American Eagle.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

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

VOL. 2, CAMBRIDGE, MD. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1857. NO. 45.

AMERICAN EAGLE

R. S. TALL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS TO CLUBS

Price of subscription for "American Eagle
n 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.

THE WIFE.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it:
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it.
She who kisses oft my lips,
Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary—
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy throne;
Still this breast shall be thy pillow;
Still these lips shall meet thine oft
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love has won it—
Dream then, on my loyal breast
None but thou has done it;
And when age our bloom shall change,
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together.

MISCELLANY.

From Harper.

When shall we Marry?

We know what old Tenpercent will say:—"Marry when you can afford it." That is Tenpercent's answer; and he will not let his daughter go on any less easy terms, although he has money enough to support a dozen or more asylums for widows and orphans. His "when you can afford it," according to the expensive views of the times, means something very different from what it did when Tenpercent, in his youth and poverty, took his Polly to be his wedded wife, for better or for worse, to love and cherish; and is something so magnificent, that only the heir of fortune, or the happy holder of a great prize in the lottery of life, after some forty years or more trial of luck, can possibly compass.

We agree with the political economists, for the most part, that it is essential, as a check to pauperism, for a man to consider before he marries whether he has, or is likely to have, the wherewithal to support a family. We do not think it prudent that any one should inconsiderately—like the old woman in the shoe—burden himself of herself with so many children that he or she may be puzzled what to do. This question, however, of affording to marry, has a very wide expanse of solution. Paddy considers himself entitled to the priviledge of matrimony when all his worldly goods are comprised in a bellyful of potatoes. Young-America must have a brown-stone house, tapestry carpets, and five thousand dollars a year, at least, before he can venture to become a Benedict.

We shall so far give in to the prudent view of the question, as to grant that it is wise to consider the prospects of a youthful suitor for your daughter's hand. But is it wise to be too exacting? Is it not safe to have some faith in character, health, and the devotion of a young and loving heart? Can you not give long or short credits connubially, as you do commercially; and is it not possible that it may turn out equally to your advantage, and that you may secure happiness for your child by the one, as you have fortune by the other? Take your hands out of your pockets, old Tenpercent, and give a filial embraces to Tom Sprightly, that promising young clerk of yours, and intrust to him your daughter (giving them both enough out of your abundance to help them along in life), as you have long since your more dearly-beloved cash on account. Society, we know, matrimonially and otherwise, is inexorable.—Nature, too, is inexorable, and has an interest in the question "When shall we marry?" which should be considered.

Leaving out of the calculation three-story brown-stone houses and five-hundred-dollar cashmere shawls, which terribly perplex the question, and indefinitely postpone its solution, we, if asked "When shall we marry?" should answer to the connubially-disposed, be she woman, "Marry at the age of nineteen, or thereabout;" be he man, "Marry at one-and-twenty, or not much beyond." We are looking at the question, just now, only in its physical bearings, and consider our rule as being more especially peremptory amidst the excitements of a highly-inflammatory town life, than in the repose of a comparatively stagnat rustic existance.

The pale faces, *dragged* expressions, meagre frames, and invalid constitutions of our women, have been attributed to their early marriages.—This is, however, an error, as is well known to the observant physician, who will tell you that the mischief has been done previous to matrimony, and that this, if not always a specific, is one of the best correctives of the difficulty.—Most female disorders, whatever they may be which make up three fourths of the whole nosology, are easily traceable to the "hope deferred" of an unnaturally-excited nuptial longing. The whole tendency of our social habits, especially in the large cities, is to foster what the disorganizing friends of the *Tribune* would call "the passional harmonies" between the sexes.

Look at our boys and girls, still redolent of bread and butter, ogling each other in the street like so many veteran Chesterfields and Pompadours. Look at them warming in the intimacy of the waltz and the redowa, at the nightly balls of the season, before the very faces of their mammas, reddened with sham(e)—blushes of the deepest rouge. Look at them carrying on their coquetries at lecture-room, opera-house, and even within the precincts of home, in the front parlor—however, recollect, with the folding doors closed. Look at all this precocious development of the connubial instincts—this always thinking of matrimony, and never doing it (according to the Prayer Book, at any rate) and tell us, old Tenpercent, whether it is safe to put it off until that indefinite future "of being able to afford it" may arrive.

The natural period for the union of the sexes is that epoch when the growth is fully reached This, of course, varies in individuals and races, but may be set down at an average of about sixteen for the female and eighteen for the male.—As, on the approach, and at the time of this consummation of man, or woman, there is more or less water of crystallization, if we may use a chemical illustration, which has not yet taken an organic form, or evaporated, it is well to postpone matrimony for two or three years, until the male, as we have already stated, will have reached the age of twenty-one, and the female that of nineteen years.

We know the social difficulties, and we are not disposed to make light of them, but with the artificial notions prevalent, particularly among the wealthier classes in the large cities, these difficulties are made heavier than necessary, and than can be safely borne. Granting that early marriages can not be indulged in with a due regard to prudence, than we should change the whole system of our fashionable habits, which are constantly leading on the young to the altar, not to receive an offering, but to find themselves a sacrifice. The only corrective that we know of for the evils to health and morals produced by the inordinate pecuniary conditions attached to matrimony by the rich, who can best afford to be generous, and are least so in this respect, would be to put cowls upon our sons and veils upon our daughters, and thurst them within the iron bars of the convent or monastery, that flagellation may beat out the natural Adam of the one, and fasting may starve out the natural Eve of the other, With the present system, we shall only succeed in making rakes of our young men, and puling, invalid spinsters of our young women.

Consider well the fact that not only is a single life unfavorable to health of body, but even to health of mind, and that both hospitals and lunatic asylums give, in their terrible records, the most emphatic assertion of the dangers of a compulsory celibacy. So much for the physical advantage of early marriages. We shall leave the moral view of the queston to be revealed by the preacher, who, perhaps, will tell us, for virtue's sake, "When shall we marry?"

Christ Not a Writer.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is, that he left no writings behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything is in the case where "he stooped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground."—What he wrote then and there no one knows; perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the women taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." Hearer, did this strange fact ever recur to you; that the greatest reformer that ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now command the credence, the respect and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world; and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of a great system of faith and practice, has left behind him no sentence of his writing, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand constitutes the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account?

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even rude hieroglyphics any such thing as a system of religion, whose founder did not take special pains to reduce his teachings to writing, and thus give them the most exact and permanent form?

The Brahmins have their Vedas, their Pouranas, their Ramayan, and their Laws and Institutes of Manu, and these are all written and preserved with the utmost care. The Chinese have their books of Fohi, their founder, as opened and expounded by their great Confucious. The Persians have their Zendevesta attributed to their leader Zorcester, containing the doctrine and laws of their religion. The Jews had their sacred books, and Moses and the prophets, and David, and Solomon, put their teachings in writing, that they might be preserved.

Plato and Pythagoras, and Cicero, and Demosthenes, wrote much. Mahomet wrote the Koran and gave it to the faithful as their guide. The writings of Swedenborg are voluminous, and in our days, even the Mormon imposter wrote his book of Mormon. But here comes one who claims precedence even to Moses and Abrahrm, and especially claims that a greater than Solomon is in his own person, and announcing himself as a herald of a new dispensation from God, which is to cast Moses and the prophets in the shade, and prevail over all other systems, and subdue our entire race, and yet this great teacher wrote never a word save only the character the sand which the next breath of wind might obliterate. Who can account for this strange procedure? Will it comport at all with the idea that he was an imposter? Did ever an imposter pursue a course like this? Never. And it seems to us that in the simple fact to which we have alluded, there is the impress of truth, and proof that his mission is all divine. He stands out before us as one who knows that his mission is divine. He stands out before us as one who knows that his mission is from God, and that it can stand upon its merits. So confident is he of its power, that he is content to breathe it out in God's air, and leave it to live by its own inherent and self-perpetuating immortality, or live not at all. And so he goes about doing good, now teaching in the synagogue and temple, now talking to his disciples as he sits on Olivet, or by the sea of Galiles, and now dropping a word as he walks by the way. And there is not manifested the slightest apprehension that what he says will be lost. He writes it not on stone or parchment. Nay, he writes it not at all. He seeks only to give it a lodgment in the hearts of the few disciples that follow him—to make them comprehend it, and feel its power, and love it; and is willing to leave it there to produce its fruits, and to be written at all. And on these hearts he did impress himself; and they, for the love they bore him wrote the meagre sketch we have of his life and teachings.

Poetry of an ex-President.

In the two volumes of Webster's Letters recently published, appear some samples of his poetical talent, which are nearly as good as the verses handed down to us as Cicero's. Edmund Burke, when a youth, wrote lines quite equal to those produced by Thompson or Goldsmith at the same age. John Quincy Adams wrote poetry occasionally to a very late period of his life. He is not the only one of our Presidents who have entertained their leisure with sorting syllables and matching rhymes John Tyler is said to be as much at home in poetry as in politics, and in order that our readers may have an opportunity of knowing this, we publish the following lines addressed to a Long Island lady, at a season when only the very earliest and hardiest flowers make their appearance in our lattitude, while in Virginia—at least in the lower and more southern parts of it—the rose-trees are in bloom:

Come! fly to the South from your island of snow,
The North is too cold for a soul such as thine
No roses bloom there to adorn thy fair brow,
Though born in those deep auburn tresses to shine.

Then fly to the South where Japonicas bloom,
And enamel the groves with their beautiful flowers:
Oh! come and inhale their delicious perfume,
Arising from Nature's own mystical bowers.

Oh, come to the South, where the mock-bird all night
Pours forth from the tree top its rapturous strain,
Which rises and falls in the moon's mellow light
Like the song of the mermaid far over the main.

Why stay in the North where the winter's cold frown
Still lingers in ice on the lap of sweet May?
Oh, haste to the South, where sweet flowers have blown,
And the rill, long unfettered, glides laughing away.

Sherwood Forest, May 1847. JOHN TYLER.

How I became a Gambler.

Although I belong to the despised fraternity of gamblers, I have always made it a rule to advise young men to shun the gaming table that they may avoid the rock upon which I split; and I will now offer, through your paper, some suggestions to the heads of families on the subject of SOCIAL CARD-PLAYIEG.

I was at least twenty years of age, and had lived some months in New York, before I ever knew the names of the ordinary playing cards; but the importance of a thorough education in the science of game was soon made apparent to me, and in a quarter where I least expected it Boarding in Broadway, I gradually formed an acquaintance with a number of highly respectable families. By one of these I was invited to attend a social party. The heads of this family I knew to be members of an evangelical church, and you can readily judge my surprise when I made my entry into the parlor, to behold most of the company, together with my pious friends, deeply engaged at play—not the plays of innocence, but the plays of depraved gamblers! The father of the family was engaged at chess, whilst the wife presided at the card-table; their children were among the whist players, and others of the family were engaged at backgammon, dominoes and checkers!

The wine circulated freely and all seemed happy but myself, who in such a party was a barbarian. I could do nothing but look on and confess my ignorance, or occasionally engage in conversation with some old lady, whilst

"The young and gay
Were engaged in play."

It is needless to say that I spent a very unhappy evening, and that I resolved at once to acquire an education so necessary to the maintenance of a respectable standing in good society. I was not long therefore, in mastering the mysteries of high, low, jack and the game, and of whist; and a slight knowledge of these led me to desire for further information; until, at last, I was an adept to a variety of games, able to teach others, and was a favorite partner wherever I went.

No better illustration of the dangers of card-playing can be given than my own history. In the parlors of respectrble families I acquired a taste for play, which finally became an all-absorbing passion, knowing no bounds, and rapidly hurrying me down the road to ruin, where all is misery, desolation and death. But my case is not a solitary one; thousands of gamblers have been made in the same way and tens of thousands have fallen before this terrible vice, in consequence of a taste for play being formed in the family circle. —*Green's National Guard.*

A Repentant Criminal.

Governor McRae, of Mississippi, has sent to the Legislature of that State a petition from Graves, the defaulting treasurer, now an exile to Canada, to be allowed to return to his native State on a promise to make restitution in yearly instalments of the amount he had purloined.—The case is certainly singular as a subject for legislation, but not more remarkable than the force given to the proverbial phrase, 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' as exhibited in his petition.

Graves says, under date of July last, prefacing his letter by the remark that he is ignorant even of the name of his Excellency:

"I have been near fourteen years an exile, living in this Siberia of America, exposed to this terrible climate, where the mercury often sinks to 40 degrees below zero, separated from all that is dear to me on earth. Surely this is sufficient punishment for all my previous acts. Even if I had been living in Russia my offence would not have merited the punishment I have endured.

You surely cannot, after fourteen years of punishment, when my head is silvered with trouble and age, when my children have grown up around me, unconscious of their father's misfortune, wish to degrade me any further.

I have a wife, sir, born in the sunny South, whose relations reside in Madison county, who is most anxious to return to her native State. She nobly deserted her parents, her home, her all, to follow her husband into exile; her punishment has been greater than mine. *She at least is innocent;* but this has not prevented the climate from doing its worse upon her, and she is gradually sinking into the grave All she asks is to be permitted to return to her native State, Mississippi, to the sunny South, to die. This she cannot do unless her husband is free."

The Governor submits his proposition to the Legislature, and says that if it meets the approbation of the body he "shall interpose no objection."

A Loving Blunder.

Two young gentlemen met, a few evenings ago, at the house of an acquaintance, some young ladies, for one of whom each gentleman entertained tender feelings — In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends, thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard moved their seats at the same instant and placed themselves, as they supposed, by the lady's side but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were, in reality, next to each other.—As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft little hand of the charmer, and when, after a while they ventured to give a tender pressure, each was enraptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze It may well be imagined that moments flew rapidly in this silent interchange of mutual affection. But the ladies wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly slipped out and suddenly returned with a light. There sat our friends, most lovingly squeezing each others hands, and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation and the ecstacy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen bolted, and one was afterwards heard to say that he thought all the while Miss ——'s hand felt rather hard.

JUDICICUS READING.

A man may cram his mind with reading, and yet he may be very ignorant and ill-informed.—What is knowledge but truth? The man, therefore, who desires to be well-informed (and who does not?) should make truth the object and aim of his reading. Every young man, especially, should endeavor to cultivate habits of judicious reading. He must pursue truth with assiduity, if he would store his mind with knowledge; he must endeavor to derive solid pleasure from the study of true and useful works, if he would rise to eminence in literature, in politics, in law, in engineering, in chemistry, in any of the sciences or pursuite of life, to be distinguished in which implies a cultivated mind.

The character of a man is as much indicated by the books and papers which he reads as by the company with which he associates. We have but to know what books and papers a young mechanic, engineer or artist reads, to form a very sound opinion of his qualifications and his abilities. If he takes no paper or periodical, containing useful information relating to science, art and improvements, he cannot be expected to attain to distinction in his profession, for he denies his mind that food which is necessary for its proper growth and sustenance.

A Rat Story.

Rev. Walter Colton, in his diary of a voyage to California in a man-of-war, intitled "Deck and Port," relates the following rat story:

I have always felt some regard for a rat since my cruise in the Constellation: We were fitting out for sea at Norfolk and taking in water and provisions A plank was resting on the sills of one of the ports which communicated with the wharf. One bright moonlight evening we discovered two rats on the plank coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both and found to our surprise the one led by the other was blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board where he would have comfortable quarters for a three years' cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either and landed them both on the wharf How many there are in the world to whom the fidelity of that rat readeth a lesson.

Newspapers and Advertisers.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, after making some very timely suggestions on the duties of the current year, comes to the following very sensible conclusion. Its hint is as applicable here as in Philadelphia:

"Finally make a resolve—if you are in any sort of business—that you will push it with all economy, liberality, spirit and enterprise you can muster—and by the way of taking a fresh start and combining the whole farm in one vigorous effort, the best thing you can do is, beyond question, to take a newspaper, and send to it a good long advertisement, one of that kind which not only makes it certain that your name will be seen by all the world, but which proves that you are doing a first rate business, and can afford to make it known — The world loves to patronize those whom it thinks are doing well—liberal advertising is an unfailing sign of prosperity, as times go. Of all habits, this is, beyond question, one of the very best to form at the begining of the year, and as such we sincerely commend it to all friends and readers."

A JUDGE PLAYING EXECUTIONER —Judge Wright, of Logansport, Indiana, has a novel method of inforcing the laws concerning the abasement of nuisances. On returing home one Saturday evening lately, he found that a keeper of a three cent ramhole in the villiage had decoyed a young son, of his into his bar-room, and piled the boy with "stone fence greased lighting rum" until he was stupified The Judge said nothing that might, but, like the owl, he kept up a divil of a thinking, and next morning before going to church, he took an axe, and, entering the grog shop, coolly demolished the counter, shelves, demijohns, decanters, glasses, barrels, &c, until not one fixture remained. The inmates of the establishment would have liked to interfere, but the axe was heavy, the Judge was swinging it with a muscular arm, and his eyes appeared of a glass-green color. After the exasperated father had abated this nuisance, he calmly went to church, and no one would have known, from his appearance or demeanor, that he had been in anyway disturbed.

THE AMERICAN PARTY THE SAME EVERYWHERE.—The Albany Evening Journal, a rabid abolition organ, says that, in nearly every county that has held town meetings, the Democrats and Know Nothings have united against the Republicans. We know not how true this may be but we do know that the American party of New York has set its face as flint against all sectionalism, and has refused to countenance the peculiar dogmas of the Republicans. The Republicans North, like Democrats South, cannot exist without agitation of the slavery question, and the Americans, believing that a continuance of this agitation can result in nothing but disaster to the Union, have resolved to discountenance it. The American party is now the only one that carries the flag and keeps step to the music of the Union.

ECCENTRIC PRAYERS.

Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, exchange with a brother on a Sabbath when the morning chanced to be rainy, and the afternoon pleasant. Observing a much larger attendance at the second service, he commenced his prayer with the following: O Lord! have mercy on *afternoon hearers and fair weather Christians!* When Dr. Smalley was ordained, this same minister said, in the ordaining prayer, "O Lord, may thy young servant put down the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Universalists, and the Episcopalians, by preaching better, and praying beter, and living better than they!

☞It is now satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought that the announcement of this fact will have a salutary effect, as it is understood that every time she smiles upon him it will remove one of the old wrinkles

☞The death of Ezekiel Webster, the well-known elder brother of Daniel Webster, was remarkable and startling. It is thus described in the 'Private Correspondence' of the latter, just published:

"He was engaged in Court—speaking, standing erect on a plain floor, the house full, and the court and jurors and auditors intently listening to his words, with all their eyes fastened upon him. Speaking with full force and perfect utterance, he arrived at the end of one branch of his argument. He closed that branch, uttered the last sentence, and the last word of that sentence, with perfect tone and emphasis and then, in an instant erect with arms depending by his side, he fell backward without bending a joint, and so far as appeared, was dead before his head reached the floor."

☞There is a good story told of a handsome Yankee pedlar who made love to a young widow down in Pennsylvania. He accomplished his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. Name them, said the widow. The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a check for ample means. When they met again, the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. *I have got a wife.*

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—An impressive specimen of the untutored eloquence of the Red Men is afforded in the defiance of the Chieftain of the Creek nation to the General who had captured him: "I fought against you at Fort Mimms—I fought against you in Georgia—I did you all the injury I could—I would have done you more—the warriors who were faithful all died by my side—they died in battle—I mourn over their loss. but they are gone to glory—I am their Chief—a captive, but a soldier. Do your utmost—I shall not disgrace their memories" In the mouth of an Indian captive, words like these are not words of course; they mean what they say, and speak of nerve and spirit strung to the limit of human endurance.

☞In one of the Northern counties of England, when the judge concluded his charge to the jury with the words, 'Now, gentlemen, lay your heads together and consider your verdict;' when down went every head in the box, and an official approached armed with a long wand If any unlucky juror inadvertently raised his head down came the stick upon his pate; and so they continued till the truth was *struck out* in their verdict—an excellent plan for expediting business.

☞A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached requesting him to make her a pair of shoes, and not knowing exactly the style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her, whether she would have them '*Wounded or Esq Toad.*' The fair one, indignant at this nice specimen of orthography, immediately replied, '*Kn thee*'

☞An eloquent writer, in his letters to young men, exorts them to 'wrap themselves in their virtue;' but we know there are many in these parts who, if they had no more covering, would freeze to death.

An exchange paper has the following:

How many wives are responsible for the two thousand seven hundred and five failures which took place in the United States last year?

To which another exchange replies:

If we were to go into domestic matters in that way, it might be proper to inquire how many wives are to have the credit of keeping up all the rest of the husbands who didn't fail?

How many sick ones
Wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men
Wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones
Wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones
Wish they were witty;
How many bachelors
Wish they were married;
How many benedicts
Wish they had tarried
Single or double,
Life's full of trouble;
Riches a stubble,
Pleasure's a bubble.

A bill was brought into the House of Assembly, in Jamaica, to regulate the harbor-masters. Mr. Paul Phipps, a distinguished member, said: "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve the bill. The harbor-masters are a set of knaves. I was one myself for ten years.

When the celebrated Joseph Lancaster was in Washington he delivered a lecture in the House of Representatives from the Speaker's chair. Mr. Clay, then Speaker, complimented him by saying the chair had never been filled so well. Mr. Lancaster very modestly replied, that "Man, in his best estate, was of very little account; that the Speaker's chair had never been filled with *any thing better than Clay!*