

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

GENEVIÈVE.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

All thoughts all passions, all delights,
Whate'er stirs the mortal frame,
Are but ministers of love,
All tend his sacred flame.

Oh! in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moon-shine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Geneviève.

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight,
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Geneviève!
She loves me best when'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story,
And old, rude, songs that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and oh!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid the murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land—

And how she wept and clasped his knees;
And how she nestled him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain—

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay—

His dying words—when I reached
That tender strain of all the duty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul or sense
Had thrilled my guileless Geneviève,
The music and the dolcive tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undiminished tale through
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and Virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
And conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She had enclosed me in her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel and see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears and she was calm,
And told her love with Virgin pride,
And so I won my Geneviève,
My bright and teatons bride.

A little more than 30 years ago a writer in Blackwood's Magazine wrote in ferocious denunciation of the character of Franklin because he had prophesied on one occasion in the hearing of an Englishman, the future greatness of the United States. Looking at the Thames, the philosopher said: "And is it this narrow stream that is to be dominant over a country that contains the Hudson and the Ohio?" They never forgave Franklin for that question—those ungenerous Britons—and they never will.

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk filler's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen what is dirt. Though I must say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. "Don't powder!" I think is one of the best, nothing but dirt."

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO.

The Private Life and Personal Habits of Thomas Jefferson.

A very interesting paper on "Jefferson at Monticello" was read on Tuesday evening before the New York Historical Society. It contained elaborate statements concerning the private life and personal habits of Jefferson, derived from new sources. The author, Rev. Dr. Pierson, President of Cumberland College in Kentucky, became acquainted with an overseer of Jefferson's estate, who is now living, and from whom he has obtained a number of interesting reminiscences.

"Thomas Jefferson still survives," were the dying words (Dr. Pierson said of the elder Adams. At that moment the devoted family and friends of Jefferson were gathered about his death-bed at Monticello—Adams and Jefferson breathed their last on the 4th day of July, 1826. The waves of sorrow occasioned by these events mingled as they overpread the land. The nation was in tears. Adams by his tongue and Jefferson by his pen had done more than any others in obtaining for those who mourned the liberties of their country.

"Thomas Jefferson still survives," and will survive so long as our country and our history endure—and long may they endure. (Applause.)

After some remarks on the character of the subject of his address the speaker stated that it would probably be new to his audience that Thomas Jefferson still survived in the iron memory of the sturdy old man—Captain Edwin Bacon—who lived with him for twenty years, as an overseer of his estate and business, and had, during that time, sustained the most intimate relations with his employer, sharing his confidence throughout.

Dr. Pierson then described the circumstances of his introduction to Captain Bacon, which were amusing, stated that the Captain was seventy-six years of age, and the possessor of a plantation of four thousand acres in extent, and that as he was a resident of the First Congressional District of Kentucky, represented by Mr. Burnett, it might be proper to say that he was the strongest sort of a Union man, actively opposing the whole secession movement. (Applause.)

Dr. Pierson proceeded to give the result of Captain Bacon's reminiscences—partly in his own words:

Mr. Jefferson's estate was quite large. There were about ten thousand acres. It was not a profitable estate, being uneven and hard to work. The whole was divided into four plantations, each in charge of an overseer. Around the buildings acres of ground were planted with trees; flowers were very plentiful, and these were also found scattered over the estate. Of fruit of every description there were great quantities. The speaker had never seen such a place for fruit. Monticello was on high ground, and fruit never failed. Mr. Jefferson was fond of shrubbery; he cultivated it carefully; and when he was in Washington sent home large quantities, which he procured in a nursery in Alexandria. He always knew all about every tree or plant on every part of his grounds, and just where any were missing. (To illustrate Mr. Jefferson's very particular knowledge in relation to this subject, the speaker read a letter of detailed instruction to Captain Bacon, which had accompanied a quantity of shrubbery he had sent home.)

Mr. Jefferson was very fond of all kinds of good stock. The first full-bred Merino sheep is all that portion of country were imported for himself and Mr. Madison while he was President. He afterwards imported from Barbary four large broad-tailed sheep; and also six hogs, of which General Dearborn had two. But the horse was Mr. Jefferson's favorite animal; he was passionately fond of fine, good horses, and would not ride or drive anything but high-bred animals. Bay was his favorite color; he would have no other. John Randolph would have none but black horses. When Mr. Jefferson came from Washington, at the conclusion of his Presidential term, he had a new carriage built, according to a design of his own. The work was all done by his own workmen, except the plating, which was done in Richmond. He always had five horses when he rode out in that carriage—four attached to it and one saddle horse. These had such names as Washington, Wellington, Eagle. The last thing (said Captain Bacon) I ever did for Mr. Jefferson was to buy Eagle for him, for a riding horse. The last time he ever rode on horseback he rode Eagle. The last letter I ever received from him came from Kentucky, and described how Eagle had fallen into the river with him and lamed his wrist. These horses made a splendid appearance in the new carriage. Mr. Jefferson would never allow them to be controlled by reins; he would not trust himself; but two servants rode on horseback, each guiding a pair.

Mr. Jefferson built a flouring mill while I (Bacon) lived with him; it was a large four-story building and had four run of stones. He also built a railway, on which ten or twelve persons were sometimes employed. He had a factory for making domestic cloth; there were three spinning jennies, one with thirty-six spindles, the second with eighteen and the smallest with six. There the clothing for all his servants was made, and a great deal besides. He also had a blacksmith shop.

Dr. Pierson gave a particular account of the personal appearance and habits of Mr. Jefferson at home. Mr. Jefferson was (in the language of Captain Bacon) six feet two and a half inches high, well proportioned and straight as a gunbarrel. He had no surplus flesh. He was very strong; and he had a machine for measuring strength. Very few men I have seen try it, were as strong as his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph; but Mr. Jefferson was stronger than he. He enjoyed the best of health—was never really sick in his life until his last sickness. His skin was pure—just as he was in principle, continued Bacon, emphatically; he had blue eyes and kindness marked his countenance, which bore a serenely mild expression; he was never disturbed. Captain Bacon referred to a single instance in illustration: On one occasion eleven thousand bushels of wheat were in the mill the rain fell in torrents, when the water was already high, during an entire night; I got up early and went to the dam; soon it began to break and I saw the whole swept away. I never felt worse in my life. I went to see Mr. Jefferson about it. He had just come from breakfast. On seeing me he inquired if I had heard from the mill dam. I replied that I had just come from there, and that the dam was all swept away. He replied as calmly as though nothing had happened, that we must build a temporary one for this season, and that next summer we would make a dam that could not be washed away.

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Mr. Jefferson never debarred him self from hearing any preacher that came along. An instance of his liberality and peculiarity is given. A poor Baptist named Richter preached a sermon near his estate, and Mr. Jefferson—he was quite old then—had his stool, with which a servant accompanied him, carried to the place, where he sat during the delivery of the sermon. At the close some one proposed that the bid should be passed around to collect the means of purchasing a horse for Brother Richter. Without waiting for the bid Mr. Jefferson got off his stool, placed his hand in his pocket, taking thence a considerable sum (neither he nor any one else knew the amount) and striding up to the preacher, gave it to him with his best wishes. He then took his departure.

He was very kind to the poor. When he came home from Washington, those people were the first to find it out, and came asking for assistance. He gave them notes to me, directing me what to give them. I knew them better than he, and told him some of them were undeserving, but he said he could not resist their appeals. Finally, he placed the matter in my hands, but these people would not come to me, and they often induced him to depart from his rule, giving them orders, which sometimes I did not fill. In 1816 corn was badly injured by a frost, there was much distress. Mr. Jefferson directed me to obtain for our own use, from a locality not far off, where the crop was not injured, thirty barrels of meal at \$10 per barrel. But before I could have it conveyed to the estate he had given away orders enough to poor people to include nearly the whole amount.

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