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Poetical.

Here is some poetry which bears machine poetry, and worse than "poetry run mad."

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As where the lowly meadow meets the sky;
And down the hill the happy meadow steers
The dew on its thin robe hangs heavy and cold;
And he who walks the daisies and the clover
To the Columbia, happy land!
For where the meadow meets the sky
The dew on its thin robe hangs heavy and cold;
And he who walks the daisies and the clover
To the Columbia, happy land!

And when the sun is shining bright
And the dew is on the meadow
The dew on its thin robe hangs heavy and cold;
And he who walks the daisies and the clover
To the Columbia, happy land!

SONG—A THINK OF THIS.

The following poetic gem, from Graham for November, is one of the most polished pen of the Friends of the Louisville Journal:

I think of thee when eve's last blush
Falls mournfully on heart and eye;
Or when the moon's first glimmer
In the sky is seen;
My thoughts are thine 'mid toil and strife,
Ay, thine—forever thine—my life
Is but a living thought of thee.

Miscellaneous.

THE REIGNING BELLE OF PARIS.

An eloquent, recently, has made some noise in Paris. To understand it, we must trace a little the history of the parties.

A very distinguished Oriental scholar, who commanded a youth and a considerable fortune, died at the age of twenty-eight, leaving behind him a young Greek girl of eleven or twelve years of age.

This child was his own, though not by the very easy and simple tenure of matrimony. Authentic documents established the fact that the unfortunate father had not allowed his daughter to be married, and she had remained in his house, a feeling of pity for her, and a benevolent desire to see her prospered, he had taken her into his house, and she had become a part of his family.

The child was named Zoa. She was a beautiful girl, and she had a great deal of talent. She was educated in the best manner, and she had a great deal of knowledge. She was a very accomplished scholar, and she had a great deal of knowledge. She was a very accomplished scholar, and she had a great deal of knowledge.

and started on his mission with most of his thoughts sickening fast to his painful duties.

The remainder of the story is of the ordinary succession of events. The lovely Zoa became instantly the rage amid the troop of dancing beauties who followed the Countess from Paris. Handsome young men awakened in her mind no natural aversion, she danced with one and another, and was irresistibly happy—poor child! Time flew as it never before even intimated that it could fly. Letters announced that the distinguished scholar was expected. The telegraph brought the news of his coming, with a regret that he could not come on the same wire. Rail cars did their best and brought him. He rushed to the Countess, and she was in a state of consternation. Zoa was missing!

Had been gone twenty-four hours. No trace. Conduct hitherto irreproachable.

Hadn't left a sign of an explanatory letter.

Pressure of her form in the bed precisely as she left. She string found at the garden gate.

Temporary aberration of the intellect, perhaps.

Time alone. Trust meekly in Heaven.

MUSIC OF WINTER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only just under your ear when your thoughts become languid. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

MUSIC OF WINTER.

And the frost too, has a melodious minstrelsy, you will hear its soft notes in the clear night, as if the moon beams were splintering arrows on the ground; and you listen to it more earnestly than it is the going on of one of the most of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hidden its principles yet from the inquiring gaze of the philosopher; and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is to find a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the morning sun will beat its rays upon the snow.

The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the slightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour you will hear music. The foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered about clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merry—but to one who goes in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasure to hear the soft rustle of the leaves as they are blown down by the wind.

CANNOT TAKE NOTE OF TIME.

The following lines were written by the Hon. W. S. Spencer, and sent to a young lady on the morning after he had prolonged a visit to her to a late hour:

To late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded long the minutes flew,
For noiseful falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!

What eyes with clear account remarks
Unobserved the glances of the eye,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Or who to sober measurement
Confesses, or were less than his brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.

The Jews who were in the temple uttered a piercing cry of horror, when they first beheld the fire issuing from that sanctuary, which they esteemed as the most august of places, and the most sacred of which they had lately associated their strongest hopes of deliverance from the arms of their heathen invaders. The terrified spectators in the city retraced their steps, and saw the smoke of the holy temple enveloped in flames; and many, whose strength and power of utterance had been almost destroyed by the fame, opened their lips in such a shriek of uncontrollable anguish, as to excite the round Jerusalem echoed the dreadful tumult which was made by the noise of the irresistible flames, the crash of falling buildings, the shouts of the infuriated legions, and the groans of those who sought refuge in the hitherto unexplored fields of science and literature.

What is THOUGHT?—A fountain from which floweth good and evil intentions; a mental fluid in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenues; yet in the controlling power of all animated matter and the chief mainspring of all our actions.

What is REASON?—A faithful, a dangerous substance to the soul; but a vain and harmless show to the conscientious, honest and upright.

What is FORTUNE?—A capricious dame who smiles and frowns at will; who is good for nothing, while others more unworthy, are the recipients of her bounties without their solicitation.

What is FAME?—A beautiful enveloper that morally, presenting a glittering and polished sheen, the appearance which gives no certain insight of the real value of what is contained therein.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

What is LOVE?—The honey of existence; really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

What is HAPPINESS?—A butterfly that roves from flower to flower, in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude, in the vain hope of obtaining the prize; yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is FAME?—A fierce and unconquerable steed, that bears its rider onward in the high road of ambition; but after throwing him with such a fall that he rarely ever recovers.

What is CRIME?—A wretched vagabond, travelling from place to place in a fruitless endeavor to escape justice, who is constantly engaged in hot times the companion of poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is JUSTICE?—A pair of scales in which the actions of mankind is often weighed; the true weight being brought up by power and wealth, while others that are incorrupt are subjected to the heavy yoke of a public mind, where various kinds of mischief are coined and extensively circulated among the more despicable of the human race.

What is WISDOM?—A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when taken at the discretion of others; but when used at your own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is KNOWLEDGE?—A key that unravels all mysteries, and which unlocks the entrance, discovers new and unseen and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored fields of science and literature.

What is TRUTH?—A fountain from which floweth good and evil intentions; a mental fluid in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenues; yet in the controlling power of all animated matter and the chief mainspring of all our actions.

THE COQUETTE.

New, pray, sir, do be quiet,
I seek what you mean;
Indeed, my glossy ringlets
Are shaking to be seen.
A kiss! well, did you ever
Hear of so bold a man?
I didn't think you'd get it,
That, sir, if you can.
How dare I—vow he's going—
Come, that will never do!
O, my dear, dear Charles—don't go away;
I'm not much vexed—are you?
There! there, you needn't eat me;
But pray, remember this—
If you must ask silly questions,
That sometimes no—means yes!

NEVER DESPAIR.

Major Noah, of the New York Sunday Times, remarks:

"Never despair," says the millionaire, buttoning up his coat pockets, and addressing a shrewd merchant. "Never despair," says the prosperous banker through his buttery cheeks, to a ruined bankrupt merchant. "Never despair," says the flourishing man to his much less fortunate neighbor. It is a golden battery in the struggle with life; but while its application is very simple, it is never easy. It is a declaration of war made to the world.

We remember one instance of two unfortunate kicking care and despondency to their progenitor, the evil one, and doing so with success.

Two decayed young men of spirit, who had been chased into a gallop by want, all the way from the Mississippi to the Hudson river, arrived in New York one rainy Sunday morning in December. They were then landing from a boat in which they had been working their passage, and they sat down upon the end of the wharf.

"Well, what shall we do for a lodging," inquired one of them.

"Don't know—do you?"

"No, no, take a walk."

Shabby and dirty, they strolled along Broadway, until they reached a mean looking drinking shop—here they entered, imbibed their last six-pence in beer, and commenced reading the papers.

"Oh," exclaimed one, as his eye glanced over the advertisement of a twenty-five dollar address for the carrier of this paper—all competitors are to hand in their contributions by to-morrow evening."

"Well," said the other.

"I'll try for the prize."

"Evan I, Landlord, can you lend me a few sheets of paper, pen and ink?"

The articles were furnished, and the scrivener worked in silence four long hours, at the end of which he shouted:

"It's done!"

The matter was read and approved. It was carried to the office. The couple walked the streets all that night, and a great portion of the next day, until the time of the decision affecting their fortunes.

The result of the contest was as follows: The prize was a twenty-five dollar address for the carrier of this paper—all competitors are to hand in their contributions by to-morrow evening."

"Well," said the other.

"I'll try for the prize."

"Evan I, Landlord, can you lend me a few sheets of paper, pen and ink?"

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ODDS AND ENDS.

SMART CHILDREN.—The greatest objection to smart children is, that when they commence having whiskers, they lose off having brains. Boys that are heads at twenty-one, are generally block-phleggers at six years of age, and generally block-phleggers at six years of age, and generally block-phleggers at six years of age.

COURTESY is often made up of the fact that the girl calls her beau a noble youth, a hero, a genius; while he calls her a paragon of beauty and gentleness, and so they keep courting each other until they get married, and then comes the scolding.

YOUTH is a glorious invention. While the girls are in the habit of drawing their months, the months seem to dance away with down upon their feet. What a pity our summer is so short! Before you know it, lovers become deacons, and romps grandmothers.

IT IS vain for us to despair, to murmur, to disquiet ourselves. Every labyrinth of life has its outlet. When we think the darkness is deepest around us, we are, perchance, near the light. After the midnight, the morning hour strikes next.

THESE are three things in the world that know no restraint and are governed by no laws, but only by passion and brute force—civil war, family quarrels, and religious disputes.

THE New Chicago Directory says that the sixty-sixth streeters used to drink, or "suck up" the water found in the holes in the prairie, and hence obtained the name of Suckers.

FOOT, the celebrated comedian, being seduced by a woman, said in reply, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone; you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other."

IT WAS often happened in military movements, that soldiers with fever and inflamed wounds, but in all cases recorded, they seemed the better for the exposure, and to the astonishment of the army surgeons, their fever patients ceased all recovery.

ARNOLD'S SIGN.—The identical sign, which New Haven, from 1763 to 1767, has been discovered in England, among a mass of old rubbish. It reads as follows:—B. Arnold, Druggist, Bookseller, &c, from London.

THE Portlander says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they have spent their youth in drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is a dreadful stretching work.

IT IS good to know a great deal, but it is better to make a good use of what we do know. To instruct others, is the duty of every educated man.

LAWYERS.—It is a remarkable fact that every man that has filled the great room of the State of New York during the day of George Clinton down to Washington Hunt, have been lawyers.

IF THE STARS were to appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and preserve for many generations the remembrance of God which had been shown. But the stars are not so scarce as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is a dreadful stretching work.

NATURE'S most imparts authority than a too frequent or indiscreet exercise of it. If I should myself were to be continued, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill, and we should keep in tranquility when it roared the loudest.

DEFECT in matters is usually the defect of our perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs.

NO MATTER how humble the home may be, how cluttered its stores, or how poorly its inmates are fed; if it be a home of peace, if it be a home of cheerfulness, if it be a home of industry, it is a home that will give its possessor more real joy than bags of gold and windy honor.

I HAVE known the destiny of a whole family greatly changed for the better, by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principles.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

WHAT awaits all the pomp and parade of life which appears abroad, if when we shift the greedy, bustling acener, the man is unhappy, when happiness, charity, may begin at home!

A YOUNG MAN at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home. His body was found the next morning in bed.

HOW TRUE!—To injure a man's sight, there is nothing worse than sudden wealth. It is a goodly 250 per cent. profit, but it is a loss, and in less than a month he will not be able to recognise even the man that "used to go security for him."

GRATITUDE is the muscle of the heart, which its chords are swept by the breeze of wisdom.

BLACK WALNUT.—A young lady wrote to her brother, who is a farmer in Ohio, to ask whether he had good furniture now, as when at home. He replied that she must not be so fond of such questions, but to give her some idea of his style of living, would state that his entire farm was wholly fenced with black walnut.

"THERE is," said Plato, "no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive."

A PARAGONIC MUSEUM.—Hendel was such a miser, that at the very time he was in the receipt of \$50 per night at the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month to save the expense of washing.

To spin and weave, to knit and sew, was once a girl's employment; but how to dress and catch a beau, is all she calls enjoyment.

A HINT.—To see a delicate woman rubbing her clothes over a wash-board from morning till night, and a nervous gentleman measuring rolls of lace and delicate ribbons, would make a farrow laugh at our assumption of civility.

If we are convinced that this or that is a virtue, we are inconspicuous, faithful, and self-contradictory, until we have made it ours.

THE happiness of life, like the light of day, consists not in one brilliant flash, but in a series of soft, serene rays.

FACILITY may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty.

Let your inclination be to those who advise, rather than to those who praise your conduct.

The world is seldom unthankful, if we know how, in the proper way, to do it service.

Every man endeavors to be useful, and every where you are at home.

CORD'S bow, the Asiatic say, is strong with bees, which as it produces honey, so it produces strength, and it is the best of bows, because it is made of wood, with its pain, rather than know nothing of life's most exquisite pleasure.

Tue violet grows low, and covets itself with its own leaves; and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

The young not only appear to be, but really are the most beautiful in the presence of those they love.

SHARK.—Silence is the noblest eloquence. It is more than the most noble and expressive eloquence.