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Poetry.

Song of the Summer Flowers.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers the following beautiful lines, written by ESTHER S. SMITH, for the Home Journal. The delectable Summer Flower, an emblem of our nature, she contrasts with our own being, to the swift hurries us from the "cradle to the grave."

"We come with smiles of gladness,
Tho' we're followed by decay;
And we claim a kindly welcome,
For we have not long to stay,
Grant us a gleam of sunshine,
A kiss from summer's breeze,
A few of heaven's dew-drops—
We ask no more than these.

Then in your daily pathways,
So cheerfully we'll bloom,
And 'round your pleasant dwellings
We'll lavish rich perfume;
Your hours of toil we'll sweeten,
We'll smile away your care;
And we'll even bid your sorrows
A holy aspect wear.

There are many human blossoms
With nature like our own,
Whose blossom, from earth's fair bowers,
May be so quickly gone.
Such pure, pale buds of beauty,
Are the angels of life's way,
Oh, cherish them with kindness,
While in your homes they stay!

Give them plenty of Love's sunshine,
With Pity's gentle dew;
And let the breath of tenderness
Their every step pursue.
Then, while they dwell among you,
They'll brighten all your hours;
And when they pass to heaven,
They'll go gently, like the flowers."

Select Tale.

THE MONKEY; —OR— BENEVOLENCE REWARDED.

BY TALBOT GREENE.

The sun sets at night, and fades his ray,
Yet a light shall remain tho' the day fades away.

"You Nips! you Nips! how dare you tear my new Panama hat, you ugly little scamp, you? I declare, Pa, if it wasn't against your express commands, I'd throw him into the street; at all events I'll give the mischievous little brat a whipping. Only last night, while I was asleep, he tied a dozen knots in my hair, and now he has torn the red lining out of my hat. I can't—I won't stand it! There is a point," as tutor Dean says, "beyond which forbearance ceases to be virtue," cried Charley Dillard, a curly-headed, manly looking little fellow of some fourteen summers, to his father, a wealthy merchant of Lynchburg, who was reclining as was his usual wont after dinner, on a rich sofa in a back parlor of his stately mansion on Centre-square, taking his accustomed siesta.

"Charley, Charley, my son," said Mr. Dillard, "don't get angry at the poor thing. Were it an intelligent being, the provocation is sufficiently great to justify you in punishing it; as it is, you should not hurt it."

"Well, Pa, your word is law with me, but I don't see why you protect that ugly little varmint, there. I do believe you would not be so sorry to lose a thousand dollars as Master Nips."

"That I would not, my son, I am under lasting obligations to Mr. Nips; he did me a great favor once."

"What! Master Nips? Ha! ha! ha! and the little fellow clapped his hands with delight. "Pa, pray tell me how?"

"It's a long story, my son—I can always tell it with a better grace before heer."

Sixteen years ago there dwelt in Lynchburg, Virginia, a young law student. Though poor in this world's gear, he was rich in mental and personal attractions. He was of tall stature and commanding appearance, and though his countenance could not be said to be handsome, yet it was one of those which please at first sight. His income though small, with economy was sufficient to maintain him for some years to come. He had talents, energy, buoyant hopes, and was consequently happy and content. He was sitting one day in his law office pouring over a volume of Blackstone, when a stout countryman rode up and inquired of him if Lawyer Graham was in. The student replied he was not, he was off on his circuit and would not be back for a fortnight.

"Goodness, gracious!" cried the man, "what will I do?—but ain't you a student of Lawyer Graham's?" The student nodded assent.

"Well now, you'd do just as well. You see old Mr. Seady out on Swamp-field, in liken to dis, an' he sent my ovver to get

some on ye to write his will."
"Very well, my good man, I'll go with you immediately," replied the student.
So he ordered his horse and set out on the instant. As they had some miles to ride, and as the day was already on the decline, and the sky looked rather lowering, they pushed forward briskly; and the young man especially so, as this was his first case in the legal profession.

On the route they had a long hill, or mountain to cross, known as 'Linden Hill.' As they commenced the ascent, large drops of rain began bespattering the hill-side; for the clouds had been lowering and blackening for some time. Ere they reached the summit the wind set in from the east, and blew almost a hurricane. The large pine trees with which the hill was covered on either side, rocked to and fro like tempest-tossed vessels, lapping their bushy heads together, and groaning and creaking at a fearful rate. Just as they reached the bill the young man was startled and horrified at the sight of a chaise and four dashing madly toward him. A large tree had been blown down near the carriage, which frightened the horses, they sprang off wildly, threw the driver from his seat, and dashed madly down the almost perpendicular road towards our hero and his companion. What was his consternation to behold it tenanted by two females! Another moment and they would have been dashed to pieces! The student's heart almost ceased its palpitations, for his blood froze in his veins. His companion stood paralyzed, but our hero seeing the danger, sprang out recklessly into the road, but on a second thought saw he might as well try and oppose the passage of a mountain torrent, so with the agility of light he sprang back, drew a revolver as the only and dernier resort, and fired on the two wheel horses; who with one fearful leap forward, fell dead, and were dragged along with the carriage by the two remaining horses many paces ere they stopped.

Having calmed the horses he now sprang forward to the aid of those whom he had so fortunately rescued. One of them, an elderly lady, apparently a governess or confidential servant, leaped out and assisted him to lift her companion, a beautiful young lady, from the carriage, who overcome by her fright, had swooned away. She was one of the most beautiful beings imaginable. Full eighteen summers had passed over and ripened her charms to perfection—leaving the bloom of health upon her cheek and the dew of love upon her lip. And as the student gazed upon her sylph-like form, her large lustrous eyes, her polished brow, he felt as if he was gazing on a thing not of earth—one that he could love—aye, worship. And as she gave him her hand, and with sweetest voice thanked him and called him her dear preserver, he could not but acknowledge to himself, that he did—that he did love her. By this time her companion and the driver came up, the latter having only been stunned, and assisted in repairing the carriage and harnessing in the two remaining horses.

In a few moments they were again ready to set out; and at the invitation of the lady, our hero most willingly excused himself to the countryman, sprang into the carriage, and in a moment was wending his way back to the city. He soon ascertained the fair one's name to be Alice Smith, daughter of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic merchants of Lynchburg. But it was with sadness, with a sorrowful heart he became apprised of it. He was already, he acknowledged, deeply smitten; but what chance would he, a poor, obscure student have with the wealthy, accomplished, and courted belle of one of the first families of Virginia? He acknowledged it was folly to indulge even a hope—yet, he did not act according to his acknowledgements, and while seated by her side, could not refrain from feasting his eyes, his soul, on so many charms, so many perfections. On arriving in the city, he delivered up his precious charge to her parents, who were profuse in their thanks, threw open their doors and invited him to make their house his home whenever he chose, for he should ever be a welcome guest. It is not to be expected the invitation was neglected; he became a constant visitor, and was ever at the side of the fair belle; and though she had scores of wealthy, talented and noble suitors, yet he never altogether despaired, but pushed his suit with the greatest tact and zeal. The most ardent of his rivals was a gentleman from Washington City, whose fine person and fortune, proclaimed him to be a dangerous competitor; especially so as his suit was favored and urged by her father. But in the face of all opposition he wooed her—wooed her successfully—and won. But, alas! her parents were strenuous in their opposition. Her father promptly forbade him his house, and forbade her seeing him under penalty of his lasting displeasure.

But our hero, nothing daunted, waited on him again, in the fervency of his passion, and found him more violent in his opposition than ever. He rudely inquired of him what were his prospects, his fortune. Our hero stating his circumstances,

he bade him crush his fruitless aspirations. "When you can come with forty thousand dollars, a fortune equal to hers, I will then give your pretensions consideration; till then you would do well to keep aloof from me and mine. Good morning, sir?" and the haughty nabob bowed him from the door.

Stung to madness at his disappointment and the scorn and contempt his pretensions had received by the proud merchant, he rushed back to his now dreary little office overcome with contending emotions. Alas! how sad was life, how dreary were all things now! 'Far better would it have been,' said he, 'that we had never met: my life was comparatively happy then, but now all is misery. Though poor, I was contented, but I can be contented thus no longer. Gold is necessary to my happiness, and gold I must have. I will gather up my little effects and seek it in a distant clime. I have a wealthy relative in the Indies, perhaps he will aid me mend my fortunes, so thither will I turn my steps. It cannot be made here by a profession; already is every court and village thronged with professional men, so I am determined on my course. But ere I go, I must see Alice once more.' And the same evening he met her by appointment in the park, surrounding her father's residence.

The interview was truly affecting. The student spoke of his ill success consequent upon his want of fortune, and of his determination to seek it in some distant land.

"Will you be faithful to me, Alice, and think of me sometimes, when far away?" cried he.

"Oh! I will," replied she, as she fell sobbing on his bosom.

"I know, Alice, my case is almost hopeless, but I go buoyed by your promises."

"I would, sir, I would—"

"You would what, Alice?"

"I would willingly follow your fortunes here—though you be poor and unknown, yet I would rather toil, ah, drudge for you whom I love, than roll in wealth with an aching heart."

"No, no, Alice! you know but little of the world, its sorrows, its cares, its hardships. I would not lower you from the sphere you already adorn; I would not bring you to want. Have courage then to bear up, if only for a short while, and all will be well. I trust we may meet soon again, and under happier and better auspices."

"Oh! then, if you will go, be assured I shall ever love you—you alone; so do not despair, but hope on, hope ever. Remember—"

"The sun sets at night, and fades his ray,
A light still remains tho' the day fades away."

"Thank you, Alice, dear—thank you," and pressing her a moment to his heart, the young man tore himself away.

The following week saw him standing out from Norfolk in the Packet 'Tom Dossor,' for the West Indies. We will not touch upon his long and tiresome journey, his depression of spirits, his agony of mind; but let it suffice, he landed safely after a most tiresome journey, at Port Au Prince, in Hayti. Here he found many things to interest him. All manner of beings were congregated in the island, greedy of gains, and all striving industriously for that, which, with the world, levels all distinctions, and places the buffoon on an equal footing with the noblest; for the Indies at that time were the El Dorado of the world.

Here he rested some days, before attempting to get into business. Situations could have been had in almost any establishment, but he was unfortunately without letters of recommendation, having neglected to secure them before leaving home. Having made several unsuccessful applications, he set out for the interior in search of his uncle. After wandering over half the place, he found to his mortification, that his uncle had died a few months previous, and that his family had returned to England. What to do he knew not. He could get no situation without recommendation, knew no one on the island, and his little stock of cash had been expended considerably. At this crisis, not being seduced, the heat, together with his anxious state of mind, brought on a

burning fever, with which he lay several months. He was taken up at a little inn near Selma, on the sea-shore, kept by an honest Irishman, to whose kind attention he owed his life. When he at length recovered, his little stock of cash was exhausted. He made the discovery to his landlord, who instead of thrusting him out, bade him make his home with him as long as he chose. "For," said he, "I was once a poor friendless wanderer myself; Osh! an' I'm poor yet, but what I have is all yours." Note, the physician, a vile Italian who waited on him during his illness; he stripped him of everything he possessed, even his clothes, all to the one suit he wore.

His condition was now truly distressing, but he was not one to give way in despair; the parting words of his dear Alice rang in his ears, and he took courage when all seemed hopeless. He was still too weak to travel, so with his gun in hand he sauntered daily out, sometimes in company with his kind host, along the sea-shore endeavoring to gain strength, and dispel as well as he could, all thoughts of his forlorn condition.

One day, when he was nearly recovered, he took his gun down and wandered considerably farther than was his usual custom, for this day he felt extremely sad and depressed. He wandered long without finding game. Finally, he neared a clump of cocoa trees by the sea-side. As he approached, a large gang of monkeys, with which the island abounds, scampered off, and clambered up the surrounding trees; and one little fellow especially, ran jabbering up the tree under which our hero reclined. He kept up such a racket and laughing and made so many yf-faces and grimaces at him, that it seemed to the young man as if he was doing it in derision and mockery of his sorrows and sufferings. He attempted to scare him out with stones, but the little fellow only became worse, and even tore off branches and nuts and threw back at him—when, getting out of humor as well as patience, the young man raised his gun to his shoulder and fired on the mischievous little animal. Down it came, tumbling from branch to branch, till it reached the ground. On running up, he found he had not killed it, but only broken a leg; and, as is moaned so piteously, he thought he would take compassion on it, and put it out of misery. He took off one of his suspenders and tied a large stone to the monkey, and threw it in near the outlet of a large creek, or river, where the water was perfectly clear. He saw it sink headlong to the bottom, a distance of ten feet, but it immediately turned towards him, held up its hands, and fixed its large, full eyes so piteously upon him, that he turned away in remorse, and in horror sought to leave the spot. But he could not fly; the imploring eyes of the poor monkey were upon him every way he turned; and his conscience cried 'murderer! murderer!' so he sprang back, resolved to rescue it, rather than lose his own peace forever.

Without pausing to divest himself of his clothes, he merely threw aside his hat, and plunged into the water. In a moment he arose and drew the half drowned monkey ashore. After pausing a moment he turned to divest it of the stone hanging to its neck, when what was his astonishment to perceive, for the first time, that it held clutched in its claws a small silver casket, partially covered with moss, which he had grappled while in the agonies of death. With the least possible agitation he released the animal of his incumbrance, took out his pocket-knife and opened the casket, which, to his joy and astonishment, he found filled with the richest and rarest jewels imaginable—bracelets, pins, rings, necklaces, &c.—all set with the most precious diamonds. They were of enormous value, and had doubtless been lost or thrown into the ocean many years, perhaps many centuries, back.

He took them out one after another, gazed on them, rubbed his eyes, pinched himself and hallooed aloud, to make sure he was not dreaming; for he could not believe for some time that such was his good fortune. From the deepest despair, from wretchedness and almost want, he was now suddenly enriched, far above his most grasping desires and aspirations in his palmist days.

This sudden, marvellous, and happy turn in his fortune overcame him so much that he could not move for some time. He was finally roused from his pleasing reverie by the moaning of the poor monkey at his side; so he gathered up his precious treasure, placed the monkey as tenderly as possible on his shoulder and set out for the inn.

On his way he resolved to communicate his good fortune to no one, but to proceed at once to Port Au Prince, and dispose of his treasure. Accordingly he placed the monkey under the protecting care of the kind host and set out the next morning with the promise to return speedily. As he turned to leave the door, the kind-hearted Irishman slipped a few guineas into his hand, telling him he would need them on his way. And with a heart too full for utterance at such disinterested kindness, he strode hastily away, to hide the copious flood of tears that burst forth and streamed down his cheeks.

The day following he arrived at his destination, went round, saw all the merchants and jewelers, and after much cheapening and bargaining, sold them to a company of London jewelers, who were then on the island, for eighty thousand dollars, a sum far exceeding his most extravagant expectations.

As a ship was about sailing for Norfolk in a few days he made hasty preparation to return in it. Having hired a chaise he speedily set out to the inn, to see after his monkey, and to repay his kind host and mistress for all the kindness they had shown him in his adversity. He was joyfully and affectionately greeted by his friends; his monkey, too, he found, was almost well and as antic and mischievous as ever.

The next day he informed his friends of his good fortune; that, by a kind interposition of Providence, he had become enriched. Great and sincere was the joy of the family, and more so was it when he informed them he had purchased the inn and little farm adjoining, and presented it to them, for their kindness and generosity to him; telling them "I was a stranger and ye took me in, I was an hungry and ye fed me."

The gratitude of the family knew no bounds; manifesting their joy by tears and laughter—and the good mother, forgetting herself in her ecstasy, kissed him and patted him on his cheek, as was her wont to play with the urchin on her knee. He tarried but a few days with the happy family, when, taking his little monkey and treasure, he embarked for Norfolk.

When he last trod the deck it was with an anxious and heavy heart, with a mind bowed down with grief and disappointment; but now it was far different. Not a lighter heart beat on the seas, for he was now returning to his dear home, to his dear Alice, and loaded with sufficient to satisfy the most grasping desires of her parsimonious father.

In due time he arrived and found his dear Alice more lovely than ever. Her admirers were still numerous; yet to all she was cold, though courteous. The world wondered at her refusing so many advantageous offers; some said she was a coquette, and others again that she had

"A lover far o'er the deep blue sea."

So speculation was at variance. But her own heart knew its secrets best; its hopes, its fears.

It may be imagined, not many hours elapsed after landing till he enfolded his dear Alice to his heart. Her parsimonious father was amply satisfied with his wealth, and but few months passed ere he was no longer poor, despised student, but wealthy merchant, led the choice of his heart to the altar.

"And on bended knee, I have, my son, thanked God every day since then," continued Mr. Dillard, "for the merciful storm that overset the carriage on Linden Hill, and the remorse of conscience that made me return and rescue this poor monkey from a watery grave."

"You, father? who, what!—"

"Yes, me, my son, I was that poor student; your happy mother there the courted belle; and master Nips, the poor wounded man—but fie! fie! son, desist, or you'll smother him with your caresses."

From the Philadelphia American Courier. REST FOR THE WEARY.

There is a heaven:
This thread of life cannot be all the web
Nature had wrought to govern divine spirits;
There is a heaven, because there's misery,
The divine power ever blest and good,
Made not the world for an ill natur'd jest,
To sport himself in pains of those he made.

There is rest for the weary,—yes, poor storm-tost voyager on life's ocean, rest for thee. Are you not weary? I know it seems as if the clouds would never break, but the dawning will soon come, and you'll feel then that the day shines brighter, after such a dark night of sorrow. God has placed you in this world of woe, only for a little while, however, for He is preparing a bright home of love and peace on high—your rest for ever.

There is a rest for the weary, pale sufferer on the couch of pain. 'Tis a Father's hand dealing with thee; thine has been a care-worn pathway; you have found the thorns oftener than the flowers,—but even now a brighter prospect opens before you—the rest is now at hand; a few steps more, and the angels will bear the home, where there shall be no more sickness or pain.

There is rest for the, too, poor motherless one. Alone you are treading Life's thorny paths, but there is One ever watching you, with outstretched arms, ready to bear you up, should you sink beneath your earth-cares. As God "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," so will He prevent the cold, rude blast of the sneering world from blowing harder on you than that gentle spirit can bear. Friends in name have proved strangers, in heart, cold and unsympathizing; but that one dear Friend never changes. You feel very, very desolate since your mother has gone to her rest; you wander to the place where they laid her icy form, and as you sit by her grave, you long to lie there too, and say in your agony of grief, "Why, oh! why was she taken and I left?" But He who "doeth all things well" has not erred in this; He is only breaking the earth-bands that are confining you below. Be patient; the end cometh—the rest is at hand.

Ye erring ones of earth, who feel as if you could ne'er find peace, listen to these words: "Come, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," the words of One who would be a Father, a Saviour to you, if you would only consent to be the child of His adoption,—One who has never broken a promise He has made. Why then delay longer? Come now, and seek that rest you so ardently long for. Did He not say to the penitent thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?"—and to the repentant Magdalene, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee; go and sin no more?" Come then, ye sinning ones, while yet there is room, and ere God has "forgotten to be gracious;" there is rest even for you.

There is rest for the mourners. Ye sad ones of earth, that have felt the links in Friendship's chain crumbling to dust, and dropping fast away, and have seen the rose-buds snatched from the parent-tree, in the home garden, by the relentless hand of death,—there is rest for you too in Heaven; there you will have all re-united in a stronger and more lasting chain of love. The friends gone before will welcome you to your rest,—the rosebuds snatched in life's young morn will be blooming there in the Eden bowers. Only a little while now, and the "oil of joy will be given you for mourning;" for "God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes."

Aged pilgrim, tottering on the verge of life's precipice,—you who in your youth longed for a home for ever in this sunny world, as you deemed it then, are you not now rejoiced in your inmost soul that it is not always to be your home?—that you need not live for ever away from the angels who have ministered to you while dwelling in this vale of tears? You have toiled manfully for the right,—God has been approving,—your rest is prepared, for "He giveth His beloved sleep;" and He now stands at Heaven's gate, beckoning you onward, while He pronounces cheering words as you pass through the valley and shadow of death: "Well done good and faithful servants,"—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"And will there be a rest for me, Carrie?" said a sweet voice at my elbow—"I to am heart-weary and foot-sore, travelling life's journey. I do long for my heavenly home, for I have none on earth now—my mother in the church yard in the glen, and father far o'er the blue ocean. Oh, Carrie, I am alone, all alone now in the world; won't there ever be rest for me?"

Yes, darling, but you must remember that the heaven must be in your heart ere you are called away. You must feel willing to bide your time, to "run with patience the race set before you,"—then not otherwise, shall you be permitted to enter into the rest God has prepared for all those who love Him and keep His commandments.

CARRIE.

Parting Scene with Emmet.

The evening before his death, while the workman was busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him an eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood against the window frame or the prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dimly upon her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmet, he spoke little, but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of long passed days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat their names with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection.

At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound, and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal sound, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking on with his eyes streaming with affection. The turkey entered at the moment, ashamed of his weakness he dashed the rising tear from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man mean while approached to tear the young lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but as he gloomily released her from his hold, he gave her a little miniature of himself, and with the parting token of attachment, he imprinted the last kisses of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned around as if to gaze once more upon the object of her widowed love.—He caught her eyes as she retired—it was but for a moment, the door swung back upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time on earth.

Oh, it is blessed, when you feel very vile, to hide in Jesus, and though still as vile as ever in yourself, to say "Abba Father!" In reading a chapter, the only part I could dwell on at the time, was, "this same Jesus." It seemed so sweet to think that it is the same Jesus who is so lovely, so gentle, so full of sympathy on earth, who is now in Heaven, "the friend of sinners," pleading for them at God's right hand; that it is the same sweet voice that on earth said to the troubled soul, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."—*Bonar's Stranger Here.*

I have read books enough; and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time, but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever met with out of the pages of the Bible.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

VERY POPULAR.—"Was Brown a popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy body of his friend.

"I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving us—so many having taken a particular fancy to him; among others, the sheriff, his deputy, and several constables, followed him some distance."