

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time that cost;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them Mother, while you may.
Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove,
Messengers of light and love.
Mother! watch the little tongue
Fratting frequently and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken,
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Savior's name.
Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep, the young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

MEN OF MARK.

COUNT WALEWSKI, the French plenipotentiary at the Peace Conference, is about fifty years of age. The upper part of his face down to about half the nose is excessively epical; the lower portions not so much. Though comparatively young in years, he is an old diplomatist. Twenty-five years ago, he represented in Paris and London the provisional government of Poland, then in insurrection against the Russians. In 1849 he accomplished a mission to Mehemet Ali, confided to him by M. Thiers. Later, M. Guizot despatched him to the province of La Plata. He was also Minister Plenipotentiary of France to the Court of Tuscany, and in the same year to that of Naples. In 1852, he was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James. "The origin of Count Walewski," says the *Debate*, "is most illustrious, and this is always an advantage in a diplomatic assembly. He proceeds from a branch of the Italian Colonna family, which has given many cardinals and a Pope to the Church, besides many generals and diplomatists to the Courts of Rome, France, and Spain." This may, in fact, be the Count's origin, legitimately speaking; but, as the whole world knows, and as his features graphically attest, the Count is the son of the great Napoleon, and now acts as president of a Congress, one of whose duties will be to efface the record made forty years ago, by a similar assembly at Vienna, that no one of the name and lineage of Bonaparte should ever be recognized on the throne of France.

COUNT OLOFF, the Russian plenipotentiary, is seventy-one years of age, and is a wonderfully magnificent looking personage. Like his friend, the late Czar Nicholas, he is something more than six feet high—of large size, very erect, quick in his movements, and his countenance denotes robust health and great resolution. He has a large head, covered with iron gray hair, cropped close. The expression of his features is quite Calmuck. He took part in all the wars at the beginning of the century. Wounded at Austerlitz, and at the battle of Borodino, he was made aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander I. In 1825 he had reached the rank of general, and in that quality commanded the regiment of horse-guards, which on the 26th of September hastened to repress the *embute* at St. Petersburg. On that occasion his courage and devotedness secured him the lasting friendship of the Emperor Nicholas. He is said to be a man of herculean strength, and many instances of his display are recounted. One delicate exploit is remarkable as an act of politeness. He was present at a large banquet somewhere, and during the entertainment he overheard a lady guest express her admiration at a beautiful bouquet which ornamented the table. No sooner was the sentence uttered than the count, reaching forward, extricated the flowers from a large vase, and was on the point of presenting them to her, when he discovered that the stalks were wet, and dripping from the water which had been placed for their preservation. He quietly took a rich and massive cover of tulle from the service before him, and with hardly a perceptible effort, rolled it into a bouquet-holder, and placing the flowers therein, gallantly offered them to his neighbor. The count has given Louis Napoleon four superb horses from the Ukraine, and he praises the French army, particularly the Zouaves, in the highest terms. He eulogizes Louis Napoleon daily, forgetting, doubtless, the slight which his former master, the Czar Nicholas, delighted to impose upon his "son-in-law" whom he would not admit into the fraternity of monarchs.

What is that, which, if you take the 'whole' away, there will be 'some' left?
The word wholesome.

FRENCH VIEWS OF AMERICAN DRESS.

BY BLAGUE DE QUANART.

We give below an admirable article on the subject of gentlemen's dress in America, translated from the French of the eminent journalist Blague de Quanart, whose contributions to the principal Parisian and Belgian journals have of late years attracted so much attention:

It has often been remarked by travelers, that one of the predominant characteristics of our American cities is their newness. Everywhere there is a fresh, bright color, and an expression of recent manufacture; the houses seem to have been turned out by thousands to order, and look as if just finished in one colossal batch—the pavements are washed as if for a holiday—the very trees on the sidewalks, in their elaborately trimmed neatness, look as if they were young, and not yet accustomed to a regular growing life—in short, the endless newness and recent fashion of everything creates at least a feeling as though the whole city were for sale, and its proprietors were bent on keeping it as clean, and as much in the style as possible, so that no opportunity to praise it as "a neat and tasty thing, sir," might be lost.

But in houses alone do we perceive endless newness and never ending submission to the mode as though the Americans, who have succeeded thus far, better than any other nation in annihilating space, were bent on defying time also, and leaving no traces of his progress in the past. These people, so rapid, so brusque, when threatened with delay, so intoxicated with the endless spirit of business, still contrive to present in their persons a newness and freshness of attire which altogether corresponds with their houses, and which, to a practical philosopher, is perhaps one of the most curious of the lesser phenomena of the race. For, as among the houses, there are but few, as among the palatial edifices so common in Europe, although their freshness and luxury of paint and scrubbing distinguishes them entirely from the citizen homes of France and Germany, or even England, so the American, though but rarely a fashion-plate dandy, still in his style and attire maintains on an average, an infinitely higher standard than that aspired to by his colleague in perhaps the same line of life in Europe. When you promenade even the Boulevards of Paris, or ride in the Champs Elysees—those gardens of all the flowers of fashionable attire, where the robes and flounces of *Victorine* waves in harmony with the artistically constructed coats of Humann—you do not, for all that, find yourself in a multitude of well dressed people. No—even there the long haired peasant, *en blouse*; the artist, fierce, picturesque, and sometimes dirty; the old gentleman who recalls the storms of the Revolution, and who clings fondly to his long queue and coat a la *Mazarin*, (or who rather suffers there to cling to him)—all these persons, picturesque though they may be, break in upon the idea of plain good dressing. They may serve as foils to others, but are in themselves discords of silk, cotton and woolen.

But let some one who can recall the best dressed street multitude which he has ever seen in Europe, walk some fine morning up an American street, and that at about nine o'clock, just when the entire current of business men is flowing down town in one enormous tide towards its daily haunts! *Par preference*, I would commend Broadway, New York, for this observation, since I can recall no other city in which such a vast food of life flows through one single street. You who have only seen the Boulevards, or the Pont Neuf, when most filled with passengers, or who have derived ideas of a crowded thoroughfare from that terror to strangers, the Strand in London, or who believe that the Vienna Prater was ever too full on the day of high procession, would regard them all as dreary solitudes when compared with Broadway. In all this immense multitude there is not one who is not more than passably dressed, and if you see a single person among them whose boots are not faultless, or whose soles which are not thin as a rose leaf, you may rely upon it that he is an Englishman, a German, or a millionaire. None but a foreigner, or a man whose standing is more than secured in society, would dare transgress the law of good boots which weighs more heavily upon the American than all the ten commandments and the common code of the land.

Chiefly are we impressed with the fact that among all these fine clothes there is nothing *outré*—nothing absurd—unless it be indeed an occasional instance given by some one who in his intense eagerness to keep up with the fashion has actually leaped beyond it. In this uniformity—this dread of being "odd"—this terror of eccentricity—this awe of singularity—we have a curious illustration of one of the ultimate social effects of a republic. In all communities where every one exercises freely his right to express opinion, and where such rights are cherished as the dearest of privileges, we soon have a public opinion—for as history is nothing but a fusion of biographies, so in a republic the governing opinion is nothing but the concentrated thoughts of the many. This public opinion, confined in Europe to so few points, extends itself in America over many—I may say myriads. It has a few bad points, and many good ones. It is the cause of a little hypocrisy and of much sound morality. It suffers no one to wear an old coat, but condemns a dreary and desperate life of greed, of clubs and of stables, the man who braves himself entirely up to wearing fine clothes or to being idle.

It is a striking peculiarity of all this fine dress—of all this broadcloth and velvet in winter, and of all this delicate linen and Oriental cloth, which looks like woven air, in summer, that it is enormously expensive. The Parisian *petit rentier*—the small proprietor who, in common with the Prussian officer, is supposed to possess the art of carrying economy to its utmost extent, would tremble with terror could he know the prices which those clothes cost, and the sacrifices which some of those young clerks are imperatively obliged to make "to preserve appearances," and with them their situations. Yet with all this, as I have before said, there is but little elaborate dandyism, none of the exquisite *tires a quatre epingles* which distinguishes the *petit million* of Paris. No—the same inexorable public opinion which here requires the young man rising in the world to conform to a certain standard, also forbids him from going beyond it. I do not remember to have seen or heard it remarked, but I am none the less certain that to succeed among Americans, and above all to acquire with them the slightest influence or respect, you must be neat in your person. I am convinced of this from the frequency with which I have heard one American, while disparaging another, say "He is slovenly." This was always a concluding argument, and sufficed to silence the warmest friends of the unfortunate slob. One of the most curious instances narrated to me, and which singularly illustrates this American mania for neatness, relates to the very eminent journalist and politician, Horace Greeley, who adopted a style of excessive carelessness in his outer garments, simply to attract attention to the exquisite fineness of his linen and his great personal cleanliness in the use of the bath. All of his friends were carefully informed of this latter peculiarity, and when some ignorant opponent endeavored to blacken the character of Horace by speaking of old hat and boots, he was at once confuted with—"Ah! my dear, you deceive yourself—Greeley is very particular in his shirts and drawers!" I have heard, but do not vouch for the fact, that the *lingerie*—the linen of this eminent man costs from ten to fifteen thousand francs per annum.

It will readily be understood that where public opinion forces with such silent ferocity a standard of dress on all the world, there must be a perfect paradise for the man who desires to obtain an insouciant notoriety in the cheapest and readiest manner. It is very possible that some of my readers have heard of an eminent teacher of languages who solved a few years ago in Paris, to become notorious by his dress. What pains, what exertions of invention and of extravagance the unfortunate was obliged to undergo, ere he could attract attention. Bands of blue, scarlet and yellow ribbon, six inches wide, twined around his hat and trailing six feet from it—a scarlet velvet cap and gilt shoes hardly caused as much observation as would be granted in America to a man with his cloak over his arm.

There lived not long since in New York, a man whose peculiarity was that he wept very old, very ragged and very dirty clothes, and in addition to this had no fixed place of abode, but slept in lime-kilns or barns—"Nothing very remarkable," says one would say, in Europe, where every city has thousands of such vagrants. Ah! but you do not understand America! That lime-kiln vagabond was one of the lions of New York—his appearance in Broadway was chronicled in the first papers; and when some one gave him a new coat, it was put down as an event in their reports—when he died, the press embalmed his memory in obituaries, a thousand *cards* were let fly to his early life, a drama introducing him in his dirty coat, drew tears from the eyes of the ladies, and as I write a novel entitled "The Limekiln Man" lies before me. Ask the first New Yorker whom you meet, if he has ever heard of the Limekiln Man?

There is a man who forms one of the "institutions" of Philadelphia—everything is an institution in America—to whom there occurred one day the brilliant idea of walking with the gait of a young recruit undergoing his first drill. This startling, this wondrous, this amazing conception was crowned with the utmost success—a success which he further secured by wearing his hat on the back part of his head and tucking his pantaloons into his boots! Wonderful genius! happy man! On fine days you may see him walking along Chestnut street—the fashionable street of Philadelphia—conspicuously touching his hat to every lady; while all the world murmurs after him, "There goes the man with the Military Walk."

It is needless to say that the few young or middle aged men in America who are gifted with wealth and leisure, and who give themselves up seriously to living for dress alone, succeed *ameritelle* in attracting admiration, envy and hatred—as in all parts of the world. And when we reflect on the manner in which Americans succeed in dress when they give themselves entirely up to it, it is really amazing that such lions are so rare among them. The "gilded youth" of European capitals are not more elaborate, more butterfly-like, more perfectly *exogenous*, as they say in botany of those plants whose growth is entirely outward, than are the young men who appear at soirees and receptions in Atlantic American cities.

I have not exhausted this subject—nay, I have not begun it. But I have said enough to show you that in America, as in all parts of the world, the social spirit of the people, its government and its morals, are all, to a degree, mirrored in their dress.

SEALED PROPOSALS.—The question popped and sealed with a kiss.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Services had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Harlem had consecrated to the services of God. The minister had read the psalms, scripture lessons, and had repeated the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a sound and eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus enchanted not only the attention of the true, but the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melancholy tones of the preacher were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy golden air, which the midsummer's Sabbath moon had breathed into that holy place.

The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a female at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary interest, the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when fairly and quietly seated in the first pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—aye, and how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no eyes, no thoughts for any body else but widow C. and widow C's young, gentlemanly and dashing attendant.

How she had cheated them. Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once, dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last two how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white, with open corsets, displaying an elaborately wrought ebenezette, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, under-sleeves of the same expensive material, with a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, with light gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end, to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style—didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of satin fabric, and white kids, too, and didn't he sport a massive chain, and wasn't he gazed often and lovingly on the fair features beside him?

Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no further room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on a bridal attire and was going to be married in church. But who the beau was, and from whence he came, it was difficult to solve.

Services proceeded. The choir sung and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place.

But to their utter astonishment, they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced, widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of church. When they had reached the pavement, he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautiful cast sleeve, as they passed on.

What a morning that was in Harlem! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the annals of the village—there was something new under the sun—a lady had a beau, and nobody knew it.

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JOAN OF ARC.

From a report of a lecture by Mr. W. H. P. in the Portland Transcript, we make the following extract:

Joan was born in 1411, the daughter of a poor peasant in the province of Lorraine.—She was taught to sew and spin, but not to read and write, and to the last of her career she could not sign her own immortal name. She was a gentle, beautiful, bashful child, deeply imbued with religious feelings. Her religion was the concrete Romanism of the time, and was learned at her mother's knee. This religious teaching instilled into her soul, became the life of her whole being. She lived in an internal world with saints and angels, and thus inward life became nearer and dearer than her outward existence. She was a poet as well as a devotee, and the greatest that France ever had. She was indifferent to the pastimes of youth, and spent much time in prayer to St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The disturbed state of her country kindled her devotion into a flame of self-devoted patriotism. Her internal world became endowed with external existence, and her visions pushed themselves into voices, and shapes, visible to her enraptured eyes. The sense saw what the soul witnessed. At thirteen years walking in her father's garden, she heard the voice of the Archangel Michael calling upon her to go to the succor of the king. Then came voices naming her the deliverer of France. No historian doubts her faith in the reality of what she saw. The most modest and bashful of women she resisted long this inward impulse. The power of the siege of Orleans at last decided her. Then commenced that course of entreaty with the governor which at last forced his common sense to yield to the persistence of that sense which is not common. She was permitted to go to the Dauphin at Chalons, 150 leagues through a country occupied by the enemy. She detected the disguised Dauphin, told him he was the true heir, and assured him heaven had sent her to see him crowned in the city of Rheims. After much hesitation her aid was accepted. Her work was now to relieve Orleans and to see the Dauphin crowned in the city of Rheims, then in the hands of the English. Her inspired earnestness spread enthusiasm around, and many believed in her powers. She was hailed as a saint. She reformed the army—converting the soldiers from marauders into crusaders, changing the camp into a camp-meeting. Her name went before her, and fought her battles in the armies of the English. It was a superstitious age, and they said, if she is of God, it is impious to fight against her—if of the Devil, how can we prevail against all France backed by Satanic power! With 200 men she entered the city, without opposition from the English. Great was the joy of the besieged. Religious ceremonies were performed, and then came the attack. Her military skill consisted only in resolution and audacity. She mounted the walls of the English forts, and though struck down by an arrow, she again ascended, and struck terror into the English, who thought her dead.—They began to see visions in their turn, and declared that St. Michael appeared in the air cheering on the French. In seven days the English burned their forts, raised the siege and retreated. Two months after, Rheims opened its gates and the king was crowned. Joan's task was done—her vision accomplished! She asked to be allowed to return to her mother and the care of her flocks.—Policy dictated a refusal, and she was still retained to sustain the cause she had saved. The only reward she asked was, that her native village might not be taxed, which it was not for 300 years.

But she no longer felt that she was doing the work of God, her heart was not in the work. The saint was sinking into the soldier, when she was saved by captivity. She was taken prisoner by a Burgundian soldier, and sold to the English for 10,000 livres.—Their joy knew no bounds. The hated "witch" was at last in their hands, and they prepared to glut their vengeance. Charged with heresy and sorcery, she fell into the hands of theological wolves and foxes, who exerted all the malice and ingenuity of their mean natures to entrap her, without success. Her simplicity and truthfulness evaded all their snares. Having persecuted her from a heretic to a Catholic, these infamous creatures persecuted her from a Catholic to a heretic, that they might condemn her to the stake. She was burned in the city of Rouen on the 10th of May, 1431. Thus was consummated one of the darkest crimes recorded on the page of history which, as it blazes on the eye, across the interval of four centuries, throws a lurid glare of infamy on the names of those who perpetrated it. Such beautiful simplicity, such angelic devotion, was never before, nor never hereafter will be witnessed on earth. Victorious over persecution, peerless among women, the name of Joan of Arc will perish not so long as beauty, devotion and goodness shall be cherished among men.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, has written a letter to New York, which is published in the *Herald* of Saturday last, in which he strongly advocates the nomination of Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency. Amongst other reasons for his preference, he says: "Pennsylvania has always stood by Virginia, from the days of Simon Snyder and Thomas Jefferson down to this day; she is one of the largest and oldest and best of the old thirteen States, and she has claims to give a candidate, and she has a son worthy of a nomination, who is a representative, man and name of his State's Democracy; and if Virginia again prefers him, as she did in 1852, I will go for his nomination might, and main."

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—The Spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. That of petition breathes a *filial* spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."
A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."
A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."
An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."
A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."
A forgiving spirit—"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."
A cautious spirit—"Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."
A confidential and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

THE RIGHT WAY.—By W. K. Bowling, M. D., of Nashville, Tenn. "My rule is," said an elegant lady in our presence, "to summon Dr. A., and if he does not go exactly to suit me, to send for Dr. B., and then for Dr. C., for I make it a point to be suited, so, doctor, if I should ever take it in my head to send for you, you will know my way."
"You honor me, my dear madam, but too highly, considering that I too have my way."
"And pray, sir, what would be your way?"
"Why, madam, I would, as I am a very reserved man, fall on my reserved rights."
"And what, sir, would be your reserved rights in such a case?"
"Never to obey your summon,—"Nashville Jour. of Med. and Surgery."