

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

John East

By Weaver & Moore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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advertise by the year.

FLORENCE VANE.

BY PHILIP FENDELTON COOPER.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again:
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even toll,
The spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Then wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime
Thy voice excelled the doves
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest, wonder;
Thy glorious clay
Lies the green red under—
Alas! the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
When maidens sleep;
May thy bloom, in beauty lying,
Never wane
Where time earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

Perplexities of a Man with a Family.

BY "EXPERIENCE."

CHAP. V.
"Well, my dear, what do you think of my joining the Odd Fellow's Association?" said I to Ella one day.
"Oh, Mr. Poe, don't think of such a thing, I beseech you!"
"Why, my dear, I see no harm. A great many of our most respectable men belong to it; and my connection with the society will certainly help my practice."
"Oh, it's horrible to think of it. There you'll be gone 'till midnight, and I shall be here almost alone."
"And so you often are now, for I am frequently called out at midnight."
"Yes, but then I know where you are."
"And so you would if I was at home."
"But I wouldn't know what you was doing. There you'd get into bad company—might become intemperate, or—Oh, indeed, Doctor, I can't endure the idea. The thought of such a thing sickens me."
"You know, Ella, that I always mean to act for the best, and I do think your fears are unfounded in this matter."
"Indeed I'm sure they're not. And then I've heard Mrs. Simpson tell what awful times they have at the lodge."
"But Mrs. Simpson can't know any thing about it."
"Ah, but she does. Her cousin Agatha has a neighbor lady who's heard Mrs. Edwards tell all about it. You see Mrs. Edwards wouldn't agree that her husband should become a member of the lodge until he promised to tell her all the secrets. Oh, it's terrible, the way she tells! There they have a great goat, with awful, ugly, twisted horns, more than a yard long, which all the members must learn to ride. And then Mrs. Edwards says she once peeped in the crack of the door at the lodge room when no one was in, and she declares upon honor that there was blood upon the floor. She says too that her husband actually often smells of brimstone when he comes home from the lodge. Oh! and she says he talks and groans terribly in his sleep, since he's become an Odd Fellow."
"Oh, Ella, this is all old women's gossip!"
"No, indeed it's not, for mother says she don't understand these secret societies, and declares there's something mysterious about them. And then you should hear Mrs. Edwards tell how expensive it is to join them. Why she used to dress herself and her children in the very richest style, and they all had the appearance of very wealthy people. But since her husband has become an Odd Fellow, she don't have half the finery that she used to sport. She declares he gives her almost no shopping money, and she can't see how they'll get along."
"But, Ella, remember that Mr. Edwards is now paying for the neat house in which he and his family find so pleasant a home."
"No, but it's not there that his money all goes, for Mrs. Edwards says so, and mother says she thinks there must be something mysterious in these secret associations."
Gen. Rem, the Hungarian patriot, is dead.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. J. G. SWANWICK.

Dear ladies and kind matrons, since writing last to you I am somewhat discouraged about giving the promised series of letters—It is unpleasant to work without a hope of accomplishing something, and there is no little hope of influencing a mother, by any advice, to adopt any system with her children. So much has been said on the subject—the most solemn considerations have been so much urged and dwelt upon, with so little effect, that it appears like talking to the wind. But my last "letter to country girls" brought me to a dead stop. I felt like one who, in walking, came suddenly in contact with a stone wall. I might beg of girls to treat their mothers with love and respect, but when I know these mothers have taught them, from infancy, to disregard their wishes and disobey their commands, what great can I have that the growth will really learn the lessons of her childhood?—The lack of filial respect has become a national characteristic with us. America is noted, over the civilized world, for disobedient children; and the cause of the evil lies too deep to be generally remedied in three generations. This cause is the want of physical and intellectual strength in mothers. Our women are celebrated for their fragile health and beautiful dependence on the stronger sex. There is no country, I know any thing of, where women are so petted, so flattered, so protected as in America. They are shut up in close rooms, artificially heated, with nothing to do but study how they may still farther compress and distort their diminutive, angular forms, or else confined in hot kitchens, concocting rich gravies and pastries to destroy their own and their friends' digestive organs. They are pale-faced and feeble—petted and protected to death, without energy or self-reliance enough to command the respect of their children, any more than the strength to give them healthy existence at first. No reformation can be wrought in the mode of managing children that does not commence in the physical and mental education of mothers. The woman who eats a rich supper and sleeps all night in a close room, will get up in the morning, irritable, nervous, weak—quite unable to bear the noise of children, who are nervous and irritable from the same causes, or boisterous, with a greater degree of animal spirits. The mother knows well enough it is her duty to make her children obey, to restrain their propensities to vice, to study their dispositions, and cultivate their virtues; but how is she to do it, with her head throbbing, and the blood struggling sluggishly through her veins?—She may have read all the Mother's Magazines, and Mother's Companions, and listened to a hundred sermons and lectures upon her duties and responsibilities, but how will that cure the dyspepsia and the back-ache, the head-ache, a pain in the left side, and a "genueness" in the right? Until all these are cured the mother is not able to bear the noise and trouble of the children. A father considers his duty performed if he spends his time in accumulating wealth for them, while personally they remain strangers to each other. His attention is altogether taken up with the affairs of his counting room or workshop, which his wife knows nothing at all about, and which he thinks it a point of honor to keep from her knowledge, until bankruptcy forces him to confide his secrets, or his slender leaves her an easy prey to some swindler in the shape of an executor or administrator. He is in equal ignorance of her department of labor—the management of the house and children—unless when it is forced upon him by petulant complaints. They are not a help-meet for each other—not united in sympathy of pursuit; but in some sense arrayed in antagonism. But it is not my present business to trace the intricacies of the conjugal relation, but only to mention this arrangement as one that deprives children of the careful superintendence of fathers. It is not good for man to be alone, neither is it for woman. The father and mother of a family should be united in the government of it. It should be a part of every father's business to spend a considerable portion of time with his children. It should be a mother's duty to understand the business upon which her own and her children's support depends. We know no business in which a sensible woman can not assist her husband, if not by active co-operation, at least by sympathy and advice; and a moderate silly woman will gain common sense by a persevering attempt of this kind. This common sense will aid her in managing her children, while a division of the labor that would give fathers a part of the business that is now left to mothers, and give mothers a part of theirs in turn, would greatly tend to obviate the weariness of a treadmill existence, such as so often falls to the lot of both. The mutual sympathy in each other's pursuits, and bearing of each other's burdens, would lighten the cares of both—produce more harmony, and command more respect from their children. Children are keen observers. No one can exercise a proper control over them without possessing a coolly share of their affection and respect. To gain this, one must generally deserve it, at least it would be easier to deserve it really, than to keep up such a seeming as if win and preserve it. If a woman is inferior in mind, or in moral qualities—if her husband or any one else treats her as a toy—a doll—a thing to listen to petty nonsense, or an upper servant to make puddings and pies, her children will catch the spirit, and treat her likewise. Let a man take airs of super-

riously towards his wife, and she submit to them—acknowledge herself inferior, either by slavish submission, or petty bickering about her consequences, and she loses her dignity in presence of her children. They will not respect, will not obey her.

It is very easy to trace the laxity of parental authority in this country to the absorbing pursuit of money that occupies the minds of men—the want of physical education of women, and the place assigned them as intellectual inferiors. Those who can remedy these evils will do much toward training up children in the way they should go; but they will never be so trained until they are remedied.

CHILDREN WILL TALK.

We heard a very amusing anecdote, related, says the Boston Museum, a few days since, of a gentleman possessed of a somewhat prominent proboscis being invited out to take tea with a handsome young widow, having the small incumbrance of about forty thousand dollars and a beautiful and interesting little daughter of about five years of age. The little girl—(whom we shall take the liberty of calling Mary)—alho' much beloved by all who knew her, had the habit of speaking aloud in company, and commenting on each and every peculiarity that any of her mamma's guests might have; and the charming widow, knowing this fact, took in Mary to see a lesson, somewhat in the following manner:

"Mary, dear, I have invited a very particular friend of mine to come and take tea with me this evening, and as he has rather a long nose, I wish to warn you against speaking of it in his presence. He is the most sensitive upon that point of all subjects; therefore, if you allude to it in his presence, you shall most assuredly be severely reprimanded; but on the other hand, if you will sit up in your little chair and be a lady, you shall have that beautiful frosted cake I purchased of the baker this morning."

Little Mary made the requisite promises, and was amusing herself with her abundant supply of playthings, when the long nosed friend arrived. The compliments of the day having been exchanged, and the topics of the day fully discussed, the widow, with one of her blindest smiles, invited Mr. B. to the adjoining room to partake of the choicest dainties of the season, with which the table was bountifully supplied.

As they were passing out of the room, leaving little Mary to amuse herself as best she could, the little cherub hastily intercepted them at the door, and archly looking up into the sparkling and animated countenance of her mother, exclaimed:

"Mother, dear, ain't it most time for me to have my nice frosted cake for not saying anything about this gentleman's long nose?"

The widow faintly, and the long-nosed gentleman in still a bachelor.

Chapter on Printing.

"Can't you print me a bible?" said a good old lady, who a short time ago came into a printing office in this country.

"Certainly," said a man at the case, who was dapping at the types like a hen picking up corn—certainly, madam, but not just as 'till it will take some time to do it."

"Oh," returned the lady, for that matter I am in no great hurry—any time to-day will answer."

"To-day?" said the printer, in astonishment, "why, madam, you don't think—"

"Oh, yes," said the good woman, seating herself on a bench, and taking out her knitting, "I can wait just as well as not. It is only about one o'clock now, and I 'spose 'till 'till it will be done by tea time."

"Why! print a bible in one afternoon! Why, ma'am it would take me and my devil a whole year to print a bible!"

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, starting up in astonishment—"you don't have the Evil One to work for you, do you?"

"Evil one? Yes, he's evil enough, the lazy dog."

"I wouldn't have him to print a bible for me on no account. I shouldn't believe a word out of his mouth; for he's a liar and the father of lies."

Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness answered by foul wrong, so turning gloomily from my fellow men one summer Sabbath day, I strolled among the green mounds of the village burial place, where I was reminded how all human love had late had one sad level and how sooner or later the wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face, and cold hands folded over a still heart, pass the threshold of the common grave, whether all footsteps tend—whence none depart. Atter for myself and pitying my race, one common sorrow, like a mighty wave, swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!—G. Whittier.

WELL ANSWERED.

A Quaker who was examined before a court, not using any other language than "thee," "thou," and "friend," was asked by the presiding Judge—

"Pray, Sir, do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily do I," said the Quaker, "three of ye for two dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for one thousand dollars a year."

THE POLITICAL WAR.

Where's smiting peace and duty dwell,
And health and joyous glee;
Few hearts conceive or tongues can tell
Why war should ever be.

But some there are so prone to strife,
So prompt to pugnacious coil;
That all the business of their life
Seen's tumult and turmoil.

And rather than sit down in peace
And enough to senseless laws;
They'd fight for feathers dropped from geese,
Or go to cuffs for straws.

And this to prove, two surly clowns,
Were toiling home one night
From a boisterous party, with their caps
Soaked, in a salubrious plight.

And all these wares fitted sky
Spread out in their evening,
And all the glittering train on high
Seemed o'er their heads to dance.

Quoth Clump to Clod, I'll tell the what—
I only wish that I
As much good pasture had had got
As I can see blue sky.

Quoth Clod to Clump, then I should like
The little girl—(whom we shall take
The liberty of calling Mary)—alho' much
Beloved by all who knew her, had the habit
Of speaking aloud in company, and comment-
ing on each and every peculiarity that any
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Bachelors and Married Men.

Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their feet into it, as only half-perfected beings, everlastingly variable, but half a pair of shears, and many other cutting titles are given them, while on the other hand they excel their own state as one of such perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good.

If they are so happy, why to time don't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it?

What do half of the men who get married get married for? Simply that they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and lick the babies;—that they may have somebody as a married man once said, "to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." Then these fellows are always talking about the loveliness of bachelors. Loveliness, indeed! Who is subjected to death by ladies, with marriageable daughters, invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to "drop in just when it was convenient?" The bachelor. Who do girls get up sleighing parties, boat excursions and picnics for? The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewed on his grave by all the girls who couldn't entrap him—the bachelor. Who sires flowers on the married man's grave—his widow?—not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again. She who gets to bed early because time hangs heavy on his hands—the married man. Who has wood to split, house hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and Irish servant girls to look after—the married man. Who is taken up for beating his wife?—the married man. Who gets divorced?—the married man. Finally, who has got the Scriptures on his side—the bachelor. St. Paul says, and St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well, but that does not marry, does better."

A Western Pork Facker.

The keeper of a boarding house in New Orleans, finding that a tall Buckeye was rather severe on his corned pork and cabbage at dinner, after helping his ravenous guest the third time, threw down his carving knife and fork, and addressing his western friend, said: "I beg your pardon Mr. I don't like to be inquisitive, but I should like to know if you didn't spend some time at the pork-packing business in the West. You appear to be an adept at it, you do?"

Texas' voice for war. The Legislature is very wakeful on the subject of Santa Fe jurisdiction. A commissioner is about to start to organize the counties, backed by five hundred Rangers. This is pretty good backing, and as Santa Fe has been placed by the United States Government under the jurisdiction of the military government of the territory, which of course will exert its authority, the Rangers stand a chance of seeing some service, unless they are peaceably instructed. At present it looks something like a row.

Gratitude was fancifully said to be the memory of the heart; but, alas for poor human nature! hearts are more than suspected to have wondrous short memories.

AN ENVIABLE DEFORMITY.

BY ALFRED GAUDELLET.

The father of two pretty daughters, residing in B—, received the other day a letter from his nephew, a merchant in H—.

The letter terminated thus: "I have received the miniature of my two cousins, Marguerite and Maria. I never have had the pleasure to see them, having resided in H— since my boyhood, but I feel as though the portraits are correct likenesses. I expect to reach Havre in the first week of October, and on my arrival, with your consent, I will claim the hand of the beautiful Maria."

Here, the end of the name was torn, and it was impossible to know which of the two cousins was to be happy one, Maria Marguerite.

Till then affectionate and kind towards each other, the two sisters now began to quarrel, each one insisting that it was a part of her name which had been destroyed by the broken seal.

The father was using all his influence to calm the excitement of the two girls, when a servant arrived from Havre announcing that his master would reach Paris by the evening train.

The servant being closely questioned revealed that his master had lost all his fortune, and was afflicted with a frightful protuberance upon his left shoulder.

The two sisters at once determined to remain single for ever, rather than marry a deformed and ruined cousin.

The expected guest finally arrived. He was cordially received by his uncle, who at once communicated to him the incident of the torn letter, and inquired his intentions.

"It is my cousin Maria, that I wish to marry," replied he.

"Never, never," exclaimed Maria; "I am contented with my present state, and wish to keep it."

"Miss," replied the cousin, I have adopted the customs of the country where I have so long resided. Here, when a young man is refused, he withdraws from the world, as a useless being."

"He kills himself," exclaimed the other sister, the kind hearted Marguerite.

"He does," replied the cousin in a tone of deep sadness.

"Poor cousin!" said Marguerite her eyes filled with tears.

"I am well aware," continued the cousin, "that my deformity is repulsive in the eye of a woman, but in time we can become used to anything. I know also that my present condition is not brilliant. Having engaged very young in the diamond trade, the only kind of business in H—, I lost all my father's fortune; but I have gained experience. I am young, active and industrious—these qualifications are riches themselves."

"Yes, yes, deformed and ruined!" muttered Maria to herself.

"Poor cousin!" sighed Marguerite, and she then added: "My cousin; I also have been refused!"

"By whom, pray?"

"Why! by you, since you prefer my sister."

"What would you say, then, if I should ask your hand?"

"I would beg my father to spare the life of his daughter."

"What," exclaimed the hunchback, "you would consent, dear Marguerite, to—"

"To save your life, I would not hesitate a moment."

"Very well; my daughter," said the father, affected by this scene, "you are not spoiled by romances." I have but a small fortune, but I cannot abandon my brother's child in misfortune. I take him for a son-in-law. Where there is enough for three, there is enough for four."

The cousin threw himself at the feet of Marguerite saying:

"You have saved an unfortunate being from despair and death!"

Marguerite extended her hand to her cousin and assisted him to rise.

"Well, my sister must have courage," murmured Maria; as for me, I will see all deformed and ruined cousins hung, before I throw myself away upon them."

The cousin retired to make his toilet and change his traveling dress.

The uncle and his daughter seated themselves at the table and waited for their guest.

The young man soon re-appeared.

What was the surprise of the two girls, on seeing enter an elegantly young man without the slightest deformity, who immediately embraced Marguerite, and placed before her a basket:

"Here is your dowry," said he.

The basket was filled with diamonds!

"This is what I have brought from Boma to this place, to offer to the cousin who should accept me with my poverty and disfigurement."

Great was the joy of Marguerite, and strange to say, Maria shared the happiness of her sister.

It is true, that Maria was fond of her sister and did not despise diamonds.

A western editor, in praising the girls of his district, says they occasionally ride a tame wolf to meeting.

A report of the sudden death of General Bem was telegraphed from Southampton to Liverpool just before the Europa sailed.

PROTEST.

The following protest against the infamous Reading Reading Railroad bill was presented in the House by Mr. Beaumont in behalf of its signers:

"The undersigned, in view of the passage of the bill entitled 'A further supplement to the act entitled an act to authorize the Governor to incorporate the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, approved 4th of April, 1833,' beg leave to submit the following reasons and protest against the principles embraced in the said bill. In the first place we regard said bill or act as being in direct derogation to the Constitution of the United States, and also of the Constitution of this Commonwealth, inasmuch as in the 10th section of article first of the Federal Constitution, it is declared that no State shall pass ex-post facto laws, or laws impairing the obligation of contracts; and in article 10th of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and under the head of 'Declaration of Rights,' seventh section, it is also declared, in accordance with the Constitution of the U. States, that 'no ex-post facto law, nor any law impairing contracts shall be made;' both of which Constitutions the undersigned have sworn to support before entering upon their duties of legislation. They furthermore consider the act aforesaid as partial and immoral in its effects, because, while it recognizes the claims of the debtor, and shields and protects him from the necessity of paying his debts, it sets at naught the rights and claims of the creditor, and completely dissolves, to all intents and purposes, those ties and obligations hitherto regarded as sacred by all civilized nations; and as subversive of those principles of good faith that form the basis of all good government and well ordered society, and as calculated to soil the proud motto of our State, 'Virtue, Liberty & Independence.'

"The undersigned, therefore, in order to vindicate their position in this behalf, enter their solemn protest against the passage of this act, and desire that the same may be entered on the journals of this House.

A Beaumont, John Cessna,
J. C. Scouler, D. H. B. Brewer,
D. Seward, B. G. David,
E. C. Frame, Wm. Brindle,
J. H. Sims, Wm. H. Sander,
Samuel Marx, W. J. Jack, et al.
W. J. Morrison, J. R. McClintock,
Wm. Heury, H. Williams,
M. Meyers, J. Black,
J. B. Meek, S. Robinson,
R. Simpson, J. E. Griffin,
E. Stowry, Jr., J. F. McCulloch.

John East

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

The ancients certainly made a great mistake in not choosing Niebo for the Goddess of Marriage. Hymen is by far too jolly; he is all smiles—more of the hyena than the crocodile; whilst Niebo is just as she ought to be—all tears. There never yet was a marriage that was not a perfect St. Swilkin affair. No one—unless he have the soul of quina per-ha, thoroughly water-proof—should think of going to a wedding with less than two pocket handkerchiefs; and, even then, a sponge is better adapted to the "joyful occasion." Men take their wives as they do pills, with plenty of water—excepting, indeed, when the "little things" are well gilt. If a kind of matrimonial barometer were kept in each family, and its daily indications as to the state of the weather at the first-side accurately registered, we have no doubt that on the average being taken the following results would be arrived at:—

Before Marriage, Fair.
During Marriage, Wet.
After Marriage, Stormy.

Metereologically speaking, it would be highly interesting could we arrive at a knowledge of the exact amount of "doo" prevailing during courtship. Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the happiest day of his life. A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral. The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heart-broken because she's about to leave her Pa, and Ma; because she hopes and trusts Charles will always love her; and when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she's afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma, too, is determined to cry for the least thing. Her dear, dear girl is going away, and she's coming something dreadful is about to happen; and, goodness gracious! she's forgotten to lock the dining room door, with all the wine and plate on the table, and three strange green-grocers in the house. At church the water is laid on at eye service; indeed; the whole party look so wretched, no one would imagine there was a "happy pair" among them. When Papa gives away his darling child, he does it with as many sob as if he was sending her over to the farthest polygamist since Henry the Eighth—instead of bestowing her on one who loves his "lamb," regardless of the "mint" sauce that accompanies her. The bridegroom snivels either because crying's catching, or because he thinks he ought for decency's sake, to appear deeply moved; and the half-dozen bridesmaids are sure to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps. When the party return home, however, the thoughts of the breakfast cheer them up a little; and the bridesmaids, in particular, feel quite resigned to their fate. As if they had grown hungry by crying, or the tears had soothed their appetites—they droop their heads for awhile in the white soup tureen. The champagne goes off, and goes down. * * * Then the father gets up, and after a short and pathetic eulogium upon the virtues of that "sweet girl," whom he "loves as his own flesh and blood," thumps the table, and tells the company that "any man who would not treat her properly would be a scoundrel." Upon this every one present turns round to look and frown at the wretched villain of a bridegroom, and then they all fall to weeping again. But so strongly has the feeling set in against the new son-in-law, that it is only by a speechful of the deepest pathos, that he can persuade the company that he has not the least thought of murdering, or indeed even assaulting his wife. At last the mother, bride, and bridesmaids retire to say "Good bye," and have a good cry all together 'n stairs. Then the blessing and the wedding begin again with renewed vigour. As a Vauxhall, they seem to keep the grandest shower for the last. The bridesmaids cry till their noses are quite red, and their hats is as straight as if they had been bathing. And when the time comes for the happy pair to leave, in order to catch the train for Dover, then the mother, father, sisters, brothers, bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and every soul in the house, all cry—even down to the old cook, "as no known her ever since she were a baby in long clothes"—as if the young couple were about to be "transported for life" in the literal rather than the figurate sense of the term.—Punch.

John East

John East