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Poetical.

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE

BY TOM MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide
Through which, in fall, but here and there,
Will slide now dark and now serene,
The stars of heaven, and the moon
Beholding on an ether shore,
Which more white would have to stay;
But time flies swift, and flies away,
And away we speed, away,
Should chiding winds and rains come on,
We'll take a voyage, and the show'll
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And sailing, with some sunnier hour,
And if the wind, and the moon,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
Complain not when it fades away.

Miscellaneous.

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

As I sit in my garret here, (in Washington), watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet often strange contradictions in this wonderful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of "Sweet Home!" I knew him personally. He occupied the room under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I spent some whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—canal at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poor subjected to all the humiliations of office seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed. Once and a while we would see some family circle, so happy and serene, and we would feel that we were both steps and then pass on to the next apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—canal at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poor subjected to all the humiliations of office seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed. Once and a while we would see some family circle, so happy and serene, and we would feel that we were both steps and then pass on to the next apartment.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Dedicated to one who fills the flame.
On many, seldom find a friend—G. A.

Pure, disinterested friendship is a bright flame, emitting none of the smoke of selfishness and seldom deigns to tarry among men. Its origin is divine, its operations heavenly, and its results celestial. It is because it is the perfection of earthly bliss, that it has ever been flooded with base counterfeit, many so thickly coated with the pure metal, that nothing but time can detect the base interior and exterior designs of bogus friends. Detention is a propensity deeply rooted in human nature, and the lovely horizon on which it rides through life. The heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it? Judas betrayed the Lord of glory, and his, and his wife's example has been most scrupulously followed ever since. Thousands, as have had their property, reputation, and lives sacrificed, under the hissing sound of a Judas kiss. Caution has been termed the parent of safety, but has often been baffled by a Judas kiss. The most cautious have been the dupes and victims of the base deceivers. We should be extremely careful who we confide in, and then we will often find ourselves mistaken. Let diversity come, then we may know more of our friends. Nine hundred and ninety nine out of a thousand, will probably show that they were sunshine friends, and will escape us for their lives. The one in a thousand, who has a heart as true as steel, who has enjoyed the most sunshine, will be true to his friends, and will escape us for their lives. The one in a thousand, who has a heart as true as steel, who has enjoyed the most sunshine, will be true to his friends, and will escape us for their lives.

Reserving the Right Passage.

Once upon a time, there came to the city a young Kentonian, for the purpose of learning the science of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a fine sprinkling of waggishness. He was introduced into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was surprised to find a young French gentleman, occupying the room, also a student of the hospital. The Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous, yet cold, and he thus addressed his companion who had just entered the room.

TOO LATE.

BY FANNY FERN.

'Yes, Walter has something that heart could wish,' said Mr. Hall to his wife. 'He has never known a man so satisfied that I could relieve him as the day he was born. My ample fortune has placed him by your side, and he is high and noble and lovely. His whole heart is bent on making you happy. Walter himself is well educated and gentlemanly. I know of nothing that can be added, and the only father, in a satisfied tone. 'He is a son to be proud of.'

Employment of the Sexes in Tartary.

The cares of the family and of the household among the Tartars rest entirely on the woman. It is she who must manage the cows and prepare the milk, go often to a great distance to fetch water, collect ergols, dry them, and pile them up round the tent; tan the furs and sheep skins, and make the clothes; and in these various occupations she has only the assistance of the young children. The employments of the men are very limited; they consist merely in driving the flocks to good pastures, more of consequence than work to man or horseback, and occasioning no fatigue unless when they have to pursue stray animals, when they fly rather than gallop, over the tops of the mountains and down into the deepest ravines, till they have overtaken the fugitive. When on a horseback the Tartar is generally quite idle, and passes a greater part of his time crouched in his tent, drinking tea, and sometimes he loaves about like a "British dandy, though not quite in the same way. When he has a mind to see what is passing in the world, he mounts his horse and goes galloping away into the desert, without heeding in what direction, and wherever he sees the smoke of a tent, he makes a call, and has a gossip.

Odds and Ends.

Be up and doing.
Don't run in debt.
Time is the wisest counsellor.
An active tool never grows rusty.
When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.
A glazier's motto—let the light shine.
Combs are now made of India rubber.
Improving—the country press generally.
Going up—the price of printing paper.
Going down—Mint juleps and Sherry cobbler.
The Kane Arctic Expedition will soon sail.
Recovering—the weather from its recent bad spell.
Jesse Hutchinson, of the celebrated Hutchinson vocalists, died recently.
Tieck, the celebrated German writer, is dead; his age was 80 years.
The New York Crystal Palace will not be finished before the 1st of July—probably September.
At Charleston, S. C., on Saturday week, the thermometer stood at 97 in the shade.
New York business men pay two millions annually for advertising.
A young man was arrested in Cincinnati last week for refusing to work at a fire.
Douglass Jerrold, the celebrated humorous writer, will soon pay a visit to this country.
The New York Spiritual Telegraph is still in existence. All the gods are not dead yet.
Woman's rights and the temperance cause are now the leading topics of lectures in New York.
Take your own county paper first, then if you are so disposed, subscribe for a city newspaper.
Hundreds of burglars are now at Stenholm, committing robberies in every section of the city.
A pleasant wife is a rainbow in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.
A monument to Daniel Webster—to cost \$10,000—has been determined on by the Legislature of Massachusetts.
A coroner's jury recently returned a verdict on the body of a poor fellow—"Death by hanging—around a tavern!"
The people of Columbia, South Carolina, are indulging in riotous orgies, of the May Duke, Big gameaux and Black Hat varieties.
Spring—in with us now. The flowers are in bloom and the birds sing sweetly and merrily upon the trees and in the green fields.
In our large cities, murder, fraud and outrage are now the leading topics of lectures in New York.
Conviction—Why is a homely girl like a blacksmith's apron? Do you give it up? Because she keeps off the sparks.
Astronomy—Why is it that a person on a turpentine rarely loses his way? Because his head is full of a good map.
Why might it be said that a horse going through a gate resembles a cent? Because his head's on one side and his tail on the other.
Arithmetic is differently studied by fathers and sons, the first confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.
The remainder of the furniture belonging to the Washington residence of the late Daniel Webster, was sold on Saturday week.
Forty Choctaw Indians, men and women, deceased in their national costume, are coming to the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition.
The mortality of Philadelphia is less, in proportion than any large city of the Union, and only about two thirds that of New York.
About eight hundred emigrants, mostly from Pennsylvania, bound to Illinois and Iowa, many of them in wagons, passed through Wheeling last week.
Major Thomas Stevens, Joshua McCuen, and William Waugh, all soldiers of the Revolution, died recently. Their united ages amounted to 921 years.
A monument is proposed to be erected on the spot (near Tarrytown, N. J.) where Major Andre was captured, to Paulding, Williams and Van Wert, his captors.
Mr. W. H. Webb, the New York ship builder, has accepted a challenge to run his new ship, "Young America," against the clipper ship "Sovereign of the Seas," to San Francisco for \$10,000.
Many cases are adduced in the Western papers to show that whiskey, even in large quantities, is a cure for the bite of a rattlesnake, on the principle that one poison is an antidote for another.
The Evening Bulletin, in noticing the arrival of several rare animals for the New York Exhibition, calls the whole affair a managerie, and it is probably right, from the number of groggeries that are springing up around it, commensurate by the managers.
Little girl, walking one day in the grass yard near her mother's door, she saw a snake crawling on the ground, and she stepped on it. Her mother, seeing this, said, "I wonder where they bury the sinners!"
Sir Edward Lytton is said to be a convert to the belief in spirit rappings. Sir Edward has gone through pretty near all the humbug trappings of the day.
In the search for Sir John Franklin fifteen expeditions have been sent, the cost of four millions of dollars. Sir John has now been absent nearly eight years.
In many parts of Illinois the wheat crop is entirely killed, so much so that thousands of acres will be plowed up and sowed in spring wheat, or planted in corn.
In the Circuit Court at Boston, on Friday, B. W. Williams was awarded \$7000 damages against the Saco and Portland Railroad, for damage by an accident.
The Boston Aldermen have resolved to furnish music on the Common, two evenings in each week, during June, July and August, at an expense of \$1,000.
A striped bear, a white bear, a tiger, a leopard, and a horned bear, have arrived at New York from California, to be exhibited at the World's Fair.
It is a popular delusion to believe that an editor is a public fellow, bound to puff everything and everybody that wants to use him.
Possession is eleven points of the law; hence never let a valuable thing go out of your possession without an apple security.
No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg, to cure him of the rheumatism.
Great country, that California—vegetation grows with such luxuriance, that all the horse radish have swill tails.

Heretofore of Cruelty.

A most touching instance of heretofore, and one of the most attractive acts of cruelty, which is recorded in the most respectable authorities, occurred during the Columbian struggle for independence. The Spanish General Morillo, the most blood thirsty and treacherous tool of the Spaniard King, who was created Count at Cartagena, and Marquis de la Puerta, for services which rather entitled him to the distinction of butcher or hangman, while seated in his tent one day during the campaign of Cartagena, saw a boy before him drawn up to the child demanded of him for what purpose he was there.

The Dreams of Happiness.

Often had I heard of happiness, but was ignorant of it myself. My heart yearned for it as all a phantom—a thing of fiction merely, and not a reality. I had dreamed of traveling through the earth and sea as if it was in the possession of any mortal.

English Church Customs.

An English traveler in this country thus describes in his book "some of the queer things" he met with in his wanderings:

What Hope Did.

It stole on the pinnacles of snow to the head of the mountain, and the sun's rays became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.

General Haynau's Corpses.

A most extraordinary account has reached us from a private letter from Vienna, to a high personage here, and has been the talk of our salons for the last few days. It appears that the circumstances of the death of General Haynau presented a phenomenon of the most awful kind on record.

Only a Child.

"Who is to be buried here?" said I to the Sexton. "Only a child, ma'am."

Valuable Receipts.

To become Rich—Save your money and wear your conscience.
To become Wise—Eat, sleep and say nothing.
To become Popular—Join the strongest church, and join all secret societies.
To become Respected—Respect every man's opinion, and have none of your own.
To become Exalted to a little Office—Be ready at all times to act as Fool for "big men."
To become Poor—Be honest and void of superstitions.
To become Inebriated—Speak your sentiments without consulting the oracle.
To become Unpleasant—Print your thoughts.
To become Slandered—Edit a paper and tell the truth.

How an old maid always says a single dog—She looks at him as she does at a dog in dog-days—wondering whether he intends to bite.

An old maid being at a loss of a pin cushion made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

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Five hundred daily papers are published in the United States.

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