. Thoroughly acclimated, and with a perfect knowledge of

