

# 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, NOVEMBER 25, 1857.

NUMBER 46.

## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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 in advance; otherwise, three dollars. 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.

From the New York Ledger.

### BILL BROWN'S VISIT TO GOTHAM.

By JOHN G. BAXE.

Qui moros hominum multorum vidit et urbanam.

Bill Brown resides near a country village, and has filled his till by honest tillage.

Of good mother Earth; Who kindly gives birth

To whatever, in fact, has market-worth, Or real value, or goodly worth.

From the largest ox to the fattest goose— Whatever is good to eat or wear,

To keep us warm or make us fair— All comes alike from good mother Earth.

In sooth, but traces process out, And you'll find beyond a rational doubt,

That almost everything we see, However high in its degree,

However fine, or rich or rare, Is but a kind of Earthen-ware!

And so Bill brought As a farmer ought,

Who, doomed to toil by original sinning, Began—like Adam—at the beginning.

He ploughed, he harrowed, and he sowed; He drilled, he planted, and he hoed;

He dug and dived, and reaped and mowed. (I wish I could—but I can't—tell you)

Whether he used a sub-soil plough; Or whether Bill had ever seen

A regular reaping and raking-machine.)

He took most pains With the nobler grains

Of higher value and finer tissues Which, possibly, one

Inclined to a pun Would call—like *Hayden*—his "cereals issues!"

Wish wheat his lands were all a blaze; I was amazed to see his fields of maize;

And there were places That showed rye-faces

As pleasant to see as any grasses. And as Bill brought

His annual crops, (So very extensive that, on my soul,

They fairly reached from pole to pole!) They beat the guess of any old tozie,

Or—the longest season at Saratoga!— Whether he used a fair station,

In the grand result that Autumn found, It was his plan,

Though a moderate man, To be easily running into the ground;

That is to say, In another way—

Whether the seed was barley or hay, Large or little, green or gray—

Provided only it was like "to pay,"— He never ceased to labor in vain

By stupidly going agout in vain, But harnessed away without stop or stop,

And carefully put into his crop, And lots of potatoes,

And lots of potatoes, More sorts, in sooth, than I could tell;

Turnips, that always brought up well; Celery, all that he could sell;

Grapes by the bushel, sour and sweet; Beets, that certainly couldn't be beat;

Cabbage—like some sartorial mound; Vines, that fairly cumbered the ground;

Some pumpkins—more than he could nose, And Ten thousand pears; (that twenty thousand!)

Fruit of all kinds and propagations, Paldwins, Pippins and Carnations,

And apples of other appellations, To name it all up would be vain;

As you may suppose, Brown furnished space, Just because he proceeded, I venture to say,

In the multi-roomed vestibular way; That is—if you are not University bred—

He took Crocker's advice about going ahead At all the State Fair and station,

Raised horses and cows and his own reputation; Made butter and money; took a Justice's

Niche; Grew wheat, wool and hemp; corn, cattle, and—

But who would be always a country-crow? And so Bill Brown

Sat himself down, And, knitting his brow in a studious frown,

He said, says he:— (And I think Mrs. B. will be apt to agree,

If she don't it's much the same to me.) That I, Bill Brown,

Should go to town! But the same as we, what town shall it be?

Boston town is considerably nearer, And York is farther, and so will be dearer,

But then, of course, the rights will be queerer; Besides, I'm told, you're surely a lost 'un,

If you once get astray in the streets of Boston. York is right angled;

And Boston, right angled, And both, I've no doubt, are uncommon new-

angled. Ah—the "Smiths," I remember, belong to

York. (Twas ten years ago I sold them pork.)

Good, honest trades—I'd like to know them, And so—'tis settled—I'd like to Gotham!

And so Bill Brown Sat himself down,

With many a smile and never a frown, And rode, by rail, to that notable town

Which I really think well worthy of mention As being America's greatest invention!

Indeed, I'll be bound that if Nature and Art, (Through the former, being older, has gotten

the start.) In some new Crystal Palace of suitable size,

Should show their chefs-d'œuvre, and contend for the prize,

The latter would prove, when it came to the search,

Whatever you may think, no contemptible match;

For should Mr. Nature endeavor to stagger her

By presenting, at last, her majestic Niagara; Miss Art would present an equivalent work

In her great, overwhelming, unfinished New York!

And cow Mr. Brown Was fairly in town,

In that part of the city they used to call down, Not far from the spot of ancient renown

As being the scene Of the Bowling Green,

A fountain that looked like a huge tureen

Piled up with rocks, and a squint between;

But the Bowling' now has gone where they tally

'The fall of the Ten,' in an neighboring alley;

And as the 'Green'—why that you will find

Whenever you see the 'invisible' kind—

And stopped at an Inn that's known very well

'Delmonico's' once—now 'Stevens' Hotel';

And to borrow a pen which I think rather witty

There's no better Inn in this Inn-famous city!

And Mr. Brown Strrolled up town,

And I'm going to write his travels down;

But if you suppose Bill Brown will disclose

The usual sin and follies of those

Who leave rural regions to see city shows—

You couldn't well make A greater mistake;

For Brown was a man of excellent sense;

Could see very well through a hole in a fence,

And was honest and plain, without shame or pretence

Of sharp, city learning he couldn't have boasted;

Though, like many a "Bill," he wasn't well posted.

In a very dogmatic, oracular way,

And I'll prove it, bring I have done with my lay,

Not only that honesty's likely to "pay,"

But that one must be, as a general rule,

At least half a knave to be wholly a fool!

Of pocket-book dropping Bill never had heard,

(Or at least he had, he'd forgotten the word)

And now when, at length, the occasion occurred,

For that sort of chaff he wasn't the bird,

The gentleman argued with eloquent force,

And begged him to pocket the money, of course,

But Brown, without thinking at all what he said,

Popped out the first thing that entered his head,

(Which chanced to be wondrously fitting and true)

'No—no—my dear sir—I'll be burnt if I do!

Two lovely young fellows of elegant mein,

Amused him awhile with a pretty machine—

An ivory ball, which he never had seen,

But though the unsuspecting stranger

In the "patent safe" saw no patent danger,

He easily dodged the notorious not,

Because "the watch" accustomed to bet,

Ah—here, I wot, Is exactly the spot

To make a small fortune as easy as no!

That man with the watch—what lungs he has!

'Tis "going"—the best of that elegant lot—

To close a concern, at a desperate rate—

The jeweller ruined as certain as fate—

A capital watch—you may see by the weight,

Worth one hundred dollars as easy as eight—

Or half that sum to melt down into plate—

(Brown doesn't know "Peter" from Peter the Great.)

But then I can't dwell, I'm ordered to sell,

And men't stand weeping—just look at the

I warrant the tickler to operate well—

Nine dollars—it's hard to be letting the thing

Go!

For only nine dollars—it's cruel, by Jingo!

Ten dollars—I'm offered—the man who secures

This splendid—ten dollars—say twelve, and it's

Yours!

'Don't want it'—quoth Brown—"I don't wish to

buy!" Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one couldn't call high—

But to see the man ruined!—Dear Sir—I declare—

Between two or three bidders, it doesn't seem

fair;

To knock it off now were surely a sin;

Just what my dear Sir, till the people come in!

Allow me to say, you disgrace your profession

As Sheriff—considering the debtor's condition!

To sell such a watch without more competition?

And here Mr. Brown Gave a very black look,

Stepped leisurely out, and walked further up town.

To see him stray along Broadway

In the afternoon of a summer's day,

And note what he chanced to see and say,

And what people he meets

In the narrower streets,

Were a pregnant theme for a longer lay.

How he gazed at those geological chaps

Who go poking about in crannies and gaps,

Those curious people in tattered breeches,

The rag-wearers, rag-pickers sons-of-ditches

Who find in the very nastiest niches

A decent living; and sometimes riches;

How he thought city prices exceedingly queer,

The "buses too cheap, and the backs too dear;

How he stuck in the mud, and got lost in the

question—

A problem too hard for his mental digestion,

Why, in such a city, they employ

Such a very small corps of such very small

boys, How he judges by dress, and accordingly

makes, By mixing up classes, the drollest mistakes.

As if simple vanity ever were vicious,

Or women of merit could be meretricious,

He imagines the dashing Fifth Avenue dames

The same as the girls with unspeakable

names—

An exceedingly natural blunder in sooth,

But, I'm happy to say, very far from the

truth; For 'e'en at the worst, whatever you suppose,

The one sort of ladies can choose their beaux,

While as to the other—but every one knows

What—'twere a secret—I wouldn't disclose.

And Mr. Brown Returned from town,

With a bran new hat, and a muslin gown,

As he told the tale, when the sun was down,

How he spent his eyes, and saved his crown;

How he showed his pick in resisting the claim

Of an impudent fellow who asked his name,

But paid, as a gentleman ever is willing,

At the Old Park Gate the regular shilling!

At Pleasure unattained, is the here which

we hold in chase, cheered on by the order

of competition, the exhilarating cry of the

dogs, and shouts of the hunters, the echo of the

ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure

attained, is the same here hanging up in

the sportsman's larder, worthless, disre-

garded, despised, dead.

FRED. DOUGLASS publishes a card in the

Waterloo [N. Y.] Journal, expressing great

indignation, because the proprietor of a cer-

tain hotel in that town refused to entertain

him, on account of his color.

## TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY—A LIFE SKETCH.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following sketch of real life so plainly

exhibits a lesson which might be profitably

followed by many of our people, that we

give it to the readers simply as it occurred,

only concealing the real names of the parties

concerned. And as the story bears its own

moral, we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Anson Lyman bought

farms adjoining each other. The land had

formerly been owned by one man who had

carried on the whole, employing a heavy

force in the work. When the two friends

bought the land, it was as equally divided

as possible; and after the line of separation

had been run, those who had worked much

on the land declared that they would not give

the "loss of a copper" for a choice between the

two farms. The old buildings were al-

most useless, so new ones were erected, and

at the same time both men commenced farm-

ing in earnest. They were poor, having

paid their last pennies for the farms, and

being obliged to run some in debt to get stock

and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced

evenly. They were both married, and while

Poland had one son and two daughters, Ly-

man had one daughter and two sons.

"Look ye," said Lyman as the two sat to-

gether after their farming operations were

commenced. "I have set my mark to aim

at. I'm determined, if I have my health, to

lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything,

in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a pur-

pose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other, enthusiastically.

"I'm not going to wear my back bones

away for nothing. I'm going to lay up

money!"

"So I hope to do," said Poland; "but money

isn't the first consideration."

"What's the reason it isn't?" asked Ly-

man. "If you have money you can have

everything. Money is the key that unlocks

all doors—the card that admits you to all

places. 'O! give me a thousand dollars and

I'll be content!"

"So I must have a thousand dollars," re-

marked Poland; and then the conversation

took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some

splendid young cattle. They were of a

pure English breed as ever imported and

carried very high. Poland saw him pass-

ing and bailed him. His friend was ac-

cusious to grow a fine stock, and he knew that

he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was will-

ing to sell, but he must have his price.—He

had a fine young pair, male and female, two

years old, which he would sell for two hun-

dred dollars. Poland offered his note on six

months, together with a bill of sale of the

cattle as security. The owner was satisfied,

and the bargain was made. The animals

were brought home, and Poland was not dis-

sappointed in his purchase.

"Phew!" broke from Lyman's lips, as he