THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.] Truth and Right God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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For the Star of the North.

WHAT I DO NOT LOVE.

BY B. RUNYAN.

I do not love those noisy towns
Where selfishness is seen;
Nor do I love the lonely rounds
Of solitary spleen.

I do not love the giddy crowds
That gather on the street,
For in their looks is something proud
When they each other meet.

I do not love profaning man
Who utters awful oaths,
Because his life is but a span,
Till to the grave he goes.

I do not love the haughty mind
That overlooks the poor,
Because it is to reason blind
And sinks beneath the moor.

I do not love the giddy play
Where ladies act the fool,
Because, like Eve, they don't obey,
But break o'er reason's rule.

I do not love that foppish pride,
Which acts the gent and fool;
For they through insolence deride,
The well taught boy at school.

I do not love professing man
Who lives behind his name,
For God will soon frustrate his plan,
And drive him from the main.

I do not love the tavern bar
Where men their misery drink;
Where they cast reason off afar
And never stop to think.

I do not love the sinners course,
Because it leads to wo:
And worse than all, that keen remorse
Which sinks the spirit low.

BLOOMSBURG, May 14th 1850.

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

A TELEGRAPHIC SKETCH.

A brace of legs, thrust considerably too far through a pair of moulted pants, and attached to a couple of the largest sized feet, which were incased in twin cowhide brogans formed the underpinning to a long slab sided body with otherwise generous proportions—the whole being surmounted by a head which was covered with a grey five years old (at least) seal-skin cap. This sum total—legs, pants, feet shoes, body and chapeau, was the property of Zenas Homespun.

Zenas had been on a bat previous and had squandered full half a dollar on himself in white eye and sweetening. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical; and on the morning we speak of him, he stood at early hour in —— street gazing mechanically at the telegraphic wire soliloquising thus wise:

Ic!—That's the *telegraff*. W——'e—well, don't poorceive nuthin' per—it—culiar 'bout *them* strings, only one's biger 'n t'other—ic.

That's *the lightnin' line*, the *big* 'un—said an urchin in the doorway near by.

When does she (ic) start?

You had better ax in thar.

What?

In the office up *thar*

The loafer was shown to the door of the building and by hook or crook found himself up three flights of stairs into the telegraphic office. The attendants inquired what the gentleman had to for card.

Fond? (ic) who's *she?*

What will you send?

Send *wher?*

This the telegraphic office, sir.

Well, (ic!) who in thunder said it wu'nt?

I supposed you had business, sir.

Nothing of the sort (ic!)—quite the reverse, (ic!—) to the *contrary*.

What will you have?

Want to make some (ic!) quiries.

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably determined upon some fun with the fellow, with a view to sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however, for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to *benefit* the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened fortunately, to be but lightly charged, and concluding that the knobs were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to remove one of the balls; the next instant Zenas lay stretched on the floor!

He arose, as best he could, and turned to the clerk with:

Look here, mister (ic!)—what's yer name? I kin lick as many sich like skunks as *you* as could be drove in a forty acre lot! *Wot* in thunder did you (ic!) knock a innercent man down that way for, eh?

Nobody touched you, said the clerk.

The divil (ic!) they didn't?

No, *sir*. You took the——

Took wot? There's your contemptible copper; and proceed to dash the loose pennies towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine, his fingers came in contact with the battery, and the way he went again, heels over head, across the floor.

Look *yere!*—continued the sufferer, who by this time was nigh sobered—I dast yure infernal pictur', wot in thunder are you about.

You mustn't handle the tools, observed the clerk nearly bursting with laughter.

Look you! Mr. wot's-yure-name. I aint to be fooled this ere way for nuthin, I aint. By thunder! I'm an independent individool. I am; and this yere knockin' down without notice of no kind, aint the thing. If you'll open that yere door, I'll go out of this, and no question axed.

Th t s the door sir.

That brass handle?

Yes.

I'm blowed if you do though! This child don't meddle with no more *hardware* in this trap now how.

The door was opened by the clerk and the fellow sidled out. A suppressed laugh pervaded the countenance of the attendant as Zenas departed, which, as the door closed vented itself in a broad haw, haw.

You're a *smart* young gentleman, *you* are! bawled the loafer, through the keyhole, as he held the door fast with both hands. you're a *very* smart young man! You'd like to get out of that and go to your breakfast, bime by! And ef you do git any grub this fore noon, jest lea a feller about my size know it, will yer! I'll teach yer to knock people down stimultaneous, fer nuthin', I will—and from the prepartions making on the outside, the prospect was that the insides were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the knob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery.

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valiant stranger with the seal skin cap, was discovered in the act of an anti-angular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs meantime performing a revolutionary pirouette which would have done merit to a French dancing master.

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before, which he had deposited in his coat pocket. In his progress down stairs the matches became ignited, and by the time that he had reached the bottom of the first flight he had partially recovered from the first effects of the shock; but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat tails were on fire, and he was now set forward in his imagination by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire, and, presuming it was part or parcel of the "fire cussed invention," he sprang to his feet, and with both hands behind him, for the purpose of smothering the flame which was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles he put for the street door at full gallop.

Fire! fire! Help! *yer!* mun'—fire help! shouted the victim as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at a speed which the "lightnin' line" itself might have been proud of. Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant with a horse attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing off the pavement. He rushed to the spot and turning short before him *a posteriori*, he begged him, at the top of his voice for God's sake to *put him out*.

Perhaps his sable friend's eye did'nt glisten and may be his ivory did'nt shine, as he charitably turned the current of that stream upon the unmentionable portions of the poor fellow netherments. The fire was extinguished without serious damage as the papers say; he loafer was entirely saturated and having changed his heavy inside wet for a skin drenching' he departed, perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the *fearfu'* most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles!

DRINKING ALONE.—The author of the 'Parson's Daughter,' when surprised one evening in his arm chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying, when one is alone, the bottle does come round so often.

On a similar occasion, Sir Hercules Langerish, on being asked 'Have you finished all that part (three bottles) without assistance?' answered, 'No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Maderia.'

A lady came to Charles Wesley, complaining that she was the chief of sinners—the worst of transgressors—utterly lost the helpless.

'I have no doubt, madam,' replied he, 'that you are wicked enough.'

She instantly flew into a passion, declared she was no worse than her neighbors, scolded the preacher as a slanderer, and it is thought would have boxed his ears if he had not quitted the apartment.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.—The correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says that the Galphin Committee will report early this week: and the majority have decided that the claim was illegal, both principal and interest

☞ From further investigation it appears that the great comet of 1264 and 1556 is not now expected to re-appear before August, 1858.

☞ An editor, down south, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law, that it is hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.

Got No Friends.

Wilmot Provisoism is rapidly on the wane. In Congress, from a threatening monster; whose presence endangered the existence of the Union, it has dwindled into a dwarfish skeleton, of which no one is afraid The people, Democrats and Whigs, are discarding the humbug. Like the unfortunate dog in the following anecdote, it will soon be kicked with its author from the councils of the nation. Read the story; and see if such is not the fate of "the Wilmot."

We were travelling through Canada, says a cotemporary, in the winter of 1839; and after a long day's ride, stopped at the Lion's Inn, and the contents of the stage, numbering about nine persons, soon gathered round the cheerful fire. Among the occupants of the room we observed an ill looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking up his quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few minutes the landlord entered, and observing the specimen of the canine species remarked—

'Fine dog that! Is he yours, sir?' appealing to one of the passengers.

'No sir.'

'Beautiful dog! Yours sir?' addressing himself to a second.

'No,' was the blunt reply.

'Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?'

'No,' was the reply.

'Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose?'

'No he doesn't,' was the answer.

'Then he is yours; and you have a treasure,' (throwing the animal a cracker.)

'Nothing of the kind.'

'Oh! (with a smile.) he belongs to you as a matter of course?' addressing himself to the last passenger.

'Wouldn't have him at a gift.'

'Then, you infernal, dirty, mean, contemptible whelp, get out!'

And with that, the host gave the poor dog such a kick, as sent the animal yelling into the street, amid, the roars of the company.

A Fish Story.

Some years ago a case was on trial before the Supreme Court of Maine, in one of the eastern counties, in which the plaintiff sought to recover compensation of an alleged injury to his fishing privilege, occasioned by the erection of a mill-dam by the defendants.—The testimony on the part of the plaintiff was clear and conclusive, and it was supposed the case would be submitted to the jury without the production of any witnesses by the defendants, but after some consultation their counsel called an old rough weather-beaten fisherman who was interrogated as to the habit of the salmon and the effect of the dam. He stated, among other things, that he had known salmon to go right up over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular.

'What is that, Mr. Witness?' said the judge; 'do I understand you to say that salmon will go over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular?'

'Why, sartin! Your honor don't know no more about them are fish than a child.—Why look here, your honor, I live on a pint of land that makes out into the river so,—(drawing a map with his finger on the witness' box.) d'ye see, the salmon going up have to go clear around this here pint. Well, your honor, the fish comin' up the river, spiteful like, when they get off agin my house, leap clear across, right over my house and barn a hundred and fifty feet at least, your honor. I've picked up fat ones, your honor, too heavy to fetch across, many a time.

The court listened in mute astonishment, but the next moment the peremptory order, 'Mr Sheriff, put that man out of the house,' was heard above an irrepressible burst of laughter.

☞ There is a good story told of a certain Judge who once decided a point of law, while upon the bench, in opposition to the opinion of an insignificant pettifogger who was conducting a suit on trial. Whereupon the lawyer took occasion to indulge in a lengthy strain of ridicule and low sarcasm at the Judge's expense, and without receiving any rebuke from its subject. After the adjournment of the Court, and while in the presence of the pettifogger and others, a friend of the Judge asked him why he had not ordered the insolent upstart into custody for contempt of Court. 'My friends,' said his honor, 'when I was a boy, and lived with my father down in Maine, we had a little, mean, worthless puppy; and every night that puppy would go out and bark at the moon for hours together!'

'Well, what of it; what happened?'

'Oh, nothing,' said his Honor.—'nothing whatever, the moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened!'

COAL MINERS' STRIKE.—Some of the miners of Minersville, Schuylkill county, and a Mill creek, have struck for wages. The wages are lower than they ever have been before, at this season of the year, in consequence of the exceedingly low price of coal.

An election, in Baltimore, to determine the propriety of calling a Convention to amend the State Constitution, was held on Wednesday. There were 7765 majority for the Convention.

Wordsworth, the poet, died on the 23d ultimo, at his residence at Ambleside.

From Elizi Cook's Journal.

The Character of the Age.

Were we required to characterize this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not a heroical, devotional, philosophical, or moral age, but above all others, the mechanical age. It is the age of machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word; the age which, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches, and practises the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and calculated contrivance. For the simplest operation, some helps and accompaniments, some cunning, abbreviating process is in readiness.—Our old modes of exertion are all discredited, and thrown aside. On every hand, the living artisan is driven from his workshop, to make room for a speedier, inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that ply it faster. The sailor furls his sail, and lays down his oar, and bids a strong, unwearied servant, on vaporous wings, bear him through the waters. Men have crossed oceans by steam; the Birmingham fire-king has visited the fabulous east; and he genius of the Cape, were there any Camoens now to sing it, has again been alarmed, and with far stranger thunders than Gama's. There is no end to machinery. Even the horse is stripped of his harness, and finds a fleet fire-horse yoked in his stead. Nay, we have an artist that hatches chikens by steam, the very brood-hen is to be superseded! For all earthly, and for some unearthly purposes, we have machines and mechanic furtherances; for mincing our cabbages, for casting us into magnetic sleep. We remove mountains, and make seas our smooth highways; nothing can resist us. We war with rude nature and, by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils.

What wonderful accessions have thus been made, and are still making, to the physical power of mankind; how much better fed, clothed, lodged, and, in all outward respects accommodated men now are, or might be, by a given quantity of labor, is a grateful reflection which forces itself on every one What changes, too this addition of power is introducing into the social system; how wealth has more and more increased, and at the same time gathered itself more and more into masses, strangely altering the old relations, and increasing the distance between the rich and poor, will be a question for political economists, and a much more complex and important one than any they have yet engaged with. Our true deity is mechanism. It has subdued external nature for us, and we think it will do all other things.—We are giants in physical power; we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer heaven a so.

Gems from Longfellow.

Morality witout religion is only a child of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savages determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth is only a stone.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under the ground.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high, as in the enthusiasm of youth we sometimes imagine. To many, the trumpet of fame is noting but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers of the field, at dinner time, and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for awhile; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestal by the growth of forest-trees whose seed was sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

Cure for Vanity.

We don't know the reason of it, but certainly it appears to be a fact that persons prize an occupation in proportion to the fancied ease it will admit. Of this class was an old woman whom I met in my travels. We had been busy during the day running a line through a dense piece of woodland The old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw she wanted to enter into conversation; and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and as a matter of course I put my best leg forward. Struck with my language, she exclaimed in a tone quite flattering to my vanity:

"La! how larned you are."

But the compliment received a death blow

"If I was as larned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit injineerin' and go keepin' a little grocery!"

☞ A fellow of a philosophic turn of mind, who was kicked down stairs the other day, went home and wrote a eulogy on leather.

Boys and Girls.

The times have indeed sadly changed. One entire portion of human life struck out. It is now, boyhood or manhood. There is no *conservative* state—(we do not speak politically) Once there were intermediate states of boyhood—bare-footed and bean-porridge eating state, a spelling and cyphering period—when there were boys to do the chores and go errands—when apprentice indentures were in fashion, and manhood was well defined by the "freedom suit" But there are no such things now. The child steps out of his diaper and frock into a long tailed coat and high heeled boots. He exchanges the *breast* for the *cigar*. Not one of the present generation has ever seen a real *bona fide* "nine-day-old" pot of bean-porridge; and Noah Webster's spelling book is crowded out of school by high works on philosophy and metaphysics. There are no apprentices now. Young men take a few lessons in the trade they fancy, and then set up for themselves.

But the present generations is as destitute or girls as of boys It is either baby or lady—nursery or parlor. The mother tends her infant, or waits upon her daughter. Instead of spinning flax for their father's shirt, they reel silk for the lady's fair; and instead of knitting stockings and mending trousers for their brothers, they work lace and make stays for themselves. The mother milks, churns, mends, washes, and irons—and their daughters—the "ladies"—read novels, dress, and make and receive calls. They make parties, instead of puddings, and cook from the book rather than from knowledge.

We should be delighted to see a generation of boys and girls—in looks, actions, and dress; we should then hope for health and strength, industry and sobriety, frugality and economy, prosperity and happiness. We go for protection to this class of our community. Every father should impose a tariff, one that should amount to an entire prohibition, on the introduction of fashionable follies into the family. He should protect and *enforce* home industry. He and his wife and children should enter into a "Home League" on the subject. This is the tariff that will restore confidence. This is the bank that will freely discount and never suspend.—*Alexandria Index.*

SCENE AT A DISTRICT SCHOOL.—First class in philosophy—step our—close your books. "Hobbs what is meant by the animal kingdom?" "Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinocerooses, hippotamuses, alligators, monkeys, jackasses, hack-drivers, and schoolmasters;" —"*Very well*—but you'll take a lickin for that last remark." "Giles what is the mineral kingdom?" "The hull of Californey." "Walk straight up head!" "Johnson what is the vegetable kingdom?" "Garden sarse, potatoes, carrots, ingyons, and all kinds of greens that's good for cooking." "And what are pines, and hemlocks, and elms—ain't they vegetables?" "No sir ee—you *can't cook 'em—them's saw logs fermin' timber*." "Boys give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs." *Class in Mathematics.* "Dawson, six times six?" "Is thirty-six." "Are—, Jural." "Are thirty-six." "King, nine times nine?" "Am eighty-one." "*Am* they?" "*Yes they be*"—(referring to his tables for proof of his assertion.) "Give me your slate—I'll teach you that English grammer is a very important part of Mathematics—(writes.) Here do this sum before you leave this schoolhouse. Problem. If Tom Hyer whipped Yankee Sullivan in seventeen rounds. Who struck Billy Patterson?" *I had to leave.*

EXPOUNDING THE LAW.—A Scotchman called at the house of Lawyer Fletcher, of Vermont, to consult that legal gentleman professionally. "Is the squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's lady, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively.

Disappointment was now added to the trials of Scotia's son, but after a moment's consideration a new thought relieved him.

"Mebby yourself can gie me the necessary information as well as the squeer—seein' ye're his wife."

The kind lady readily promised to do so if, on learning the nature of his difficulty, she found it in her power, and the other proceeded to state his case as follows:

"Spose you was an auld white mare mare and I should borry ye ta gang to mill, wit a grist on yer back, an' we should get no farther than Stair hill, when allat wounce, ye should buck up, an' rear up, an' pitch up, an' break yer dearned auld neck, who'd pay for ye? not I, dearn me if I would.

The lady smilingly told him as he had himself passed sentence upon the case, advice would be entirely superfluous.

LIVING WITHOUT BRAINS.—As the late Professor A——was walking near Edinburg, he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," said the professor, accosting him "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head, "how long have you lived yourself, sir?"

VIRGINIA.—It is estimated that the next legislature of Virginia will show a Democratic majority on joint ballot of at least 50. The vote on a convention for revising the constitution is largely in favor of a convention.

☞ Fortune is more equally balanced after all, than half the world think it; to the rich it gives fear—to the poor, hope.

AN ANATOMICAL RECONTRE.

A year ago when Ezekiel Verdant came down to Boston with all his earthly possessions, viz: homespun suit of go to meeting clothes, a tin razor, a fine tooth comb, two dozen socks, and a box of blacking, in a cowhide trunk, he was one of the most verdant specimens of simplicity you ever encountered. His golden hair slightly shaded his ruddy cheeks, his garments savored of a remote, and almost medoeval age. He put up at a fourth rate house, and then sallied forth to look about him. His only acquaintance was a far away cousin, a student at surgery and medicine, Mark Merrieweather, by name; on him Verdant relied for information and aid, as he came to Boston to pursue the same career. Now Mark had paid Verdant a visit in the mountains some years previous, and a young Vermonter "sold" the city buck extensively—hat is he had put him on the back of a wild filly, had upset him on a boat, broke his head at cudgelling, and extended numerous other civilities, with which country cousins are in the habit of welcoming their city friends.

They met in town, and after the first greeting, inquired the purport of his cousin's visit

"I've come up here to stay a spell," was the reply.

"Glad to hear it."

"Heow du you like your trade?"

"Very well."

"Most learned it—hey?"

"Most."

"Well I'm thinkin' to foller the same line of business, and I want you to help me along."

"With great pleasure, Zeke; I'll put you through an entire course of sprouts."

"Sprouts?"

"Show you the ropes."

"Ropes?"

"Let you see how we do things. Where shall we begin?"

"Wall I want to see that 'ere place where you cut folks up—fust thing."

"Oh! very well—come along."

Mark did the honors of the College to the guest, and it may be imagined that his professional sang froid offered a strong contrast to the native horror of his guest. Still there was sort of facination in what he witnessed that impelled Zeke to pronounce, though in a faint and grasping voice, that every thing was 'fust rate."

At last they reached a little mahogany cabinet.

"What's in thar?" asked Zekiel.

"Open and see," said his friend.

Zekiel did so and was instantly clasped in the arms of a skeleton.

With a howl of horror he exclaimed, "Let'm me go! help! help!"

Mark was dying with laughter.

"Here's death alive catch me sure enough!" exclaimed the sufferer

He again appealed to Mark for help. Finding his cousin inexorable, he determined to help himself.

"Look here old Bonypart," said he, "if you don't let me go I'll lick you into fits!" and getting one arm free, he dealt the skeleton a tremendous blow on the head, which knocked him back into the box, the doors of which closed instantly, leaving Zekiel a free man again.

"That 'ere 'natomy was a poorly behaved pup," he remarked, reassured by the success of his exertions. "I have a good mind to shake him out of his box, and gin him a regular licking. Why did'nt you step in when you see him attackin' me."

"I stood by to see fair play," said Mark.

"Wall, you just tell him this from me," said Ezekiel, "as long as he keeps himself in his own quarters, I'll let him alone, but if he ever comes across me out 'en this 'ere place, I'll wallup him like winkin."

A few days after this, Zekiel who had made formal application to Dr. ——, to be received as a student, received a note from that gentleman, requesting him to call at the office.

He accordingly rang at the door of the doctor's aristocratic mansion. It must be borne in mind that the doctor is as thin as possible for a live man to be. He was seated in his study chair when Zekiel entered, so that the young man did not at first glance recognize the peculiarity of his appearance; but when he stood up and extended his hand a luminous idea flashed through the brain of the visitor.

"Hands off," said he, "no shaking paws with me. I know your tricks."

The doctor assumed an air of astonishment and offended dignity.

"As you please, young man," said he sitting down.

"Oh! you need'nt be so offish," said Zekiel. "You and I have seen each other before to-day."

"Not to my knowledge," said the doctor.

"P'raps not" said Zekiel knowingly, "I say old feller how's your head?"

"My head! your crazy."

"Not by a long chalk." "I say," he added in a confidential whisper, "how often doth-y l t you out?"

"Yes darn you, I know you, if you have got your clothes on; you're the livin skeleton they keep up to the College there—the chap that I gin the licksin' to the other day."

The doctor burst into a loud laugh, undeceived his visitor, and received him as a pupil, but even his cousin dares not remind him of the adventure, for if he did, he would not have whole bones to make a skeleton.

Test of Affection.

Mr. Archibald Stanhope—a groggy sentimentalist, residing in Buckley street, Philadelphia—conceived the harrowing suspicion that his wife was not as passionately fond of him as a lady of good taste should be; and to put the matter to a fair trial, he hit on a little strategem which he put in practice the other day, with the results hereafter to be detailed

He took a suit of cloth and composed an effigy of himself, by stuffing the garments with a quantity of straw, which had lately been discharged from an old bed. Having suspended this figure to a rafter in the garret by means of a piece of cloths line; ensconced himself behind a pile of rubbish in the same garret, to watch the effect.

After awhile, his little daughter came up after a jumping rope, and caught a glimpse of the suspended figure. She ran down the stairs screaming.

'Oh, mother, mother, daddy has hung himself!'

'Now for it,' thought Archibald in ambuscade; 'we shall have a touching scene presently.'

'Hung himself?' he heard Mrs. S. repeat as she walked leisurely up stairs, 'he hasn't got spunk enough for such a thing, or he'd have done it long ago. Well, I believe he has done it, however,' she continued, as she came in view of Archibald's straw representative. 'Moll, (to the little girl.) I think he ought to be cut down. You had better go into the kitchen and get a knife, my dear, but don't go down too fast, or you might fall and hurt yourself. Stay—I forgot—there is no knife in the kitchen sharp enough. You can go around to Mr. Humes the shoe maker, in Sixth street. He's only two squares off, and ask him to lend us his paring knife, and tell him to whet it a little before he sends it.—And Molly, while you are in the neighborhood, you can call at your aunt Sukey's and ask how the baby is.'

'And Molly, you can stop at the grocery store as you come back, and get a pound of seven cent sugar. Poor Archy! sighed Mrs. S. when her daughter had departed, I hope we will get him down before the vital spark is distinct—for these buryings are very troublesome and cost money. He wanted to put an end to himself, too; and I think I ought to let him have his own way for once in his life; he used to say that I was always crossing him. I wish he hadn't spoiled that new cloths line—an old rope might have answered his purpose.

Here a voice like that of the supposed suicide, broke in upon Mrs. Stanhope's soliloquy, with, 'You confounded Jesabel, I'll be the death of you!'

Mrs S. thinking this must, of course, be a ghostly exclamation, uttered a wild scream, and attempted to escape down the narrow staircase. Archibald, starting from his place of concealment, gave chase Mrs. S. stumbled midway on the flight of stairs, and Mr. S. having just reached her, and made a grab at her dishevelled hair as it streamed backwards, the amiable partners were precipitated to the bottom together.

Both were rather badly hurt, and the cries of the lady raised the neighborhood. Archibald was arrested for making disturbance, and practicing on the tender sensibilities of his wife. He was recognized in 8200, and jocularly proposed his suspended effigies for security—but, he found to his sorrow, 'straw bail' was not acceptable under the administration of Mayor Jones.

Coaxing up an Expression.

A brace of 'lowyers,' anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substance fades, stepped into a Daguerreotype establishment recently, to sit for their "picters." The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tuck fust, and raal natral." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist ortwo to his neck-kerchief, asked if his sheert collar stood about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair, where he soon assumed the physiognomical character of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands, about to part with one of his eye teeth. "Now dew look purty!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken and when produced she reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!" and as this was not an era in the suitor's history, particularly worthy of perpetual commemoration, she insisted that "he should stand it again." He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair. "Josh," said she, "look like smilin,' and then kinder look pleasant." The poor fellow tried to follow the infinite injunction. "La," she cried, "you look all puckered up." One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last, growing impatient, and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed. "Guess I keer it there is folks around." She enjoined the operator to stand ready at his camera, she then sat in her feller's lap, managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this "billing and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands, cried to the astounded artist,—"Now you have got him! put him threw!"—*Exchange.*

☞ Our Mint is now coining at the rate of half a million a week. This looks as if money ought to be plentiful after a while.