

MISCELLANEOUS.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF DOGTOWN.

From *Titterell's Yankee Notions*.

Dogtown is a beautiful place in the interior of this state. There is plenty of land around it, so that nothing can hinder it from growing in every direction, and thus become a great city. In fact Dogtown has already a one story church, part of a school house, and an elegant pond.

Dogtown is finely and advantageously situated. It stands on Eel River, a stream of water which runs into another stream, and that into a third, which runs into Comsewicut river, which running into Long Island Sound, finally reaches the Atlantic; who does not see, therefore, that Dogtown may become a great seaport? The territory in the neighborhood of Dogtown is remarkable for its fertility, bating that part of it which is covered with rocks, the salt meadow, the pine woods, the clay ponds and swamps. It is past a doubt, therefore, that the territory, if well cleared, drained, peopled, and cultivated, would become a perfect garden, abounding with the richest productions of nature, and affording a mine of wealth to the country. As to the facilities of communication with the great Atlantic cities and commercial marts, they are admirable. Dogtown has Boston on one side and N. York on the other. Montreal and Quebec are in the north, while in the east is the rich and thriving state of Maine, with Bangor and Owl's Head to boot. Rail roads can be made to connect Dogtown with all these places, and they will certainly form such a connection, when they are built.—That the place will be a great focus of trade when this is done, nobody I think will deny.—The neighborhood of Dogtown has all the advantages that can be desired in a young country. There will be as many towns within thirty miles of the place, as people choose to build. The population cannot fail to increase rapidly, for a man can get married for 75 cents. town clerk's fees included. The attraction for settlers must therefore be considered very great. The Dogtowners are remarkably industrious, for they get a living, although constantly grumbling at hard times. They are moreover ingenious, for they manufacture axe handles, wooden bowls, birch brooms, and white oak cheese, and invent mouse traps and washing machines. Last of all, the inhabitants of Dogtown are literary and intellectual, for they talk a great deal of the march of improvement, and the minister and the lawyer take the Penny Magazine between them.

All these attractions together form a combination truly wonderful. But the reader will be astonished when I inform him that the inhabitants of this favored spot lived a great many years without the smallest suspicion of what I have been describing. They thought very little of themselves or of the town they lived in, and continued to vegetate from year to year without imagining they were better off than other folks. In fact, the world might have continued to this day in utter ignorance that Dogtown was such a wonderful place, but for an accident; an accident I call it, for the Dogtowners having lived for many years without opening their eyes, the fact they did open them of a sudden, on a certain day in the year of grace 1834, must be considered purely accidental. Some people are inclined to ascribe it to the approach of the comet, which had a powerful influence in opening people's eyes—to say nothing of its effect in driving them stark mad. But that is neither here nor there. The people of Dogtown opened their eyes and saw; that was enough, they saw in an instant their immense advantages, and were astonished that they never had seen them before. They saw their advantages, I say, and were determined to turn them to account.

Straightway Dogtown was all alive; every body was confident that Dogtown must become a great place; and as every body told every body else so, there was no doubt about the matter. Every man went to buying land who could pay for it, and those could not pay, bought upon credit, sure of selling it again at ten times the cost within a year. Nothing was talked of but the immense advantages of the place. The riches of Dogtown were indeed immense, and how they could have been overlooked so long was a mystery that no one could understand.—The land within the limits of the town was computed at 720,000,000 square feet, which is cheap enough in all conscience, would amount to \$7,200,000. What a sum! Half this land was covered with trees at the rate of one tree to every five feet square, or quadrangle of twenty-five feet; this gave a computation of 10,400,000 trees; and as each tree on the average contained seventy-five cubic feet of timber, it followed that there was actually within the town 780,000,000 feet of timber, worth on the lowest calculation five cents per foot, which would amount to \$39,000,000. This added to the value of the land as above, made a grand total of forty-six millions two hundred thousand dollars!

The mention of these sums almost drove the good people of Dogtown distracted with joy; they could hardly believe their eyes or ears; but there it was in black and white; figures could not lie. They were amazed to think of their own stupidity, and that of their ancestors in letting forty-six millions two hundred thousand dollars lie totally idle and unproductive; but they were determined not to allow their wealth to be neglected any longer. A grand scheme of speculation and improvement was started, and all rushed headlong into it. Every man in Dogtown was now rich, or what was the same thing, was sure of being so before long. Immense tracts were laid out in building lots, and speculators flocked from all quarters; from Catsville and Weazletown and Buzzardsborough and Ganderfield and Crow Corner and Upper Bagbury and East Pumpington, and Black Swamp and the Bottomless Bogs. Such a busy time as the Dogtowners had of it. Nothing was talked of but buying land; building houses, laying out roads, streets, squares, avenues, railroads, canals, &c. &c. People left off ploughing and hoeing, because agriculture was too slow a method of making money; for who would think of raising turkeys to sell at twenty cents a bushel, when he could make a hundred times the profit by speculating in land?

First of all, it was determined that Dogtown should be a city. The want of population was found to be serious obstacle here; the constitution of the state requires ten or twelve thousand inhabitants for a city; and as Dogtown, including the suburbs of Pappsville and Skunk's Misery, contained a population of only six hundred and thirty-one, it was thought there might, be some difficulty in getting a charter without anticipating the returns of the next census. However, a city it must be, some time or other; in this all were agreed, and it might as well have the name first as last; so they concluded to call it a city. It is astonishing what a spirit of enterprise these prospects infused into the people of Dogtown. The school house door was painted green, uncle Joe Tibbons mended the top of the chimney, and it was voted in town meeting to purchase three wheelbarrows for the public use; and all in consequence of these projected improvements. Nay, so widely did their views of business expand, that Aminadab Figgins, the grocer, determined up to give retailing, and declared he would not split crackers nor cut candles any longer.

Such was the thriving condition of the city of Dogtown when I left the place in the autumn of that year. I continued to hear of it through the medium of the Dogtown Daily Advertiser, a newspaper established there by an enterprising printer from Connecticut at the first dawning of the commercial prosperity of the city. It appeared to go ahead rapidly. The newspaper spoke of the Exchange, the Town Hall, the Bank, the new Post Office, the Rail road, Canal, &c. House lots were advertised in Washington Square, Merchant's Row, State street Market Street, &c. Thus was Dogtown in all its glory.

From the *New York Express*.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

This is a question more easily asked than answered,—but it is a very important one it seems in New York City at least, nevertheless. A jury was called here, but a few days ago, to settle a gentleman's claims, and they decided him a gentleman—but if they had left on record the grounds of their decision, it must be as valuable as the Pandects of Justinian.—Mr. Cholson, M. C., insisted that Colonel Webb was no gentleman, and Col Webb once insisted that Wood, the signer, was no gentleman, and Mr. Cilley died, because he would not own that Col. Webb was a gentleman. Sure then, it must be very important to decide what makes the gentleman. Blackstone, however has but little on that subject. Chancellor Kent has not a word. Judge Story has not even discussed the subject. Recorder Riker has not spoken, but nevertheless, it is of the first importance to know what makes a gentleman.

A gentleman wears a clean shirt, a broad-cloth coat—and white gloves, some one says, and dress, thus makes a gentleman. Mr. Clay then; is no gentleman, for he is very much of a sloven often, and therefore, he can't be a gentleman. General Jackson was no gentleman. Mr. Van Buren, by the same rule, when he first came from Europe, was the first of gentlemen with a fine coach livery boys, splendid horses, and all the paraphernalia of a gentleman. But the pickpockets that often throng in crowds, that make a push & a dash to stuff a pocket according to rule,—are fine looking gentlemen,—with ruffle shirt, kid gloves and gold chains, all caparisoned as gentlemen. An English livery servant is thus a gentleman, —and thus as he is often more brilliantly than his master,—his master often having about him something of the slouch, the livery servant is more of the gentleman. Tailor boys are always the best dressed men in the world, and ergo, the most of the gentleman. Dandies are gentlemen in extremes,—which means the perfection of gentlemen. This rule went work. And yet what shall we do,—for all the world knows—there is something or other in the clothes, by which the world judges of a gentleman. Go to the hotel for example, in a homespun coat,—in cowhide boots,—(without straps) and they will thrust you into the garret, (even the waiter boys too) among their Tom cats and kittens,—but open your trunk, put on your broadcloth, and don't forget your straps and they will say give the stranger, it may be a parlor,—for he is a gentleman!—Clothes there make the gentleman. The broadcloth forms the man. A Chesterfield in a frock, a Crickton in homespun,—a male Taglionia in boots,—none of these, in a dance, could be a gentleman. The first thing a laborer does on Sunday, is to put on a clean shirt, and his go-to-meeting coat—and then he is a gentleman. Now go to a ball, without a close-bodied coat, without a pair of pumps, and a pair of clean gloves,—and every body in the room will vote you are no gentleman. A French woman pretends to tell a gentleman only by his gloves,—or his teeth, and if a woman was not well should *bein chausse*, and well clad *bein mise*, all Paris would cry out she was no lady.

A gentleman,—John Bull says, is a man of gentle blood. Blood, by the way, does not amount to much in this country,—except for hogs and horses. We are all of the Royal blood here, a hereditary aristocracy, in which every loafer has in him a bit of the King, and a parcel of the kingdom. Gentle blood, then, with us does not amount to much, to make out the gentleman. We are all Esquires, all Colonels, all Generals, all something or other in a small way. As for gentle blood, take the President of the United States for example. Who can tell where he came from? how gentle his blood is, or what courses in it? Henry Clay boasts that he inherited nothing but infancy, indigence, and ignorance. Daniel Webster was but a New Hampshire loafer boy, good for nothing to make stone wall, or stump fence—and so his father sent him to school. Neither of them had in them a bit of that blood John Bull calls gentle. So we came to the conclusion that however important blood may be for horses, it is nothing concerned in making the gentleman.

But what does make the gentleman? True it is the gravest question on earth when men consent to be shot at by rifles, and seek to shoot every body that avers, they are not gentlemen. It is a grave fact, that a man can lie, and cheat, and then pass off for a gentleman. He may have done a thousand criminal acts at home and abroad, and yet pass for a gentleman. Col. Burr was a gentleman, an accomplished gentleman, all mankind admit, and yet his private character—even "the Old Boy in Specks" passes without an attempt to polish over.—George the Fourth was a kind of a Col Burr. A man too, may be never so pious, never so upright and moral, and yet be no gentleman. A Puritan was no gentleman. Captain Smith the cavalier gay and gallant, who settled at Jamestown, Virginia, passed the world over, for a gentleman, but we never heard of a man in the May Flower, that would have passed in an European court for a gentleman. But what on earth does make the gentleman.

Go on a journey,—and shoulder your own trunk,—and take it to your hotel, and all the coachmen, and all the porters, and all the bystanders will cry out, that is no gentleman. It is very suspicious even to be seen taking a valise along. In England, a man that travels on foot will not be treated generally as a gentleman. If he mounts a coach and rides on the outside, he is a so-so sort of a gentleman. If he rides inside, he begins to be a gentleman, but if he has a coach of his own, and the postillion drives him to a hotel door,—out rush boots, waiter and chambermaid, Jehu-like, and the landlord jingles the bell like thunder, for there comes a gentleman.

Does money make a gentleman? Well, let us see. Our Southern planters will hardly admit that a merchant is a gentleman. Merchandize in England, is not a gentlemanly business every body knows. If money made a man, John Jacob Astor would be the greatest gentleman in New York State, the very Chesterfield and Beau Brummel of the day. But every body knows that many a gentle loafer about town, without a sous in his pocket, but a borrowed one,) a *Chevalier d'Industrie* sort of a man, that picks up an invitation to dinner, and lives by going out a visiting, who cheats his tailor, and runs away from his washerwoman,—what in the West they call squatters, though there they squat on the public lands,—and here they squat on ottomans divans, &c. at large; every body knows, we say, that such an Arab wanderer in Broadway is more of a gentleman than Astor is or can ever expect to be. Money then does not make the gentleman. Gold and silver won't establish the gentleman. They may be good for Loco-Foco capital to trade off on speeches in Tammany, but they can never make the gentleman.

Reader, you see, we despair of defining the gentleman. Every body seems to know what a gentleman is, but nobody can tell! That men should fight with pistols and rifles about what makes the gentleman, when for the life of them not one can tell, is droll, very droll. That men should throw away a life rather than say another man had broadcloth, the blood or the bearing of a gentleman, is tragic and droll. But so it is. There is not a Doek Wolloper in New York, that would not feel insulted, if told he was no gentleman. Tom Dick and Harry will fusticuff for hours about this point. "Take a fellow from Billingsgate,—to Cripplegate,—or Newgate,—and he thinks himself as much of a gentleman, in his own way, as Lord Palmerston in his. The fact is, all are gentlemen, in their own way,—they who live by begging cold victuals, or keeping boarders on cold victuals begged, they who earn a living by sucking molasses through straws, or creep up a chimney with a "sweep, oh, sweep!" The Laws of Honor regulate the proceedings of all. No gentleman will beg cold victuals on another's beat. No gentleman will steal another's story to beg with. He is a "black-guard," who sweeps chimneys, or blacks boots under price. "The man of honor" will not "prig" from a fellow "prigger," for there is honor, they say, among thieves.

THE PRINTER—Many men, who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world, began their career as Printers. Sir Wm Blackstone, the commentator on laws, was a Printer by trade. King George III. learned the art, and frequently set types after he ascended the throne of England. We scarcely need mention Franklin, for it is well known to all who are familiar with his name, that he was a Printer. Alexander Campbell the greatest Theologian that has ever graced the christian world since the Apostolic age, is a Printer. Gentleman of the "Craft," these are gratifying facts; but let us not be content that they alone be held up to the credit of the profession—let us honor it ourselves, and do all we can to keep up, and elevate still higher, the character of our beautiful art.

Ditto.—"What's the meaning of Ditto, father," inquired a love sick green horn as he was hoeing cabbages one blue Monday. "Ditto—ditto," muttered the old man, "why booby, here's one cabbage head and there's another—that's ditto." "That ditto—by hoky! dad then I'm done with Sal, for as I squeezed her hand for the last time about day-break this morning, and hinted in pretty plain English that I should like to get married, she sighed out ditto!"

Catching the Idea.—A minister repeating the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk by some mistake read it after him. The clergyman read as follows: "Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people." The clerk who could not exactly catch the sentence, reported it thus: "Moses was an oyster man, and made ointment for the skins of the people." Again, "And the Lord shot Job with sore boils." "And the Lord shot Job with four balls."

Way to Wealth.—"Now Jacob, my son you are about leaving home to go abroad in the wide world, and I wish to give you some advice, the fruits of my experience. And first of all, remember that frugality is the only true road to independence." "Oh, but faith dad," exclaimed young hopeful, "I know better than that—for when I and I went to Independence we went the turnpike; and 'spouse you'd go t'other road to save the toll."

A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, *the heavy strokes upwards and the down ones light.*"

Oil of Almonds, Amber, Ani seed, Caraway, Cloves, Copaiva, Lavender, Origanum, Orange, Peppermint, Pennyroyal, Rosemary, Rue, Spike, Stone, Sassafras, Tansy, Tar, Wintergreen, Wormseed, British, Croton, Castor, Harleam, Pink root, Paragoric Elixir, Plaster, adhesive, do strengthening, Prepared chalk, Pearl powder, Pills, Anderson's, Scott's, Hooper's, Lee's New London, German, Morrison's, Evan's, Dyott's, Leides', of Aloes, of Assafetida, of Opium, of Quinine, Quassa wood, Quicksilver, Quinine, Rochelle salt, Rotten stone, Rose water, Rust of Iron, Sago, pearled, Salammonia, erude, Salt of tartar, Sal Volatile, Salt petre, Sanders wood, Sassaaparilla, Searing wax, Senna leaves, Seneka snake root, Soap, castile, shaving, white castile, fancy, Soda, super carbonate, Sub carbonate, Spanish fly, Spermatica, Sweet spirits of nitre, Soda powders, Spirits of hartshorn, of Lavender comp., of Turpentine, Seed Lard, Smelling bottles, Scidlis powders, Sponge, Squill, Sugar of lead, Sulphur, Sucking bottles, Tartar emetic, Tincture of Aloes, of Assafetida, of Peruvian bark, of cinnamon, of Morlate of iron, of Myrrh, of spanish fly, of Colchicum seed, of senna, of Valerian, of Guaiacum, Tooth powder, brushes, Tolerian root, Venice turpentine, Verdigris, Vermillion, Virginia snake root, Vials, different sizes, Vitriol, blue, green, white, White Resin.

GLAD TIDINGS To the Distressed & Afflicted! TOBIAS'S HEALTH EMPORIUM And Family Drug Warehouse. HEALTH. "The poor man's riches—the rich man's bliss." THE subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and the public that he has opened a general assortment of

Drugs & Medicines, at his Drug and Chemical Store in Bloomsburg, and that he will be happy to supply the wants of those who may give him a call. Among his assortment are:

Acid benzoic, muriatic, nitric, sulphuric, tartaric, Ani seed, Acetate of zinc, Aloes, Antimony (crude), Arrow root, Assafetida, Alcohol, Alum, Arsenic white, Asphaltum, Bark Peruvian red, cinnamon, Balsam Copaiva, do maltha, of fir, Barley pearled, Bateman's drops, Bismuth (nitrate), Blacking, for boots, Borax refined, Brimstone, Buagundy pitch, Blue Arneria, Blue pill, Calomel, Carosive sublimata, Galamine, Gampor, Catechu, Cayenne pepper, Cochineal, Coeculus Indicus, Columbo, Cologne water, Conserve of roses, Cream tartar, Cubebs, Caraway seed, Coriander seed, Chamomile flowers, Digitalis, Elixor of vitriol, Epsom salts, Emery powder, Essence of peppermint, of cinnamon, Extract of colocynth, of hemlock, of liquorice, Eye water, Fungus seed, Gamboge, Galls, Giant root, Golden tincture, Godfrey's cordial, Gum Arabic, Tragacanth, Ammoniac, Shellac, Kino, Galbanum, Myrrh, Guaiacum, Juniper, Heleboro, black, Hieria pida, Iuk powder, black, Icinglass, Ipecacuanha, Ivory black, Keyser's universal plaster, Jalap, Laudnum, Liquorice root, Lunar caustic, Lucifer matches, Loco loco do, Morphium, Magnesia calcined, do carbonate, Manilla flake, do common, Mustard, white, Nipple shells, Nux Vomica, Opium, Opodeldoc, Orris root, Oxalic acid, Otto of Roses, Ointment of mercury, of Galls, of red precipitate, of Spanish fly, Citron, Wafers, White wax.

In fine, his "Emporium of Health" will be found to contain every variety of the most approved

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Oils, Fruit, Confections, &c. &c. which are warranted of good quality, having been carefully selected from the best established warehouses in Philadelphia; and which he will sell at most reduced prices. He will use every exertion to accommodate and benefit his customers, and therefore respectfully solicits the patronage of a liberal public. D. S. TOBIAS, Bloomsburg, January 6, 1838. 37-41

WINE, Brandy, Gin, Cordial, &c. just received, and ready for delivery to customers at very reduced prices, by J. T. Musselman, & Co. Estate of Jacob Winter, late of Mount Pleasant township, Columbia county, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters of Administration have been granted to the subscriber on the estate of said deceased. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them, and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment. David Eves, Adm'r. January 26 1838. 40-51