American Eagle.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:--Devoted to Local, General and Foreign News, and the Dissemination of American Principles.

VOL. 2, CAMBRDGE, MD. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1856. NO. 30.

AMERICAN EAGLE

R. S. TALL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS TO CLUBS

Price of subscription for "American Eagle in advance,	$1,50
Clubs of Six, one year,	7,50
" of Twelve, one year,	13,50
" of Twenty, one year,	20.00

payable in each case in advance. Persons who get up clubs are entitled to a copy gratis.

POETRY.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

Marylsnd--The Union's Heart.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

Unroll the Nation's crumpled chart—
Half-rent amid Disunion's jars—
And mark the State whose loyal heart
Beats for the Union stars!
Behold a sad, majectic shade
Beside Potomac's margin stand:
One hand on Vernon's tomb is laid—
One points—to MARYLAND!
"Mary!" the name of her whose son
Was Freedom's first and greatest one!
O WASHINGTON! thy mother's name
Could find no worthier strand
Than that which glows with patriot flame;
Unfaltering Maryland!

No need hast thou, O Baltimore!
Of monuments to mark thy shore;
While roll the waves of Chesapeake;
The Future of thy faith shall speak—
While sounds the Union's rallying cry,
Thy brave "Defenders" shall not die;

From Alleghany's azure edge,
And down Catoctin's mistry ridge,
And up the ancient Warrior crags,
I see a thousand starry flags;
And, woven with every stripe and star,
In scrolls of glory flashing far,
Like sacred talisman,
I see 'The Union" writ in light,
And hail that motto proudly bright,
"AMERICA!"

Heart of the Union!—trebly steel'd,
To meet and baffle danger's shocks;
Tried—in the changing battle-field,
True—at the ballot box!
Heart of the Union!—Maryland!
Clasp thou its banner in thy hand—
Be this thy fealty's prize!
From Susquehanna's joyous tide,
To where Patuxent's waters glide,
To Wicomeco's sunlit side,
Ye southern maidens rise!
Go, crown with wreaths your patriot band
Go, bless the brave who loyal stand —
Go, greet the sons of Maryland
With lips, and checks, and eyes!
No sweeter lip, no purer cheek,
No brighter eye in love may speak!
No warmer heart the world command,
Than woman's heart in Maryland!

Faithful amid the False! To three,
O, Maryland! be endless fame!
Henceforth our Banner-Bearer be—
"THE UNION'S HEART" thy name!
Our Flag shall fly—our Union stand,
While beats the Heart of Maryland.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Denton Journal.]

Everett Lee;
—OR,—
Merit Receiving its Reward.

BY WILLIAM M MCMAHAN.

CHAPTER I.

The town clock had told the hour of nine to the motly horde of human beings of one of our large commercial cities, and the accent of the last stroke was expiring upon the still night air as Mrs. Lee looked up from the needle which she had been busily plying for the last three hours, when the well known footsteps of Everett Lee fell upon her ear. Turning her head and looking towards the door, her countenance lit up with the accustomed smile to welcome her son home from the counting room of one of the largest Mercantile establishments in the city.

Adding more fuel to the fire, she remarked, as her son—the pride and consolation of her decling years—seated himself by her side.

'How is it Everett? you have come home an hour earlier to night than usual.'

'The busy season is now over, and the intense cold weather will cause it to be dull until spring. I come home to pass the leisure hour with you. You know of late, that I have been deprived, by business engagements, of spending as much of my time in your company as I desire.'

'Good old Mrs. Lee,' for that was an epithet by which she was known, by all her neighbors and acquaintances; and, as she took her spectacles from her head, wiping the glasses with her handkerchief, said:

'Everett, you always were a good and obedidient son, even when you were a small boy and how solitary the remnant of my days would go by were I deprived of you!' and after a moment's silence, turned the conversation into another channel; by saying:

'I have been thinking this evening about your uncle Amos. You have not been to see him for some time. Let me see? why, it was this last Christmas two years since you were there, and that was before he moved from D———. You have never been in that part of the country, I believe, where he now resides. And there is your aunt Emily; ' know she would be glad to see you. You know how they insisted on us both to go and see them this summer. Now you say it will be slack until the spring business commences, suppose you go next week.'

'Mother, I was thinking about them the other day, and since you have mentioned it, I really believe I will go if you will accompany me; if I go alone you will be so lonesome here by yourself.'

'No, Everett, I cannot go. I have one or two pieces of work that I have promised to have done by that time. As for being lonesome, Fannie Redden will come and stay with me of nights.'

As Mrs. Lee resumed her work upon the garment which she had almost finished, the happy thought swelled her bosom for the thousandth time, with all its cheering influences, that she possessed a treasure in her son, and the vacum made in her heart, by the death of her husband, was filled, in a great measure, by him. What a balm for a widow's heart.

Mr, Robert Lee had been in his grave for the last ten years, leaving Everett an orphan; in his eleventh year. He was engaged in the mercantile business, and was doing very well; but dying suddenly, just at the time his operations became somewhat embarrassed, all that was left clear, and above his liabilities, was the house now occupied by Mrs, Lee, which was a home for her and her son.

Mrs. Lee, after the death of her husband, had supported herself by the use of her needle, which she had acquired while growing up to womanhood, and proved to be an important acquisition to her, in her present emergency. She continued Everett at school for two years after her bereavement, during which time, he made rapid progress in his studies, and, at the end of which, through the kindness of a friend of his fathers, was given a situation as clerk, in a retail dry-good store, for the purpose of initiating him in its various business transactions. Advancing from situation to situation, and gaining the entire confidence of his employers, by his industry, honesty, and good conduct, and the respect and good will of all with whom he had dealings, now filled the responsible position as first clerk in the establishment already alluded to.

'Mother, put up your work, I am afraid you will injure yourself, you seem to be so constantly engaged. I can take care of you the balance of your days. I don't see the use of you working so dilligenty now.'

My son, I don't work as hard as you may suppose. I have just finished this garment which is needed very much, and I promised to finish it to night. You know I cannot be idle and I feel quite well. I would sooner work than not.'

'You have already said, 'that you cannot go with me up the country,' if I should go next week, on the account of the work you have promised· Now mother, say you will not take in any more work, after you turn off all you have engaged to do; my salary which has been increased, is sufficient for us both, and something to spare.'

Mrs. Lee being overcome by the loving kindness of her son, and from the feelings of love and gratitude that were then hovering around her hoart, failed to make a reply. Everett drew the morning paper from his pocket, and as he did so, remarked:

'I will read you the news,' which he frequently did, after he returned home at night.

CHAPTER II.

It was a clear, cold morning in January, when Everett Lee buttoned up his great over coat around him; kissing his mother, bade her 'good bye' for a week, and made his way towards the depot to meet the up country train of cars.—Pulling his watch from his pocket, he hastened his steps, for it was just ten minutes to seven o'clock, and that was the starting hour. Reaching the cars just in time, he entered one seated himself and commenced to read the morning paper—the cars were detained a minute or so longer for some cause or other when an elderly gentleman entered, and occupied the seat next to Everett. As the stranger approached the seat Everett lifted his eyes from the paper, at which the new-comer saluted him with a polite 'good morning sir,' to which Everett responded very respectfully. He saw at once, from the gentlemanly bearing, and polite manner of the stranger that he had fell in with no ordinary personage. The two travelers, as the cars sped on, conversed upon the topics of the day and matters in general. The stranger also was well aware that he sat beside a youth of intelligence and agreeable manners. Everett knew not his travelling companion, and he did not remember of ever seeing seeing him anywhere, Soon, the shrill whistle announced that they were nearing a station—the destination of Everett. The cars came to a stand, and as he was preparing to leave, gave the 'good day sir' to the strange gentleman, who sprang to his feet, and grasping Everett by the hand, solicited him, to continue on to the next station.

'That is my stopping place, sir, and I would be happy of your company at my home,' he said·

To which our youth gave his warmest thanks and stated, that he was on his way to visit an uncle, he had not seen for over two years. Shaking Everett heartily by the hand, he bade him 'good day.'

Everett left the car somewhat bewildered by the misterious proceeding of his strange friend who so earnestl invited him home with him at the same time, witholding his name. From inquiry, he was informed that Mr. Amos Lee lived but a short distance from the station, and, as he stood scarcely noticing any body or any thing his mind so absorbed with the stranger in the car, that his uncle, who did not see him when he alighted from the car, came up to him, and laying his hand on his shoulder remarked:

'Where now, stranger?'

'Why, uncle is it you? I am on my way to your house. I thought I would come up and spend a little time with you.'

After Everett had seen to his baggage, he and his uncle stepped into a carriage. It was not long before he sat before the cheerful fire in his uncle's parlor. His aunt coming forward, giving expression to her pleasure in seeing him, and after all the friendly greetings, salutations, customary inquiries and remarks were gone thro' with; dinner was announced; our young friend sat down to a dinner prepared by his aunt and regaled himself with the various luxuries the farmer alone enjoys.

'Whose large and magnificent building is that on the hill just over the branch?' inquired Everett.

'That is the residence of Mr. Debarton, a very wealth man,' replied his uncle.

'I have frequently heard of the name of Debartan,' and, after a pause, added, 'from the appearance of the country around, I should think that game is abundant here. I should like to try my luck—it will be something new to me.'

CHAPTER III.

Reader, let us follow the train of cars, and look at them as they stop at the next station from the one at which they dropped Everett Lee There stand two prancing steeds, a carriage mounted in silver; they betoken the possessor to be wealthy As the cars stop, a young lady lowers the side glass of the carriage—methinks I hear you exclaim, 'Oh, how beautiful!'—and looks anxiously into the crowd of persons moving to and forth, some alighting and some hurrying to meet the cars. As Everett's strange friend, Mr. Stanton,—for that is his name—emerged from the car, the young lady's countenance brightens up, and a bewitching smile flits athwart her face As Mr. Stanton nears the carriage he exclaims:

'Well, Cara, I am home again! how is mother?' meaning his wife, a title he invariably gave Mrs. Stanton, when speaking of her to any of his family, 'and how is baby?'

All are well, Father, returned Clara; and continuing to speak, she said: 'I went to pay a call this afternoon, and we took the large carriage and stopped to meet you.

Mr. Stanton stepped into his carriage, and seated himself beside his daughter.—As the vehicle moved off, he drew forth several little trinkets, and said, 'here, Cara these are for baby.

Oh, how pretty they are! exclaimed Cara, 'and won't Emma be delighted!

That evening, as Mr. Stanton in the midst of his family, sat by the warm grate relating the main features in his visit to the city—except the interview in the cars—and jostling little Emma on his knee, Cara broke in:

Father, I have been thinking, since you have been gone, of paying another visit to Mr Debarton's, and going as early as day after to morrow.

Mr. Stanton thou ht very favorably of the proposed visit, and a thoughtful expression settled on his countenance, as his thoughts rested upon the interview with Everett Lee, and that he was then in the neighborhood of Debarton's.

The third day after Mr. Stanton returned home, Cara Stanton, bidding her father and mother farewell for a week or so, kissing baby, and touching it tenderly on its round fat cheeks started on her intended visit. Soon she was being borne along at lightning speed, and in a few hours arrived at the station where Mr. Debarton was in waiting to convey her to his home, for she had apprized him of her intended visit —A the carriage in which she and Mr. Debarton were seated, rolled on, she asked:

'Who lives there? I believe that house has changed occupants, has it not?

Mr. Amos Lee, a worthy gentleman from D———, has purchased it, and resides there,' replied Mr. Debarton.

In a few moments more, Cara ascended the large, white stone steps of the porch, and was ushered into the costly furnished sitting room of Mr. Debarton's palace, in pleasing and delightful conversation with Mrs. Debarton. The next day after Cara's arrival, Mr Charles Delaney was announced, a young man who resided in the neighborhood about a mile off, whose father dying, had left him a considerable fortune at his own disposal He had been introduced to Cara some months previous to this, and had been to see her at her father's on several occasions. Learning that she was on a visit to Mr. Debarton's, he called, as he thought, to honor her with his presence. Not so with Cara; it was to harrass her with his most unwelcome language of love; his exploits in the chase, a full description of every social game in which he had been successful; and very frequently alluding, by some indirect remark, to his great possessions; all, in which the love of self was displayed in the most rediculous manner. We will not farther describe the interview between them.—Suffice it to say, that he had renewed his protestations of love, and had generously entertained her with a glowing account of his many adventures of daring, in which, as we have said before, that lovely self was egotistically held up to view. How he had courted a lady who was dead in love with him! how he had promised to marry her, and how he told her he was only in fun, when she thought they were about to be married, If he had possessed a little less self-esteem, he no doubt could have perceived that Cara could have dispensed with his company without suffering any serious inconveniences, but before he left he extorted the promise from her, that she would accompany him in a drive, thro' the country, on the following afternoon.—Cara had learned the true character of Deloney, and she was informed that he was a man of loose habits, that he loved the gambling table, and frequented the drinking saloons. These were weightier considerations to her, than all his boasted wealth, and they, taken in connexion with his deep seated egotism, were disgusting to the refined feelings, and generous nature of Cara Stanton, and would have been to any refined and sensible woman.

According to his arrangments, Charles Delaney was in waiting at the appointed hour. Cara made her appearance, stated her readiness, and as she seated herself in the carriage, the horse became frightened started off in full speed down the lane leading from the house to a deep branch, bearing away his precious burden and leaving Delaney standing aghast in utter amazement. Cara uttered several screams from fear of the impending danger; the horse had turned aside from the road that led over the bridge, and was making his way rapidly to that part of the branch where there was a steep bank. As the horse neared the bank, Everett Lee sprang from a group of trees; with one bound seized the reins, and throwing up the head of the frightened animal, at the same time speaking in an authoritative tone, brought him to a stand, just at the margin of the bank over which Cara would have hurled, had it not been for the timely intervention of Everett. Cara recovering somewhat from her fright; Everett stepping forward, assisted her to alight. Delaney coming up with a servant, ordered him to take charge of the horse. Cara returned her thanks and gratitude to the stranger—for thus was our hero to her—by saying:

'Most noble Sir! receive my abiding gratitude! I owe my life to you! at the same time drawing a ring from hor finger, said: 'take this sir, and wear it as a memento of this hour, of the services you have rendered a grateful girl. It would be my greatest pleasure to know more of you, kind sir'

Delaney cast one glance at Everett, and did not even express his thanks to him but walked off, which Cara noticed; and the warm, indignant blood flushed her cheek, as he remarked:

"Had it not been for the services of that fellow, you might have been badly injured, if not killed.'

That evening, as Mr. Delaney took his leave of Cara, she politely informed him, that he need not put himself to the inconvenience of calling again, for she could not have the proper regard and respect for a man, who professed to love her, and had failed to show any thanks, whatever, but treated her preserver very uncivilly and ungentlemanly. Delaney thought this mighty queer, that he, the rich Charles Delaney, should be dismissed entirely for he was sure he was a great man.

Dear reader; no doubt you have met with men, who thought themselves great men, simply because they held more in their possession than their worthy neighbor; at the same time, with brains just sufficient to make a lovely display of their unenvied and provoking ignorance. Such was Charles Delaney

Our hero, Everett Lee, stood but for a moment, looking at the ring, his eyes resting on the initials 'C. S.' neatly engraved on the inside. He had been on a gunning excursion, and was on his way home to his uncle's. Stopping to rest himself. he heard the rattling of the carriage, and the cry of a female's voice; at one glance, he saw the danger, and rescued Cara, as you have seen Raising his gun to his shoulder, he started for home, pondering upon the ungentlemanly manner of Delaney.

Everett entered the room where his aunt sat alone, leisurely knitting; as he took a seat by the fire, she handed him a letter, that came in the morning's mail.—Hastily breaking the seal, and after he had finished reading, stated that his employers had requested him to return home immediately, as business of importance demanded it. Having just sufficient time to make the necessary preparations, he left in the night train. Mr Lee had gone out on business that afternoon, and was detained till after night; so Everett bade him 'good bye' through his aunt. Thus our noble youth returned home sooner than he anticipated, with his mind absorbed with the beautiful being whose ring he then wore When he would retire to rest at night, he could not sleep; as soon as he closed his eyes, she stood before him; her mild blue eyes—the index to the soul—beamed upon him with all their melting influence. Everett Lee loved! But as he is not the only man that has loved, we will not make much ado about it at this time.

(Concluded next week.)

VERY LAUGHABLE.—At a church of 'color,' about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening. the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice: 'Git down off dem seats, both white men and color, I care no more for one man dan I does de odder.' Imagine the pious minister's surprise, on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:

Git down off dem seats
Boff white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Dan I does for the other.

☞ Which can smell a rat the quickest —the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

What is the use of Stays?

I have ask many ladies the use of stays; I obtained but one answer, "The stays gives us a roundness of waist which we could not otherwise attain." This is quite true; the natural waist is broader from side to side than from before and backwards—in other words, it is slightly flattened. God has made us so; must we not say wisely—dare we say unbecomingly? What right, then, have we to dispute Nature's laws, and set up an idol for ourselves? If, as adults, we persist in a right to mortify ourselves, let not our children be made sufferers for our sins. The truth is, that the round waist, being a distortion of the natural shape, is painful rather than agreeable to the eye of the man. One of the most inveterate pinchers among my lady acquaintences, who is, in reality, miserably distorted from the true standard of feminine perfection of form, and who has entailed upon herself, in consequence, a wretched state of health, adduces an argument in defence of stays that I find too prevalent among women, and too mischevious in its tendency, to let pass without a reply. Her delusion is, that because the stays are not tightly laced they cannot be hurtful; but to understand the true relation of stays to the health of the body, we must go back to the period when they were first used, namely, to the period of childhood. I could forgive the adoptiyn of stays a adult age, and would sanction any amount of constriction the votaries of tight-lacing might think an improvement on nature; the process would be found too torturing to endure! That which I desire to see checked is the detestable refinement of cruelty that begins the proceeding infancy, before the intelligence of the child is sufficiently developed to resist this cruel infringement on woman's happiness and woman's health. The undue and inharmonious development resulting from the use of stays, produces puny mothers and puny offspring.

"Doomed to Prosperity."

We were somewhat amused on reading the reply given by Col. Perry, of the Greenville (S. C.) Patriot to a noisy and blue little secessionist, who, like all of his tribe was very certain that the South was doomed. Col. Perey was stopping at a public house in one of the interior towns of South Carolina kept by the aforesaid very sagacious and bellicose politician.—The South 'must resist,' said he 'she is doomed.' The Colonel, who, though a Democrat, is a staunch Union man, possessing excellent practical sense, and nothing daunted by the fiery Hotspurs around him, was at the time meeting the disunionists at every point and showing up their ridiculous Quixotism, gave the subject a practical turn and asked the little landlord if anybody was troubling him.

'Oh, no,' was the reply

'Have you not more boarders than you ever had before?'

'Yes.'

'You obtain good prices and prompt pay'

'Yes.'

'Are you oppressed in any manner?'

'No,'

'Have any of your servants ran away?'

'Oh, no,'

'Do you know any of your neighbors who are oppressed by any laws that Congress ever passed, or who are suffering from any act of the General Government?'

He confessed he did not.

'Well, then, replied the Colonel, 'I must infer that under this view of the case both you and the South are doomed to prosperity.'

Our little secessionist, though he could not parry the home thrusts of the stalwart editor, nevertheless contended that 'the South must resist,' and, we presume, he has been repeating it ever since.

Your genuine fanatic is the same everywhere. In India, he drowns his child in the Ganges at the supposed behest of conscience. In the Northern States, he thinks of nothing but slavery. Its horrors are untold and unimaginable, and he is intensely miserable till he can produce greater horrors by its instantaneous extinction. In the South, he is resolutely determined to be oppressed so long as the South remains in the Union. 'We are doomed,' says he; 'we are exceedingly oppressed, and only the wise ones know it, and we must resist.'

HUMAN NATURE.—They tell a good story of two bachelors down East, who lived a sort of cat-and-dog life to their neighborhood's discomfort for a good many years, but who had been at camp-meeting, were slightly converted and both of them concluded to reform!

'Brother Tom,' says one, when they had arrived at their homes, 'let us sit down, now, and I'll tell what we'll do. You tell me all my faults and I'll tell you of yourn, and so we will know how to go about mending of 'em.'

'Good!' says Brother Tom.

'Well you begin'

'No, you begin, Brother Joe.'

'Well, in the first place, you know, Brother Tom, *you will lie*!'

Crack! goes Brother Tom's paw between Brother Joe's 'blinkers,' and a considerable of a 'scrimmage' ensues, until, in the course of about ten minutes, neither being able to come to time, reformation is postponed sine die.

☞ When a Tennessee girl is kissed, she frowns and says. "Put that article right back, sir, where you stole it from." We would like to kiss Tennessee girls slyly all the time.

PRINTER'S COMMANDMENTS.—Thou shalt love the Printer—for he is the standard of thy country.

Thou shalt subscribe for the paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which ye may not remain ignorant.

Thou shalt pay him for his paper—for he laboreth hard to give ye the news in due season.

Thou shalt advertise that he may be able to give you the paper.

Thou shalt not visit him, regardless of his office rules—deranging the papers,

Thou shalt not touch anything that will give the Printer trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.

Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor—for he will hold thee blameful.

Thou shalt not seek the news before it is printed—for verily, he will give it to you in due time.

Thou shalt not ask him but few questions of things in the office—from it thou shalt tell nothing.

NOTHING LIKE LATIN.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered:

'Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be satisfied without it.'

The man of iron will, instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming—

E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo.

The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

GONE.—In one of our courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said,

'Your Honor, he's gone.'

'Gone! gone!' said the Judge, 'where is he gone?'

'That I cannot inform you,' replied the communicative gentleman; 'but he is dead.'

This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

INTERMARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—The Norfolk Reflector says that the Assessor's return of Huron county show 11 blind, 11 deaf and dumb, 12 insane and 12 idiotic persons in the country. The parents of five of these were by relation cousins before marriage, Three of the five—2 blind and 1 indiotic—from infancy. The fifth was deaf and dumb for a time not ascertained—probably from birth. It is probable that the number of parents so related to each other is larger, and no information obtained as to part of them.

GALLANT.—A lady, playing on a pianoforte, on being called on for a dead march, asked a celebrated professor of music what she should play? He replied, 'Any march that you may play will be a *dead* one, for you're sure to *murder* it.'

☞ Some wag took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could raise it, placed him in a graveyard and awaited to see the result. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined he sat upright, and after looking around, exclaimed: 'Well I'm the first that's riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated!'

☞ People oftentimes, as they begin to prosper in business, immediately commence spending for luxuries, untill in a short time their expenses swallow up more than their income, and they become bankrupt by their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances and make a 'sensation' in the world.

☞ Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

☞ If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they would not move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

☞ A loafer happened to go in at one of the printing offices in Lynn, a few days since, and asked the question—'What's the news?' 'Two dollars a year in advance,' was the reply He subscribed.

☞ The best way to humble a proud man is to nominate him for some important office in a doubtful district It takes the starch and pomatum out of him in a very short time. The ballot box is a great institution.

☞ Criticus says that the difference between a successful lover and his rival is, that one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss. A distinction and a difference,