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### I May Not Love Thee.

H may not love thee-but within my heart, When night and darkness set my spirit free, And I sit musings from the world apart, There is a low, deep voice that tells of thee. That voice is sweet and mournful as the tone Of far Æolian music heard in sleep, Or the wild cadence of a spirit lene, O'er the hushed weters of the midnight deep.

I may not love thee—but thy blessed look Forever haunts my soul when thou art far-It glances upward from each moonlit brook, And downward from each bright and holy star 'Tis imaged in each flower that lifts its eye At morn to greet the sunshine and the dew, And in each fairy cloud that wanders by, Floating in beauty o'er the mountain hue.

I may not love thee-but thy gentle words Can stir within my soul its font of tears, And wake the echo of my heart's deep chords Like some sweet melody of early years. I may not love thee-but thy image seems A loving radiance to my spirit given, For oh! I picture thee in all my dreams Of bliss on earth and blessedness in Heaven.

## Life Picture of Romanism.

BY SINUS, THE PILGRIM.

## THE ROBBER FRIARS.

ed an old man named Garcia Martini .-- | sad thing to loose!" During the Spring of 1840 he was taken sick with a fever and the doctors said he | the friars all sank down again upon their could not recover. He was a wealthy man knees and groaned aloud. worth at least fifty thousand dollars. He move a hand towards his own sustenance. something be saved. He is an unfortu- to the little inn. There we fed him and gave weariness of life is ended, and I go too. But Martini loved the boy and he felt some | nate youth Do not make him wholly a consolation in thinking that he should beggar-do not." have wealth enough to leave to support | 'I will not. He may live in wealth: he inn assured me that 'twas all true, and that such garnered, we give his form to earth, saying ago. him through life. The old man's wife was may spend a few more short fleeting hours cases were quiet common! That poor creature with gratitude, God be thanked that he a good woman but she was not able to per- here on earth surrounded with the com- was Joseph Martini! Sometimes he made his hath so long lived, and so well; and God form much labor, owing to a constitutional forts of animal life and then he may join way to the convent and begged to be taken in, be thanked that he hath now departed infirmity. Martini had stout men to work his poor father in the torments of guilty but he would not acknowledge that they had Go, my mother, to thy rest, and be sure and the small bundle in the trundle-bed fo: him and money still flowed in upon damned!

The Spring had opened and the old man ed the dying man. was sick and the doctors after having done Then you must do as I bid. Give all by the foot of a hill and gazed up at the Benetheir best gave him up to his fate. Not your wealth to the church and you are safe. dictine Convent. I saw the well fed monks lounfar from Garcia's vineyard there was a Your wealth will then be laid up in Hea- ging about, and I called to mind the poor de-Benedictine convent, It stands there yet | ven to your credit, and you shall join the | formed beggar by the roadside. Oh, how sick upon the hill and can be seen from the holy angels of the Lord God. And in time at heart I was! And yet those living robbersroad about eight miles from Naples The your wife and child shall join you. Oh! those social vampyres—those moral blood suckfriars from this convent hung about the how much purer will be even their souls ers, are upheld in their villainy by the Romish house of the sick man while the doctors when they shall have passed thro' the fur- Church! How long, how long, O God, shall it were using their skill and when they gave | nace of tribulation | Look at your Jesus. | be? At least, O Father of Mercy, lift the curse him up they gathered about his dying bed Did he leave wealth behind him? Think from my native America, ere it becomes faster-They prayed and groaned and some of well, my sonr' them even wept as they spoke of the death | It was a terrible blow upon the soul of stroke that was coming.

fifteen of those friars in the chamber, and thinking that he should leave him well whom for convenience we will call Barnes they came with long faces and clasped provided for. But now, alas! that hope was employed by a farmer living in a town sent the weeping wife away. She begged be sent for, but they would not grant it Penopscot river, to dig a well The soil burial of their dead; and on these spots and entreated that she might be allowed to until he had done the deed that should and substratum being mostly sand, old

about his couch. Martini in a low solemn tone.

ringly up.

You can be saved if you pay the cost.

fiask of quickening wine and he made the old man drink. The generous beverage soon began to operate and the sufferer was more bright.

Listen to me now, my son, said the confessor and 1 shall tell you of the most strange affair. Last night just as the hammer of our clock was upon the stroke of twelve,a bright robed presence entered my celt. At first I was startled but the presence smiled upon me and I recognized

At this point all the friars fell upon their knees and blessed the name of Saint Pe- sank down upon the bedsies and bowed her door of the farmer for whom he had agreed ter,-Old Martini was affected much.

Do you think, my son continued the confessor, that the holy Saint and Apostle had come to earth wholly on your account (Martini clasped his hands and a quick your worldly possessions to the glory of father by the wrist. transit to the realms of bliss. Put your left?-nothing?' property into our hands and your soul is

man. You mean only a part.' 'I mean all! It may be hard—and for myself I would never have asked it-tut for your own soul, 1 would now urge it upon you. I mean all!,

'All my possessions? Not all my mo-'Yes.'

'But not my land?'

'Yes.' 'But not my house?'

But that will strip my wife and child of their ali and make them beggars? Ohl you do not mean all!

'Alas, my son, God is merciful to His children who obey him and He will not On the road from Naples to Aversa liv- forget your wife and child. A soul is a

As these words dropped from the devil's

·A soul is the habitant of eternity, reowned an extensive vineyard which lay be- sumed Father Jerome in the most sepultween two sloping hills and his dwelling chral voice he could assume. 'Oh! only was upon one of the sweetest spots in Ita- think of a soul lost in ringing fires of hell! ly. A little silvery stream that came lea. Oh, Heavens! my son, only think. Think ping down from the mountains ran through of your poor soul consigned for an eterni. his garden and all the fruits that belonged ty to hell and all the holy saints scoffing at to the climate were to be found upon his and sparting you. Will you cling on upgrounds Garcia Martini was envied for on a tew paltry things of earth which must his snug wealth, and yet he had one source | ere long rust and corrole that you may

'No! no! no!-not so! oh, not so!' gasp- drove him from their gate.

that poor old man. He loved that de-One afternoon there were no less than formed boy, and he had been happy in | Some years since an eccentric old genius

of hell; and the beauties of Heaven. My son, said Father Jerome, addressing | What could that old man do? He could fence near the mouth of the well, having not east his own soul away, and at length | first left his hat and frock upon the wind will be called to meet your God. Oh! it rome drew a paper from his pocket. It ing ready a boy was dispatched to call him turned aside from the gaities of life to the but a man may be very agreeable, strictly Your end is near at hand and soon you he consented to the fatal compact. Je- lass of the well. At length breakfast beis a solemn dreadful thing. Do you know | was a deed for the couveying of Garcia | to his meal, when lo! it was seen that Barwhat a burden of sin rests upon your soul? | Martini's property to the Convent of St | nes was buried in the grave unconscious-The dying man groaned and acknowl- Benedict. The friar drew forth his ink- ly dug by his own hands. The alarm beedged that he did 'But I can be saved,' horn and pen. and the old man was raised ing given, and the family assembled, it was he tremblingly whispered looking implo- to a sitting posture. His hand was seized | decided first to eat breakfast and then send and the pen placed between the pulseless for the coroner, the minister, and his wife fingers. Once he dropped the pen and and children. Such apathy did not flat-Anything, the poor man gasped. Sick- groaned with anguish. The friar uttered ter larnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited ing by their side. ness had made him weak, and these friars an exclamation of impatience, and once patiently determined so hear what was to had made him believe in all they said. - more forced the pen into his fingers. Then be said and see what was to be seen. That incarnate Satan, Jerome, had been they guided his hand over that paper--- Presently all parties arrived and began for years plotting, or rather hanging upon and then all the monks came forward and "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, quainted with certain forms and the etithe diabolical result he was about to bring signed it as witnesses. The dying man as people usually do in such cases. to pass and to this end he had never lost sank back upon his pillow and ground length they drew together to exchange opian opportunity to work upon the old man's most painfully, but they cared not for the nions as to what should be done. religious superstitions. To those unac- dying now. Their purpose was accom- minister at once gave it as his opinion that quainted with the Romish system the pow- plished—they had robbed an old man of they had better level up the well and let er which the spiritual dictator holds over his wealth—they had forced away from a Barnes remain: for said he, he is now be- beyond this; all that which lies at the root his victim would pass the most casual be- pitiable deformed boy his birthright, and youd the temptation to sin; and in the day of all his case, and refinement, and tact, lief. His power is literally unbounded .- they were content. Martini opened his of judgement it will make no difference and power of pleasing, is the same spirit

another paper like it.

he promised to come again. As soon as the monks had gone, the remain. wife and child came back to the room. the dying man told them all he had done fast and was not all pleased with the result ority for himself—he never ridicules, never -he told how the confessors had urged of the inquest, laid quiet until the shades steers, never boasts, never makes a display him. It was SAINT PETER himself. He | him he told every word that had been of evening stole over the landscape; then of his own power, or rank, or advantages held the keys of He wen in his hand and spoken. The aged, sickly wife sprang he quietly decamped to parts unknown. — such as is implied in ridicule, or sarhis countenance glowed with a transient forward and asked if it was all true, for After remaining incognito for about three casm or abuse—as he never indulges in she thought her husband's mind was gone. years, one morning he suddenly appeared habits or tricks, or inclinations which may But she soon knew the worst, and she (hatless and frockless as he went) at the be offensive to others. head. The word beggar was upon her lips, to dig the unfortune well. To say that and an ice-bolt had struck to her heart. My an avalanche of questions were rained up- A traveler, weary and worn, covered with poor, poor, boy!' she groaned and then she wept on him as to his mysteriour re-appearance dust, and suffering from many privations, sees like a child. She had dreamed that she should | &c., would convey but a feeble idea of the | in the distance the curling smoke ascending from | have a home while she lived, but the hope was excitement which his bodily presence crea- his homestead, and choked with feelings almost gleam shot from his eyes.) He came to gone now. Joseph—that was the boy's name— ted, But the old man bore it all quietly too big for u terance, exclaims, while tears of tell me how you might be saved. Give worked his way to the bedside and grasped his and at length informed them that on find joy are rolling down his cheeks-'I'm almost

But the old man made no reply. The child leaned further over and he saw that his fathers Not all! Not all!' grasped the dying eyes were dull and lead-like. He spoke again; but there was yet no answer. On the next instant there came a gurgling sound up from Martini's throat, and his under jaw fell down. Joseph lifted the hand he held but it was lifeless He placed his ear to the pale lips but there was no breath. The old man was dead!

Garcia Martini was buried in the cemetry of the convent, and in a few short days afterwards the monks came down to claim their property Their deed was good and none dared to question them. The sun was just sinking when the mother and son were driven out from their abode— chair No house is full that hath not in homeless, houseless wanderers. But a few short | it a babe and a grandfather or a granddays before, and they had all the comforts of mother. Life becomes more radiant and wealth to mitigate their physical pains, but now perfect when its two extremes keep along alas! they could only look upward towards Hea- with it. The two loves which watch the ven for hore—and who shall blame them if even | cradle and serve the chair and one. But in Heaven their confidence were gone? On the how different in all their openings and acnext morning, the mother arose from her bed tions. To the child the heart turns with upon the cold earth, and a wild laugh broke more tenderness of love. To the aged parfrom her lips. She was a maniace But she liv- ent, love is borne upon a series of revered not long to suffer, for ere another week had ence. Through the child you look forpassed away, she was dead. And did the monks | ward-through the parent you look backhunt her up in her misery and shrive her? Or | ward. In the child you see hopes, joys to did they give her Christian burial? No!

from Naples to Aversa. By the roadside, near you behold the past, life done, its scense a little inn, I saw a beggar. He was a deformed enacted, its histories registered If God youth—his back all doubled up--one arm with- calls you to follow your child to the grave ered-and his legs all twisted and feeble.

When I returned towards Naples, I stopped ed too strongly upon usi

A Capital Story hands. They entered the detah room and was gone. He begged that his son might some six or seven miles westerly from the kind have chosen and loved spots for the stay, but they ordered her to leave and she make his child a begger! The poor man Barnes after having progressed downward dared not disobey, Among those friars begged for only five hundred ducats—then about forty feet found one morning upon among the charnel-house of the dead, none was one Father Jerome. He was not only for a hundred—then for fifty—then for going out early to his work that the well is so sacred as a mother's grave. growth of burdocks by the side of board

given back to him that he might tear it. forth in either case. The coroner likewise in every instance, as he would that others

not have asked those men to give up their to his family or to the town to disinter him thinking, not how he may give pleasure to plunder, for they would sooner have pluc- when he was so effectually buried, and others, or the mere sense of pleasing, but ponsible for the republication of the following ed out their souls and exchanged them for therefore entirely coincided with the min- how he can show respect for others-how "Thought on Woman:" ister. His wife thought that as he had he may avoid hurting their feelings. When Father Jerome procounced a mumbled left his hat and frock, it would be hardly he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains incantation, and then be turned away, but worth while to dig him out for the rest of the position and relation of every one with his clothes; and so it was settled to let him | whom he is brought in contact, that he

ing himself buried he waited for them to home.' God and your soul shall make a speedy 'Father, father,' he cried, 'is there nothing dig him out, until his patience was ex- The playful child having wan ered from its hausted, when he set to work to dig him- fond parents, trembles for fear, of approaching ceeded; for his ideas being confused by the yet as it sees some well known object, shakes pressure of the earth, at the time he was lits curly locks and claps its glad hands, exclaimburied, he had dug very much at random, ing-'I'm almost home.' and instead of coming directly to the sur | The mariner, after a long and toilsome jour- | not particular. face he came out in the town of Holden, ney, descries in the far distance, the outline six miles ast of the Penobscot river!

by those who were so distressed and sor- most home! rowful over his supposed final resting place | The Christian, after having fought many hard is nothing but as it appertains to what is

### THE CRADLE AND ARM CHAIR

No house is complete without two pieces of furniture—the cradle and the old arm One day in mid-summea—in 1843—1 walked ences. Through the silver-haired parent groom cometh, go ye out to meet him.' ere it has ceased to be a child, you send

story as I have written it, and the host at the his life blameless, his fruit gathered and who was christened Willie about six years delt justly by him, and they cursed him and that I will follow hard after thee. and soon has dropped off to sleep, but the broken overtake thee .- II. Ward Beacher.

## A Mother's Grave.

Earth has some sacred spots, where we feel like unloosing the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of social converse seem, rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been plight fore, but a long time ago-so long, that ted, prayers offered and tears of parting shed. Oh, how thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space to visit them. But of all can never wear but once, if we try—the the spots on this green earth none is so sa. first pair of boots. cred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have once loved and cherished—our brothers, our children.— Hence in all ages, the better part of manthey have loved to wander at eventide, to

around me. I saw the rich and the great, who scorned the poor, and shunned them as if infected by the plague, quietly sleep-----

## Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is not merely a person ac-At quette of life, easy and self possessed in society, able to speak and act, and move in The the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste A gentleman is something much Father Jerome took from his bosom a Surely his mind was weaker, or he would agreed that it would be a needless expense should do unto him. He is constantly

may give to each his due honor, his proper But poor old Barnes, who had no break- position. He never assumes any superi-

### I'm Almost Home.

self out, and only the day before had suc- danger as darkness gathers around its footsteps

coast of his native land, and sings aloud with No further explanations were sought for joy while his heart is full to breaking-I'm al-

battles, buffeted many hard storms, endured many trials, resisting many temptations; suffered fields of amaranth on this side of the grave from many afflictions, and grieved over many shortcomings, feels gradually approaching the hand of disease, and being admonished thereby of his speedy dissolution, lifts his glad eye heavenward, while his heart melts within him as he exclaims in triumph—'I'm almost home.'

Christian professor, thou, too, art almost home Art thou wearing this world as a loose garment | the ships sunk at Savastopol, 1t is 200 so that it may be thrown off at a moment's no- vards long and each link weighs 300 pounds tice? Are thy affections and desires fixed on It was manufactured at Reading Pa. The things above? And at thou daily becoming more | value of the materials to be furhished by weaned from the things of time and sense? Or, the Russian Government, to be used in like thousands on every side, art thou living thy raising the fleet. will be about a million rest here and living as though this was thy and a half of dollars. home? Be more on thy guard in future—have come brave ambition, and a life yet to be thy lamp trimmed and burning, for at midnight drawn forth in all its many-sided experi- the cry may sound in the ear-Behold the bride- ing of a new cemetery, says: "Mr.--

## "Good Night."

"Good Night!" A loud, clear voice from the stairs said that it was Tommy's. Good | the grapes tender and richer. He held out his hand and pitcously begged it to heaven that God may rear it for you night, murmurs a little something from two and twenty years of age- was sadly 'Oh! no!' grouned the poor man 'Not for money to buy him food and drink. One of saying; Take it, O, Father, too soon snatch- the trundle-bed-a little something we call deformed so much so that he could not for myself. But for my poor child let my companions lifted him up, and we led him ed away, and keep it; and keep me till the Jenny, that filled a large place in the cenhim warm wire, and in return he told me the But when the parent goes, ripe in years lisps a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep;— If I should die before I w-a-k-e-" prayer may go up sooner than many long petitions that set out a great while before reproved her librarian fer putting books

And so it was 'good night' all around the homestead; and very sweet music it made too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now, as we think of it, for it was not yesterday nor the day be-Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and has forgotten that he ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us

And so it was good night all around the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate always left a little ajar for them-through into the land of dreams.

# Art of Being Agreeable.

The true art of being agreeable is to ap- | was ever made. meditate alone. But of all places, even pear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A old bells. There sleeps the nurse of our infancy- | man thus disposed, perhaps may not have | director. He took his station at the bed would the insatinote fiend give up of the to the top. So having that desire, which the guide of our youth—the counsellor of much learning, nor any wit, but if he has and then he telt the all man's rules. He and then he felt the old man's pulse. He coveted hoard There stood the lying frair men have, knowing what will be said of our riper years—our friend when others common sense and something friendly in then turned to his companions and sheets then turned to his companions and shook and with all the vividness of language he his head and they gethered were already were already. his head and they gathered more closely could command did be paint the horrors ing yet astir, he concealed himself in rank ger to every other feeling but love, and disposition, and when the paint the horrors ing yet astir, he concealed himself in rank ger to every other feeling but love, and disposition, and when the brightest parts without this who could always find excuses for us when disposition; and when a man of such a turn we could find none for ourselves. There comes to old age, he is almost sure to be she sleeps, and we love the very earth for treated with respect. It is true indeed that cause it is rapid in its growth, slim it its her sake. With sentiments like these I we should not dissemble when in company trunk, and thick ir. its head. narrow habitations of the dead. I wan- consistent with truth and sincerity, by a What's best to prevent old maids from dered among those who commenced life prindent silence where he cannot concur, despairing? with me in hope. Here distinctions are and a pleasing assent where he can. Now now forgotten; at least by the slumberers and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain on any one who nears or beholds him; this between two negroes, was over heard by a disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge him call lub? Why, Massa Ship, him like of the world, and a command over the ras- till his head go round like um big well: den

> HINTS FOR THE NURSERY -The treat ment of a new-born child should be kind, but not cordial—and especially not Godfrey's cordial. Children should be encourshould not consist of a bolstering match,

Variety is the spice of life.

We do not hold ourselves personally re-

What makes a woman now-a-days? Intelligence? good looks? A mind where all the virtues dwell? No-dry goods set on hoops!

Ho! whales that sail the briny deep, Repine not at your fate; Your flesh illuminates the world-

Your bones make women great. All would be great-but all don't like A course of education; Schools, study, books—ah! what are these

Compared with inflatation?

The following was picked up in the street a few days since, accompanying a little bunch of glossy brown hair, which looked as if it had been pulled out with &

fine-tooth comb: Och Biddy, me darlint, Here's a lock of me hair; If there's a snarl in it, Never a bit do I care;

> Any how. I'm going off, Biddy, To work on the track, You can take it and kape it Until I get back.

But if you don't its all right, be dad I'm'

We may enjoy the present while we are insensible to infirmity and de. cay; but the present, like a note in music; past and what is to come. There are no there are no voices that are not soon mute however tuneful; there is no name. with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.—Lander.

The largest chain in the world is that about to be used in the operation of raising

AFA paper, in announcing the open-

Nothing is more favorable to love than a little discord—as the frost makes

AT Dabster reduces everything to mathematics. He got married because kissing saves fifty percent on his sugar tax Old bachelors will please take notice.

AT A gentleman advertising for a wife says. 'It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of an accident occuring to her companion.'

Madam de Genlis, says somebody, written by male and female authors upon the same shelf 'Never do it.' said she, without putting a prayer book between

CROPS IN TRELAND.—The Irish journal, north, south, east, and even from the far west of Ireland, speak in the highest terms of the farmers' prospects. Agriculturists are unanimous in stating that the crops never bore a more encouraging appearance in any season within memory.

A FINE Boy .- A little fellow, not more thau five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line. An honest man's the noblect work of God, said he knew it wasn't true: his mother was better than any man that

HERBERT rings this pretty melody out of Loud ringing changes all our bells have married

Jangled they have and jarred So long, they're out of tune and out of frame; They seem not now the same. Put them in frame anew, and once begin To turn them so that they may all chaim in!

Why is a mushroom like a dandy? Be-

Love Defined.—The following dialogue friend of ours in Philadelphia: Cæsar, wot

too much drinkee: um tink ob young gal him make dam fool ob himself.

ATThere's a high old Deacon up at Weakegan who stands six feet six inches in his stockings, extremely pious, method... aged to rise with the lark—but the lark | ical, not over benevolent, a man of few words and very hard check, and although or any similar occupation. Milk is the rigid in enforcing family prayers, was nevbest food for infants, but curd should be er known to say grace at any meal in his avoided, nor should the child have its whey. Hife. His pastor, a rather odd stick him-Pie-crust is bad for child-en, and in the |self, was one day questioned Why Deacon of the priest which may not be accomplishtured accents, that the paper should be ground or fifty, for he is bound to come given back to him that he might tear it forth is either case. The coronar liberies is forth in either case. The coronar liberies is a which may not be accomplished accents, that the paper should be ground or fifty, for he is bound to come should never be broken.

On the priest which may not be accomplished accents, that the paper should be ground or fifty, for he is bound to come should never be broken.

On the priest which may not be accomplished accents, that the paper should be ground or fifty. For he is bound to come should never be broken. it's just like him to reach up and take it-