

AMERICAN EAGLE

W. H. PLEASANTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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TERMS.—The "American Eagle," will be sent to subscribers for \$2.00 per annum in advance, and \$3.00 if payment is made in three installments, and \$3.00 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. Unreasonable reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked with the number of sections desired, will be continued until ordered to be taken out, and charged accordingly.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY.

Yes—that is the question? The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest—we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling and asking questions; in short, overturning the piece of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cock can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new sauce-pan. If he goes into the woodshed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he is sent up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks or miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resort for keeping up a commotion that the abundant vitality of each can originate. Can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown—and Janney Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new whoop learned from Tom Evans. He, Peas, large and valorous; he has learned to be a boy, and has a general impression of growing immensely strong and powerful to despise more than ever the conventional of parlor life; in fact, he is more than an interruption in the way of decent conversation, he is a nuisance.

It is true, that if entertaining devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and he is at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back, What is to be done with him? But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley torped off and neglected; many a parental heart ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but if not laid aright will come back, by-and-by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a MAN-child—a MAN-child.

There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, 'What shall we do with Charley?'

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can persuade, coax, and turn him, to your pleasure you can make his eyes light, his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short you can mould him, if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little, round chin, and all the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key of his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude, busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is human warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you let him stay there.

God's admonition. 'O, how many a mother who has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not. Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs all the day comes when the parents want their son, and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon Helmbold's Genuine Preparation. For diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsy.

READ! READ! READ!—'Ye Afflicted' read the following certificate of a cure of over 20 years' standing: LEWISBORG, Pa. Jan. 23, 1858.

H. T. HELMBOLD—Dear Sir: I have been troubled with an affliction of the Bladder and Kidneys for over twenty years. I have tried physicians in vain, and at last concluded to give your Genuine Preparation a trial, as I had heard it highly spoken of. It afforded me immediate relief. I have used three bottles, and I have obtained more relief from its effects and feel much better than I have for twenty years previous. I have the greatest faith in its virtues and curative powers, and shall do all in my power to make it known to the afflicted. I have used it for an hour while you are talking, and in a corner he may build a block-house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and it costs you more than a cent to care to regulate him there, balance what is the greatest evil—to be disturbed by him now or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good woman, your presence is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound and make all the litter his heart desires, and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weight well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we know, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of hours he may innocently spend sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable

resource for various purposes, nor must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, (which he will do of course) if he does nothing worse. A cheap paintbox, and some engravings to color, is another; and if you will give him some real paint and putty to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley is to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him.—Independent.

A SERIO-COMICO SCENE—FIGHT BETWEEN TWO ST. VITUS DANCERS.

Rather a peculiar incident of a serio-comico character occurred, a day or two ago, between two unfortunates afflicted to a more than usual degree with St. Vitus Dance. Their heads and arms by the weakness of unstrung nerves, jerked about as strangely and as wildly as if they were in constant connection with the poles of a powerful battery. Their appearance was grotesque, and to one unaware what they suffered, the effect would have been ludicrous in the extreme. These two persons met, or rather one observed the other purchasing something of a female from a market wagon, and as totally ignorant of his neighbor's singular affliction as the other was of his; he thought of course the fellow was mocking him. A flush overspread his cheeks as he saw the head of the other jerk, and detected a singular sort of leer directed, as he thought, to him, and St. Vitus No. 1 bit his lip and was silent.—Jerk, jerk, went his head, and No. 2 swore a suppressed oath at the d-d scoundrel who was making game of him, and jerk, jerk followed his own. No. 1 then walked up to No. 2, unable to suppress his rage longer, his face, while No. 2 took occasion to remark that No. 1 was a dirty dog.

Don't mock me, you villain, I'll put you in the gutter!' roared No. 1.

Don't you mock me,' echoed No. 2, 'I know your name, and I'll punch your head.'

Here they both tried to look steady and fierce in each other's eyes, but their unfortunate heads both flew to the same side, and their optics blinked terribly. Human patience could not endure this, and 'take that!' fell from the tongues of both, as two blows were simultaneously struck, one upon the cheek and the other upon the forehead of the defeated victims.

For soon as the blow passed, each saw the other still mocking, as he thought, and he seized them.

'So do it again, will you?' and bang went the head of both upon each other's crowns, again and again. They were in close collision during like tigers. Each time they looked they saw the supposed mocking, and they roared the row with more than previous energy. They finally got down into the gutter, and were rolling, and pummeling each other madly, when some peace-maker parted them, and asked them why they were fighting. The reason gave was of course that the other was mocking him; but as the gentleman who interfered knew them both, he explained how they were deceived.

The poor fellows could not at first believe their own ears, and at the expense of their eyes, but were finally convinced of their fault and their error, and shook hands, while they jerked out their mutual apologies as profuse as they had their denunciations a few moments before.—Cin. Enquirer.

A PRINTER IN COURT.

A suit came on the other day, in which a printer named Keivy was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came between two men named Brown and Henderson.

'Mr Keivy, did you witness the affair referred to?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, what have you to say about it?'

'That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen in some time.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period to Brown's breathing for about half a minute. The court comprehended the matter at once and fined the defendant fifty dollars.'

DREAMER.

When did they name the sleeper then? When when she named of home? She seemed to tread a path of flowers in flowery fields to roam;— Here, Fancy showed the grand old hills, shielded by the hand of Heaven, To shield the flows and purring rills From chilling winds at even.

Again she waved her fairy rod; Another scene arose— The dreamer saw the hill where stood The church, in deep repose; Off at the bell, she'd entered there, And trod the well known aisle— Off heard the tones of heart-felt prayer, Or met the friendly smile.

She saw the churchyard's mossy mounds, The gravestones white and fair— She heard the many peaceful sounds That fill the country air; The lowing herd—the tinkling bell— The boatman's winding horn— And distant music's dreamy swell, On evening's breeze borne.

But now, more dear than all the rest; Her home before her lay— And like the bird that seeks its nest, She sped along the way. Each object known in former years, Seemed smiling in her view, As oft she dashed away the tears, That fond remembrance drew.

She gained the threshold, and the voice Of loved ones met her ear, They bade her trembling heart rejoice, And soothed each anxious fear; She felt the thrilling joys that seem To mix meeting friends to flow— When lo, the intruder broke her dream, And woke her to her woe!

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE.

The following beautiful passage is by Miss Anne Irving:

made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us to-day, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the South of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North, they float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty.

Winter with us hath none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms; but it has also its long interval of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance. And the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life; and the splendor of summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy plumes of sunlit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its guests of tempests of almost tropical grandure;—when the forked lightning and bellowing thunder-volley from the battlements of heaven shake the sultry atmosphere, and the sublime melancholy of our Autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of a woodland country yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may say that in our climate. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge.'

DESPISE NOT THY MOTHER.

Despise not thy Mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it sets forth in its might. It is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. Alas! how little we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we in the path of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone—when the coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us ourselves—how few will befriend us in the coming season, and continue to us the facture Candy of all kinds and will keep on the Parties supplied at the shortest Notice. MILLER & PEACE. Petersburg, Aug. 25th, 1858.

SHORT SERMON.

'My friends, sin makes the puttiest young man or woman look ugly-ah. And I'll tell you how I know-ah. As I was coming up the church to-day I saw some men in the

young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And as I drew nigh unto them I discovered that they were playing marbles-ah, and they all drew nigh unto the place they called law and they marveled-ah.

And this purty young man was the last to marvel-ah. And when he marveled he jumped up and flapped his hands like a rooster does his wings and says he: 'I wish I may be d—if I hain't fat-ah.'

And oh, my friends, then I thought he was the ugliest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And I spake unto him thus: Young man, this is not the way to salvation.'

And says he. Old hoss, if you had been salvated as bad as I have, you woudn't want to hear talk of salvation.'

And now my friends, when that young man said that he was fat, he was lean as that hungry looking sister over thar, that's always praying so piously when the hat's being passed round ah.

And my friends-ah, if that young man had not been blinded by sin he never could have mistook me for an old hoss.

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board on a field upon his estate, on which was printed, 'I will give this field to any man who is contented.' He soon had an applicant.

'Well, sir, are you a contented man?'

'Yes sir, very.'

'Then what do you want with my field?'

'My son, Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?'

'Well yes, father, if a half dime is as large in everybody's eyes as it is in yours I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times.'

An old Carolinian once said: 'I was born the last day in the year, and the last day in the week, very late in the day, and have always been behind hand. I believe it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket if I had not been born at all.'

An exchange says, that it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising. True as preaching. Our business folks can stick pins there.'

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this, and found if the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

'Tis fashion that makes cewards of us all. A belle's face in the bonnet of a score of years since, was like a rose at the bottom of a coalscuttle. Now it stands forth from her bonnet, like that rose bursting from the bud.

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his intention to blow out his brains with a bellows.

An old woman lately fell off of a house as she was sweeping the gutter. On being taken up she applied her hand to her pocket, with the romantic observation, 'Musha, I wonder if my pipo broke?'

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them at that time will require answering.

A love-sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own.

A pipe, like a quack medicine, is nothing till it is puffed.

The man who lowered his voice, didn't let it down by ropes.