

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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The Devil's own Wedding.

Oh, Cathleen McGraw was as purty a cracker As ever put feet in the county Kilmore;

God save you!

But, oh! she was chilt by his murderin' frown,

And she thought to herself: "I don't know what my sin is."

And then she fell twisting the strings of her gown.

"Sorra such a deed since creation began!"

"What deed?" cried the maiden, her rosy cheek fading.

"What deed? wirrathew! sure you've murdered a man."

"Poor Paddy is gone, and your cruelty kill him!"

"You murdered the boy inch by inch, so you did!"

"You shall marry the devil instead!"

"Oh, father, don't make such a use of your power!"

"I make you swear to take care of your power!"

"You shall wed him in less than an hour!"

And quick as young Cupid could issue a dart,

She was just before her, her youthful adorer,

And in the next moment was pressed to his heart.

A lot of Breaks.

Break up the habits of vice and crime.

Break up the squabbles and your sins.

Break up the broomstick, or the heads of brass.

Break up a piece of ground to plant.

Break up the crooked and crooked.

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Correspondence of the Philadelphia Ledger.

Letter from Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, May 10, 1850.

Glad as a bird I left the prison walls of the Eazaretto and Gaza, the ancient city of Sampson's heroic feats, whose gates he carried to the mountains, and where he bowed between the pillars, crushing the Philistines lords and ladies in his last revenge, and then near Askalon, whose ruins strew the shore,

We went on through fields of grain and tracts of land, which men were ploughing for Indian corn,

How solitary she seemed to sit upon the desolate mountain,

The neighboring heights no longer crowned with groves, nor the declivities gay with gardens;

Some delicious verdure and cheerful pomegranates flourish at the base of Ophel,

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and retribution—and, filling the cup of their transgression, they crucified Him who bro't them a new covenant, who would have gathered them under his wings. The day of visitation came. The city was encompassed round about with trenches—she was east down—no stone was not left upon another—unparalleled affliction beheld her—her land was wasted and neglected—her inhabitants were scattered and slain—she was trodden upon and spoiled of the Gentiles.

Behold, to-day, Moslem sentinels are at her gates—a Moslem mosque stands over the foundations of her temple, and her sons are strangers within her walls—she has been forsaken, but not forgotten—bereaved, but not forever.

Romance and Shipwreck.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with the explosion and wreck of the Pulaski steamer, which occurred some ten or twelve years ago, are related by those who were saved from destruction.

It is stated of the gentleman, that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for an hour previous to the accident.

Not Slow.

A correspondent of the Boston Mail tells the following capital story in connection with the old Waterville (Me.) Bank.

At the time Nathaniel Gilman, an eccentric man, was President of the Bank, a heavy demand was made upon the Institution by a N. Y. company, with the intention of breaking it.

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much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided in sustaining them so well such a length of time. The intrepidity he displayed; the risk he ran; the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited feelings of gratitude towards him, and before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced he kindled that passion which burns no where as it burns in woman's bosom.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth (amounting to \$25,000)—that he was in "poverty to his very lips"—a beggar amongst strangers without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals; and painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement if it was her choice to leave him.

She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had suffered thus together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again, and the joy more than he could express which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil an engagement, which it is said was soon after consummated. It was not till then he was acquainted with the fact that his lady-love was heiress to an estate worth \$200,000.

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The Abode of Music.

Where does the soul of Music dwell?

It dwells in brooks that softly flow.

And step as if they went by stealth—

It lives in zephyr's twilight song.

That speaks of birds and flowers rare;

When birds pour forth their songs at eve,

For a hush and list to nature fair—

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

Romantic Incident.

A young lady correspondent, who takes the name of "plume of Rose Rover," relates the following romantic incident, as having occurred in a village somewhere in Tennessee. Truth is often stranger than fiction.

"I have been playing the part of bridesmaid nearly ever since I wrote last, and have, therefore, but little time left to indite this epistle. One of the marriages, at which I officiated in the capacity mentioned, was quite a romantic affair; and, as no harm will be done, I will give you the particulars, suppressing names, however. After the union of the couple to whose marriage we were another stood up and desired to be joined by the holy bond. The minister was much surprised, as he had expected to officiate but one; but, feeling that it was not his business to inquire into the why, and wherefore, that he was not pre-adviced, he asked for the necessary authority; and it then, for the first time, occurred, to the bridegroom, that a license was indispensable to the consummation of his happiness. He exclaimed, "This shall not interfere!"

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O'Connell and the Reporters.

Anxious as he was to be reported in England, there were occasions when O'Connell preferred that what he said should not be printed there. Of this an amusing anecdote has been given.

O'Connell was on a visit to Ireland, and indulging in long speeches of a most combustible character, when the Government thought fit to send over some sharp hand writers to take down the harangues.

The first appearance of the Government reporters was at a meeting at Kantuak. The gentlemen were Englishmen, says the story, and belonged to Mr. Gurney's reporting staff.

They came on the platform, and introduced themselves to Mr. O'Connell. He shook them by the hands, and said to those around them, "Nothing can be done here until these gentlemen are afforded every requisite accommodation." This was at once provided and having assured Mr. O'Connell that they were "perfectly ready," and well provided for, he came forward to address the people, and commenced his speech to the great dismay of the Englishmen, in the Irish language.

Having explained to the assembly who they were and how he humbugged them, he continued in the same language to address every thing he wished to say; then, the people laughing all the while at the English reports, while they joined very good humoredly in the laugh raised against themselves.

Very Funny. The editor of the Columbia (Ga.) Times, whom we take to be of the male gender, appears to be in a very lamentable state of excitement about the admission of the State of California into the Union.

In an article entitled "The Georgia Convention—Session of the Republic," he twice earnestly puts the question—"What will the women of Georgia do?" and "their immediate reply;" and we can only answer for ourselves; and every other man must answer on his own solemn responsibility: A more complete Hibernian we have rarely read, for admitting, as on such testimony we are bound to do, the wondrous nature of the writer of the article we are puzzled to understand how any other man can be a "woman of Georgia." N. Y. Com. Adv.

Editorial Curiosities. The editor of the Clarksville Chronicle, in speaking of the Hopkinsville Free Press says:

"Mr. Noble is said to be a good writer, and we know him to possess a lively imagination, he being the self-same individual who once charged us through his paper with being a robber of hen-roosts. We bear him no malice, however, on this account, and offer him our best wishes for his success."

To this Mr. Noble, with noble magnanimity, replies:

"I thank you, Bob. We reciprocate, your good wishes; and since we have learned something of your captivating beauty, we will withdraw the hen-roost charge, being satisfied that no hen of respectable instinct would let you get close enough to make her your captive."

A friend of ours told us the other evening that he had lately encountered a curious specimen of a Yankee Pictures Exhibitor in a town of the far west. Among his collection was a picture of Daniel in the den of lions, and one of his several minute illustrations to the audience struck him as somewhat unique.

"You see, when you look at that fellow in the red cloak, which is Daniel, he don't care a brass farthing for the lion, and by lookin' close, you'll perceive that the lion don't care a tinker's darn for him! The last idea never struck us before as a very remarkable part of the miracle!" Knickerbocker.

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When Nicholas Biddle—famously called Nick Biddle—was connected with the U. S. Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to be loafing about the premises. One day in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey—

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"

"Harry, sir—ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his cap with a nod.

"Old Harry!" said Biddle. "Why that is the name they give to the Devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir, said the colored gentleman, sometimes ole Harry and sometimes ole Nick."

AN ENIGMA THAT'S ONE OF 'EM.—Some time ago, "Grace Greenwood," in describing a poetical friend in a Philadelphia newspaper took occasion to "blow him up" for satirizing "lady literature" more severely than was pleasing to her. On "coming down" again he epigrammatized his grief in a quatrain which is below:

"With a rawfalsinner saved by grace"—

But here's the first authentic case

Of Grace whom first she'd damned.

Both of them belong to families of the highest respectability and are both wealthy. They seem well suited to each other, and who shall say that their union, so strangely brought about, may not be replete with happiness for each? They now appear to be reconciled to their destiny, and I, for one, believe that it will be a bright one.

WESTERN PORTER.—The editor of the Freeport (Ill.) Democrat in a late paper treated his readers to the following:

Come back, ye sinners, mean and good—

Rich or ragged lean or fat—

For the Prairie Democrat!

Don't be larking round the bushes—

Perhaps you'll find a hemlock tree!

We know that conscience often pushes

Those who cheat the Democrat!

I've seen her out a walking,

In her habit de la rue,

And it ain't no use a talking

She's pumpkins and a few,

She glides along in beauty,

She's a duck upon a lake,

Oh! Ed be all here and duty,

If I only was a drake!

Did you ever know a dandy to accomplish in the world, except to cheat the tailor and make a fool of himself?