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Select Tale.

From the Waverly Magazine.
TWO SIDES OF LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

CHAPTER I.

"'Tis love alone that makes this earth
Less dreary than a desert wild."

It was even id—*the slow decline of a fair summer day. The western fires had hot all burned out, and indolently stretching themselves over the horizon were gold, blue, and crimson clouds, commingling together, as if fearful night should steal away day too soon. The air was balmy with fragrant odors—the last sigh of the flowers ere they folded their petals, and were lulled by the south wind to sleep.—The rivulets, too, seemed to feel a change, for, instead of the gray, glad dashing of mid-day, they wound along softly trilling their evening hymns—stopping a moment to return the kiss of overhanging flowers, or tall grass, while the blue night star peeped up here and there, opening its tiny leaves to receive the genial dew, and greet its sister spirits when they light dance on heaven's broad plain. Around the edge of the forest, twilight was dimly stealing, and the little fire-flies lit their lamps and darkened them again, half unconsciously revealing the deeper darkness, while voices innumerable sent forth from their leafy covert a concert of wild, unwritten, yet sweetly varied music—broken, occasionally by the shrill scream of the night-hawk, or the lingering sadness of the whip-poor-will lay. The day had been beautiful; but evening, as it came to the weary spirit, soothed each rising fear, imparting a serene calmness to the soul, until it half started from its dreamy sphere to hold communion with those above.*

Allan Everard walked along the road side, unheeding alike whether there were roses, planted by loving angels, in his path, or thorns sown by demons—whether there was a glorious sky, painted by nature's great limner, God, over his head, or the soft velvet turf under his feet, bespangled with buttercups and daisies; it mattered but little to him then, for memory, with her countless fingers, was busy at his heart, and so tightly were the chords drawn, that each one she touched woke acute mental suffering—yet no sound passed his lips, no look indicated his agony, save perhaps the lines on the brow were deeper, and the lips tightly compressed—these alone spoke of suffering, yet a stranger would only have noted sternness.

Silently he walked along. On one side were large trees, where, ever and anon the fairy fingered zephyr swept the wind harp, reverberating melody through the giant oaks, that had for centuries defied the blast; pine, laurel, cedar, all intermingled, weaving one mass of stateliness and grandeur. On the other side lay Rosedell, calmly sleeping in the hazy twilight, while guardian-like the broad river flowed around, as if the mazy waves would engulf one who dared step on the shore of that Eden spot with a thought of desecration in his heart.

Allan Everard was an ardent enthusiast. From boyhood he longed to steal away from the busy, careless crowd, and penetrate the deepest recesses of nature—wander where the finger of God alone had traced—but none of these things filled his heart now. It had been bliss to rave with a spirit free and untrammelled—with a soul full of lofty impulses, that might be felt but not uttered; there were opening flowers to smile on such a path—there were singing birds, and nature's multitudinous voices to incite the spirit to its utmost; but when a stranger hand had deplored those flowers, and left but the impress of misery where lately all was joy and beauty, there could be but little bliss left for the sufferer.

Neither to the right nor the left did he turn, except when a neighbor passed and said, "good even"; and then he merely nodded his head, as if fearful of losing self-control if the lips were opened. Once they would have looked up cheerily and asked, "How is Lucy and the little one?" but now their unspoken pity almost choked

his proud spirit, and he bit his lips until the blood came.

At times Allan Everard was handsome. There was a high, commanding brow, shadowed by jetty locks, that spread themselves in wavy lines—a full black eye, firm and unshrinking as an eagle's—handsomely arched eye-brows, whose very dignity lent a nobler aspect to the whole countenance. When joy gleamed in the eye, and the lip spoke gladness, there was something in the enthusiasm of the finely sculptured features that won admiration, not for the mere beauty, but spirituality and intelligence. The features were not less handsome now, but there was an indefinable something in the firm setting of the lips together, that destroyed the half-wrought dream, and left a dim remembrance of the forest oak, when the lightnings have shivered its branches, and the warm sunshine comes only to reveal the deeper desolation.

Presently he turned from the road side into a large lane, bordered by tall poplars, on whose heads seemed resting the fleecy clouds above, and in a few moments he reached the garden gate. Oh! how lovely the pure white cottage looked, half embowered by fragrant vines, where slept alike, the butterfly and the humming-bird—where the south wind breathed melody, and the rain came in gentle patters, as if fearful of disturbing the blessed ones within. His hand trembled as he unfastened the gate latch, and his ear vainly listened for some sound to break upon the oppressive stillness. There were no merry voices of childhood—no ringing laugh—no sweet song mingled with harp-strings, to wake an echo in his breast—no wife or child bade him welcome home.

Beloved! there is a home in the hearts of beloved ones, and bright eyes watch for us speaking a strange language, in mute but eloquent tones, that none but ourselves may read; there is a home on the deep blue sea for the sailor, and the sparkling waves smile answeringly to his fearless greeting; there are tones of love for the weary laborer, when the day's toil is over; and though the fare be poor and scanty, there are sweet smiles and kind words to buoy up his heart for the coming morrow; there is a joyous hum to greet the honey-laden bee at night-fall; there are soft rustlings for the bird, and silver murmurs for the brook: all have their welcome. But oh! how dreary to reach the spot called home, and find no answering tones—no eyes reflecting our own emotions—no voices to fall upon our ear in the rich tones of unasked sympathy: but sit down by the fireside, and gaze in the vacant chair, feeling loneliness—utter solitude—and this was Allan Everard's welcome.

There was a time when his wife would have been listening for his foot-fall, and sprang to meet him. Where was she now?—dead? If the noiseless King of the shadowy realm had sent forth his mandate, summoning her to that, and "where there is no sorrow, nor any crying, and all tears are wiped away," Allan Everard could have folded the lily hands across her pure breast, kissed her cold brow, and laid her down to her dreamless rest, with a hope, a blessed hope of re-union in that fair land of bliss; that hope would have lighted up his loneliness. But a worse blight than death had fallen on Lucy Everard—the pure wife of his bosom; the wife of all his dreams was—faithless.

Slowly did the desolate man open the door and gaze furtively around, as if fearful of discovering some forbidden occupant; but, save the child that lay sleeping on the floor, no human being but himself was there. The sound of his footsteps woke drearily in that silent room, until he half started at the echo—and then the proud man knelt beside his sleeping boy. It was a scene that a painter would have joyed to look upon—that pure child in all its innocence and beauty, with its forehead scarcely less fair than the snowy pillow it rested on, and partly shadowed by a profusion of rich auburn curls, that fell lovingly around the transparent temples, where the blue and red veins intersected each other. The features had a feminine softness, such as is often observed in young children; but the mouth, in its sweet repose, was more like an opening rose-bud in its first freshness, ere the leaves have

lost one ray of color, and gilded with dimples that lay like ripples of a fountain, or dew in a violet's cup.

The lips parted, and a smile so sweet broke over the features as the father leaned over, and it murmured, "mother, dear mother," that an unbidden tear started to his eye. One tiny hand clasped the gilt band of his drum, while the other was entangled in the long silky threads of his hair, while the little blue coat displayed the fair, round shoulder, exquisitely moulded. The embroidery on the child's dress, and the tastefully arranged room, all told of woman's hand; but oh! could it be woman's heart to leave such a paradise?

Again the child murmured, "mother!" and, as Allan Everard kissed the fair brow, the golden eye-lashes slowly parted, disclosing large, lustrous blue eyes, so pure and holy that angels might have seen their images reflected therein, and claimed him as a gem of light.

"Where is my mother?" the child asked in a trembling tone, while tears glistened in the radiant eyes.

Poor child! had'st thou asked for wealth—for glittering baubles—for any thing money could have purchased, thy request need not to have been denied thee—but nought can buy a mother.

Allan Everard procured a light, and then took the little one on his knee, saying, as he displayed a gaily painted toy, "see, Eddy, what father bought you!"

The child turned sadly away, and laying his head on his father's bosom, sobbed half inaudibly, "I want my mother; you said maybe she would come back."

The father bent down his head on his hand, and thought whether he should tell his child's young spirit into forgetfulness, or read to him the sad story. Perchance, in after years the tale might fall witheringly on his heart, when told by the scornful lips of strangers: no, better to tell him now, and he raised his head, saying, "Eddy has no mother now."

The child clung closer to his father as he asked, "Will she never, never come back to us?"

Allan Everard kissed his child's fair brow as he replied, "no, she will never come to us again; and father must hush you to sleep, and hear your prayer now, for you have no other friend."

The little one put his tiny hand to his brain, as if he would have dispelled the mist of childhood, and then he said, slowly—

"It was a long time ago, when the ground was all covered with snow, that I asked her where the pretty flowers were, and she told me the angels had folded up their leaves so the cold winds might not hurt them; but when the warm sunshine came, so I could run out of doors and play, they would all be here again, and I watched by the window for them until they came; if I watch for her, will she not come, too?"

The father shook his head, for his heart was too full for utterance; but the boy continued—

"She is not dead, for they did not put her in a coffin and bury her in the ground like old Margery. Why will she not come back?" and the blue eyes were fixed anxiously on the parent's face.

For a moment he paused, and then answered bitterly, "Because she did not love us any longer; she was very, very wicked, and now we must never mention her name, for she is unworthy to be remembered."

An hour later, and Edward Everard knelt for the first time in his life, at his father's knee, and breathed the orisons his mother had taught him. Ere he had finished, he opened his eyes and asked, in a low tone, "must I not pray for her?"—But the father's heart was fearfully proud, and he whispered, "forget her—you have no mother now." Only a moment did the child linger, and his lips moved as if some forgotten word was silently added; and then his lips were pressed to his father's cheek, and the little one went to the soft, dreamy land of slumber.

Allan Everard sat by the table, whereon lay his wife's harp, twined with withered flowers—fit emblems of her love; and his heart went back to other days, as if it would have fain gathered an antidote for the sorrowing present. The shy, proud boy, with his heart longing in wild inten-

sity for something to love—something on which the busy world had to claim; but no such flower came to twine its tendrils round his path—alone, all alone, with a heart formed for sympathy and companionship; and what wonder, then, if pride should usurp the place where love might have reigned. Wealth and fame! but they would not bring to the care-worn spirit, rest—the blessed rest he longed for; and many a time, in his onward path did his step well nigh falter, and his eye grow dim, when he thought, were the future's wildest hopes realized, there would be none but strangers to smile upon him.

There was a tiny maiden, with blue eyes and golden hair, kneeling beside a new made grave, feeling this utter solitude.—But of late, loving eyes had beamed on her, and a kind heart shielded from every suffering; but now they were hushed in the quiet tomb, and henceforth her portion must be a cold world's grudgingly bestowed charity. The sunlight fell in bright waves around her, but it did not warm the heart within. Ah, a stranger stood beside her; and though sternness was visible on his brow and in his eye, the traces seemed more the impress of suffering than natural hardness, and his kind tones won the young orphan's heart, and she laid her fair head on his bosom and sobbed out all her grief.

The busy, restless man, had found a gem to love—a flower, whose brightness and fragrance might light his own path—and carefully did he guard it. All the former aspirations of his soul were forgotten in this one wild, intense dream of bliss. Each fond word of greeting that passed her lips—every smile that lit up her radiant face, was garnered in the store-house of memory; and the proud, talented Allan Everard, knelt to the creature of his bounty—saw that from which one word from his lips might have gained from wealth and beauty—worshipped passionately and truly at the shrine of love; and the being, who but for him might have been a homeless wanderer, was taken to his bosom to be loved and cherished till only death separated.

The world wondered at his choice, and grieved that one so well calculated to fill life's busy sphere, should bury the light of genius in a simple cottage; but it mattered nothing to him what they said. The vague dreamings of boyhood were in part realized—but bliss like that had scarce been thought of; and when the little one came, in all its smiling unconsciousness, Allan Everard felt that his cup was indeed brimfull and running over with God's choicest blessings.

A change came over the spirit of his dream. There was a handsome stranger at Rosedell, whose eye glittered with fascination, and whose lip spoke a strange, intoxicating language; and skilfully did he weave a net, strand by strand, for the fair victim—but Allan Everard saw it not; only this he read—the wife of his bosom was changed. When the stranger spoke of the sparkling gaiety of the city—its blazing lights, and undimmed enjoyment—describing its voluptuous splendor in glowing adoration, Lucy Everard's heart turned from her cottage home, in its boundless wealth of love, and sighed like a prisoned bird for the gorgeous city; and when her husband turned coldly from her request for an exchange of homes, and bade her be reconciled to her own home, she turned away in tears—not of sorrow, but anger, and willingly sought the stranger, whose poisoned tongue had infused discontent in her every vein.

Allan Everard had been walking, and, as he neared his home, he heard the gushing sound of his wife's harp, and listened to words that had not fell from her lips for many a long day; and with a softened tread did he linger at the latticed window, to catch the light of those features ere the expression of the song had faded, but oh! how bitter was the disappointment that awaited him.

Beside his wife knelt the stranger, twining the long way hair round his fingers; and, as the song ceased, her head leaned lower and lower, until cheek met cheek, and the lips murmured low words, while the hands unconsciously sought each other. The husband turned away, and with hurried step sought the forest depths, for his

heart was full of bitter imaginings. To see the prize he sued for, and so long called his own, given to a careless stranger—to gaze upon another kneeling where none but he had a right to kneel—O, God! how she must have fallen.

When next Allan Everard met his wife, there was deep, bitter scorn written in every feature, and the glance of his eagle eye told her every innermost thought was read; yet she quailed not beneath the haughty look, but rather strove to return it. There passed angry and passionate words between them—bitter upbraidings and mutual accusations—and he who had promised "to love and cherish," bade his wife begone from his presence, and prayed never to see her face again. Twice she waited not to be told; and from that hour, neither Lucy Everard nor the handsome stranger were seen at Rosedell. This was woman's love.

All these thoughts passed through Allan Everard's mind, and there came no sorrow, for pride whispered he had acted rightly, and the teachings of love were all hushed. No prayer passed his lips for the erring one—no wish that God would lead her back in repentance.

Far away from the calm, quiet Rosedell, in the crowded city, dwelt Lucy Everard. The air that played among her silken tresses was close and confined, while a hum of many voices and rattling vehicles drove all thoughts of peaceful harmony from her mind. Her hands were tightly clasped, and her eyes fixed on the floor with painful intensity. Was her heart weary already of this new path, and bitter regrets her portion? No, none of these, for she, too, was proud.

There came thoughts of an early home, and a mother's voice—then her first deep sorrow, with the full, rich tones of a stranger's sympathy, and all the wild love she had lavished on him. True, he had befriended her—his bounty had surrounded her path with every luxury that wealth and ardent love could suggest; and when he bore her to the cottage home at Rosedell, her young heart was full of joy and happiness. Her child, her blue-eyed boy, had been a connecting link between them, and God only knew how she loved both. Why her husband had changed in his love for her she could not tell; but she noted his moody silence and compressed lips, and turned away seeking gayier ones. Her heart was filled with warm, ardent blood; that stillness like his, well nigh congealed—what wonder, then, if she willingly listened to a serpent, whose winning tongue and skilfully arranged words fell as a helm on her sad spirit. If her husband loved as he had said, why did he not strive to retain the jewel he had won? She had been the creature of his bounty—too easily won perhaps—but slightly schooled in the world—not his equal, for she must smile when he smiled, even if her heart was breaking, and weep when he wept, though it were the gayest hour of her life. Proud, arbitrary, and selfish, oh! how blinded she had been, when, in young dreams of bliss, she fancied him almost more than perfect; and, as the bitter words and scornful looks came over her heart again, she sprang from her seat and paced the floor, while her thoughts formed themselves into words.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, "to be told there was a blight on my brow, and sin in my heart—that love for a stranger had perjured my soul! Never did I dream such words would pass his lips. And he driven from my home a wanderer—a fugitive—cast upon a stranger's charity—oh, this is indeed bitter! Well, be it so. Day by day I will toil for my bread; and when health, strength, and all are gone, I can die in a stranger land, and for charity's sake they will not refuse me burial. This is man's love." And the proud woman threw back her silken tresses, exposing a pure, transparent forehead, and tearless eyes, for there came no regret, no sigh—pride had well nigh drunk up the spirit of love.

Ere long she knelt beside her couch, and in that moment pride gave way to memory. There were soft wings rustling against her heart—tones that fell in silvery cadence, half wrothling the word, "mother!"—eyes that turned tearfully on

her—tiny hands waiting her impress, and lips, soft, warm lips lingering for only one kiss—and as she pressed her hand to her brow, a pearly tear came through the long lashes and crept slowly down her cheek, telling nought could sever a mother's love, though others might pass away and be forgotten; and fervently did she pray God to encompass him with holy angels and let his life be as a summer day; could she pray for him who had caused the parting that rent asunder ties of long years' formation? When but a little child she had read, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," and the forgiving woman murmured gentle words for her whose proud lips would have curled in scorn even to hear the name of her who prayed. There were throbbings in her heart that would not be stilled, and in the hazy light of distance, visionless fingers were constructing a strange fabric—a fairy-like cottage, with its trellis vines and honeysuckles, and eyes that beamed gently on her—but no, no, never again would she be there.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

For the True American. WRITTEN LANGUAGE NO. 5.

The reform proposed is styled the Phonetic Reform. It applies to both writing and printing. That which is applied to writing is termed Phonography, signifying writing the voice, or writing characters to represent the sounds of the voice. That which applies to printing is denominated Phonotopy, by which term is understood the sounds of the voice represented by characters made with types.

By the former art the spoken word is as quickly recorded. It is easily acquired, and is of incalculable advantage to man. But it is to the latter I propose to call your attention.

This reform is based upon the principle upon which written language was first founded, viz: that every sound should have its respective sign. The present Phonetic alphabet is the joint invention of Mr. Isaac Pitman and A. B. Ellis, A. B., of England, assisted by suggestions from the members of the Phonetic Society, in England; improved by English and American Phonetic Societies; and more recently by the Grand Council of the American Phonetic Society.

This alphabet consists of forty-three letters. These are those of the common alphabet, except, c, q, x, and twenty additional ones.

This reform is not the mere whim of a few visionary and crack-brained reformers, of the present day. It has been the desire of many of the wise and learned, for a number of years. The principles of it were ardently advocated by Dr. Franklin.

It has received the unqualified approbation of such men as George B. Emerson, Esq., Dr. John C. Warren, Francis Bowen, Esq., editor of the North American Review, Cambridge; Judge Phillips, Cambridge; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston; all members of the American Academy of Arts and Science, the oldest scientific body in the United States.

It has been highly recommended by the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, the Hon. Amasa Walker, the Hon. Charles Sumner, and the Hon. Horace Mann "the world-renowned friend of Education.

Lorin Andrews, Esq., formerly the efficient agent of the State Teachers' Association, and now the President of Kenyon College, Gambria, O., is the present President of the Ohio Phonetic Association.—This association is composed of many of the most distinguished teachers and friends of education in the State.

The advantages to be derived by the introduction of the Phonetic alphabet, are numerous and highly important, while the disadvantages are but few, and easily overcome.

Persons, who can read the English language as it is, can, in an hour's time, read it as it ought to be. Those who cannot read it, can learn to read it as it is, by first learning it as it ought to be, in one third the time now required. To learn to read it, all that is necessary, is to acquire the alphabet, which takes but little more time than for the present one, and then to learn to combine the letters into syllables and words. When this is done thoroughly—

occupying in the hands of the poorest teachers, but a few months, while the best teachers, with pupils of but ordinary capacities, have taught it in three weeks—the child can read, well, any book printed phonetically; and in a short time, any book in the common print. Proof, abundant, and substantial proof, can be given in support of these assertions.

It is the present object of the phonetic reformer, "to teach the present generation to read the books of the present generation, but to do it in such a manner as to lead a future generation to make those changes for which the present is not prepared."

Their main object, then, is to shorten the time it requires to learn the common print. They desire its universal adoption. They hope for it. They pray for it. "They use this as the means by which this generation devoutly to be wished," may and will be affected.

As some of the advantages of this alphabet, I shall name a few, without comment, but am prepared to defend them if necessary.

It would render the task of learning to read not only less difficult, but it makes it a pleasant employment for both teacher and scholar. It will save a considerable amount of time to each individual. It will open the road to knowledge to many whom it is now locked up. It will remove the great, insuperable barrier to the universality of our language, and eventually merge into it all other languages. It will tend to preserve inviolate our form of government. It will be of important service in the dissemination of religious truth.

These are facts that can easily be proven. Can he, dare he, who calls himself a true reformer overlook them, or without investigation pronounce them a "humbug." Would such a one be possessed with the true spirit of a reformer?

It is true man cannot be active in every reform.

He must necessarily have his preferences. The reform that agitates the public mind at present is the Native American Reform. This is a noble and a glorious reform. Its principals are based on truth, and "truth is mighty and will prevail."

But would that Native American reformer be consistent, who would refuse to at least, investigate another reform which proposes to aid so essentially in the advancement of his cherished reform? Can the Native American reformer be a "one idea" reformer? Will he discountenance a reform, and call its advocates enthusiasts because it is *different* and *uninteresting* to him?

To persons desirous of investigating this reform, I would refer them to the extensive and well known publication house of LONGLEY BROTHERS, Cincinnati, from whom documents explanatory and recom-mendatory can be obtained at the rate of 10 cts. per hundred pages.

I would also refer those desirous of reading in this utilitarian reform to "The Type of the Times" a mammoth weekly newspaper published by them, printed partly in the new type.

The price of the *Times* is \$2.00, but such is the arrangement of the publishers that each subscriber will receive an additional premium in books ranging in price from 50 cts. to \$3.00, according to the number of copies taken at his office. This arrangement will be faithfully complied with, by the Longleys who are responsible men, and enterprising publishers.

Address LONGLEY BROTHERS, Cincinnati, O.

A NOVEL PLEDGE.—In Sullivan county one of the candidates for county clerk was pledged to give one-half the proceeds of the office to the widow of the late clerk, and the other promised, in the event of his election, to marry the widow.

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No, ma'am," replied the youth, "but I've got a blasted toothache."

"Why don't you go to work and stop picking your nose?" "It's my nose aint it? and it's Fourth of July too. I'll pick thunder out of it, if I've a mind too."