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AMERICAN EAGLE

R. S. TALL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

[For the "American Eagle."]

To my most Intimate Friend Parson Von Grouch.

Parson Von Grouch,
He loves his couch,
And would sleep until ten in the morning.
He would not arise,
Were it not for flies,
And a poet's entreaties and warning.

He had better mind,
And not look behind,
For fear of loosing his moral calling—
Keep a holy look out,
Or else he'll have the *gout*,
Which, to him, will be quite sore-appalling.

HENRY,
of Texas.

Cambridge, May 9th, 1857.

Wilt thou Love Me?

Wilt thou love me gentle maiden,
When the hours of youth have fled,
When the hoary locks of winter
Thinly cluster round my head?
When the form now firm and stately
Shall be bowed by age and care,
And my voice has lost its softness,
Wilt thou love me, maiden fair?

Wilt thou greet me with a welcome,
When the busy day is o'er,
When the parting rays of sunlight,
Cast their shadows on the moor?
When our youthful days are over,
When no power can us divide.
Wilt thou still look fondly on me,
And walk softly by my side?

Yes, thou'lt love me when the present
With its halcyon days are passed,
When our bark is gently gliding
As on time's dark waves we're cast;
When each joyous dream has vanished,
When my heart is sad and chill,
And the shades of death hang o'er me.
Thou wilt love me, maiden still.

MISCELLANY.

Truth Well Spoken.

AGRICULTURE AND HOME.

The tendency of agricultural pursuits is to give distinctness and strength to home associations and influences. The greater communities are made up on the smaller; and as a community increases in magnitude it decreases in its local influences.—At the base of all is the divinely appointed institution of the Family, where the greatest power is concentrated in the hands of the father—who is the Patriarch, Legislator, Judge and Executive of his household estate. Living on his own domain, with his woodlands, pastures, meadows and hills, and streams about him, he is supreme, with only those few and necessary limitations which the larger community throws around him. It is here that the influence of woman—man's first and last comforter on earth— is felt and recognized. It is here that 'she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' It is here that 'she looketh well to her household, eateth not the bread of idleness.' It was at home that King Lemuel learned the good and wise 'words that his mother taught him.' Mother! The sweetest word in all the babbling languages of men! It is the mission of woman—it is the holy mission of the mother—to impress upon the young mind the first lessons of truth, virtue, wisdom and courage. Her empire is in the affections of her husband and children, who 'arise up and call her blessed.'

On the right regulation of these independent households depends the welfare of the larger communities which, with powers more limited, are composed of these smaller ones. And, so as the influences of these Associations and Fairs are calculated to ennoble dignify and enrich the occupation of the farmer, just so far will they tend to increase the activeness and the wholesome influences of his home—making him and the members of his household, better citizens of the larger communities.

The family being a divine institution, the sentiment and the effection upon which it is based are innate in man. Hence its universality. No merely human institution, however perfect can ever take its place. Directly or indirectly, almost all great and good men have been indebted for their beneficial power and influence, to the early teachings of parents and the paental nurture of home. Above all nations, we should cherish the family relation.—The influence of home, was the inspiration that swelled the great hearts of our fathers for the struggle which has given freedom to their sons; and we will fail to transmit the boon to our descendants, if we enlist not for its preservation the helps by which it was originally won. If all homes could be made pleasant and all family relations fraternal, kind and pure, society would lose its hypocrisy and guile; and mankind actuated by true Christian charity, would move more steadily on, from triumph to triumph towards the perfection of the intellectual and moral nature of man.

The spirit of inquiry, investigation and enterprise, that has been awakened at the township, county and State fairs, by competition for premiums on household fabrics and on products of the dairy, the farm and the shop, may justly be regarded as a link in the chain of home education; and this is a very proper direction for things to take at this period in our history.

At the base of the prosperity of any people lies this great principle—Make labor fashionable at home. Educate, instruct and encourage; and offer all the instructives you can to give interest and dignity to labor at home. Enlist the heart and the intellect of the family in the support of a domestic system that will make labor attractive at the homestead. By means of the powerful influence of early home education, endeavor to invest practical labor that will cheer the heart of each member of university. The young mind should receive judicious training in the field, in the barn, in the workshop, in the parlor, in the kitchen—in a word, around the hearth stone at home.

Whatever intellectual attainments your son may have acquired, he is unfit to go forth in society if he has not had thrown around him the influence of parents, sister brothers and the man-saving influence of the family government. The nation must look for virtue, wisdom, strength, to the education that controls and shapes the home policy of the family circle. There can be no love of country where there is no love of home. Patriotism, true and genuine, the only kind worthy of the name derives its mighty strength from fountains that gush out around the hearthstone, and those who forget to cherish the household interests, will soon learn to look with indifference upon the interests of their common country.

We must cultivate the roots—not the tops. We must make the family government the School, the Farm, the Church, the Shop, the Agricultural Fairs, the laboratories of our future greatness. We must educate our sons to be farmers, citizens, architects, engineers, geologists, botanists, chemist—in a word practical men. Their eyes must be turned from Washington to their States, counties, townships, districts, homes. This is true patriotism; and the only patriotism that will perpetually preserve the nation.

With a territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and with sea coasts more than five thousand miles in extent, we have almost all varieties of soil, climates and productions, and, consequently, we have within our boundaries, citizens of every kind of pursuit and occupation. The world never witnessed, before the present time, such a busy, bustling, energetic crowd of human beings, scattered over a territory so vast, and living under a government supported by their own will—Farmers and planters, mechanics and manufacturers, merchants and traders, miners of iron and gold, and silver, and copper, and coal; men of labor and industry, engaged in business in town and country, on the oceans of the world, and on our lakes and rivers—all of these while they constitute the strength of our confederacy, have, in their various pursuits, their own peculiar customs, habits, manners and tastes; yet their constitutions and their laws protect their rights, individually, and recognize their practical equality. In this consist the strength and beauty of our form of government.

Merited Rebuke.

The New York Observer (Presbyterian Old School) notes Rev. Dr. Cheever's Sunday nulification discourse about the Dred Scott decision, and says:

This preacher has taken more atrocious and treasonable ground than the most radical newspapers of the day. Whether we regard the decision of the Supreme Court as sound or not we shold be recreant to the plainest principle of the New Testament, we should be false to the goverment of God, and the civil goverment under which we live, if we did not express our unmingled abhorrance of the doctrine of resistance of this discourse. It is a disgrace to the city and to the nation: it is a disgrace to the pulpit and to the religion of Christ, that a man professing the spirit of the gospel should thus prostitute the sacred desk, the ministerial character, and the house of God.

A FINE COUNTRY.—Rhea country, Alabama, claims to be "out of debt out of crime, and out of whiskey.' The last Circuit Court, too, had but one civil case on the docket, Perhaps the scarcity of 'whiskey,' has something to do with the rest At all events a Mobile paper shouts lustily "Hur-Rhea!

The Young Man's Leisure.

Young man after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours? I have known, and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to scientific or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of sexton's son who became a very fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of 45 had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New England, and Government of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, of a ship-carpenter in Boston. William Gifford the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather, with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plough-boy, was observad to have covered his plough and fences with figures and calculations. James Furguson the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy whilst a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that if the hours wasted in idle company, in conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of knowledge, the dullest apprentice at any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices.—By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside, and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this town, might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.

A Hero Rewarded.

Let it not henceforth be said that "Republics are ungrateful." Let it not henceforth be said that the country is unmindful of the services of her champions and defenders. Let it not in future be charged to our discredit that we have repaid with neglect the achievements of heroes on the "tented field" or elsewhere. The public gratitude has been vindicated, The public appreciation has been proved. Poetic justice has been readered. Modest merit has been exalted.

Rynders rides rampant on the topmost wave of success. The hero of the Empire Club comes home from the capital rejoicing in the insignia of office, The patron of stews and groggeries—the hero of free fights and bloody affrays—the idol of Short Boys and thieves and cut throats—has found favor with the power that be, and is crowned with the laurel of victory. The man who has been all his life long the tomenter of broils is made supreme policeman of the southern district of the Empire State!

There were other and many suitors for the post. There were men who had long served the party—men of honorable lives, of high personal standing, of integrity beyond the reach of suspicion—but they were thurst aside. They could not command the bleared and rotton legions of the "Points" and "Hook"—could not marshal on election days the army of the 'great unwashed.' They were gentlemen, and unused to the "ropes" uy which loaferdom is made the minister of Democracy.

The appointment is ominous. The same flash of the telegraph which gave us the selection of Rynders for Marshal, gave us the resignation of Gov. Geary. While a faithful and accomplished officer goes out a loafer and brawler comes in.

The laborer is worthy of his hire Captain Rynders marched the dregs of the great city in solid phalanx to the polls. The Twelfth Ward was unani nous for the "Sage of Wheatland."—Gratitude for services rendered prompted the reward. Fortunate Rynders! Magnanimous Buchanan!—*Utica (N. Y) Herald.*

Minnesota.

Ex-Governor Ramsey, in an address at an agricultural fair in Minnesota, says there is yet room in that territory for a million and a half more of farmers. He thinks Minnesota will some day produce more corn and wheat than any other State in the Union. He repudiates the idea that the climate is too cold for people from the old State. He represents the climate as equable and steady—not subject to frequent changes, and decidedly favorable to health. A system of rail-roads is already commenced that will give access to the markets, and enable farmers to get prices for their surplus products and stock nearly equal to those of Illionis. He says that from Minnesota to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, there is good farming land nearly all the way, and abundance of timber.

THE VAN OF CIVILIZATION.—Two remarkable facts are to be noted in respect to the advancement of the whites. The first is that the quail, unknown to the Indian, makes its first appearance—from whence no man knows—when the white man plows and plants fields, affording an abundance of delicious food to the pioneers. The second fact is, the honey bee is not found in the country while in possession of the Indians. It keeps just in advanceing wave of civlization. When the Indians see swarms of these new visitors their wise men sadly acknowledge that it is time for them to abandon their pleasent hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers and seek new homes.

A Young Lady in a Scrape—Hoops and High Heels in Church.

The Richmond *whig*. A few sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended the morning service, in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly showen into a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered; and with a graceful wave of her hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place quitely sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out, she skilfully found the page, and with a sweet smile that set his heart a thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The girl knelt and in this posture perplexed her friend to know which most to admire, her beauty or her devoutness. Pressently the prayer was concluded and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning least when she looked up, she would detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds he darted a fugitive glance at his charmer and was astonished to see her still on her knees he looked closely and saw that she was much affected trembling in volient agitation no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing he watched her closely. Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her she would convulsively-grasp her clothing, and strain as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed like one entranced, with wonder and astonishment. After a minute the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and with her hand made an unmistakeable beckon, to her friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her and inclined his ear as she evidently wished to say something.

Please help me, sir, she whispered, my dress has caught, and I can't get up. A brief examination revealed the cause of the difficulty, the fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels of course struck out at right angles; and in this position the highest *hoop* of the new fangled skirt cought over them and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the tighter was she bound; so she was contrained to call for help. This was immediately if not scientifically rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew—thinking no doubt, that she was not in *praying costume.*

The Higher Calling.

A few years ago a committee of the dominant party in the Legislature of Virginia waited upon the Rev. Dr. Plummer, then resident in Richmond, and pastor of one of its churches, but now Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, and inquired whether he would consent to become their candidate for the United States Senate, assuring him that he could be very easily elected if he would permit his name to be used by the party. The Doctor, after thanking them for the honor intended to be conferred upon him, said to them, in his oracular style:

Gentlemen, I believe you are in the habit, when you give up one office to seek another, of aiming to go up higher; are you not?

They all replied in the affirmative.

Well, then, said he, 'it is a high honor, and very honorable office, to represent the State of Virginia in the United States Senate, but it is a much higher one to be an embassador of Christ to dying sinners, and I can't come down from a minister of the court of Heaven to that of a United States Senator.'

He magnified his office, as did Paul, and so should every other man who bears it in his person; and if he does not do it, he should give it to men who will fulfill its duties and properly appreciate its dignities Let those preachers who so long to be politicians quit the calling they are ashamed of, and take the lower they like the better.

Go it while you're Young.

This appears to be the motto of the youth of the present age. Yes, go it while you're young, no matter if you violate every law of nature, no matter if you palsy the nerves of youth, no matter if you weaken the mind that God has given you, no matter if you peril your immortal soul. Go it while you're young. Life is short at the best, and a few years more or less makes no differenee. Go it, and show your recklessness of life by laughing to scorn all the laws which should regulate your existence Go, it. peril your soul and scoff at the goodness of God, by showing that you entertain no fear for calocie, or in the language of a drunken boy whom we met the other night on the street, 'Hurrah for h—ll who's afraid of fire.'

Yes, go it while you're young—smoke you're cigar, chew your tobacco, drink your whiskey, spend your nights in revelry and licentiousness, and be a man. Yes, by all means go it—laugh at the old fogies who tender you advice—tell your father he is not fast enough for this age, and when your mother remonstrates with you upon late hours, inform the 'old lady' that in your opinion women are weak minded iand know very little of what is proper for a man.

Yes, by all means "Go it while you're young,' for rest assured that 'when you get old you can't.' Plant the seeds of dissipation in the garden of your heart, and if the devil don't reap the fruits of your husbandry, we are not a true prophet.—Go it while you're young.

Macready's Dieing Spot.

Mr. Macready was never popular with stock actors. He annoyed them exceedingly at rehearsals, by giving every man his particular place on the stage so that in the picture presented he should be the centre This actor must stand here; that actor there—it was his will.

On one of the nights of his last engagement in New Orleans, when he was to play Hamlet, he was very particular, at rehearsal, in the disposition of characters at the fall of the curtain. He had selected the most commanding place on the stage, well down to the lights, and declared that there he would die. It so happened that as the fatal moment was approaching, just after Hamlet had stabbed the king, his majesty took it into his head to die on the spot selected by the philosophic Dane. The poison was burning in Hamlet's veins; he was in the agonies of death; but still he found time to say, *soto voce*, to his step father—

Back—back—I'm going to die there.

The blood of outraged royalty was up, and the stabbed monarch replied—

I'm King, and I'll die where I please—pick out a place for yourself

And hamlet was compelled to let his soul out further up the stage.

Your Babies not my Babies.

About thirty-gve years ago, there resided in this county, says the Sandy Hill Herald, a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady who resided in the same place. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening talking of their nuptials, when the doctor remarked,

I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life.

And pray what may they be, Doctor? inquired the lady.

One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time.

And the other?

It is when we shall present our first born for baptism.

What, sprinkled?

Yes, my dear, sprinkled!

Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled

Every child of mine shall be sprinkled.

They shall, ha?

Yes, my love.

Well sir, I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good night sir.

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel to this true story is that the doctor never married and the lady is an old maid.

ALEX. DUMAS.—A person more framed for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding—one of those who devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything took the liberty of questioning M Dumas, rather too closely about his genealogical tree.

You are a quadroon, Mr. Dumas? he began.

I am, sir, quietly responded Dumas who had sense enough not to be ashamed of a decent he cannot conceal.

And your father?

Was a mulatto.

And your grandfather?

A negro, hastily answered the dramatist whose patience was wanning.

And may I enquire what your great grandfather was?

An ape, sir, thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. 'An ape, sir—my pedigree commences where yours terminates.'

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.—"Farewell, farewell I cried. When I return thoul't be my bride—till then be faithful, sweet, adieu—in silence oft I'll think of you. The glistening tears strained her dark eyes—her thickening breath is choked with sighs—her tongue denies her bosom' sway—Farewell!—I tore myself away. One moment stay, she stammered out, as quick as thought I wheeled about. My angel, speak! can aught be done to comfort thee when I am gone? I'll send the specimens of art from every European mart—I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene, to let thee see where I have been. A stone from Simplou's dreadful hight shall gratify thy curious sight I'll climb the fiery Etna's side to bring home treasures for my bride; and oh, my life, each ship shall bear a double letter to my fair."

"Ah George, the weeping angel said an on my shoulder fell her head—"For constancy my tears are hostage—but when you write, please pay the postage."

CARE.—What inhabitant of earth is a stranger to care? From sporting childhood to decrepit old age it travels with man.—It hangs to him like a tight garment—it will not be shaken off. In the crowded city it meets him, and when he flies to the rural fields for rest and recreation it follows close upon his heels. In solitude he feels it oppressing his heart, and in the largest and liveliest society it is still a burden.—It destroys day dreams and beclouds night visions. Oh! unwelcome care.—But there is relief. Sweet invitation and assurrance—Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you? There is one who is ever, near, ever gracious, ever able, and to Him the burdened Christian spirit still hastens for support. He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulger language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite.—Inqusitiveness is offensive: Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness.—This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discourged, but persevere, and mountains will become mole-hills.

CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW AND RUFUS CHOATE.—The Boston Herald tells the following anecdotes:

Mr. Choate was arguing a case before a full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, when he wishing to compliment Judge Shaw, exclaimed--

'When I look upon the venerable Chief Justice I am like the Hindoo before his idol—*I know that he is ugly, but I feel that he is very great.*"

That created a slight, laugh, but the next one was more telling. Mr. Choate, before he rose to his present eminent position was in the habit of getting snubbed when he flew too high and it galled his impatient spirit. On one of these occasions after Judge Shaw had interrupted him with much severity and decision, Mr. Choate turned suddenly to a brother member of the bar who was sitting near him, and said:

Our venerable Cheif is certainly a very amiabld Man, and a very handsome man *but he does not know law.*

That did not cause Junge Shaw to quake near as much as when he was told that Worcester was about to publish a dictionary containing sen thousand more words than other Dictionary in the English language.

Heavens! cried Judge Shaw, with visible alarm *pray dont let Choate get hold of it.*

ABOUT AS DESTRUCTIVE.—A good thing occurred the other evening during the festivites of the dinner to Mr. Lake. The army and our citizen soldiers had just been toasted, and a response made by a distinguished officer present, when a gentleman at the south end of the table, rose and said, he saw no reason for neglecting another honorable profession represented there, and by way of supplying the omission, he gave. The midical profession—*about as destructive as the army or navy!*

This brought the house *down*, and a distinguished member of the profession *up* who made a very amusing and humorous response to this tellidg hit.—*Vicksburg Whig.*

☞At a Sunday school examination the teacher asked a boy whether, after he had been standing and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him?

Could you, said the teacher, forgive a boy for example, who had insulted or struck you?

Yes, sir, replied the lad, very slowlp, "I—think—I—could, if he was bigger than I am."

☞In a tavern in a small town sat a farmer, who was plagued and bantered by over a dozen guests who were present. 'Well,' said the farmer, at last, 'I've got the best of all of you.'

'How so?' asked all.

'In me you've only got one fool, while in you I've got over a dozen.'

AN OUTRAGE. The editor of the Lebanon Herald perpetrates the following.

Why are the young ladies of Lebanon when they try to make a conquest of a gentleman, like a band of untamed Indians about to engage in a mortal combat?

Do you give it up?

Because they enter upon the contest with a (w)hoop.

He deserves to be punched to death by old maids.

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—Washington visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said—

I am sorry, my little dear to give you so much trouble.

I wish, sir, she replied, it was to let you in.

Fellow sinners, said a preacher, If you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation, I hardly believe any of you would try. But let any man proclaim that there were one hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll be bound there would such a getting up stairs as you never did see.

Nobody ever lost anything by love, said a sage-looking person That's not true said a young lady, who heard the remark, for I once lost three nights sleep.