

The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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POETRY.

Spring.

Spring is waking, spring is breaking,
From her long and deep repose,
Like a maiden-beauty is she,
As her tresses will she throws
To the kissing
Breeze that greets them
With a rapture born of bliss.
Lovely spring, smiling spring!
Nymph of winning form and grace,
Hither fling
Thy brightest glances,
Hither bring
What grace enhances:
Thy native wiles and laughing smiles,
And cast thy ambient breath around us,
As though it were a sea that bound us,
Of that fabled nectar old,
With its virtues all untold.
When let them act, each as a charm,
To chase old winter's frowns away—
To stir the earth with throbbings warm,
And sing thy praise through Nature's lay.

TWENTY YEARS' TRIAL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"What on earth shall I do?" asked a young mechanic, as he came home one evening in the height of the business panic of 1837-8, which operated so disastrously upon all classes of society, and which has only been equalled in the period of twenty years.

It was a momentous question, and one which Sarah Worcester, hopeful and cheerful as she was, could not answer easily.—She had not impoverished him; for there was not a housewife in the country who possessed in such perfection the art of making a dollar go as far as five would in other families, and in making 'twill clathrs awnast as gude as new."

Her husband's and children's wardrobes testified to this skill.—Stephen always looked like a gentleman, and his little ones neater and more tastefully dressed than any in the school; a Pennsylvania school, too, where there were Quaker children in plenty, to test her claims to neatness.

With such a wife, it would seem that no man could fail of getting on in the world, especially if the belief of some persons that a woman always makes or mars her husband's fortune were true; but in this case, at least, the proverb failed, and Stephen Worcester was gradually going down in the world, without a single bad habit as it would seem, only with the peculiar ill-luck which some men invariably find.

The season had failed in a remarkable way to realize the hopes of the spring, and Stephen's lands had been almost barren. His cow died, his work-shop was burned, and to add to his distress, the children were attacked by an epidemic fever, and his expenses were increased fourfold. Bills were staring him in the face—his cottage was mortgaged to its full value; and it did really seem that Fate was doing her worst against the success of anything with which he had to do.

Meantime Sarah Worcester continued hopeful, and almost cheerful, under these accumulating trials. She had a calm, sweet, happy temper, which stood in the place of wealth, to its fortunate possessor, and brightened up the desolate prospect that to Stephen seemed growing darker and gloomier.

"What on earth shall I do?" was his sorrowful question to his wife, for the hundredth time, as he paced the floor one rainy afternoon, looking out occasionally on the burnt ruins of his once pretty work-shop.

"Don't worry, Stephen," answered the blithe voice of Sarah Worcester, as she plied her needle as fast as ever, repairing the rents in the children's almost worn out clothes. "Don't worry. We are very poor, but so have thousands been before us. God is not dead, nor has he forsaken us. We trusted him in our prosperity, and it is a poor faith that will not bear a little trouble. Look, Stephen; you are well and strong, and so am I. The children have nearly recovered from the effects of their fever, and we may never again have such a poor season for your work. I know that with a little practice I can make a very tolerable dress maker, and I mean to try it."

"Yes, and have everybody saying that Stephen Worcester is maintained by his wife. I would starve first."

"Nay, husband, you look at this affair in a different light from what I or any one else will. If your work fails, why cannot I try mine? You can go to town for me, and buy my materials, for I shall want trimmings, &c., and I shall want you to fit up the front room with shelves, and do many other things. By-and-by, perhaps, we shall be able to keep a shop, which

you can take care of until your work comes round again."

Stephen made no reply. He went out into a dark narrow lane, and walked backwards and forwards, meditating upon his altered fortunes. One thing was certain, he would never hear it said that his wife was maintaining him. At the same time he did not doubt her ability to do what she proposed. Perhaps if he were away, she might be more successful.

"Poor girl," he said almost aloud, "I have made but a shabby husband for her after all. If I go and leave her, she may prosper."

In the mood which he was cherishing, it was easy for him to resolve upon leaving home. He felt just cowardly enough to desert his wife and children, rather than accept the proposal Sarah had made to him.

The time was come, he thought, in which an entire change must be made another state of things secured, or the world should hear no more of Stephen Worcester.

He did not dare to go back to the house again; not even to look in at the window. Sarah, sitting there with her youngest child upon her knee, and Stephy and little Alice beside her, handing up their poor garments for her to mend, was a scene which he knew would shake his purpose; and he walked rapidly away from it, crushing down the bitterness of his thoughts, and trying to feel that it was better thus.

Yet often, as he paced along thro' the main-drops that were still falling, he stopped irresolute, as he saw through the window of some cottage, the little group that had gathered round the father just returned from his work—the clean supperspread spread for him, and all the home sights that cluster so fondly around a man's heart.

Then what would Sarah think had become of him. He almost shrieked out when he fancied her alarm. She would think, perhaps, that he had killed himself. Then he would hasten on again, and try to forget everything.

Poor Sarah! What a night she passed! What a week of torture! But when every search had been made for the missing man, and nothing could be heard of him, her hopeful temper suggested something near the actual truth; and after a while she actually started the plan she had been talking of in their last conversation, and advertised that she would commence dress making at her own house.

Whether from pity to her widowed state, or from seeing how neatly and even elegantly fitted were her own plain dresses, work soon poured in upon her. Every moment was occupied. She sat up late and rose early to her labor; and before many months had elapsed, she was obliged to hire a girl to attend to the housework, and had also three or four apprentices.

Her taste was so good that every one deferred to it, and as she found that her opinion was constantly asked respecting the trimmings suitable for the dresses she made, she concluded to keep a stock on hand, from which she realized a very pretty income.

Soon little Alice could mind the shop when she was out of school, and Stephy was invaluable as an errand boy. The little fellow seemed so anxious to do everything for his mother, that she sometimes feared that she might allow him to do too much.

Sarah was the only one that could not help her; but she was such a good, quiet, amiable child, that if she was no help she was no hindrance.

Such was Mrs. Worcester's success in her new business, that she not only maintained her family better than before, but she raised the mortgage from the house and land, leaving it free and unencumbered.

There were few hours in which she was at liberty to sit down and wonder what had become of her husband. She had an innate consciousness that he was not dead. Something seemed to say that he had only left her for a time; and that after years of patient toil he would come back to her again. She wished that he could know how well she was prospering; and at times she would have given up everything and shared poverty and even disgrace, for the sake of seeing him alive once more. But again she thought of her precious children and how much she could advance their interests in the world by the power which her growing wealth could give her.

Stephy grew stouter and wiser every day. A good and faithful student, she felt that it would be injurious to tie him down to mechanical labor, and by prudence and frugality, she managed at last to send him to college. It was a struggle, and cost her and the girls many sacrifices, but they were willingly made, and he went through the appointed time and received the highest honors of his class at the end.

As a profession, he decidedly preferred

medicine, and after the allotted period of study, he began practicing in Lancaster.

Despite the proverb that a prophet hath no honor in his own country, he was successful beyond his hopes, and soon realized a competence. He still lived with his mother, and after his own fortunes brightened, he would urge her to give up her business, and rest comfortably upon what she had saved. If that did not suffice, he was ready to support them all.

But some unexpressed feeling in her heart forbade this. She worked early and late, adding dollar to dollar, and anxiously seeking to invest everything as favorably as possible.

Stephen thought her selfish almost, when he wished so much for her society at night, to find her stitching, cutting, basting and fitting as if her life depended on every shred of cloth that she was manufacturing into garments.

His sister's woman-heart more easily divined her motives. They knew, although she never spoke of him, that she was gathering up for their father's return. They knew that she believed him living, and that some day he would come back; and that she would show him that she had not been idle in her desolation; or if he returned poor, she would have power to raise him above despondency.

Alice married at sixteen, and removed to Cincinnati; and soon after, Sarah, the pet, the darling of them all, gave up her sweet young life and went to heaven.

Then the mother yearned for Alice, and Stephen gave up his practice, and took his mother away from their sorrowful home.

Arrived at Cincinnati, he found a place more suited to his ambition, and soon he became one of the first in his profession, and gradually distinguished as a public-spirited and noble-hearted citizen.

Now that the family were again united, and time seemed to soften the loss of the child they had so dearly loved, Mrs. Worcester recurred more frequently to the subject of her husband's return.

Stephen thought her almost insane on this point, and with reason—for she would sit at the window for hours, now that her old occupation was gone, and gaze at the crowds that passed by, as if earnestly trying to discern the well remembered features.

The first baby in the house was a girl. It was named after the beloved Sarah, and thenceforth Mrs. Worcester lived on the life of that child. Alice could hardly be permitted to hold it in her arms at all, so eager was her mother to perform everything pertaining to the little one's comfort.

Her children looked upon this with pleasure, for they had really sometimes feared the effect upon her senses, which the constant expectation and subsequent disappointment was likely to produce.

Stephen was one day returning from some professional calls, when he perceived a group collected upon the sidewalk, not far from the street where he lived. He was on foot; and as he came near the crowd parted respectfully to let "the good Doctor," as he was called, pass on.

He then saw that the object of their attention was a man, who seemed to be stricken prematurely old. His long grey hair streamed in the wind; a beard white as snow, hung far down his breast, but still his countenance did not indicate length of years.

He was relating to the pitying crowd how recklessly he had once thrown away his happiness, how cowardly he had deserted his family, and become a wanderer in many lands; how that in all his wanderings, poverty had still clung to him, and that at length, worn, weary, and wretched, he had turned his foot-steps home again to seek his family, ask their forgiveness for his desertion and die.

He told them he had sought them where he had left them, but found them not, and had traveled slowly and painfully to the west, whither he was told they had gone. Here his courage and his strength had failed him alike, and he implored his listeners to take him to some hospital, where he could find shelter for the few days he had to live.

"Here comes the doctor," was echoed from one to another. "He will help us to find a home for the poor creature." And the Doctor was fairly carried along with the stream, until he stood face to face with the stray waif which had floated into his path.

Memories came thronging up of his childish years, as he looked at that forlorn old man. He was a little child when his father went away; but something in that face woke up a host of long forgotten scenes, years on years ago.

With streaming eyes, he led the man away to his home, and a few questions on the way elicited the truth of what he suspected.

He conducted him by a private gate to

his office in the rear of his house clothed him anew, smoothed his ragged locks, and refreshed him with food and wine. Not until then did he insist upon knowing his name. It was he!

Cautiously he told him that he was his son and then the pallid face glowed. He dared not ask for his wife, dead or living; but through an open door he saw a woman sitting with the very child, as he thought, that was in his wife's arms when he left for the last time. Time had touched her very gently, and the bright hair and eyes were the same as ever. She turned and caught one glimpse of his face, and she knew instantly that it was her husband.—Time could hang no veil upon that countenance which her love could not pierce through.

It was a rare meeting, so warm and cordial—so apparently oblivious of all wrong or unkindness, so full of tenderness and sympathy, that all was forgotten, save the actual presence of the beloved. The past was annihilated, or only lived to give the necessary shading to a picture so delightful.

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Cemetery of the Capuccini.

The cemetery is beneath the church, but entirely above ground, and lighted by a row of iron-grated windows without glass. A corridor runs along beside these windows, and gives access to three or four vaulted recesses, or chapels, of considerable breadth and height, the floor of which consists of the consecrated earth of Jerusalem. It is smoothed decorously over the deceased brethren of the convent, and is kept quite free from grass or weeds, such as would grow even in these gloomy recesses, if pains were not bestowed to root them up. But, as the cemetery is small, and it is a precious privilege to sleep in holy ground, the brotherhood are ungenerally accustomed, when one of their number dies, to take the longest-buried skeleton out of the oldest grave, and lay the new slumberer there instead. Thus, each of the good friars, in his turn, enjoys the luxury of a consecrated bed, attended with the slight drawback of being forced to get up before day-break, as it were, and make room for another lodger.

The arrangement of the unearthed skeletons is what makes the special interest of the cemetery. The arched and vaulted walls of the burial recesses are supported by massive pillars and pilasters made of thigh bones and skulls; the whole material of the structure appears to be a similar kind; and the knobs and embossed ornaments of this strange architecture are represented by the joints of the spine, and the more delicate tracery by the smaller bones of the human frame. The summits of the arches are adorned with entire skeletons, looking as if they were wrought most skilfully in bas-relief. There is no possibility of describing how ugly and grotesque is the effect, combined with a certain artistic merit, nor how much perverted ingenuity has been shown in this queer way, nor what a multitude of dead monks, through how many hundred years, must have contributed their bony frame-work to build up these great arches of mortality. On some of the skulls there are inscriptions, purporting that such a monk, who formerly made use of that particular head-piece, died on such a day and year, but vastly the greater number are piled up indistinguishably into the architectural design, like the many deaths that make up the one glory of a victory.

In the side walls of the vault are niches where skeleton monks sit or stand, clad in the brown habits that they wore in life, and labelled with their names and the dates of their decease. Their skulls (some quite bare and others still covered with yellow skin, and hair that has known the earth-damps,) look out from beneath their hoods, grinning hideously repulsive. One reverend father had his mouth wide open, as if he had died in the midst of a howl of terror and remorse, which perhaps is even now screaming through eternity. As a general thing, however, these frocked and hooded skeletons seem to take a more cheerful view of their position, and try with ghastly smiles to turn it into a jest. But the cemetery of the Capuccini is no place to nourish celestial hopes; the soul sinks forlorn and wretched under all this burden of dusty death; the holy earth from Jerusalem so imbued is it with mortality, has grown as barren of the flowers of Paradise as it is of earthly weeds and grass. Thank heaven for its blue sky; it needs a long, upward gaze to give us back our faith.—Not here can we feel ourselves immortal, where the very altars in these chapels of horrible consecration are heaps of human bones.

DEFINITIONS.—"Enterprise." Entering a lottery-office with the view to obtaining a "prize."
"Helms." Proprietors of breweries.
"Sensible." The "sense of the meeting," taken by the aid of contribution-boxes.
"Gamblers." Young lambs.
"Kidnappers." Sleeping goats of a tender age.
"Insane." Shad.
"Good Returns." To be found at the Gas Works.
"Emblematic Quadruped for the K.N's." The One Eye Dear.
"Spring's order to winter." March!

"Father, have you got another wife besides mother?" "No my son; what possesses you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anno Domini, in 1842, and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

We know a child that would be a very pretty little girl indeed, but for one good reason—it is a boy.

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