

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and my Country.

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vertise by the year.

From the New York Tribune.
FLOWERS! FRESH FLOWERS!
BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Flowers adorn the mountains side
Flowers in cool and shady dells,
Flowers upon the running tide,
Flowers upon the meadows wide,
Flowers upon the upland swells.

Flowers adorn the bridal train,
Flowers upon the altar st,
On the couch of mortal pain,
Where their ministry is blest.

Flowers we scatter o'er the dead,
Giving all of light we may
To the glooms around us spread
When the spirit homeward sped,
Leaving nought but lifeless clay.

Plant we flowers above the dead,
Where the Summer wind and rain
Can their genial influence shed
On the cold and narrow bed,
Where the weary ne'er complain.

Flowers, the very smiles of God,
Almost as the sunlight from above,
Bloom there where no foot hath trod
With them, He hath decked the sod
Nor denied them to the sea!

For the flowers let joyful praise
Crown the Summer's golden prime;
In the city's dusty ways
In the woodland's twilight haze,
Still prolong the graceful chime.

MRS. SCRUGGINS
Moves among the "upper ten" and is in-
vited to a "sorry."

"I suppose, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Scruggins,
the other evening, "you hear as how a old
back'lor uncle of mine died off not long a
go, and left me all his effects. I was very
sorry to hear he'd died; but then it was a
consol'n' thing to one with grateful affec-
tion, and there's nothin' makes people re-
member 'em by. I never seed my uncle
but wunst, and then he didn't take much no-
tice of me—and I don't blame him 'naw,
when I cum to think what a wild, rascally
mix I was in my younger days. But he
must have been a dear, good soul, or he
wouldn't have thought of his niece way out
here in Sent Louis, and left her all his effects.
I intend to have a gravestone built to his
memory, and on it I'll have writ: 'Reclined
in memory of her uncle by his inconvertible
and uncomprehensible and affectionate niece.'"

"Well, arter people heard I had some
property, it's wonderful how excessive popu-
lar I got all of a sudden. Femines as
didn't descend to hardly bow to me in the
street, all at wunst knew me so well! and
shook hands so friendly and wanted to know
where I'd kep myself, and what I'd been a
doin', and why I hadn't called to see 'em
for such a dreadful long time; and all on
'em declared they thought I was livin' in the
country, or they'd had called and seed me
and been right social. Mr. Skinkle, in less
than a week arter the news was herd, told
me that three middle aged back'lers in
straightened circumstances, and four wider-
ows, with num'rous families, had 'plied to
him for to be introduced. The 'other night
I went to the concert for Sent John's Church,
and as me and Mr. Skinkle walked up to-
wards the front I heard 'em whisper:
'As I walked long—'That's the rich widd-
er; that's Mrs. Scruggins; and some of the
fools made purty loud exclamations of 'What
a fine figger!' how excessively graceful
she walks!' and such like. It course I be-
lieved every thing they said was all humbug;
but Mr. Skinkle seed he'd no doubt, but that
sum on 'em was in earnest, 'cause they was
lookin' at me through gold specs. It's strange
—wonderful strange—how different a person
is treated when they're poor and when they're
rich. Even Mr. Skinkle has got more per-
fiter, and I believe the man's afraid I'll
bite him, he keeps at such a very respect-
able distance; and when I want anything
done, he's in such a terrible hurry to be of
service that it two to one he don't do it right,
or spills all in tryin' to do it too well. The
'other evening' I see him, Mr. Skinkle,
will you just step up stairs and bring me—'
'Sartinly,' he said, and away he went; and
arter he'd got up stairs, he had to come
down again. See he: 'What was it, Mrs.
Scruggins, you'd be pleased to have?'
'Fiddlesticks! see I, and—would you believe it—
the man went up stairs in my room to
hunt up a 'fiddlestick! I give him a piece
of my mind when he cum down.

"It hadn't been more'n ten days arter peo-
ple got wind of my bein' a woman of prop-
erty, afore I'd received a half a dozen in-
vitations to drink at Misses so-and-so's,
or to cum and spend the quiet evening at
Misses such-a-one's. Last week I got a
billet-doux from Mrs. Wholesale Drygood,
in vinta' me and my friend to a sorry, at their
house. I didn't care much about mixin' in

company, but I'd heard people talk so much
about sorries that I made up my mind and
go and so I told Mr. Skinkle to make the
preparation, and to have a carriage in wait-
in' at the door at 8 o'clock precisely. Well,
when 7 o'clock cum; I was all ready and
waitin' very anxious to get off. Purty soon
Mr. Skinkle and the carriage cum along, and
I never was so 'stonished in my life to see
how the dear man was dressed up. He'd
bought himself a new hat, and a new krav-
at, which was wound round and round his neck,
so tight that his face was risin' red, and I
told him that I thought he must be in a chokin'
kondishion. He wore a standin' collar, too,
one side of which propped up his ear, while
the 'other hid itself away under his krav-
at. He bought a pair of white kid gloves, which
was too small, and one on 'em had busted
open. Mr. Skinkle seed he know'd they were
too small when he'd got 'em; but then the
store-keeper had given his assurance that
they'd stretch. 'And so they did stretch,'
said Mr. Skinkle, 'clear open.' Well, arter
kunsid'rin' 'ble fixin' 'up, we at last got started,
and when we arriv'd at Drygood's Louse,
the kumpany had just begun comin'. Mrs.
Drygood was very glad to see me she seed,
and consid'rin' I'd never seed her but wunst
afore, she was wonderful affectionate. Arter
I tuk off my things we went into the par-
lor. The first person I was introduced to
was Mrs. Broker, one of the most fashion-
able femines of Sent Louis, Mrs. Drygood's
sed. I thought I had seed people with affec-
tioned manners afore, but Mrs. Broker beat 'em
all. She kep her eyes about half-shut, so
that people might see how long her eyes
lashed; and she was always a smilin', so
they could see her teeth and observe her
dimples. Then she had a lack-a-laisy way
of takin'—a die-away tone of voice, just for
all like a long sentence was too much for her
lungs.

"Mrs. Scruggins," ses she.
"Scruggins, ma'am," ses I.
'Ah! I beg your pardon, ses she; 'but
Mrs. Smuggins, are you partial to sorries?'
I told her this was the first sorry I'd ever
been to.
'Ah, indeed?' ses she; and then she shot
her eyes and laughed just enough to show
her teeth.
While I was lookin' round takin' observa-
tions, Mrs. Drygood cum to 'ards me with a
young femine, who was the greatest curi-
osity I ever seed.—She was very tall and
very slim, and her waist comprised into a
wonderful narrow circumference.—Her face
was dreadfully white and pale, and there
wasn't any more 'pression in it than their
is in a brick fence. She looked like she didn't
care nothin' for her. Her name was Miss
Goldsmith, and Mrs. Drygood sed she was
one of the best families of Virginny. She
was of a fine build; but Mr. Skinkle said, arter-
wards, that he thought she was payin' her
respects to my fortin'—not me.
'Mrs. Scruggins,' ses Mrs. Broker, 'are
you acquainted with Miss Goldsmith's
brother, Hector?'
'No,' ses I, 'I ain't.'
'Well, then, I'll introduce him to you;
and with that Mrs. Broker riz up very slow
from her seat, and minced across the par-
lor, and then cum back agin, followed by a thing
with enough hair on his upper lip and head
together, to make a shuck mattress. But
what 'stonished more than anything was
the Jewely he had about him. He had a
gold watch, a gold chain, a gold quizzical
glass with a gold chain, four studs with
green sets in his shirt bazzom, and three large gold
rings on his fingers.
'Mrs. Smuggins,' ses Mrs. Broker.
'Mrs. Scruggins, ma'am,' ses I.
'Excuse me,' ses she; 'but Mrs. Skuggins,
allow me to introduce to you Mr. Hector
Goldsmith.'
'I am very happy in forming the acquain-
tance of Mrs. Scruggins—I am indeed—ah-
hem! ses Mr. Hector; and with that he
bowed two or three times, and flourished
his silk handkercher around at a great rate.
Mr. Hector was perfit to me; he was 'vevy
pawtial to widows; he sed, 'nowe pawtial-
law to them as was hansom.' I could hard-
ly keep from laughin' in the man's face; and
I was orful glad when a young femine, in a
pine sack, with corksore curls, cum skip-
pin' up to Mr. Hector.
'Oh, Mr. Goldsmith,' ses she, where have
you been? Come, we want you yonder.'
'And away she went, followed by Mr.
Hector.
'How exceedingly tasty Mr. Goldsmith
does dress,' says Mrs. Broker.
'Mrs. Scruggins,' ses Mr. Skinkle to me,
in a very excited whisper, 'Mrs. Scruggins,
ses he, 'do you see that femine with the
changin' silk gown, and all that fine lace
round her neck?—well, it wasn't more'n a
month ago since her husband made 'sign-
ment, and now just look how she dresses!'
'Mr. Skinkle,' ses I, 'what is a 'signment?'
'Why, you see, ses Mr. Skinkle, 'arter a
merchant or a tradesman has been in busi-
ness a long time, arter he's got in debt to
everybody, and after he culminated a good
deal of property with 'other people's mon-
ey, why, then he finds out, all at wunst, that
he's in a tallin' kondishion and that it's im-
possible for him to pay his debts, so he turns
over all his property to sum friend to keep
for him, and then makes a 'signment of all
his bad debts and old femines over to his
creditors for their satisfaction.'
'And then,' ses I, 'I suppose he'd tried afore
the Crimmins Court, and sent to the Pen-
sionary?'
'Oh, no,' ses Mr. Skinkle, 'quite the con-
trary; for you'll find when a man is a swin-

der on a large scale—when by a 'stens' v
operation he pockets his thousands—people
look up to him, and say he's a cute specu-
lator, or a smart operator in funds; but just let
a poor man, with a wife, and a house full of
little ones, do anything that has the least
'pearance of wrong, and how horrified 'ev-
rybody is, and how willin' they all are to
give a kick to help him on his road down
hill!

While Mr. Skinkle was talkin', I notised
that every body was lookin' at a young fem-
ine, who just cum in the room, and I heard
Mrs. Broker whisper to Mrs. Commission,
who was sittin' alongside of her, that it was
an outryin' thing—she never heard on the like
afore. Mr. Hector Goldsmith was over on
'other side of the room, and a lot of young
men and femines was round him, and they
was whisperin' very fast together, and every
wunst in a while they'd look at the young
'cooman who just cum in like they was goin'
to eat her. I didn't notis anything very
partikular in the 'pearance of the young
femine, that everybody need stare at her
so.

'Miss Goldsmith,' ses Mrs. Broker, 'ain't
you goin'?'
'Of course,' ses Miss Goldsmith, looking
as cold as an icicle; 'I can't associate with ev-
ery body.'

'I'm surprised at Mrs. Drygood for invitin'
sich people,' sed a little primpt u' femine,
whose name was Mrs. Counsellor.
'And so am I,' sed another, who somebod-
y called Mrs. Attorney Atlaw.

'Are you goin', Miss Hardware?' sed a
femine just behind me.
'To be sure,' sed Mrs. Hardware; me and
Mrs. Cutlry, and Mrs. Grocer, and Mrs. Dr.
Nostrum, and the Misses Drygood, think that
this ain't anny place for us.'

'Mr. Skinkle,' ses I, 'what is the matter?'
'Why you see, this is a 'soddy sorry, and
the're all miffed cause that 'ere young femine
over yonder was invited.'

'Who is she?' ses I; 'she looks just as
much like a lady as en you 'em.'
'So she is,' sed Mr. Skinkle, 'and she's
well educated, and as smart as the next one,
but then her husband's nothin' but a journey-
man mechanic.'

'Mr. Skinkle,' says I 'will you order the
carriage?'
'You ain't goin' too?' ses Mr. Skinkle.
'Yes,' ses I, 'purty loud, 'I am—my hus-
band, who's dead and gone, was nothin' but
a mechanic—and this is no, place for his
widd'er!'

'Mr. Skinkle,' ses I, when we'd got safe
to home, 'don't you ever ask me to go to a
sorry again.'
He said he wouldn't.

'This hot weather has made queer
work with Jones' vinegar,' said Sam to uncle
Nathan. 'He has four hogheads on hand,
and he thinks he shall have to get rid of it
the best way he can; hav'n't you heard a-
bout it?'
'No, I have not heard anything. What
is the matter, what is the trouble with the
vinegar?'
'It's all sour.'
'Sam you will be the death of somebody
yet.'

THE GREATEST ASS IN VENICE.—Two young
princes, the sons of Archduke Charles, of
Austria, had a warm debate in the presence
of no less a person than the Emperor him-
self.—Greatly excited, one said the other—
'You are the greatest ass in Venice! The other
offended at a quarrel in his presence, the
Emperor interrupted them, saying with dig-
nity—'Come, come, young gentlemen, you
forget that I am present.'

A FAIR HIT.—An exchange says, 'It has
been said that, in spite of all the medical
science and system of the day, a sick min-
ister who has a rich congregation, can only
be cured by a voyage to Europe. A singu-
lar fact in therapeutics.'

'Isn't it decidedly aggravating, when
you are about to impit it the 'cherry
ripe' upon your lady love to have some one
to peep in? Or, after it is did to observe
some one in a corner of the room.'

'Speaking of cheap things it costs
but a trifle to get a wife, but don't she
sometimes turn out a little dear?'

'Pomp, was you ever drunk?'
'No, I was intoxicated with ardent spirits
once and dat's 'nuff for dis darkie. Heaben
bress you Casar, my head felt as if it was
an out house, while all de niggers in de
world appeared to be splittin' wood in it.'

'Julius, do you know de halls ob de
Montezumas?'
'Oh course I does, nigga; he's de brudder
ob General Taylor, and was nursed by Sarah
Gordon.'

'Why, how de darkey talks, by and by col-
ored men will know as much as the millets.'

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.—At the late Dem-
ocratic Convention in Venango county, a
resolution was adopted in favor of Mr. Bu-
chanan, as the next candidate for President.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—A member of Congress
writing to his friends in Ohio, says the cheap
postage reform will succeed the present ses-
sion, but that the votes will not be so low as
the ultra friends of the measure desire.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.
Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling
between Berwick and Salkirk, and having
started at the crowing of the cock, I had left
Malrose before four in the afternoon. On ar-
riving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland
soldier, apparently fatigued as myself leaning
upon a walking stick, and gazing intently
on the fairy palace of the magician, whose
wand since broken, but whose magic still re-
mains. I am no particular disciple of Jav-
ier's yet, but man carried his soul upon his
face, and we were friends at the first glance.
He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a
coarse gray coat, buttoned to the throat. His
dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks;
but there was a dignity in his manner and
a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy
of a chieftain. His height might exceed five
feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The
traces of many beauty were still upon his
cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere
had tinged them with a sallow hue, and im-
printed untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the clas-
sic scenery around us; and we had pleas-
antly journeyed together for two or three
miles, when we arrived at a little sequester-
ed burial ground by the way side, near which
there was neither church nor dwelling. Its
low wall was thinly covered with turf, and
we sat down upon it to rest. My companion
became silent and melancholy, and his eyes
wandered anxiously among the graves.

'Here,' said he, 'sleep some of my father's
children, who died in infancy.'
He picked up a small stone from the ground
and throwing it gently about ten yards,
'That,' added he, 'is the very spot. But
thank God! no grave stone has been raised
during my absence! It is a token I shall
find my parents living—and,' continued he,
with a sigh, 'may I also find their love. It is
hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned
against his own child.'

Several months passed away before I gained
information, respecting the sequel of my
little story. After his parents were laid in
the dust, William Campbell, with a sad
and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie,
the object of his early affections, to whom
we have alluded. For several weeks his
search was fruitless; but at length he learned
that property had been left to her father
by a distant relation, and that he now resided
somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already
described, the soldier set out on his journey.
—With little difficulty he discovered the
house. It resembled such as are occupied
by the higher class of farmers. The front
door stood open. He knocked, but no one
answered.—He approached along the pas-
sage—heard voices in an apartment on
his right—again he knocked, but was unheeded.
He entered uninvited. A group was
standing in the middle of the floor, and a-
mong them a minister, commencing the
marriage service of the Church of Scotland.
The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and
tears were stealing down her cheeks—she
was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman
paused. The bride's father stepped forward
angrily, and inquired, 'What do ye want
sir?' but instantly recognizing his features,
he seized him by the breast, and in a voice
half choked with passion, continued—'Sow-
row tak' ye for a scoundrel! what's brought
ye here—am't the mair especially at a time
like this! Get out o' my house. Sir! I say,
Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, I
never darken my door again w' your no'er-
do-well countenance!'

A sudden shriek followed the mention of
his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms
of her bridesmaid.

'Peace, Mr. Leslie!' said the soldier,
pushing the old man aside, 'since matters
are thus, I will only stop to say farewell—
and lang syne—you can deny me that?'

He passed towards the object of his young
love. She spoke not—she moved not—she
took her hand, but she seemed unconscious
of what he did. And, as he again gazed
upon the beautiful countenance, absence be-
came as a dream upon her face. The very
language he had acquired during their separa-
tion was laid aside. Nature triumphed
over art, and he addressed her in the accents
in which he had first breathed love, and
traced her heart.

Jeanie! said he, pressing her hand be-
tween his, 'it's a fair thing to say FAREWELL,
but at present I mean say THIS. This is a scene
I never expect to see, for oh, Jeanie! I
could have trusted to your truth and to your
love, as the farmer trusts to seed time and to
harvest, and is not disappointed. Oh! Jeanie,
woman! this is like separating the flesh
from the bones, and burning the marrow! But
ye maun be another's now—farewell!
farewell!'

'No! no!—my ain Willie!' she exclaim-
ed, recovering from the agony of superfec-
undation, 'my hand is still free, and my heart
has been yours—save, Willie! save me! and
she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another,
imploring them to commence an attack
upon the intruder, but he looked in vain.—
The father again seized the old gray coat of
the soldier, and almost rending it in twain,
discovered underneath to the astonished com-
pany, the richly laced uniform of a
British officer. He dropped the fragment of
the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same
time dropped his wrath, exclaimed, 'Mr.
Campbell! or what are ye—will you ex-
plain yourself?'

A few words explain all. The bridegroom
a wealthy, middle aged man, without a heart
left the house, gnawing his teeth.—Fadley
as our military honors are conferred, merit is
not always overlooked, even in this country,
where money is everything, and the Scottish
soldier had obtained the promotion he de-
sired. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of
heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand
to Capt. Campbell, of his Majesty's—
regiment of infantry, to whom, long years be-
fore, she had given her young heart.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene.—
During his absence, adversity had given the
fortunes of his father to the wind, and he had
died in an humble cottage, unloved and
unofficial by his friends of hospitality.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I ac-
companied him to the house of mourning.—
Two or three poor cottagers sat around the
fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay a-
cross the table near the window. A few
white hairs fell over the widow's face of the
deceased, which seemed to indicate that he
died from sorrows rather than from age.
The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek.
He groaned in spirit, and was much trouble-
d. He raised his head in agony, and
in a voice almost inarticulate with grief, ex-
claimed, inquiringly, 'My mother?'

The wondering peasants started to their
feet, and, in silence, pointed to a lowly bed.
He hastened forward—he fell on his knees
by the bed side.

'My mother!—O, my mother!' he ex-
claimed, 'do not you, too, leave me? Look
at me—I am your own son—your own Wil-
lie; have you, too, forgot me, mother?'

She, too, lay upon her death bed, and the
tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remem-
bered voice of her beloved son drove it
back for a moment. She opened her eyes
—she attempted to raise her feeble hands,
and they fell upon his head. She spoke, but
he alone knew the words that she ut-
tered; they seemed accents of mingled an-
guish, of joy, and of blessing. For several
minutes he bent over the bed, and wept
bitterly. He held her withered hand in his;
he started; and, as we approached him, the
hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He
wept no longer—he gazed from the dead
body of his father to that of his mother—
his eyes wandered wildly from one to the
other—he smote his hand upon his brow,
and threw himself upon a chair, while mi-
sery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had
entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melan-
choly funeral, and the solitary mourner. The
father's obsequies were delayed, and the son
laid both his parents in the same grave.

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information, respecting the sequel of my
little story. After his parents were laid in
the dust, William Campbell, with a sad
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discovered underneath to the astonished com-
pany, the richly laced uniform of a
British officer. He dropped the fragment of
the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same
time dropped his wrath, exclaimed, 'Mr.
Campbell! or what are ye—will you ex-
plain yourself?'

A few words explain all. The bridegroom
a wealthy, middle aged man, without a heart
left the house, gnawing his teeth.—Fadley
as our military honors are conferred, merit is
not always overlooked, even in this country,
where money is everything, and the Scottish
soldier had obtained the promotion he de-
sired. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of
heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand
to Capt. Campbell, of his Majesty's—
regiment of infantry, to whom, long years be-
fore, she had given her young heart.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene.—
During his absence, adversity had given the
fortunes of his father to the wind, and he had
died in an humble cottage, unloved and
unofficial by his friends of hospitality.

Some rich scenes occurred in taking the
census, under the late law for that purpose.
The following from an eye-witness, is one:
'Is the head of the family at home?' asks
the enquiring marshal.
'There's the d—' with his book again
for the d'rectory, shouts a junior of the fam-
ily to the maternal head above the stairs,
who presently appears. 'It is the head of
the family ye want sure? but last week ye
wanted our names for the d'rectory, an' now
yer arter our heads. A free country this,
sir, when one's head isn't safe. Be off, an'
bad luck to ye, and all like ye.'

After some explanations, the questions in
order are asked:
'Who is the head of the family?'
'Ann Mahoney, yer honor; the same in
old Ireland, and forever.'

'How many males in this family?'
'Three males a day, with prates for din-
ner, an—'

'But how many men and boys?'
'Och, there's the old man an' boys, an'
three children who died five years ago—
heaven rest their dear souls—the swatest
jewels that iver—'

'But how many are living?'
'Meself and me daughter Judy, ye see,
there, and a jewel of a girl she is indeed.'

'But have you no males in your family?'
'Sorra the one; the old man works hard
by day and isn't at home at all, but to his
males and his bed, nor Patrick nither.'

'How many are subject to military duty?'
'Niver a one; Patrick and the old man
belong to the immets, (the Emmets, a New
York Irish corps) an' sure finer looking sol-
diers there never born.'

'How many are entitled to vote?'
'Why the old man an' meself and Judy;
wan't it that ye hate the natives and Whigs
an' all, an' elected Folk over 'em all? Sorra
the day he died an' disappointed us, for a
fine man he was.'

'How many colored persons in your fam-
ily?'
'Nagers! what, nagers do you mane! Out
man, an' don't be insultin' me. Out wid ye,
and niver ask for me senses agin—don't ask
about me senses—wither I have nagers in
me family. Yer out of yer senses yerself;
begone, and don't bother me.'

A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—A charming
business-like young milliner, who had been
in the habit of tripping into a bank for her
small change, made her visit the other day,
and says: 'Good morning, Mr. Cashier. I
have come for five dollars worth of your
small change again.'

'I am sorry to say, Miss—, that we can-
not accommodate you,' was the reply.
'But there is your promise to pay on de-
mand.'

'I cannot help that.'
'Then you break your promise, do you?'
'Certainly.'

'And with impunity?'
'To be sure, our charter allows it.'
'Allows you to make as many promises as
you please, and break them when you
please?'

'It may be so construed.'
'Ah dear me, how I wish I was a bank
and had a charter.'

'Because I have made a promise—not a
promise to pay a five dollar note which I
would blush to break; but a promise of my
very self to one I do not love.'

'Why don't you break it then?'
'Ah, Mr. Cashier, there's the rub. Unlike
your bank, I have no charter, and should be
sued for breach of promise, and heavily
fined.—Chicago Democrat.'

THE NEW PARSON.—The County Commis-
sioners broke ground for the new Parson, last
Monday on the Lot purchased of Andrew
Russel, Esq., at the upper end of Market
street, in this Borough. They have but few
men at work, their object being for the pre-
sent merely to ascertain whether the ground
is of such a nature as to afford a perfectly
good and safe foundation for the structure
that is to be reared. The earth through
which they have penetrated for the front
wall, some five feet, is very solid, so that no
farther apprehensions are entertained on
the subject. The Commissioners have not a-
dopted a plan for the building, as yet, but
to have a meeting on Saturday, at which
time we are in hopes some definite action
will be had.—Potterville Emporium.

'Give me a bid, gentlemen—some
one start the cart—do give us a bid, if you
please—anything to start the cart,' cried an
excited auctioneer, who stood in the cart he
was endeavoring to sell. 'Anything you
please, to start it.' 'If dat's all you wants,
I'll start her for you,' exclaimed a broad-
backed countryman, applying his shoulder to
the wheel, and giving the cart a sudden push
forward, tumbled the auctioneer over the
side. By the time the fallen auctioneer re-
gained his feet, the countryman had started
too.

LITTLE SCOUTS RAILROAD.—We learn
from the