

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 9.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1857.

NUMBER 35.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY 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 discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor. 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.

Choice Poetry.

POETRY IN OLD FOLKS.

I often think each trifling frame
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young as mine,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dreams of joy,
Its own unequalled, pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.
And each could tell his tale of youth,
More passion, more unearthly love,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight peened in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And made more fair than modern maids.
Of whippers in a willing car,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss each whippier far too dear,
Our modern lips to give or speak.
Of passions not unkindly crossed;
Of kindred spirits early lost,
Of buds that blossom'd but to fade.
Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow.
And forms that all have passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
And is it thus—no human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing?
Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are all earth's treasures worth,
If we at length must lose them thus—
If all we value here on earth
Ere long must fade away from us.

HOSPITALITY AND THE FOPS.

Hotels have now become so numerous in cities, and fare so reasonable, that they are the resort, at times, of nearly all classes of society. The man who can afford to travel from home, can afford to stop at a hotel; and as landlords are smart enough to regard the wants of the million as well as those of the millionaires, we find the rich and the poor, the high and the humble, side by side, at hotel tables. Home-spun there sports a silver fork with as good gusto as Mr. Broadcloth, and the humble 'Sally' is as much entitled to and enjoys as fully, the good things of life as the richly loaded table to the hotel, as the accomplished Miss Josephine Martha Washington Victoria Maria. Consequently the hotel is a good place to study human nature, for there we see men and women, too, from all the walks of life, and of all classes of character. Often 'ex-trema meet,' and when such is the case, amusing incidents are sure to occur.

Sitting one evening in the office of the O. House, in Cincinnati, my attention was attracted toward two genuine and unadulterated fops who occupied seats near me. A description of them would be uninteresting, for there is no community in this broad land of ours without its fops, and a fop is a fop, and nothing else, the world over. They adopt of one distinction—city fop and country fop; and they differ only in the extent of their dress, or exterior display, it being conceded, I believe, that fops possess merely sufficient brains to make an animal a human. The individuals referred to were city fops, diminutive specimens of humanity, in every regard.

One of them had received a letter from a lady which he read to his companion to whom he declared the writer was 'charming beautiful; but, as she was without a prospect, (for a fortune,) he could not consent to return her love. He vowed that the billet-doux annoyed him exceedingly, as he disliked to break the dear creature's heart.

While they were engaged in conversation, a tall strapping Hoosier entered the hotel. He had a 'Bacon Vist' on his head, and a red flannel 'wamus' on his shoulders, while his lower extremities were in brown fustian pants, and the stoutest hog-skin boots. His hair was long and scraggy, his face unshaven, at least, for a week, while his whole form was covered with dust, which indicated that he had just arrived by railroad. In one hand he carried a bundle, which was evidently his clothing tied up in a 'span new' yellow and red cotton handkerchief, and in the other held a stout but rude walking stick, not long since from its mother hickory. He had that awkwardness of gait peculiar to countrymen whose days are spent almost entirely upon farms, and whose minds are devoted to the one thing most sought after, but not the most desirable, the accumulation of wealth.

He paused a moment at the door, glancing at the crowd within, and at once attracted the attention of the fops, who immediately gave a sort of convulsive laugh or sneer, at the homely appearance of the stranger.

'Is this yer a tavern?' he inquired of the fops.

'A tavern? horrible!' exclaimed one of the fops holding up both hands.

'A tavern, indeed?' said the other, 'he must be from the woods, Chawlow, and both renewed their laughter.'

The Hoosier gave them an indignant look and was about to reply, when the clerk, who had observed him, approached and informed him that he was at a hotel, and inquired if he wished to stop.

'Stop, certain I do,' was his response, 'you don't reckon a feller wants to pass such a smart tavern as this yer, without stoppin', do you Kurnell?'

'Hardly, sir—allow me to take your baggage, and furnish you with a room.'

'Just as you've a mind—I'm not at all particular so I get six feet o' bed, and a hull plate at the table. Golly! but ain't this a scrooging town.'

'Quite a place, sir. Walk this way if you please, and I will attend to you instantly,' said the clerk, as he took the Hoosier's bundle.

'Wall, now, you're uncommon polite, stranger, but I reckon you make a feller pay for it all in the course of circumstances, but as you're sort o' human—set right up to a feller what's in a strange country, I'm the chap to square your bill for fodder to a figure, when you look it up. That's my way of doing business, Kurnell.'

'I have no doubt of it, sir, said the clerk, smiling and handing him the book for that purpose, asking him to register his name.'

'Do what?' inquired the stranger, somewhat astonished.

'Register your residence in this book, sir.'

'Write down that?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Cam, now Kurnell, none of your tricks, said the Hoosier, it kind o' riles me to cam across sich critters.'

'Oh, sir, it's no trick, I assure you. We require it of our visitors, as much for their own as our benefit.'

'You don't tell!'

'Yes, sir, it is a fact.'

'Want to know whether they can write, I reckon. Wall that's on a squar. When a feller goes a way from linn, he ought to show his education. I only learned to write when I was a shaver, but got up purty high in figures. I'll give you a specimen of my chirography, as old 'Square Smith calls it, in darned short order; and the traveler took the pen, squaring himself to suit, leaned over the book to write. His oddity attracted the attention of all in the office, including the two fops, who amused at his remark, gathered about him at the clerk's desk, when he paused, and after reflecting a moment raised his head, and addressing the clerk, said:

'Kurnell, do you want all of a feller's name?'

'We would like to have your name in full.'

'Full name! Wall, that's a puzzler. You say my family name is Hempfield and then my christian name is John Isiah, that that's John Isiah Hempfield, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Wall then, the boys down our way consider'n' me a right smart chap, kind a gin me a second cristenin'—they called me Hoss Head.'

The information so innocently given, caused a loud burst of laughter from the crowd. Hoss Head participated in it, for he loved a laugh, and could be as merry as the next one.

'A rare smart name ain't it boys?' he asked after the laughter had ceased. 'Wo'd you put it down in the book?'

'Certainly, certainly,' cried all.

In a few minutes the stranger, after giving his pen many circular movements over the book, and changing his position several times, succeeded in writing his name in full, as follows:

'Mr. John Isiah Hempfield Hoss Head Perinam Post Office, Yaller County Indiana.'

He pointed to this specimen of 'chickography' with pride, and seemed wonderfully pleased with the false praise bestowed upon it by the gentlemen present.

Expressing a desire to get fixed up, the clerk showed him to the wash room when the fops who had endeavored to enjoy the Hoosier's greenness were struck with an idea—about such a one as generally racks the bedded brains of men—if men they may be called—of their stamp. Anxious to display their smartness and create amusement at the expense of another the fops seized the potter's brushes, and giving the crowd a knowing wink, as much as to say 'we'll make fun for you, approached Hoss Head.'

'Shall I wash you, sirrah?' asked one endeavoring to play the servant.

'Wall now, by thunder!' exclaimed Hoss Head, as he dropped the soap from his hands and ceased his ablutions. 'I always was look at guesin', but this beats all creation. Look yer Kurnell, addressing the clerk—'I no sooner read these fellows to-night than I guessed right out that they was servants.'

The boisterous laugh which followed was to the great chagrin of the fops.

'They just look,' he continued—'every hit being enjoyed by the crowd—as if they wasn't made for nothin' else than to scrape the mud from a feller's legs, and do little chores around a tavern. I think that when I first seed 'em; an' by thunder wasn't I right; though! Bruch me off! Certainly I right; with a dignified air mind you make a clean sweep, or I'll report you to the Kurnell, that.'

The fops finding that Hoss Head had thrown the joke upon them, endeavored to recover; so they informed him that he should not be brushed unless he paid in advance.

'Pay in advance?' was Hoss Head's indignant reply. 'Thunder an' salvation don't the tavern pay you for your lazy, tiffin'

work? I reckon you think I'm kinder green, and want to skin me, don't you?'

'Pon onah we dwoin?' replied one. 'We ah speak the truth,' answered the other.

By this time Hoss Head was victorious, so far as the spectators were concerned—

While they could not sport with the Hoosier's ignorance of 'city manners,' they could but despise the senseless dandies who made him an object of ridicule. Every hit therefore, Hoss Head gave them, drew forth loud exclamations 'for the gentleman from the country,' and giving his head a toss, which threw his hat to one side he asked:

'Ain't they tryin' to skin me, boys?'

'Yes,' came from a dozen.

'I think so from the start, an' therefore, was on the lookout for 'em. Squire Jones told me afore I left linn, to look out for tar-employees when I get to the city, and by thunder I've managin' two of 'em right at the start.'

'Dwo you mean to insult us?' asked one of the fops, forgetting the part he had volunteered to play, and feeling that he ought to profess indignation on being called a thief.

'If the shoe fits, wear it,' was Hoss Head's pointed answer.

'Did you apply the term twavern thief to us?' asked the other fop.

'Sartin, I did.'

'Then, sirrah, we will let you know that we only assumed the character of servant. We are gentlemen, sirrah, and insist on youah taking back the obnoxious wappellation, or we will seek redress.'

'Yes, sirrah, we will seek redress with our canes ah,' said his companion, as he flourished a slim specimen of a cane over his head.

'What?' exclaimed Hoss Head, drawing himself out to his full length, and giving the diminutives before him rather a scornful look. 'What, you want to fight do you?—Just clear a ring, boys and stand back if you want to see me eat them two critters in a half a minute. I can do it by any watch in the crowd. Just clear the ring.'

'Stop, stop!' interrupted the clerk, who saw that matters were going too far, 'we can't have any fighting here.'

'Then larn your servants to be purtie,' replied Hoss Head.

'They are not servants, sir, and do not belong to the house. They are not even boarders, and I assure you, sir, I never saw them before this evening.'

'Don't belong to the tavern, and trying to skin me.'

'I presume sir, they only intended to play a harmless joke.'

'That's all pon onah,' replied one of the fops who saw the matters were assuming rather a serious aspect for himself and friend.

'That was all we intended, wasn't it Chawlow?'

'Pon onah it was.'

'Kinder pokin' fun at me, oh! Wall now, I can stand a joke as well as the next man on earth, and Kurnell, I'll gin twenty-five cents all in silver, just to carry them ar men out of the house.'

'I have nothing to do with them, sir, and you can set your own pleasure,' replied the clerk.

The fops surmising the intentions of the Hoosier, started for the door, but he seized them and said:

'Hold on! it's better to ride when it costs nothing. I've got to tell you a story and larn you a lesson afore you leave this tavern, and grasping both tightly by the collar, he held them as if in a vice. The fops remonstrated, but Hoss Head to the delight of the crowd told them that there was no use a talkin' for they could not go until they heard the story. They consented to remain if he would let go of them to which he did not object.

'Surrounded by such persons as are always found in a hotel office, Hoss Head with his eyes on the fops, told the following story:

'My old man down in Yaller County owns asumptuous a farm as lays in all them diggins. On that farm he's got an old horse, he calls him Dick, as good natured a critter as ever rubbed his nose in feed, and all anybody could say of him was that he was right smartly common in looks. One time a rich feller, who lives somewhar in this town, was travelin' in a carriage, and broke down right agin our farm. He concluded he'd go in the case, and left his horse with the old man to take care on 'em, an' I must allow, that a purtier pair of critters never rubbed a brichen. The old man put them in the barnyard along with old Dick, and told 'em to make themselves to hum. Old Dick was monstrous glad to have company and he cum runnin' up to them in a neighborly sort of a way, and threw his head over just one of their necks and then the other, an' was as livin' as any gal could want her heat to be. The city hosses didn't appear to like this much, an' they kind o' drew back, took a good look at Dick, and seeing he was uncommon ugly, they just turned up their noses and flired their tails and stalked off.'

'This sort o' riled old Dick, for he knowed he was just as good a horse as lifted a hoof, and after thinkin' to himself awhile, he determined to have satisfaction on the two upstarts, who thought they was better than him. So he goes up to them and turns his back to 'em just this way, and here Hoss Head got down on all fours, with his "hind parts" to the fops. After he had stood this way about a minit, he rared and kicked this way, and the same moment one of his feet was in the stomach of each of the fops, and they found themselves sprawling on the floor.'

'Old Dick,' said Hoss Head, 'narrowed at what he had done, 'kneeling them over, and by the time they war up he war ther, and he rared agin this way; and the fops who

had just risen and were making for the door, found themselves on their stomachs. 'Our old hoss kept follerin' 'em up,' continued Hoss Head, as he moved back slowly on all fours, 'until he got the city hosses who could brag of nothin' but their purty har and their hides, right by the bars, and he rared sort o' this way, and sent both of them out of the barnyard a kitiin,' and taking good aim he gave the fops a third and harder kick, which sent them through the open door on the pavement.

As soon as the fops could get up, they ran off screaming murder at the top of their weak, feminine voices, which, however, were not loud enough to alarm any one.

The spectators of the scene nearly split their sides with laughter, as kick after kick was given, heartily concurring in the opinion, that Hoss Head was a purty har, and just well deserved punishment. After he had given the last and most ferocious kick, Hoss Head resumed an erect position, and participating in the general roar of laughter, said:

'Wall, boys, I guess I learned them dandies that the best hoss don't always show the finest hair.'

The event made Hoss Head quite a lion at the hotel. Invitations to drink were extended to him oftener than was desirable; wine was sent to the table, he was conducted in a carriage thro' the city to see the sights, and when at length he wanted for home, the landlord told him he had no bill to pay, and that he could consider his 'fat chawlow' for that hotel whenever business or pleasure called him to the city.

John Isiah Hempfield Hoss Head expressed himself highly delighted with the Queen city, and all the people within, except fops, and left the Western Metropolis a very highly tickled individual. The fops have not been seen since that 'ever memorable evening,' when for a joke they assumed the character of servant.

Renovating Articles of Wearing Apparel.

The art of removing stains from clothes produced by acids, grease, mud, coffee, wine, etc., is denominated scouring. To carry the process to perfection requires not only vast experience, but some practical knowledge of chemistry. Our observations upon this subject must therefore be only received as applicable to the ordinary cases of stained fabric; because so much modification of the process is required to be sub-servient to the various colored materials worked upon, that nothing but practice can teach.

The commonest marks are grease spots, and to scour them out of silk or satin the best materials to employ are oxgall or pure turpentine. If gall be used, it should be quite fresh, unless it is purified, of which we will speak hereafter. If turpentine be employed, it should be distilled, and perfectly free from resin. The preparation called "scouring drops" is pure turpentine, perfumed with essence of lemon. Either of these substances may be applied with a piece of sponge, or with a remnant of the same material that is being cleaned. When the grease spot is large, the greater part may be removed, in the first instance, by the application of blotting paper and a hot iron.

If the stain upon silk or satin is produced by an acid, such as from fruits, and that upon black or dark colors, the best re-agent is ammonia (strong hartshorn) rubbed in till it disappears. For plain and figured silks, of delicate colors, we cannot give a general applicant, and therefore leave them to be operated upon by the professed *degraisseurs*. To obliterate grease spots from white silk or satin, we may proceed as directed for colored silks; but fruit, ink and glove marks require a different treatment. These marks are generally removed by damping the part with oxalic acid dissolved in water; about the eighth part of an ounce in a wine glassful of water is strong enough. The common salts of lemons in water also answer well. Coffee stains, mud splashes, &c., will mostly give way to the use of soap and water. Card soap should be applied for this purpose.

For grease spots upon cloth and all kinds of woolen goods, soap and water may be used without fear, provided it is well washed out afterwards. Fuller's earth, or powdered French chalk, made into a paste with water, and laid upon the part is, however, the best applicant, to be brushed out when dry.

Paint marks are removed with turpentine, the smell of which may be quickly dispelled by hanging the article upon a line in the air.

The clarified bile, or gall, as it is termed, of the ox, is invaluable to painters in water colors; it not only increases the brilliancy and durability of the colors, but makes them spread better upon paper, and especially ivory. When purified it is also much used by scourers for renovating the delicate colored silks and satins. In its natural state it contains greenish coloring-matter, and is then only applicable for restoring the brightness of dark materials. It is obnoxious thus: Take one point of gall; boil and skim it; then divide into two parts; to one half pint add half an ounce of salt, to the other add half an ounce of powdered alum; each part is to be heated till the additions are dissolved; then pour into separate bottles, and allow them to stand and clear, (in a quiet place) for a month or eight weeks, even longer if not bright. The clear portions of both are then to be poured gently off the sediments and mixed together; the coloring matter coagulates and falls, from which the transpa-

rent glass is finally separated by filtering through blotting paper. In this state it will keep any length of time with its qualities unimpaired, and free from odor.

From Mr. Finch's Poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College.

SONG OF THE STORM.

I am Storm—the King!

I live in a fortress of fire and cloud,

You may hear my batteries sharp and loud,

The mailed oak

When I and my warriors arm for the fight,

And the billows moan

As they bend beneath the terrible spring

Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King! [rain:]

My troops are the wind, and the hail, and the

My foes are the woods and the feathery grain,

The mailed oak

That gnarls his front to my charge and stroke,

The ship on the sea,

The blooms on the leaf—

And they write and break as the war cries

Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!

I drove the sea o'er the Leyden dykes;

To the walls I bore

The "Ark of Delih" from the ocean shore,

With warlike speed,

Till the Spaniard fled from the deluge-ring

Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King,

I saw an armada set sail from Spain

To sprinkle with blood a maul's reign,

I met the host

With shattering blows on the island coast,

And tore each deck

To shreds on a wreck;

And the Saxon poets praise sing

Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!

They called the village the fair young queen

Of all that dress in the garden's green.

I hurled the wave:

It was glory to see the cataract rave!

I whelmed and tore

With a splintering roar

And none relinced to their help could bring

From Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!

My maghals are four—the swart simoon,

Sirocco, Tornado, and swift Typhoon;

My realm is the world

Wherever a pennon is raved or furl'd

My stern command

Sweeps sea and land;

And none unharmed a scuff may fling

At Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!

I scour the earth, the sea, the air,

And drag the trees by their emerald hair,

And chase for game,

With a leap and a scream, the prairie flame,

The commerce ark

And the pirate bark

And none may escape the terrible spring

Of Storm—the King!

From the Pennsylvania COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

The New York Herald has, for some time past, published articles expressing in strong terms its apprehensions of an approaching financial revolution. The reasons which our contemporary assigns for the position assumed are—That our importations of the present year have been heavy beyond any precedent, while our exports have been less than those of last year; that with double the quantity of warehouse goods, the port of New York has received, since the 1st of July, importations averaging a million of dollars a day. The journal then endeavors to show that our means to meet these excessive importations will prove inadequate. The growing cotton crop being a month behind time, the first shipments might be delayed till December, and as large as last year, they would not suffice to balance the account, and the prices of the articles being already too high to remunerate manufacturers, it remained doubtful whether it would bear an additional advance. The Herald admits an abundant harvest of breadstuffs, but remarks that neither England, France nor Germany would want our surplus, the harvest prospects all over Europe having never been so flattering as now. And further, that Europe would not accept our railroad bonds any longer, she having not taken any of our stocks and bonds, nor had we made any financial loan of this sort in London since the commencement of the Russian war. In addition to all this, the Herald reminds us of the fact that the shipments of California gold fall short of those of last year each from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand dollars, the deficiency up to the month of August, 1857, amounting to about four million dollars, which deficiency, it predicts, would reach five or six millions before the end of the year. Our contemporary concludes from all this, that the first decided symptoms of a monetary pressure may be felt as early as December next; that a drain of specie to Europe will be experienced in the ensuing spring, and that a postponement of the balancing of accounts would only be adding to the burden under which we now stagger, while the inevitable revolution must remain, after all, but a question of time. The Herald has given us the blackest and gloomiest side of the picture, but there is another description of papers who present quite a cheerful view of the matter. They assure us that money continues to be easy, and that nobody is alarmed. Money continues to be easy! If the mere assertion of the fact could but make it so, these papers would be most invaluable institutions. But unfortunately, the rates of interest are on an average more than double what they were some three years ago, while the demand for capital is equally urgent, if not more so. Admitting the fact of excessive importations, they conclude themselves with the thought that most of the loss will fall on foreigners, and while they assure us that they are the last persons to favor extravagance, by countenancing such impor-

tations, they endeavor to palliate them on the ground that a glut in the market, causing a decline of prices, benefits the people in consequence of the cheapness it creates. We do not share these lofty and comprehensive views, neither from a moral nor commercial point of view. The advantages of legitimate interchange, whether national or international, are reciprocal. The losses of one of the trading parties may indeed temporarily benefit the other, but except bestowing fortunes upon a comparatively very limited number of lucky speculators, they cannot result in lasting advantages to the people at large, because every perturbation in commerce produces a reaction of the same momentum.— Causes and effect are of equal force. This truth is applicable not alone to the science of Mechanics, but to all phenomena in nature and transactions of men. The most regular and equitable system of interchange, subject to no violent convulsions, tends to distribute on both sides the greatest possible amount of property. The general law of the equilibrium of forces governs the profits and losses of trade as it governs the relations of production and consumption. If foreign importations should lose this year in consequence of an extraordinary decline of prices, the result of excessive importations—which, after all, were encouraged by our own wastefulness and extravagance—this decline will surely be followed by a rise adequate to the losses incurred, so that for these we shall have to indemnify them hereafter, unless, indeed, which is not probable, we contrive meanwhile to render ourselves independent of foreign industry.

We do not agree with the Herald, because we consider its comments upon our commercial and financial position greatly exaggerated; still we hold that there exist powerful reasons urging the press to raise its warning voice. For a series of years, we have recklessly indulged in habits of wastefulness, and loose speculations of every description; we have stretched our credit, at home and abroad, to the utmost limits of our strength, and now, when the consequences of this thoughtless course are brought home to us; when it is felt by almost everybody, that the monetary resources are greatly inadequate to the business requirements of the country, we see the drain of precious metals continue without interruption, and even exceed that of former years.

Previous to 1851 we never in any one year exported above \$9,500,000 of specie and bullion, as an excess of exportation over importation; but since 1851 that sum ranged between \$2,000,000 as a minimum, and \$52,000,000 as a maximum. In 1856 it amounted to \$41,000,000, and now it is reported that the first seven months of the year, we have already shipped \$7,000,000 more than for the same period of last year. These shipments are the main and immediate cause of our troubles, and it is high time that Congress should direct its attention to the subject, since the last tariff act has evidently failed to accomplish its purpose.

It is by a speedy and prompt application of legislative remedies only, that the gloomy apprehensions entertained in some quarters can be prevented from becoming a sad reality. On the other hand, we would remark in contradiction to the exaggeration of the Herald, that besides the California gold, probably some \$17,000,000 or \$18,000,000 are added annually to our monetary resources by the immigration, and that though Europe may not require as large a quantity of grain as in the previous years of war and partial failure of crops, the exportation will remain considerable. The production of Europe is never adequate to its consumption. The high price of