

# AMERICAN EAGLE.

W. H. PLEASANTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to Politics, Morality, Literature, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

VOLUME

LOUISBURG NORTH-CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

NO. 4

THE "AMERICAN EAGLE"

PUBLISHED BY  
WILLIAM H. PLEASANTS,  
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—The "American Eagle" will be sent to Subscribers for \$2.00 per annum, paid in advance. If payment be delayed, three months, and 300, at the expiration of six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding TEN lines will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A reasonable reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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## HOW TWO HOUSEHOLDS BECAME ONE.

Mrs. Benson was fat, fair and forty-four, when her husband, a soap-boiler in very good circumstances, was called from his life-task of contributing to the general purification of mankind. Mrs. Benson took refuge from her grief in a pretty cottage situated on the principal street in the town of A.

At first she was inconsolable; as she used to say, with a solemn emphasis, which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, that nothing but the thoughts of her daughter Florence would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention of poison.

Mrs. Benson was in no small measure indebted to her daughter—since in less than three months she threw aside her mourning and became as lively as ever.

Touching Florence, she had now reached the mature age of nineteen, and began to think herself marriageable. She was quite pretty, and tolerably well accomplished, so that her wishes in that respect were very likely to be fulfilled.

Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the village lawyer, just as about half a mile. Being a young man of agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a favorite among the young ladies in the neighborhood, and considered in common parlance, quite a 'catch.' As yet, however, his affections had never been seriously entangled and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning, of Florence Benson riding by on horseback.

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pretty. There upon he cultivated her acquaintance with increased assiduity, and after awhile asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative; and instead of referring him dutifully to her mother, hinted (being a romantic young lady) how charming it would be to steal away to the next town, and get married without anybody being the wiser.

Charles Markham caught at this hint which chimed with his own temperament, and resolved to adopt it.

In order that it might be carried out with perfect success it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other, until the day fixed, in order to ward off any suspicion which might otherwise be aroused.

So well were all these arrangements carried out, that Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on.

Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he had not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur.

'Sly dog, that Charles,' thought he to himself, as he sat before the fire in his dressing gown and smoking cap, leisurely puffing away at a choice Havana. 'But I don't wonder at it; he only takes after me. Still I owe him something for keeping it so secretly from me. It would be a good joke if I were a little younger, to eat him out and marry her in spite of him.'

Squire Markham, who was one of those jolly widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, struck out by chance as it were till he really began to think it worth something.

After all, 'shouted he, 'I am not so old either, or at least the ladies say so, and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I have been a bach, for a good while, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home and do the honors of my table and to help me keep that rascal Charles in order. Egad, I've half a mind to do it.'

Squire Markham took two more whiffs and exclaimed:

'I vow I, I'll do it!'

What this mysterious it was, we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movement. Ringing the bell he inquired of his servant:

'Is Charles at home?'

'No sir,' was the reply, 'he went out this morning and will be gone all day.'

'Hump! That'll do. So much the better for my purpose,' thought he when left alone.

'Now I shall have the ground left to myself. Let me see. The rascal intends running away next Thursday evening; and to-day is Monday. Nothing like striking while the iron's hot. I'll write to her in his name, telling her that I have altered my mind and will go just at dark to-morrow night. She won't suspect anything until the knot is tied, and then what a laugh we shall have!'

Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son, and looked no further. He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him, and indulged the following epistle:

Dearest Florence:—I find the day fixed for our elopement, on some accounts, objectionable, and would like, with your permission, to substitute to-morrow evening. If I hear nothing from you, I shall infer that you assent to the arrangement. I shall have a carriage in readiness under the oak tree, at half past eight o'clock. You can walk there without attracting suspicion, and as there will be no moon, we shall be able to carry out our plans without fear of discovery. I am happy to say that the governor doesn't suspect in the least, that a daughter-in-law is in store for him. Won't he be shammed? Your devoted

CHARLES.

'Egad!' said Squire Markham, laughing heartily, 'that isn't bad, especially about humming the ma.' Charles had written the letter in a little Irish boy in his employment, having first marked, private, in the corner.

'Be careful, Mike, to give it to Miss Benson, and don't let any one else see it, was the parting injunction.

Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet parlor, casting her eyes over a late number of Harper's Magazine. Florence being absent on a shopping excursion, she was left alone. The ringing of the bell brought her to the door.

With surprise she saw that the person who rang the bell was Mike, Squire Markham's 'boy of all work.'

'Please ma'am,' said he, holding out the missive, 'a letter for Miss Benson, an' it's very particular that no body else should see it.'

The air of mystery conveyed in this characteristic address aroused Mrs. Benson's curiosity, especially when she observed that it was addressed to her daughter and not to herself as she first supposed. She returned to the parlor not to read Harper's Magazine; that had lost its attractions.

'What in the world can it be,' she thought 'that they can be so secret about! Can Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence?' It may be something that I ought to know.

Stimulated by her feminine curiosity, Mrs. B. speedily concluded that she would be false to the responsibilities of a parent if she did not unravel the mystery.

'I think,' said she, 'I will open it, and if it shouldn't be anything particular, I can easily re-seal it, and Florence will still be none the wiser.'

This she accordingly did. What was her astonishment when the plan of elopement was discovered to her!

'Here's pretty doings!' she exclaimed, as soon as she could recover breath. 'So Florence was going to run away and get married to that Charles Markham, without so much as hinting a word to me.'

She leaned her head upon her hand and began to consider. She was naturally led to think of her own marriage with the late Mr. Benson, and the happiness of her wedded life, and she could not help heaving a sigh at the recollection.

'Am I always to remain thus solitary?' she thought, 'I've half a mind not to show this letter to Florence, but to run away with Charles to-morrow night on my own account. It's odd if I can't persuade him that the mother is as good as the daughter, and she glanced complacently at the still attractive face and form reflected from the mirror.

Just then she heard the door open and Florence entered. She quickly crumpled up the letter and thrust it into her pocket.

Florence and Charles did not meet during the succeeding day, chiefly in pursuance of the plan they had agreed to, in order to avoid suspicion.

Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner, to his son's thinking. Occasionally he would burst into a hearty laugh which he would endeavor to repress, and pass round down the room, as if to walk off his J. His superabundant hilarity.

'What's in the wind?' thought Charles of himself. 'It can't be the governor getting crazy! Something was the matter beyond a doubt. But what it was, he had not the faintest conjecture.

At the hour specified, the Squire had a carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously in the direction of Florence. At length a female form well clad up, made its appearance.

Thinking her in a very low whisper, he might be suspected that he was the wrong person, he helped her into the carriage and drove off. The destination was the house of the Justice of the Peace, residing at the distance of some eight miles.

During the first part of the journey nothing was said. Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity. At length Squire Markham, considering that after all he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before the marriage, decided to reveal himself, and to urge his own suit as well as he might.

'My dear Miss Florence,' he continued in his natural voice.

'Why! shrieked the lady, 'I thought it was Charles.'

'And I,' said Squire Markham, recognizing Mrs. Benson's voice, 'I thought it was with my daughter.'

'No; but I concluded it was you ma'am, who was meaning to elope with my son.'

'Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong; the affair coming incidentally to my knowledge, I concluded to take her place secretly, in order to frustrate her plan.'

'Egad, the very idea I had myself,' said the Squire, laughing; 'but the fact is, we were both of us been confoundedly sold, and the mischief of it is, I left a letter for Charles, letting him know it; so, undoubtedly he will take the opportunity, to run off with Florence during our absence, and plume himself, as rascal on the way in which I was taken in.'

'I confess that I left a note for Florence to the same purport. How she will laugh at it; what an embarrassment!'

'I'll tell you what,' said the Squire, after a moment's pause, 'we can carry out our plan after all. Each came out with the intention of getting married. Why not marry each other, and then you know, we can make him believe we had it in view all along, and by intended to frighten them.'

Mrs. Benson assented with a little urgency, and in course of an hour, the twain were one. They immediately returned, but found, as they anticipated, that Florence and Charles, on discovering their departure, had themselves stepped off in a different direction, with a similar intent.

They made their appearance the next morning prepared to laugh heartily at the frustrated plans of their parents, but learned with no little astonishment, that they had struck a bargain for themselves. Squire Markham and his new wife had the address to convince them that it was all a premeditated plan; and to this day the younger pair are ignorant of the plot and counterplot which led this double union of the two households.

MILKING YOUR COWS.—It is said that young cows, the first year they give milk may be made, with careful milking and good feeding milk almost any length of time and desired; but that if they are allowed to dry up early in the fall, they will, if they are a calf at the same season, dry up at the same time each succeeding year, and without extra feed will prevent it, and that a short time.

To catch Mice.—On going to bed, a few crumbs of cheese in your mouth, and with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

IT ISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in 'bringing up,' Let folks say what they will, To silver scour a pewter cup— It will be pewter still.

Even he of old, wise Solomon, Who said 'train up a child,' If I mistake not, had a son, Proved rattle brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass For lord of sea and land, May leave the training of a son, And bring him up full grand; May give him all the wealth of love, Of college and of school, But after all, may make no more Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by Penury, Upon her bitter bread, Whose road to knowledge is like that, The good to Heaven must tread. He's got a spark of Nature's Hell'll fan it to a flame. Till in its burning letters bright The world may read his name.

If it were all in 'bringing up,' In council and restraint, Some rascals had been honest men— I'd been myself a saint.

O! it isn't all in bringing up, Let folks say what they will; Neglect may dim a silver cup— It will be silver still.

IMPROMPTU ON THE NEW PERFUME.

'Kiss me quick—an inviting name!— Delicious the scent no doubt, Which all the beaux will now proclaim No belle should be without.

'Tis well to caution ladies all— Beware! if e'er you use it; The privilege that its name can grant— Could any man refuse it?'

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

A missionary, who sometimes wanders away down South, and takes a sly chance of endeavoring to enlighten the benighted darkies of that region, was riding along one Sunday morning in the neighborhood of a wealthy planter's quarters, when he saw a poor negro colored brother, sitting possible your cruel master compels you to labor on the Lord's holy day?'

'Oh, no, massa stranger; my massa's good man; he gib nigger far chance—gib him garden for himself. Dis all mine?' looking around with importance upon his little property.

'Worse and worse!' exclaimed the other rolling up his eyes. 'The ignorance of Egyptian bondage! Has he never taught you the sinfulness of working on the Sabbath?'

'Well you see, massa stranger, I nebbar know for 'twas sin far nigger hoe his own 'taters Sunday,' said Cudjo, scratching his head.

'A great sin, my colored brother; how can you expect the Lord to bless you, if you thus break his commandments?'

'What nigger gwine to do for 'taters den?' asked Cudjo, somewhat puzzled.

'Trust to providence, my unfortunate friend.'

'Dar! dar! you make mistake dat time, massa stranger. Dat Providence is the laziest nigger on dis plantation; he don't ever hoe his own 'tater patch, Yah? yah! yah! Providence, eh?'

The missionary rode off in disgust.

An Unfortunate editor in Kentucky, thus addresses his delinquent subscribers:—

'Friends, we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a barrelful, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jay-bird.'

'What sort of an economist is the man who chews ten dollars worth of tobacco in a year and stops his newspaper because he cannot afford to pay for it?'

CONUNDRUM FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

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A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.—Teacher—'Suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds in it, and kill three, how many would be left?'

John—'Three sir.'

Teacher—'No two would be left you ignorantus.'

John—'No there wouldn't; the three shot would be left, and the other two would be tied away.'

DE WAY TO CANAAN?

BLEACH. 'Dread,' teaches many DAVIS, ABRAHAM, through a dark me Feb. 13.

printed one is the

Wholesale Confectionaries by

A. BUTTS, JR.,

SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL H. MARKS, tress, and Syc. St. Petersburg, Va.

had gone to the land of Canaan, one inquires as follows:

'Uncle Tiff, where is land of Canaan?'

'De Lord—a-mercy, chile, dat ar's what I'd like to know myself. I's studdin' upon that. I's gwine to camp meetin' to find out. I's been to plenty of dem ar, and never could quite see clear. 'Pears like dey talk about everything else mo' dey does about dat—Dere's de Methodist, dey cut de Presbyterians, and de Presbyterians pitches into de Methodist and den both on 'em is down on de Piscopals. My ole miss' was a Piscopal, and I never seed any harm in it. An de Baptist think dey an't none on 'em right; and while dey's a blowin' out at each other dat ar' way, I's wonderin' whar's de way to Canaan?'

BOTH SIDES.

In the old time, in Philadelphia, the disciples in the faith of William Penn invariably wore the single breasted drab or snuff-colored coat, and were strict in their notion of having the buttons thereof on the left side of the coat aforesaid. At a dinner given by him, friend Elias Bressy had secured a big buck dorkie to 'tend table,' to whom he gave imperative orders to hand things to the guests at the left side.

'Thee will always know by their coat buttons Caesar, which is the left side.'

Among the guests was a French gentleman who wore a double breasted coat—a worldly garment. The dorkie, in handing the beverage, in a hurry, and without any intention, use—buttons on both sides, and handed the plate to the French guest over his head.—'Dat's de fust time I eber seed a man dat was left handed on boff sides ob his coat!'

'BITE OR BE DAMNED.'—A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, speaking of New England ministers, gives the following anecdote of Dr. Bellamy, which some of our preachers at the present day would do well to profit by:

'A young minister, who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success.—'Why, man,' said the Doctor, 'can't you take a lesson of the fisherman? How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook, and a fine line, you bait it carefully and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and humor your fish till you get him on shore. Now you get a great cod hook and rope line, and thrash it into the water and bawl out, 'Bite or be damned!'

A Pedestrian traveling in Ireland met a man, and asked him rather gruffly why the miles were so plaguy long, when the Hibernian replied, 'You see, yer honor, the roads are not in good condition, so we give very good measure.'

A Captain being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner who in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. 'Oh,' was the elegant reply, 'never mind me, ma'am I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing.'

A connoisseur happened to be in a celebrated artist's studio, an animated discussion arose as to the color of immaterial objects. 'Thus,' said the one, 'how would you color a tempest, supposing there were no clouds?'

'Why,' replied the artist, promptly, 'I should say—the storm rose and the wind blue!'

A poor paddy, who was on his death-bed, and who was not quite reconciled to the long journey before him, was consoled by a friend with the common observation, that we must all die once. 'Why, honey,' answered Paddy, 'that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half-a-dozen times, I should not mind it.'

To KILL YOUR ENEMIES.—Treat them to rot-gut whiskey.