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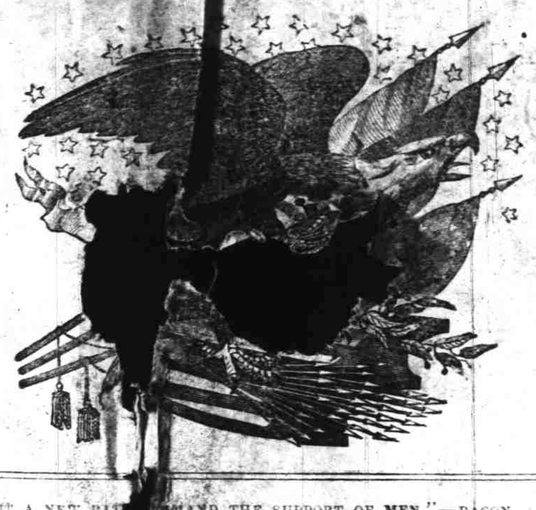

"ENTERPRISE STRIKETH OUT A NEW PA[TH] AND THE SUPPORT OF MEN."—BACON.

VOL. 6. LOUISBURG, NORTH CAROLIN[A] SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860. NO. 15

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PUBLISHER.

TERMS.

The AMERICAN EAGLE is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum if paid in advance; two fifty if paid within six months, and three if payment be delayed until the end of the year. Any person sending us six subscribers, accompanied with the cash, will be entitled to one years subscription of the paper without charge.

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Advertisements will be inserted at $1,00 per square (ten lines or less) for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.—Those who advertise by the year will be entitled to the usual discount. Professional cards, not over five lines, will be inserted at $5,00 per annum or $3,00, or twelve months for Station.

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JUST PUBLISHED, A NEW EDITION OF
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BY ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.,

Author of "The Green Book," &c.

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This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

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April 14th, 1860. 45

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January 25, 19

From the Northwestern Christian Adv.

GAMBLING AND INTEMPERANCE—THE RESULT.—BY J. H. GREEN.

About thirty years ago, a few honest, persevering men established a line of steamers to run on the Western waters.—The enterprise was one of vast importance, and Providence seemed to favor the selection of men capable of the task. Two of the leading men were thorough-going business men, and managed well their department, and soon enlisted others equally qualified in the management of the boats. The former partners not being blessed with families from which they could occasionally fill a vacant office, were liberal in extending their favors to such young men as they deemed worthy, while the latter introduced their sons and other relatives.—Prosperity crowned their success, and even small stockholders were made rich. No pains were spared to please every personal department of the traveling community by the officers of this line, from the captain to the cabin boy; from the time the boat left her mooring at one port, until she discharged the passengers and freight at her port of destination, each filled the office assigned. And now for the moral of their indulgence in gambling and intemperance.

Captain S——, one of the most prominent of the firm, was an old kneel boatman and, by all who knew him, was known as second to no man as a pilot or commander. To him was assigned the command of the first-class boat of the line. To Captain ——, No 2 of the first class. The commission business of the line was carefully conducted by two others of the firm equally qualified in their departments. Gardiverchen, at this date, were the indulgence of gambling and intemperance.

As the managers of these boats were men of iron constitution, and used to the hardships of the keel and flat boat life, they naturally gave out to men of their own class of moral education, the most lucrative offices, such as pilots, mates, etc. As the business increased, new boats were placed on the line, and captains of social qualifications selected. Among the first of these was captain E—— by birth and education a gentleman. Captain E—— as much beloved by all who knew him, indulged in all the varieties of the card, but as he had been differently educated, the dissipated habits of his young companions soon made him a victim to a premature death. His place was filled by another, and his name soon forgotten. A second, a third, and numberless were followed in his tracks, and were cut off by death, or had to abandon their office for want of temperate and moral qualifications to fill them. Nor was the curse confined to the line of steamers themselves—its counting rooms of their merchants were infected, and one youth after the other dropped like the sear leaves of autumn.

At this time the school of gambling and intemperance was kindly fostered upon the waters. And what was still more revolting, the gray headed father, the counselor of one, might frequently be seen seated at the same gambling table with his reckless sons, contending for the mighty stake, each disgusting their audience (even gamesters themselves) with their wild imprecations and vicious manifestations toward each other.

One of these, a beautiful child was placed in charge of the bar on his fathers steamer at an infantal age and size, and taught to swear, drink liquor and gamble. Grown to manhood, intellectually or physically, the son was not equal to his father, who, we repeat, by nature a good-hearted, upright man only for the want of a better, and more education, prevented from being capable of filling some of the highest and well-served offices of the nation.

He boy (now a man in his own estimation) was bright and won the hand of a beautiful and highly respected young lady in the city of his nativity, and became the owner of her life in the joys and sorrows of earth. The indulgent father, immediately after his marriage, bought a fine steamer and placed him as captain, to run in connection with the other boats of the line. One trip proved his incapacity, and immediately a change of business was proposed by the father, and accepted by the son.—His was no other than the keeping of a gambling and drinking saloon, in connection with the notorious Captain John Howard, who, some years since, was assassinated by a gambler at St. Louis, and whose wife (a deeply-injured woman) a few years previous to his demise, while under the influence of delirium, cut the throat of his paramour, in the city of Cincinnati. Howard and his young friend soon disagreed and desolved partnership, the youth still persisting in his course of dissipation and villainy. He was now a father, a curse to his family, and a moral pestilence to society. His father now saw his error in the education of his son, and with despair ceased furnishing the means for him to gratify his profligate nature. The unfortunate wife of the trained villian was obliged to return to her father's house for protection against the ill usage of her youthful husband. At this stage of the drama another accession to the now young fiend made herself notorious; it was his mother. The morals of her life, up to this period, had not been the most pure, but had been clearly proved in the misfortune of her only daughter, a short time after the marriage of her son. The complaints of the reckless son to the mother of his misfortunes, of the close fisted treatment of his father, incited in her bosom a still deeper interest, and she took a stand in the son behalf, the father still doing what he thought his duty to do, and holding out great property inducements for the reformation of his boy. The second son was now the old man's hope, and the two fallen children, the preference of the mother. The daughter became the wife of a respectable young man, and this still added to the advantage of the profligate son, through the designing mother, which, it was now placed beyond all cavil, had not the moral interest in her husbands' welfare that her position as a wife and mother should have had. This fact being evident, occasioned Captain S—— much trouble of mind, and the dark hours of his existence appeared to be rapidly closing around him [illegible] the fiendish plot of which [illegible] spoken. But his [illegible] will show.

During the terrible scourge of the cholera in 1849, when death was busy over the Western states, and the city where he resided was cursed beyond a parallel, while trembling in fear of the ravages of the disease upon his family, he seated himself and wife, daughter and her child, and some other friends at his table, to take tea when his fiendish son took the opportunity offered and placed arsenic in the coffee pot, and by this terrible crime the illegitimate child of incest, and a very worthy lady were killed, and the remainder of the family barely escaped the horrible death after protracted sickness.

Young S—— was arrested, and, after an imprisonment in the county jail, was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Ohio State prison. The daughter was now a widow and the mother of several children, and lived with her parents in luxury and ease, yet not satisfied. Became [illegible] with another woman's husband, [illegible] same at the time a partner in a gambling saloon with the younger brother, who was following closely in the footsteps of the elder, left her children with her mother, and ran away with him—he leaving his family destitute. [illegible] outrage, although the desolation of her mother against [illegible] will of the father, to have her children [illegible] to her. The expense of traveling and high life, soon brought her back to her father's [illegible] leaving her children with her "[illegible] lord" for protection. The father resolutely and wisely too, refused her any countenance in carrying out her base designs. The mother here interposed, but all to no effect as Captain S—— still declined furnishing funds for such a base purpose. About this time this favor was requested. Captain S—— [illegible] it was determined from part of the [illegible] a few days, during which time he was suddenly attacked by a severe pain in the [illegible] but was on her way to his home, and as soon as she arrived, his physician ordered him carried to his house;—this was done. It was found upon unlocking it that the [illegible] since the dying man was a patient in [illegible] house was without fire, tenant or furniture, and even his money, when but a few days previous was so well furnished did not contain a cent upon which he could borrow this sum. He was taken back to his boat and there in the [illegible] born of the boatman. He breathed his last without the presence of his wife, or a virtuous friend to wipe from his brow that clammy dew-drops of death, or receive his frigid hand one friendly grasp, or breathe one soft, consoling word in his ear.

Thus closed the life of Captain S—— leaving with it a terrible warning to those of the company as well as his numerous friends. To such the silent glass the cards knave, and other paths of vice and crime, loathsome as they must, by this time, feel that the "way of the transgressor is hard." But Captain S—— is not the only one of this company from [illegible] moral lesson may be derived, and time and room forbid us from bringing the public. But we leave the subject present for a subsequent article, hoping the object we have in view, that of these facts before the reader, which are notorious to millions may never be [illegible] as long as one single moral benefit can be derived from their perusal.

A CHILD'S DREAM.

The beams of a gloriously setting sun rested on the form of a lady as she kneeled in prayer. She was young and lovely, and though an angel's beauty was on her brow, a human sorrow was in her heart. The hands were clasped convulsively, tears rolled down her cheeks (those bitter tears which we forbade to wipe away,) as she wrestled with the angel of the covenant for a blessing. At length she arose comforted, exclaiming: How sweet it is to say, 'thy will be done.'

Near an open window, on a sofa, supported by pillows, lay a boy apparently about six years of age. Dark curls clustered round his brow, the fringed curtains of his eyelids rested on a cheek flushed with fever, one little hand lay on his breast as he slept rising and falling to a heavy, quick respiration. The weeping mother seated herself with her bible beside him. She gazed on her child with an expression which seemed to pour forth a heart's agony in a glance. Her hands were clasped in prayer as she reclined in her chair. The sun sank to rest; the stars came out in a dark blue sky; the moon began her circuit in the heavens, and poured her silver light into the room, giving the tracery of each leaf or moving branch in delicate penchings on the floor. The mother's sad holy quiet—in hopeful submission to [illegible] with the Father of her [illegible] surpassingly lovely, she exclaimed, as [illegible] own nursling, she passed her [illegible] over his forehead. He opened his eyes!—"Is this the border where am I? Is this my room? It must have been a dream! Oh! why did I wake?"

"What was it, my love? Cannot tell me?"

The child remained wrapped in thought.—"Cannot tell me, dear one?" said the mother bending down and kissing him.

"I will try—I hope never to forget it, dear mamma. You know I was very tired of sitting up, when you laid me on the sofa—the cool wind came over my face, and the honeysuckle smelt very sweet. I think I must have slept. My heart beating better, my breathing easier; it seems I felt quite well—lighter—clearer—happier! oh! never happier than I ever was before! Everything looked so beautiful and [illegible] without knowing it, I was moving upward through the air, in a bright pathway of light, with clouds of rose color, and crimson, and purple, and gold piled up on either side, so high—oh! so high I could see no end to them.

"Then I began to hear music; and saw angels in the air, and approached a city—so glorious—the new Jerusalem, mamma, that you were reading about—and saw many persons walking all clothed in white with some things of a silvery brightness. 'Oh! I am in heaven at last!' I said; 'How I have prayed to be here!' 'Yes,' some one replied, who seemed to be standing beside me but so gorgeous I could see only look at him, 'those prayers are all recorded here.' laying his hand on a large book. 'Had they anything to do with my getting here?' 'Most; they were presented by the great Intercessor.' 'Oh! who is that so bright and beautiful?' 'Samuel, the prophet of the Lord.' He does not need to pray now, I said. 'No; here prayer is lost in praise.'

"I cannot describe to you 'mamma, the beauty and the glory of the place—its rest and the joy I felt. 'Oh! that dear mamma was here.' I cried. 'Am in Christ's kingdom, the glorious city,' said he, as he [illegible] on my head. 'Then I must be [illegible] to the universe, and there is [illegible] of sorrow, or pain, or [illegible]' But I miss you and [illegible] Mamma, who [illegible] by prayers of Saints will [illegible]

The mother has placed [illegible] and the [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] appear. The tears of [illegible] [illegible] cheeks, which [illegible] the [illegible] number of the dying child. [illegible] had such an [illegible] more pure, more [illegible] more meet for heaven. The only [illegible] in youthful death, is to [illegible] the [illegible] of suffering, when the bright spirit within, sheds a [illegible] over every feature. This mild advice, intelligent, spiritualized—telling us redemption near, so [illegible] bitterness in the bright hopes and sweet promises of the Gospel. Every day [illegible] or reads him, and at his request, he was laid on the sofa that he might see 'brighter worlds on high;' and enjoy the beautiful vision which St. John beheld on the Isle of Patmos.

One Sabbath afternoon, the Scriptures read to him seemed more than usually precious; 'now lay me on the sofa.' The drooping head was pillowed with care and love, the fragile limbs laid in easy repose, with holy reverence and closed eyes he said: 'Now sit down, mother, and let us think of heaven! perhaps I may see the Saviour!'

'One kiss first, my darling; for there is less of earth than heaven in that sweet face.'

Again the mother sat in quiet submission at the footstool of Divine mercy; a cloud at length broke from before the moon, and a flood of silver radiance illuminated the chamber. The mother bent over her child—the pure spirit that fled! Could she weep for one so blessed? The glories of Heaven had been seen by him first with the eye of fancy then of faith, but now face to face?

The child's dream will form an epoch, even in eternity, to him and his mother.

J. D. F.

CHASE AND CAPTURE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Alta California, in account of an expedition against the Indians of Honey Lake Valley by Col. Lander, of the wagon road expedition, narrates the particulars of the chase and capture after a gallant resistance, of an Indian chief who had ventured away from his companion He says:

'At a given signal two of our most skillful riders started in full chase after the Indian and in open view of the enemy upon the hill The fugitive no sooner saw our men in pursuit his comrades on the hill saw his peril, but dared not come to his relief. We counted cannon, but they [illegible] Indians emerge from the wood beyond its mouth. Just at this time the fugitive turned and fired upon the foremost of his pursuers, who saw his object and threw himself dexterously over on the opposite side of his horse (as the Spaniards,) the ball passing harmlessly over the horse. The rider then raised and fired bringing the Indian to his knees with a ball from his revolver. As he rode up, the savage clutched at the rope hanging from the horse's neck; the rider again drew his pistol and fired. The ball entered the neck of the Indian, who held his grip, and with his dying gasp gave the war-whoop, which was answered by his comrades from the hill, who dared not come to his relief. A rope was then tied around his leg and he was dragged into camp. The dead savage was recognized by the Rangers as 'Big Jim,' a noted warrior of the Snake Creek band, one of the murderers of Mr. Adams; and the leader of the parties who had made their incursions into the valley.'

☞ Time an edge is old enough to be allowed repose, but yet it ought not to be buried—Talking of 'absence of mind,' said the Rev. Sydney Smith, 'the oddest instance happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London, and asked if Mrs. B. was at home. 'Yes, sir.—Pray what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished—what is my name?—I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true, and during the space of two or three minutes, I had no more idea who I was than if I never existed. I did not know whether I was dissenter or a layman; I felt as Sterne and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith. I heard, also, of a clergyman who went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir! for what?' asked the turnpike man. 'Why, my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, Sir.' 'No horse! bless me,' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.'

☞ A traveling gent, passed a farm, saw a boy at work in the corn field by the road side [illegible] [illegible] turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth:

'Say, son, whose farm is this?'

'Dicks,' was the laconic reply.

'Does your father raise any stock?'

'Yes, tons uv 'em.'

'What sort?' continued the stranger.

'Corn stocks, mostly,' was the reply, as he proceeded to finish a hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way musing.

UNLOADING A BRICK.

Dan Jones has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds too many bricks in his hat. One night he came home tight, and not very much astonished, but father frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She smiled when he came in. That also, she always does 'You staid out so late,' she said, that I feared you had been taken sick.'

'Hic—ain't sick wife, but don't you think I'm little—hic—tight?'

'A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends, you say, you mus join them in a social glass once in a while.'

'Wife you are too good—the fact is I am d—drunk.'

'Oh, no, indeed, my dear, I am sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now, suppose you take a glass of scotch ale with me just as a night cap, my dear.'

'You are too kind, my dear, by half. I know I'm d—drunk.'

'Oh, no, only a julep too much love, that's all. Well, take a glass of ale, at any rate, it cannot hurt you, dear. I want one myself before I retire.'

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side board, she put into one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed that one with a most bewitching smile to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind to him when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips, then hesitated.

'Dear, won't you just [illegible] another? said he.

Suspicion vanished. [illegible] and all down the throat of the [illegible] band. After spitting out the [illegible] the lady finished her glass. [illegible] no hurry to

She fixed a foot tub of water before an easy chair, for which he was curious to know the reason. A few minutes later a gulp, and a splurge from the throat of the husband gave the answer.

The brick was gone when he arose from the easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

LADIES AND LOOKING GLASSES.

To my mind looking-glasses are the greatest enemies ladies have; they ought all to be broken to everlasting smash. It isn't that they are false, for they ain't; they will reflect the truth if they are allowed. But, unfortunately, truth never looks into them. When a woman consults her glass she wishes to be pleased; she wants to be flattered, and to be put on good terms with herself, so she treats it as she would her lover; she goes up to it all smiles, looking as amiable and as beautiful as she can. She assumes the most winning air; she gazes at the image with all the affection she can call up, her eyes beam with intelligence and with love, and her lips appear all a woman could wish or a man covet. Well, in course the mirror gives back that false face to its owner, as it receives it; it ain't fair, therefore to blame it for being unfaithful; but as ladies can't use it without deceiving themselves why total abstinence from it would be better. Now, people may deceive themselves if they had a mind to but they can't go on forever. Time will tell tales. Whatever year a girl is born in she has cotemporaries; when she looks at them and sees that they are ageing, or the worse for the wear, she tries to recall the days of her youth, and finds that they are lost in the distance, and when she sees her school fellows and playmates married and parents themselves, all the glasses in the world fail at last to make her believe she is still young.—*The Season Ticket.*

TURNING A BLESSING INTO A CURSE.

One of the preachers writes, that some of the members of his congregation are distilling the fruit with which a bountiful Providence has blessed them, and are thus turning a blessing into a curse. He should remonstrate with them, and pray for them. But if they persist in making brandy and whiskey, they should be expelled from the church. Mild, kind, but firm and inexorable discipline should be brought into effect upon all such offenders. There is no place in the church of God for distillers; let them be reformed, or expelled at all hazzards.—A few that are faithful are better than a multitude whose influence is paralyzed by an Achan.—*N. C. Ch. Advocate.*