Cambridge Democrat.

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[From the New York Mercury.]

Breathe not a Lost One's Name.

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

Oh, never breathe a lost one's name!
Lost hopeful Friendship ling'ring near
Should steel its mourning heart in vain,
As Thought renews the wasting tear!
Oft hearts deemed cold to Memory's sigh,
Will oftenest dream that lost one nigh.

Oh, never breathe a lost one's name!
Mayhap kind Pity 'mid the throng
May press in grief her burning brain,
As Memory wakes a heyday song.
Till Pity hides her tearful head,
Hope for the wept has never fled.

Oh, never breathe a lost one's name!
A brother may have strived to win
That lov'd one from the path of shame,
Ere had been gain'd the depths of sin.
A father's tears—a mother's wail,
May show that prayers could not prevail.

Oh, never breathe a lost one's name!
"When those who loved that name are nigh:
It pours a lava through the frame
That choakes the breast," and floods the eye;
It strains a cord that yields too much
Of piercing grief to Memory's touch.

No, do not breathe the lost one's name,
For hand of Mercy fain should throw
Her mantle o'er the loved one's fame,
Whose heart was pure ih long ago!
Oh, breathe it not, but heave the sigh,
That Virtue's fall should be for aye!

Nor lightly breathe the lost one's name,
But speak the word in gentlest breath;
Why should Reproof the shrine profane,
When Guilt lies eloquent in death?
Ah! Beauty's bud and Manhood's flower
Their bloom may yield to Passion's power.

Let Charity's angelic hand
Plant weeping-willow o'er their grave—
Lethe shall prove Elysian land
To those we wept in vain to save:
Oblivion's the precious boon
The lost one craves beyond the tomb!

ST. ALBANS, VT., 1860.

[From the New York Mercury.]

THE

AMATEUR MECHANIC.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Jack Crawford was a very odd sort of fellow. He took particular delight in disguises, romances, mysteries, and adventures generally.—Therefore, he was continually getting into scrapes of all kinds; and, naturally enough, there was almost always "a lady in the case."

This made him a little misogamical—a mild sort of woman hater—Yet, for all that, somehow, he could never let the sex alone.

A profound love of Nature and jolly times led Jack and myself to the pretty village of St. Blossom, one summer. We went to fish, to sketch, to see the scenery, and perhaps, to drink the waters of the springs there; for, as Jack remarked, "they possessed peculiarly refreshing qualities—when mixed with a little cogniac."

The morning of the third day of our sojourn found us seated upon a flowery slope, skirted by pollard-willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed by the clear waters of a stream that emptied into the bay. We had sought the spot to smoke an after-breakfast cigar, and to indulge in a quiet chat, with the beauties of Nature before our eyes.

As is painfully apt to be the case, when two young men are together, our talk was all of women.

Women! what an inexhaustible subject, for contemplation, for conversation, for writing, for oratory, for painting, for sculpture, and for matrimony!

"It is all gammon," said Jack, "women don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, nor good fellowship. All they look for is wealth and position, even when they are in love. If they don't find those amiable attributes, they won't love at all, generally; and if a fellow has'nt got them, he'd better let the sex alone—"

"As you do?"

"That's neither here nor there—it takes a gilded key to unlock their precious little hearts. That's so!"

"You are sadly mistaken, Jack; and the worst of it is, you know it. You are angry with the husband-hunters who have given you chase so long, and revenge yourself by assailing the entire institution of dimity. You are all wrong. A fellow like you, young, rich and—well, yes, I think I may say tolerably good-looking—has no chance to see women in their true colors. The modest ones do not care to compete with the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank-account in spite of yourself, and so play off their charms upon you, *ad nauseam*."

"But are there any artless ones, who don't want money above all things? I hardly think it."

"That's because you never find them crowding about you. Only the brazen-faced fortune-hunters do that, and they have accustomed you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking; and as that is'nt in your line you never knew how many nice women there are in the world."

Jack started up.

"I'll tell what I'll do," cried he, flinging his cigar-end into the stream; "I'll test the question! I'll test it here, in this very place! I'll ignore my money, turn mechanic, make love to the prettiest, proudest girl in the village, and show you that she won't have me on any terms. Then I'll come out in my own character, and prove that cash and family are puissant to accomplish that which my acquirements and character can never begin to do!"

"What, marry her?"

"Not much! Make her ask me to, and laugh at her!"

I confess that I hoped Jack would not put the matter to such a severe test. He was a capital fellow, as rich in accomplishments as in money; and I knew that St. Blossom contained some very charming girls—daughters of retired sea-captains, bankers, etc., who, however much they might love a journeyman mechanic, would see him hanged, almost, before they would consent to marry him. *Au contraire*, a young gentleman of wealth and position would probably prove very acceptable to any of the marriageable ones.

But Jack was determined; and when I returned to the city, a few days afterward, I left him busily arranging a chest of carpenter's tools, and getting himself up in a paper cap and a pair of blue over-alls.

He had a wonderful talent, had Jack, for doing everything tolerably well. He played upon half-a-dozen different musical instruments, could survey, sketched prettily in pencil or water-colors, understood short-hand, had dabbled in surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardener, had built a stone bridge, written an epic, and half-soled a pair of boots!

With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he should be able to get on very well as a carpenter. Nobody knew him in St. Blossom; and when he introduced himself to the "boss" carpenter of the village, he succeeded in convincing him that he, Jack, was a journeyman of unusual talent.

He received several commissions, during the first fortnight of his experiment; but on the whole, it was lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors, as he might have found some little difficulty in paying his board and minor expenses—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars' worth of cigars, every week.

One fine day, after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest houses in St. Blossom

Jack agreed; and in a short time, was mounted on a scaffold about on a level with the third-story windows of the mansion of old Judge Preston, the richest, and perhaps the most aristocratic man in the village.

Jack did not find his task an easy one. The work was rather elaborate, and the weather was warm.—Two days elapsed, and he had only got readdy to commence putting up the brackets that sustained—or appeared to sustain—the heavy moldings. Lunch-time came, and the amateur mechanic, getting into the shade, unpacked his little, tin dinner pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing, when he saw that the window nearest him was open, and some papers lying on the escritoire inside were in danger of getting blown away.

"I know it is a trespass," meditated he; "but it is for the proprietor's good. I'll step into the room, and save, perhaps, some valuable documents."

A little gymnastic exercise bro't him down from his scaffold, through the window, and into a very elegant chamber.

"Hm," said Jack; "a woman's apartment, evidently."

There were paintings, statuettes, vases and forty other luxurious nothings, such as women of taste love to gather around them. A guitar reposed upon the bed, which stood in a crimson-curtained alcove, was strewn with books, in French, English and Italian, as if the tutelar deity of the room had been lying down and amusing herself with music and literature.

There was a portfolio open on the table, with a very nice little water-color sketch, half-finished; a well-selected, though small library, in a corner, and everything about the apartment, from the bed, with its snowy coverlid and lace-embroidered pillows, to the canary bird in the window, bespoke refinement and delicacy of taste on the part of whoever had arranged the chamber.

"Something elegant about all this," mused Jack; "I must investigate this. Here's an opening for a splendid bit of romance—poor, young carpenter, and rich, lovely woman, eh? Lord bless me! there have been bushels of romances written on the same plot!"

He gathered up the scattered papers, and placed them beneath a paper weight on the escritoire; then, regaining his scaffold, he finished his lunch and went to work again, a little more hopefully than before.

Several days passed thus, and Jack got into a very imprudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in the hope of meeting the occupant of so charming a temple. He became familiar with all the books, pictures, and music; whistled the canary into convulsions of song, and drove himself half-crazy with speculations concerning the fair unknown.

He had heard her sing very sweetly, of a mornig, when she opened the window, and had caught a glimpse of a fair form; but she, seeing him, had suddenly withdrawn, and he had been unable to discover whether she was beautiful as a rosebud, or ugly as a camel.

He found that her customary costume was of pale blue and white, and that she was given to wearing coquettish little head-dresses of faint blue.

Evidently, the girl was a blonde.

He found gaiters of delicate colors, exquisite shape, and wonderful smallness; gloves of corresponding delicacy and size; tasteful morning robes, and sacques, and things, such as nice girls array themselves in when at home and alone.

He feasted upon the atmosphere of the place, so pure, so refined, so suggestive of beauty and cultivation.

What will you say, O matter-of-fact reader, when I tell you that my friend, Jack Crawford, fell desperately in love with a girl he had never seen—of whom he knew nothing, almost.

Yet he did.

Quite naturally, the erection of the cornice progressed but slowly. The master-carpenter wondered at it; but Jack assured him, every morning that it would take only a day or two longer.

One day, he found an essay on music, written in the same fine, feminine hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margins of books, and on other manuscripts in the chamber. This essay, unfinished, and lying exposed on the portfolio, could not be private, so Jack, grown impertinent to the last degree, laid down the saw that he had unconsciously brought with him, and taking a seat in a cushioned arm-chair, perused the writing, carefully.

It was well-expressed and fanciful; but the fair writer had made a slight error in philosophy. It would be dull for me to explain here the mistake which Jack detected at once.—Suffice it, that the young lady had confused the laws which govern melody and harmony, and Jack wished devoutly for an opportunity to set her right.

Just at this juncture, the door opened, and his *deesse inconnue* entered.

Figure to yourself a young girl, say of nineteen or twenty, whose every line and contour bespoke grace and health; whose peach-tinted cheeks, bright blue eyes, and lips like the inner-fold of some tropic shell, told of vivacity, freshness, and purity of spirit. Her hair was of that peculiar, rare shade of brown, best described, perhaps, as wood-color—a mingling of ashy and golden tints—and fell in tangled masses, half ringlets and half disorder, on each side of a neck as white as the creamy petals of the magnolia.

She did not faint or scream when she saw the carpenter sitting coolly in her arm-chair, making himself objectionably at home. She only opened her large, violet eyes, hesitated a moment, and said, deliberately;

"Well sir?"

Jack arose, and bowed politely.

"What do you wish sir?"

Jack was put to his trumps.

"I wished to see what kind of divinity inhabited so delightful a place.'

Truly, a nice speech for a journeyman carpenter to make to Judge Preston's only daughter.

"Well, sir, now that you have satisfied that curiosity, perhaps you will oblige me by withdrawing. You are intruding, sir."

"Certainly," said Jack, now in the full enjoyment of the thing; "I will go immediately; but you must pardon me, one more word—I wish to explain a trifling question, on which you do not seem quite clear. Harmony, in music, is that which appeals to the intellectual faculties—the reasoning portion of the soul. Melody, on the contrary, appeals to the affectional, or passions."

The young girl drew back, and looked at Jack in alarm.

"No," said he, dividing her suspicion, "I am not crazy: I have taken the liberty of reading your essay. In it, you say: 'Education alone can refine and intensify our preception of melody.' You should have said, 'of harmony;' for that rules the brain, which organ is especially susceptible to the influence of education. Melody is lord of the heart alone; and you, mademoiselle ought to be aware that the heart cannot be taught, either in music or in love."

Miss Preston was astounded.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know what to make of your conduct. You are very imprudent, and your intrusion here is very—very—"

"Yes, I know—very audacious and impertinent. I acknowledge that; but you must pardon me. I first entered your room to replace some papers that were liable to blow out of the window. There was no harm in that, but once inside, the air of elegance and cultivation exhibited here attracted me inexpressibly. Doubtless, you have observed that one's surroundings become permeated, as it were, with something of one's sphere—one's magnetism, or what ever it is. So, in your room, I felt the presence of a nameless, invissible, but charming spirit, and made bold to enter often—hoping that, if you knew my feelings, you would pardon them."

A woman never repulses admiration, even from a (so-called) inferior, if it be delicately expressed. Miss Preston began to be pleased with the carpenter, despite his shirt sleeves and paper cap.

The conversation proceeded. Jack proved to the fair essayist that she was in error, as he had said, and continually surprised her by the depth of his thought, the variety of his knowledge, and the elegance of his diction.

In leaving, he held out his hand, almost as soft and white as her own; and she, stifling the last traces of a false prejudice, gave it a cordial pressure.

"Since my boyhood," brazenly replied Jack; "but"—and he glanced down at his hands—"I have always done the nicer kinds of work—joinery, and the like."

This explanation passed well enough with a girl who had never before been honored with the acquaintance of a machanic.

The next mornig, when the window was opened, the twain exchanged salutations, and somehow, fell into a discussion that became so interesting, that Jack was once more compelled to enter the apartment.

Alas, for the progression of the new cornice!

For nearly two weeks, this state of things continued, until Laura Preston was forced to confess, mangre her pride, that she sincerely loved Jack Crawford, the journeyman carpenter.

He would not believe it—it contradicted his theory of the mercenary character of woman.

And, I notice, we never believe anything which contradicts our theories.

Finally, when the cornice became ridiculous, and had to be finished whether or no, Laura petitioned her father to have some wardrobes put up—especially an ornamented one, in her chamber, with any amount of nice work on it. Of course, Jack had the task, though the old judge grumbled terribly about employing so slow a workman.

It took six weeks to finish that wardrobe!

By the time it was done up, Jack's theory was done up, too; and sweet Laura Preston had promised to become his wife, in spite of her father's pride—in spite of Jack's blue over-alls and paper cap—in spite of the world's notions.

Sensible girl!

There was only one thing for Jack to do, and that was to reveal his true position to Laura and her father—a task that didn't take him so long as putting up a cornice.

Three months afterward, I said a joyful good-bye to a newly-wedded pair, just starting for Europe on the honey-moon trip.

As I shook the tiny, white-gloved hand of the bride, and saw her charming face beneath the gossamer-tissued viel that deepened from her "love of a bonnet," I turned to the proud and happy bridegroom.

"Well, Jack," said I; "if you remember our conversation; last summer, on the bank of the stream, at St. Blossom, perhaps you can tell me what you think now of the sentiments you then expressed."

"My dear George," said the quondam mechanic "there are exceptions to all rules."

Sixteen Years Old.

It is just sixteen years since Prof. Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over was the nomination of J. K. Polk, for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail." No one of that day, probably not even the Professor himself, dreamed how closely the Electrib Wire would be interwoven with our daily life. Now, railroad trains are run by electricity. Thieves are caught by electricity. Watches are set and clocks strike by electricity. Armies march and fleets sail at its bidding. Treaties are negotiated. Two friends in remote towns, by its help, sit down and have a family game of chess. Two Emperors, a thousand miles apart, by its help carry on the siege of a distant city By night it flies all over the world; gathing up news to serve up to us at breakfast. By day it flies all over the world, here congratulates a bride, there ordering a funeral, here warning of disaster, there summoning help to a wreck, here buying pork by the hundred barrels, there selling grain by the thousand bushels, arranging for feasts and fights, for sermons and stock bargaining, for the harmonies of a concert and the discords of convention, for law making, for law breaking, the fall of Empires and the fall of the thermometer, the candidates for the Presidency and candidates for the Penitentiary.—Truly the romance of the Arabian Nights is fame besides the reality of the Electric Wire.

A VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.—"Can any reader of this paper tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?"

We can, easy! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended "right away, quick now!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched himself yawning out, "Ain't supper most ready my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle, himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did everything else that he ought to! He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never bro't home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over! He never played billiards and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason that none of her fair descendants did!—*Life Illustrated.*

How to Die Happy.

Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save all us poor sinners?"

She was lying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirmary-ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry; "You know him, then, and love him?"

"Yes, I do know him, and love him; his presence makes a heaven of this room."

"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the Queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."—*Author of English Hearts and English Hands.*

A Fast Horse.

Many years ago a solitary horseman might have been seen swiftly riding towards Toledo, Ohio. The sun had just set. 'Twas the close, in short, of an election day, and that solitary horseman was courier from an important township in Lucas co. The returns from every township in the county, but the one we speak of, had been heard from at Toledo, and the vote of this very township was needed to tell how the county had gone.

At length the solitary horseman arrived in Toledo, and reigned his foaming steed up before the Indiana House. A big crowd of Democrats and Whigs—rushed for the news.

"Better time," said the solitary horseman, looking at his watch, "was never made by living hoss! Fifteen miles in thirty-two minutes! What d'ye think of that gentlemen?" asked the horseman.

"Cuss the hoss," yelled the excited crowd, "how has the township gone."

"Gentlemen," replied the solitary horseman, "I disremember. It went either Whig or Democratic; but I've been so taken up with the speed of this 'ere hoss that I forgit which, but gentlemen," roared the excited horseman, rising in his saddle and frantically waving his whip in the air, "you may just rest satisfied on one point: all creation can't beat this hoss!"

MATRIMONY.—Thos. Bastad, Esq., fellow of the New College, 1588, wrote the following epigram on his three wives:

Though marriage by some is reckoned a curse,
Three wives did I marry, for better or for worse,
The first for her person; the next for her purse.—
The third for a warming-pan, doctress and nurse.

The above reminds us of a clergyman whose first wife was immensely rich, his second exquisitely beautiful and his third, whom he married in his old age, to nurse and comfort him, in the decline of life, proved to have a most ungovernable temper. He observed to one of his friends, that he had had three wives, the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Why so late?" said a school-master to a little urchin, as he entered the room, on a cold slippery morning in February.

"Why, sir," replied the boy, "I would take one step forward, and slide back two."

"Indeed," said the teacher, "how did you get here at all, if that was the case?"

"Oh," said the boy, scratching his head on finding himself caught, "I turned round and walked the other way."

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

At a debating club, the question was discussed, whether there was more happiness in the possession or pursuit of an object. "Mr. President," said the orator, "suppose I was courtin' a gal, and she was to run away and I was to run after her; wouldn't I be happier when I cotched her than when I was running arter her?"

OLD ABE'S PICTURE.—A Minnesota poet, in a fit of inspiration, has been delivered of a poem, which he respectfully submits to the consideration of the great Black Republican party. We subjoin the last stanza:

Any lie you tell we'll swallow—
Swallow any kind of mixture;
But oh! don't, we beg and pray you—
Don't for God's sake, show his picture!

A country paper, in an obituary notice, speaks of the deceased as being "a most estimable young man, and devout Christian *until* the day of his death." Pity the young man had not died sooner, to save his reputation.

When his cousin Charlotte Dunne was married, Jones said: "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

A clergyman had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *animated* and *benefitted*," was the ready reply.

The height of politeness is said to be holding an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.

1860.

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