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Poetry.

TOO LATE.

With burning brow on fevered hand,
Slow fading with the fading day,
I sit beside the darkling strand
While moaning tide and land-wind say:
"Thy wide world died by land and sea
With that great heart that died for thee."

The sighings of her wasting breast
Were breathed to cold, unanswering night.
Alone, forsaken, and unguessed,
She passed, a blighted flower, from sight;
And now the land-wind bears my cry
To deaf abyss of seaward sky.

A single star's unpitying gleam
Lights up the storm-weed at my feet;
And, shore-cast wreck, I sit and dream
While my lost heart, with waning beat,
Breaks slowly, by the breaking sea,
For that great heart that brake for me.

LITERATURE.

UNCLE WILL'S PANAMA.

BY MRS M. A KIDDER.

THE Ashleys were a proud, aristocratic family from time immemorial. We were Ashleys, with all the pride, but unfortunately with none of the wealth to bolster it up properly.

Mother, who used to bless her stars that she had not always been an Ashley, but descended from the gentle family of Browns, had a hard time of it to make her three daughters presentable in good society, to which, by virtue of our name, we had always clung. Her small annuity, left by her father, was yearly expended on us, and by dint of planning, altering, and making over, we made quite an appearance, although Sybel, who had the eye of a critic, declared we always lacked the true "milliner touch."

Our father was a lawyer with small pay, that scarcely supplied us with the necessaries of life; yet, being an Ashley, he would not consent to our contributing in any way to the general fund. Sybel was the oldest daughter—the picture of her father, having his lofty bearing, and the true Ashley nose. She was beautiful, and had many admirers, but none of them were rich, and as she had seen enough, she said, of the miseries of poverty, she would marry to better her, or not at all.

Grace was also tall and elegant, like Sybel, but softer and more dreamy in her nature, and seemed to live in a world of her own.

Thus much for my two sisters: and now for myself, the youngest of this branch of the family:

To use my father's expression, I was a Brown, every inch of me—not only in height and complexion, but in disposition: rosy, full of health and good spirits, and just saucy enough to ruffle the temper of my queenly sisters on every possible occasion. Yet there were times when I felt the proud blood of my Ashley ancestors course through my veins and tingle to my finger ends.

I had a lover, a poor struggling clerk, who would not be in a condition to marry, perhaps, for many a year; yet I was happy if we met twice a week for a twilight walk on the beach, and took tea together on Sunday night in our cozy little sitting-room. On these latter occasions, my father and sisters manifested their disapprobation of my plebian tastes, by assuming an undue amount of dignity toward my humble suitor. My mother encouraged us, however, and one of her sweet smiles more than compensated us for the frown of the others.

One day Sybel came to my room, not in her calm way, but in great haste.

"Margaret, said she, I am going to New York to-morrow in the eight o'clock train; will you assist me in getting my things ready?"

I looked up in astonishment. What does this sudden freak mean, Sybel?

It means just this, Margaret; that uncle Will is coming here to spend a month or more, so he told papa to-day, and the same house can not hold us both for that length of time; so I shall take up with aunt Jane's invitation.

Now good, honest, eccentric uncle Will (my mother's brother), was an especial favorite of mine. Years ago, when I was a six year old romp, climbing cherry-trees and hunting hens' nests, he was often my companion, and many a time had saved me from merited punishment. Since then he had been absent nearly ten years, visiting different parts of the world, and had returned about a year before.

I am ashamed of you, Sybel, said I, uncle Will is rather odd, I know, but it is very wrong of you to leave the house on his account.

I shall do it, though, said Sybel; you can bear with his eccentricities if you will, but I can not. He gives my nervous system a shock every hour in the day when he is here. You know, Margaret, how he mortified me last winter; whenever I had a genteel caller, and was desirous to put the best foot forward, and show things in their most favorable light, he was sure to bolt into the room and upset everything with the way he would run on about our affairs; and then that old Panama hat—I believe he wears it out of spite, because I hate the sight of it so.

There was no use arguing the matter, I saw plainly; so very reluctantly I went about assisting her in her preparations.

Sybel started on her journey the next morning, and the coming evening brought uncle Will Brown, and the old-fashioned hair trunk with brass letters, that had been my admiration when a child.

Bless his dear old heart, how glad I was to see him!

He took me in his arms and gave me a rough kiss, saying:

Take that, Mag; it's not so sweet as the one you got last night, I s'pose, but there's more heart in it, I'll be bound.

Oh, uncle! said I, I'm so glad you didn't wear your old Panama; where have you buried it? I hope where it will never be resurrected again, for the sake of the Ashley pride, if for no other reason.

Maggie, you rogue, love me, love my hat, said he, producing the veritable Panama from the depths of his coat pocket. "This hat belonged to a smuggler once, and has a history, my dear, which shall not be told for the sake of the dead under the sea." A shadow passed over uncle Will's face, but it was gone again in a moment, as Grace put her white hand out to him, and held up her cheek for a kiss.

Where's Sybel? said he, as he hastily reviewed our little group.

Gone to New York, uncle, on a visit to aunt Jane.

Ah! indeed, said uncle Will, I must take a trip on to see my little lady, or her pride may fly away with her. But there was no danger of losing him very soon, after he was domiciled snugly under our roof.

I took the entire care of uncle's scanty wardrobe, and then it was that I came to pity him for his poverty. I used to darn his stockings, sew on his buttons, etc., and sometimes would joke him on his shabby attire.

Shabby, my dear, he would say with a smile, but not shabby genteel like the Ashleys'.

It was in the month of October. The honeysuckles and morning-glories that clustered about the door were faded and drooping, and the garden flowers had yielded up their fragrant breath at the mandate of the frost king. But, thanks to good management, everything within doors was comfortable and cheery.

Grace had made a sudden conquest, in the shape of a rich widower with two children, and intended to be married about the holiday time; but my own wedding day seemed as far distant as ever.

One day Grace and I were sitting in mother's cozy room, sewing and chatting, when uncle Will brought in a letter. It was from Sybel, and addressed to me. I glanced over it hastily, then slipped it quietly, as I thought, into my pocket, to peruse it at leisure.

On retiring to my chamber (which Grace shared with me), I felt for my letter, but it was gone. I retraced my steps, thinking to find it in the sitting-room, but without avail.

What have you lost, Margaret? said mother, looking over her spectacles, as I ransacked boxes and baskets.

Sybel's letter—mother, have you seen it?

Yes, your uncle took it up to his room, by my leave; he picked it up on the floor.

Has he read it, mother?

Certainly, Margaret, why not? it is all in the family.

But why couldn't you have read it first, mother? Poor, poor uncle Will; he knows now how Sybel hates him; and I burst into tears.

I did not feel in any great hurry to read it, said my mother, for I received by the same mail a very tender, loving letter from Sybel; one which the whole world might have read, as to that matter.

While we were talking, uncle Will came into the room and handed me the letter quietly. He was pale, but otherwise manifested no emotion.

Maggie, said he, "I am going to New York to-morrow morning in the eight o'clock train; will you assist me in getting my things ready?"

The very words that Sybel had uttered to me the night before going away. Why it should thrill me so I knew not.

Uncle, said I, glancing up at him through my tears, "must you go?"

Yes, Margaret. Sybel writes in her letter that the cholera has made its appearance in New York and I think it best for her to come home. I am going to bring her.

Dear, magnanimous uncle Will? Not a word out of his mouth about that hateful sentence, in relation to himself, in Sybel's letter, which would have made some men her enemy for life.

Poor Sybel, said he, she has nobody to blame for her likes and dislikes, but that long line of Ashley ancestry, whose very ghosts look down on other respectable ghosts with contempt.

The next morning uncle Will started on his journey and I insisted on going to the depot. How kindly he looked down on me from the car window, as I kissed my hand to him from the platform.

Take care of yourself, Maggie, said he, until we meet again, which will be in a few days at least, and the cars whirled him out of my sight.

I was not given to superstition, but after this parting a melancholy seemed to settle down upon my spirits, that I could not throw off. I would start at every sound, and nearly faint at every loud ring at the door bell, notwithstanding the raillery of my father and sister, and the kind remonstrances of my mother.

The 16th of October, 185—! Shall I ever forget the horrors of that dreadful night. Nathan Foster (my lover) and myself were seated at the window in the sitting room looking down the road, when we saw Mr. S—, one of the selectmen of the town, coming hastily toward the house. As the rest of the family were up stairs, Nathan arose to answer the ring at the door, but I pulled him back, and pointed out a singular object that attracted my attention at a distance down the road. It was almost dark, and all we could see was this strange white object moving slowly up the road, with a slightly undulating motion, sometimes disappearing behind the trees, and then coming out again with startling distinctness.

We stood thus breathlessly gazing out, perhaps five minutes—perhaps twenty (I took no note of time), when my mother came, and laid a hand on each of us.

Her face was the color of marble, but she was calm, as she always was in great emergencies.

Margaret, said she, Mr. S— has brought us sad news, but not so bad as it might be; there has been a railroad accident, and your—

I knew it! I knew it! I interrupted, and that is poor uncle Will they are bringing up the road on a litter.

My mother had no time to answer, for I was off down the road without shawl or bonnet, followed by father and Nathan. Who can imagine our grief as we followed that solemn procession into the house? When the men had set down their burden, I hastened to uncover the face, and found to my astonishment that it was not uncle Will, but Sybel—not dead, thank heaven, but so seriously injured that the doctor despaired of her life.

How my father and mother wept and wrung their hands, as they knelt at the side of the rude couch that held their first born darling.

After her wounds had been carefully dressed, and everything done for her that love and skill could suggest, as we stood around her bedside, she slowly opened her eyes and anxiously inquired, Was uncle Will killed? and then relapsed into unconsciousness.

We had all been so paralyzed by this sudden shock that it had never occurred to us that uncle Will must have been Sybel's companion at the time of the accident, and that he too must have been injured, or he would have been with us at this time, as useful and handy as any doctor.

Mr S—, who had kept back the whole truth for fear we could not bear it, now informed us that uncle Will had been so seriously injured that it was found impossible to bring him home, and he had been conveyed to a cottage near by the scene of the accident.

It was only about half a mile from our house where the cars had run off the track, and, turning a complete summersault, landed a distance of twenty feet below, in a sort of hollow.

Thence father, Nathan and myself repaired, leaving mother, Grace and the doctor with Sybel.

There had been none killed outright, but a great many wounded. Some had been carried to their respective homes, and many more were in houses near by. We found uncle Will, but as he was sleeping soundly, under the effects of a strong opiate, we could not judge as to the extent of his injuries. Unlike Sybel, though his face and head were covered with bruises and contusions and the doctor informed us that both his legs were broken.

The month following that terrible night was fraught with cares and anxieties for all.

Sybel was soon pronounced out of danger, but poor uncle Will never recovered. True, he did not die then and there. He rallied for a while, and seemed cheerful and quite himself; but finally consumption set in, and we laid him to rest one beautiful June morning, when the roses bloomed the sweetest in our little churchyard.

The last few weeks of his life Sybel was constantly at his bedside, the tenderest and most careful of nurses.

Why was I spared, dear, good uncle Will, she would say to him, when you must go

Because consumption runs in the Brown family, Sybel, he would answer, smiling I should have died with it any way before long, and the accident only hurried things up a little, that's all.

A few days before his death he called us all to his bedside, where he sat propped up with pillows.

I want to dispose of my shabby wardrobe, said he with a smile, glancing at me. To you brother Ashley, I give my watch; to you dear sister Brown, my hair trunk; to Grace my small collection of curiosities and books; and my two faithful nurses, Maggie and Sybel, to hold jointly and together, they and their heirs forever—my Panama hat.

Dear uncle Will! though old and eccentric to the last, he left behind him, when he went to rest, a vacuum that was never filled, at least to me.

At the time of my writing this, I, Mrs Nathan Foster, lay down my pen and look back on the sunny years of my married life, due altogether to the singular bequest of my uncle Will. Within the double crown of that Panama hat, one lucky day, we (Sybel and I) found a little fortune in bank bills. In fact, every member of the family found tokens of uncle's hoarding propensity tucked away in unexpected corners.

As I sit at our cosy fireside, with Nathan at my elbow, and our two sweet children between us it is a comforting belief to think that the spirit of uncle Will is a daily witness to our happiness.

Grace has long ago married the widower, and gone West. Sybel still lives with father and mother, and seems in no hurry to change her lot, though in her case there is a great falling off the Ashley pride.

Catching the Train.

One of the greatest delights of boarding in the country for the summer, is the pleasure a man derives from his efforts to catch the early morning train by which he must reach the city and his business. When he gets out of bed he looks at his watch, and finds he has plenty of time; so he dresses leisurely, and sits down to breakfast in a calm and serene state of mind. Just as he cracks his first egg, he hears the up train. He starts, jerks out his watch, compares it with the clock, and finds that it is eleven minutes slow, and that he has only four minutes left in which to get to the depot. In a fearful hurry he tries to scoop the egg out of the shell, but it burns his fingers; the skin is tough, and after fooling with it for a moment it mashes into a hopeless mess, and he gets his fingers smeared; he drops the whole concern in disgust, grabs a hot roll, and scalds his tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee; then he stuffs the roll in his mouth, while his wife hands him his satchel, and tells him she thinks she hears the whistle. He plunges madly around the room looking for his umbrella; then kisses his wife as well as he can with all that unswallowed bread distending his cheeks, says good-bye to the children in a lump, and makes a dash for the door.

Just as he gets to the gate he finds that he has forgotten his duster, and he charges back after it, snatches it up, and tears down the gravel walk in a frenzy. He doesn't like to run through the village, because that would be undignified, but he walks furiously. He goes faster, and half way down he does hear the whistle for certain. He wants to run, but he knows that he will start up that yellow dog there by the sidewalk if he does. Then he actually sees the train coming into the depot, and feels that he must make a rush. He does. The yellow dog becomes excited, and tears after him. Six other dogs join in the chase, one after the other, and bark furiously and frolic around his legs. Small boys contribute to the excitement as he goes past by whistling on their fingers, and the men at work on the new meeting house knock off to look at him and laugh. He feels ridiculous, but he must catch that train. He gets desperate when he has to slacken up until two or three women, who are on the sidewalk discussing the servant girl question and the price of butter, scatter to let him pass. He arrives within one hundred yards of the depot with duster flying in the wind, coat-tails horizontal and the yellow dog nipping his heels, just as the train begins to move. He puts on an extra pressure, and resolves to make that train or to perish. He reaches it as the last car is going past. He seizes the hand rail, is violently jerked around once or twice, but finally lands on the step on his knees, and is hauled in by his coat collar by the brakeman, hot, mad, dusty, with his trousers torn across the knees, his shins bruised, and three ribs in his umbrella broken.

Just as he gets comfortably into the car the train stops, backs up on the siding, and lays there for half an hour while the engineer fixes a broken valve. Then he is madder than ever, and determines that he will move in town to-morrow, and swears while he looks out of the window and watches the dogs that followed him engaged in a contest over a bone which the yellow dog found on the platform of the station; and he registered a silent vow to devote his first holiday to hunting up that dog, and braining him with a club.

A gentleman who came several thousand miles to view the country with the purpose of purchasing, got a large sized red ant on him a few days ago, and, stranger as he was, he cavorted around and used appropriate language as if he had lived all his life, and moved in the best society.—[San Antonio Her.

Photography at the Bottom of the Sea.

Dr Neumayer has recently exhibited before the Berlin Geographical Society a photographic apparatus designed for the determination of the temperature and of the currents at great depths in the ocean

The invention is composed of a copper box, hermetically sealed and furnished with an exterior appendix made like a rudder. In the interior is a mercury thermometer and compass, each inclosed in a glass receptacle in which are admitted traces of nitrogen gas. A small electric battery completes the apparatus. When the latter is allowed to descend attached to a sounding line, the action of the current on its rudder causes it to assume a parallel direction, thus indicating the set of the flow by the relative position of compass, needle and rudder. The thermometer of course show the surrounding temperature. In order to fix these indications, a piece of photographic paper is suitably disposed near the glass cases containing the instruments. Then at the proper time a current of electricity is established through the gas in the receptacles, causing an intense violet light, capable of acting chemically upon the paper for a sufficient length of time to allow of the photography thereon of the shadows of the compass needle and of the mercury column. Within three minutes, it is said, the operation is complete, when the apparatus is hoisted and the paper removed.

AN AUCTIONEER IN A NEW ROLE.—A talented young gentleman of Bangor, who is in the auction business, recently received a compliment such as is bestowed upon few persons outside the clergy, if we may believe the following story, which the Whig tells:

About three months since a young man in an up river town was very sick and had given up all hopes of recovery. He gave full directions concerning the disposition of his little property, and sending for all his relatives bade them a tender farewell. As they stood weeping around his bedside, one of them asked him in a choked and tearful voice whom he would like to have officiate at his funeral. Slowly and painfully raising his attenuated form from the pillows, he said: "There's Mr. —— down to Bangor (mentioning our auctioneer friend). He's an easy, fluid talker and I allers liked to hear him. I've had dealings with him, an' allers found he set out things jest about as they was. He's the man I want to my funeral!"

The young man recovered, after all, and the world will never know what it missed by the suppression of that funeral oration.

AN AMERICAN RIVER NILE.—The valley of the Rio Grand del Norte, in New Mexico, recalls the features of the Egyptian Nile. A large population is entirely dependent upon the river. An annual rise of the waters carries a muddy sediment, superior in fertilizing properties, as was proved by analysis, to that of the great African river. While the amount of phosphoric acid is nearly the same, the amount of potash is considerably higher.—Thousands of acres are lying idle along the valley of the stream, awaiting the enterprising farmer.

Now we know all about it. An enormously learned climatologist tells the world, in Galignani, how our incipient summer got nipped in the bud, thusly: "The chilliness is due to the fact that the earth passes behind a ring of asteroids, which absorb a portion of the sun's warmth due to us while it remains above the horizon. The temperature will not resume its ascensional movement until the annual rotation shall have carried our sphere from the shadow of the multitude of small planets which is always projected on the same point of our orb.

Everything, it seems, was not lovely at the recent high life wedding at Senator Stewart's house in Washington. The supper room, as the guests became full of tea and coffee or other cheering liquidates, was turned into a scene of riotous confusion, which resulted in considerable breakage of glass and china, and compelled the hostess to order the supper room to be closed. In other words the guests behaved disgracefully, just as often happens in Washington, and for that matter, in other places. The fact seems to be that putting "Hon." before some men's names doesn't make gentlemen of them.

A MAN of strong will holds to a principle which he has once accepted and which his experience has ratified, no matter how vain and silly that principle may appear at the hour of temptation. Then when with desperate firmness, he has survived the day of darkness and peril, with what support and encouragement returns (as it must always return) the old clear sense of the beauty of virtue and of the dominance of the good.

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