

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH
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A Record of the Useful and Beautiful in Art. The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary miscellany of notable events of the day, sketches and poems by the best American authors, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole will be spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and elements of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin-surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution all elegant specimens of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages.
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BLANKS! BLANKS! BLANKS!!!
DEEDS.
SUMMONS.
EXECUTIONS.
AFFIDAVITS, and
JUDGMENT NOTES.
Copies and desirable forms, for sale at the office of the 'Star of the North.'

THE CLOSING SCENE.
BY T. SCHUMAN REED.
The North British Review pronounces this poem the best that has ever been written by an American author:
Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The sunset year inhaled the dreary air,
Like some tanned leaper in his hour of ease,
When all the trees are lying brown and bare.

The gray bars, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters winding in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate fates.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds
Subdued,
The hills seemed father, and the stream
A long low wail,
As in a dream the distant woodman haw'd
His winter log, with many a muffled foot.

Th' embarked forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad beaten hosts of old,
Withdrawn afar in times remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture tried his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel creak upon the hill-side crew;
A crow thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent all some wailing wanderer blew
His silent horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swinging nest
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plentiful year.

Where every bird which charmed the vernal year,
Skook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;
All now was soughless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croak'd the crow, through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bad, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the
Its crimson leaves as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-headed wren, with monotonous
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless
Sate like a Fate, and watched the flying
thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked
with her,
Of sipped, and broke with her the ashen
crust,
And in the dead leaves, still she heard the
strife
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

BARNUM'S SPEECH ON HUMBURG.
Delivered at Stamford on the occasion of the Agricultural Fair.

"It seems to be most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on Humburg, as looking on ladies whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

"Humburg is generally defined 'deceit or imposition.' A burglar who breaks into your house, a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is not an impostor; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—'to take an old truth and put it in a new groove.'

"But no humbug is great without truth at its bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for \$500, and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just then, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains, the public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

"It was duly announced that after three days' chase upon the borders of the river Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party who partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster-master, who captured him and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

"But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own, arrested my schemes, and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what I professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it was satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

"Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

"When the woolly horse arrived at Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Lovell's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgport. 'Good heavens!' he cried, 'I have seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary humbug.' He took a friend from the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal, led him into the street, and in succession thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor except the last man.

"My ambition to be the Prince of Humbug will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed; I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugging I have thought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

"Before I went to England with Tom Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made eighteen feet high; it was to have been dug a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there was giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together, was to have been \$25.

"But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I went on to proceed with the skeleton for fifty or seventy-five dollars.

"Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked twenty thousand dollars, or one thousand dollars a month; I wrote to him if he bought it I would take it if he found it as represented, or would pay his expense if not; I found it was my own old original humbug come back again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterward.

"It passes all ordinary conception that the man Barnum should have grown rich and independent upon the proceeds of his deceits. Had any individual visitor of 'Joyce Hoth' chosen to prosecute her exhibitor, he could have recovered damages under the statute against obtaining money under false pretences. Yet the inventor of that abominable deception has gone on, continuing similar ones year after year, and from each reaping an abundant reward in money, until at last, he comes before the public as a Moralist, delivers sermons on Man's major and minor duties to Society, and finally with sublime arrogance announces his 'Autobiography.'—*Buffalo Democracy.*

part, I do not believe in clergymen attending political meetings, and making political speeches. [Sensation.] My office is to preach the Gospel, and with the help of God, that I mean to keep to. When I have fairly gone through preaching the gospel and exhausted all his precious themes, and prevailed with it over every heart; I may turn my attention to the law, and perhaps try to enlighten my hearers on matters of political jurisprudence, if they will consent to listen, or that I can teach them anything on that point. [Sensation.] Now, sir, as Christians, what is our duty—our great and only commission, as a church? It is to 'preach the gospel to every creature;' no matter where he lives, under what laws, with what color, what his condition—he is a sinner, and we must preach to him the gospel.

We serve under a captain whose glorious title is 'Captain of our Salvation,' and he says, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and adds, 'If my kingdom was of this world, then would my servants fight.' The converse is obvious—we have no mission to fight, and no right to fight. 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.' We may be thankful that they are not, for if we had to fight with weapons fashioned to the world's war, the little flock would stand but a poor chance among the warriors of infidelity; but our weapons are mighty through God. From him only our strength comes.

He has ordered and combined us under the banner of the cross, on which Christ died for sinners. When he sent his church forth on their enterprise to bless the world, gave them but one instrument, one choir, one method and only one. Out of the treasures of his omnipotence, his infinite wisdom selected only one gift. His church has nothing else—it is the Bible. It is distrust or presumption which thinks of any other means; and I believe that the Church will be severely scourged by the Lord for losing so much time, and wasting so much effort, upon side issues; which sander us from the main purpose of our calling. Our duty, sir, is to obey our master, and such only should be our aim. The question for us is not—what do we think is right? or what do other men think is right?—but what has the Lord commanded us to do? The role of the Christian action is, 'Not my will but thine.' We have no other resource.

FASHION AND DISEASE.
The editor of the Scalpel, in a very interesting article in the August number of that excellent work, on the crippled condition of the lungs in woman, makes the following sensible remarks, which we commend to the attention of every female:

"Only look at the position of a fashionable-dressed woman, sitting in her rocking chair, embroidering; see the approximation of her arms, and the bent neck and body. The chest containing the lungs has to sustain the whole weight of the head and arms; they hang upon it almost like pieces of dead flesh; the intestines are forced down upon the womb, and the great blood vessels that supply the limbs are compressed. There is the beautiful spine superbly arched by the Great Artist, with its exquisitely arranged and graceful curves, to bring the centre of gravity between the feet, the very line of beauty, its unmatched and unequalled, elastic substance between each bone, to take the shock of every step, the color-bones to keep the arms apart, and to allow the lungs full play, and to show the beauty of the breast and throat, with beautiful and grand muscles on the back to keep back the shoulders—'is a whole woman—a dream of Eden when the world was young; and look only at the best results of fashionable society.' Great heavens! Spirit of Guido and Raphael, do ye behold her! Shades of Hunter and Bell, do not your bones rattle in your graves at the spectacle! Such respiration with the lungs poisoned and irritated in the atmosphere of the parlor, and the rank and stifling smell of a magnificent velvet carpet, filled with dust, for the simple reason that she cannot be swept away; the light of heaven shut out by blinds and curtains, will stifle three-quarters of the natural demand for air, exercise and food, it will congest the hands and eye-lids, rob the colorless blood vessels that nourish the windows or pellucid cornea of the eye and give it its sparkling lustre, and the skin its fairness, make the finger nails blue, take away the capacity and muscular power to hold up the head and keep the shoulders back, constrict the bowels by robbing them of their secretions and the constant motion imparted by a full supply of air to their muscular coat; and make the whole woman a mere half-vitalized machine, fit only to give the sickly repines of mental insanity to the insulating waddle she expects to receive from the male folk that sit before her. This is the actual condition of almost every fashionable woman in the city, and it is brought about mainly by want of exercise, she is unable to take from the construction of her dress, and the slavish adherence to fashion; indeed she does not dream of its necessity; she feels the wretched lethargy that presses with leaden weight upon her soul; she knows that the glad earth is full of music of love and happiness, her smothered instincts tell her she ought to share them; but a momentous conventionalism threatens her with ostracism if she allows a ray of nature to warm the generous impulse into life. Great God! when I look upon the beautiful and fair faces of my country women, as they move before me like so many automata, under the iron despotism of that bloodless and sickly thing called fashion, my soul is sick at the spectacle, and I am glad to escape into the forest where I can see the wild bird by the myriads of the praises of his Creator, and listen to the unheeded murmur of the winds, and the leaping of the dancing rivulet, and when I return to the duties of life, I look from my window upon the little spot of verdure a city prison allows me, and I hear the murmur of a bee, and see the little humming-bird sipping the nectar from the honey-suckle, my heart yearns with childish delight at the lovely little creature's twings upon the branches; I return to my task, and I feel that if I had the eloquence and benevolence of Christ, I could spend my life in no better cause than attempting her instruction in the laws of her being, and showing her how beauty and truth, love and simplicity are inseparable connected with the sublime science of life.

Every paper we read proclaims a want of this kind, remarks the Newark Mercury, and their services command the highest remuneration. This, however, should excite no surprise. Lads of this character have of late grown so scarce—the crop for the last few years has so signally failed—that something more than ordinary exertion is needed to discover those of the proper stamp. Our youth have everywhere degenerated, and where a few years since we found active, intelligent lads clustering about every hearthstone, we now see only idling, vicious youth, growing up in moral and intellectual imbecility, as thistles in the field.

"Wanted—an active lad!" He is wanted for more purposes than one. Not merely to attend the shop, or run errands, or drive the plough or plane, but to help out for himself a path to competence; to aid in building up good and wise institutions; to help on the cause of reform wherever his banner is flung upon the air. And yet not for this alone is the active lad wanted. He is needed in the path and temple of Learning, that he may become fitted for the pulpit and the forum, and the thousand responsibilities that man is heir to.

"Wanted—an active lad." Life is full of obligations and duties. No man can live to himself and escape the responsibility. Our moments are few and far between, often but accidental dipping of our rod in the honey of the rock as we are hurrying on to battle. We must all do something in the world for its benefit. And none are more valuable to society than the active lads—the boys of nerve and soul, of integrity and truth. It matters not what else may grow valueless, the time will never come when active lads will not be wanted in this world of ours.

'DID AS THE BEST DID.'
This tame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands. A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and loafers. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to dance, and several other useful matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagances and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly, says she, 'I did as the rest did.'"

The miser, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was too foolish to "do as the rest did."

The following truthful picture of life, as it exists in this country, we copy from the Washington, D.C. Sentinel. In the continual change in the condition of man lies our great safety as Republicans. Were a particular family to continue to increase in wealth for a few centuries we should have just such landed aristocracy as they have in England, who would lord it over the masses with insolent domination. The absence of a law of primogeniture distributes the wealth of the land very fairly.

WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS?—Twenty years ago, this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, and a fourth carried on distillery, another was a contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will after them, though it will not do to say so out loud! For often you shall find that these toiling worms' harsh buttersides, and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and brings new financiers, the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact though there is a sort of monarchical race, it is not hereditary, it is accessible to all, three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them down, and send children to labor.

The father grubs and grows rich—his children strut and use the money. Their children in turn inherit the pride, and go to shilleens poverty; next their children, reinvigorated by fresh phibian blood, and the smell of the clod, come up again.

Thus society, like a tree, its sap from the earth, changes in its leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds off its fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length re-appears in new dress and fresh garbure.

Nicholas, of Russia, is said to be a high spirit. He won't fret.

'WANTED—AN ACTIVE LAD.'
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A TRUE LIVING MAN.
If I shall describe a living man, a man that hath that life which distinguishes him from a fool or a child, that gives him a capacity next to God's, I shall find that even a good man is not so common as is long before he is dead.
"He that can look upon death, and see the face with the same countenance with which he bears his story; that can endure all the labors of his life with his soul supporting his body; that can equally despise riches when he hath them, and when he hath them not; that is not sadder if they lie in his neighbor's trunk, nor more brag if they shine around about his own walls, he that is never moved with good fortune coming to him, nor going from him; that can take upon him as if it were his own, and yet look upon his own and see them too, just as if they were another man's; that neither spends his goods prodigally, and like a fool, nor yet keeps them avariciously and like a wretch; that weighs not benefits by weight and number, but by the mind and circumstances by which he gives them; that never thinks his country expensive if a worthy man is receiver; that does not esteem his country's affairs as the presence of God and his holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve as a lust or load his stomach; he that is bountiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt to forgive his enemies; that loves his country and obeys his prince, and desires and endeavors nothing more than that they may do honor to God; this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute his months, not by the course of the sun, but the zodiac and circle of his virtues; because these are such things which fools and children, and birds, and beasts, cannot have. These are therefore the actions of life, because they are the seeds of immortality. That day in which we have done some excellent thing, we may as truly reckon to be added to our life, as were the fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah," Bishop Taylor.

Sunday in Paris.
Mr. James Brooks, of the N. Y. Express, gives the following sketch of Sunday in Paris:
"Strange Paris! It is Sabbath—and the workmen on a new building just opposite my hotel on the Boulevard, are at work as hard as ever! They waked up at 6 A. M. counting brick, 'on,' 'deux,' 'trois,' 'quatre,' and they kept on counting and laying brick all the day. The Sabbath of Paris differs as yet only from a week day, in the more brilliant exhibition of equipages, and the greater devotion to pleasure. I reasoned a little on this subject with a French lady, who defended the custom with so much volubility, that her French, if not her logic, confounded me. She said and I, all however, with the greatest zeal and energy. Some of the newspapers in Paris, just now are arguing, purely as a question of political economy, that men cannot work as well seven days in a week as six—that the laws of nature require the Sabbath rest and relaxation, and that therefore Sabbath work, Sabbath shop-keeping, &c., ought not to be. The government, I think, is favoring this position, and so are the clergy, who are publicly urging an observance of the Sabbath. The appeals have closed some few shops on the Sabbath, and the number is said to be increasing. Indeed, the shopkeepers themselves, in order to save the Sabbath as a holiday, have agreed to shut up on that day. If, however, this combination should only result for the nonce will be a greater thronging in the Bois de Boulogne, the Elysian Fields, the theatres, the cafes, and such like places. Versailles is now thronged on Sundays. Indeed that is the only day when its galleries and places are all open. And so it is the Park of St. Cloud. The magnificent 'fete d'eau' were this afternoon in full display, and thousands upon thousands were witnesses of the spectacle. The Versailles waterworks play on some Sundays; and the St. Cloud waterworks upon others. This water works play seems to me to be peculiarly French."

How to Enlighten.
A bashful Yokeite, who had been long to a gay life of dissipation, and long despaired of bringing things to a crisis, Yokeite called one when she was alone at home. After setting the table of the wash, Miss said, looking slyly into his face, "I dreamed of you last night."
"Did you? why now?"
"Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me!"
"Why now? what did you dream your mother said?"
"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home!"
A light dawned on Yokeite's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps Yokeite's whip and perhaps not; but in about a month more they were trawl, &c.

Young ladies' schools are often places where female unlearn the good they have studied and practised at home and learn 'those things' which add neither to the head, heart, nor hand.