

The Alleghanian

Lilly

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

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POETRY.

The Evergreen.

Love cannot be the aloe tree,
Whose bloom but once was seen;
Go search the grove—the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen:
For that's the same, in leaf or fame,
Nearth cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound
Or it, transplanted, dies.
That love thus shoots, and firmly roots
In women's heart, we see;
Thro' smiles and tears in after years
It grows a fadless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
Forever may be seen,
In Summer's bloom or Winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen.

John Alcohol.

John Alcohol my Joe, John,
When first we were acquaint,
I had money in my pocket, John,
But now, you know, I hain't it!
I've spent it all in treating you,
Because I love you so,
But mark how you have treated me,
John Alcohol, my Joe.
John Alcohol my Joe, John,
We've been too long together;
You must take one road, John,
And I will take another.
For we must tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have to foot your bills,
John Alcohol my Joe.

A LITTLE BOUND BOY'S DREAM.

A little fair-haired child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.
It had toiled up three pairs of narrow dark stairs to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father or mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.
It had neither lamp or candle to lighten the room if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreaming.

But after a while, as he lay there, what a wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious spectacle.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft, white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little, frightened and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur—
"Tell me who are you?"
"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice that sounded like the harps of Heaven: "look up, darling—I am your brother Willie, sent down from the angels to speak with you; and tell you to bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."
"What are you my brother Willie?—Oh, no, no, that cannot be. My brother Willie was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips. But your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than I ever saw before; and there is no ugly hump on your back. Besides, my brother Willie is dead, long ago."
"I am your brother Willie, your immortal brother; my body with the ugly hump is dead and turned to ashes; but just as that died I went up to the great heavens, and saw lights that I cannot tell you about now; they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the holy one of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so it is no wonder you do not know me."
And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.
"Oh!" he exclaimed, "if I, too, could go to heaven!"
"You can go," replied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness; "you have learned to read?"
"Yes, a little."
"Well to-morrow get your Bible, and find very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus:

But I say unto you, love your enemies;

And further, thou shalt soon be with me."
"Oh! mother, mother, mother," cried the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him; he looked eagerly around—there was no light—solemn stillness reigned; the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silver beams, the music, the angels,—all were gone. And then he knew he had been dreaming; but oh! what a dream—how strengthening, how cheering; never, never would he forget it.
The next morning, when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face,—such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forebore to taunt or chide him.
He told his dream, and the hearts that listened were softened; and the mother who held her own babe was so choked by her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kind to the poor little orphan bound boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections; he was so meek, so powerful, and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did, in very deed, take him to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin as if he were one of their own. But they all felt that he was in the bright heavens with his brother, his father, and his dear angel mother.

Happiness.
[Written for The Alleghanian, by ALPHAE.]
It matters not in what sphere of life man may be placed, his great aim is to obtain that priceless gem, Happiness. In this world at least he is always endeavoring to attain it, and cherishes a hope of enjoying it in a future state of existence. To show how earnestly he desires this great boon, notice but the zeal which he displays, the sincerity which he manifests while in the pursuit of it. He cheerfully undergoes labors and toils both of the body and mind, sacrifices either of health or comfort are willingly made, but how very few after all these things have been done obtain it! What, then, is the cause of this failure? Is Happiness of such a nature that only those possessed of giant intellects, of immense riches, of vast power, of wide-world fame, can seize it; or is it dim, undefined or uncertain? The Happiness the world seeks after is far different from true Happiness. Like the bubble when about to burst and vanish into mist, it displays ten thousand glorious hues to dazzle and captivate the imagination. True Happiness is fixed, certain and within the reach of all, but we use not the proper means to find it. We vainly seek for it where it is not to be found. In the monastery, where everything wears a holy, solemn aspect, where quietness and peace reign; where naught is heard but the solemn hymn and heartfelt prayer, and whose floors are often bedewed with penitential tears, even there we find not Happiness; for those very tears tell us it can not be there. In the closet of the student, where secret converse is held with the wise and the good of the past ages, the thoughtful brow plainly shows it is not there. In the palace of the king, where luxury and wealth abound, while we gaze upon the crown adorned with brilliant gems and costly diamonds, while we admire the flowing robes and pompous pageantry, the hypocrisy within convinces us that it is not there. The haunted palace is guarded with terror. The gemmed crown is one of the thorns. The gorgeous pomp is but a veil to conceal the hollowness within.
We may seek for true Happiness on the earth, but never will we find it. In ages past it grew in Eden's Bower ere sin had blighted all that was heaven-like in this then happy world. No more can Earth's barren soil produce it. Travel round the Earth, visit its sacred and lovely spots, search amongst all its beauty and luxuriance, in royal garden and romantic dale, never will we be able to find this Celestial Plant.

ORIGIN OF THE UPAS TREE STORY.
A real valley of death exists in Java; it is termed the valley of poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or any animal enters it he cannot return; and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him, the carbonic acid, of which it chiefly consists, rising to the height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly into this atmosphere drop down dead; and a fowl thrown into it, dies before reaching the bottom, which is strewn with carcasses of various animals that have perished in the disastrous gas.

The Hearses on the Mountain.

[From the New York Independent, Aug. 23.]
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.
One bright, still noon of last week, Death suddenly descended upon our mountain, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Our nearest neighbor, an old man of nearly seventy years, while harvesting, was thrown down by his horses and mortally hurt by their trampling hoofs and the heavy wheels of his wagon. He was lifted up and carried into his house, murmuring, "Lord have mercy on my soul!" Then some one dashed off at mad speed for the doctor, who came, and to the joy of friends and kindred, pronounced an opinion that the injuries were not so serious as had been supposed, and that the patient would soon recover and perhaps be as hale and hearty as ever. For the honor of science, the old farmer should have rallied, but like the poor mother of little Paul Dombey, he proved to be not equal to the effort. Exhausted by pain, he fell into a sleep, and did not wake again. His kind old wife, who watched over him, did not know when he ceased to breathe, so softly and imperceptibly had life ebbed away in the profound calm of that last earthly slumber.
The priest came too late to bid the hastening soul God-speed; it had gone forth unheeded—had touched the eternal shore with unanointed feet.
Yet surely not alone had it gone. The mercy of the Lord, so humbly invoked in the hour of extremest need, had not left it companionless and forsaken. All unconscious, perchance, it had passed through the mighty change from the mortal to the immortal—borne like a sleeping child in the arms of a strong benignant angel, through the valley of shadows and mysteries, and over the fearful river, to be laid softly down in the "green pastures" and beside the "still waters" of the better land.
In primitive country-places people seem to be in strange haste to "bury their dead out of their sight." That night there was a "wake" in the brown farm-house under the hill, and the next day, hardly twenty-four hours from the time when news of the fearful accident had struck a sudden horror through our veins, we looked out upon a hearse slowly moving by, bearing the tired old laborer home, from the harvest-fields he would reap no more. A long procession followed that grim car of the great conqueror—country vehicles of every description, and a large number of men and women on horseback. The aged farmer had been much respected, and even in this busy harvest-time friends and neighbors, for many miles around, had gathered to do honor to his honest memory.
A little below us, at a cross-road, the train paused, to say prayers—then crept on, along the pleasant forest-way, up the mountain, to the summit, where stands the cross-crowned church, and where in its shadow lie clustered together an ever-growing flock of the faithful, through balmy summers and stormy winters sleeping the same deep, quiet sleep.
Strange it was that the passing of that hearse, bearing by a stranger, whom we had but looked upon casually once or twice, in our walks, should suddenly have clouded for us the radiant heavens and shadowed the smiling earth. Nature, but a brief while before so joyous and glowing, in her sumptuous festive apparel, crowned with her summer beauty and flashing with a thousand ardent lights, seemed mysteriously to sympathize with the sight. The regal quietude softened into tender melancholy—the clouds of heaven seemed brooding over the sorrowful procession—the forest-trees gave forth awe-struck murmurs as it passed—the tall hemlocks bowed solemnly before it—the pines, those strange, sad trees, that on the wild sea-shore catch up the moan of the great deep, and pass it from mountain-top to mountain-top around the world, seemed now to breathe a human pity in their fragrant sighs. All else was still—no woodman's ax pained the religious silence of the forest—scarce a merry little bird of feebled by the sweet heartlessness of its happy song.
Up the long ascent it moved, that shadow of our mortal sorrow and perishable earthly estate, that shadow of the dead man's hearse—along the way his feet had often trod, past the spring over whose brink he may have often bent with thirsting lip, past lovely green glades, mossy banks, and fairy forests of waving ferns, on which his eye had often dwelt with a vague and soft delight, and so passed out of our view. But its memory went not out of our hearts that day.
In this pure, healthful region, where nature seems so unworldly, so youthful and vigorous—where dwell simplicity, humble comfort, and quiet happiness, death has

There us as something strange and un-natural.

Here, where the physician has seemed to us as a sort of elegant luxury, an undertaker seems a monstrous anomaly. How different is it in the city! There mourners in their weeds, the somber advertisement of their sorrow, mingle everywhere with the gay promenaders or busy crowds of our streets—there in almost every square one sees depending from the door and window of some house the tell-tale erape—Death's mournful pennons fluttering in the wind. There, on many a corner, one is confronted with the black, significant sign of the undertaker's "dreadful trade," or comes upon some marble-yard, filled with a ghostly assemblage of anticipatory grave-stones and monuments—graceful broken columns, which are to typify the lovely incompleteness of some young life, now full of beauty and promise—melancholy, drooping figures, types of grief forever inconsolable, destined, perhaps, to stand proxy for mourning young widows, now happy wives—sculptured lambs, patiently waiting to take their places above the graves of little children, whom yet smiling mothers nightly lay to sleep in soft cribs, without the thought of a deeper dark and silence of a night not far away, or of the dreary beds soon to be prepared for their darlings, "in the earth."
Then we make magnificent provision for our dead. No cathedral were vast enough to shadow their rest. We appropriate acres of pleasant land, woods, river-banks, hills, and quiet glens, to the goodly company; and every year the silent settlement widens and thickens.—Tombs, columns, lambs, mourning-figures, weeping willows, broken lilies, and rose-buds multiply. Soon every tree must shade a circle of graves; even now, the flowers on every bit of unbroken turf seem to say to us—"We occupy till you come."
There a sadly familiar vehicle is the hearse, with its steeds and melancholy cortege. Sometimes, while waiting at the corner of a street till the way should be clear, we have indulged in pensive conjectures as to who or what was the still occupant of the gloomy state-carriage in which sooner or later we must all take a place. Sometimes, when the coffin under the waving plumes was small, I have clasped closer my little daughter's hand, and quickly turned my eyes away—not daring to glance into the mourning-coach that followed, where perchance sat a mother, in the awful sacredness of her sorrow;—but ere the day was over, the incident was forgotten. If it were not for the power to throw off the sad impression of such sights, and to narrow down our gentlest sympathies to the little circle of immediate friends and acquaintances, our days at home would all pass like a funeral procession—death-knells would faden our ears to the sweet home-music of life—ever would we "smell the mould above the rose."
In the country the simple ties of human brotherhood are stronger. We take home the startling lesson of our neighbor's sudden death. In spirit, we sit down with his stricken household, and put our lips to their bitter cup, in sorrowful communion. The mourning clothes of his wife and children shadow our thoughts—his funeral knell saddens for us the summer air—our hearts echo the desolate sound of the earth descending on his coffin—and at night, when we lay ourselves down to sleep, we think of him in his lowly bed, over which kindly Nature will soon draw a coverlet of daisies.

BE SUSTAINED.—There are always many who are already, even in their tender years fighting with a mature and manful courage the battle of life. When they feel themselves lonely amidst the crowd—when they are for a few moments disheartened by that difficulty which is the rude rocking-cradle of kind of excellence—when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial—let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless eye is watching them from above—that their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good. Is not this the life of faith, which walks by your side from your rising in the morning to your lying down at night—which lights up for you the cheerless world, and transfigures all that you encounter, whatever be its outward form, with hues brought down from Heaven?—*Glavinstone.*

The following colloquy is said to have taken place between a New Haven merchant and one of his customers:
"Your account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately."
To which the customer replied:
"Sir—Things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long suppose you let it run awhile!"

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