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## First Rate Love Story.

FROM THE NEW YORK PRESS.  
COURTNEY DASHWOOD

It is not in every family that the departure of the eldest son, the heir to title and estates, on a journey whose period is always to be found, would excite so much genuine regret. But pleasant, cheerful, and things went on their old way, as if the departure of the eldest son had been a mere formality. Courtney Dashwood was not the only pupil of the learned doctor, the young ladies were equally under his care, though a certain Mrs. Dodson guided them in their worldly acquirements.

The days were spent in alternate recreations and studies, while the evenings were passed as well. The baronet and Mrs. Jacobs played at backgammon. Mrs. Dodson read or sewed, the young people talked or amused themselves with music. Frances was, in truth, no longer quite a child. Still there was sufficient difference between her and Leonora to make the latter more of a companion for Courtney. She then, constantly became his fellow laborer.

Fanny would sit beside them listening, while they talked, while they read, while they sang together. The intimacy was "viewed without anxiety by the others." The beautiful girl was the affianced wife of James, and then they were so young. But no barriers are capable of keeping down the affections. They leap upward always, and so subtly, so cunningly, so entirely without our knowledge at times, that the rubicon is often passed before we know our danger. Silent and still, like the calm waters of the deep, they flow, often with all the more irresistible force because of youth.

Six months passed away. James had passed through France, had visited Naples, Rome, all Italy, and was now at Venice. Here his letters ceased to be so regular, but his tutor had written and announced that all was well.

During this period Courtney Dashwood had changed much. Always reflective and fond of thought, his mind had dwelt on books, until he himself began to produce. The rich resources of his intellect could not lie fallow. He must work. He rose early and retired late. A lamp was often burning in his room for hours after everybody else had retired to rest. With that feverish impatience which is the province of youth, he covered his paper with words, not all meaningless, however—as is too often the case—but impassioned, burning, full of imagery and fancy.

These verses he would read the next day to Leonora.

Why not to Frances?

Because the birth of song and of passion are so generally simultaneous in the early dawn of manhood. A boy may jingle verse—it takes a man to write poetry.

Mysteriously, without his knowing it, his hour had come. His heart, hitherto so light and cheerful, the abode of sunny and pleasant thoughts, had been suddenly filled by new and unknown emotions—those joyous and elevating sensations, which accompany the first birth of love in the human breast, not living in the stime of degrading vice, made the world a paradise. He looked around and saw that all was beautiful and good. Nature itself was more lovely, the trees were more attractive, the lake near the mansion had new charms, while the voice of the birds went to his heart with a gushing tenderness he had never known before. His very soul melted into music, and aspired upward to sing the praise of an all-wise and beneficent Creator.

Courtney was intensely happy, whether wandering alone by the lake or whispering low in dulcet accents, his calm joys into the ears of Leonora. His ideas had taken on shape of actuality. His passion was without form, its object was not made evident to his senses. He was enraptured, as it were, by a lambent atmosphere, in which he lived and breathed apart from others.

He would wander for hours in company with his cousin, talking, thinking aloud—at other times silent—Little Frances running behind, and before them, or at times drawing up near them, with arched brows, as if the too full that womanhood was soon approaching, and all childish amusements were to be abandoned for graver occupations.

CHAPTER II.

It was in June. The hot earth still rejected its greenest robes, which softened the glare and enshined of the day. Man and the lesser animals gladly sought shelter at noon from the rays of the great luminary, in leafy dells, wherever there was shade and grass. A gentle breeze, odoriferous with verdure, swept over the plains and meadows, scarcely ruffling, however, the waters of the little lake across which the three friends might have been seen speeding towards an island of some extent which lay in the centre. Courtney was at the oars, while Frances steered. The more mature beauty sat in mute contemplation of a scene which was peculiarly English.

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## Original Contributions.

CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

The long predicted commercial and financial crash has come. Stately houses and firms topple down. Mighty monied institutions and corporations swing from their moorings, and are tossed up and down like wails upon the boiling tide. A quiver of apprehension smites even stout hearts that we are as yet only in the beginning of sorrows. A shudder of fear runs from West to East, from North to South. All men suffer at such times, the rich and the poor. Thousands are thrown out of their regular employments. If we lose no dollars in the sweeping failures, we lose peace, security, trust; we cannot, but feel, even in the most peaceful retreats of private life, the agitation of that tremendous storm that now bows like December's blasts through many of our cities. If one member suffers all the members must suffer with it.

What are the causes of such calamities, and what are the remedies? The causes, in general terms, are the ignorance, folly, or misdeeds of private men; and the remedies are wisdom, principle, better political economy, but above all, a more thorough and universal application of Christian precepts to every-day life. The Ledger, the Arithmetic, the Revised Statutes, and the Banking Journal, are very good and necessary books, but we need to know they cannot keep the business world from chaos, unless you add the New Testament. Great laws are necessary in little acts. The sublime sentiment of human brotherhood is required to save men from cheating in selling apples or pigs. All the legal penalties of the State are less effectual to keep honest clear and bright in shop and street, than one persuasive precept of Christianity, one flash of moral sentiment through the heart.

Conscience is a clew better than the clearest intellect, divorced from duty, to guide us through the labyrinth of complicated affairs. How poor a thing it is, therefore, that Christianity should go on preaching, praying, singing, exhorting in one sphere, and men go on trading, voting, sailing, legislating in another sphere, when the very purpose of Christianity is to furnish checks and balances, right rules of life, equipoise of faculties, equipoise of interests, so that mankind may fall neither into the fire on one side, nor into the water on the other! Life never can be righteous until it is treated more as one grand whole.

We believe with all our heart that false principles are the first source of all such social and business difficulties—principles at war with the Gospel, and with human good! Let me specify: Thus, men cannot trade or make money in any way, and be permanently prosperous, if by such a course they are injuring their fellow-men; for in the end the good of one is the good of all, and the evil of one is the evil of all. I may oppress the poor, I may defraud; I may take advantage of the ignorance, or weakness, or necessity of my fellow-man, and may seem to have the best of the bargain. But in so doing, I do a greater injury to myself than my worst enemy could desire. I put a rotten pillar in my house, that will, by-and-by break, when I most need it, and tumble the whole edifice into ruins. Retribution is on the way; slow, perhaps, but sure. A strong, hard, a more cunning mind, will do me what I have done to another. Thus the British East India Company may grow fat on the toil and taxes of millions of Hindus, and govern them not by the golden rule, but by the iron rule; but the fiery day of reckoning and punishment blazes at last, out of the sky, and makes a whole empire quake to its foundations. Splendid private fortunes may be conjured up by speculation, by usurious interest, by traffic in articles pernicious to the highest uses of society, by modes of business that cannot stand the test of the Christian rule; but ill-gotten gains soon take to themselves wings and fly away, as the eagle towards Heaven. For the same

## carelessness about the laws of God in one direction, that allows a man to make money any way and every way, will lead to carelessness in other respects, which will eventually ruin all he has before gained.

This whole business of making money, as it is called, is a mystery and a maze even to many involved in it. Real value is added to the wealth of the community only by the productive arts of life, farming, fishing, mining, manufacturing, and commerce. What is called money-making is sometimes only a dexterous transfer of the money, from one man's pocket to that of another, without any real compensation. The transaction may be legal, but not moral, not Christian. By eagerness to make a fortune at once, the shaming laws of eternal rectitude may be set aside. They that make haste to be rich, can hardly be innocent. The only real and satisfactory gains which an honest man acquires, are for services rendered in some way or form; but to give moonshine, and take gold; to traffic in their necessities, and wring our profits out of their weaknesses, their folly, and their miseries, these are the dollars that will make a heavy conscience at the last, and bring down the red blot of ruin.

About this whole matter of gold too there is a grand misconception. The discovery of the gold mines of California and Australia has done some good, but it tenfold more evil. For men drink the cup too eagerly. Gold is alcoholic. It sets the world on fire. It stimulates trade too much. It introduces gambling on a stupendous scale. It diverts thousands from the real productive labors of agriculture, and manufactures, to digging ore. And when dug, gold is after all but a medium of exchange, like paper, like stocks. Very little, comparatively, is really used in the arts, or in any practical way, except to be packed away in coin and bullion in French, English, and American bank vaults. It would verify have been better if it had remained in those original vaults constructed by the hand of the Creator in the hills and ravines of the El Dorados of the Pacific. Every country that has had anything to do with gold and silver-mines, has been in the end weakened and impoverished by them. It would not be so if men used moderation. But they thirst, and they drink to intoxication. Gold, indeed, is a blessing to be thankfully received, but civilization can safely take it only in the homopathic dose. Not all gain, then, are these ship loads of "treasure," so-called. They cheapen money, they make every dollar we had before worth only half as much. They pamper luxury and greed. They stimulate importations beyond our wants. They exasperate passions for wealth already too strong, and divert the new class of manhood, just ready to fight a good fight for the progress of their country, to the gold fields, to dig, to gamble, to barter, and to lose what civilization they had before. Fifteen hundred violent deaths, murders, and manslaughters in one year in California, tell us what sort of society it is that gold and its "acquired thirst" create even in the sons of Puritanism and Republicanism. The end is not yet. National virtue is depreciated by such causes. The currency may be gold, but the character is pinhead. All the great nations have stumbled and fallen over luxury, wealth, vice. The gold of the West has therefore cast a millstone weight into the scale of our national experiment, and made it all the harder for us to be a moral and God-loving people. Mammon worship was strong before; but it is ten times stronger now. Still we must be masters even of this evil, and say to gold, "Be not our God, be our servant."

Again, we add to our false principles and notions in every-day life, false methods of practice.

Thus, we over-trade. We go too eagerly into the mercantile walks, and too sparsely into the productive and laboring vocations. We have too many between-ers, too many agents, speculators, and moths between the products of the earth, or the articles of manufacture, and those who use them. Our flour, our meat, our vegetables are so dear before they reach

## us after running this gauntlet of brokers, that we cannot afford to live. This evil dates back to the folly that it is gotten to live without labor and without usefulness. One great evil that Slavery's constantly doing in this country is to degrade labor, and to lead brainless youths to think it is honorable to be useless drones in the world's bee-hive. Too many young men seek, not to earn an honest livelihood, as their fathers did before them, by hard and moderate gains, but by spasmodic efforts, by daring speculations to leap at once into a fortune.

Hence another bad habit, we over-import. We get more goods into the country than we need or than we can pay for. We keep the balance of trade steadily and fatally against us. Thus though we have the most industrious people in the world, and the richest harvests, and we supply two or three great staples, yet all does not avail. We are always in debt to the careful merchants of the other side, and that boundless foreign drain is a source of evil, trouble and corruption.

For if we over-trade and over-import, it is equally true, we over-live. We build too expensive houses, furnish them in too costly a manner, set a bad fashion to other less wealthy, to try and do as much, and leave too little reserved means for a rainy day. No people are so prone to waste their money as the Americans. In Europe the height of the climax is to tenfold more evil. For men drink the cup too eagerly. Gold is alcoholic. It sets the world on fire. It stimulates trade too much. It introduces gambling on a stupendous scale. It diverts thousands from the real productive labors of agriculture, and manufactures, to digging ore. And when dug, gold is after all but a medium of exchange, like paper, like stocks. Very little, comparatively, is really used in the arts, or in any practical way, except to be packed away in coin and bullion in French, English, and American bank vaults. It would verify have been better if it had remained in those original vaults constructed by the hand of the Creator in the hills and ravines of the El Dorados of the Pacific. Every country that has had anything to do with gold and silver-mines, has been in the end weakened and impoverished by them. It would not be so if men used moderation. But they thirst, and they drink to intoxication. Gold, indeed, is a blessing to be thankfully received, but civilization can safely take it only in the homopathic dose. Not all gain, then, are these ship loads of "treasure," so-called. They cheapen money, they make every dollar we had before worth only half as much. They pamper luxury and greed. They stimulate importations beyond our wants. They exasperate passions for wealth already too strong, and divert the new class of manhood, just ready to fight a good fight for the progress of their country, to the gold fields, to dig, to gamble, to barter, and to lose what civilization they had before. Fifteen hundred violent deaths, murders, and manslaughters in one year in California, tell us what sort of society it is that gold and its "acquired thirst" create even in the sons of Puritanism and Republicanism. The end is not yet. National virtue is depreciated by such causes. The currency may be gold, but the character is pinhead. All the great nations have stumbled and fallen over luxury, wealth, vice. The gold of the West has therefore cast a millstone weight into the scale of our national experiment, and made it all the harder for us to be a moral and God-loving people. Mammon worship was strong before; but it is ten times stronger now. Still we must be masters even of this evil, and say to gold, "Be not our God, be our servant."

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## underlying. But what are the arguments used by the author to establish his position? "We deny first," says he, "the eternally repeated assumption that England is our mother country." Here follows a string of invective against England for its tyrannical rule, which, however well adapted to the days of King George the third, sounds, in the mouth of an American of the present day, as indignantly as the words of a heretic.

"Away with such a notion, we deny eternally deny any such continuity." The gist of the argument seems to be, that because England is not our mother country, therefore the English language is not our mother tongue. That she is not our mother is supposed to be proved by the fact that England treated us in an unnatural and unmotherly manner; *Belogovines* our national maternity cannot be ascribed to England it is a great error to suppose that our language is English. But who is our mother? Why—we're our own mother. We begot ourselves. America produced the United States, and therefore the language of the United States should be called the American language. Here! The author is evidently a logician as well as a philologist. He knows how to draw conclusions from established premises. He knows that had his mother been Dutch he should have been a Dutchman; but since she was a free Yankee, why, he is a free Yankee too. He applies this reasoning to Philology, and proves distinctly that the people of the United States don't speak the English language. Very good. Doubtless his readers appreciate his argument and his patriotism. But seriously, who with the slightest degree of reason can maintain that the Americans do not converse in the language of Milton and Shakespeare? Who can say that the good old English of Hamden and Washington, of Newton and Franklin, of Macaulay and Bancroft, of Chatham and Clay, of Fox and Webster, of Scott and Cooper, of Moore and Bryant, of Hood and Saxe, of Cowper and Willis, of Tennyson and Longfellow, is not the same? Who would desire to say so? We would not. We believe that every true lover of his country must feel proud to trace his national origin to a people who can boast of the "proudest names upon the scroll of fame."

The writer continues:—"What is the English language? Is it that spoken by Ireland, of which we have daily specimens? Is it that spoken in Scotland? Is it the language of Yorkshire or Cumberland, which we cannot understand? Is it that spoken by nineteen twentieths of the English, which is so strange and corrupt that it makes a Virginia negro laugh? We presume it is that represented by the nobles and the higher educated classes of the British Isles." Here the author is right. It is to the higher educated classes of the British Isles—just as to the educated classes of any other country—that we must go to find the language in its purity, and the dialects and corruptions of the ignorant Irishman, Scot, Welshman, or English cockney, are no more to be considered as the English language, than the dialects and corruptions of the "Virginia Negro," the Backwoodsman, or the "Down East" on our own side of the Atlantic. But in the next sentence the writer shows the "clever foot," and surprises us by his shallow reasoning, and evident contradiction or himself. "But they (the nobles &c.) form a very small minority of the English nation, and we cannot receive their language as the English language of an entire people." His first "presumption" that the English language is that represented by the nobles and educated classes, and in the very next breath tells us that we cannot receive his presumption: He should not have said us, but to receive what he at first presumed it is about the only thing in the article which an intelligent reader would be so inclined to receive. To whom shall we go to find a language in its purity, but to the educated classes? Their language is the only language which we can receive as the language of the country. The reason that pure English is not spoken among the lower classes, is because they are uneducated—they don't know what pure English is. Educate them, and you'll see how quickly they will drop their dialects. The masses of the American people are educated. Hence it is that they speak English with great purity that the masses of Great Britain. How absurd to urge this as a reason for calling that language an American language.

But we have said enough. We should not have said enough had we not thought it our duty to point out the gross disposition to patriotism in the English language. This disposition arises from the silly belief that everything to be good must be American; and that it is because we are so ignorant of all the world's languages, especially English, even in the words which we utter. This is a great

## Lawful Revenge.

Many years since, a gentleman of Newington, a parish of Wetherfield Connecticut, who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women which could be found in the vicinity. This occasioned a universal surprise wherever he was known; and one of his neighbors ventured to ask him the reason which governed his choice. He replied, that having had but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things of time and sense, and he thought by experiencing some afflictions, he should become more weaned from the world, and that he married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object.

The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reason why he married her, was much offended, and, out of revenge, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was not going to be made a pack horse of, to carry her husband to Heaven.

## CHAPTER III.

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