

# American Mounteer.

BY JOHN B. DRATTON.  
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"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."  
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## Poetical.

### GOLDEN RINGLET.

BY THE LATE MRS. AMELIA WELBY.  
Here is a little golden tree  
Of soft unbraided hair,  
The all that's left of loveliness  
That once was thought so fair;  
And yet the time hath dimmed its sheen,  
Through all its faded hair,  
I hold it here a link between  
My spirit and the dead.

Yes! from this shining ringlet still  
A mournful memory springs,  
That melts my heart and sends a thrill  
Through all its trembling strings.  
I think of her, the loved, the wept,  
Upon whose forehead fair,  
For eighteen years, the sunshine slept,  
The golden curl of hair.

Her memory still within my mind  
Retains its sweetest power;  
It is the perfume left behind,  
To whisper of the hour;  
Each blossom that in moments gone  
Bound up this sunny curl,  
Recalls the form, the look, the tone  
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain  
O'er beds of violets hung,  
Her voice a prelude to a strain  
But faded ere the hour—  
Her life—'twas the half-blown dower,  
Closed ere the shades of even,  
Her death—the dawn, the blushing hour,  
That opens the gate of Heaven.

A single shining tree of hair  
To bid such memories start!  
But faded ere the hour—  
I lay it on my heart;  
O! when in death's cold arms I sink,  
Who then with gentle care,  
Will keep for me a dark brown link—  
A ringlet of my hair.

## Miscellaneous.

### A YANKEE TRICK.

It was a pretty evening in May that a Yankee pedler might be seen with his wagon going along the road to Petersburg. It was about eight and a half o'clock when he came to a small tavern near Petersburg. In the morning when he came down to breakfast, the landlord said he would let him go until he played a trick on some one. The pedler went quietly to his pack, and took therefrom a box of rings and said, "Do you want to buy any of my gold rings set with diamonds?"

"How much do you want for a box?" said the landlord. "Ten dollars," says the Yankee, "there were four in the box." "Well," said the landlord, "I'll take them," and laid down ten dollars. The pedler took the money in his wallet, went to his pack, got a bundle which he unrolled, which proved to be a quilt. When the landlord's wife saw it, she said, "Oh, James, buy that, it will exactly match the one I bought last year."

"Well, what do you want for it?" said James to the pedler. "Twenty dollars," said the Yankee. "Well, I'll take it," said the landlord, and laid down twenty dollars. "Now for the trick," says the Yankee, "I'll tell you what it is—it is to make a barrel of whiskey into five different kinds of liquors. Now, you have got a new barrel of whiskey in your cellar, have you not?"

"Well, come ahead," and away they went down the trap door into the cellar. The Yankee asked for an auger, with which, when he got it, he bored a hole in the head, and told the landlord to put his thumb in the hole till he felt the other. The landlord did as he was told, and when he was soon bored. The Yankee said, "put your other thumb on the other hole while I go and get two plugs. Away the Yankee went, and the landlord never saw him again. The landlord called and called again for the pedler, but he did not come; and at last the landlord's wife heard his cries, and went down. He told her all—she went and got two plugs to put in the holes; they went to where the pedler was, still entitled to the pedler's horse, and pedler were gone. The landlord and wife went into the house. In a few days they found that it was there own quilt that the Yankee pedler had sold them, and that the rings were brass, and the diamonds were bits of glass.

### Scientifically Said.

We make the following beautiful extract from the Homestead Exemption Law, from a letter recently written by Judge Dillebury, of Tennessee:

"Secure to each family whose labor may acquire a little spot of free earth that it can call its own—a home in the time of adversity, from which the mother and the children, old age and infancy, can still draw sustenance and claim protection, though misfortune may rob them of all else, and then feel that they are still free, still entitled to walk on the green earth, and breathe the free air of heaven in defiance of the power and potency of accumulated wealth and the domineering of the pretentious and ambitious. The sacredness of that consecrated spot will make them warriors in the time of adversity. 'These shocks of corn,' said Xenophon, 'inspire those who raise them with courage to defend them. The largest of them in the middle of the field to crown the conqueror.'"

"Secure a home to every family whose honest labor may obtain one, against the weakness, vice and misfortune of the father, and you will rivet the affections of the child in years of manhood by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist. He will remember where he gambled in his youth, the stream in whose limpid waters he has bathed, and the family altar where he felt a mother's love, and the green spot within that little homestead where sleep the loved and the lost."

### Ghost Stories.

There is a foolish and pernicious practice with some people, of relating stories to young children to excite alarm or terror. It is only foolish or unreasonable, it might not justly call forth strong expressions of censure. Yet, even in such cases, the practice had better be discontinued, and condemned as quite improper. Stories to arouse curiosity and excite inquiry, if the subjects tend to utility, are certainly proper and commendable. But the common tales of Blue Beard, and Giant, and Specter, and the like, are extremely injurious to their influence and effects. Unfounded and absurd notions are received that serve only to terrify, and which even by correct knowledge afterwards received, cannot be entirely thrown off or opposed to them the knowledge derived from natural philosophy and the sciences. It has been known from great feelings who were unable to get rid of early but unreasonable fears, produced in childhood by the stories of nuns, or illiterate parents; and who were occasionally under their unhappy influence, though their sober judgment told them they were fiction.

Let children be taught, that the great Creator has impressed laws on all things, which operate uniformly; and that they are in safety, when they conduct themselves well and have a reverence for that great and good Being. They should be taught that ghosts and apparitions are wholly fanciful; that all the specters they meet guard against are guilty fears; and if they are virtuous, they will never haunt them, nor ever exist.

## PETER GRAY.

I'll tell you of a nice young man,  
Whose name was Peter Gray;  
The State where Peter Gray was born  
Was Pennsylvania.

This Peter did fall in love  
All with a nice young girl,  
The name of her I'm positive,  
Was Lizzyanny Quirt.

When they were going to be wed,  
For father he said "No!"  
And brotherly sent her off  
Beyond the Ohio.

When Peter heard his love was lost  
He knew not what to say,  
He'd half a mind to jump into  
The Susquehanna.

But he went trading to the west,  
In fur and other skins,  
And there was caught, killed, and dead  
By the bloody long hair.

When Lizzyanny heard the news  
She straightway went to bed,  
And never did get up again  
Until she died.

Ye fathers all a warning take,  
Each one as has a girl,  
And think upon poor Peter Gray  
And Lizzyanny Quirt.

### Macallister's Magic Bottle.

A RICH SCENE.  
A few evenings since, while the accomplished Wizard was performing his great 'bottle feat,' and nearly the entire audience had, in common parlance taken a drink, a devoted Son of Temperance at length cried out:

"Mr. Magician, that bottle of yours is one of 'em, sure, but it isn't all on one side. You have given out all kinds of liquors and cordials to those who don't drink—but he's had your magic milk!"  
A loud laugh followed this request, and Macallister quietly asked—"Is it named on the programme?"

"No," said the individual, "but if you can produce one thing, why not another?"  
"Very well," said the Wizard, "give me a glass."  
A glass was produced, and let from the bottle flowed a stream of milk pure and sweet!

"This," said the Wizard, "is for the ladies, and now, sir, I will give you a temperance drink."  
A tumbler was handed to the gentleman, and Macallister immediately filled it with soda, as it appeared. "Drink quick," said he, "while it foams; I assure you, it is good for you."

The temperance man drank it quickly off, and then began to spit and sneeze, while his face expressed great disgust. At length, after choking and coughing a while, he exclaimed, in quite a passion:

"What the devil was that, sir?"  
"That? Why, it was good, I am sure," said Macallister.  
"Good! You don't know what you have given me yourself, sir; I am sure it is poison!"  
"Oh, no," said the Wizard, laughing, "it is the best quality of Epsom salts."

Some editor down South, cautions mothers not to allow black women to suckle their children, because the milk influences more or less the formation of the child's character and negroes being inferior to whites, the suckling grows up without talents, vigorous, phlegmatic, and with many of the peculiarities of the negro race. This has raised a question with the Pittsburg Commercial Journal—a very important one, to wit: whether it would be possible for a child fed on 'asses milk' to be educated and to do the child grow up an ass? Many children, the Journal observes, are raised on the bottle; that is on cow's milk, bought from milk carts and put in a bottle. Now, does the child thus fed grow up a great deal, or does he go on as a milch cow, or as a pig, or as a parrot, or as a bull? These are questions we refer to those who have studied the subject, and who may, perhaps, speak from experience.

A Clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night, by one of the ladies of his congregation. "Well, my good woman," said he, "you are very ill and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?"  
"No," replied the old lady, "I am not very ill; I am only nervous and can't sleep."  
"How can I help that?" asked the clergyman.  
"Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"  
They say that the parson swore, at any rate he 'made tracks' in less than no time.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—There is something about woman that is curious, isn't there? This morning I swept the school house. I thought it was nicely done. I felt proud. Presently some girls came in; and one true, to the instinctive sense of neatness characteristic of her sex, took the broom. She swept after me—and good gracious, what a change! It seemed to me as if I couldn't tell; but when she had got done, I had a very poor opinion of my house-keeping powers. I assure you. The stove hearth, the wood by the stove, all everything, put on that look which only woman can give. What in creation is it that makes them give such an air to things?

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ANECDOTE OF FAY MEN.—Dr. Deddoe, the English Antiquarian, was so enormously corpulent, that a lady of Clifton used to call him the 'travelling haystack.' He was once requested by a butcher to give a pound of meat to the child of a poor man, who was unable to get such a Falfast. At Cambridge resided a student, and the paviors were wont to exclaim:—'God bless you, sir! when he wanted to walk over their works, he'd be in the court of Louis XV. lived two easy noblemen, who were related to each other.' The King said to one of them, when rallying him on his corpulence, 'I suppose you take little or no exercise, but I generally walk round my cousin two or three times every morning.'

A colored servant sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a live cent upon the carpet, which he carried to his owner.  
"You may keep it for your honesty," said he.  
"Sho'tly, or for missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it."  
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A drunken laborer recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked if he was not afraid of meeting his God? "No," said the pagan christian, "I was afraid o' meetin' 'tother chap!"

## True Social Dignity.

To be ashamed of their origin, is just now, in American society, the weakness of the little minds that compose it. The man who rides in his carriage, who shirks from the acknowledgment that the money which enabled him to pay that carriage was earned by his father, dollar by dollar, with toil and patience, in a tan yard, behind the counter of a shoemaker or tailor's shop, or by honest industry in some other useful occupation below (so called) the grade of the merchant or professional man; as if the man did not honor the work, and not work the man.

"To such let Daniel Webster speak. Hear him: 'It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist—I make it an annual visit—I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those that inhabited it are now among the living, and I fail in my affectionate veneration for him who raised it against savage violence and destruction; cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war, shrunk from the peril of leaving it to the enemy, and raised his children to a better condition than his own, my name and the name of my posterity be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind.'"

And we will add, that he who is ashamed of the poor father and mother who reared him, is ashamed of himself in childhood, and whose daily toil was taxed to give him the education by which he has been enabled to rise to a condition above the one they occupied, is unworthy to be the associate of the wise and good men of his country. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those that inhabited it are now among the living, and I fail in my affectionate veneration for him who raised it against savage violence and destruction; cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war, shrunk from the peril of leaving it to the enemy, and raised his children to a better condition than his own, my name and the name of my posterity be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind."

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## Mr. Clay and the Goat.

Almost every body in Washington city remembers an old goat, which formerly inhabited Naylor's stable, on Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was, it is probably, the most independent citizen in the metropolis; he belonged to no party, though he often gave passes 'proofs' of his adhesion to the 'well-known principle; for whenever a person stopped in his vicinity, Billy was sure to make a dash at him, and all. The boys took delight in irritating this long-bearded gentleman, and frequently annoyed him so that he would make against lamp posts and trees to their great amusement.

One day, the literary of the West, Henry Clay, was passing along the Avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with his characteristic humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe, but the literary of the West, Henry Clay, was passing along the Avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with his characteristic humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe, but the literary of the West, Henry Clay, was passing along the Avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with his characteristic humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe, but the literary of the West, Henry Clay, was passing along the Avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with his characteristic humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. 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