

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1851.

NUMBER 32

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

Published every Thursday Morning, by R. W. WEAVER.

OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building on the south side of Main street, third square below Market.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discount allowed on arrears until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editors.

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom—
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl,
The sounds of busy labor—
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout,
As he epurs his stock along;
The bustle of the market-man,
As he hies him to the town,
The hallo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of the threshers,
As they clear the rined grain,
And huskers' joke, and mirth, and glee,
Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all.

Far they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life;
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife.
Not that toil and strife that fainteth
And murrureth all the way—
But the toil and strife that graneth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife which ever bringeth
To the stiver all his part.

Oh, there is good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor to the day-time,
And a sweeter sleep at night.
A good that brings the measure,
Even to the toiling hours—
For duty cheers the spirit,
And a strong hand FREE and TRUE.

From the Eastern Argus.
Life in Virginia.

in Monroe county, to pay the taxes on it. One of our Pennsylvania Farmers will raise more on 200 acres than most of these Planters do on 700. Some of the land is managed so miserably that the grain and oats reminds me of the first attempt of an uclin of 16 to hurry on his manhood with a pair of whisks, which, like the Western towns, are generally extensively laid out but thinly settled. My attention was directed a few days ago to a field which had been cleared last summer, was ploughed with a shovel plough, about two inches deep, sowed in wheat in November and harrowed by dragging a large bundle of brush or bushes over it! I could have counted all the stalks that had been cut by an acre of that ground, in less than an hour. I do not pretend to say that this is a specimen of the general system of farming here. Along the James River, where the land is naturally rich, I have seen as good crops as can be found anywhere, and much of the soil that is susceptible of being improved, is kept poor for want of lime; but hundreds of acres that are really good, suffer for want of proper management. I have no doubt that a competent and industrious Pennsylvania Farmer, could do well by coming here, and purchasing some of the best land, (it can be had low, and farming it on the good old German plan, ploughing deep, not scattering a cart load of manure over a whole plantation, and employing white instead of black labor. Many Pennsylvanians have already settled in Virginia, principally west of the Blue Ridge, and I am told they invariably realize their expectations. There is always a good market here for all kinds of produce, simply because production does not exceed the consumption, so that all kinds of produce commands a good price.

Some of our young men who possess health, strength and activity, and who generally know how to manage a Farm, would do well to come out here and hire themselves as overseers. Their services would be gladly accepted and they could almost command their own price. The general pay of a good farm hand or "knecht," in our State, is from eight to ten dollars a month, board included. The overseer on a plantation belonging to a friend of mine, has a very pleasant brick house for himself and wife to live in, has all he needs for his family, his own cow, pigs, &c., several acres for a garden and \$200 a year. One of our young men, by practicing the economy and frugality which characterize a majority of them, could save the greater part of his salary, and in a few years, without a dollar of his own, set up for himself. In Pennsylvania, where lands are high and wages low, the son of a poor farmer must struggle for years, often his entire lifetime, to secure a competency or a clear title to a small farm. But he would here have to make up his mind to resist the only evil influence of slavery, which creates a prejudice against labor and leaves a large portion of the white population of the South to look upon honest industry and labor as disreputable. He must prevent all such anti-republican and aristocratic notions from obtaining a foothold in his mind. He must not be ashamed to work—to mount his saddle horse and take his own produce to market—to guide his own plough and carry his own grain to mill. Human nature is very easily spoiled, and when a man is thrown among wolves, nothing seems more easy for him than to do as wolves do.

Virginia, so prolific of great men and excellent principles, so proverbial for her liberality and hospitality with a people highly minded and honorable, is at least half a century behind some of the Northern States. It will take her at least that long to overtake Pennsylvania. She has all the elements of wealth; iron in her hills, and coal—strength and substance in her valleys, power in her streams, but there they lay and there I fear they will continue to lay, for years to come. This great old Dominion has capital enough, but she wants more people, more energy, more enterprise, more republicanism, more of that spirit of progress which has made this Nation the wonder of the world. You see the want of these in every mile you travel. The country is deficient in hotels. There is not a hotel in Lynchburg that can be compared with the old "Washington" kept by friend BELLIS and instead of fine, large, clean-looking taverns such as Captain HICKMAN or CHARLEY SANIT preside over with so much grace, you see in a country tavern a one-story log house, with a small sign swinging from an iron arm attached to a post and the word "entertainment" painted thereon by any but the hand of an artist. The house presents anything but an inviting appearance, either inside or outside. In addition to the Tavern, a store is generally kept, containing tin kettles and pins, gill-bread-pins and calico, soap and candy, vinegar and wash-machines, fish-hooks and peppermint, and as great a variety of notions as any Yankee ever carried in his pack. Travel on and you can go for miles without passing a fine, large Mill, such as we are accustomed to see every hour in any part of our State. I doubt whether there is a creek in all Virginia that runs as many Mills as does the Bushkill. Saw-mills, Tanneries and Factories of every description are about as frequent as angels' visits, and one can travel ten, fifteen or twenty miles, on the best public road, without passing half a dozen houses. There is a great lack of mechanical skill in many of the buildings. The house in which I am now writing, is a fair specimen of the fact. All the rooms have received but one rough coat of

plastering, the doors are fastened with hooks such as we use to keep our gates closed, the bed-stands are fastened with ropes instead of screws, the doors have never seen a particle of paint, pieces of calico are nailed to the windows for curtains and I have yet to see the room that is carpeted—and yet this is a fashionable watering place. Even in Richmond, the capital of the State, the buildings present the same gloomy, dilapidated, unpainted and unwhitewashed appearance. There is nothing bright, cheerful nor attractive in the general appearance of a Virginia town. They look as if they had been built previous to the Revolution and never been painted or repaired.

I do not say these things for the purpose of ridiculing the South or out of any prejudice I feel against this section. I don't think I will ever be accused of Abolitionism and God knows I love the people of the South, & will every Northerner who comes among them and learns to know their noble, generous and frank character. These facts the Southern people know themselves and generally admit. They feel the evil and know that it exists. The new constitution of Virginia, which is now being framed by the Convention, in session at Richmond, can and will do much, towards elevating the Commonwealth and placing her in a more prosperous condition. One of the most important of its features, which the convention has already adopted, is the extension of the right of suffrage, to the poor man. The odious property qualification, so anti-republican in its tendency and character, will be removed. The step will make the poor citizen FEEL MORE LIKE A MAN—it will stimulate him to renewed efforts in behalf of his State, because he will feel more like having a personal interest in her welfare, and it will remove one of the chief causes which creates such pernicious, false distinctions, between the rich and poor.

I observed, while looking over the register of one of the principal Hotels in Lynchburg, that some of the Philadelphia "drummers" who spend the summer season in drumming up custom for their employers, write the words "anti-Abolitionist" behind their names. These gentlemen must be very fearful of being suspected, and shows but a limited knowledge of human nature in those who resort to this expedient if they suppose the Merchants of the South can be caught by any such gull-trap. I should be inclined to suspect him most strongly of abolitionism who proclaims contrary principles from the house-top, when his interests are at stake. It is true there is much jealousy in the South, and almost every Northern man is more or less suspected, but if these Philadelphia Merchants, who are generally found in the ranks of the whig party, had sustained the national policy of the democratic party, when they had an opportunity to do so, the country would never have been cursed with agitation that shook the Nation like an earthquake, and they would not now be under the necessity of resorting to such expedients to still the storm they themselves helped to raise. They will have another opportunity the coming Fall to show whether they have most love for their country and their own interests, or federal abolitionism. If they forget what is due to their country and themselves, and unclinchly sustain Gov. JOHNSON in his abolition course, the most effectual way to punish them, would be for the democratic Merchants of Philadelphia to publish a list of those houses that support one set of views at home and another abroad, and post them in every principal town in the South. That would bring them to their senses. If men won't be governed by the principles they know to be right, let their pockets pay the penalty.

Some eight or ten days ago, I spent an evening with a friend whose son plays delightfully on the Banjo—an instrument which is quite popular in the South. During the evening the evening the darbies sent a messenger to the young man, with a request to let them dance to the music on the grass in the yard. The request was of course cheerfully granted and it, male and female, I had always heard it said that "a nigger at a dance was the happiest mortal on earth," and certainly a happier set of darbies I never saw. I could not help contrasting the scene with one recently witnessed in Easton, when about the same number of colored people were thrown into prison for stealing and drunkenness, and subsequently turned out into the street in a miserable state of destitution, with no home no money, no food, no friends. I would have felt gratified to have had some of my special free-soil friends at my side, to give them an opportunity to contrast the difference between the negro in the State of Slavery and the negro in freedom. Talk of freedom to the negro, indeed! what mockery! Why, the greatest blessing God ever bestowed upon any portion of the negro race was to send them here and place them in slavery. Their condition is ten times more pleasant and comfortable than that of the Northern free negroes. What on earth have they to trouble them? What cares have they upon their minds? They have good houses to live in, are comfortably clothed and fed and never over-worked, cared for in sickness and old age, and what more do they want? The frequent assertion that they are "kept in ignorance" is not true. They have every means of acquiring knowledge and all the churches in the land are open to them. Talk to them and you will find that many of the slaves have bet-

ter ideas of christianity, are more conversant with the teachings of the Holy Bible, and are better prepared to meet death, than thousands of white heathens who would seduce them from their homes only to see them fall into dissolute habits and end their life in a prison or a poor-house. It is very true, there are those who treat them harshly and severely, and it is very true, too, that the hardest masters they have, are generally from the North. But the honest, obedient, upright slave is always well and kindly treated. In many instances he is allowed the use of a strip of land for his own purposes, which he can cultivate if he chooses. In this way many of them have saved more money enough to purchase their own freedom, and not unfrequently they became better off than their Masters. They are kept entirely temperate; no Merchant or storekeeper is allowed to sell liquor to a negro without an order from his Master. The truth is, the negro has not the natural ability to capitulate his self-government. If all the negroes in the United States could at once be placed in a country of their own, with all the advantages of the education they had the capacity to obtain, they could not only sustain a Government of their own, but the Republic of Liberia has proven this—the Republic of Haiti has demonstrated the same thing. Withdraw the aid of the whites from the former and the negro race will degenerate into barbarism. The attempt to create a Republic of Haiti, has turned out a miserable failure. Slavery or barbarism, is the only alternative. They never could govern themselves—I don't believe God ever intended that they should.

W. H. H.

It. We thought this announcement calculated to injure our influence; and as it was not a matter upon which we wished to spend our strength we contradicted the report, without offering any serious objection to the dress, and giving to those interested in its adoption the credit their earnestness deserved. From the admiration expressed by men and women of good sense and good taste the recommendation of intelligent physicians, and more than all the fidelity of that gallant class of editors who think that giving laws for the length of women's petticoats is a part of their masculine prerogatives, made us think that the dress must be a reform. At any rate it would be pleasant to wear or do anything, not very inconvenient, which would excite the ire of these chivalrous petticoat inspectors, who should all be appointed committees in their several towns to examine the ladies' wardrobes, and sew ekes to all skirts which in their opinion are not long enough. So we resolved to try and learn to like the new dress, and were glad when Mrs. Burr came on a visit to our house, to find she had one made according to Mrs. Bloomer's directions. We both donned our dresses, looked at one another and wore them about the house. She was so very pretty, and her figure so fine, that no dress could destroy her appearance, and we did think it looked well; but ours was most comfortable, because it is customary in our country, for women to cut and make most of the clothes worn in their families. We know how to cut trousers, and found our New York friends did not, for those that were the right length when standing were too short when sitting, and made a heavy strain on the sides when in this position. This difficulty, when it exists, must far more than counter-balance any other advantage of the dress, for the strain upon the sides in sitting down would be worse than carrying ten pounds of skirts while walking.

When Mrs. B. left we laid aside the dress once more, but lately resolved to give it another trial; made one of a prettier material calculated for summer wear, and wore it for several days, at home and visiting among the neighbors; and now we give it up convinced that it is a mistake. If the trousers are loose at the ankle, they go slip flap; if gathered to a band and falling over in a puff, they go slip flap, as one walks. If there is a ruffle to fall down on the top of the foot, it gets in the mud, and is as ugly as the longest skirt—if it is drawn up to be convenient, as much of the foot and ankle is exposed as in a skirt short enough for all convenience, and long enough without trousers. Then, the trousers, all of them, give a general appearance of deformity—of drooping legs. Next, with a skirt, that falls six inches below the knee, one cannot have the upper part of trousers made like the drawers worn by women and children. They must be like men's pantaloons, or at least those worn by boys of three and four years. The undergarments must be worn inside of the drawers, and they supported by straps over the shoulders or a body to which they are fastened by half a dozen buttons, round the waist-band.

Where the convenience of such a dress would be, it is difficult to imagine; as for healthfulness there is not one in five hundred, if it were generally worn, who would use either straps or a body to support the trousers, but would make notches in their sides and hang them upon the hip bones, just as they now do the skirts, and as men lately did their pantaloons, until the surgeon at West Point had to protest against the fashion as a fruitful cause of disease among the cadets. Trousers worn without resting upon the shoulders are much worse than skirts, because of the strain in sitting, and this strain is much greater with women than men, on account of the difference in their form. In stooping far enough to lift a thimble from the carpet, or pluck a daisy, in a skirt six inches below the knee, the front part of the drapery falls on the top of the foot, and the back part rises some eight or ten inches over the knee, thus exposing the front part of the undergarments almost to the waist. If one avoids the stooping position by 'squatting,' there must be a constant care and use of the hands to insure that the skirts do not lodge on the knee, but fall over. If they do not, one may exhibit her trousers to the waist; and when a woman exhibits her form with no other covering than trousers, we do not want to be there. Then, again, in sitting down one must be constantly on guard that one does not sit on the hem of the skirt, and sit on it so as to wrinkle it in the form of a fustian, like one often sees men's sack coats. To wear any kind of drapery well, requires some tact and skill in the weaver, and it is much easier to manage a long than a short skirt. We should rather undertake to manage an ordinary riding skirt in a promenade through a briar patch, than get about in a skirt that only reached to the knee. Loose drapery is a necessary appendage of womanhood; and how it can be regarded as "an evil" is more than we can imagine. We shall next expect to hear of "the evil" of long hair and eye-lashes, and the oppression of long necks, drooping shoulders, taper fingers and womanly busts. Skirts which reach quite down to the ankle and touch the top of the foot are no impediment to walking unless they are worn with some kind of bifurcated garment underneath, and the two together do sometimes stop locomotion altogether until they can be pulled into place; but we would give the men folk a monopoly of all manner of covering for the nether limbs except shirt—oh yes, and boots in muddy weather. Soft loose skirts and warm stockings

are all the covering any woman's limbs require, unless in case of some emergency of travelling in a storm, but when one gets inside of a quilted balloon or a grass cloth tub, she wants clothing to protect her from her clothing.

In an able letter to the *New York Tribune*, Mrs. Bloomer defends the new dress as superior in healthfulness and convenience, because the long skirts require so many underclothes that carrying them is a burden. Our experience teaches us that decency requires three coverings for the person the warmest weather, two of muslin and one of lawn—the widest of the underskirts to be three yards in circumference, the other two and a half, the lawn skirt outside may be four, five, six or seven yards wide, and the three garments would weigh two pounds, scarcely so much. When this rests upon the shoulders it is not a very grievous burden, and if it is not enough for the requirements of decency, it is twenty years since we were decently dressed on a very warm day. If the wind likes to come and wrap your skirts close around your limbs, that is the winds business, and we do not see that any one has a right to interfere with old Boreas when he is engaged in a lawful calling; but if you want to check his advances, put a little starch and gum in the two outside skirts, and if your lawn is very thin he will whistle through without taking the trouble to bend it close enough around your form to reveal your proportions. When the weather will permit, add another skirt for comfort; but none are needed for show. It is a false idea—a brittle relic—that we must put on a mass of drapery to make a form for ourselves. The Good Father made the form, and made it very nicely. All we have to do is to clothe it, and leave its proportions just as we find them.

We cannot see that the adoption of this costume promises any amendment in this respect. All the Bloomer dresses we have seen were made with long, tight funnel-shaped bodies, and worn with a mass of skirts depending from the waist. Little girls have worn a similar dress ever since we can remember, and does not every one know that their lungs are as much crushed and their spine as much overloaded as those of their manmas? We rather opine that the shortening of the skirt will tend to increase the pressure on the waist, for as fashion requires one to be slim according to the height, a shortening of drapery, which makes the person look shorter, will call for a corresponding reduction in the horizontal dimensions of the waist. Then, broad-rimmed hats are not a suitable covering for the head in all places. In a crowded thoroughfare they would be very inconvenient. In a church or lecture room they would be inadmissible, as hiding the speaker from all the audience except those in the front seats.

We are sorry, very sorry, that Mrs. Bloomer and other women of mind, whom we had looked upon as co-laborers in the work of awakening public attention to the legal and social disadvantages under which woman labors, should have drawn off their forces to get up a doughty campaign against the bondage of petticoats. They might have led French milliners and American apprentices to burn up mill dams and turn rivers up stream about the pattern of a new truck; and if the world must needs be set by the ears about a few inches of skirt, let somebody attend to getting up the fight who is good for nothing else. Any woman of good common sense can dress consistently with the laws of health, cleanliness and convenience, without giving the matter much attention, or rendering herself painfully conspicuous. The whole controversy is much ado about nothing—a grand petticoat-warfare, which would appear to argue that woman can never get above the dress—that in some form it must occupy the first place in her affections, the principal part of her thoughts.

It makes one blush to think of women who are great moral reformers, setting to work to fix the attention of the attention of the world upon a new-fashioned petticoat! How would it sound in history to learn that Calvin, Melancthon and Luther had set Europe by the ears about buckskin breeches? and suppose Father Matthew, and John B. Gough, and William Burleigh should lay their heads together to draw the attention of all newspaperdom to the cut of a new pair of pantaloons! How would it do for a few of our leading statesmen to get up a general hub-bub all over the country about drab coats? And does it look any better for women who are acknowledged to be the leading minds of their sex and age, to put all Christendom into a fizz about a new petticoat?

STEAM RHYMES.

The locomotive's coming,
With a clatter and a roar;
We all shall see it presently,
Or possibly before.
It skims along the valleys
Like a pigeon in the sky,
Or rather like a rocket—
Only not so high;
Dashing o'er the fountains,
Bless me, how we sail,
Ripping through the mountains,
Riding on a rail!

How the cars are crowded,
With people bound for York!
The country dealer for his goods,
The farmer with his pork,
What a lot of gentlemen,
Wasting leisure hours;
What a throng of ladies,
With their knitting and their flowers,
Dashing o'er the fountains,
Bless me, how we sail!
Ripping through the mountains,
Riding on a rail!

Now we're at the fastest;
Most a mile a minute;
How the iron pony squeals!
The very devil's in it!
Now the smoke is in my eyes;
Now it makes me cough;
Can't I hire a boy to keep
My hair from blowing off!
Dashing o'er the fountains,
Bless me, how we sail!
Ripping through the mountains,
Riding on a rail!

The Sunbury and Erie Railroad.

We live in an age of the world when time is money, in the strongest sense of the word. And time which is expended in commerce or travel must necessarily be measured by distance. The merchant who leaves New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore for the West will take the shortest and quickest route, and order his goods to be forwarded on the same track. The same rule will apply to the whole round of trade or travel. It is a proposition to plan, to propose to argue. And when we have shown the Sunbury and Erie Railroad to be the nearest connection of the Lakes with the seaboard, we will have proved, that whatever the amount of western trade may be, this road, with other advantages on a par with its rivals, may fairly be expected to run the best chances of the patronage of them all.

It is a startling fact which business men seem to have gone asleep over, that New York, Philadelphia and the three great cities of the Union, are all brought nearer to the Lakeside by this route than any yet constructed or conceived.

Take New York. It is distant 478 miles from Buffalo via Albany. It is distant from Dunkirk 470 miles via the New York and Erie Railroad. But Dunkirk is a town of very inferior importance, with a very inferior harbor, so that it is not regarded as the terminus of that Railroad. The right of way to Erie, in our State, has been granted, and they intend having it completed, that far this fall—therefore we must consider Erie as the point where they expect to touch the Lake trade. That point is 520 miles distant from New York. Now the distance of New York from Erie by the Sunbury and Erie route is estimated at 460 miles, via Cattawissa, Tamaqua, Easton, and the Somerville Railroad across New Jersey. Thus we have this important fact, that the Sunbury and Erie Railroad is by ten miles the shortest route by which New York city can reach the lakes, and by 60 miles the shortest to reach them where New York wishes to reach them—at the town of Erie. A glance at the map will illumine the whole subject. It will be seen in a moment that this route is almost in a straight line northward between the two places.

But the trade of the west is in some degree undergoing a change. It is being transferred in its lighter articles from the steamboats to the railroads. This is particularly true of the travel. And when all the connections have been formed with the railroads of Ohio, especially with those running along the lake shore and down into the interior of that State, much of the freight and travel will no longer pass over the Lakes. Then let us see how this Sunbury and Erie Railroad will even shorten the distance to the West, in that condition of things.

The New York and Erie Railroad has a wider gauge than those of the West. Its cars cannot pass farther than Erie, as our State will never give them the right to extend their line westward. This alone is a source of advantage to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, which can form connections with all the Ohio tracks touching our Northwestern border.

The people of Ohio are advocating the policy of a branch of the Sunbury and Erie Road to run through Franklin in this State, and Warren and Ravenna in Ohio, to Cleveland. They make the distance to be 516 miles from New York, whilst, by the New York and Erie road it is about 624 miles. From New York to Worster (Ohio) from which Railroads diverge in different directions westward, there is a difference of 168 miles in favor of the Sunbury over the New York and Erie Railroad. To N. Y. City, then, the Sunbury and Erie R. R. is an advantage of 108 miles in reaching Cleveland, of 168 in reaching Wooster, the point from which railroads run out over the south and west, and of 60 miles in reaching Erie—a matter of no small consideration.

This question of distance has already taken up too much of our columns—we must reserve the consideration of it as it affects Baltimore and Philadelphia, for another article.

He who lates his neighbor, is miserable.

How are the Mighty Fallen!

The Ledger of Saturday says:

"It will be seen by reference to the sales, that there were 100 shares of the U. S. Bank sold yesterday at one dollar per share! Alas, how are the mighty fallen! Fifteen years ago it stood the proudest and most powerful institution in the Union. In its arrogance it presumed to dispute with the government for ascendancy, and but for the great personal popularity of Gen. Jackson, probably would have succeeded in its aim. Now one dollar per share will be given for it, and even one cent per share is believed to be more than it is worth."

We have a scrap of an old newspaper in which the stock of the same U. S. Bank is quoted at \$135 per share.

"But yesterday it ruled the monied world, Now lies it there and nogs so low to do it reverence."

How are the Mighty Fallen!

The Ledger of Saturday says:

"It will be seen by reference to the sales, that there were 100 shares of the U. S. Bank sold yesterday at one dollar per share! Alas, how are the mighty fallen! Fifteen years ago it stood the proudest and most powerful institution in the Union. In its arrogance it presumed to dispute with the government for ascendancy, and but for the great personal popularity of Gen. Jackson, probably would have succeeded in its aim. Now one dollar per share will be given for it, and even one cent per share is believed to be more than it is worth."

We have a scrap of an old newspaper in which the stock of the same U. S. Bank is quoted at \$135 per share.

"But yesterday it ruled the monied world, Now lies it there and nogs so low to do it reverence."