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Select Tale.

SOPHIE'S BROTHER.
BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Meantime, whenever I glanced at the lovers, Willard seemed absent and preoccupied; while Sophie looked wearied and really unhappy, so that I begged her brother at last to take us home. On retiring to my own room, I closely scanned my heart. "Did I, or did I not love Willard Raymond, my long-cherished ideal?" I said. With a gush of thankfulness I answered, "No." I had been cherishing a vain illusion, I found, which vanished when divested of all its romance. But I could not conceal from myself that Sophie's lover was attracted to me. Should I cause my gentle friend one pang? Must I call one shadow to that pure young brow? No. My mind was made up. I would fly from his presence. I would return to Madame A.

The next morning, when I entered Sophie's room, she had not yet risen. I drew away the curtain. How lovely I thought her! The rounded arm which shaded that placid brow was white as the snowy pillow; the pale cheek, pure in its fair transparency; the long, heavy fringes closed on those weary eyes, were yet damp with tears of bitterness; and from those flushed and parted lips was heard a soft, low murmur. I caught the echo of his name—the faithless one! I sat beside her pillow, buried in gloomy thought; but the voice of Sophie roused me. "Julia, dear Julia," it cried, "where am I? Why are you sitting there?" I told her that I had been for a long time watching her slumbers, but that I should not allow her to idle away any more of the pleasant morning. "Indeed, dear Julia, I feel weak this morning, my exertions last evening quite overtasked my strength."

"Rest then, my darling," I replied, "I am thinking of leaving you for a time. I am about returning to Madame A."

"Never, dear Julia, you must not leave me, I have felt for a time my early doom, and before the buds and blossoms of another spring I shall be safe in my father's house, whither my mother's smiles ever beckoning me; and you will not, cannot leave me." "Hush, my dearest darling," I answered, "do not talk of dying."

"Yes, dear Julia, I have long felt the fallacy of my earthly hopes—nay, turn not away, you must hear me now. As I have told you before, it was the wish of Willard's father, communicated to him on his dying bed, that Willard should choose me for his future wife; indeed a promise was exacted from him that he would fulfill this last request; this I never knew until lately; but the truth has forced itself upon me; and I have felt for many months that his love was not lavished upon me, in the same rich measure that flowed from my father to him; and last night, nay, do not interrupt me, when he followed your every motion with admiring eyes—and how could he do otherwise?—I felt that it would be my greatest happiness to see two dearest friends united before I leave you. Promise me then, dear Julia, that you will love and cherish Willard Raymond as I would have done." But I would not allow her to proceed. "No, dear Sophie, not even to gratify you," I said, "can I promise that; besides I have no heart to bestow, I love another." "Can it be?" she cried. "And you have not breathed the secret even to me? Or is it the unknown hero?"

"No, dear Sophie, I have forgotten him long ago," I replied. "Still my love now is hopeless." "Ah! will you not tell me?" she said, throwing her arms around my neck. I trembled to reveal it, but I could not deny her. "Promise me," I said, "that to no one—not even to the winds will you breathe his name." The required promise was given, and, bending over her, I spoke the name of her brother, but so low that I scarcely thought she heard me, for I feared lest the walls might reflect the echo. A perfect glow of delight suffused those pale features. She kissed me again and again. "Then, then," she cried, "will my heart's fondest wishes be accomplished." "Yes, but, Sophie, my love is not returned, nor ever can be," I answered.

She faded from that time; and Willard, who seemed roused into an appreciation of the value of the gem that was passing from his grasp, was as devoted as her warmest friends could wish. He came daily with his gift of flowers, fit offering for the pure-hearted. How she worshipped every leaf and bud! what hope and peace to her sad heart did she imbibe with their fragrance. We hoped for a time that she would revive, but our hopes were only too fleeting. The bright beams of morning rested on the face of the fair sleeper, as I beheld her for the last time. Those lovely eyes were closed to know no waking; a sweet smile rested on the mouth, whose lips were closed forever. I pressed one last, lingering kiss on that fair brow; and with a wild gush of weeping was led to the carriage that was to bear me away. Mr. Lee embraced me with all the tenderness of a father, and told me I must come to them again to cheer their loneliness; while Herbert gave me a silent pressure of the hand, his whole face quivering with emotion. But he made no demonstration of love. I had passed from before him, perhaps forever; and he had made no sign.

Oh! how desolate, how very desolate seemed my heart when I once more entered our little room, where were garnered so many memories! Everything spoke of her own dear presence—her sweet face appeared gazing from every page I turned. How I longed but for a glimpse but once again of those cherished features. Madame A., too, wept her loss as if she had been a daughter; and so much was Sophie beloved by her teachers, so closely had she nestled in the hearts of her schoolmates, that it was long indeed before we could speak of her with calmness or resignation.

The trials through which I had passed had not been without their effect upon my character; and I was determined to make myself worthy of the love of those among whom I was placed. In interesting myself in their pursuits; in sharing their joys; and in commencing with their sympathies I found balm for my own lacerated heart. I have not told you, reader, how deeply Herbert Lee's image had been cherished in the depths of my inmost soul; how of him, and him only, had I dreamed, until I felt, that in tearing that idol from its throne, every bright hope must be crushed; every longing of my heart remain unsatisfied; every earthly hope be sacrificed. Oh! how lonely and desolate seemed the future now! What had I done to merit such a fate? Nevertheless these feelings I tried to subdue. Still I was conscious of being greatly changed.

I no longer felt the same buoyancy that elated me in other days; but gradually a calm settled on my life, as clouds of fair tranquility are seen resting on the face of Nature after days of storms and tears.—Long before the year had expired I was sought by Willard Raymond. Fain would I have shunned the meeting. I assured him his hopes were all in vain—his I could never be. He seemed much agitated, and told how, years before, he had watched me in my rambles for many a day unseen, before he had made himself visible! Then how he had fled the spot and avoided me, remembering his engagement to Sophie, for how could he break a pledge made to a dying father? At last, meeting me so unexpectedly the night of the party, his feelings had unwittingly betrayed him into showing an indifference to Sophie, that, he sometimes feared, had hastened the ravages of her disease. "But now that he was free," he said, "would I not give him some hope? Would I not, after years had passed, let him see me again?" I rose almost in anger. These propositions seemed sacrilege to Sophie's memory. "Had you loved her as she deserved," I said, "had you even been true, as a man of honor, to your pledge, you would never have pained her poor heart." "But I repented," he added, "you yourself witnessed the expiation I made on her death-bed." "I did," I replied, more calmly, "but the blow had gone home nevertheless," and then I told him how, with martyr-like spirit, she had herself offered to sacrifice him. "Go," I concluded, "once I might have loved you; but now never!"

He went, and after his departure I felt still more lonely. My depression of spirit

alarmed me. Could it be that I had even now a lingering affection for him?—I felt perfectly satisfied that I had done right, and yet I was very sad. Herbert could never be mine, I said, for if he had loved me he would have sought me before this. Had I consulted my happiness in thus dismissing Raymond? Was it such a crime to love me, that I should send him with scorn away? No, I had not done wrong, I said. Better live lonely and unloved always, than do sacrifice to Sophie's memory, or unite myself to a man, who, though once my ideal, I could no longer look up to. So I sat, one winter morning, ruminating on the darkness that had gathered around my pathway, and which it seemed no bright cloud was ever to penetrate, when a knock at my door startled me from my reverie. It was a servant, with the information that a gentleman desired my presence in the parlor. "My guardian then has come to take me home," I said, for my term was nearly out. "Was I so soon to leave?" I thought of the friends I was leaving, the only ones I now had; and tears came to my eyes as I descended the stairs. With trembling steps I approached the parlor. I paused a moment to recover composure, and then slowly entered the room, but still with downcast eyes, for I dreaded to meet the reality of my now almost forgotten guardian's presence. The French window was close by the door, and as I passed it, hearing the bell of the public academy, which was immediately in front of Madame A.'s seminary, ringing for school, I involuntarily glanced out. A snow had fallen during the night, and the street and roofs were covered with the pure white mantle. Two little village girls were trudging along, leaving deep footprints at every step, but they did not seem to mind either this or the cold. "Ah!" said I, "they have a father and mother, they have brothers and sisters to love—were I too thus blessed, I could willingly be poor, I also could cheerfully trudge through the snow to school. But there is no one to love me, I am alone in the wide, wide world."

But suddenly at this thought, I was recalled to myself, by a person rising; and now I was at last compelled to look up.—Ah! what was my astonishment and delight, when instead of my guardian, I beheld Sophie's brother, who advanced with open hands and eloquent eyes to meet me. "Dear Julia," he said and drew me to the sofa. Then he poured forth in burning language, the love so long kept back, and the reason why he had delayed.

"I have loved you from the first, dear Julia," he said, "but well did I guard my secret. Sophie's warm affection for her friend endeared me to you before I saw you, and I was prepared to love at once. But I fancied that my feelings could never be returned. You seemed ever to be pre-occupied, as if already secretly won. Then Willard came. I had known for a long time, that he had not loved our Sophie with the changeless love that her warm heart deserved, and to you I saw—with what bitterness none may know—his wavering affections turn. Your noble conduct, at that sad period, endeared you still more to me. Yet I sometimes fancied it was your love for Sophie, and a wish to spare her feeling, more than a dislike to him that compelled you to shun his attentions. I knew, after her death, he would seek you as soon as decency would permit. I casually heard that it was he you had met at the spring, about which, before I met you, Sophie had told me. I feared—oh! how I feared—that he was the one I had persuaded myself you secretly loved. I heard of his visit to you, and despaired. The agony that followed, you cannot imagine. But when a few days since I saw the notice of his sailing for Europe, I thought that there might yet be hopes for me. And now tell me, you will come and make our desolate home glad with your bright presence; you know not the sadness that seems resting there, since we have laid our darling down to sleep. I have not rested, day or night since I heard that Willard sailed, but travelled straight here. Say, will you, dear Julia, be mine."

There could be but one answer to such an appeal. With my head buried on his

shoulder, I murmured my confession of love, love that could never change.

The next morning he called, and had a private interview with Madame A., the issue of which was, that with my consent, I was to remain with her until the end of the present term, at the expiration of which, with the approval of my guardian, our happiness was to be consummated. To my guardian he wrote, and in due time there came a letter, announcing Mr. Stanton's coming; he seemed perfectly satisfied with an arrangement that would conduce so much to my happiness and worldly prosperity—and one glorious morning in June, when all nature seemed redolent with brightness, I bade adieu to that loved spot.

My tears could not be restrained even with so much happiness before me, although with him—the chosen of my heart—he whom I vowed to love and cherish—Sophie's brother!—for, when Madame A. and my beloved teachers came to the carriage, and pressed my hand in parting, the tears would flow, and I wept on his breast unrestrained.

On our tour we were passing through the lower part of the state of Virginia, and a storm overtook us, we were induced to seek shelter in a large, comfortable-looking cabin by the road side. A perfect shower of little darkies came running out, to indulge their curiosity by a peep at the strangers. Suddenly we heard the voice of their mistress shouting from the door, "you Bill, you Jim, you Joe, just take yourself off!" and immediately, she came out to meet us. I thought, "surely I had seen that face before." But not till she had fallen upon me with an ever-welcoming embrace, did I recognise my old schoolmate—JEMIMA EDSON! She seemed overjoyed to see me; said that she had "felt like" she should never see me again. "But you see I have not forgotten you," calling up a little red-headed, tottering girl—"I have named her Julia." I was truly pleased with this mark of affection from her honest heart, and rummaged my trunk for a fit offering for my little namesake.

The storm abated, and we were obliged to leave, or we should miss the cars that evening, though we could scarcely get away. "We must stay and see Jim," so she called her absent husband; but after partly promising to visit them at some future time, and telling her that she must bring "Jim" and little Julia to see us in our still more southern home, we took our leave.

It was a bright summer evening as we approached that well remembered spot—that pleasant home that Sophie so loved—and the events of the last few months seemed so like a dream—that I could scarcely realize that she was not again by my side. Her father was already coming to meet us. He held me in his arms, and with tears running down his aged cheek, blessed me as his daughter.

The happiness of the succeeding years who can describe? My life has passed without a cloud; not a wish ungratified; not a want unanticipated. Ah, reader, may you be as happy.

VINEGAR-FACED GENTRY.—There is a class of men in every community, says an exchange, who go about with vinegar faces because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a quarrel with what they call their destiny. We hate such people. They are a nuisance and a pest. They make all in their influence uncomfortable. These men have usually made a grave and great mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are untinged asses. Whenever this fault finding with one's condition or position occurs there is always a want of self respect. If you are a right down clever fellow wash the worm-wood off your face, and show your good deeds. Then if people "feel above you," why return the compliment, and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn up your nose a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself. Deliver us from the whining fools who go round like babies telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar, and drag them into decency.

From the Baptist Magazine.
SONNET.
BY THE REV. E. S. PRYCE, A. B.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—*Luke xii. 37.*
The glorious morn is breaking o'er the earth;
The streaks of daylight gild the eastern sky;
Creation sigheth for her second birth;
The church is travelling in agony.
Awake! ye careless saints, who sleeping lie;
Beyond thy holy wings; then hasten home.
Even now by us thy gentle voice is heard,
Behold, he cometh! Hear the bridegroom's cry,
Saviour, as nestlings for the parent bird
We fondly long for thee, and would not roam
Beyond thy holy wings; then hasten home.
Even now by us thy gentle voice is heard,
Behold, he cometh!—"in thine own word,
Our joyful hearts reply, "Lord Jesus come."

Temperance.

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL TO A RUMSELLER.

Nor many years since, a young married couple from the far "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when in an evil hour, the husband was tempted to "look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it giveth its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around its victim, all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heartstring broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as she best of the field would hallow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were reveling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of that "perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderers of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in a tone of startling anguish—"Give me back my husband!"

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed toward the prostrate wretch. "That my husband! what have you done to him? What have you done to that noble form, that once like a giant held his protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter! That my husband! With what torpid chill have you touched the sinews of that manly form? That my husband! What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the inscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to look erect on Heaven, and see in his mirror the image of his God! What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of his heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your Hecatean spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!"

The ears of the rumseller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows, such mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel, at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, cried in his ears, morning, noon, and night "Give me back my husband!" "Give me back my boy!" "Give me back my brother!"

But has the rumseller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice, with proud defiance.—He always carries in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do in his work of destruction. He "had bought a letter of indulgence. I mean license! A precious instrument signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's." He confounded? Why the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in its defence and support. Thus shielded by the Agis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Caesar on his credentials, and unto Caesar he appealed, and unto Caesar too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

WANTS OF THE AGE.

"MEN WANTED!"—Just so! Good, honest, practical men! Men who dare to speak, and think and act upon their own responsibility! Who can respect, without worship, the sex whose weakness is their strength, who believe women to be creatures of principle and not passion, who know the exact amount of faith it requires to transform them into angels, and who would sooner cut their tongue out than originate or spread a libel on woman's purity! Who are not vain enough to think themselves Appollo; yet sensible enough to know themselves men; who believe only what they see, and take for granted only what ought to be true; who can see honest merit though its gilding be not of gold, and true worth, though throbbing beneath the coarse woof of poverty; in short, such men as are needed to make husbands, fathers and brothers for the women of the nineteenth century. To such, good wages—the wages of love—and constant employment, the employment of affection, will readily be given. None others need apply.

WOMEN WANTED!—Are they not? Women to make happy homes, good husbands and contented hearts? whose frank smiles and sunny looks make a perpetual sunshine for those about them, who have a kind word for the suffering, and a ready sympathy for the sorrowing, who have an earnest eloquence, and a gentle voice for the tempted of their own sex, and something more material than either for the needy, who make their husband's interest their own, and can wear a bonnet two summers without a wry face, if a depleted purse makes it expedient, who look upon the bright side of every picture, turn out the silver lining from every cloud, and point out the spot in the stormy sky, where the bow of promise will shortly bend, who like the society of their own husbands better than that of their neighbors, and can find time for everything expected of the sex but scandal and ill-nature! In short, such women as are greatly needed to fill up vacancies in the home book of American beauty!

GIRLS WANTED! Whose hearts would ache to know the ways and means employed by mistaken parents to make them the artificial flowers of society which they are, whose lips would burn beneath the hot breath of the libertine, who looks upon them as so many victims to his own or some other devil's arts, whose bared and tempting shoulders would tingle, and strive to hide themselves away beneath the scanty dress of fashionable immodesty, when licentious eyes are taking in their manifold charms, who would feel that to dress, and simper, and flirt, and patronize things beyond or beneath their comprehension; was the smallest portion of woman's mission upon the earth, who would be willing to recognize the useful as well as the ornamental pursuits of life, and who, eschewing the unworthy and shallow-pated flatterers of society, could be won only by the good, and the noble, and the high-minded! Such girls, as in the course of their natural lives would give to the American character, what it now so greatly depletes, a nationality of its own.

CHILDREN WANTED! Boys and girls, simple, earnest and child-like, who at the age of innocence, have not learned all the wickedness and most of the crimes of society, who are not practised in all the arts and weaknesses of men and women, and who are not prepared to take at the earliest opportunity, their first degree in vice and immorality, who are not defiant to their equals, or saucy to their superiors, who do not present to the world that hideous deformity of an old head on young shoulders, and are willing to give their father and mother credit for knowing of a trifle more than they do! Such children are scarcer than government offices, or pensions in a poor man's pocket. Until such a race of embryo men and women spring up in our midst, we may despair of supplying the essential wants of the age.—*Boston American Union.* GAY SPANKER.

Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Because words continually pass between them.

Humorous.

A Gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case, but added, that if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would 'worry it out' of the man.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wal, Square," said he, "taint much use o' tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze 'ile out of Bunker Hill Monument as to 'lect a debt out of him. But any how, Square, what'll you give sposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you'll collect it."

"Greed," replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin' any way."

Some weeks after, the editor chanced to be in Boston, and walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look o' here," said he, "Square. I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week, or so 'twas't no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was 'short'; if he wasn't home, couldn't get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after goin', sixteen times, 'I'll fix you.' So I sat down on the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun airy next day; but about ten o'clock 'the gin in.' He paid me my half, and I gin him up the note."

A COOL REPLY.—An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table, on board of one of our Eastern steamers, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair oil and Cologne, who was "deming" the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to the "vulgar" friend, the former pointed his jewelled finger, and said: "Buttah, sah!" "I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan. "Buttah, sah, I say!" fiercely reiterated the dandy. "I know it—very good—a first rate article," provokingly reiterated homespun. "BUTTAH, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, un-moving finger, like scorn's, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him. "Well, goesh-all-Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the downstater, getting his dandruff up in turn—"Yer don't think I took it for Lard.—*Transcript.*

QUIZZING A VERMONTNER.—The other day, while over in Jersey city, a tall, long-legged, big fat-footed, six foot Vermont-er came up to us with a rush, holding in his arms a pillow case, well filled, no doubt, with home affairs and fixins, and also gnawing away on a large cake of gingerbread. "Can you tell me, sir, what time the cars come in?" "The cars, sir?" "Yes sir."

"The cars, sir, come in right after the locomotive." "Down went the pillow-case—oh he was full of fight."

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore post office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said: "guess I have done the thing slick; I seen a good many people puttin' letters in the post office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

"Mr. Snowball, I want to ask you one question, dis evening."

"Well, succeed."

"Spose you go to do tavern to get your dinner, and you don't hab nuffin on de table but one big beet, what would you say?"

"I gib dat up, what would you say?"

"Why, under de circumstances ob de case, I should say, dat beet's all."

A lady looking at a review, was asked if she was partial to military training; replied that she liked exceedingly the officers' salute.