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THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Our Country.

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From the N. Y. Tribune.
SPEAK BOLDLY!
 BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Speak boldly, Freeman! while the day
 The strife is rising fierce and high,
 Gird on the armor while ye may
 In holy deeds to win or die;
 The Age is Truth's wide field,
 The Day is struggling with the Night,
 For Freedom's halo again revealed
 A Marathon of holy fight.

Speak boldly, Hero! while the foe
 Trends onward with his iron heel;
 Strike steady with a giant blow,
 And flash aloft the pulsing steel;
 Be true, O Hero! to thy trust!
 Man and thy God both look to thee;
 Be true, or sink away to dust—
 Be true, or hence to darkness flee.

Speak boldly, Prophet! Let the fire
 Of Heaven come down on thine altar,
 Where Babel priests and eers conspire
 To pay their bloody homage first;
 Be true, O Prophet! Let thy tongue
 Speak fearless, for the words are thine—
 Words that by morning stars were sung,
 And angels hymned in strains divine.

Speak boldly, Poet! Let thy pen
 Be nerved with fire that may not die;
 Speak for the rights of bleeding men
 Who look to Heaven with fearful eye
 Be true, O Poet! Let thy name
 Be honored where the weak have trod,
 And in the summit of thy fame
 Be true to Man! Be true to God!

From the New York Dutchman.
Jedediah Doughkins and the "Bloomer."

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

Jedediah Doughkins was a Yankee farmer, living a few miles from Bangor, in the State of Maine. Like most Yankee farmers, he was possessed of a good share of the national characteristic shrewdness found in that class of New Englanders on the other side of the river Merrimack, "looking east," though in the ways of the world and the times he was providentially veridant—as much so as his own clover tops before budding. Jedediah was a tall, knobby "specimen," with round goggle eyes, long carrotty hair, a good natured mouth, only two of the front teeth were not at home, with a big seed wart on his nasal protuberance, which latter, by the way, was far from a pug, drooping, as it were, like a fatigued willow over a duck-pond. His usual dress—"the one he went about the house in"—consisted of a pair of old ox-hide boots, the seams of which were always interlarded with hog's-grease, which was done, as Jed said, "to keep out the continual water;" a pair of trousers made in the highest style of crude, home-spun art, of the very finest quality of bed-ticking, which was perpetually to be seen labelled at all the country shops. "Six cents a yard, by the piece" coat, linsey woolsey, painfully shaggy, with an inconspicuously long tail, dragging about as if he happened to stoop, and which tapered down like the letter V; shirt, of coarse texture, un-starched and unironed, with a collar of broad dimensions, that two inches longer would have resembled a wiled monk's cowl, and never, by any chance, "stood straight up," but hung over every which way, full of un-defined crinks and crinkles; vest, of an antique pattern, the color of faded dirt, with a figure that was artistically intended to represent a smart sportsman, but which in reality looked more like an intoxicated Jack of Diamonds with a crooked shillelah. His hat—not to make a beastly old pun, so we thus speak of the reader not to excuse us—was the crowning "brick" of this tenement of oddities (a coinage; how do you like it?)—it looked as if it had passed through "fiery trials," or had belonged to some of Noah's very intimate friends. Of course it was a beaver, an out-and-out frowzy, foxy old beaver, shaped not like a bell, nor a "Scaramouch," nor what is called in England a "wide awake," nor yet a stove pipe, nor pear pattern, but something like the whole of these, with perhaps an assemblage of the pear—that is a certain button—just below the crown that imparted to it a droil yet comfortable aspect. By some unaccountable chance this hat was always or in all proper bounds nearly so, on his head; and his long grizzled yellow hair, "hanged but not silky," hung over his freckled cheeks like two terrified tassels on a window sill. Thus attired, Jedediah wandered about his few acres of ground, the admired owner of a number of pigs, cows, chickens, turkeys and dogs, all of whom seemed instantly to know their master, and respected him accordingly.

woman—who, from having lived in the early part of her life in a good sized village, had contracted a certain fondness for dress, and therefore was less bizarre in her costume than her spouse. A red shawl, for example, was her "anguish," and when flounces first came up, she got them so high as to look like a chubby or old-fashioned eask, hooped around clear up to the head. She had a great weakness for fans, too, ornamented with "pictures of things." So far did she carry this fantastic notion, that she had one for every day in the week, and a splendid large one for the Sabbath. There was her Monday fan, with a scene on the river Hudson, done in water colors. Her Tuesday one had a little oil painting of a scene in Greece, and a gilt handle. Then came the Wednesday, with Bonaparte crossing the Alps, with one of the ears and half of the tail of the hero's horse obliterated. This was a present from Jedediah when they were courting. He used to look at the fan when he couldn't think of anything better to say, and remark, "What a great man Bonaparte must have been, to git his loss over them mousetings?" The Thursday one was emblazoned with the head of Washington; and Glorvann Billings, one of her noices, used to say "that she loved that fan, because the good old feather of his country was on it;" and Jedediah often said that the "General was one of the boys for trousers;" and then wonder if he'd ever have a son that would make so much "sair in the world." The Friday fan was a sintered as a representation of a Chinese family, but the colors had run so, that it would have taken a skilful eticologist to make out the race. The Saturday one was slightly zoological in intention, delineating an elephant attacked by tigers, but which in reality suggested the appearance of an irregularly erected two-story house, with a couple of absurd looking tom cats, ready to make a jump if required. The Sunday one was trimmed round with feathers, and never, by any chance, made its appearance, except on the "good day," after which it was embedded in the best drawer among a handful of dried rose leaves.

Jedediah (if it is not meddlesome to reveal family secrets) did not altogether approve of his wife's leaning towards finery, and frequently gave her a piece of his honest mind on the subject of everything in the way of frobelous. She said he was foolish and old fashioned, and he said she was sour-tempered and stuck-up. He thought she was wrong, and she thought he was right. She argued that a moderate regard to fashion was essential in a woman, and as far as that went she was determined to "be in the season until she was four-and-forty." He would then do that old fur hat a moment, rub his sleeve over it, in order to settle the nap; look at her for a moment with his great round eyes; resume the hat again; twist his hair with his thumb; and then walk off. This was his only demonstration up to the present time, but circumstances knocked so loudly one day at the door of his temper, that he "let out a little," as will be seen.

Shortly after the Bloomer mania broke out, Dame Doughkins, unknown to her husband, gradually became tinetured with the idea of the short skirts and Turkish don't-speak-of-'ems. She had read in the village paper a graphic detail of the mode of making the dress, with so glowing a description of its appearance and advantages, that she secretly and stonily resolved on having an outfit if it were just to say that she had "followed the fashions."—In this determination she received the approval of a neighbor, one Mrs. Rhuty Tute, a friend from town, who used to pay her a monthly visit, and bring down good gossip and scandal that would fill a volume the size of "Cook's Complete Voyages," even if it were printed in agate, which, as all booksellers know, takes in a vast deal of matter to the page. Mrs. Rhuty Tute was a sort of Mrs. Malaprop, a cross between the loquacious old lady and the present Mrs. Partington, with her brain full of whimsical conceits of dress and fashion, and a tongue that ran with painful intermission. To add to her other charms, she lisped—yes, lisped; decidedly, surely and unmistakably lisped. But fully understood, reader, she did not allow this to trouble her in the least—it nothing stood in her way—nothing.

Several letters passed on the subject of this Bloomer costume, and before long Mrs. Rhuty Tute, overflowing with intelligence, posted down to the farm, where she found her friend in arms and eager to meet her. Oh, such a chatter as they had. She had, of course, brought with her patterns and plans—meter and material, for the new costume, and feasting her gaze upon the figures of it. "Mr. Thimth, the shopman, says that it is the best caroco, because it's a little out of the theason."

"Well, I guess he's about right," says Mrs. Doughkins, "I ha'nt seen near-ee peaches for a good long time in these parts. That's to make the petty-loons, I reckon."

"No, dear, that's for what they call the 'visite'—they call 'em on the stage a tunic, but Mrs. Bloomer says that it's vulgar to use those words in society, and she calls 'em visites.' It's very like the common mantilla what every body wears."

It was arranged that a Bloomer dress should be at once prepared; and the ladies proceeded to work. Mrs. Rhuty Tute directed the patterns, and Mrs. Jedediah piled her needle according to instructions.

me dressed all up in this. He won't know me, will he?" asked the dame.

"Won't he indeed? To be there he will, only he'll say you look ten years younger," replied Mrs. Rhuty Tute.

"We'll never say a blessed word to him until we get all ready,"

"Not a syllable. We'll take him quite by surprise," continued Mrs. Rhuty Tute, winking her great tabby eyes, and puckering up her mouth with an amiable leer.

And ardently these worthy ladies bent over the materials of their new enterprise. When Jedediah happened to stalk into the apartment, they slipped the Bloomer trimmings aside, and supplied their place by a roll of sober-looking patchwork. He, good easy soul, never dreamed of what was going on, although an occasional glance at Mrs. Rhuty Tute seemed to indicate a tacit objection to her presence. A bevy of fifty little French milliners never chatted so familiarly over gill finery, as the two Bloomer converts. Mrs. Rhuty Tute once or twice absolutely grew playful, and went so far as to say, that she wouldn't have cared a pin if she had been born a man—the trousers were so easy. The little box contained studs and ribbons, and tassels, and another contained pretty pearl buttons and wristlets of various patterns, all of which Mrs. Rhuty Tute had brought with her, by way of creating a modicum of astonishment in the bosom of her friend.

After the dresses were completed, it was decided that they should be worn immediately after dinner. Jedediah would be gone to the barn, and by the time he got back, all would be ready. The arrangement then was that Mrs. Doughkins should be attired first, as the description she had read in the village paper did not clearly enlighten her as to the manner of getting into each respective habiliment, and her friend's assistance was, under the circumstances, almost indispensable. The secrets of a lady's dressing-room are held, and properly too, sacredly inviolable, so will content ourselves by merely imagining that they must have had a funny time in assuming the new garb. Mrs. Doughkins, at the best of periods, even when about that which she thoroughly understood, was never remarkable for grace or aptness, so we have a right to suppose that she—fat, chubby, little creature as she—suffered some mental agitation, though momentary it might have been.

Peleg, a servant-man, had been two days borrowing small looking-glasses, on the sly, from the neighbors around, for which subordination Mrs. Rhuty Tute had graciously rewarded him with two cents, and a Christian injunction not to spend the money foolishly; Peleg, by the way—we may as well mention it—headed her advice to the extent of being found that same night in a state of intoxication, having taken up lodgings with his head on an elderly sow, who, grunting dismally, made a sort of refrain to Peleg's "snore," which was not of the most harmonious character.

Much fuss and fidgeting over, the ladies were at last ready. Mrs. Rhuty Tute laughed at Mrs. Doughkins, and vice versa. Mrs. Rhuty Tute said, with a pain in her side, that Mrs. Doughkins looked like a "haucy dumplin'"; and Mrs. Doughkins could not do better than tell Mrs. Rhuty Tute that she looked like a "saucy dumplin'." too. Mrs. Doughkins could not walk, but waddled, somewhat after the fashion of the ancient duck, when emerging from a favorite pond, and Mrs. Rhuty Tute, he said, to our horror, actually kicked up her heels, and threw a ball of yarn on the floor for puss to play with. Down stairs they went, tittering and shaking their heads, into the large dining-room, from which they could command a view of the barn, and they had scarcely said a couple of high-backed, crooked-bottomed, easy chairs, before in walked Jedediah, with a hoe upon his shoulder, whistling a bar and a half of "Yankee Doodle," just at that particular portion of the air where the words infer that he, (Yankee Doodle,) "came to town on a spotted pony."

Jedediah started. Were it a pair of fat fairies he was gazing at? They did not move, and he brandished his hoe with an attitude of defiance. All at once Mrs. Rhuty Tute jumped from her seat, which so alarmed Mrs. Doughkins, that she trembled from head to foot.

"Jerusalem Crickets! is that you?" shrieked Jedediah in one breath, his eyes starting almost out of their sockets, while his beaver toppled over his head. "What in the name of all that's super-human now and for ever, till kingdom come, and all the time henceforth and hereafter, have you been and done?"

"We—we—we're B—B—Bloom—Bloomers!" stammered Mrs. Doughkins, almost frightened out of her wits, and holding on to the chair with both hands by way of support.

Mrs. Rhuty Tute smiled.

"You're what?" again shrieked Jedediah, running his fingers through his carrotty hair, and giving his "bed tick" a long hitch—

"What—the Jehn is Bli—mers! Look a—here, Mrs. Rhuty-toot, you're a passal of fools—now!"

"Mr. Dowkins!" exclaimed Mrs. Rhuty Tute reprovingly, "behave, Mr. Dowkins, what you say to thinkable persons, or you may repent huch conduct!"

"Re—pent your self—what do you mean by Bli—mers? Chaw me up for gun wadin' if I understand what this means—now!" replied Jedediah, in a high state of excitement.

Mrs. Doughkins by this time slightly recovered herself and stood up, which caused

her respected spouse to advance a foot, a foot and a half, or two feet back.

"Consarn my skin if you don't look like a couple of lost Turks! Du tell me, Betsy, 'Melia, where on earth did you get such riggins out. May I be cataplasm'd in several places if I ever saw the like since Deacon Miller's cousin, the Barbones, told me the world was comin' to an end when it didn't."

"Why, now I'll tell you, Mr. Dowkint, we're thinkable femaleth, as you ought to know," said Mrs. Rhuty Tute, with an affection and earnestness that caused her friend to look down at her plump feet (squeezed into small shoes), in astonishment. "And as Josiah of Arch said when she was crowned Queen of Thapain, women of mind have a right to expreth themselves."

"Consarn your women of mind!" interrupted Jedediah.

"Hear me out, Mr. Dowkint: it's not of ten I speak, and when I do, I want to be heard!" continued the lady.

"Now look a—hear again, Mrs. Rhuty Toot—"

"Rhuty Tute, if you please."

"Well, Rhuty Toot, or Rhuty Brute, or any thing youo like—that's a darn wilful mistake—your tongue runs faster than a squirrel up a sycamore, or a bullet out of a rifle. Hold me under a pump, and slence me a-drippin', if I wouldn't cut my throat with a billed carrot, and die an orphan, if my tongue wagged like yours, by Jehu!"

"Mr. Dowkint!" screamed Mrs. Rhuty Tute, growing very red in the face, and seeming somewhat strange and uncomfortable in the costume, "Mr. Dowkint, do you mean to expeach my integrity?"

"I don't care a toad's blessing what I peach or apple; 'but I mean your tongue runs was than Aunt Sally Struggle's, and hers runs so bad they had to put a mustard plaster on her neck to draw the words 'other way.'"

"Jediah, Jediah, you're behavin' rude to company," chimed in Mrs. Doughkins, frowning about with an awkward gait.

"Yeoo and god do them Turkey things and not make a goose of yourself!" replied Jed, jerking his Jack of Diamonds waistcoat, and adjusting his beaver. "If Deacon Dinklehead, or any of his daughters, were to come in now, they'd think you'd gone stark mad, or they would!"

"I tell you agin, Jeddy, I'm a Bloomer!" said Mrs. Doughkins.

"You're a Squab, more like—why yeoo look like a couple of green sjajons on a spree—half men and half women—go and take 'em off!"

"We won't do it, Mrs. Dawkins; we won't just for impereence!" said Mrs. Rhuty Tute.

"Will we, dear?"

"No, I guess we won't; we want to be Bloomers," concided Mrs. Doughkins.

"You won't, won't you?" belloved Jed, throwing his hat down with a flourish.

"Yeoo say you won't?"

Mrs. Rhuty Tute nodded with a spiteful leer.

"Well, now I want it understood, Mrs. Jedediah Doughkins, it's not often I get my Ebenezer riz, but may I be made into hard cider and drank at leccion day if you don't god and take off them vulgar-lookin' frock, I'll throw the hoe be made a rush for the stairs, and after him flew the "Bloomers," as fast as their respective obesity would permit.

"Oh, oh! he'll ruin my fans!" screamed Mrs. Doughkins, waddling up the stairs, and shouting at the top of her voice. "And my blue gown, and my red shawl! O yes, yes, Jeddy, I'll take 'em off—I'll take 'em—in—ded I will!"

Jedediah, as good as his word, before the Bloomers reached the dressing-room, had pulled out the best bureau drawer, and commenced ransacking its contents. The linen and hosiery fell in a shower on the floor.

"Oh, oh! Jeddy, don't, and I'll never be a Bloomer agin!" imploringly screamed his wife, wiping the cold perspiration off her face, and sinking at the foot of the bed.

"You're shure you'll never put them flap-jacks on your legs agin?"

"Never!"

"As true as your name's Betsy 'Melia Doughkins?"

"Never!"

"Then I won't take your red shawl, and your blue gown, nor the Sunday fan, and your straddle into town on the grey mare?"

"No, no—no, don't," she blubbered.

And in less than half an hour, though Mrs. Rhuty Tute told her she was "an abolitionist" weak woman," Mrs. Doughkins had shed the "costume," and resumed the good old skirt of every day life, much to the

satisfaction of her husband, who gave her a kiss, looked black at the visitor, stroked his frowzy beaver, and vowed, that after all said and done, he was the "condarrest happiest creature alive, if people wouldn't pizen his wife with new notions."

It is almost needless to say, that Mrs. Jedediah Doughkins has never since attempted a "Bloomer."

THE GREASED POLE;
 SHOWING HOW ZEKE PHILPOT GOT SUCKED IN, & THEN AGIN HOW HE DIDN'T.

Ezekiah Philpot was born in America, somewhere near the head waters of the Penobscot, and when he arrived at the age of nineteen he had 'got his growth' and cut his 'eye teeth,' a circumstance which was generally admitted by all who knew him. One bright morning in June, Zeke placed his long body into a clean shirt, ran his longer legs through a new pair of striped trousers, wrapped a brau new waistcoat about his breast, hauled up his stiff starched cotton dicky, and tied a check gingham about his neck, and then donned the swell-looking coat, the brass buttons of which looked like a row of newly risen stars. Zeke was literally a pioneer in the 'Bloomer Costume,' at least so one would have thought to have seen him as he stood now. He disdained to have his trousers-legs dangling in the mud, or to have the cuffs of his coat slopping in the wash-bowl; so his blue stockings deeped forth from beneath the tops of his cowhides and looked up six inches to the trousers' bottoms, while his bony wrists had free scope from either shirt-sleeve or cuff. Zeke's hair, which was of no color in particular but bore all the lighter shades of the vegetable kingdom, was down flat with pure bar's ile, and directly on the top of his head he put a white hat, somewhat resembling an inverted butter firkin, and after gazing at his presentment in the looking-glass for four and a half minutes, he was heard to say—

"Thar, Mr. Zeke Philpot, if yeoo don't slide on that, then I guess what aint what, that's all."

Zeke was bound for Bosting with a load of genooin apple-sass, and he expected, ere he returned to make a slight comotion, if not more, in the great metropolis. The old mare was harnesssed, and in due course of time Zeke and his load arrived in Bosting, where the 'sass' was disposed of to good advantage, and with seventy-five dollars in his pocket, our hero began to look round to see the sights.

"Jed-low!" exclaimed Zeke, as he stopped one morning before a blazing playcard which adorned one of the brick walls in the Flag Alley; 'wa'n't tarnation's that? A Golden Ladder—a Road to Fortin'—u—n—e—oh, fortin, that's it—a road to fortune!"

Zeke went on to decipher the reading beneath, and gradually he obtained the intelligence that on the Back Bay there was to be a pole twenty feet high, upon the top of which the proprietor would place a prize of \$200, to be retained by any one who could obtain it. Chances \$3.

Wal, two hundred dollars is some punk ins, skoinized Zeke. 'I've clum some poety skoinized trees in my day. I'll jes' walk inter that feller's tew hundred, rot me if I don't."

With this feeling of cupidty, Zeke started for the scene of action, and 'was not till he had run down a dozen apple-woods in his course that he remembered his entire ignorance of where the Back Bay might be, and when this information was gained, he happened to remember that the 'old mare' hadn't been seen to.

Zeke was economical in his horse-keeping. He hired a single stall in a small shed near the Providence Depot, bought his own hay, and took care of his own animal. Thither he hastened his steps, and having watered his beast, he took from his wagon-bag an old wool-card, and raked down the mare in the most approved manner, to be sure the steel trowel moved a kittle more harshly over the bones than usual, but then Zeke was in a hurry, for that 'two hundred' was in his eye.

At length, by dint of much inquiry, Mr. Ezekiah Philpot found his way to the spot where the people had already begun to collect around the 'Golden Ladd'.

"Jed-low!" exclaimed Zeke, as he came up; 'what's the chap wot keeps this 'ere pole?"

"I'm the man," answered a burly fellow with a red nose and a pimpled chin, who occupied a chair near the pole; want to try a chance? Walk up, gentlemen, walk up—only three dollars. Who wants the two hundred? Who?"

"Hole on, ole feller," interrupted Zeke; 'dew yer mean to say as how't there's tew hundred dollars in that 'ere bag up t' top of that pole?"

"Certainly."

"An' if I ken get it it's mine?"

"You can have a chance for three dollars." "Xactly. Wal, now, there's yer three dollars, an' now here's wot goes for the hull lot!"

Zeke divested himself of his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and giving a powerful leap, he grasped the pole about ten feet from the ground. A single second—not longer—he staid there, and then—slid back upon terra-firma. Zeke looked at his hands, and then down upon his striped trousers. Then he looked at his hands again, and raising them to his nose, while a deep, long snell seemed to set his doubts and queries at rest, he uttered—

"Thar—! Hog's sit, by hokey!"

A broad laugh from the crowd soon brought Zeke to his senses, and convinced him that he had been sold. But ere he could find his tongue again, an old salt, about 'three sheets in the wind,' paid for his chance and essayed to climb the pole.—The sailor hugged and tugged, got half way up, and then slid. The crowd laughed again, but this time their attention was turned from Zeke to the new aspirant, and after waiting a moment in a sort of 'brown study,' our hero quietly slipped away, remarking to the red nosed man that 'he was goin' to get three dollars, and then he'd be dangid if he didn't try it agin."

In an hour Zeke was again upon the ground.

"New, ole feller, said he to the man who took the entrance money, 'I want tew just try that 'ere thing wunst more, an' I want yew t' understand 'at I shall jes' take off my shews this time."

"Got nothing in your stockings?" suggested the red-nosed man.

"Nothin' but my feet," returned Zeke as he planted thirteen inches of flesh and bone into the lap of the querist.

Zeke paid his three dollars, and, minus coat, vest and 'shews,' he grasped the pole. Slowly, yet steadily he crept up from the ground. He hugged like a blood-sucker to the greased pole, and by degrees he neared the top. His hand was within a few feet of the bag of dollars, and he stepped to get breath. One more lift and then another, and—the prize was within his grasp. Zeke slid to the earth with two hundred dollars!

"Thar! I know'd I could do it. I bain't clum spruces and white maples all my days for nothin'! Cood bye, folks, an' 'if enny of youo ever cum down east, jist giv us a call."

Zeke left the crowd in wonder, and made the best of his way to his stable. He shut the door of the shed, and then pulling up his trousers, he united from the inside of each knee one half of the steel-toothed leather of his old horse-card!

"Wal, old Dobbin," said Zeke, patting the mare affectionately on the back, while he held the pieces of card-leather in his hand, the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "f'rithar guess I ken 'ford to buy yeoo a new head neow.—Boston Carpet Bag."

"Is Mr. Bluster at home?" 'No sir,' said the servant, 'he is out of town.' 'When can I see him?' 'I don't know. Have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?' 'Yes, there is an account I wish to settle.' 'Well, remarked the servant, 'I can't say when he will get back.' 'But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town immediately.' 'Oh! you wish to pay him some money? Well, perhaps I may be mistaken—he may be up stairs. Please walk in sir; your hat if you please, sir; Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment."

In February, Connecticut, in 1673, a jury of a dozen old women held an inquest on the body of Elizabeth Hunt. The following verdict, verbatim & literatim, was rendered, and, doubtless, was perfectly conclusive and satisfactory:

"We judge, according to our best light and contents, that the death of said Elizabeth was not by any violent or wrong dun by any person or thing, but by sum sudden stopping of her breath."

An Irishman passing down street the other day, discovered a one dollar bill laying on the pavement. He picked it up sufficiently to ascertain that it was of the stamp of one on which the day previous he had lost ten cents by way of discount. 'Bad luck to the like of ye!' exclaimed Pat, as he passed on; 'there ye may lie; devil a finger will I put on ye, for I lost ten cents by a brother of ye's yesterday.'

GEOGRAPHY.—'How many poles are there?'—'Three.' 'Name them?' 'The North Pole the South Pole, and the Pole which knocked down the Persimmons.' 'Right. Next. Which is the principal sea in Europe?' 'The sea of Rome.' 'Very good. Which are the principal capes in the United States?' 'The capes of fashion.' 'Good. What kind of fish are most common?' 'Cod fish aristocracy.'

A French commander, who, during an engagement, had kept himself prudently ensconced in a mill, was after victory, loudly extolled by one of his paritizens. 'He returns,' cried the eulogist, 'covered with glory.' 'You had better say with flour!' remarked a bystander.

Poor Hans he bit himself mit a six-toe-rake and vash sick into his bed for snax-two weeks in de month of August and all de time he zay water! water! and he did eat notin til he complained of being better, so ash he could stand upon his elbow and eat a little tea.

An eloquent preacher paused in the middle of his sermon, and remarked: 'If I were at home, (meaning his own church) I would say something about going to sleep but as I am not, I forbear.' In an instant, heads which had been quietly resting on the adjacent paw backs, straightened up.

The man who ascended Bunker Hill Monument on the outside, to avoid the payment of the entrance fee, was arrested last week and bound over for trial. He appeals to the higher law in justification.

From the New York Dutchman.
Crumbs for all kinds of Chickens.

"Mr. Showman, what's that?"

"That, my dear, is the Ring-tail monkey. He swings by the tail till he gets the apple-plex, when he falls into a swoon, a little off the boil. He came from New Holland, where he feeds on nuts and other vegetables of the animal kingdom, which grows spontaneously in the desolate rigion. He was brought to this country as a present from the Caliph of Bagdad to General Jackson, and was deposited in the archives of the government till he was translated into this here collection of Natural History, by the author of the Stuffed Zebra. Walk in, gentlemen and ladies, and see what you shall see. Admission 25 cents—no extra charge no peepin' over the fence. Little boy, got off that cart. Turn that horgun, Bill, here comes a greent 'on."

"Please sir, lend poppy your knife to make a pen with."

"Certainly, my son, here it is."

Youth retires with the knife, and returns it about an hour.

"Please sir, here's your knife; poppy's done with it."

"I should think he was. Why, what the devil has he been doing with it? I thought he wanted it to make a pen?"

"So he did; but I forgot to say it was a pig-pen."

Exit youth a little in advance of an old boot.

The author of the Hexagonal Syrup, has just invented a new salse "for taking out fire." A gentleman who "burnt his fingers" in speculating in cotton, says a shilling's worth got up "such a reaction in his feelings," that he went into Wall street and so concerned on Harlem railroad stock, that in less than an hour he was as whole as ever.

Pious invalids are always worse on Monday than any other day of the week. The cause of this, is the bad air they meet with in most of our churches on the Sabbath. A physician of our acquaintance says he never cured a man of consumption, who persisted in going "regularly to meeting." Here's a fact that our architects and divines would do well to dwell on.

That California is certainly a great place! A correspondent at San Francisco writes us that he has seen bats as big as lamp posts, while the commonest kind of cats "measure as big" as New-York carrots, and are sliced up for tea like our white radishes.—That young gentleman has either seen a great deal, or else "he's some" on lying.

Doobs says not people would live longer, if they were not afraid of dying. The very means we take to "prevent catching cold," is the very means that bring about consumption. Fire-heated sleeping-rooms do more towards keeping up the value of drugs and hearsets, than all the wet feet that ever waded.

Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like "frying around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing brush.

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean by that that you are a sculptor?"

"No, sir, I don't sculp, myself, but I finish the stone to the man what does."

Jones was looked upon as a distant relation of the Chisel family.

The poetry signed "Pansinus" has been received. We regret to say that not a man in the office can read a line of it. The author is somewhat connected, we should think, with our friend Deodatus (Wright, the Recorder of Albany, a gentleman who writes three different hands). One a stranger can't read—one his clerks can't read—while the third is so scrawled, that he can't read it himself. The "poetry" is, of course, subject to the draft of the owner.

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—Smithers, in speaking of one of the ethersals connected with the Broadway Theatre, says he is as beautiful as spring, and almost as verdant. Who is Smithers driving at now?

TIME AND TIDE.—Once these agents waited for nobody, now nobody waits for them.—The telegraph outstrips the one, while the iron horse enables us to dispense with the other.

In riding on "the rail," always take a seat just in the rear of a fat old gentleman. In case of a collision, he breaks the hurt wonderfully.

Men, like, roosters, were made for protectors. Let an accident happen on a railroad, and in less than a minute every woman in the cars will be hugging the breast out of some masculine or other. In time of danger, the sex will have no confidence in anything but cobdury.

The lemon-scented nincompoos of Brooklyn give a grand ball week after next. Managers, Squirt & Brothers, of the Dry Goods Clerks Association.

Williamsburg offers a premium of \$500 for the best way of making bread, "so that it will last." The following recipe we have always found successful.—Buy four flour, and let those who are to eat it see a dirty-nose girl make it into rolls.

A Fool.—Any body who buys new boots when about starting on a pleasant trip.