

The Weekly



Telegraph

PUBLISHED ON CONGRESS STREET, NEAR COURTHOUSE SQUARE, HOUSTON, TEXAS, BY E. H. CUSHING.

VOL. XXV—NO. 33.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 1343.

MEMO.]

“Where are the beams, the flowers, the glory, all
Life’s glow and gloss, the music and the bloom
When every one but spreads the eternal pall,
And time is death that dallies with the tomb.”

“And yet—oh yet, so young, so pure; the while
Fresh laugh—the rosy hues round youth’s morning sky,
That voice—those eyes—the deep love of that smile,
Are they not soul—all soul—they die!”

These were the heart’s questionings a few days ago—and now stern despair returns the answer: “If they cannot die, they can depart,” and those “eyes that smile” are now hid from us until we too shall pass through the mystic portals, and enter that Heaven which we know is now the home of HUGO SCHOPPMANN. Bitter are the tears we shed, but selfish as they are bitter—for he was too fitted for the society of his “high-born kinsmen,” the angels, to dwell in this world of ours without having the harmony of his pure spirit perpetually jarred and painfully broken upon; yet we must mourn one who so ordered his life as even when with us to be regarded almost a wonder among men—whose spirit transcended all others we ever knew in its sacred purity and truth, too tender to endure, too rare to even be forgotten.

Charity hath bid us to so fold the drape-ry of a man’s character about him when he goeth to the grave, that naught but the good shall be seen. Thank God, the character of our departed one can be unfurled like some bright banner, and like the standard of the Crusaders, ’twill be found stamped and embroidered on every side with sentiments and principles of Him whom he served, the Christ our Saviour.

His mind was like the crucible of the Alchymist, rejecting all dross, retaining nothing but pure gold. In morals, in the field of letters, in music, and in art, the aspirations of his soul was ever after perfection, always ascending nearer the Infinite, whom he worshipped in and through all these things—ever regarding them as emanations from the Divine Fountain, “The light of the world.”

Educated with remarkable care, and in the strictest European discipline, his naturally superior mind exhibited a power of comprehension, and richness of thought that made him the most remarkable man of his age we ever knew. He graduated with honor at the University of Geneva, Switzerland, at the early age of 18. From thence after a visit to his home in the Kingdom of Prussia, he crossed the Atlantic, and settled in New York. While there, he was called to a place as teacher in his Alma Mater at Geneva. This call he accepted, and remained there until the rigors of the climate operating unfavorably upon a constitution naturally delicate, he—to the grief of his friends and pupils—was compelled to resign his position and again come to America. In New York he formed the acquaintance—which soon ripened into a warm friendship—of our townsman, Col. A. M. Gentry. He entered into business with him, and came to live in Houston.

Here he has lived, respected by all, and loved with tender devotion by those who had the happiness of an intimate and confidential acquaintance. A half dozen families comprise the circle of his visiting; for being an ambitious student, and a devoted worshipper of music and painting—he had always resources within himself, that made him independent and indifferent to general society.

His sketch-book, his easle, and his piano were his recreations; and reading and speaking five modern languages, besides the classics—he always had other pleasures than those that many fly to—the excitements of town amusements and pastimes, or the more innocent, but not more improving hours spent in ordinary drawing rooms.

He was deeply and conscientiously pious—sometimes regarded by his companions as fanatically so: for he would not tolerate the least appearance of evil. Being raised by parents who are members of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, he entered that communion at an early age, and though for some years denied the privileges of that Church, yet he faithfully walked the path of a professed Christian, and by his every act shed honor on the name. He was a constant attendant on the ministration of Rev. Mr. Tucker, Pastor of the Baptist Church, between whom there existed the warmest friendship. He is mourned by the members of the choir, with whom he had sang, as a brother; and last Sunday, when Mr. Tucker read the hymn, the memory of the young and pure heart who had always met with them there, and sang so often the sweet melodies of praise and thanksgiving, came over each and all with such a gush of tender recollection and passionate regret, that sobs broke in on every line, and each note went floating heavenward, tremulous with tears.

He leaves behind parents, brothers, a sister and friends to mourn his loss. But he with other loved ones, who have gone before through the dark river, have lighted up its waves, and made us to feel that as here on earth, their foot-prints are seen on the sands of time, so on the immortal shore beyond, we shall have no difficulty in finding and passing with them a glad eternity in some one of our Father's "many mansions." These beloved and pure, who rest in the Lord, make the matter of our going easier and more desired. We realize while bending over them to take the last fond lingering look, that this existence is a dream of the night—earth is but the beginning of that which we call eternity. Time as we separate it from eternity is false, eternity is *now* with us, we only throw off earth's mantle and fly to higher and holier realms when we depart.

I held a white dove to my bosom, she escaped from my grasp, flew from my room, I saw her white wings flash for a moment in the sun light, and she had disappeared. Had she ceased to be because I no longer beheld her? No! So with the departed. They are removed from our sight, but they live, and they love us yet, and there in the light of that sunny land dwells our beloved friend, and we know if we too hold out faithful, that where he is, we shall be.

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