

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 86.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1846.

[From the Albany Evening Journal.] New Year's Thoughts.

BY JAMES H. COLLIER.

'Tis just three years ago to-day,
That we stood side by side,
Companion of my boyhood's hours,
The noble and long tried;
I think I hear his gay laugh now,
That I so loved to hear,
And still that old familiar voice
Is ringing on my ear.

'Tis just two years ago to-day
Together we did stand,
Another friend of early youth,
Of open heart and hand;
And many a gentle greeting passed
As merrily we met;
Without a single thought of care
Or feeling of regret.

Those early friends—where are they now!
Hush! heard ye not a sigh
From those two fresh and new made graves
That in the church-yard lie?
Both in one short and fatal year—
One little month—they died,
And they are lying in that spot
Now buried side by side.

I gaze around me, but in vain—
No friendly face I see,
I call them, but to no answering voice,
Alas comes back to me,
I hear full many a merry about
And light tongue tripping fast—
I hear them, but I heed them not
My thoughts are with the past.

I'll fore no more upon this earth!
'Tis mockery, and worse,
To bury up the heart thus with
A cold and silent case,
I'll love no more! but steel my heart
To fond Affection's call,
And stifling Thought, I'll try to dream
I never loved at all.

A Rare Frolic in Tallapoosa.
TAKING THE CENSUS.

When we were taking the census in Tallapoosa, we had a rare frolic at old Kit Knucker's, up on Uncle Creek, which we must tell about. But first let us first, introduce Uncle Kit.

Once again, however, he stopped and shouted back— "Don't be afraid to come!"

Yer Uncle Kit has fast-rising water, allers on hand!" and he chuckled longer than before, at the wit of calling corn whiskey "spring water," and put his finger by the side of his old cut-water of a nose. So lively an old dog was Uncle Kit Knucker!

On the appointed evening, we arrived at Mr. Knucker's about dark. The old man was waiting at the fence to receive us.

"Bless your union soul, little squire," he said, shaking our extended hand with both of his; "yer Uncle Kit's as proud to see you as ef he'd found a silver dollar with a hole thro' it! Hetty!"—he shouted—"here's the God-blessed little union squire come to see his Uncle! Come out and see him, he's here!"

"Sorter shade your eyes, long at fast, when you look at our Hetty, squire," remarked Uncle Kit, as he bustled himself in "stripping" our steeds. "The ugly's out on her, was not the small pot! ha! ha! ha! yeh! and I'm bound to keep it out too, wif all sorts o' warm teas. 'The Lord it strikes in, I'm thinking'—and Uncle Kit laughed again, while he placed our saddle on the fence along with twenty others.

"Come in squire," said Aunt Hetty, "or that poor light-headed old critter will laugh himself to death," and we walked with her into Mr. Knucker's neat framed dwelling—the only building of the sort on Uncle Creek.

The big room of Uncle Kit's house was full of light and company. Most of the latter were known to us, but there were some strange faces; and with these we determined to get acquainted as soon as possible. A little removed from the bustling part of the congregation, we observed a fat woman of middling age, with a sleepy expression of face. A little way from her feet, and sprawling on the floor, was a chubby child, about eighteen months old, whose little coat was pinned up, by the hem behind, to its collar; thus leaving no inconsiderable portion of its person exposed. "Here," thought we, "is an interesting family; let's take it down," and approaching the dame, we drew our papers, having first saluted her.

"Gracious! stranger!"—she ejaculated—"what're you arter?"

"Only taking the census," said Sally to her.

mened a howling accompaniment, worse even than the vocalism of Mr. Peter Marks, who looked vexed and confused, and stepped singing.

"I wouldn't mind it, Peter," said good old Mrs. Knucker, who now approached; "I wouldn't mind it. Its nothin' but that dratted yaller brute of old Kit's; and bless the Lord, its just the way he does me, constant—his master's larnt it to him—I never kin begin to sing. 'I rode on the sky, quite undisturbed I,' or 'Primrose,' or 'Zion,' or any of them sperch-al himes, but what the stinkin' yaller, cuss strikes up his everlasting howl, and jist makes me quit whether or no!" and Aunt Hetty went and drove Andy away.

"He! he! yeh! yeh! e-e-yah!" chuckled Uncle Kit—"aint Andy got a noble voice?—Aint he, squire? yeh! yeh! He sings bass, and yer Aunt Hetty sings treble, and I'm gwine to git a middlin-size dog to sing tenor, and then we'll be fixed—he! he! yeh! yeh! and you must come over every other Sunday to yer Uncle Kit's singing school!"—laughing immoderately at the conceit.

Andy, by this time, had got under the house, and accompanied the singer in the two last lines and the chorus, without any particular reference to "time"; but with an earnestness that showed that the love of music was in his soul. Mr. Marks bit his lips and frowned, but as he had only one more verse to sing, determined to try and get through with it.

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Andy howled through the last line beautifully, but getting into the chorus, commenced a series of barks which seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely.

"My poor dog!" exclaimed Mr. Knucker, affecting great anxiety, "my poor dog has got tangled up in that cussel tune, and 'll choke himself to death!—Ron, Jim!"—to his son—"and onto the blasted thing, or cut it in two!" yeh! e-e-yah! yeh! yeh!

"Bein' as my kumpany aint acceptable here, I'll demiss," said Mr. Marks, the vocalist, in a pet; at the same time buttoning up his blue swallow-tail, and sleeking down his nice greasy locks.

"I'm demissin' you," said Mr. Knucker, who looked vexed and confused, and stepped singing.

Here's a little gal has never had her sinis taken, and I want you to see ef you kin't get 'em; yeh! yeh! yeh!" and Uncle Kit forced us into a chair, greatly against our will, by the side of Miss Winnie Folsom, a very pretty girl, with a pouting mouth. Mr. Knucker drew up a chair behind us.

Standing near Uncle Kit's back, we observed a young man who somehow or other, took a great apparent interest in either Miss Winnie or herself; but he said nothing. He was a rare specimen of the piney-woods; species of the genus homo. His face was not unhandsome, but he had considerable stoop of the shoulders, and was knocked-kneed to deformity. His coat was "blue mixed," with a very acute terminus, and it seemed to have a particular affinity for the hump of his shoulders, for it touched no other part of his person. His pantaloons were of buff cassimere—most probably bought at second-hand—and contracted, from excessive washing, or some other cause, to a painful scantiness. There was a white streak between his vest and the waistband, and a red one between the ends of his legs and the tops of his white cotton socks.

A pair of red leather straps some twenty inches long, exerted themselves to keep the legs down to this mark; but every time that Mr. Isaac Hetson—that was his name—stooped, the pantaloons had slightly the advantage, by reason of the superior elasticity of the straps, and the red streak was on every such occasion, made a little wider.

"Talk to her, squire! talk to her!" said Uncle Kit, when yer nkle Kit was young, he didn't do nothin' but talk to the gals, he—e-yah! yeh!"

We endeavored to make ourself agreeable to Miss Winnie, of course, and during the whis-pering of one of those confidential nothing-com-mon in such circumstances, our head came almost in contact with hers. Seizing the opportunity, Mr. Knucker brought his close up, and with his lips produced such an explosion as might have resplashed, had we kissed Miss Winnie.

"Ha!" exclaimed the old fellow starting back in well-earned astonishment; "at it's ready, squire! Well! 'twas a bustle, any way!"—whereupon he laughed immoderately, as did most of the company. Miss Winnie turned red, and tee looked foolish—we suppose.

"Some people's too demed smart, any how!" said the gentleman in buff cassimere, who supposed that we had nearly kissed Miss Winnie. "And some aint smart enough, 'kay Hetson," said Uncle Kit; "or they wouldn't let other people cut 'em out—would they Winnie?"

Winnie smiled, and said nothing, and Mr. Knucker, raising himself half up, as again to intercept Mr. Hetson's view, produced another explosion.

"For shame, squire!" said he, sitting down again.

He then set about drawing a huge circle, and several smaller circles within, and an immense number of radii, and between these, rude representations of animals, both real and fabulous—while Andy sat by, wagging his tail and looking very intelligent.

"It's a-n-i right—it's a-n-i right—it's a-g-i-n Scriptur," said granny Whipple, shaking her head, and dwelling on the italicised words, as she surveyed the acromantic operations of old Kit—"you are a-doin of a w-r-o-g-g thing, Christopher Knucker! I t-e-l-l you you are!" But Mr. Knucker only laughed at Granny Whipple.

While Mr. Knucker was engaged in preparing for the delivery of the oracles, secundum artem; the conversation in the room turned on the degree of credit to be given them.

"What do you think 'bout Andy's fortun tellin'?" asked Mrs. Naron.

"Do you believe he really knows what's gwine to come to pass?"

"Well, now," replied Mrs. Wilkerson. "I don't know what to say. It's mighty strange, this how knowin some brutes some t's—'Twer my 'Cherry' cow, I really b'lieve the critter knows when I'm a-gwine to feed her, jist as well as I do my own dear self! That minute I picks up tub to go and tote her slops, she'll 'moo,' and 'moo,' and the knowin she'll look out of her eyes ever seen a critter have in all your days!"

"Oh law!" exclaimed several women.

"Miss Knucker, what do you say to it?" queried the first speaker—"you oughter know, ef any body does. He's your old man's dog. Does Andy know the futur, or not?"

"It's a mighty hard thing," said Aunt Hetty, "a mighty hard thing to spend a 'pinion'—Sometimes I think it's only Kit's d'rmin'—and then again, the dog do tell such qu'ar things, looks like I'm 'bleged to think he knows. Last week, I b'lieve it was—yeh, only last week—Jim Hissup jetch a two gal-ton jug o' sperrits home, for the old man from town. Well, Kit he spicioned Jim o'drinkin' some on the way, but Jim denied it mighty bitter. So the old man jetch Andy in the house, and Andy give the sign that Jim had tuk some; and then Jim right away owned to it, and told the man how much he tuk, which was two drinks, as near as I can remember!"

hood of Mr. Hetson's knee. In his struggle to get away from the dog, the fell backwards over Master Thomas Jefferson Naron; and as his bare and unstrapped leg flew up, nearly at right angles with his body—while its fellow, held quiet by leather and cassimere, lay rigid along the floor—so, uproarous, shout of laughter at the grotesque spectacle shook the whole house.

"Well! said the poor fellow, as he got up on his freed leg—the other would not work—the jig's up now; 'aint no use to make a fuss about it; but I wouldn't mind it so bad, ef 'twarn't that he was to git her. Anyhow, I'm off for the Arkansas! good-by, Winny!" And off he did go, in spite of old Mrs. Knucker's most strenuous efforts to detain him, and convince him that "shy didn't know a thing about it, no more'n the man in the moon!"

As for Winny—the little fellow—he wept bitterly, as if there were no straight legged man that would have been glad to marry her!

"Squires," said old Kit, as he lighted on to bed; "you've not taken many 'sinis to-night!"

"Only one or two," said Winny's Uncle Kit's fault! He will have his fun, yeh! yeh! and Ike Hetson's e-e-yah! yeh! Never mind; come over next week, and yer Uncle Kit will go all thro' the settlement wif you, and go down on the river, and to Jim Kent's, which has got a suster, so ugly the flies wot light on her face—woss nor yer Aunt Hetty, yeh! yeh! And yer Uncle Kit will tell you how he and his Jim fooled the man from the big-rod outen Fiddler Bill, as we go long; and Becky Kent will tell you 'bout the frolic me and her had in the brick, the time she started to mill and didn't git thar, yeh, yeh, e-e-yah!"

"Very well, Uncle Kit, sure to come!"

And squire, ef you want one of Andy's puppies, let your Uncle Kit, know, and he'll save you a real pearl one, eh? Good-night, God bless the old Ginual, and demm all nullifiers!"

HANDSOMELY DONE.—Under this caption the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser narrates the following instance of courteous deference to age and public service on the part of the members of the present Congress:

The members of Congress rude and reckless as some of them are appear at times to be awayed by a universal feeling of what is right and becoming—we may even say beautiful. An instance occurred during the allotment of 'seats among the members, on Thursday, is described by one of our correspondents, in a letter for which we have not room to day. It happened that the name of Mr. Adams was almost the last drawn and more than a hundred members could have chosen the very eligible seat which he has occupied for several years; yet though many would have been very glad to have had it, it passed by him from respect to his supposed wishes and convenience, until at last his name was called and with a smile of grateful satisfaction, the venerable ex-President again took possession of his old quarters.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.—The deportment of the older children of the family, is of great importance to the younger. The obedience or insubordination operates throughout the whole circle. Especially is the station of the eldest daughter one of eminence. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her counsel and companionship. In her absence, she is the natural victory. Let the mother take double pains to form in her a correct model; to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, pious, trusting that the images of those virtues may leave impressions on the soft waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may in the providence of God, be called to fill the place of maternal guide.

THE BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.—A beautiful writer says that Christianity enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with him and his children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, redeeming angel. It is alike, the beautiful champion of childhood, and the comforting associate of age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, minister, poet, and eloquent man derive sublime power from its influence.

GAZETTES.—Be careful to teach your children gratitude. Lead them to acknowledge every favor they receive, to speak of their benefactors, and to remember them in their prayers. Accustom them to distinguish with a marked regard, their instructors, and those who have aided them in the attainment of their goodness and piety. It is an interesting circumstance in the life of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who was distinguished more than two centuries since, by her learning, her decision of character, and languages she acquired and the honors she enjoyed, that she erected a monument to the memory of her tutor, and always spoke of him with the utmost veneration, as her guide in the rudiment of knowledge.

PRESENCE OF MIX.—If you should ever meet with an accident at table, endeavor to be composed, and not make an unnecessary fuss about it. A gentleman at table, eating a tough goose, had the misfortune to send it snortly out of the dish into the lap of the young lady who sat next him, on which he looked her full in the face and said with the utmost coolness—"Madam, I will thank you for that goose!"

MONESTRY.—As informs the Providence Gazette that there is a young woman in town so modest, that she had a young man turned out of doors, for saying the "wind had shifted."

TAKE CARE.—Smoke, raining into the house, and a scolding wife, will make a man run out of doors.

A MISTAKE.—Some suppose that if a man has money, of course he must be a gentleman.