UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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OFFICE in Market-square, north side, second story.

Jan. 1, 1861. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1861.

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Spoken at the Exhibition of the Juniors of the University at Lewisburg, March 26, 1861.

Come, gentle Muse, who oft hath led
My fancy through its trippy reels,
And even by chance upon me shed
Some inspiration, and then anew
Bid me pursue my way through life's dark ways—
Now give thy aid a daughter's true
Of love expressive, and then anew
The fire—short-lived my crowded mind
The question of those own, and bind
Its energy—Thou alone that hast hear
Times from within to please thine ear.

I sing THE JUNIORS—goodly theme
For those in the poetic dream
Who fabulate view or hymn had
A theme more pressing to the mind?
Or time it were lost in their power,
If they had labored hour by hour
For ten times ten long years of more,
With all the learning they in store
Of wonders of each year,
To find a subject which would give
A worthy book, or longer live.

The Junior Class, I first would state,
Were freshmen twelve in life,
And now, as time, are adding on
With danger of subtraction—none.
What they have done in all this time,
I surely may not speak in rhyme;
But I will tell you what they'll do
When they go forth in '62.
Some, for a sole word their stands will take
At home, or for the brethren's sake
Will willingly endure the toil
To plant the cross on heathen soil,
And teach them of the Saint who lies
In brighter worlds beyond the skies.
One will engage to cure our ills
By binding up with salated pills;
He'll draw a tooth with energy,
Or mend a broken leg.
Another one, I can aver,
Will follow zealously the plow,
And at his stage will hollow "gee,"
While others will Attorneys be
(Twill be but few short months before
They'll turn their "shingle" to the door,
With hope that 'twill attract the eye
Of every one that passes by.
When "strangers" come, as if astray,
Divine counsel they will obey;
They'll never commit so great a sin
As not to "take the stranger in."
Now, though these young attorneys may
Offer, for samples, goods cheap,
And though they'll labor hard indeed,
And at the bar will often plead,
And at their pleasure fly to power,
To gain their names and their fees,
Yet still their fates they dare be well
Without that "point of love—female"
And although some perchance may think
I wrong to win their food and drink
By a profession such as law,
And always try to pick a flaw
In lawyers, who engaged in court,
Strive honestly to gain support
By practicing affording to
The separating false from true:
And though they say his deeds are base,
And he himself a hardened case,
Without his deeds they'd not demand
Nor hold a single tuch of land.
Nay, while they vent their utmost grudge
At lawyers, jurors, and the judge,
They plead and court with might and main,
Not rest to win, their suit to gain.
The difference twixt the two is this,
One "courts" aright, and one a Miss.

Each Junior thus will wend his way
Undaunted along the great pathway
Of life—ambitious ladder mount,
And deeply dive beneath the fount
Of knowledge—tread the highest peak
Of fame—make the nation speak
Its praise—he'll touch his harp, and sound
Far easier, clearer, more profound
Wise music, than ever was made
In ancient, when Orpheus played
To charm the rocks, the trees to move,
And fill each heart with joy and love—
He'll use the mighty book of fames,
To gather others write his name,
Which shall continued stand before
The world till time shall be no more.

Of our Juniors now I'll sing,
The music may their praises ring,
Let angels hear their names on high
And may they waft them through the sky.
O, lovely Juniors—fair and wise,
Yet ever may your glories rise—
Like the fragrance of the flowers
That are found in fairy bowers;
And as their sweetness exists still
Be it, so may your virtues still
In joy or woe, on every heart
Their genial influence impart.
And may the time soon come, I pray,
(And will that be a happy day!)
When these two classes, one shall be—
When each one to his own shall see.
There will be no "secession," there,
Those noble Junior hearts to pain;
Traitors, if they invade the Union,
And try to play their Southern pranks,
Will quickly find each effort vain,
And get their labor for their pains.
Nathless I see a fair one rise
With trembling form, but flashing eyes,
To pour contempt on rebel spies;
Nathless I hear her eternally say,
"Begone, intriguing wretch! away.
No more I'll listen to your wiles,
You can not cheat me with your guiles.
As soon could you you mountain move,
As turn the trees from yonder grove;
Or grasp the lightning's fiery chain
And hurl it back to heaven again;
As soon could you the tempest rule
With naught your deep-rate course to guide,
To stop the mighty whirlwind louder,
Or turn the planets from their course;
As soon you'd stem Niagara's tide,
Or ponder of the day and hide—
As to think, within my mind,
A single thought of this base kind.
I truly am surprised, sirs
You know me from this noble class.
In truth, let no one dare to say
That e'er a Junior went astray;
I will not brook your longer stay.
With you I will no longer talk—
Base fiend! shore lire your path—now walk!"

But all such perils have their day,
And College life will soon away.
In one short year, within that Hall
Where oft we met at duty's call,
Our forms no longer will be seen,
Are lingering over the College green.
The time we'll part—perhaps no more
To view the place where oft before
We assembled at pure Learning's shrine,
Her laurels on our brows to twine.
Then, wider fields our toil will claim
In work of hand, or rack of brain,
And when Time's circling course is stayed,
And the cold hand of death is laid
Upon our hearts—when the great King
Of Terrors bids the soul take wing—
May we all reach that blissful shore
Where friends will meet to part no more! D. S. M.

Twenty-eight or thirty years ago, Horatio King, the late Postmaster-General, and Hannibal Hamlin, the present Vice President, were engaged in publishing a weekly newspaper in the small and obscure village of Paris, on the little Androscoggin river, in Maine.

A GOOD ENDING.—At the close of the proceedings of the Republican State Convention of Connecticut, the whole body united in singing the Star-Spangled Banner. The scene is described by those present as thrillingly impressive.

FOR THE STAR & CHRONICLE.

[The author of the following, JAMES K. PAULDING, died on the 5th of April last. He was contemporaneous with Washington Irving, and with him contributed to the "Salmagundi." He acted as Secretary of the Navy under President Van Buren. We have no date to fix the time at which this was written, but it is published in an Almanac of 1833. The truthfulness of it, in its applicability to the present time, is very striking. One would hardly suppose it was written thirty years ago.—J. R. C.]

The History of Uncle Sam and his Womankind.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

I told you, some time ago, about the unseemly behavior of Uncle Sam's boys—how they wanted to divide his new lands among themselves—and how they quarreled about the woman not doing his duty by them in the way of protection. But, as it did not concern my business at that time, I said nothing of his daughters, of whom he had a goodly family, all buxom, industrious hussies; nor of his wife, who, as all the world knows, talked and scolded by the hour, and was never quiet in the house five minutes at a time; so that, what between the boys, the girls, and the old woman, Uncle Sam had a time of it; especially during the winter season, when they had nothing to do but sit disputing in the chimney corner from morning till night.

The old lady, Uncle Sam's wife, according to the marriage contract, had a house and establishment of her own, where she played the mistress finely, and bit her thumb at him, as if he had been nobody, instead of her wedded husband. Report said, and I believe it spoke truth at this time, that she was a mighty capricious body, that hardly knew her own mind; and, instead of treating her children on all occasions alike, had ever some pet or another among them, on whom she lavished her favors, to the exclusion of the others, for the time being. But, on the whole, she made Uncle Sam a tolerable wife, as times go, and took special good care of his money, except when it was to be sent upon her own back. She always made out to have plenty of cash for her own household expenses, and never wanted her pin-money, though the rest of her family might be on sober commons. She was exceedingly jealous of her dignity, and would never let Uncle Sam have a finger in any pie of hers; though sometimes, when the worthy old gentleman put his arms akimbo, and plucked up courage to say No to some of her extravagant schemes of domestic improvement, she made a great ado, and cackled about the house for all the world like an old hen that has lost her last chicken.

The daughters were in the main honest, industrious, good girls, but they took after the old lady, in being most almighty talkers; and besides this, had a pestilent notion that Uncle Sam did not do by one as he did by the other. He never patted one on the cheek, or kissed her rosy lip, that the rest did not pout in a corner for a whole day; and if he happened to give one of them a new gown, or a pair of ear rings, or any such matter, the others would spit fire at him, like so many mad pussy-cats, and raise a fine dust in his chimney corner. But, notwithstanding these kick-ups, they were a very united family, and prided themselves on having a common interest in everything. In truth, the little bickerings they sometimes had were nothing but April showers, that, as it were, cleared the air, and produced a fresh cup of good will and sisterly affection. One thing was repeatedly observed of them—that, let them be quarreling never so bad, they almost always pulled together against a common enemy.

But after living in this way, sometimes falling out and invariably making friends again, until they had many of them grown up, a bone of contention was somehow thrown in among them, which, it was feared, would at length dissolve the family union, that, notwithstanding these little squalls, had flourished an example of prosperity and happiness to the whole country around, insomuch that the neighbors looked up to it with equal envy and admiration. It seems that some of the girls, being, as I said before, naturally given to industrious habits, and fond of making a trifle of pocket-money for themselves, had set up various little domestic manufactures within doors, such as spinning, weaving, making straw bonnets, and the like; which the others, being inclined to different occupations, such as cultivating the garden, attending to the dairy, and, it may be, sometimes reading romances and poetry, did hold in great contempt, and take every opportunity to laugh at incontinently. This by degrees bred a terrible hubbub in Uncle Sam's family, insomuch that the worthy patriarch had no rest night or day, and at divers times applied to the old lady to interfere. But he only burnt his fingers, for everybody said she generally made matters ten times worse by trying to mend them.

Things went on at this rate for some time, and Uncle Sam was privately heard to declare, that he most devoutly wished all the young baggages fairly married and settled off; "though," added the good, simple soul, "heaven hold the man that undertakes to manage them!" At length, step by step, by little and little, a habit of contention grew up among them, so that they never met without having a fling at each other. One party became perfectly idle, out of pure spite; and the others spent all their time in huddling together, scolding and talking, and coming to resolutions to play the deuce, and to turn up jack in the house, if something was not done to quiet the idle jades, who did nothing but read romances, and write poetry for the newspapers.

By the marriage compact between Uncle Sam and his wife, it was agreed that matters of import in the family affairs should be talked over and settled in the old lady's premises, and under her special sanction. All the privilege reserved to the old gentleman was that of saying YEA and NO; with a special injunction, that he should avoid the latter on all occasions, on penalty of a good scolding from his wife, and short commons at dinner. The old gentleman, on casting about and turning the matter this way and that way, inside and out, upside down and topsy turvey, and cudgeling his brains till they foamed up like whip-syllabub, at length determined to call these refractory damsels before the old lady in her own House, and leave it to her to settle the matter; at the same time he could not help laughing in his sleeve at what a de'il of a job he had bequeathed her. "Let them scold it out," thought he, "I wash my hands of it." So he sat himself down and smoked his pipe, like a hearty old cock as he was.

Now the obstreperous damsels were accordingly called together before the old lady, who had a hot cup of strong tea ready for them; and, having initiated each into a little gentle excitement, by plying her with the cooling beverage, desired them to tell what they had to say in as few words as possible; for the old lady loved to hear herself talk a great deal better than she did anybody else, you may depend upon it.

The first that spoke, was one of the elder sisters, the eldest but one, who was called Miss Massy Twoshoes, a notable, clever, sensible, well-educated girl, a great lover of cucumbers and dumb-fish, but she was a pretty particular loud talker, for all she liked dumb-fish. She stated to the old lady, in as many words as possible, what I shall not repeat, for the special reason that I will not be accessary to increasing the burthens of posterity, which will be condemned to bear enough without my aid, provided they are obliged to read all that has already been spoken and written on the subject. Suffice it to say, that Miss Massy made out a tolerable clear case, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody that was of the same opinion before, that domestic industry consisted entirely of work done in manufactures, two or three miles from home; that spinning jennies were the corner-stones of national prosperity; and weaver's beams the best of all possible weapons of defence against a foreign enemy.

The next sister that spoke was Miss Carolina, who was reckoned one of the genteelest of the family, though her complexion was a little bronzed, on account of her sleeping in a room that fronted the south, where she was rather too much exposed to the sun. Whether this southern aspect affected her temper or not, I can't tell, but she was a high-spirited little body, and had lately given the old woman, and Uncle Sam too, a great deal of uneasiness, by threatening to marry against their consent, and set up for herself under his very nose. She was a very fine girl, but rather fond of show, and somewhat extravagant with her allowance, in consequence of which she was sometimes short of money. All this she laid at the door of Uncle Sam's partiality for some of the other sisters, though it was shrewdly suspected that her being so often out of pocket was partly owing to the baggage having such a hankering after traveling and junketing about all summer, for the moment the birds began to sing and the flowers to bloom at home, neither the old man or the old Harry could keep her within doors. Like the wild ducks and geese, she was flying north as soon as the rivers and lakes were clear of ice. But, for all this, I can not help saying, that, if I were a bachelor, I should like to have such a baggage for a wife, though she is such an enemy to union that I fear I should have some trouble to keep her in order.

Be this as it may, Miss Carry made a considerable long talk, in which she clearly proved to the satisfaction of those who did not disagree with her, that domestic industry was occupying one's self abroad instead of at home; that spinning jennies were the foundation of all abominations, and not the pillars of independence; and that she herself would undertake, with a sling and a stone, to discomfit all the weavers beams in the universe, with Goliath at their head. How she proved all this I can't explain: for, may I be "eternally onswoggled," as they say in Kentucy, if I am not so utterly confounded with elucidations, vindications, declamations, and observations on this horrible subject, that if I do not lose my wits before it is finally settled, I shall certainly, in pure gratitude, found an hospital for politicians who have lost their reason by reasoning.

Miss Massy and Miss Carry, being the two antipodes, or extremes in this case, like two blades of a pair of shears, got all the other sisters crimped up between them, and, as it were, almost cut them in two. There was Miss Pen, a bouncing girl, in a Quaker bonnet, a plain, industrious creature, but a great belle just about this time, because she had a big voice, held the purse-strings, and carried mighty sway in the family, insomuch that the rest of the sisters complained, that, for several years past, Uncle Sam and his wife had spent more money on her than all the rest of the girls put together. Pen had a charming face, and an agreeable aspect; but if you looked at her back, she was rather Dutch built, as they say.

Then there was Miss Virginia, the eldest of the girls, who, I confess, was a great favorite of mine, though a little proud, and on the shady side of thirty. She was an independent baggage, who always thought for herself and acted for herself. She took her own way in everything, and went quietly to work, without scolding or making a hubbub in the family, except on very especial occasions. I always thought her a girl of excellent principles, and looked upon her as one of the main stays of Uncle Sam's family, which she often presided over with dignity and discretion. Virginia was no great hand at the spinning-jenny and weaver's-beam, but she was fond of rural economy, and delighted in the innocent and gentle excitements of a country life. Above all, she knew her own mind, which is an excellent thing in man or woman: and it was said correctly, you always know where to find her, to wit, at home.

There was also Miss York, the largest of the family, a buxom, easy-tempered creature, who had so many employments about the house that she did not fly into a passion when one of them was interfered with. If she had any fault, it was that of not knowing her own mind for one-half an hour together; though, in justice to her, I must observe that she accounted for these frequent changes from north to south, and east to west, very ingeniously. She was perfectly independent, she said; and girls that could do as they pleased had a right to change their opinion as often as they pleased, or where was the use of being one's own mistress? The rest of the girls often taunted her with this, but she got off very well by saying it was better to be a feather, blown out by the wind, than an old rusty weather-cock, which, if it once got wrong, remained so to the end of time. Probably one reason why Miss York seemed sometimes to float about, as it were, without rudder or compass, was, that she grew so very large that when a notion sprang up in one end of her head, it was so far to get to the other, that it died of old age before it arrived there; and so, when an impulse waked up in her heart, body o' me! if I don't suspect it fell fast asleep before it arrived at the extremities. While it was glowing in one place, the other remained quite cool; and it seldom or never happened, that every part of this stout spinster was under the same impression at one and the same time.

Now your little people, like Miss Rhoda, another of Uncle Sam's daughters, are not subject to such contingencies. A spark will set them on fire from the roof to the cellar, and the smallest atom of a little local interest, like a stone thrown into a puddle, will agitate them from the centre to the circumference. It is next to impossible to make a very large person angry all over at the same time, while the prick of a pin will convulse a little, contentious body, like Miss Rhoda. I thought it meet to say thus much in behalf of a young woman, with whom I have long kept company, and for whom, I confess between ourselves, I have a sneaking kindness; more especially as some certain persons, who owe all their consequence to her patronage and good will, have lately taken upon themselves to disparage her before Uncle Sam and the old woman more than once. I maintain that she can hold up her head on every occasion and everywhere, with any of Uncle Sam's girls, and snap her fingers at her detractors, who are no better than they should be; and indeed not half so good, for that matter.

On one side of Miss York sat a sly little toad, Miss Connecticut; a hard name for a spinster, but never mind, young ladies always live in hopes of getting rid of such encumbrances; and the other, a tight, small affair of a damsel, known among the family as little Jersey Blue, from her having a couple of beautiful blue eyes as ever looked through a pair of spectacles. Little Conn, as she was called, was a mighty snug, steady-going girl; a little prinky, but not averse to a training or a thanksgiving frolic. There was nothing she loved like sparking of a Saturday night; and nothing she abominated like traveling on Sundays, unless to church to be married. She had several sweethearts in her day; but, somehow or other, lost them all. However, she did very well by the matter, for she prosecuted them for a breach of promise, and recovered damages sufficient to console the most inconsolable damsel that ever died of a broken heart. She was an industrious, pains-taking body, and the best hand at house-keeping among Uncle Sam's daughters. She saved all the goose feathers, and could make wooden nutmegs that would deceive any of the Counties-slip grocers.

Little Jersey Blue and Miss York slept in the same room together, but, as frequently happens, they did not agree the better for that. It seems that an old gentleman, called in the family Uncle Charles, had, a great many years ago, when they were very young, bequeathed them each a piece of land, which when they grew up they cultivated as a garden spot. A creek ran between them, which abounded in fish and oysters, of which the girls were excessively fond, and they were eternally disputing about this matter, though everybody said there was quite enough for both of them. Miss York claimed the whole creek, because, she said, her piece of ground was six times as large as the other; but little Jersey Blue, who had a tongue and temper of her own, flouted such notions. She said that if Uncle Charles was such a fool to give her sister all the land, she was not such a fool as to give up all the water, and therefore she was resolved to have her full share of the oysters. This bred great contentions between them, insomuch that I am sorry to say they at last got to pulling caps over a fine oyster bed. Hereupon the friends of the family interfered, and advised them, as they were both of age, to go to law about the matter, which many people thought was getting out of the frying-pan into the fire. However, Miss York, being, as I said, a good-natured, fat spinster, consented to waive her rights, and both sides referred the matter to the justice, secretly determining in her own mind to submit quietly to his decision, provided it was in her own favor; and thus the affair stood at the period of which I speak.

But it is high time I say something of Uncle Sam's youngest daughter, who, because she slept in the west chamber of the house, which was very large, went by the name of the Great West, for she was quite stout of her age, and had grown up, as it were, like Jack's bean stalk in a single night, and claimed not a little on account of her great size. Some people said she had rather outgrown her discretion, but it was behind her back, for if she had heard it I warrant you she would have given them a sound box on the ear. She was a wild, graceful hoyden, that cared nothing for dress, and was all the while riding on horseback; that is, when she could get one to ride, for Uncle Sam was very much afraid she would meet with some accident, she rode at such a rate. But she was a fine, high-spirited girl, an honor to the family, and who would make an excellent wife to a man that carried a tight rein, and sat stiff in the saddle. There were several other daughters, whose names I shall not particularize in this place, but who, some of them at least, will be noticed by and by.

The time being come, they all appeared in their best bibs and tuckers, in the presence of the old lady, who had thrown open the great hall of the union and made up her mind, for the first time since she was married, to listen instead of talk. Uncle Sam kept at an awful distance, for he had heard enough about this matter to serve him all the rest of his life. Being requested to speak according to their respective ages, and not interrupt each other, Miss Virginia opened the case.

She was moderate, didactic, and metaphysical; but on the whole, made a very respectable figure on the occasion; and, as she had a right to do, (being the eldest sister,) gave the young baggages a great deal of good advice about the obeying of their parents, loving each other with a sisterly affection, and preserving the family union. But when she came to this part of her speech, little Carry could stand it no longer, but interrupted her in a great passion:

"Union," said she, "marry come up! I should like to know what I get by the family union, but cuffs instead of coppers? See here, I have calculated the value of union to a fraction, and find that I have lost six and eight pence of my pocket money by it already."

Then she showed her calculation, which would have puzzled Mr. Bowditch himself, for she knew no more about ciphering than the man in the moon.

"Well, my dear Carry," said Miss York, with her usual good nature, "suppose you have lost six and eight pence, what then? You have only to stay at home next summer, instead of traveling about as you do every season, and you'll save ten times as much. Now do be a good girl, do, Carry, and mind what your parents say to you."

"I'll tell you what, sister," replied Miss Carry, "you'd better go and look to your oyster beds, and let me alone."

When Miss Virginia had got through, Miss Massy Twoshoes replied, and talked a great deal about the old story of spinning-jennies and weaver's beams. But as this is a worn out topic, I shall refer to the seventeen thousand volumes of documents, reports, addresses, speeches, &c., that have been perpetrated on the subject. She concluded by giving poor little Carry a lecture on disobedience to her parents, but she got as good as she gave, for the little brunette cut her short:

"The less you say about that matter, Miss Goody Twoshoes, the better," said she. "I suppose you have forgot, for it is very convenient to have a short memory sometimes—I suppose you have forgot when our poor old father was fighting, not long ago, with old John Bull, in defence of his bacon, how you sneaked away, and said John was in the right, and that your poor old father deserved a good beating? And don't you remember how you threw up your eyes, like a great hypocritical old maid as you are, and refused to rejoice, when he at last got the better of his antagonist? Ha! ha! Miss Goody Twoshoes, I've not lost my memory, though it seems you have."

Miss Massy did not pretend to deny this, but threw up her hands and exclaimed, "What a little vixen!"

Miss Virginia and Miss Pen, and Miss Georgiana, the next sister to little Carry, and the Great West, all called out shame on her, for treating her elder sister in this manner; but as for Miss York, she had got such a wipe about her oyster war, that she sat with folded arms as quiet as a lamb. But little Carry was a match for them all. She turned to Virginia, and exclaimed—

"You needn't talk, madam: how long is it since you wrote a saucy letter to our father, telling him as much as that he was an old fool, and didn't know his own rights, or those of his daughters? If I don't mistake, you were very obedient then, for you threatened, if he didn't mind his p's and q's, you'd quit his house and kill your own mutton. As for you, Miss Penn, with your Quaker bonnet and smooth face—how I do hate hypocritical faces!—as for you, Miss, I am almost ashamed to talk about such a filthy subject; but didn't you once fly in the face of our good father, (at least I thought him so then) because—because—pshaw! it makes me sick to think of it—because he raised the price of his whiskey! And as for *you*, Miss Georgiana, you'd better go home and take care of the poor old Cherokee Indians you want to turn out of the farm old uncle Charles left you, like a great oaf as he was; and you'd better go and settle that matter about the parson—you understand me, sister. Marry, come up! instead of lecturing one in this manner, I tell you again, I've calculated the value of the family union to a fraction, and settled the balance by Cocker's arithmetic, and there's an end of it."

Then she turned around to the Great West—

"As for you, you great, overgrown, awkward thing, you'd better go home too, and put on your moccasins. Only look at the creature! in her homespun frock, stitched with bark, and pinned with great thorns! What a pretty figure you'd make in a drawing room, and who's your mantua-maker, pray? I suppose *you* don't remember, either, when you threatened the old gentleman to run away, the Lord knows where, because he did not choose to go to loggerheads with one of his neighbors about a mill-stream he would not let you sail bark boats on? Once for all, I tell you, you're all as deep in the mud as I am in the mire, and had better be quiet about the family union. There isn't one of you that has not deserved to be well switched half a dozen times."

This broadside pretty well silenced Miss Massy Twoshoes, and the rest of them, and almost overawed the old lady, who could not help in her heart, however, being proud of a daughter so much like herself, in the matter of having a tongue in her head. After considering a short time, she looked around, and fixed her attention on Miss York, whose good temper and discretion she looked to, in a great measure, for settling all their family feuds. She accordingly called upon her for an opinion on the best mode of bringing it about.

The good spinster was somewhat puzzled. The truth is, her head had one opinion, and her heels another; the heart was pretty decided, but the ends of the fingers and toes, being, as I observed before, such a great way off, had each a different bias, and could by no means be brought to a proper understanding with each other. The consequence was, the poor girl was puzzled so many different ways, that she could hardly hold together, and spoke first on one side the question, then the other, until Satan himself would have been puzzled to tell her real opinion, if she had any, which was doubtful.

Now if I had been the old lady, I should have made something like the following speech:

"Sit down, you overgrown goose! sit down, till you can make up your mind to say something a body can understand. And now, hear me, young ladies! Touching the blessings and advantages of the family union, which I hope none of you doubt or disparage, except Miss Carry, who I advise to stay where she is, for nobody else will take in such a vixen—touching the family union, I say, I trust there is no necessity for me to point out its benefits and blessings. Miss Carry may calculate them if she pleases, but I can't help laughing to think of her pretending to cipher, when I remember she never could tell the amount of three yards of calico at sixpence a yard. The best manner of settling this question would be, to think of the manifold advantages of fraternal and domestic union; the strength, the wealth, the dignity and happiness it communicates to all, and not, like Carry there, calculate the six and eight pence it costs to keep the pot boiling and the chimney-corner warm. And then, how unseemly and wicked it is, for sisters to be always squabbling and fighting, and calling each other names, and falling into fits of envy and jealousy, because one outgrows the other, or is a little handsomer, or because their parents give one a ring, another a new gown, another a pair of silk stockings. Such carryings on disgrace a family, let it be ever so prosperous, and prevents its members ever being happy or respectable. I'll tell you what, girls, you will become a laughing stock of the neighborhood, and not one of the young men will ever cast a sheep's eye at you. You'll never be married if you go on in this way; and as for Carry, I pity the poor man, if there be any such desperate character in the world, who should undertake her guidance. She'll lead him a dance, I'll be bound. My dear daughters, I beg of you now, join hands, be friends, sisters again, and each follow your own tastes, inclinations, and employments, without interfering with those of the others. Massy and the rest of you that like, can spin and weave, while you, Virginia, and those that choose, may cultivate your fruits and vegetables and garden flowers, and milk the cows, in peace and quiet. All these employments are equally useful in their proper sphere, and, under proper discipline, all essential to the welfare of your father's house. Come, now, be good girls—kiss and be friends, and may heaven bless you all! my dear daughters."

But, instead of making such a discreet common-place speech as this, the old lady talked all around the compass ten times worse than Miss York. She declaimed and flourished away, first lauding the spinning-jenny and weaver's beam; and then denouncing them as pestilent innovations, and praising the simplicity of a country life and rural occupations, until neither she, herself, her daughters, or anybody else could tell what her opinion on the subject was. In short, after talking herself dry, and tiring her hearers to death, she concluded by coming to no conclusion, but at the same time beseeching the girls to have patience, keep their tempers, shake hands, and be friends.

"Well, for my part," said Miss Massy Twoshoes, "I have not the least objection, provided I can have my will in one thing."

"Nor I," said Miss Carry, "on the same condition."

"Nor I," echoed all the others in chorus.

"My dear children," cried the old lady, with tears in her eyes, "how your father will be delighted with your dutiful submission! And what is it my darlings would have? What is the condition?"

"*That we each of us have our own way in every thing*," cried the sisters in full chorus.

The old lady was struck dumb at this new mode of preserving the family union:

"Go," said she at length, "go to your old father, receive his blessing, and quit our presence for ever, if such is your wicked will."

The refractory baggages obeyed her for once in their lives, and departed, crying out together, "Divided we stand, united we fall."

Thus was the great union of uncle Sam's family dissolved for ever. But the vengeance of Heaven overtook these unnatural children. Wherever they went, people pointed their fingers at them, and cried out, in their hearing, "Here are the foolish virgins, that calculated the value of a family union by pounds, shillings and pence, and left the house of their father because they could not have their own way in everything." Nobody would receive them, nobody would associate with them, and they wandered about in rags and beggary, a prey to each other, a scoff to the virtuous, a mark for the finger of scorn. They lived and died miserably. Poor Carry, the ringleader in this unnatural affair, was inveigled into the arms of a wily stranger, who, after robbing her of all she had, honor, virtue, reputation, and fortune, "flung her like a worthless weed away," and left her to perish by the roadside.

GOOD IDEA.—A correspondent of the Sunbury *Gazette* recommends that Committees should be appointed by County Agricultural Societies, for every borough and township in every county, with special instructions to inquire after and prosecute every one who disregards the laws of the State in regard to the protection of birds.

The Melbourne *Herald* states that in less than a quarter of a century, Australia has increased from a population of 170, to 530,000 persons; and in ten years has exported 23,000,000 ounces of gold.

SIGNIFICANT.—A gentleman residing in Iowa writes that the land offices in different sections of the West are flooded with applications for information from Southern people.