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Select Tale.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE KILBORN.

"Upon my word, Helen, I verily believed you had lost your senses, or that they had taken an aerial flight, for I have been standing at the entrance of the arbor a long time, and you appeared wholly unconscious of it; tell me my dear, for I believe that I should now almost claim a right to read your thoughts, where have they been straying, that the voice of your lover and betrothed could not recall them?"

"Oh," said Helen blushing and raising her dark beaming eyes to his, "they were only taking a little excursion to the York Factories."

"To the York Factories! you surprise me Helen, and what is there within those huge brick walls, and the buzz of spindles and clattering of looms and machinery, to absorb the heart and soul of my lovely Helen? I was not aware that any flock of young was confined within the precincts of a factory yard."

"Nor is there," and coloring still more deeply, she continued, "But you know, Alonzo, that for many years I have been a dependent upon your father's generosity, and to you I am betrothed, and in one year we are to be united, and I cannot, after receiving so many favors from your parents, throw myself pennilessly dependent on alms beggar, upon their son who has nothing but his profession to commence with; and I am therefore resolved to quit for the present my rural haunts, these hills and glens, and deep shadowed wildwoods, and more than all, my happy home and the society of those dear as my life, for the dull monotony and clamor of a Factory Yard."

"Oh Helen! is it possible that you have come to such a determination? You, the graceful, lovely and accomplished Helen Mordant! Is this the use you would make of those rare accomplishments, by mingling with the low and vulgar factory operatives, and burying your superior talents in the earth?"

"You mistake Alonzo, it is an honorable, or at least, an honest vocation; besides I shall find many worthy and accomplished young ladies there, who prefer a factory life to the galling chains of poverty or dependence, and many, very many, go there from choice, who have wealthy parents. So you see I shall not be at a loss for associates. And as for my accomplishments, if a few months in a factory should tarnish them or diminish their brightness, they surely cannot be founded upon the pure gem of virtue and piety. I know, my dear Alonzo, that you will not love me the less for being separated from my home, although my occupation may not be quite so congenial to your feelings. Some perhaps may sneer, and slander may throw her poisonous darts at me, but I know that you have a mind far above those who look upon honest labor with contempt. It is with the greatest confidence that I shall leave you, Alonzo, with knowing that yours is a heart too noble for inconsistency, or to be changed by the pernicious breath of slander."

"You are a noble girl, Helen, and if you go, never for once suffer yourself to think that I shall be untrue. No; but I shall love you the better for the sacrifice. You will have my consent to go; not for the gains of a few months of toil, but to give you an opportunity of raising yourself from that dependence, which to a mind like yours, I know is intolerable. It is not for my happiness that I thus consent to part with you, but yours, solely yours, and with the blessing of heaven I leave you to your most excellent judgement, which I know will never misguide you. May you ever be as happy as you are good. Believe me Helen, when I tell you that I shall not long deprive myself of the happiness of that society which has for years been a day star to all the hopes, exertions and deprivations of the past, and will be as a secret spring to every enterprise of the future. Take this," said he, placing a ring on her delicate finger, "take this as a pledge of our mutual love, and my truth, and as I have told you, never doubt my faithfulness to you. Give yourself no uneasiness if sometimes you should be disappointed in the reception of a letter, for soon after your departure I intend to take up my residence in the little village which you have so often admired for its picturesque and romantic scenery, and the responsibility, care and many perplexities attending a young and inexperienced physician, I fear will sometimes deprive me the pleasure of communing with one I would ever love and cherish. Let us leave the arbor and return home by the winding path, shaded by the drooping branches of the trees we pruned and cultured when our young spirits were light and buoyant as air, and we sported fearless and free as the passing zephyr; for soe, the sun has long since sunk behind the range of mountains far to the West, and the moon is already dipping her smiling face in the pla-

cid waters of our beautiful lake, and throwing her silvery light on the hills and home of our childhood."

"Perhaps when we again shall visit this spot, endeared to us by so many pleasing recollections, a change may have passed over our youthful anticipations, and like yonder beautiful flower bent to the earth, by the weight of the night dews, our spirits may be bowed down and broken by disappointment, treachery or misfortune. We will leave the future to Him who orders all things for the best," said Helen, "and while we trust in Him we shall never fail to be happy."

Alonzo Loring was the son of a skillful though not wealthy physician, residing in a beautiful village situated in the south western part of Maine, not many miles from the wild and rocky shores of the broad Atlantic. His family consisted of three sons and an only daughter, with the exception of the adopted Helen. Alonzo being the eldest, had received a collegiate education, and gained a medical profession. He had loved Helen from childhood, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. And when far from home, whether in the halls of literature or bending over pages of classic lore, or consuming the midnight oil, her gentle spirit, like some guardian angel, was ever hovering over him, pointing him onward to fame and honor. For her he had repressed the temptations spread out to allure him by classmates and chums. He had fled from the gay throng of beauty and fashion, and like the magnet to the pole, his heart turned true to the light and joys of his home and Helen. His parents saw, approved, and encouraged the attachment, while they strove to cultivate her mind, which of itself was noble and aspiring, for the station which they fondly anticipated she would fill; nor were their labors fruitless, for at the time we introduced her into our story, she was a lovely and highly accomplished young lady.

We will pass over some two or three months of our story, and follow our young physician to his beautiful village, and new station. It was at the close of a warm sultry day in August, which had been a day of great exertion and care to him, that he had seated himself by a window in his office, to enjoy a little relaxation from his arduous task, and regulate himself with the cool breezes which swept over a beautiful valley and river which emerged from a deep forest, and then suddenly hiding itself behind a rocky and beautifully shaded highland, his window looked out upon a scenery not surpassed in New England for its beauty and sublimity. But these scenes had long since become familiar to him, and each charm from mountains, lake and forest had been pointed out to him by one who at this time absorbed his heart and mind. He was lost in a deep reverie, when the post-boy hastily entered, and carelessly tossing a letter upon the table withdrew. He took it, and readily recognized the hand-writing of his own and distant Helen. He read it over and over again, while each thought and sentiment of his heart beat in unison with those traced in the little sheet he held before him, and he was happy. Thus he sat fondly dreaming of a more propitious future, when a strain of music soft and plaintive as the Eolian harp arrested his attention. He readily perceived from whence it proceeded, for in an opposite building, by an open casement, sat a being of perfect mould. Her long dark tresses, which were slightly agitated by the passing zephyrs, fell in luxuriance over a neck and shoulders of surpassing beauty; her eyes dark as the gazelle's, seemed intently fixed upon the piece of music she was performing, while her small white hand swept lightly over her harp, accompanied by a voice bewitchingly sweet, and soft as a syren's. He seemed spell-bound to the spot, as if entranced by the magical sweetness of her voice and harp, till he saw her sylph-like form glide gracefully from the apartment. With sensations which a short time before were most foreign to his mind, he retired to his lodgings, while her beautiful figure danced before his imagination with all the lightness and elasticity of youth, and her clear and mellow voice and song, completely intoxicated his senses, so that for once his Helen and her recent letter were entirely forgotten. Thus night after night passed away; she artfully laying her plans to entrap him, while he uncon-

sciously yielding to her insinuations and captivating smiles.

Angelia Ingolls was the only daughter of a very wealthy merchant, and the sole heir of his large estate; she possessed a face and form surpassingly beautiful—but it was only a casket that contained no jewel; for through that dark eye, a noble intellect and lofty soul never emitted its brilliant rays, nor melted by the deep sympathetic emotions of a generous heart; she could smile upon the gay butterflies of fashion, the dupes of her artifices, that swarmed around her, and frown upon those too honest to flatter; in short she was a proud, self-conceited, vain beauty. Such was Angelia, when Alonzo Loring became a resident of the pleasant village of C—. She saw him daily, as he entered his office, and was struck with his fine figure and noble deportment, and was at once determined to have his name enrolled upon the list of her many admirers. "I shall succeed," said she, after spending an hour at her toilet, on the evening we introduced her to the reader, "I shall succeed, if my mirror informs me right, and I know it is right; yes," said she, "I shall succeed," as she tastefully arranged her dark, glossy ringlets over her alabaster brow, and neck of snowy whiteness; then, with an air and expression which was sure of a conquest, she seated herself by the open casement, opposite the physician's office. And did she succeed? Yes. The noble and talented Alonzo Loring suffered his heart to be led captive by a silly woman, and within a few short months she became his bride. He eagerly grasped the casket, while he spurned from him a far richer treasure—a jewel of priceless worth, and thoughtlessly plucked the gay but thorny rose, while he crushed beneath his feet a lily of spotless purity.

"To whom does that elegant mansion belong?" said I to my friend, as we leisurely journeyed through a beautiful town, bordering on the sea coast—which seems to rise in grand superiority above the many handsome buildings around it? "That," said my friend, "is the country seat of Col. G—. You have heard of Helen Mordant, and Alonzo Loring? Well, then, after she had been to the York factories nearly a year, and was making preparations to return home, with the expectation of becoming Alonzo's wife, she returned to her boarding house one evening rather more dispirited than usual; for, in spite of her confiding heart, she had a presentiment that all was not right; she felt that she had been neglected the past few months, for she could not attribute his long silence to urgent business. But on entering her room, she found directed to her two letters, and a ray of hope lighted her bright countenance as she seated herself to peruse them; she opened Alonzo's, but immediately a cloud of sadness shaded her youthful brow, and the bright tears sparkled in her dark eyes, as they hastily glanced over the letter of her faithless lover.

"Forgive me," he said, "I have injured you; but I am not worthy to possess one so pure and heaven-like. You will be happy, for you will have no broken vow ranking within your breast, and no dark deeds of treachery or inconsistency, to throw their blighting milder over your youthful pathway."

When she had finished this letter, she arose from her seat, with a face as pale as a marble statue, and meekly bowing, committred her case to Him, who gives grace sufficient in every time of need, and strength equal to our day. It was a deep, but her strong mind rose superior, as she tore him away from the shrine of her heart. Long and bitterly had she wept, but a soft sunlight diffused its rays over her spirit as she opened the seal of the other letter; this informed her that her only sister was rapidly declining with consumption, and a request that she would hasten to see her. This aroused all the energies of her noble soul to action, and the next day found her on her way to a distant town.

We will not attempt to describe the emotions of the noble girl, as she anxiously watched over her dying sister; but when she felt that death had severed the only tie which bound her to earth, the world seemed to lose its charms, and for once she wished herself lying by her sis-

ter's side, for she was alone. Time passed on, and Helen had regained much of her former cheerfulness; the rose again bloomed upon her cheek, and smiles played over her beautiful lips, giving a wondrous charm to her fair brow and large, dark eyes, and she was more beautiful than ever, when Col. G—, a distant relative of her sister's husband, came to spend a few months of summer with him, for the benefit of the pure country air. He was a gentleman of great wealth and respectability, and when he saw Helen, young, beautiful and accomplished, and knew that she possessed a far richer treasure than all those—a gem of priceless worth, that sparkled within the deep recesses of the heart—he loved,—and soon led her to the altar, a young and blushing bride; and there they live, enjoying a goodly share of happiness, as you may well suppose.

By this time we had ridden along nearly opposite the splendid mansion, and there sat a lovely female, the very picture of happiness, beneath a piazza shaded by wood-lilies, caressing an infant more fit for Heaven than earth, and by her side sat her companion, regarding her with tenderness, while a smile of delight played over his manly brow. Here, thought I, is a scene for a painter, rife with joy and gladness; and here we will leave them, enjoying the fullness of earthly bliss, and the hope of a reunion beyond the dark and silent tomb.

"And what," said I, "has become of Alonzo?"

"O," said my friend, "his friends, who had patronized him, left one after another, until he became so much embarrassed, that he was obliged to leave his beautiful village, and emigrate to the South, where he still lives, not the happiest of men, cherishing within his breast the charm of a broken vow."

Yankee mode of testing Courage.

It is well known that in the time of the old French war much jealousy existed between the British and provincial officers. A British Major deeming himself insulted by General (then Capt.) Putnam, sent a challenge. Putnam instead of giving him a direct answer, requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's tent, and found him seated on a small keg, quietly smoking his pipe, and demanded what communication, if any, Putnam had to make. "What you know," said Putnam, "I'm but a poor miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive that if we fired with pistols you have undue advantage of me. Here are two powder kegs. I have bored a hole, and inserted a slow match in each; if you will be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and behold dare to sit the longest without squirming, shall be called the bravest of men." The tent was full of officers and men, who were heartily tickled with this strange device of the old wolf, and compelled the Major by their laughter and exhortation to squat. The signal was given, and the matches lighted, and Putnam continued smoking quite indifferently, without watching at all, the progressive diminution of the matches—but the British officer, though a brave fellow, could not help casting long and lingering looks downwards, and his terrors increased as the length of the matches diminished. The spectators withdrew, one by one, to get out of the way of the expected explosion. At length the fire was within an inch of the keg, the Major unable to endure longer, jumped up, and drawing out his match, cried out, "Putnam this is a willful murder, fellow."

"Putnam this is a willful murder, fellow," cried Putnam, "don't be in such a hurry they're nothing but kegs of onions!"

While Dr. Samuel Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her, he told her that he had no property, and moreover that he once had an uncle that was hanged. To which the lady replied, that she had no more property than he had; and as to her relatives, although she never had to one that was hanged, she had a number that deserved to be.

The fame which follows true greatness—no friend need hold up, and no enemy can keep down.

Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—both in your necessity will serve you.

THE COUSINS.

A TRUE SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"Well, I believe we were placed in this world to be happy, and I mean to be happy in my own way. I hate such cant."

So said a beautiful girl of some eighteen years, as she rose impatiently from the breakfast table, around which a large family with various guests, had lingered in pleasant talk, both gay and grave. Some remarks by the head of the family, upon the duty of all to live for the good of others, and the effect of such efforts to be useful, on the true enjoyment of life, had called forth this impatient speech.

"Yes, I hate such cant; I don't believe that Uncle Edward really thinks what he says,"—she repeated after all had left the room but her sister Laura and her cousin Grace. "Think of me going about with a basket on my arm, playing the Lady Bountiful or teaching the dirty little Irish children in those shanties; only think of it," and the proud beauty laughed in scorn, as the mirror flung back to her view her queenly form and peerless features.

"O, Hattie, how can you say so?" replied Grace. "I do not think Uncle Edward ever says what he does not mean; and, indeed, I think he is quite right."

"You, Grace, is it possible, that with your beauty, your accomplishments, your intellect, you can think it necessary to spend your time in teaching dirty children, and carrying food and clothes to women often more lazy than ill, in houses so close one cannot breathe, and so untidy one is afraid to sit down? I could not have believed it; you must have changed greatly, the refined Grace Ashton, as you were called at school."

"I have only learned some new lessons in another school, dear Hattie."

"Where?" said both the girls very much surprised: "we did not know that you had been to school since you finished at Mrs. Elton's."

"Neither have I; the lessons I have learned have been gained in the school of Christ, and in their practice I have found true happiness; peace that this world can not give. How I wish dear cousins, that you would also come to Jesus, and learn a secret of happiness nothing can disturb."

"O Grace, what ridiculous notions," said Laura. "I thought you would have been so different. I have imagined you—so talented and so beautiful—becoming distinguished in society, and the envy of all your acquaintances; and now you have just thrown yourself away."

"Not so, dear Laura: to be useful to our fellow creatures and to glorify God, is surely the greatest end of life."

"Well," said the gay Hattie, "I shall not mope away my existence, I assure you; I have wealth, accomplishments, and the world says beauty; and I shall use my gifts in making life's days pass swiftly, give care to the winds, and sing 'old woe' with melancholy, until I am an old woman, then it will be time enough to be serious and good. Ah, I see, Laura, you look at me in supreme contempt; but what is your end better than mine? you find your happiness in books, I mine in dress, dancing and music; and we may each take our own way, leaving Grace to sing psalms, read the Bible to old women, and make baby clothes, to the end of the chapter."

"A butterfly you will always be, ma petite," said Laura, "and a beautiful one; you are made to flatter your gay wings in the sun; but Grace, I cannot forgive you, that with your fine intellect, you should spend life thus, an intellect in which you well glory, and now you will give up its cultivation, because you imagine that other things are of more importance."

"No, my dear cousin, you entirely misunderstand me; I have no idea of relinquishing the cultivation of my mind, indeed I study more earnestly than when at school, for now I have an object; with all our gifts, we may and should seek to glorify God. Yet I would not glory in my natural advantages, they are but gifts from our beneficent Creator, and as such, should be used for his service."

"How absurd Grace; to feel myself capable of winning fame, of being admired for my talents and acquirements—such fame as a womanly woman may earn—and

not glory in it? it is too absurd; I cannot help it, I exult in my power of accomplishing more than the majority of my sex."

"But Laura, if you accomplish all you wish, attain all you desire, though you and Hattie may stand possessed of all that earth can give, yet earth without Christ will afford no rest to your spirit, whom most you need rest. This will tell you whether you do right to glory in your gifts of beauty, wealth or talents." She opened a large Bible on the table and pointed to one of its pages.

"Thus, saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

The sister read the passage silently, and the conversation ended. Twenty years had passed away, and the cousins were again met in that same pleasant breakfast room, two of them as guests, one an inmate of the dwelling. Laura, left an orphan not many years after we last saw her, had accepted, though with some reluctance, the home offered by her Uncle Edward. Her reluctance was owing to the religious character of her uncle's family; though she loved them all, especially Mr. Graham, she sympathized but little in the pursuits most dear to all its members. But the marriage of Hattie to a man whom she felt she could not like, left her no option, as, though possessed of wealth, she needed a home and a guardian.

Changed indeed were those fair girls, but the change in Grace was but the full and perfect development of the beautiful flower. Trials had been hers, and joys also. She was a wife and a mother; the heart of her husband safely trusted in her, her children loved and confided in her, the poor and the fatherless, when they saw her, blessed her; and with her own stores of knowledge and the talents given her, she had fed some minds, and gladdened and comforted others. She also had laid father and mother in the grave, and from her own bright circle, one after another sweet but of promise had been transplanted to bloom in fairer climes. Other trials too had been hers, but she had so learned to trust in the Cross, that she could say with the poet: "Earth without a Cross, is earth without a rest."

Upon Hattie the eye looked with sadness, for her anxious brow told too plainly the unrest of her soul. Traces of that once matchless beauty were there indeed, but there was nothing of the calm dignity so beautiful in the matron. A brilliant career had been hers; the star of the gay throng of fashion, the cynosure of all eyes; she had revelled for a time in the worship her beauty and her wit had attracted. At length her beauty began to fade, her worshippers tired of her wit; and in terror of an old age of loneliness, she married one who sought her for her wealth. As might be supposed, she married a form without a heart. Had children been given her, she might have learned from them to be happy; but childless, unloved and cheerless, the world was one dreary blank. Despising her husband, she would not stoop to win his love, and while the world envied her as the mistress of a princely mansion, splendid equipages, and unbounded wealth, she was more wretched than the lowest menial of her household.

Laura had found, like the holy Augustine, that the vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labor, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honor,—her beginning without Providence, and her end not without repentance,—but like him, had not turned to seek true sweetness in the Cross, and the honor which cometh from above. All that she had craved had been hers—honor and fame, beyond the wildest dreams of her ambition—but whom had the brilliant flights of her imagination benefited? whom had the treasure of her learning instructed? She had looked down upon the less gifted with contempt, glorying in her superior intellect and attainments, thus isolating herself from the sympathy of her friends, while her woman's heart craved vainly that love which she yet disdained to see. To that aspiring

spirit there could be no rest, save in the Christian's hope of Heaven. Earth's richest gifts could not satisfy its eager, thirsting cravings, but there she seemed to seek it, rather wending her way through life uncheered by the brightness which emanates only from the cross of Christ.

Youthful reader, will you not, at the threshold of life, lay down your gifts at the feet of Him who died to purchase for you a higher and more lasting happiness than earth can bestow? Have you talents? consecrate them to His service, and while you roam at will through the fields of knowledge, and cull their richest flowers, weave them into a garland for your Lord. Have you wealth? let the poor and needy—those fainting and perishing for lack of the bread of life—bless you for his wide-spread dispersion. Would you find that good which all men seek after—enduring happiness? Believe me, you will never find it in this world, unless you first find it in Christ.—PAULINE.

HOME MEN.

Mr. Edward Bates, one of the most talented attorneys and wisest statesmen in the country was solicited a short time ago to become a candidate for the U. S. Senate. But he declined the honor, and, in a letter to the committee said:

"My habits are retired and domestic, and, all my sources of happiness are at home."

Upon this are we indebted to the Episcopal Record, for some true and eloquent remarks. The editor says: "Well for Mr. Bates that it was so, and well indeed for others." Mark the difference between the home made character, and that which is made out of doors! History with its coarse pen dwells, it is true, almost exclusively on the latter class; but in that great book in which the incidents of all real life are written, how predominant will be the former! The example of gentle tenderness, that he felt she could not like, left her no option, as, though possessed of wealth, she needed a home and a guardian.

"I have watched two races of politicians to the grave," said a late eminent Judge, "and have been nothing but vanity and wretchedness." It is the fashion, it is true, to sneer at the "slow" dullness of merely home life. But it is by the fireside that practical genius—that genius which helps itself while helping others—takes its origin. Watt was watching the pot boil in the chimney when the action of the steam on the lid, brought home gradually to him the great discovery which immortalized his name. And this indeed, may be taken as an apt illustration of that wonderful influence which radiates from the centre table where the children are gathered together under the light of the astral lamp, and which leads to these signal discoveries by the young philosopher—how self conquests are the greatest of conquests—how loving others is the best way of loving self—and how the home-made heart is the only heart which, by being independent of the world, makes the world both its servant and its beneficiary. And then the home becomes thus the best preparation on earth for Heaven. The worldly man has no points—we speak with reverence—at which divine grace can reach him. Take away the object of his ambition, and he is soured; add to it and he becomes intoxicated. Send him sickness, and he only writhes like the wounded snake. But the unsealing of the home heart by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the fountain of that love direct to Heaven. The bereaved soul looks its Heavenly parent in the face all the more clearly because of its chastisement. Sacred indeed then is that hearth fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguishment serves to open the vision to the eternal glory of Heaven.

There are many who waste and lose affection by careless neglect. "It is rude to a plant to grow unwatered; the rude touch may destroy its delicate texture forever—the subtle cords of love are chilled and snapped asunder by neglect.