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AMERICAN EAGLE

R. S. TALL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

Written for the "Eagle."

The Language of the Heart

TO A FRIEND OF CAMBRIDGE.

'Tis not in softest strains of measure,
Nor beauteous thoughts the heart is seen;
The eye that sparkles low with pleasure,
May but disguise the state within.

A smile is oft bestowed in sadness;
In sadness mute, yet eloquent,
Expressing more than notes of gladness
Though words portray not what is meant.

The tongue may loosened be to flatter;
'Twas thus that Satan tempted Eve;
And all our best enjoyments scatter,
Trust not the tongue 'twill oft deceive.

But C—— in the heart's recesses,
A purer language we may find;
We read it not in fond caresses;
But in emotions gentle, kind;

Inhaling it our hearts grow warmer,
Its tones are richest melody;
'Tis not the voice of any charmer:
'Tis simply this, *remember me.*

May 11th, 1857. FLIRT.

MISCELLANY.

ON 'YOUNG AMERICA.'

BY KATE CARLISLE.

Allow me the felicity of escorting you to your residence, Miss! exclaimed young Rapid, to the chubby faced little specimen of effeminacy that is standing by his side

With pleasure, thee; and she complacently accepts the ceremoniously offered arm of her gallant young cavalier, and majestically walks off with the air of a matron of thirty. Whilst young Rapid feeling the weight of his great responsibility scarcely deigns to cast a look at his admiring companions. He whispers words of love and tenderness in her ear and meaningly places his hand upon her heart and murmurs words of undying affection His companion blushes and then whispers something in his ear. It is enough. He feels transcendently happy and returns home, building castles in the air of his late dimpled checked companion.

Ludicrous scene! enough to shake the gravity of sage and distrub his equilibrium for at least one night's slumber, Wise man, perhaps thou canst recall some similar scene of thyself with some dak eyed. dark haired princess of thy heart, into whose willing ears thou hast poured thy childish vows. Philosopher; there is a scene thou canst philosophise to thy heart's content. The first outburst of childish gravity when young Rapid feels that he is a man. Say, philospher, you whom the world calls wise, tell me didst thou never feel as young America? Bah! on such nonsense! what am I thinking of philosopher and sage, alas! such childish joys were not for you; such things were not thought of in your day long ago.—No wonder that the old maid smirks up her slim pinched nose, and the bachelor shakes his portly sides and emhatically cries, Didst ever see the like, I declare it is wondrous strange, these children now a days No my friends in your day it would have been considered awful beyond degree. Your fathers would have called you to them, and most solemnly lectured you on such impropriety of conduct. And your mothers your dear devoted mothers would have retired into their innermost closets, and devoutly prayed the Most High to keep you from temptation. No; no, my friends, such things were not for you—Your place at that precious age was in the nursery, with dolls and hoops and rocking horses, add blowing soap bubbles and such like. You were children and not such little popinjays of fashion as we have now a days A few more years roll over young Rapid's head, and he feels that he is now a man. Listlessly he lolls upon the sofa, and smooths, with a caressing hand his growing moustache and imperial His eyes bent on the floor, no doubt thinking of Laura Jane, or some other beautiful houri he has met. Just one more pull of his dicky, one more ketch of his inexpressibles and he seems as he never can get exactly right. A pound of hair oil is lavished on his head a curl more to his immaculate mustachio and he daintily pulls on his white kids. They're fixed at last John (I am ready), I wonder what Laura will think of me; and young Rapid surveys himself in the mirror. How absurd how foolish! Is it to such hands that a nation has to entrust its future welfare Is it from such that our lawyers, our physicians, our statesman our presidents our merchants indeed all that compose ornaments for society are to be taken? Incomparable age, young seem to know nothing better than to indulge in boundless luxury and attentions to the opposite sex An object is what these degenerated scions want—a little less of the bright metal, a little more country air to invigorate their feeble spindle frames and a strict attention to the duties of childhood and boyhood—I wonder what the next generatian will be. Whether they will be useless puppies or useless men; weather they will be brainless tops or sober minded go ahead men, that forms such ornaments for society. God grant that they may be the last or else I know not what this world is coming to.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

Republics must be Conservative.

ENGLAND, THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

That the government of Great Britain will eventually bestow the blessings of a great conservative republic upon its people, we need no other assurance than the increased and increasing influence of the popular will throughout its wide dominions The constant concessions of the rulers to the ruled, that relieve and elevate the English history of the past half century, in comparison with its antecedent chapters; the liberal views of leading statesmen of that nation; the decadence of artificial inequality among men; the appeal of Palmertson from Parliament to the people; the interest and sympathy manifested toward the United States, all attest too plainly, to admit a doubt, that the deep, safe, sound stratum of Democratic independence in English society, has at last been reached, and will soon be the basis of an enduring political structure, illustrating the supreme sovereignty of the people, and opening every avenue to power and place, to ambition, energy and ability, come when or whence they may—a copy not unworthy the prototype presented by the off spring to the ancestor—the government of the United States to that of Great Britain. When this is accomplished, the redemption of mankind from the unnatural thraldom of an authority not derived from the only source of all rightful law, will have a powerful advocate in each hemisphere, illustrating their theory by example, and carrying conviction by proofs, that can neither be resisted nor denied

The founders of our Government were no exceptions to the national character of those from whom they were descended.—Their forefathers brought with them to Plymouth Rock and Jamestown, the germ of freedom in their hearts And even they flying from oppression and seeking an atmosphere less tainted with the corruption of courts and the tyranny of man, in a fair and favored land, in all its native nudity undisturbed since the hand of the Creator left it, as if designed for the theatre of events which should exemplify before the world an attainment of the highest excellence on earth, vouchsafed by God to man even they, we say, in their early love of liberty, afforded instances, not of contradiction to the capacity and character of the British nation. But they were only examples in advance of the age, of the innate adaptation of that people for the freedom which they have now so nearly attained. The government of Great Britain has been and is still undergoing such a revolution as is in consonance with its own and the character of the people it represents—a revolution under the influence of intelligence, enlightenment and wisdom, which will not be accomplished in a year, or reserved in a day. There is a point, beyond which republicanism becomes highly hazardous, unless there is a conservative sentiment, together with conservative institutions, to countervail the radical tendencies of all free government. England, by nature and education, is essentially safe from such ebullutions of popular passion, as sometimes endanger our own institutions. And it will require ages so to impair the discipline of her people, in obedience to law, and wear away the old regulators of her machinery of government, as to render it so indispensable for an enjoyment of republicanism, that she should have some such conservative safeguard as our own institution of negro slavery.

The government of the United States started at a point which Great Britain has not yet reached.

To be capable of appreciating and preserving a republican form of government or rather such a republican form of government as answers the ends of constitutional liberty, as the citizens of the United States know and enjoy it, the people must be naturally lovers of law and order, or there must be institutions of a strong conservative character in their society

As an evidence of which we have only to adduce the example of Mexico—a republic in name, and in form but not in fact. That unfortunate nation, presents a spectacle, from which an important lesson may be learned.

Enlightened enough to desire free government, the Mexican people are either too turbulent, too ignorant, or too much divided among themselves to maintain it.

Almost prostrate from financial feebleness, torn with civil disorders, and menaced by Spain, the Comonfort administration turned to the United States for aid, to save itself and the nation from traitors at homes, and enemies abroad. The fate of the Forsyth treaty, like the staff on which an old man leans for support when it breaks seems to have left the administration in Mexico staggering and tottering.

Spain still threatens with preparation for war; the Constitution is denounced from the pulpit; and, Santa Anna, that wily old traitor, hypocrite, coward and cock fighter, it would seem, again has designs upon the government. Should he obtain the reins of power, the only hope of liberty in Mexico, will be, at some future day, under the guardianship of the United States.

What shall we do with the Mormons?

While we are debating what we shall do with a set of intolerable idolators who have erected the odious Dragon of their worship on a portion of the American soil, they, on their side, are preparing themselves to vindicate their absolute independence of us and our laws. How much longer they will deign to keep a delegate at Washington we may infer from their treatment of the Unitad States Judiciary, and from the avowed intention of BRIGHAM YOUNG to rule his people as he and they shall choose, without comment, commission or control from us. This is the state of the case, and it must be met now fully and fairly.

The unscrupulous chiefs of this now imposing iniquity are not men to shrink from a practical assertion of their most outrageous propensities. They already claim the right of life and death over the members of their 'Church,' and the contumely with which they have treated the judicial authorities of the Union they are prepared to lavish upon any Executive functionary whom the President may see fit to send to them. The Territory over which their despotism extends is difficult of access and defensible; the population subjected to their sway is numerous and hardy as well as ignorant and fanatical. Scandinavia, Scotland, Wales, and the West of Britain, those ancient nurseries of fierce, unreasoning faith, have sent out thousands of strong arms and stupid heads to the service of the astitute followers of Joe Smith, and we may depend upon it that when they are summoned to the battle of the Lord against the mighty, the wretched victims of the Mormon imposture will put their lives into the hands of their rascally leaders just as blindly as now they put their fortunes, their affections, and their homes, under the same unprincipled control. It is useless to attempt to reason with them, for the public opinion of the States cannot reach the masses of Utah.

What then shall we do with these people? Let them alone, for our own honor, as well as for the sake of their own lasting happiness, we cannot. he limits of religious toleration, though difficult of definition, are fortunately not absolutely indefinable. A man's right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience must be guarded like all other rights, and therefore like all other rights it must be restricted in its exercise by a just consideration of moral and social consequences, as well as of the rights of others No man can be allowed to worship God in such a manner as to outrage the decencies of life or to oppress his neighbors. When Taylor, the Platonist, thought fit to profess Paganism, and set up a silver statute of Jupiter on his mantel piece, his landlady made no objection to that innocent act of insanity; but when he proposed to sacrifice a black bull in her back parlor she strenuously resisted, and saved her crockery and her Zidderminster at the risk of her charity. Her sturdy common sense smote the exact line between the permissible and the reprehensible, and all rational Governments find themselves forced to imitate her conduct. John Jones may believe if he likes that clothes and corruption are concomitant facts, and seek salvation by stripping off all the conventions of kerseymere and Irish linen, but if Jones does not confine his spiritual exercises to his own chamber, the practical interference of the police will constrain his actions without disturbing his convictions.

The orthodoxy of no small portion of British India sling with adoring earnestness to the profitable humilities of the worship of Juggornant and the edifying sublimities of the Suttee; but the common sense and righteous feeling of the British Government in that country did not therefore shrink from the duty of doing away utterly and forever with practises so infamous and so inhuman. Why then should the authorities of the United States hesitate to deal in the same sharp and decisive way with a "religious" system which condenses into itself all the absurdities, usurpations, indecencies and villainies of the worst form of Paganism. We are not called upon to punish any man for believing in the inspiration of Joe Smith or the reality of the Golden Book, in the sanctity of Brigham Young, or even in the salutary and divine appointment of polygamy But we can and ought to restrain the believers in these things from violating the laws and decencies of the land. Theoretical polygamy is one thing, but practical polygamy is quite and another. The course of Judge Drummond, who called upon the Grand Jury of Utah to find indictments against all persons living in the practice of polyamy, should be sustained and followed up. Let the judicial authorities be supported by a proper military force, and the favorite "Institution" of the leaders of Mormonism can be soon and effectually broken up Upon this we have a right to insist, and upon the summary punishment of any parties against whom it is proved that they have ventured to exert extra judicial authority over citizens of the United States, or to assume the coercive functions of the properly appointed Executive. In a word, let the Mormons be treated as a "sect," subjected to the same regulations with all other sects, and protected in the exercise of the same rights with theirs. As things now stand they claim to be considered as a *Nation*, and defy the authority of the Federal Union in order to vindicate to themselves not a freedom of belief but an unhallowed license of conduct which, as a christian and civilized people, it is impossible that we should tolerate. If it be true that there are persons in New York who live in the *practice* of the Mormon theories, let them be at once prosecuted and punished, but let the force of the Government be put out fearlessly and promptly to deal with the mischief in its centre before it grows to proportions, which shall still more seriously compromise the character and endanger the tranquility of the country.—*N. Y. Times.*

County Papers.

County papers are of much more use than people imagine

They very naturally aid in directing public attention to matters in which every citizen is more or less interested.

They contribute in a variety of ways to the formation of public opinion, on subjects of public interest

They aid in giving character to the county in which they are published.

They stimulate a taste for reading, and disseminate in the course of one year a vast amount of useful information, much of which would not reach a portion of its readers through any other channel.

They are of essential use in a family in fostering a taste for reading among children

County papers enjoy an advantage over all other papers published at a distance, because many of their items are of a local interest, which naturally attracts a child's attention. The advertising columns of these papers are particularly attractive to this class of readers.

They are of essential service in publishing various items of local intelligence, in which the citizens are more or less interested, but of which many would remain uninformed, were it not for these papers.

In short—county papers add in a variety of ways to character, intelligence, and prosperity of the county in which they are published; and therefore have a strong claim for support upon all who are either directly or indirectly benefitted by them.

SLEEP IS OF GOD.

SLEEP is the gift of God, and not a man would close his eyes did not God put his fingers on his eye-lids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well nigh to death and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night, draws the curtain of darkness, bids the sun shut his burning eyes; then he comes and says, Sleep sleep my child; I give thee sleep. You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; it was beyond your power. You close your eyes but still you see, and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physician on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves but the bestows it upon all Yes if there be any difference it is in favor of the poor. The sleep of the laboring man is sweet weather he eat little or much.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1761 we find the following "mental and personal qualifications of a husband:" Great good nature, good humor and good sense. Lively by all means Stupid by no means. His person agreeable rather than handsome. No great objection to six feet, with an exact symmetry of parts. Always clean but not foppish in his dress. Youth promises a duration of happiness. therefore is agreeable Well read in classics but no pedants. Experimentally acquainted with natural philosophy. A tolerable ear for music, but no fiddler I must repeat it again, no fiddling husband. An easy and unaffected politeness. No bully; just as much courage as is necessary to defend his own and his wife's honor. No traveller; no enthusiasm for the *vertu*. May fortune smile on the man of my wishes! A freethinker in everything except matters of religion.

The World Goes Round.

"Some folks are born with silver spoons
Between their teeth," they say;
The figure goes to show that some
Are blessed in every way.

The lucky man, by turn of trade,
Piles up the golden dust,
While others toil from morn till night,
And dine upon a crust.

Dame Fortune, with her prancing steeds,
Is sought on every side;
So we're waiting for the wagon,
To see who'll take a ride.

A man may be on foot to-day,
And ride in pomp to-morrow;
While he who owned the carriage last
A single dime can't borrow.

The world goes round, we know right well;
And many times we see
A man upset, so that his heels
Are where his head should be;

Another turn; his feet come down,
His friends and wealth allied,
So we're waiting for the wagon,
To see who'll take a ride.

But then, you know, it matters not
How much we sing or talk;
We cannot get the whole to ride,
For some are *bound to walk.*

Some folks are surely bound to lose,
And some are bound to win;
Some must be counted out, and then
Some others counted in.

The Home Mother.

Some one writing for the Masonic Mirror has drawn a beautiful picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:

"We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as heartless as herself—she, who forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglecting those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements. Not so with our home mother, blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily outline of pleasant duties.

How pleasant she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little articles for the use and adornment of her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness. How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if mama wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mits and overshoes. or the comforters around their necks.

There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before they slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprints a good night kiss on each rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for the little nestling bird in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter howls around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the chaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love. How tenderly she guards them from danger, and, with a strong untiring love, she watches by their bed-side when they are ill.

Blessings on the gentle, home-loving mother. Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children will rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment.

AFFECTION.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with a cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather loose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robbin, to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.

PADDY AND LAWYER SNAP.—At a criminal Court lately the counsel dissatisfied at his want of success with a witness, complained to the Court.

Here Paddy went in with genuine Irish broughe.

An sure I'm no lawyer, yer Honor an the spaipane only wants to pozzel me.

Lawyer Snap—Come now do you swear you are no lawyer?

Witness—Faith, an I do an ye may swear the same about yersilf, too without fear of perjury.

Got my Man.

Lying is held in all Christian countries to be one of the lowest and most degrad- of vices; but there is now and then a man who by constant practice in some particular line of mendacity becomes so expert as rather to excite the admiration of his acquaintance for his ingenuity and address. Of this stamp is a personage well known to the people about the head of Lake Champlain and to all travelers who ever had occasion to go over the old stage route from Whitehall to Saratoga He was for many years the agent for that most execrable line of stages, and had every quality for his office. He was industrious wide-awake and faithful to the interests of his employers with no other vice but that of lying—a useful gift on that route—which by high cultivation he had made one of the fine arts. Every traveler who ever saw him remember him and his broken promises. It chanced some or four years ago that the conversation which engrossed the tongues of a knot of gentlemen in the bar-room of the St, Charles Hotel, New Orleans, was about liars. At length a gentleman from Northern New York said he would wager the drinks all round that he could name the most unblushing and ingenious liar in America. Done! exclaimed a Southerner. Who do you name? I name *A.R* stage agent of Whitehall, New York, said the Northernor It's no bet, cried the astonished Southerner, *you've got my man!*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyed were one day walking over the lands in Ayrshire, they saw Burns ploughing in a field hard by. Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyed—

Do you see that rough looking fellow across there with the plough? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not make a rhyme of.

Done said the other; and immediately going up to the hedge Lord Boyed cried out Bough!

Burns stopped at once leant against the plough and surveying his assailant from head to foot, he quietly answered—

It's not Lord Crawford but Lord Boyed
Of grace and manners he is void—
Just like a bull among the rye,
Cries bough! at folks as he goes by.

The wager was of course won.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.—Hearing a man complain that political papers of all kinds had become such liars, that for his part he did not beleive any of them, reminds me of the old story of the miller and his three sons Coming into the mill and finding a grist in the hopper the old man cried out—Tom have you tolled this grist? Yes, sir. Bill have you tolled this grist? Yes, sir. Sam have you tolled this grist? Yes, sir. You are all a pack of lying scoundrels, says the old man, I dont believe a word you say—I'll toll it myself

THE VALUE OF A FIVE FRANCE PIECE.—Alexander Dumas at one time was very poor; and rarely had any money. One of his friends was telling him of a duel he had recently fought in which the ball of his adversary had been turned aside by a five france piece he had in his waistcoat pocket Ah! you're a lucky fellow, said the great Alexander; if I had been in your place I should have been killed

☞A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen 'Crabbe's Tales?'

Why, no, she answered; 'I didn't know that crabs had tails.'

I beg your pardon, Miss, said he, 'I mean have you *read* 'Crabbe's Tales.'

'And I assure you, Sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails.'

☞Mother, mother! here's Zeke fretting the baby. Make him cry again, Zeke, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him; then he'll squall again, and mother will give him more, and you can take that, and so we'll both get some.

☞'Sambo, where's the hoe!' 'Widder shubble, massa.' 'Well, where's the shovel 'Wid der hoe. of course.' 'Well, were are they both you black rascal?' 'Why, boff togedder—gorry mighty, old massa, seems to me you're dard,d tickler dis mornin.'

THE DALTON DIVORCE CASE.—Hon. Rufus Choate, counsel for Mrs. Dalton, concluded his argument in Boston on Wednesday, having spoken for nine hours. It is said to be one of the greatest efforts of the distinguished orator, and abounds in passages of the highest order of eloquence.

COOLIES.—A letter from Havana says that coolies have advanced to $400 per head. Very common creoles from the coast of Africa are worth a thousands dollars each, and the slave trade is flourishing beyond any previous knowledge of the oldest pirate.

A PLEASANT BUSINESS.—One of the witnesses of the Cunningham trial, who was called to testify relative to the appearance of the wounds on the body of the murdered man had attended fifteen hundred post mortem examinations within five years about one a day.