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

TO WAYDA8 WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1846.

[From the Albany Evening Journal.]

New Year's Thoughts.

BY JAMES H. COLLIEB.

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 voices

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 triendly face I see. I call them! but no answering voice, Alas comes back to me. I hear full many a merry shout And light tongue tripping fast-I hear them, but I heed them not My thoughts are with the past.

I'll love no more upon this earth! 'Tis mockery, and worse, To bury up the heart thus with A cold and silent corse. I'll love no more! but steel my heart To fond Affection's call. And stiffing Thought, I'll try to dream I never loved at all. ALBANT, January 1, 1846.

A Rare Frolic in Tallapoosa.

## TAKING THE CENSUS.

When we were taking the census in Tallapoora, we had a rare frolic at old Kit Kuncker's, up on Union creek, which we must tell down;" and approaching the dame, we drew But first let us first, introduce Uncle oue papers, having first saluted her.

Uncle Kit was a fine specimen of the 'old fashioned Geergia wagoner, of the glorious old times when locomotives didn't whiz about in every direction. He was brought up on the ble way. His waggery, of one sort or other, addressing the youngster on the floor. was incessant; and he was the patriarch of the neighborhood-having transplanted every family in it, with himself from Georgia-his jokes were all considered good jokes, and few dared be offended at his good humored satire. Besides all this; Uncle Kit was a devoted Jackton man, and an inveterate enemy of all nulli-

fers: hence the name of his creek. · Two chattels "had Mr. Kuncker which he prized beyond all other possessions—one of these was a big yellow dog that followed the wagon, and among other accomplishments, predicted the future. Uncle Kit called him Andy, in honor of General Jackson. The other fadler Bill, upon which, when a little drinky, he was wont to exhibit very fair horsemanship in

the streets, or rather, the street of Dudleyville. We were making an entry of somebody's thickens at a store door in the village just mentioned, one August day, when a familiar ' hillo!' reached our ear, and on turning round, we perceived, some twenty yards off, the quizzical face of our old friend, projecting over the foregate of his wagon, and puckered into five handred little wrinkles, as he cachinated joy-

"Hillo, squire! bless your little union snake skin, your uncle Kit's so glad to see you, ha! Thursday night. You must come over, squire she "never had done sich a thing afore,"

grocery, thinking of course, his master would female, who appear to be urging one of their sup there, any how—clucked to Fiddler Bill, number to do something which he was unwill-

the wheels, and so started. you to eat, and a year of corn or two for your ing to a tune whiningly dolorous, nasal, unvalonte, any way in the world, you will be as ried, and interminable, the popular ditty of welcome to it as the water that runs;" and Mr. Kuncker chuckled terribly at the bare idea Come, while you set silent, I'll have you to hear,

Fiands human or equine! ... We recollect our assurance that we should atlend; and uncle Kit re-assuming the lines, said-" Well, now I'm off sure, 'squire! God bless you and Ginnel Jackson, and d-n all aullifiers ! . Wake up, Fid ! Good bye' -- aud

uncle Kit has fust-rate spring-water, autoro on hand?" and he chuckled longer than before, at ing.

"I wouldn't mind it, Peter," said good old "I wouldn't mind it wouldn't mind it, Peter," said good old "I wouldn't mind it, Peter," said goo water of a nose. So lively an old dog was wouldn't mind it. Its nothin' uncle Kit Kuncker!

Kuncker's waiting at the fence to receive us. "

ef he'd found a silver dollar with a hole thro' it! Hetty!"—he shouted—" here's the God- and drove Andy away, blessed little union squire come to see his un- "He! he! yah! yah! e-e-yah!" chuckled cle! Come out and see him, he ! he ! yeh !and mind and throw a meal-bag or something else over your head, twell my little squire gets sorter used to the big ugly! Make haste, you old dried up witch. Ef you can't find the bag. take yer apern! he! he!a! yah!" and Uncle Kit laughed till he cried.

Mrs. Kuncker presently made her appearance-not with the meal-bag over her head. however, and greeted us most hospitably.

"Don't mind old Kit's romancing, squire," she observed; "I'm afeard he'll be a tool all his days. We've been married now, gwine on forty year, and he's never spoked the fust sensible word kit!"

"Sorter shade your eyes, long at fust, when you look/at our aunt Hetty, squire," remarked uncle Kit, as he busied himself in "stripping" "The ugly's out on her wus nor to keep it out too, wi' all sorts o' warm teas. give the other side of the picture : The Lord will be mighty apt to call her home ef ever 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 in to Mr. Kuncker's neat framed dwelling-the only building of the sort on Union 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," tho't we, "is an interesting family: let's take it

"Gracious! stranger!"-she ejaculated-

· what're you arter?' " Only taking the census."

" Sally ! oh, Sally Hetson! do run here,' said Mrs. Naron-for that proved to be her road, and retained a fondness of his early vomuch 'bout. Here's the chicken-man!' 1 do

tangled up in that cussed tune, and 'ill choke Uncle Kit was sixty years old, we suppose, wonder!" she continued, surveying us from but the merriest old dog alive; and his chirdren to sole; "Well, hit's the stimmest critical and ontie the blasted thing, or cut it in two mping laugh sounded every minute in the day. ter, to he sure, ever I seed; Hit's legs, I do yah! e-e-yah! yah! yaw! Perticularly fond of female society, his great-est delight was to plague the "womanhood." Come here, Thomas Jefferson, and let mamdeclar, is not as big as my Thomas Jefferson's. e his household and settlement in every pos- me thee ef your legth aint ath big ath hithen!"

Rut Thomas Lefferson did not heed the invitation, but continued to dabble and splash in a little pool of water, which had somehow got fism, as ever his illustrous namesake could have and the wrinkles on Mr. Knucker's face form been of his.

"Don't you hear me, Thomas Jefferson?" screamed the mother-"don't you hear me, dy, as he run from under the house. you little torment?"

Thomas Jefferson did hear this time, and hastened to obey. He raised himself up, spread out his fat arms to preserve his equilibrium, turned half round, lost it, and was in stantly seated in the miniature pool, with a vorte was a fine old roan horse, named Fid. splash that sent several drooplets into his mother's face.

Mrs. Naron flew at the child, with an ener gy that contrasted strongly with her oleaging ous appearance; and seizing him by the middle, held him up inverted, with one hand while the other, she inflicted what, in our nursery days, would have been called a "sound spanking;" which finished, she re-seated herelf, and brought him down a sitting position upon her knee, with insufficient violence to sudden abbreviation of as dreadful a howl as ever vexed human ear.

We didn't altogether relish these indications of a vivacious temperament in Mrs. Naron, and I'm just back from Wetumpky, he! he! accordingly made our examination as short and Ya! You see, yer uncle Kii's been down to smooth as possible. And when she demurred gu trimmins for neice Susy's wedding, next to furnish the statistical information, because "s Jim Spraggins that's going to pick up admitted the cogency of the reason, and pres ou see yer Uncle Kit waited for you sed the matter no further; for we were con will be found you wouldn't tak it out, he! vinced that the government did not expect its he! ha !-come over, as I was a sayin, and officers to run the risk of what Master Thomas you can take the sensis of the whole krick at Jefferson Naron had got, merely to add anothone sittin, and buss all the gals besides, he! he! er dozen yards of cloth, or score of chickens,

to the estimated wealth of the country. We thanked uncle Kit. and told him we here was now a slight busile in one corner would come; whereupon the jovial old fellow for which, at first, we could not account. It the worked in the lead, cracked the steers at ing to do. "Do now, Pete." "Oh you kin wheels, and so started. "You know you kin." "Pshaw! I wouldn't he a fool." "Jist this one time, Pete!" were "You must be sure to come, squire," said some of the exclamations and expostulations that uncle Kit, stopping his team so as to be heard we heard. They were not without effect: "yer aunt Hetty will, look for you certain, young man in a blue coat, with big brass but he! he!-and if she can raise somethin' for tons, cleared his throat, and commenced sing

"THE OLD BACHELARE." our aunt Hetty's being straitened to provide | The truth or a lie, from an old bachelore : They'll set and they'll think, twell they war out their

brains. And wish for a wife-but it is all in vain-

Sing down, dary down.

out that dratted yaller brute of old Kit's; and bless the Lord. On the appointed evening, we arrived at Mr. Its jist the way he does me, constant—his masabout dark. The old man was ter's larnt it to him-I never kin begin to sing, "I rode on the sky, quite ondestified I," or "Bless your union soul, little squire," he said, shaking our extended hand with both of chal himes, but what the stinkin, yaller cuss his; "yer uncle Kit's as proud to see you as strikes up his everlastin howl, and jist makes me quit whether or no !" and aunt Hetty went

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

And Hetty said " pish !" with a worried air, and Mr. Marks re-tuned his pipes :

But when you are married, it is for to please, And when you have children you'r never at ease. You'll go bare and stint, just to make 'em suppo't, But a bachelor's care is his back and his throat. Sing down, dary down !"

The applause being loud and enthusiastic Mr. Marks passed his right hand over his welltallowed side locks, glanced at the buttons on the small pox! ha! ha! yah! and I'm bound his coat, cleared his throat, and proceeded to

"But when you are gone, your wife will prepar," A dish of fine dainties, or somethin' that's rar'; Bo smilin' and pleasin' when you do draw near-There's no such delight for the old bachelare! Sing down, dary down."

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:

When I go abroad, and sich things I do see-(Andy howled furiously.) I wish, but in vain, that it only was me"

(" Oo-oo-oo-au-e-au-au-oo-oo-oo!" from the

"Whilst I must but both breeches and petti (Andy kept " even along.") It grieves me to think I'm an old bachelare;

Andy howled through the last line beautiful ly, but getting into the chorus, commenced a series of barks which seemed likely to be pro-

Sing down, dary down."

longed indefinitely.
"My poor dog!" exclaimed Mr. Knucker, himself to death !-Run. Jim"-to his son-

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

"Could'nt you give somethin' sperechal before you go?" asked uncle Kit, "your aunt there, as proud, apparently, of his sans-culot. Hetty and Andy's tip-top on sperechal songs; themselves into fifty little smilets.

" Kee-yow ! yow ?" all of a sudden from An-

· Make up your bread with that!"-said aunt Hetty, as she raised up with the tea-ketthe in her hand, from which she had been pour ing boiling water through a crack upon Andy. Old 'oman!" said uncle Kit, passionately "I'll take that dog kleen away"-thinking, in the energy of his own affection for Andy, the announcement would have a decidedly painful effect upon the mind of his wife—" and you shall never set eyes upon him agin, as long as yan live!"

"I-only-wish-to-the-Lord-in-heaven-you-would!" said aunt Hetty, emphatically shaking her head between each word."

"I won't do no such a thing!" said old Kit, in the spirit of contradiction; "I'll keep him here allers, jist to sing. He shall sing "Prim-

" Can't help it."

"And Zion," and—
"Can't help that nuther."

" Won't you come and go with me, and-" 4 Don't care." "And the rest of the songs in the Mezoore Harmony, and "Mearcer's Cluster," too. Cust

"Well! well! Christopher, old man," said annt Hetty, in a conciliatory tone; "don't be aggrawated. I oughten to fret you I know: and of Andy'll behave hisself like a decent dog -like Bull Wilkerson, now, for a sample which never comes in the hou-

"Thar aint," said uncle Kit, swelling indigation at the indirect attack upon the morals of his dog. " thar aint a dog of a better karackter in whistled to Andy—who had stepped into the was among a group of young persons, male and the settlement than Andy Knucker—Bull Wilkerson or no Bull Wilkerson. "No! that aint ne better, nor no gentlemanlier a dog in the whole county, than Andy. Savin' the presence of this kumpny, I'll be damned of that is !" and having so spoken. Mr. Knucker went out to seck his dog and console him in his afflictions

As soon as Mr. Knucker returned, the coup le desirous of matrimony, took the floor, and squire Berry united them in the bonds of wedlock, after the most summary fashion. Uncle Kit then announced that some " cold scraps" were to be found in an adjoining room-which said

bread, cake, pies, stewed fruit &c. "Squire! 'squire! don't set thar!" said uncle Kit, addressing himself to us, as we were Before this verse was half finished. Andy, the guests; "oh, no! he! 'yah! yah! your unit he dog,' who was coiled up in the entry, com- loc Kit did'nt bring you here for that, yah! yah! Ity nice and good, for she's a pretty little tenter.

Sing down, dary down."

it is propriety. But the buff eassimere, which, frighten and from the buff easing the from the buf

uncle Kit has fust-rate spring-water, allers on looked vexed and confused, and stepped sing. | yah ! yah ! and uncle Kit forced as into a chair, the wit of calling corn whiskey spring water, I wouldn't mind it, Peter, said good old Winny Folsom, a very pretty girl, with a pout- fabulous—while Andy sat by, w and put his finger by the side of his old cut- Mrs. Knucker, who now approached; "I ing mouth Mr. Knucker drew up a chair be and looking very intelligent. hind us. 1 2cd 37

> great apparent interest in either Miss Winay or ourself; 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 knock-kneed to deformity. His coat was blue mixed," with a very acute terminus, and it seemed to have a particular affection 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 secondhand-and contracted, from excessive washing, or some other couse, 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 inchés 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

"Talk to her, 'squire! talk to her !" said unice Kit, " when yer unkle Kit was young, he didn't do nothin but talk to the gale, he-

streak was, on every such occasion, made a little

yah! yah!" We endeavored to make ourself agreeable to Miss Winny, of course, and during the whis-pering of one of those confidential nothings common in such circumstances, our head came alcame 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 resulted, bad we kissed Miss

Winny.
"Ha!" exclaimed the old fellow starting back in well-feigned astonishment; "at it a'ready, squire! Well? 'twas a buster, any way !"-whereupon he laughed immoderately, as did most of the company. Miss Winny turned red, and we looked foollish—we sup-

"Some people's too derned smart, any how!" said the gentleman in buff cassimere, who supposed that we had really kissed Miss Winny.
"And some aint smart enough, Ikey Hetson," said uncle Kit; "or they wouldn't let
other people cut'em out—would they Winny?" Winny smiled, but said nothing, and Mr. Knucker, raising himself half up, so as again to interrept Mr. Hetson's view, produced another

For shame, 'squire !" said he, sitting down

"I can whip any pocket-knife lawyer that ever made a moccasin track in Datesville!" lke, striding backward and forward behind Mr. Knucker's chair, like a lion in his cage-furiousv iealous. Uncle Kit laughed until his wife called to him

across the room, and told him he was " a stark naitral old fool !" "I wouldn't be a gump, of I was you, Ike

Heison," remarked Miss Winny. "Them that don't care nothing for me," replied lke, "I don't care nothing for them

puther." The 'squire's mouth aint pisen, I reckon,

fore Miss Winny could help herself. "Go it! my rip-roaren, little union 'squire: yon're elected!" shouted nucle Kit, in a paroxysm of delight.

"Let's see!" said we: doing that same be-

" Dera my everlanin dog-skin ef I'll stand t!" said the furious lover-" I'll die in my tracks fust! I'm just as good as town felks, of they do war shoe-boots and store close. I'm just a hundred and forty seving pounds, neat weight, and I'ma wheel-horse!" and then Mr. Hetson doubled his tists and shook himself all over, with an energy that looked dangerous considered in reference to the excessive tight-

ness of bull cassimeres. Aunt Henry now interposed-"Do Ikev do now, son don't be frested so-don't be jealous hearted! The 'quire did'nt mean no harm in the world, by bussin Winny; and Winny didn't mean none by lettin of hini-

" I didn't let him : he done it himself!" said Winny very quickly-and then she pouted. "Oh, Well! we all know that, to be sure," said aunt Hetty. "It were jist to romancin of that simple old crittur, that's never easy with-

out he's got somebody in a brile. I wouldn't But Mr. Her on did mind it; and he didn't wait for aunt Hetty to fish up a figure whereby to illustrate its insignificance, before he made "burst" at us-but Mr. Kuncker caught him

by the shoulder.
"Stop!" said uncle Kit.
"What?" inquired Hetson.

Uncle Kit paused, and then slowly, but most emphatically remarked: " You'll-tar-them-trowsers !"-and the

whole company laughed at Uncle Kit's remark. or Ike Heison's trowsers or perhaps at both. And Ike hung down his head, and was evident-

know who's to have Winny-you. or my litile union 'squire."

" How's that?" asked Hetson.

"Andy will tell us all about it!"
"Mr. Hetson turned very pale, for he had of Andy. great faith in the predictions A general rush-supper being over-to the big room, followed this announcement, and uncle Kit whistled Andy into the house. The dog-prophet came in slowly and crouchingly, cold scraps" consisted, principally, of one or for the fear of his mistress was before his eyes; two or three very fat turkeys; a hind quarter of and as he got opposite Mrs. Kuncker, he emitbeef; together with about a half wagon load of ted a depracatory whine, and with a bound attained his master's legs. Aunt Helty, howev-

er, made no altempt to strike him.

"It a in-t right-it a i n-t right!-its a-g-i-n Standing near uncle Kit's back, we observed Scriptur." said granny Whipple, shaking her ter at the grotesque spectacle shook the whole a young man who somehow or other, took a head, and dwelling on the italicised words, as house. she surveyed the necromantic operations of old Kit-"you are a-doin of a w-r-o-n-g thing. Christopher Kuncker! I te-ll you you are! But Mr Kuncker only laughed at Granny Whip-

While Mr. Kuncker was engaged in prepar-

ing for the delivery of the oracles, secondum artem : 'the conversation in the room turned on the degree of credit to be given them. "What do you think bout Ardy's fortin tel-

lin, Miss Wilkerson !" asked Mrs. Naron .-"Do you balleve he rady knows what's gwine to come to pass ?"

"Well, now," replied Mrs. Wilkerson, I don't know what to say. It's a mighty strange thine how knowin some brutes some is .-Thar's my "Cherry" cow, I raaly 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 knowinest look out of her eyes you ever seen a critter have in all your days!"
"Oh law!" exclaimed several women.

"Miss Kuncker, what do you say to it?" queried the first speaker----you oughter know, 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' 'pon. Sometimes I think it's only Kit's devilment-and then agin, the dog do tell such quar things, looks like I'm 'bleged to think he knows. Last week. I b'lieve it was-yes, only last week-Jim Hissup fotch a two gallon jug o'sperrets home, for the old man, from town. Well, Kit he 'spicioned Jim o'drink ing some on the way, but Jim denied it mighty bitter. So the old man fotch Andy in the ouse, 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 tak, which was two drinks, as near as I can remember!"

"Good gracious!" bur I from three or four, "I don't believe nothing about it," said withered old crone, as she sucked away industriously to prevent her pipe going out; "1 know Andy can tell what'll happen. Brutes, in a common way," she continued aphoristically, as she pushed down the tobacco in the bowl of her pipe with her forefinger-" is more knowiner an humans. Did ye ever hear mongst ye of the suake at John Green's ?" "Dear Saviour alive!" exclaimed a dozen -"What about the snake?" and they all drew long breaths and opened their eyes at

one another:
"I'll tell ye. John Green's sixter, (the grass widder, as lives with 'em,) she goes to her battlin bench, and what does she see thar, a quiled up on it, a sunnin of itself, but a big

black snake-" "Laws a-massy!" ejaculated the entire

"Jest as I tells ye-thar it was! and it poked out his tongue—it did, as sure's you're born—right at the widder, and looked the vanomousest ever was. Well, she run in the said Miss. Winny, very sharply; "and it believe me, the very next week her little boy, wouldn't kill a body of he did kiss 'em!" house and lainted right away; and el you'll it on the back and a made the punkin seed fly out, that child never would a drawd another breath no more'n-shah! you may tell me that snakes and dogs don't know things, but"-and granny Kichards didn't finish the sentence, but bobbed her head emphatically, as nuch as to say that she couldn't be humbugged by any such assertions.

Every thing was now ready: the rings, the radii, the serpents, the bats, the unicorns, and the scorpions, all complete; and Andy was seen seated in the exact centre of the whole, upon his hind legs, and looking very wise, and Yes!" said uncle Kit, mentally contrast

ing Andy with Mrs. Kuncker's favorite; "Bull Wilkerson would look devilish well, settin thar on his hind legs. Bull Wilkerson! " He aint got the power about him? Then explaining to the company that Andy would throw off the cheese without attempting to catch it, if he wished to express a negative; but would toss fluence. it up and receive in in his jawa, should he, intend to speak affirmatively—he placed a alice of home made cheese upon the dog's nose.

The company stood around, but out-side of he largest circle, Ike Helson's portruding head thrust farther towards Andy and old Kil, than any body else's. His face was auxique and adaverous, but he strove to suppress his feel-

"Now, Andy," began uncle Kit; "look at your old master. Horum-scorum-ef-Mister-lkey-Hejson-is-10-be-married-to-Mirs-Winny-Folsom-say so!"

Andy threw the cheese on the floor, and here upon several old women screamed; and the Adam's apple of Mr. Hetson's neck became a very large pippin, in his attempt to swallow his grief. "I knowed it!" said he, in tones the most dolorous, while the corners of his ly " used up." the corners of his Thar's but one way to settle this, and to mouth twitched involuntarily, and spasmodically.

"Now, Andy," said old Kit, replacing the cheese on Andy's nose: "Horum-scorumef-my-liule-blessed-union 'aquire-is--gwine-10-get-Miss-Winny-say so

Up went the cheese, into Andy's sepulchral "Dam the varmint !" ejaculated Mr. Hetsor and bursting into the magic circle, he kicked Andy vehemently in the side ( )

"Fair fight! nobody tech! sich him Andv!" shouted uncle Kit, in a rage at the breach of the peace committed on the person of his dog.
Andy dashed gallandy! at Mr. Heison, and seizing one his red leather attage tore it on one fetched you in here, to tell all bout Miss Win- side from the buff cassimere, which, frighten-

Once again, however, he stopped and shout menced a howling accompaniment, worse even, Here's a little gal has never had her sinsis ta- gal !" He then set about drawing a huge cir- houd of Mr. Hetson's knee. In his struggle d back - Don't be afeard to come? Yer than the vocalism of Mr. Peter Marks, who ken, and I want you to see of you kan't get 'em, cle, and several smaller circles within, and an to get away from the dog, lke fell backwards immense number of radii, and between these, over Master Thomas Jefferson Naron; and as greatly against our will, by the side of Miss, rude representations of animals, both real and his bare and unstrapped leg flew up, nearly at Winny Folsom, a very pretty girl, with a pouting mouth. Mr. Knucker drew up a chair be- and looking very intelligent.

And the same of the sa along the floor-sn uproaroas shout of laugh-

> "Well! said the poor fellow, as he got up the jig's up now; the other would not work—
> the jig's up now; the introduce to make a face
> about it; but I wouldn't mind it ac bad, ef
> 'twarn't that he was to git her. Anyhow, I'm
> off for the Arkansow! good-by, Winny!" And
> off he did go, in spite of old Mrs. Kuncker's most strenuous efforts to detain him, and convince him that "Andy didn'nt knew a thing about it, no more'n the man in the moon !"

As for Winny-the little fool !- the wept hitterly, as if there were no straight legged men that would have been gled to marry her la marry 

"Squire," said old Kit, as he lighted us to bed, "yove not taken many sensis to-night?".
"Only one or two." "Well its yer uncle. Kit's fault ! He will have his fun, yah! yah! and lke Hesson's e-e-yah! yah! Never minut; come over next week, and yer uncle Kit will go all thro' the settlement wi' you, and go down on the river, and to Jim Kent's, which nas got a sister, so ugly the flies wont light on her face-wass nor yer aunt Hetty, yah! vah! And her uncle Kit will tell you how he and his Jim fooled the man from the big-norrod 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, yah, yah, e-e-e-yah !"

" Very well, uncle Kit sure to come!" " And equire, ef you want one of Andys puppies, let your uncle Kit, know, and he'll save you you a raal neart one, ch? Good night? God bless the old Ginnul, and dammall nulli-

HANDSOMELY DONE .- Under this caption the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser narrates the following instance of courteons deference to age and public service on the part of the members of the

present Congress:
The members of Congress rule and reckless as some of them are appear at times to be swayed 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, all passed it by 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, DAUGBTER .- 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 en-In her absence, she is the natural viceroy. Let as can jest run about swallowed a punkin seed, the mother take double pains to form her on a corand like to a' died. Ef it's uncle hadn't a'hit rect model ; to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, pious, trusting that the image of those virtues may leave impressions on the colt, waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may in the providence of God, be called to fill the place of a maternal guide.

> THE BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. - A beautiful writer says that Christianity enters the hot 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 com. forting associate of age. It ennobles, the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the levely. The patriot, minister, pos eloquent man derive sublime power from its in-

GRATITUDE .- Be careful to teach wone chil. dien gratitude. Lead them to acknowledge every favor they receive, to speak of their benefectors, 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 circomstance in the life of Anna, 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 veneratien, as her guide in the rudiment of knowledge. अन्तर की जी तीन क्ष्मिकार अंग प्रारम्भ प्रतासान है।

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

Modesty.-Ass informs the Providence Gazettee that there is a young women in town so modest, that she had a young man turned out of doors, for saying the wind had shifted.

TRUE SATING Smoke, rainning into the house, and a scolding wife, will make a man run out of doors.

. A Mistare ... Some suppose that if a man