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, OCTOBER 7, 1857. NUMBER 39.

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, discontinuance permitted until all [illegible] are paid, unless at the option of [illegible]

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding [illegible] will be inserted three times for [illegible] and twenty-five cents for each [illegible] section. A liberal discount [illegible] those who advertise by the [illegible]

STAR OF THE [illegible]

Bloomsburg, Wednesday [illegible]

A HEAVY FAILURE.—M[illegible] Philip Allen, extensive ma[illegible] idence, R. I., have failed lo[illegible] of $3,000,000.

☞ Pittsburg is not the only city that has to complain of the unprofitable character of her railroad subscriptions. Cleveland is beginning to find herself in a similar fix, and grumbles accordingly.

☞ Rev. I. W. Gongler, formerly a Professor of Music, and lately ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has taken charge of St. Matthew's Church, Sunbury, and St. Mark's, Northumberland, which have been vacant for more than a year past.

☞ Forty-four acres of land in Pequea township, Lancaster county, belonging to the estate of Christian Mylin, deceased, [illegible] sold a few days ago at $180 50 per acre.—This does not look like hard times among the farmers.

☞ At Havana the yellow fever is very severe—there being more than 1600 cases in the military hospital alone. It is especially raging among the troops and sailors. Some of the men-of-war have lost nearly all of their crews. The steamer Herman Cortes has been abandoned, having lost her people. A large proportion of officers have died, and hardly a day passes without a military funeral.

MILITARY STATE CONVENTION.—The Major Generals of the several Divisions, and Brigadier Generals of the several Brigades of the Uniformed Volunteers of Pennsylvania, will meet in Convention at Harrisburg, on Monday, the 9th day of November next, for the purpose of devising some plan whereby the General Assembly of the Commonwealth may be induced to organize its forces on a sound and salutary basis, and the ancient pride of Pennsylvania—her citizen soldiery—be restored to its former position.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.—Among the curiosities which the ladies of Worcester county have forwarded for exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair in Worcester, is an infant's blanket, wrought a hundred and forty years ago, by the hands of the mother of Samuel Adams of revolutionary fame. It now belongs to a lady of Fitchburg who is a descendant from that family, and it is known to be the identical blanket in which the infant [illegible] that noble old patriot, Sam Adams, [illegible] wrapped when he was carried to church [illegible] he christened.

Accident to an Æronaut.—Mr. Chas. Wise made an ascension in the balloon 'Old America,' from Tamaqua, on the afternoon of the 12th inst., taking the place of his father, the well-known æronaut, Mr. John Wise, the latter declining to make the ascent himself on account of the inefficiency of gas supplied by the works in that town. The balloon came down in the Pines of Luzerne county, and landed in a tree a total wreck. The æronaut was uninjured, and arrived at Hazelton a-foot the same evening.

The Fall in the Price of Whea[illegible] [illegible] wheat arrived at Buffalo last [illegible] *Republic*, consigned to a ho[illegible] tions to sell at $1 15. When [illegible] that was offered $1 10; th[illegible] egraphed to the owner to [illegible] self it himself. On the th[illegible] had gone down to $1 05; he o[illegible] figure, and was offered one dollar [illegible] thought he would look about before sell[illegible] that price, and when he went to make the trade it had fallen to 95c; he waited till the next day, when he was offered 90c. for it, and took it.

Information about Iron.—Last session of Congress the sum of $2500 was appropriated to test the different irons in this country, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the United States produced iron which oxidizes less rapidly than the iron of other countries. The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular requesting ironmasters to forward to the department, by mail or express, two or three samples of iron, and a sample of ore from the mines worked by them.

The Magnetic Telegraph.—The services of the magnetic Telegraph yesterday were required to an extent unprecedented since its establishment. In five hours yesterday, at the single office in this city, five hundred and nine messages were despatched over the wires. In these times of panic and excitement in money matters, such an instrument is invaluable to business in the speedy intelligence it gives, and quick calling in of means which may be done through its aid.—*Ledger.*

☞ Love is of the nature of a burning-glass, which kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doeth nothing.

INTEGRITY.

Integrity is the root and foundation of all moral virtue, and in all its various forms of truth, justice and sincerity, should be most carefully cultivated in children. This must be done, first, by a conscientious and scrupulous regard to the example set before them. Children are all eyes and ears to the conduct of [illegible] set over them, and one [illegible]ation practised, or [illegible] a parent or [illegible] dishon[illegible] comment, transport[illegible] probably find, in [illegible] that the princi[illegible] things, and [illegible] same family, [illegible] on them in infancy, [illegible]pt, example and practice. Certain [illegible] in almost every instance of noble fidelity and integrity which has led to honorable distinction and substantial reward, the individual [illegible] unconscious of anything extra[illegible] has felt that he simply acted [illegible] principles instilled upon him in his [illegible] when all that he heard and all that he saw, concurred upon him the propriety and the obligation of giving every one his due. Joseph's fidelity and conscientious worth raised him, under Providence, to a station of distinguished honor and responsibility; and we infer that those principles were imbibed in his earliest years, from a parent who, when an unexpected opportunity of gain came into his hands, simply said—"Carry it back, peradventure it was an over[illegible]

[illegible] should be taken to inculcate [illegible] principles, and to train them [illegible] strict honesty, in reference to property borrowed, or found, or in any way accidentally coming into their possession.—There are probably many instances in which the turning point of a child's character, was the manner in which its parents acted and taught it to act in such a case; whether the property was eagerly appropriated and chuckled over as a piece of good luck, or as it is sometimes called, a Godsend, or whether honest exertions were made to discover and restore it to the right owner, and steady self-denial practised in forbearing to use what might be really very acceptable, and absolutely needed. Such practical lessons can scarcely fail of producing a powerful impression on the minds of children.

Children should be taught to make a restitution to all whom they have injured, whether by accident or design. The duty should be pressed upon their consciences, and means should be suggested to them, by which they may be enabled more speedily and fully to accomplish the honest purpose. The free and open confession of faults, should always be encouraged, as well as enjoined, and censure should be sometimes spared or moderated in consequence of such candor; the moral beauty and imperative obligation of truth should be pressed upon children in a familiar [illegible] manner, and pleasing examples [illegible] general imitation. The [illegible] of children should be excited by [illegible] and equitable, and mild use of authority [illegible] mingled with proper firmness [illegible] those who govern them.

[illegible] by violence and harshness, [illegible] resource to artifice and deceit. If they have [illegible] let them feel that the ready way to forgiveness is by free confession, penitence and amendment. Let them expect that the impropriety of their conduct will be fairly set before them, and blamed according to its just deserts; but let them feel confident that there will be no unkind reproaches, no contemptuous sneers; and let the censure or the punishment have evidently no other aim than to improve the subject by preventing a repetition of the [illegible] be mingled with approbation of [illegible] dignified and honorable course [illegible] free confession.—But the severest [illegible] measures should be expressed against a contrary line of conduct. [illegible] attempt to conceal a fault by a falsehood should always be regarded and [illegible] the children as more than [illegible] that could have [illegible] rendering seriously [illegible] such in itself [illegible] It may here [illegible] should never be [illegible] put upon the [illegible] is a certain evidence of their having committed it. It should be considered as a thing of course, that, if a child says he did not do a thing, his word is to be taken. Nothing tends more to weaken the love of truth than being unjustly accused of falsehood, or having their word disputed; and nothing hardens in deceit more than a successful attempt at concealment. If the crime cannot be fixed, it would be far better to let it pass by as an unexplained mystery, without attempting to fix it, that either an innocent child should be discouraged by unjust charges, or that the guilty child, having been challenged with it should outwit its parent in concealing the proof.—*Hints to Parents.*

☞ Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that his axe had been stolen. Dow told the man if he would come to meeting with him he would find his axe. At the meetnig, Dow had on the pulpit, in plain sight, a big stone. Suddenly in the middle of the sermon, he stopped, took up the stone, and said: "An axe was stolen in this neighborhood last night, and if the man who took it don't dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone!" at the same time making a violent effort to throw it. A person present was seen to dodge his head, and proved to be the guilty party.

THE USES OF HOME.

Where lie the clearest proofs of a heavenly watchfulness over our heads, if not in the shelters where we lay those heads at night? Consider what securities home affections bind about tempted virtue; how the man of business carries a zone of moral purity woven about him by the caresses of children, from his house to his market-place; how the false and fraudulent purpose [illegible] conceived in the counting-room, is [illegible] put to shame by the innocence that gazes into his eyes and clings about his neck when he goes home and shuts the door on the world at night. Consider what a hindrance household love interposes to stay the erring feet of disposition—what a triple shield it holds up against the sins of prodigality, indulgence, or dishonor! Consider that, with most of us, whatever impulse of generosity visit the soul, whatever prayers we breathe, whatever holy vows of religious consideration we pledge, whatever aspiring resolves we form, are apt to spring up within the sacred enclosures of the house! Consider how the mere memory of that spot, with all its precious endearments, goes forth with the traveler, sails with the sailor, keeps vigils over the exposed heart among the perils of the foreign city, sweetens the feverish dreams and softens the pain of the sickly climate, and, by calling his love homeward, calls his faith to Heaven! Consider that the discipline of disease, the purification of bereavement, the tears of mourners, are all elements in the sanctity of home; that closets of devotion are parts of the architecture of the house; that Bibles are opened on its tables; that the eyes of new-born children open, and its first breaths are drawn in its chambers; and that the dead body is born out of its door; how fast do the gathering proofs accumulate, that the human dwelling is a sanctuary of the Most High!—*Huntington.*

NEAT PEOPLE.

A traveler "out west," gives the following as his experience of neatness, which is rather good:

We always did like neat people. We always cherish a kind of tender feeling for all neat women. But we never was really "struck" with one until last week, and the way of it was this: We were "out west" a few miles and got belated; looked for a place to stay over night; found a cabin; asked if we could be accommodated, and a tall woman, with freckled face, red hair, buffalo-skin moccasins, buck-skin dress, and a baby, said "she reckoned we mout."

We got off our horses, hitched them to a cotton-wood corn-crib and went in. We asked for supper. We got some bacon, molasses, broiled pumpkins and corn dodger.—We ate heartily.

After meal was pass[illegible] the woman said to the oldest girl: "Now Doddy Jane, you have jist got to keep that old slut and them ere pups fro[illegible] sleepin' in this ere meal box any longer. In makin' this stranger's corn-bread I wast just naturally pestered to death pickin' the small hairs and dead fleas out of it, that came off from them pesky dogs; and if they sleep in it a week longer it won't be fit to use."

We were in love with that woman on account of her neatness. And that evening we laid down on the rough hewn floor and had pleasant dreams. Ghostly fleas were hopping about through our corporal diversities, spectre sluts, with goblin pups, danced before us in boxes of unearthly meal, during the live-long night; and our great grandfather sat straddle of us six hours, and with a ramrod to a six pounder cannon, stuffed cords of that neatly prepared corn-dodger down our unwilling throat, and whistled till the time for the dogs, while the baby and its tidy mother sat by and wept for the departing hoecake. We like neatness.

BIGOTRY.—When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over-zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him, and asked him if he knew John Bolles had started an opposition meeting?

"No," said he, "when—where."

"Why, at the old court-house."

"Oh, yes, I know it," the doctor carelessly replied; "but it is not an opposition meeting. They are Baptists to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better [illegible] and hear him."

"Go!" said the man, "I am a Presbyterian."

"So am I," rejoined Dr. S[illegible]

"Ain't you going to do something about it?"

"What?"

"Stop it, can't you?"

"My friend," said the doctor, seriously, "John Bolles is a good man, and will surely go to heaven. If you and I get there we shall meet him, and we had better, therefore, cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here."

A Virginia Examination.—The Editor of the Lynchburg "Virginian" recently attended the examination of the first class in dictionary and spelling, at the high school of that city: Teacher (to Bob Smithers.)—Spell admittance. Bob. Ad-mit, admit, t-a-n-c-e, tance, admittance. Teacher—Good! Give the definition. Bob. Thenty five cents—niggers and children half-price—front seats for ladies—no smoking allowed.

☞ The Syracuse Journal perpetrates the following upon the marriage, at Rochester, of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

This case is the strangest
We've known in our life;
The Husband's a Husband,
And so is his wife!

THE YANKEE MARKSMAN.

The following took place during the Revolutionary War. Lord Percy's regiment was about to commence firing at a target on Boston Common one day, when an awkward looking country boy that had outgrown his jacket and trowsers, came up.

"Now my boys, for a trial of your skill!" said the Lord Percy; "imagine the mark to be a Yankee, and here is a guinea for whoever hits his heart."

Jonathan drew near to see the trial. When the first soldier fired and missed, he slapped his hand on his thigh and laughed immoderately. Lord Percy noticed him.—When the second soldier fired and missed, Jonathan threw up his old hat and laughed again.

"Why do you laugh, fellow," said Lord Percy, crossly.

"To think how safe the Yankees are, if you must know," replied Jonathan.

"Why, do you think you could shoot better?"

"I don't know; I could try."

"Give him a gun, soldier, and you may return the fellow's laugh," said Percy turning to one of his men.

Jonathan took the gun, and looking at every part of it carefully, said, "It won't burst will it? Father's gun don't shine like this one, but I think it is rather a leetle better gun."

"Why? Why do you think so?" asked Percy.

"Cause I know what that'll do, and I have some doubts about this 'ere," replied Jonathan. "But look o'here! You call that 'ere mark a Yankee, and I won't fire at a Yankee."

"Well, you may call it a British regular if you please," said Percy.

"Well, a regular it is then. Now for freedom, as father says."

Jonathan fired.

"You awkward rascal, that was accident. Do you think you could hit the mark again?" inquired Percy.

"I don't know indeed, but I can give it a trial."

"Give him another gun, soldiers; and take care that the clown don't shoot you—I should not fear to stand before the mark myself."

"Well, I guess you had not better try it."

"Why, do you think you could hit me?"

"I don't know indeed, but I could try it."

"Fire away then."

Jonathan fired, and again hit the mark.

"Ha! ha! how father would laugh to see me shooting at half-gun shot."

Why you rascal, you don't think you could hit the mark at twice the present distance from you."

"I don't know but I'm not afraid to try."

Give him another gun, soldiers, and place the mark farther off."

Jonathan fired again, and hit as before.

"There, I guess that 'ere regular is, as the private that father says the judge hangs until he is dead, dead, dead—three times dead; and that is one more death than the scripture speaks on."

"There, fellow, is a guinea, said Percy, tossing the coin to him.

"Is it a good one?" inquired Jonathan, ringing it on the pavement.

"Good? Yes! Now clear the way."

"I should like to stay, and see them fellows kill some more Yankees."

"Begone! or I shall have to put you under guard. Officer give him a pass to Charleston, but never let him come among our troops again."

Advice to Young Men.

In his valedictory address, ex-Lord-Rector, Glasgow University, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, lately offered the following excellent maxims to the students:

"Never affect," said he, "to be otherwise than you are, either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say 'I do not know.' Men will then believe you when you say 'I do know.' Never be ashamed to say, whether applied to time or money, 'I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me: I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away.' Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another.—Learn to say 'No' with decision, 'Yes' with caution. 'No' with decision whenever it meets temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolate. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely on him. I have frequently seen in life such a person preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge; he has been lifted at once into station and fortune merely because he has this reputation—that when a man says he knows, he knows; and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it.

☞ An editor says that a little garden patch of his was very profitable last season. The snails ate up the cucumbers, the chickens ate up the snails, the neighbors cats ate up the chickens and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats. Can any of our agricultural friends aid us?

☞ Those who indulge in the "weed," have been considerably exercised of late by the reports of a short crop of tobacco, both in Cuba and the Southern States. To relieve their fears, we should state that there are several cargoes of guano on their way here, which is equally as nasty as tobacco.

GOOD ANECDOTE.

One of the comic papers revives an old story that is better now than it was before these days of spirit seeing and hearing. It seems that an old sea captain, who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild harumscarum nephew living with him. He could not drive or frighten said hephew to do anything in its proper time. Among other things he could never get him to drive up the cows to be milked before dark—he had to drive them up from the back pasture through a sugar bush.—Finally, the old captain asked the lad whether he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid! What is that? I never seen a fraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some of these nights if you do not bring the cows in before dark," said the captain meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he went for the cows as usual. The captain took a sheet and followed him.—Now the captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and monkey-like, took a table cloth, and followed the captain at a respectful distance. The captain went into the middle of the woods where there was a big log by the side of the path. Going to the further end of it, he wound his sheet around him, got upon it and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with his cows. They shied a little at seeing the ghost, which caused the little boy to look ahead.

"Hello, what is that?" he shouted; "by gelly I guess its afraid!" and then spying the monkey, he sung out, "by Jerusalem, if there ain't two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around when he saw, for the first time his ghostly companion. He thought he was a fraid, sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, or little fraid'll ketch you!"

A NOBLE BOY.

The following touching episode in street life—life in Paris—is a beautiful gem, and should be in all memories surrounded with pearls of sweetest thought and gentlest sympathy:

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve, whose jacket of white cloth and apron ditto, distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head, containing butter and eggs.—When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped, and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when he saw the eggs all broken, and his butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered around the little fellow, drew a tensou piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by the accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But, instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of articles he had lost, and as its total amounted to only fourteen francs, he appropriated no more than that sum, and then observing in the group that surrounded him, a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked up to her, and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to have shewn himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.

Old Advertisement---Franklin's Breeches Stolen.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, Feb. 22, 1738.

Stolen, on the 15th inst., by one William Lloyd, out of the house of Benjamin Franklin a half worn Sagathe coat, lined with silk, ruffled at the hands and bosom, a pair of black broadcloth breeches new seated and lined with leather, two pair of good worsted stockings, one a dark color and the other of a lightish blue, a coarse cambric handkerchief marked with an F in red silk, a new pair of calfskin shoes, a boy's new caster hat, and sundry other things.

N. B. The said Lloyd pretends to understand Latin and Greek, and has been a school-master; he is an Irishman, about 30 years of age, tall and slim; had on a lightish colored great coat, red jacket, a pair of old silk breeches, an old felt hat, too little for him and sewed on the side of the crown with white thread, and an old dark colored wig; but may perhaps wear some of the stolen articles above mentioned.

Whoever secures the thief so that he may be brought to justice, shall have thirty shillings reward, and charges paid by

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Partial Deafness and Discharges from the Ear.

Dr. HARTLEY generously offers to attend all persons suffering from affections of the ear at his office, 760 Broadway, N. Y., without charge until cured, thereby proving his success unequal, and protecting the deaf from being swindled by paying self-styled aurists exhorbitant fees in advance, and the infliction of still more serious evils by permitting the application of dangerous remedies by inexperienced and unskilful hands. Dr. H. may here state that he has no connection whatever with any person advertising to cure deafness, neither has he given permission for the publication of a certificate purporting to emenate from him, and cannot, therefore be responsible from any alarming consequences resulting from rashness and desperation. The less of money may not be material to some persons, but the deprivation of one of the most important of the senses ought to be regarded and treated with more than ordinary solicitude. Deafness, noise in the head, and all disagreeable discharges from the ear speedily and permanently removed, without causing the least pain or inconvenience. A cure in all cases guaranteed where malformation does not exist. Thirteen years' close and almost undivided attention to this branch of special practice has enabled him to reduce his treatment to such a degree of success as to find the most confirmed and obstinate cases yield by a steady attention to the means prescribed.

The following testimonials are submitted with confidence. They will show at least in what estimation his professional qualifications are held by some of the most distinguished medical men of the country:

TESTIMONIALS.

"I have had the pleasure to meet Dr. Hartley in practice, and have been led to form a favorable opinion of his character, both in profession and as a gentleman.

"W. H. Parker, M. D., Prof. of Surgery."

"From my intercourse with Dr. Hartley, I have found his deportment to be correct and gentlemanly. Valentine Mott, M. D."

Reference of cures.

Mr. Goodwin, 18th street, near Broadway.
Mr. Wm. Silvey, 70 Courtlandt street.
Mr. H. P. Herdman, Counsellor at Law, 16 City Hall Place, N. Y.
Dr. Bell, Dentist, Auburn, N. Y.
Mr. Seth Paine, Editor, Chicago.
Mr. James R. Burtis, Gas Works, Chicago.
Mrs. Hawley, and Mr. F. Dean, Springfield, Ill.
Mr. E. F. Stephen, Jacksonville, Ill.
Miss Sarah Swaine, Nantucket.
Miss R. D. Howard, Fairhaven, Mass.
James Burnett, Pleasant Valley, near Po'keepsie, N. Y.

TERMS.—For cure, $25. In compliance with the request of a large number of correspondents in the country, whose circumstances will not admit of a visit to New York, Dr. H. will forward a package by Express, containing all the necessary treatment, appliances, &c., with ample instructions to effect a cure, on receipt of $10, and the Balance when cured. These Terms continued for One Month only.

What a Woman Can Do.

As a wife and mother, a woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtasked powers. By her counsel of love, she, can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him estray. By her example, her precept, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and resisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much, alas! perhaps even more, to degrade man, if she chooses to do it.

Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a devil and an outcast of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men, and even viler women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. This is what woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no "worthy work," as has become the cry of late?—Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but has none loftier or more influential than woman's. *Woman's Advocate.*

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their births. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, laid themselves down to rest, others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine-looking boy of about six years of age, following around a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German, a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance and form, under his German cap fell chestnut hair and thick clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which looked as if the sunlight from his young, happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but, instead he quickly kneeled down upon the floor, put his little hands together, so beautifully child like and simple, resting his arms upon the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayer.

The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him—Christian men retiring to rest without prayer; or if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in the steamboat's cabin and, before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, to ask his protection and love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid upon the locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in midst of a busy, thoughtless throng.—He alone, of this worldly multitude draws night to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child in the crowded tumult of the steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathered about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice and harp, and violin; but no one heeded no one cared for the little child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him in his birth to sleep for the night I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if I ever meet with that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him. Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who teach their children to pray at home?—*Home Journal.*

Why not Successful?

The young mechanic or clerk marries and takes a house which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of taking hold to earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend her limited earnings.

Ten years afterwards, you will find him struggling under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky.

The world is full of people who can't imagine why they dont prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, in public policy nor hard times, but in their own extravagance and ostentation.

"WILL YOU give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping.

"No, I wont," was the reply.

"Then I'll give you another pounding."

"Pound away. Me-an' Dr. Franklin agrees; Dr. Franklin says: 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied—"I was thinking if the *wrong* side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"